

THE WEEK.

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CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

	PAGE.
TOPICS OF THE WEEK.....	529
CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES—	
Current Events and Opinions.....	<i>A Bystander</i> 530
Here and There.....	532
The Disputed Boundary.....	<i>C.L.</i> 534
The British Association for the Advancement of Science.....	<i>James Macdonald Oxley</i> , 535
Modern Athleticism.....	<i>Trivator</i> , 537
LITERATURE—	
Ballad of the Wicked Earl.....	<i>A.L.</i> 537
The Experience of San Pancrazio of Evolo.....	<i>J. Cunningham Dunlop</i> , 538
THE SCRAP-BOOK.....	540
PERIODICALS.....	541
MUSIC AND DRAMA.....	541
LITERARY GOSSIP.....	542
CHESS COLUMN.....	542

The Week,

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TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

ONCE more the unsavoury "bribery charges" have been paraded before a nauseated public—this time in the form of a Parliamentary Commission of Enquiry—and again the investigation has terminated without throwing any new light upon the matter, beyond showing the developed "cussedness" of some of the more prominently concerned parties. The public, unfettered by the journalistic unwritten law that makes it improper to comment upon a question which is *sub judice*, has made up its mind that a great piece of rascality was attempted in the Ontario Legislature; and all but the extreme party men, whilst thankful that the attempt to debauch was unsuccessful, would fain consign the whole affair to the limbo of political corruption as calculated in its discussion to further unnecessarily tarnish the national fair fame. Failing this, it is recognized that the next best thing is to leave the matter to the lawyers and the guilty parties to their reflections. One thing is clear—the enquiry just adjourned to September was a mistake. It was bad in principle, coming between the police court investigation and the pending trial; it has not the justification of success, for nothing new was elucidated, nor has it added to the dignity of the Provincial Parliament, since the committee's decision will be of non-effect when arrived at—in this respect forcibly recalling the march of the gallant Duke of York of pious memory. The policy of continually parading these unproven charges for the grim pleasure of watching those against whom they are made "squirm," savours too much of kicking a man when down to commend itself to the lover of fair-play.

THE spectacle now presented in England is a curious and instructive one. The rival political parties are arranging demonstrations and counter-demonstrations to overawe or support a majority of the House of Lords in their determination to prevent the Franchise Bill becoming law. Four years ago the British nation—or at least that portion of it which is on the parliamentary burgess-roll—sent six hundred and odd men to Parliament for the very purpose, among other things, of passing such a measure. A whole session has been spent by those representatives in elaborating a bill giving to the people in the counties the same political privileges that are enjoyed by the people in the towns. After days and nights of patient toil they succeeded in passing the bill *nem. con.* And now the work of the House of Commons—deliberately elected by the people—is to be all thrown to the four winds of heaven by the Lords—whose sole claim to legislate is that they are their fathers' sons! not one in four of whom are known to the nation or to fame. There is no pretence on the part of the majority of the Lords that they are uncertain whether there is a national demand for an extended franchise. Their policy in contemptuously

rejecting the reform is not a political decision at all. Lord Salisbury and some others, it is true, have demanded that the expansion of the electorate roll shall be accompanied by a redistribution of seats, and if that clique were honest in their objections there would be some show of reason for the position. But there is unfortunately ample evidence that the Marquis has adopted his cry merely as a subterfuge. Lord Carnarvon let the cat out of the bag when he objected that if miners and artisans were allowed to vote for the counties they would swamp the rural labourers. A statesman holding such opinions might be depended upon to support some such gerrymander scheme as would throw the miners and artisans into urban constituencies in order to retain the "solid" Tory vote of the labourers. The Duke of Richmond and Gordon spoke in the same strain, and reminded his hearers that neither he nor Lords Salisbury or Carnarvon supported the Reform Bill of 1867, introduced though it was by the only man who of late years could lead the Tory party to success, Earl Beaconsfield. Before the Bill was completed one of Lord Salisbury's followers told the House of Commons, in the most insulting terms, that it had not a ghost of a chance of passing the Lords. The pretence that fair play demands a re-arranging of the constituencies is of the flimsiest. It is perfectly well known that for many members of the House of Commons—Liberal and Tory—to support such a measure would be to vote their own extinction, and this fact would ensure the present rejection of any measure coupling redistribution with franchise reform. If ever a scheme was clumsy and transparent this one is, and its originators are well suited to its advocacy. If the present Government went to the country the Tories would immediately offer—as Disraeli did with household suffrage—a similar measure to that just passed by the Commons in exchange for a return to power. The Lords' action is plainly dictated by the obstinate pride of a privileged order determined to assert their power. It is a pitiful revenge for past humiliations, indicating the violent hatred felt against the Liberal party in general, and its talented leader in particular. Only those who have listened to the after-dinner talk of the great Tory clubs have any conception how extravagant this hatred is. Such is the spirit in which the hereditary chamber has thought fit to receive the deliberately-adopted measure of the Commons. That body has been insulted, and through it the nation, just to let both know there is a House of Lords—in the same manner that a spoilt child cries if left too long unnoticed by its elders. The Lords are beginning to see the hand-writing upon the wall. They remember that desperate diseases require desperate remedies, and have hit upon the plan of a blind resistance of Mr. Gladstone and all his works as a sign of life. They have come to the unenviable position of having outlived their usefulness—have become a political excrescence requiring the statesman's scalpel—and in their petulance have given their enemies abundant cause to demand their extinction.

THAT the results achieved by the Greely Expedition are at all commensurate with the accompanying loss of life and suffering will be maintained by very few. Surely souls enough have been offered up on the shrine of North Pole discovery? Doubtless if all the precautions dictated by experience had been taken by the authorities at Washington, the latest attempt to penetrate the secrets of the Arctic region might have been attended by less lamentable results; but it is so easy to be wise after the event, and in the frozen north, as elsewhere, it is so often the unforeseen which happens, that one would not willingly learn of the equipment of another expedition plus an infinitude of precautions. All this may be true without invalidating Lieut. Greely's claim to have conducted "a remarkable and heroic achievement," with "skilful management and success"—*vide* M. George Kenna's address. What discovery has been made that even the most enthusiastic scientist would not say was dearly purchased at the price of the lives of seventeen brave men, whose fitness for the work was that they were the flower of the nation? How much richer will the world be for the knowledge obtained in exchange for weeks of agony on the part of the survivors—sufferings which have permanently undermined their health and brought them to the verge of idiocy? Is the sum total of scientific facts to be increased by so small a contribution at the expense of frost-bitten limbs, starvation, and an intensity of suffering which slowly killed near a score of strong men, and brought the survivors within forty-eight hours of death, causing them to weep like children at the approach of succour?

CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS.

From certain references which have been made to the "Bystander" papers, it appears to be necessary once more to repeat that they are not editorial, but are the contributions of an individual writer, and the free expression of that writer's own opinions. THE WEEK is an open field for all opinions, provided they are expressed with courtesy towards opponents and with sufficient literary merit.—ED.

MR. BLAINE'S letter of acceptance is largely, as might have been expected, an echo, in well-written and vigorous paragraphs, of the Republican platform, including all its electioneering appeals to prejudice, such as the tirade against the Mormons and the denunciation of foreign purchasers of lands. But in one respect the letter is highly notable and is likely to herald the opening of a new epoch in the history of American parties. It makes the Tariff question the grand issue, and upon it offers decisive battle. The grand issue of the immediate future the Tariff question will probably be. But this is a new line of party cleavage, and if it is to prevail, the Pennsylvanian Democrats must become Republicans, and the Republicans of Illinois must become Democrats. Mr. Blaine is a really able man, and it would be very difficult to suppose that he was, himself entirely a victim to the fallacies of the cause which he has espoused. Indeed he judiciously declines to discuss the principle, and appeals to the prosperity of the United States under protection as a practical and sufficient proof of the soundness of the system. He can scarcely fail to see, what must be evident to a child, that the prosperity of the United States is due to the unparalleled development of immense national resources combined with a vast industrial immigration. If he wants to estimate the real effects of protection, he should turn his eyes to the commercial history of some country where its action was not countervailed by any exceptional influences of this kind, to that of Spain, for example, under her old regime. The United States are not an ordinary country; they are a continent in themselves, producing almost everything except tea and coffee, and the inhabitants of the whole of this continent internally enjoy Free Trade. This fact Mr. Blaine points out, and he fails to observe that in doing so, he destroys the force of his own reasoning, and at the same time recognizes the beneficence of Free Trade: for why should that be economically good between States which is economically evil between nations? He slurs over the miserable decay of the mercantile marine, throwing out a hint of encouragement by bonus, that is, of paying with one hand for the creation of that which you are destroying with the other. "Evidently," he says, "a protective tariff has not injured our export trade, when, under its influence, we exported in twenty-four years forty per cent. more than the total amount that had been exported in the entire previous history of American commerce." Here again the increase is due, not to the fiscal system, but to the growth of the number of producers, of the amount of articles to be exported, and of the general activity of the world's trade. The main exports are not the manufactures which it is the aim of Protection to foster, but grain and cotton, the producers of which receive no encouragement from the tariff, unless dear clothes and implements are encouragements. A great amount of capital has been invested in manufactures under the Protective System; this might be placed in jeopardy by any sudden alteration, though, in all probability, the intelligence and energy of American industry would soon hold their own and more than their own in a fair field. Circumspection, therefore, is desirable in reduction, and it may be prudent to reduce internal taxation first. If Mr. Blaine and his party would embrace this as their policy, they would be standing on tenable ground. But of the war to which they have committed themselves against common sense and nature, the end is as certain as the rising of to-morrow's sun. The surplus is an argument against which sophistry will contend in vain. The American people must have fallen into their dotage if they can be persuaded that it is for the interest of the community that government should yearly take from them by taxation a sum far in excess of that required by the expenses of administration and squander it in pensions or in educating the Southern negroes. Mr. Blaine includes the expenditure in pensions, which seems likely, in the aggregate, to amount to hundreds of millions, among the honourable and profitable ways of disposing of the surplus. He must know perfectly well that not a cent would ever have been spent in that way except for the purpose of making away with the surplus and at the same time buying the soldier's vote. Compared with this gigantic waste, what was the heaviest pension list of the most corrupt of European monarchies in the evil days? To put the interest of labour into the foreground and screen that of capital as much as possible behind it, is an obvious device of strategy to which the astute tactician does not fail to have recourse: but American artisans, though liable like other people to mystification, are not without brains; and they will in time, perhaps at some moment of industrial depression, begin to calculate for themselves whether the price of clothes and other manufactured articles which they have to

buy being taken into account, their wages are really raised or their condition in any way improved by Protection. In his book, Mr. Blaine, treating of the history of tariffs, has gone more into the question of principle, and he has there reproduced those reasonings against which it is as needless for the economist again to argue as it is for the astronomer to confute the Ptolemaic System. But, by a curious stroke of rhetoric, he has sought to connect Free Trade with Slavery, and Protection with Free Labour. "Zeal," he says, "against slavery (at the North) was necessarily accompanied by an appreciation of the dignity of free labour; and free labour was more generously remunerated under the stimulus of protection laws. The same considerations produced a directly opposite conclusion at the South; where those interested in slave labour could not afford to build up a class of free labourers with high wages and independent opinions." To force labour, as the protective system does, away from the more profitable into the less profitable employment, is a singular method of setting it free. Perfect liberty in the choice of a trade is surely an essential part of industrial freedom. Slavery was an exclusive and domineering interest with a powerful organization, which long coerced the community for its own selfish purposes; but it had its philosophy, and Colburn was not less plausible than Mr. Blaine.

IN an article of which the very title, "The Reduction to Iniquity," trumpets controversial strife, Mr. Henry George makes a furious onslaught on the Duke of Argyll, whom he seems to hold responsible for all the sorrows of humanity. The star of Mr. George is evidently declining, and its lustre will not be repaired by the present outbreak, which is simply a rabid declamation against the inequalities and evils of society without any serious attempt to prove that they flow from private ownership of land or would vanish if agrarian communism were introduced. There are tribes in Afghanistan among whom private ownership in land does not exist. Why are not these tribes supremely blessed? Why was not mankind blessed in the primæval days before private ownership had come into fashion? If you dissect the bodies of a duke and a peasant, says Mr. George, you will find that both are land animals of the same kind and with like organs. Hence "it is evidently the intent of nature that both shall live on land and use land in the same way and to the same degree." Dissect a horse, and you will find that it is a land animal, with organs in that respect similar to those of the duke and the peasant; hence the same sapient inference may be drawn. Such are the reasonings of a man who has been proclaimed a regenerator of the economical world. All the seamen as well as all the factory hands ought, of course, according to the zoological theory, to be landowners and farmers, and so ought all the women. Suppose Mr. George's portion of the land was given him to-morrow, what would he do with it? Would he exchange authorship for agriculture, or would he give his principles to the wind and let his land to a tenant? When he is asked why his plan of confiscation is not to be extended to other property besides land, no property having been recognized by the State more solemnly than that in land, his answer in effect is, that other property is the product of individual labour, whereas the land is given to us all by nature. Raw land is given by nature, but cultivated land is not, nor would the land ever have been cultivated had not individual interest impelled the plough. Nature gives man the raw material of everything. She gives the raw materials of Mr. George's hat, to which it would seem, by his method of argument, everybody has an equal title whose head it will fit, "such being the evident intention of nature." "Those," contends Mr. George, "who say it would be unjust for the people to resume their natural rights in the land without compensating present holders confound right and wrong as flagrantly as did they who held it a crime in the slave to run away without first paying his owner his market value." When the land runs away from its owner like the slave, perhaps this question of casuistry may require attention; but a State which takes away slaves from their owners, if it is like England, governed by the rules of common honesty, pays the owners compensation. The land being the habitation of the people, as well as the means of supplying them with food, it is necessary that the commonwealth should retain over it certain sovereign rights, such as that of expropriation with fair indemnity; and this the commonwealth already does. That the land would be better tilled or would yield more bread for the people if all the freeholds were confiscated and a set of politicians under the name of the State were to become the universal landlords, Mr. George has never attempted to show, though this evidently is the great practical question for the bulk of the community. He also leaves us in the dark as to what is to be done when more people are born than the land can feed. Nor has he attempted to explain how it has come to pass that all civilized nations have been led with one consent to discard the true principle of land ownership, leaving it to be preserved only by a few barbarous or half-

civilized tribes. But there are not a few among his readers and admirers to whom the fallacies and absurdities of his economical reasonings are matters of small concern. The philosophy they neither understand nor care to understand; the rapine they understand well. The Duke of Argyll, in common with the rest of his order, is open to attack as a representative of primogeniture and entail. But these do not prevail on our side of the Atlantic; and though on our side of the Atlantic there are still technical obstacles to the free acquisition of land, they are likely soon to be removed by the exertions of the Land Transfer Reform Association, and with them the last solid ground for complaint will disappear. Land will then have been nationalized in the only feasible sense of the term.

THE doleful aphorism is always ringing in our ears that the rich are growing richer and the poor are growing poorer. The tendency of our civilization is evil; the time is economically out of joint, and it can be set right—such is the practical inference whispered by the philosophic and loudly proclaimed by the unphilosophic communist—only through revolution and confiscation. Revolution and confiscation have been tried in France with a vengeance, yet the same complaints of social injustice are uttered there, perhaps even in a shriller strain than in other countries. In England, to the social state of which the aphorism has been specially applied, its truth has been challenged, statistical investigations into the distribution of wealth, past and present, have been instituted, and the result seems to be full of comfort. It appears that though there are some overgrown fortunes, the proportion of the national wealth in the possession of the class designated as very rich has decreased; that the amount held by the middle class has immensely increased, and that the aggregate wealth of the labouring class has immensely increased also. The last and most welcome conclusion is strongly confirmed by the returns of deposits in the savings banks. When population multiplies, the number of those who from various causes—misfortune, infirmity, vice, or the inevitable vicissitudes of the labour market—are reduced to want, must multiply also; but there is no reason to believe, there is every reason to disbelieve, that the proportion of those in want to those who are well-off is greater, or that their condition is worse than it was in former days. The beggar in Homer is just as squalid and miserable as the tramp of modern times, and it will hardly be contended that slavery, which was formerly the lot of the labouring class generally, was superior to the condition even of the lowest and worst paid grade of mechanics now. The contrast between wealth and poverty in our generation is often shocking, but is it more shocking than it was in the Rome of Crassus and Apicius, with their host of slaves, or in the Middle Ages, when a great feudal lord was master of a score of manors and an army of retainers, while the serf was not master even of his own labour? It may be doubted whether a Vanderbilt or a Jay Gould towers in opulence more above the humblest son of American industry than did the Fuggers and the Medici above the artisans of Augsburg and Florence. The latter part of the Middle Ages has been held up by some Utopians of the past as a period at which the lot of labour was better than it is now. Yet that epoch was marked at its close by the most fearful of servile and social insurrections: in France, by the Jacquerie; in England, by the risings of Wat Tyler and Jack Cade; in Germany, by the Peasants' War. The lamentations of Piers' "Plowman" are not less bitter than those of the labour journals of the present day. London is always pitched upon as the hideous example of social extremes, and true it is that nothing can be more saddening than a comparison of the fashionable with the low quarters of that Babylon. But it must be borne in mind that London contains four millions of people, and that to its own poor is added the perennial influx of misery from without. Whole quarters are full of pauperism from Ireland, and it is said that there has been a recent immigration of no less than thirty thousand Polish Jews. It is preposterous to ascribe the wretched state of these people to the normal tendencies of English civilization. Between the extremes of Belgravia and Whitechapel lie whole quarters and vast suburbs inhabited by prosperous and well-fed industry of different kinds and grades. That science and invention, by augmenting production, and what is hardly of less importance, facilitating distribution, have placed within the reach of the humblest comforts once unattainable by kings, is a commonplace of rhetoric; and science and invention are distinct from manual labour and essential parts of this decried civilization. Ten times as many guests have seats provided for them at the table of life as had seats provided for them some centuries ago, though some, unhappily, are still poorly fed. For those who cannot find seats at the board in their native land, instead of the famine which swept off the surplus population of a horde, the steamship now waits to convey them swiftly and easily to a new land of hope and plenty. When a country becomes crowded some

advantages and enjoyments must be lost, while others, both social and economical, are gained: we cannot have at once abundance of room and abundance of company; but the pressure on the means of subsistence and the consequent necessity of migration are practically as great in the primeval hunting-ground as in any hive of modern industry. From perfect justice, as from perfection of any kind, our communities are widely removed; the social organism is far from the ideal as the human frame; and the optimism of economists, it must be allowed, is sometimes rather exasperating to those who suffer. But the question is whether the tendency of our social progress is, as the pessimist asserts, towards injustice; and the facts seem to tell us that it is not, but on the contrary towards justice. The small returns with which capital is now obliged to be content, and of which a great English journal was complaining the other day as a dismal feature of the economical situation, show, on the contrary, that wealth is being rapidly accumulated, that all grades of society, but especially the labouring classes, are reaping the benefit of its accumulation, and that capital, the rapacious tyranny of which is the constant theme of communistic denunciation, is in reality receiving no unfair share of the profits. In one respect only the lot of the poor man has become more unhappy: education, by sharpening his perceptions and cultivating his sensibilities, has taught him to feel more keenly the inequalities of life and the contrast between his own condition and that of the rich, while it has also enlarged the range and quickened the importunity of his desires. The sting thus added to poverty is not the less real because it touches not the stomach but the heart; and it happens to come at a time when scepticism has banished from many minds the belief in an ordering and compensating Providence. On the other hand, the honour paid to labour has increased, the social relations between rich and poor have improved, wealth has a greatly enhanced sense of its responsibilities, charity grows more munificent, philanthropy more energetic, nor is much left of that insolent and contemptuous indifference to suffering which is depicted by the moralists and satirists of former days. Many a Dives may, no doubt, still be found, but hardly a Dives who will feast serenely with a Lazarus at his gate.

OCCASIONS are every day presenting themselves for teaching congregations, if they tender the interest of the church, to be considerate and forbearing towards their pastors. When the source of disagreement and trouble is a fundamental difference of opinion, it is difficult to suggest any remedy but that of peaceful separation; and fundamental differences of opinion do in these days arise: they arise in the Church of England between members of the High and Low Church parties, and they arise in all the churches, more or less, from the disturbed state of the theological world and the conflict between ritualism and orthodoxy. But fully as often the real source is mere weariness of the preacher. To a literary man the wonder is that sermons are so good as they are; he knows that he would himself soon be exhausted if he were set to write two discourses a week upon a limited range of topics. But a congregation, blissfully ignorant of the limitations of brain secretion, and the difficulties of composition, expects the pulpit to be an over-flowing fountain of fresh thought and striking language, and this for a very moderate salary. The less people care for doctrine the more they crave for oratory; the less value they set on the matter of the message the more exacting they are as to the manner of its delivery; and as scepticism, avowed or unavowed, eats its way, people care less for the doctrine and set less value on the message. They demand in fact that the glow of faith and piety, which is extinct in their own breasts, shall be rekindled every Sunday from the single breast of the pastor. This is a new difficulty added to the preacher's burden by the circumstances of a sceptical age. Already it had become hard enough for him to maintain his influence over an audience the intellectual level of which was infinitely higher and its temper far more critical than were those of the mass of the laity a century or half a century ago. To sustain attention it becomes necessary to practice histrionic acts, to which even such a preacher as Wilberforce at last largely resorted. Methodism contrives at least to secure variety in the pulpit by its rotation of ministers, though at the expense of pastoral relations as well as of the minister's domestic life. But in the Church of England the style of the preacher who, when first he mounts his pulpit, is a paragon, soon begins to pall; his congregation becomes first critical and then restless; faults are found in his general ministrations; at last, perhaps, discontent draws to a head, and after a year or two of bitterness for the pastor the connection, formed with the most sanguine expectations, comes to a sad end. So it will be if reliance continues to be placed mainly on the sermons, unless a constant variety of preachers can be provided. So it would be in the case of lecturers and professors, however gifted, if they had to address themselves, year

after year, to the same audience. The only antidote, so far as the Church of England is concerned, is to make the service interesting and hearty. This ritualism does in its own way; and the progress of the movement may probably be ascribed quite as much to the desire of a more interesting and hearty service as to any belief in sacerdotal and sacramental doctrines. Let us say what we will about the beauties of the Anglican Liturgy, performed in the ordinary way and at full length it is cold and tedious to almost all except the performer. There is no reason why the English Act of Uniformity, even if it were the work of holier hands than those of the councillors of Charles II., should be allowed, as it practically is, to govern the worship of the Anglican Church in Canada. Let the Prayer Book be retained, by all means; but why should not Canadian congregations be at liberty to use its treasures in the way which each of them finds best suited to its needs? A short and well-selected service, with music and singing would, in all probability, attract larger congregations. It would also give a fairer chance to the preacher, to whose other disadvantages, as things are now, is added that of having to address a congregation wearied by the length and dullness of the service before the sermon begins. The Roman Catholic Church has an advantage in the moderate length of the ordinary mass and the separation of the sermon from the service, which another church might emulate without embracing any of her doctrines.

THE great religious controversy goes on. In the *Contemporary*, Professor Balfour Stewart, one of the authors of the "Unseen Universe," combats the eternity of matter, and contends that the visible universe is not a physical, but a spiritual production, "the act of the Ruler of the Unseen, whom theologians regard as the Son of God." The theory of the anti-materialist, Berkeley, was that the Seen Universe was an operation of the Deity upon finite intelligences. This is open to the objection that the existence of finite intelligences was necessary as a condition precedent to creation. But the same objection, Professor Balfour Stewart thinks, does not apply to the hypothesis that the Ruler of the Unseen Universe, by virtue of its laws, performed upon Himself an operation in which angelic intelligences and ultimately man became participators. We are here in the highly rarefied atmosphere of a very mystical philosophy, and should perhaps shrink back at once were it not that the writer is an eminent physicist, and that special interest attaches to the attestation in such a quarter of the inadequacy of physical solutions. One thing, at all events, seems evident and most important, apart from the special speculations of Professor Balfour Stewart. The atoms, in which the potency and promise of all life, and of the whole existing order of things are affirmed by pronounced physicists to reside, are to our intelligence ultimate: that they are actually ultimate, or that their potency resides in themselves, not in something beyond them, and beyond the reach of our scrutiny, we have no shadow of reason for believing. They bound our ken, so far at least as the Seen Universe is concerned, that is all. It is well also to remember that science, though we are called upon to accept it as the absolute guide of our lives, is merely that knowledge which we obtain through our bodily senses, methodized by the intellect; and that there is not the slightest ground for supposing that the presentment of the Universe by our bodily senses however methodized by the intellect, is in any way adequate or final. Evolution itself, in maintaining that our bodily senses are improvements of accidental variations, and products of a physical movement still, for aught the Evolutionist can tell, in progress seems to repudiate the idea of their finality. That their presentment is not the truth, we are sure, since it is finite, whereas the Universe must be infinite; and a finite knowledge of that which is infinite, though it may guide our little lives, can hardly be called knowledge at all. Probably Newton's or Darwin's perception was not materially nearer the infinite reality than is the perception of a mole. Could the limitations of our faculties be removed, we might find ourselves in a world utterly inconceivable to us as we are, while these all-important atoms and adamantine laws of science would turn out to have been merely the boundaries of our vision in our low terrestrial state.

To add a word on another point of the same discussion. The theological argument from design has been discredited of late; but perhaps it has not been very correctly stated. That there is design in the Universe is certain, since man is a part of the Universe and in human action there is unquestionably design, unless we are, as some ultra-physicists undertake to say, automatons; in which case, it must be observed, as the deliverance of our consciousness is false, there can be no knowledge of any kind, and "thinking is but an idle waste of thought." Nor is it possible to conceive that design, or the being which designs, could be the product of chance. But defenders of Theism have been apt to confound design with perfection, or

at least to assume that the divine design as it now appears to us must be perfect. Paley's comparison of the watch is suggestive of a perfectly finished machine, and all the arguments of the Bridgewater Treatises are in that line. But the Seen Universe, and notably all those parts of it which most nearly concern man, are full of the most terrible imperfections. Nor is the imperfection to be conjured away by dwelling exclusively on the main intention of the work. Paley points out that teeth are evidently made to chew and not to ache. This is very true, yet teeth do ache, as do hearts also; and if this is contrary to the Maker's intention the Maker has missed His aim. On the other hand we know too well from our own experience that design and perfection are very different things. If the watch which Paley's traveller picked up had been unfinished or had been spoiled in the making the traveller would still have drawn the same inference. He would not have supposed that the marks of design came by chance. That the Divine Artificer should have spoiled his watch is not conceivable, but it is quite conceivable that His watch may be at present unfinished. Perfection must be the crown of all His works, but instead of producing it at once by fiat He may have chosen to produce it by way of progress and effort, as moral excellence is produced in man. The mode of our moral development may be the true key to creation. In that case imperfection at any given stage of the process instead of being a negation would be a part of the design. That there are works of design as distinguished from perfection in the seen universe surely cannot be denied. It might conceivably have been a uniform and torpid mass instead of being, as it is, in spite of all the mysterious waste and havoc, full of adaptation and of beauty.

A BYSTANDER.

HERE AND THERE.

THE moral of the late fatal kicking case in Toronto is not far to seek. It will be remembered that during some rough play with his companions last week an eleven-year-old boy was so seriously kicked that he afterwards died from the injuries received. There is unfortunately too much kicking and cruel horse-play amongst the youth of to-day. Parents are largely to blame for this, which is but one of the many evils resulting from their lax control and the want of respect it breeds. Boys are prone to be cruel, and the best of them to be rough; it is necessary, therefore, to keep a sharp eye and tight rein upon them until they are taught to understand the meanness of one and the danger of the other. The decay of authority in the home has for a natural corollary want of discipline in the school, which in turn fosters barbarous practices in the play-ground, in the street, generally. The result is a large proportion of our young men are uncouth, brutal, thoughtless, with a total absence of that gentleness and consideration for their weaker brethren and sisters which is the greatest ornament to mere animal strength. It is not necessary that a boy should be a milksop—it is even advisable that boys should be taught self-reliance and endurance; but it would be well if they who kick and indulge in such-like outrages were not only punished by their natural guardians, but if—as is done in most parts of England—they were put in "coventry" as unfit for the society of well-regulated youth.

THERE is bravery and bravery. One is irresistibly reminded of this by the melancholy death of a Toronto fireman, last week, whilst "in the execution of his duty." Was the deceased in the execution of his duty? Were those who narrowly escaped death, at the same time, in the execution of their duty? A full realization of the responsibilities of life would, we imagine, show that, even where a noble emulation for popular applause is absent, it is not real bravery to run unnecessary risk. A man's first duty—particularly if he happens to be a married working-man—is to his own household. As the bread-winner he has a right to engage in perilous enterprises only so long as his life and limb are not in jeopardy. It is well understood that excitement will oftentimes carry a man beyond the bounds of prudence, and this is more especially likely of a very humane person. But, in the case of firemen, the "chief's" plain duty is to check this spirit—to see that, in the attempt to save property, his men's lives are not needlessly endangered. Without a full knowledge of the circumstances it is not easy to judge, but the weight of evidence seems to show that the unfortunate death which is the text of these remarks was the result of undue zeal on the part of the men upon whom a roof fell, or on the part of those who sent them there.

CONSIDERABLE chagrin is felt in the Toronto lacrosse world at the loss of the championship pennant on Saturday last to the Montreal team. Though no doubt temporarily discouraging, if it stimulates the Torontos to settle down to hard and systematic practice, with a determined endeavour

to amend the several little weaknesses which characterized them, the result may after all be for their eventual good. Of course, considerable excitement was felt in the contest of Saturday, and the enthusiasm of the visitors when they scored the winning game was at a high pitch. The match was played on the Rosedale grounds in the presence of a large crowd of spectators, the home team being hot favourites at the start. It was as much by luck as by good play that Torontos won the first game in nine and a-half minutes. The second score went to the Montrealers after a well-contested game, chiefly confined to the home goal, the visitors playing well together and winning in fifteen and a-half minutes. There was nothing worthy of special mention about the third game, except its length and, perhaps, an unfortunate tendency to roughness. After fifty minutes the Montreal team scored another win. Put on their mettle, the Torontos then played a strong game, and working hard together they won well in sixteen minutes and a-half. One minute was sufficient to decide the deciding game, which was won easily by the visitors amidst the deafening cheers of their many friends. This is the first time the championship, which was established in 1870, has been carried off by the Montreal team. They won on their merits, and none will grudge them the victory. The holding of the pennant by the Montrealers will give renewed impetus to their club, which for some time has been under a cloud. The next champion match will be between the Shamrocks and the Montreal club.

THE seventeenth volume of the Encyclopædia Britannica, recently issued by Messrs. Adam and Charles Black, of Edinburgh, contains three articles of special interest to Canadian readers. "New Brunswick" and "Nova Scotia" are from the pen of Mr. George Stewart, jr., editor of the *Quebec Morning Chronicle*, and author of several well-known works relating to Canadian history. The mere circumstance that the Messrs. Black have secured the services of a writer of Mr. Stewart's ability and local knowledge affords a sufficient guarantee that the Canadian portion of this ninth edition of the Encyclopædia will be as trustworthy and as well managed as the rest of the contents, which is vastly more than can truthfully be said of any previous edition. We shall no longer be told—as we were told in a large and costly encyclopædia issued within the last ten years—that the Victoria Bridge at Montreal is to be completed within a few months, or that Toronto has been the seat of government of United Canada since the Union of the Provinces in 1851!

The articles on New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, each extending to nearly three closely-printed pages, contain a vast amount of valuable information, compressed within the briefest possible space compatible with clearness of statement and comprehensiveness of detail. They are, indeed, models of what such work should be, and contain everything relating to those Provinces which anyone but a specialist can possibly wish to know. It is instructive to go through these articles carefully, and to compare the statistics there furnished with the hard material facts of seventeen years ago, when Confederation was effected. The article on Nova Scotia is especially suggestive. Many a portly volume, descriptive of the material condition and resources of a country, has been given to the world with far less real, valid, practical information between its covers than is here to be found within the compass of three quarto pages.

The other article above indicated is "Ontario," the writer being Dr. Daniel Wilson, of Toronto. It occupies rather less than two pages, and might very well have been longer.

THERE were twenty-one failures in Canada reported to Bradstreet's during the past week, against fifteen in the preceding week, and twenty-seven, eleven, and ten in the corresponding weeks of 1883, 1882, and 1881 respectively. In the United States there were 211 failures reported during the same period, against 194 in the preceding week, and 162, 131, and eighty-two in the corresponding weeks of 1883, 1882 and 1881 respectively. About seventy-eight per cent. were those of traders whose capital was less than \$5,000.

It is one of the fundamental axioms of modern civil engineers that, granted a sufficiency of money, there are no material difficulties over which man cannot triumph. Having once granted this, the possibility of constructing an artificial island in Lake Michigan cannot be disputed, and upon this scheme, we are told, the citizens of Chicago have set their hearts. If this is so, the same enterprise which made Chicago in less than sixty years will, in all probability, inspire its go-ahead denizens to carry out their caprice. The island, it is said, will be created a mile from shore, in deep water, will be forty acres in extent, and will be utilized for the summer residences of Chicagoans. What is the estimated cost of this huge project deponent sayeth not, and yet, before its successful issue,

that must become a grave consideration. Lake Michigan, in winter, is not the peaceful abode of gentle zephyrs, and indeed has been credited as a spot specially favoured by the storm-fiend. To resist the tempests which not infrequently strew the lake banks with wrecks of ships, the projected island will require foundations firm as the most exposed break-water, and to construct these thousands—aye, millions—of tons of rock must be painfully conveyed to its site. And after laboriously getting in the foundation, fabulous quantities of soil would require to be deposited ere the ideal island could be utilized and beatified. Long ere it could approach completion the enterprising citizens would be likely to cast up the cost, and to ask if the game was worth the candle. The ancients, it is true, carried to a successful issue engineering projects proportionately more difficult; but no man works for love of the gods now, nor yet at the bidding of a despotic king. If a labourer's wages had been two dollars a day at the time of their erection, it is extremely doubtful if the pyramids would have been built. If we are reminded that the Alps have been burrowed, that railroads and canals have been hung in mid-air, and that a railway to the summit of Pike's Pass is in preparation, it may be replied that the latter schemes are not only national works, but they are even less gigantic than that proposed by the creative minds which conceived the magnificent enterprise referred to. Certainly for a tithe—a hundredth part—of the cost of making an island a park of twenty times the extent and beauty might be constructed in the environs of Chicago which would provide an ample summer retreat for the youth and beauty and muscle of the great city.

THE following cutting will prove instructive reading, not alone to those who rejoice at the probable success of Mr. Cleveland's bid for the presidency as the best man for that office, but to those who value the continuance of amicable relations between the great republic and the mother country:—

The hundred New York Irishmen who have gone for Blaine are "dynamiters" and the O'Rossa crowd. Several of them belong to the "Joe Brady avengers," the "county Wexford men" and other associations for making trouble with England. Edward O'Meagher Condon, who served a term in a British Bastille, said: "What we want of President Blaine is the recall of James Russell Lowell from England, and the substitution of some one who won't treat Irish-Americans with contempt. We want the cessation of all English interference in American affairs, the protection of American manufactures, and the driving of everything English out of the land; the removal of English corporations from our midst. We won't ask him yet for help in our war with England, but he ought to sit down quietly and see fair play." Mr. Blaine is welcome to all the Irish support he will get upon these terms.—*Springfield Republican*.

WHETHER the fault lies with the movement, its apostles, or the general public, it is not necessary here to enquire; but the fact remains that the average man is as ignorant of the true inwardness of "woman's rights" as the world is of the authorship of Junius' letters. The industrious gatherer of unconsidered trifles may, therefore, be pardoned for enquiring whether it is proposed, in the millennium foreshadowed by Mrs. McEwan, that in marriage, as in other things, ancient custom is to be subverted, and the husband will take his wife's name?—whether once and for all the individuality of the household is to be settled, and that it will no longer be necessary to ask the waggish question "Which one?" on hearing that some "twain" have been made "one flesh." If this is a plank in the woman's rights platform, advocates of that reform are to be congratulated on having secured at least one male convert—albeit, he is a Chinese. Ah Wung Lee, of New York City, we learn, the other day entered into matrimonial relations with Miss Kate Murphy, whereupon he changed his name, taking that of his wife. Ah Wung is (or was) the proprietor of a laundry, and the overhanging sign now reads: "Mr. and Mrs. Kate Murphy"; so that, though the celestial washerman is still in the flesh, he may be spoken of correctly as the late Ah Wung Lee. It would only be in accordance with the eternal fitness of things if the fair advocates of "woman's rights" presented him with a congratulatory address, and expressed in some substantial manner their appreciation of his conduct as an advanced reformer with the courage of his opinions.

THE London correspondent of the *New York Sun*, pursuing his course of sending only such English news as will suit the palates of his readers—falling back upon his fertile imagination when such matter is scarce—now imposes upon their credulity a cock-and-bull story about a quarrel between the Queen and the Princess Royal. Unfortunately for this vulgar scribe, he is utterly ignorant of the position the late John Brown held in the royal household, and falls into the error of supposing that the Queen's children were dissatisfied with the power he wielded, whereas they were only concerned to conceal the physical weakness which required the constant attendance of the faithful henchman upon their royal mother. Even the anglophobic blindness of the *Sun's* readers will scarce enable them to swallow the impertinent and doubtless original statement:—

"The Princess Royal to-day expressed herself very freely about the impudent Highlander, and the old lady was so infuriated that it took a visit from the Empress of Germany to compose the quarrel." How such a report, even had it possessed a shadow of foundation, could have come within the cognizance of the New York *Sun's* correspondent, would puzzle the Sphinx.

"THE Value and Virtue of the House of Lords" is a taking title. Independently of its alliterative attraction, it will, or ought to, secure attention from its novelty and—shall we say?—its audacity. Every politician is acquainted with the faults and failings of the House of Lords; no session of Parliament passes without affording illustrations of the fact; but as to the "value and virtue," well, it would puzzle many to discover any such qualities among our hereditary legislators. Nevertheless, under this heading a local journalist proposes to discuss the question, and to show, we presume, that the generally-entertained opinion as to the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament assembled is altogether a mistake. Two or three short essays have already appeared, but they do not accomplish much in the direction desiderated. We await future developments with patience and curiosity, but without much hope, for the experience of half a century is not to be overturned by platitudes and generalities. One of the most recent examples of lordly "value and virtue" is afforded by Lord Cardigan's speech in St. James's Hall the other day, when this hereditary legislator described the Ministers as "liars," and "Gladstone as the biggest liar of the lot." An upper chamber may unquestionably be a useful institution, but an hereditary chamber is a thing repugnant to reason and common sense. The conservative democracy will want a good deal of "educating" on this point.

An able and well-informed London correspondent, writing on the aims and character of Lord Randolph Churchill, gives the opinion of a gentleman who has special opportunities of knowing the pert and peccant member. It is a mistake, we are told, to suppose that the member for Woodstock is consumed with anxiety to head the English Tory party. He would take the leadership if it were offered him, but he does not really care much about it, and certainly would not remain in the position long, simply because he would not submit to any of the restraints it must necessarily impose. His lordship is convinced that he is not destined to enjoy a prolonged life, and, with the idea that his years will be few, he wishes to crowd in them as much excitement as possible. Opportunity has favoured him in every way, and his frequent encounters with nominal leaders are not merely revolts prompted by the idea that their policy is all wrong, but also proceed from the impatience and impetuosity of a man to whom all discipline is obnoxious.

JUBILEE, centenary, and tercentenary celebrations are following in quick succession. Arrangements are now being made for a jubilee commemoration, on a modest scale, of the coming into force of the Act, on August 1st, 1834, which abolished slavery in the British empire. Under this Act, passed in the previous year, the slave-owners were paid £20,000,000 by way of compensation; and the executive of the Anti-Slavery Society, who still keep a watchful eye on quarters of the globe where the work of emancipation remains unfinished, naturally consider the anniversary worthy of being signalled. A big meeting in London will form a chief item in the jubilee programme, and as British taxpayers so handsomely paid to give their coloured brothers

More than life,
Giving what, lost, makes life not worth the keeping.

the occasion ought to prove an interesting reminder of the generosity which practically enforced a principle half a century ago.

DURING the prolonged drought and excessive heat which was experienced in England for some weeks, the people of London might be almost literally said to have drank up the whole of the Thames above the tidal flow. They take over 70,000,000 gallons from him daily, and actually during one week the bed of the stream in many parts was sufficiently dry to allow people to camp upon it, and take the chance of catching fever and agues. When the rate of the growth of London is considered, it must be evident that this question of the water supply must soon become vital. The water companies cannot add to the volume of the Thames or the Lea, and there is no other river available. Nor is it possible to get all the water wanted from the geological strata near London. Ultimately there is little doubt the metropolis will have to lay down pipes and tap some Welsh lake.

MR. ARTHUR ORTON, *alias* Roger Tichborne and the rest, who in a few months will be free again, is good enough to say that he is not going to make a show of himself, and will not keep a public house or anything of that sort. Mr. Orton is wise in his generation. He is no doubt aware

that the conditions attached to a ticket-of-leave are of a somewhat stringent character, and might interfere considerably with any public career he might contemplate. As for keeping a house of refreshment for man and beast, it so happens that the law does not permit convicted felons to hold licenses, so he does well to make a virtue of necessity in regard to that. No doubt this eminent rogue looks forward to living in comfort on the contributions of his dupes, and, fools being so plentiful, he will probably not be disappointed.

It appears that £160,000 is the modest figure which the Duke of Marlborough asks for two of his pictures, the Madonna Dei Ansdei, by Raffaele, and the equestrian portrait of Charles I., by Vandyck. The English Government will be justly open to the charge of gross extravagance if it gives anything like this ridiculous sum. The money would furnish a splendid gallery with first-class works, and one might venture Philistinely to say that no two pictures ever painted were worth £160,000.

THE DISPUTED BOUNDARIES.

BEFORE the Privy Council, the disputed boundaries of Ontario, in which Manitoba and the Federal Government are also interested, have at last arrived for final adjudication. The case has not gone through the Canadian courts, but was submitted to arbitration, and one of the parties to the reference, the Federal Government, declined, on the advice of Parliament, to accept the award. The ground of the objection was that the arbitrators had exceeded their authority in describing a conventional boundary instead of finding the true boundary, by the light of the evidence placed before them. After much cross-firing, the parties interested wisely agreed upon a reference to the Privy Council, in England, for it was evident that no other means of settlement would prove acceptable. Last week Mr. Mowat opened the case before that august body on behalf of Ontario. The first question raised, whether the award was not, under all the circumstances, binding without parliamentary ratification, was decided in the negative. There had been a doubt whether the Federal authority had not, by apparent acquiescence after the award was rendered, become estopped from objecting. If there had been an international treaty instead of an award by arbitrators an exchange of ratifications would have been necessary to give it validity. The objection that the negotiators have exceeded their powers is always held to be fatal to their conclusions, and treaties formally signed under such circumstances are invariably refused ratification, if one of the principals thinks fit to object.

The non-validity of the award, in the absence of ratification, having been declared, the whole question comes before the court on its merits. The true boundary, as indicated by the evidence, has now to be found. There is no dispute that on the north Ontario is limited by the co-terminous territory of the Hudson's Bay Company, and it seems to have been contended on behalf of Ontario that the position of the company's posts on the south marked the limit of its territorial possessions in that direction. But the court decided that the true boundaries of the Hudson's Bay Territory must be determined. This decision leaves the dispute where it was before; but the court declines to admit that the territorial rights of the company were restricted to the range of its posts. The company's charter will be relied upon to prove the extent of its territorial rights; and under this instrument a claim to extend to the Height of Land, north of Lakes Superior and Huron, has often been set up. The description of boundaries, given in the charter, reads: "All those seas, bays, rivers, lakes, creeks and sounds, in whatsoever latitude they may be, that lie within the entrance of the straits, commonly called Hudson's Straits, together with all the lands and territories upon the countries, wastes and confines of the seas, bays, lakes, rivers, creeks and bounds aforesaid, that are not already possessed by the subjects of any other prince or state." This description, beyond cavil, takes the company, on the south, to the Height of Land, provided no part of the territory on the water-shed of Hudson's Bay was in 1670, when the charter was granted, in possession of any other foreign power. The French, through M. de la Barre, Governor of Canada, at once set up a claim of prior discovery; but the dispute which arose out of this pretence was settled by the Treaty of Utrecht. By that instrument the French King agreed to restore—the English insisted that the transaction should take the form of a Retrocession—to the Queen of Great Britain, to be possessed in full right forever, "the Bay and Straits of Hudson, together with all lands, seas, sea-coastes, rivers and places situate in the said Bay and Strait, and which belong thereto; no tracts of land or sea being excepted which are at present possessed by the subjects of France." These words appear to cover the water-shed of Hudson's Bay; and if so, we again arrive at the Height of Land, unless the lines of the respective claims

drawn on the map by the negotiators, as they probably did, stopped short of this point. This map which was to govern, in the settlement of the details, is unfortunately lost and Ontario is at a disadvantage.

The company was guilty of laches by which it probably forfeited the rights acquired under its charter, but forfeiture was never enforced; and the question is whether any authentic official act ever took place by which its territorial limits, in the direction of Canada, were curtailed. The validity of a grant of territory such as this has sometimes been disputed by Great Britain herself, when another nation was the grantor. When the Hudson's Bay charter was granted, no British subject had been farther into the country than the west coast of Hudson's Bay, into which emptied the rivers claimed by Great Britain in their entire length, together with all the country through which they ran. But it is too late to dispute the validity of this grant. In those days European Sovereigns showed great facility in granting what they did not possess. Forty-three years before the Hudson's Bay charter was framed, the French King had gone through the act of granting the same territory, as far north as the Arctic circle. At other times, the same King purported to extend the authority of his officers as far north as the land extended. But the French did not make good these claims by actual possession. The Hudson's Bay Company did not for a century take actual possession of the lands acquired by its charter, remaining most of the time sedentary on the coast; but if the Privy Council should rely altogether on the territorial rights of the company conveyed by that instrument, it need not be concealed that Ontario will practically be cut off on the north of the Height of Land.

Should this be the decision of the Privy Council, Ontario would lose about half the depth of the territory given to her by the award of the arbitrators north of Lake Superior, and instead of extending north from Toronto as far as James' Bay, she would be cut off at less than two-thirds of the distance. The greatest depth of the loss would be about three and a-half degrees from the mouth of Albany River, southward to Fort Alantagunie. One branch of the Albany River extends within the distance of a degree of Michipicoton, on Lake Superior. Quebec would be almost as great a loser. At Eastmain, which is farther south than the mouth of the Albany, which river the arbitrators made part of the boundary line of Ontario, Quebec would be curtailed of territory extending from the 69th to the 78th meridian. At Temiscaming, where the French are now actively colonizing, they would have nearly reached the northern limit of their province. The southern water-shed, north of Lakes Huron and Superior is short; the northern water-shed of Hudson's Bay and James' Bay—parts of same sea under different names—is long. Abitibbe and Moose Rivers, whose waters join over forty miles before James' Bay is reached, spread with their branches over seven or eight degrees of longitude and three degrees of latitude. The value of much of the territory that would be lost would probably be small. Father Laverlochere, a missionary priest, describes the banks of Albany River, for a distance of three hundred miles from the mouth, as a quaking bog (*terroir tremblant* and *marécageux*), and says it grows nothing but alders and wretched little resinous shrubs.

For the western boundary, the Federal Government appears to rely entirely on the construction of the Quebec Act, passed in 1774. That Act describes the western boundary as a line drawn "northerly," from the junction of the Ohio with the Mississippi River, to the Hudson's Bay Company's territory. The difficulty arises on the word "northerly," which under different circumstances may mean north by east, or north by west, with almost infinite variations. If there were nothing to indicate that a line to be drawn "northerly" should deviate to the east or the west, it would have to take a due north course. The Federal Government contends for a due north line. Ontario, rejecting this strict and narrow construction, seeks aids from the events of the time which have a bearing on the problem. The British Government, in public documents which were required to pass under the eye of the law officers of the Crown, afterwards qualified the indeterminate word "northward," by adding "along the eastern banks of the Mississippi to its source." In a great question like this, where so much is at stake, it seems reasonable to borrow lights of this kind to aid in the construction of a word which, standing alone, is capable of giving rise to the greatest contention.

Just as the above was going to press arrived the news that the Privy Council, though it had decided that the award was not legally binding, had upheld the decision of the arbitrators with regard to the boundary between the Provinces. All those who knew the general temper and tendencies of the Privy Council anticipated that such substantially would be the result, and that the Dominion would not be thrown back into the strife and confusion from which the judgment has happily set us free.

C. L.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

THE meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which will take place in the City of Montreal next month, apart from the intrinsic interest attaching to so famous an institution, is particularly noteworthy from the fact of its being the first time this Association has ever met outside the British Isles. The Dominion of Canada consequently has special reason to congratulate herself upon what cannot be otherwise regarded than as a mark of distinguished favour. Then again, this forthcoming meeting presents another important aspect, inasmuch as from the proximity both in point of time and distance of the meeting of the American Association, it will be possible to realize in some degree the project so long discussed of an international scientific conference, as many members will be able to attend the meeting in Philadelphia as well as that in Montreal.

For the origin of this association we have to go back more than half a century, to a period in the history of England when the pursuit of scientific knowledge was almost wholly disregarded, and anything like original investigation confined to a few individuals who, animated solely by devotion to science, toiled away with little recognition from the State or the general public. Since the death of Newton, science had remained for a century in a stagnant condition. Proud of the noblest literature of the world, England was disposed to look with something like contempt at the reports of the progress of mere physical science on the continent. Proud of her success in the arts, in commerce, and in war,—proud especially of her practical character,—England disdained to receive hints from other nations where science was more fostered. The practical man was essentially in the ascendant at this period. Content with the conclusions drawn from his own shrewd observation, and with the result of his own skill, the practical man distrusts or disbelieves all that he cannot understand. If he be a soldier, he has a contempt for a great arithmetician who has never "set a squadron in the field"; if a farmer, he has no faith in new-fangled notions, but tills his land as his father did; if he be a mechanic, he combines with his fellows to destroy the machinery which science has introduced to diminish his labour; and in all crafts he knows right well, that "an ounce of practice is better than a pound of theory." Of precisely such ways of thinking were the men who had the management of affairs in England half a century ago, and it seemed as if there was no awakening them to the fact that England could keep pace in commerce and manufactures with other nations only by her sons of industry becoming humble disciples of science.

This disregard for the study of science, which at first passed comparatively unnoticed, at length began to excite attention. Whilst England was so apathetic, great activity in the promotion of art and science characterized many of the continental states, and warning voices soon were raised by men who were entitled to be heard, proclaiming that unless England bestirred herself she would be left behind in the race of nations. Sir Humphrey Davy lamented the decadence of science in a land which had produced Bacon, Boyle, Cavendish, and Newton. Sir John Herschel said, "In England, whole branches of continental discovery are unstudied, and indeed almost unknown by name. It is in vain to conceal the melancholy truth that we are fast dropping behind." Sir David Brewster pointed out, with pathetic earnestness, that science was unrecognized and uncared for in high places, and contrasted the action of foreign potentates in relation to the patronage of science with that adopted in English courts. Galileo, if he were persecuted by the Church, was fostered by Cosmo, Grand Duke of Tuscany, and honoured by Pope Urban of Rome. Tycho Brahe was enriched by Ferdinand of Denmark. Kepler received a liberal pension from the Emperor Rudolph. Descartes enjoyed princely bounty from Louis XIII. Roemer, Huygens, Hevelius, Leibnitz, Euler, Lagrange, Volta, and other eminent men were cited as receiving place, pension, and honours from continental sovereigns, whilst in England, the name of Newton stood alone as associated with emolument or recognition from the Government. While France was showering pensions and decorations on her *savants*, sums amounting to £100,000 being annually voted for the aid of science, art, and literature, Sir David Brewster could sadly say: "There is not at this moment, within the British Isles, a single philosopher, however eminent have been his services, who bears the lowest title that is given to the lowest benefactor of the nation, or to the humblest servant of the Crown. There is not a single philosopher who enjoys a pension, or an allowance, or a sinecure, capable of supporting himself or his family in the humblest circumstances. There is not a single philosopher who enjoys the favour of his sovereign or the friendship of his ministers." Such was the position of science in England in 1830.

Language so earnest, and coming from such a source, could not fail of

attracting attention, and Brewster's indignant complaints as to countenance withheld and royal favours ungranted had, happily, an even better effect than the mere attainment of courtly patronage, or government doles, for they stimulated the interest and induced the united exertions of scientific men, and were the initial steps in the formation of that powerful confederacy of scientific workers who established the British Association.

Unlike most other scientific societies, the British Association was less a growth than a creation, springing into being, as Professor Trail, one of its earliest members observed, "like Pallas from the head of Jove, in perfect panoply." The famous Royal Society owed its origin, in 1645, to the meeting of a little coterie of gentlemen who assembled weekly in a room over an apothecary's shop in the Strand, to discuss physical science. The origin of the French Academy, the chief precursor of the present Institute, a few years earlier, was very similar, namely, a little club of seven or eight persons who used to meet in Paris at each other's houses for literary discussion. The immediate prototype of the British Association had its origin in Leipsic in 1822, where a society of German Naturalists and Physicists had been formed, the chief object of which was to afford cultivators of science opportunity of knowing each other, and of co-operating for a common end, with which view they agreed to meet each year at a different place, and deliberate, with open doors, on scientific questions.

In 1831, Sir David Brewster definitely proposed the establishment of a British Association of men of science similar to that which, for eight years, had existed in Germany. The proposal was received with much favour, and circulars were issued to literary and scientific societies and individuals convoking a meeting for the following September, in the rooms of the Philosophical Society, at York. The time arrived, and although the country was in the throes of a great political convulsion which resulted in the Reform Bill of 1832, no less than 353 persons attended the inaugural meeting.

This meeting was justly regarded both as satisfactory in itself, and as leaving future success no longer a problem. It further tended to somewhat lighten the gloomy picture which had been painted by some of its promoters as to the national scientific decadence, by illustrating the existence of an amount of interest and even enthusiasm in the objects of science which might scarcely have been anticipated. The purposes and aims of the association were then unfolded in a few comprehensive sentences which have ever since been annually published as the avowed exposition of its objects, namely: "To give a stronger impulse and a more systematic direction to scientific enquiries; to promote the intercourse of those who cultivate science in different parts of the British Empire with one another, and with foreign philosophers; to obtain a more general attention to the objects of science, and a removal of any disadvantages of a public kind which impede its progress."

Instead of any one place being selected as a permanent home, it was decided, after the example of the German societies, that the association should be peripatetic, holding its meetings in a different city each year. In this way, each annual gathering brings home the realities of science, the fascination by which it enthral its followers, and the grandeur of its discoveries, to some locality in which these things had, it may be, previously received an indolent assent, but in which they had not been held as articles of a real and living faith. Although the meetings are mainly upheld by those who habitually frequent them, they are also largely attended by associates drawn from the locality, and it is in bringing home the truths of science to new audiences that much of the best work of the association has been accomplished; for, notwithstanding its title, the association has for many years accepted the function of promulgating and popularizing science, rather than of advancing it, and its usefulness perhaps chiefly depends upon its achievements in the former direction.

The most important item in the programme of each meeting is necessarily the president's address. These addresses are usually thoughtful and suggestive discourses drawn up by acknowledged masters of science, and therefore claiming more than momentary attention. Their character of course widely varies. The president may attempt to sketch a hasty outline of the boundaries of the vast field of knowledge, or he may confine himself, as did Professor Cayley at the last annual meeting, to some subject lying closely within his chosen scientific sphere. Some of the presidential addresses, for instance that of Professor Tyndall at Belfast in 1874, have been productive of much comment and discussion, but as a rule they have been so prepared as to state results rather than to provoke disputation. For the purpose of scientific deliberation the association is divided into sections, to each of which a special department of science is awarded. The sections are as follows: A—Mathematical and Physical Science; B—Chemical Science; C—Geology; D—Biology, with three sub-sections,

Anatomy and Physiology, Zoology and Botany, and Anthropology; E—Geography; F—Economic Science and Statistics; G—Mechanical Science.

Very much the same plan of proceeding is followed at the annual meetings, which as a rule are held in the month of September. They are opened by the president's address, usually delivered on a Wednesday evening, and continue for a week thereafter. During the day the association is broken up into its various sections, but the evenings are generally devoted to lectures, *conversazioni*, and other entertainments. The sectional discussions embrace a very wide field of subjects, and although in the sections devoted to the exact sciences the discussions are generally extremely quiet, decorous, and what the non-scientific public—many of whom become associates, and flock to all sections—term dry, yet in the consideration of subjects admitting of latitude of opinion, and incapable of demonstration, the discussions are often animated, and at times much excitement prevails. Besides the sectional meetings, other modes are adopted of carrying out one of the avowed objects of the Association—to wit, the promotion of intercourse between the cultivators of science, and the evenings, as already stated, are generally devoted to scientific lectures on recent discoveries. From the enthusiastic manner in which both the public authorities and private individuals in Canada have entered into preparation for the meeting at Montreal, it may be safely predicted that, whatever may be its scientific importance, the social and other attractions in connection with this gathering will not be inferior in brilliancy or interest to those of any preceding occasion.

It is, however, not so much by its main meetings, as by the committees annually appointed, and by the plans they organize, that the substantial work of the Association is done. The record of achievement accomplished by these committees is altogether too lengthy to be even summarized, and reference can only be made for it to the annual reports, of which some fifty-two bulky volumes have been published, and which besides containing an epitome of existing theoretical and practical science, furnish a valuable history of the progress of science during the last half century. The reports on special subjects undertaken at the request of the association are printed in full, as are also such of the sectional papers as may be recommended. Of papers deemed less important, merely abstracts are published, whilst of others the titles only are preserved on record. It should be noted that the committees, which work throughout the year, gratuitously devote their time, labour and thought to the duties entrusted to them, the sums granted by the Association for the prosecution of such duties being strictly confined to the necessary expenses incurred. The fund from which appropriations are made is derived from the subscriptions of the members and associates; life members paying £10 for that privilege, ordinary members £1 admittance and £1 annual subscription, both classes being entitled to an annual volume of reports. So far as growth in numbers and in popular estimation is concerned, the success of the Association has been most unequivocal. The number of persons present at the first meeting held in New York was 353, while at Newcastle it exceeded 3,000.

Among the distinguished men whose names have added lustre to the presidential chair may be mentioned His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, who presided at Aberdeen in 1849, and delivered a comprehensive address reviewing the general progress of science, not simply from the scholar's technical standpoint, but in its relation to the common interests of mankind; the Marquis of Lansdowne, father of the present Governor-General of Canada; the Earl of Rosse, Sir John Herschel, Sir Roderick Murchison, Sir David Brewster, the Duke of Argyll, Sir William Armstrong, Sir Charles Leyell, Dr. Joseph Hooker, Professor Huxley, Professor Tyndall, and Sir John Lubbock, besides many others of almost equal note, each one representing the highest range of scientific investigation and erudition in one direction or another.

Having thus briefly outlined the history and leading features of the British Association, it only remains to refer in conclusion to the approaching meeting at Montreal, which, for reasons already stated, promises to be especially eventful. The project of a visit to Canada on the part of the Association was first publicly mooted by the Marquis of Lorne, who, while Governor-General, always evinced a warm interest in the scientific and literary progress of the Dominion over which he presided. At the Southport meeting, although some slight opposition was manifested by Conservative members, who did not like the idea of going so far afield, the motion to meet this year in Montreal was enthusiastically adopted. A large, influential, and enthusiastic public meeting was held, at which resolutions were passed pledging the city to do all in its power to make the meeting successful, and a powerful committee of leading citizens was at the same time appointed to carry these resolutions into effect. Since then no stone has been left unturned to make the meeting as brilliant a success as possible. The Dominion Government, at its last session, voted

a large sum of money in order that free passages might be given to the officers of the association and the more important members, while reduced rates have been arranged for all other members who may be able to attend; and it is understood that no less than 750 have already signified their intention of so doing. Then the two great railway corporations of the Dominion have vied with one another in hospitality—the Grand Trunk Railway offer a free excursion to the Great Lakes and Chicago, and the Canadian Pacific Railway a picnic to the Rocky Mountains. The various railroad and steamboat lines in Canada and the United States also have made most liberal arrangements, and there will no doubt be a very large visitation to Philadelphia when the American Association is there in session.

JAMES MACDONALD OXLEY.

MODERN ATHLETICISM.

SOME recent strictures of a well-known public school president in the States on the excess of athletic sports in the present age has naturally brought the question of the use and abuse of field sports into prominence. Doubtless the rising generation has many more opportunities for indulging in amusements than had the past, yet it may surely be a fair question: Does the youth of our time show any appreciable falling-off in education, as compared with those who have gone before? Every scholar knows how much attention was paid by Greeks and Romans to the development of the human frame, believing that the mind, which draws its sap, as it were, from the body, was thereby benefited—*mens sana in corpore sano*. Homer, Pindar, Virgil and Anacreon, all describe the sports of their day, when not only warriors, but statesmen and *litterati*, were schooled quite as much in the gymnasias as in the lecture halls. The recent lamented death of Mr. W. P. Phillips, one of the fastest "sprinters" in England, has been seized upon as affording a text for a sermon on the danger of indulging in severe athletic contests. But that unfortunate gentleman, who suffered from heart disease, had been duly and long warned by his medical adviser against participation in the sport which doubtless hastened his death, and the case is not one to mark the precept *ex uno disce omnes*. Statistics of mortality in connection with the universities and white flannel are now but seldom heard of, nor do we read of possible senior wranglers degenerating into mediocre gymnasts. There was lately published in a legal periodical a list of judicial celebrities who had in their college days pulled oars in the inter-variety match. The spirit of emulation encouraged by them in physical pursuits in no way deteriorated their capacity for perseverance and resolution in the walks of their profession. Admitted that medical statistics do show a great increase in diseases of the heart. Is that to be attributed to the more general use of, and rapid progress in, all branches of athleticism? On the contrary, we should rather watch with unreserved pleasure and satisfaction the daily tendency to a recognition of the use of physical culture manifested around us in boating, lacrosse, cricket and other clubs. It seems absurd to argue a danger of moral or intellectual deterioration from physical culture; more than probably, too many of us suffer from the lack of it. We need not go far for instances. Strike at once into literature itself—that branch of our education presided over by the writer whose strictures have given rise to these lines, and what do we see? Poets there are whose verses in general are chiefly remarkable for their weak and febrile qualities. Querulous, forced, and languid, or to use the words of a well-known critic—suggestive of the atmosphere of a sick room. These writers would have been better for physical culture, and their over-nervous and over-emotional pictures would have been more robust and less artificial had they been the expressions of strong masculine natures. Byron, despite the infirmity of his leg, was an ardent athlete, and it may be interesting to note that he formed one of the Harrow eleven when the match against Eton was first instituted in 1805.

Athleticism by no means entails a severe physical preparation, and the principle we would seek to advocate is simply that any sport of a manly nature which draws us out of the apathetic indolence of our physical frames is one deserving of encouragement. The principle is equally applicable to women. It has been claimed for the Anglo-Saxon men and women that they are more comely and robust than any other people in the world. This has been attributed in a great measure to the general simplicity of their food; for gluttony, Dr. Farr tells us, is the vice of the age. Yet, with no invidious comparison, the least observant could not fail to note the marked superiority of the English youth over the French, and both undergo the strict dietary of school life, before gluttony can have been fairly developed. The result may justly be credited to the natural tendency of the young of the one country to indulge more in athletic pursuits than the other. "One of the greatest boons England could give France," says a

celebrated French writer, "would be the establishment of cricket in her towns and villages." Those who hold that the pursuit of field sports implies a degradation of intellectual taste, forget what an influence pastimes have had upon many branches of literature and art. There are many pure and notable writers who could more easily dispense with heroes and heroines than with horses and hounds. The book-world is filled with portraits which would never have been framed but for the custom of hunting. Our sporting travellers furnish us with the most trustworthy and interesting delineations of foreign climes. The lover of field sports is observant of nature from habit, and is educated into a sensibility for her beauties by the force of experience. Every honest sport honestly pursued is good, not only for physical and moral health, but because its prosecution is valuable in artistic and literary suggestions never dreamt of by those who regard athleticism as developing a temperament unequal to intellectual expansion.

There existed at one time in England what might be called a system of compulsory education in archery. Butts were erected in every township, and on all feast days the inhabitants had to shoot at the same under penalty of a fine. Archery has now become a pastime of a fashionable rather than of a popular character. Every young man who can spare the time should belong to some association or other for outdoor pastime. There are thousands of adolescent loungers, with legs like cedar pencils and arms like pipe-stems, who make use of their one half-holiday in the week to lounge round bar-rooms or billiard-tables. It is of such stuff defaulting clerks are made. The creature with weakly frame loses the nobility of his natural manhood. He is nicotised and narcotised into a miserable wreck of nervousness. Not for him, like old Adam in "As You Like It," are the words—

Though I am old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility.

TRIVIATOR.

BALLADE OF THE WICKED EARL.

(Lines written after a fortnight spent with Ouida's novels.)

HAD I been "in the purple born,"
(As Ouida loves to say)
I'd treat morality with scorn,
And live uncommon gay:
My bills, of course, I ne'er would pay,
At creditors I'd sneer,
What "hecatombs of doves" I'd slay,
Had I been born a Peer!

What wreaths of roses I'd have worn,
All drenched with bright Tokay!
What maidens from their lovers torn
Had rued their natal day!
What wondrous odds you'd see me lay,
What fences I would clear,
And gold, like dross, I'd fling away,
Had I been born a Peer!

And last, grown aged, stern, forlorn,
My gold locks turned to grey,
My crown of roses changed to thorn,
I'd end with some display!
Through foemen's ranks I'd cleave my way,
Through Zouave and Cuirassier,
And die where fiercest raged the fray,
Had I been born a Peer!

ENVOY

Ouida, the good old times decay,
And even Viscounts fear
To play the kind of pranks we'd play
Had I been born a Peer,
My Dear,
Had I been born a Peer!

A. L.

A LIVE book-worm has been found at a literary auction room, and is described as a waxen little thing like the maggot in stilton cheese.

EDWARD KING tells one of the most delightful anecdotes of Carlyle. Mallock called on the old Scotchman, and let himself loose, talking Carlyle almost to death. Carlyle listened almost imperturbably, invited him to tea, and had him to smoke in the library afterwards. When at last the youthful sage thought proper to take his leave, Carlyle accompanied him to the door and said: "Well, good-bye; I've received ye kindly because I knew your mother, but I never want to set eyes on ye again!"

THE EXPERIENCES OF SAN PANCRAZIO OF EVOLO.

From the German of A. Schneegans.

II.

MEANWHILE, Padre Atanasio was sorely puzzled to account for Don Cesare's conduct throughout the day. The more he thought over the matter, the more inexplicable did the feverish zeal manifested by the valiant little ship-broker against San Pancrazio, and with every one whom he overtook upon the way home, appear. With everyone whom he chanced to meet on the street, or whom he lighted upon in the Bottega, the good padre began to discuss the possible motives of Don Cesare.

"I can quite understand," said the father to the group of hearers standing respectfully about him, "I can quite understand why *you*, Don Ciccio, and *you*, Don Pasquale, and *you*, Don Geronimo, are so much incensed against the patron-saint. You need rain. You need it, as men need air and fish need water. That is, when I say that *you* need rain I mean that your fields, your lemon trees, your figs, your pomegranates, olive and almond groves, stand badly in need of it. You are men of property. You possess land and cultivate it, and water it with the sweat of your brow. The sweat of your brow, however, is, ha! ha! but a very tiny little drop of moisture—a mere dew drop—and we must have rain if the fields are to thrive." At this the worthy father laughed, and the bystanders duly honoured the small joke. "Well, then," continued the padre, "if your patron-saint neglects his duties, if he forgets to send rain...."

"He doesn't want to send us rain," shouted a bystander.

"Whether he is unwilling to send it, or whether he has forgotten to send it, I know not. I am not entitled to give an opinion, seeing that you might charge me with an ill-natured envy against good old San Pancrazio. Well, then, let that pass, I know what I know! But what did I mean to say? Oh! yes, exactly, if *you*, through the patron-saint's—neglect, shall we say?—suffer loss in your property, and have your confidence in him rudely shaken, I am by no means entitled to pass an opinion."

"It is the only sensible way of going to work with him," they shouted to the padre from all sides. "We know old Evolino! If you do not chastise him all your prayers avail nothing. And, mind you, this is not the first time either. Fifty years ago our fathers had to treat him in just the very same way, and he had not lain three days in the water before the rain came. It is just his old heathen obstinacy and stiff-neckedness, and it has to be broken at times."

Padre Atanasio turned imploringly to the right-hand and to the left, to the front and to the rear, shook his head from side to side, and raised his hands to his head in token of protest. After a few minutes' noisy interruption, however, his hearers allowed him to speak. He was quite out of breath, quite as much as if it had been he who had been shouting and raging and not the others.

"Do be quiet, only compose yourselves," he groaned. "I quite believe it! You ought to know all this far better than I. It in no way concerns me. I am only called upon to say mass in the Chapel of the holy Madonna, and your San Pancrazio belongs in no way to my jurisdiction! But this was not what I wanted to speak about! I only mean that Don Cesare owns neither tree nor meadow. Whether it rains or not must be a matter of complete indifference to him. He is a ship-broker. Now, what connection has that with rain? I should like to know that. And yet it was Don Cesare who tied the rope about the olive tree; he it was who with his own hands took down the saint from his pedestal and bore him away to the cliff and laid him down there. And Don Cesare is a prudent man; indeed, he is the most prudent of us; I mean of you all. He knows what he is about, and why he does it; and that is just the reason why I say to you that I cannot, for the life of me, understand his conduct. Don Cesare, I am convinced of it, has some particular object in view. This, however, he is as yet keeping secret, but I will one day make it manifest to you all."

In vain the padre's hearers, filled with admiration for Don Cesare's daring deed, strove to make him understand that the ship-broker shared in the feelings of his fellow-citizens—that he had not allowed himself to be guided by his own interests merely, and that consequently this unselfishness of his should be all the more admired and respected. All these arguments fell weak and powerless before the mocking, sceptical smile of the worthy father.

"My little friend, my little friend," said Padre Atanasio, as he shook his head doubtfully, "I know you and all your breed. You all crept forth from one and the same egg! Unselfishness? We will look for that somewhere else if you please; for whenever it occurs to you to praise the unselfishness of a fellow-citizen, you have immediately found your own advantage therein, and that, too, before everything else. Don Cesare is much too prudent a man to be unselfish, and must have had most cogent reasons for thus compromising you all with the blessed Pancrazio. Yes, compromised, Don Ciccio! for you are most seriously compromised, and were I the Evolino, Holy Deo—I meant to say: Holy Virgin—I should very soon know what I should do. That is not the question, however. Don Cesare understands very well how to feather his own nest, and get himself out of the scrape at the same time. I mean, that he will make it up, will clear himself with San Pancrazio, and leave you sitting there in the mud, keeping all the while a sharp look-out for the main chance. Doubt not but Cesare Agresta, the prudent ship-broker, will manage that."

Padre Atanasio was not, perhaps, very far astray; for Don Cesare was an active, busy, crafty little man, and must have had some special design in acting as he did; for when he took down the saint from his pedestal that morning and bore him outside the chapel upon his shoulders like a

child, he had whispered to him softly, so that no one could hear him: "Be not angry, dear Pancrazio, what I am doing now I am e'en obliged to do. I will, however, make amends to you again for this."

No one, in all probability, had overheard him—not even Padre Atanasio, who was standing close by, and beheld with a mischievous joy how the townsfolk were misusing the hated rival of the holy Madonna; for Don Cesare's countenance was by no means in harmony with his words, and whoever had marked the aspect and expression of his face at that moment must have thought to himself: "Thou poor San Pancrazio of Evolo! it is lucky for thee that thou art only made of wood, for wert thou alive, certainly thou would'st not leave the hands of this desperado, whose hair is bristling, and whose eyes are sparkling with rage and fury."

Quite another aspect, the most indifferent aspect in the world, did Don Cesare wear upon the evening of that day, as he entered the chamber in which his little sister was busy sewing by the light of a flickering and smoking tallow candle. In the most indifferent tone in the world he addressed her as she looked up to him with the loveliest and brightest black eyes in the world: "Lock up the house carefully, Carmela! I am going to Salvatore's, and it will be late ere I return."

At the door he turned round again:

"And Carmela," added he, "I have got this to say to thee: be careful of thine eyes, my little mousie! They have been wondrously bright for some days past. And, knowest thou, I should be quite well pleased with Nino; but he must lead thee to the altar! If he will not, tell him from me he will have to leave thee alone, otherwise he might get hurt. Good night, mousie!"

Whereupon Carmela, bending her head modestly over her work, answered:

"Go away, Cesare, and be easy! Carmela comes of a good stock." Of the same stock as her brother she was at any rate; for softly, just as Don Cesare had spoken to the saint, she said to herself:

"That Nino will marry Carmela and none other we are not likely to bring to pass by thy help, Cesare; and therefore I must e'en take my own way."

Her eyes sparkled as she bent over her work, as if she knew right well what she thought on that subject. And she knew it also, the dainty little witch, with her delicate little fingers and her raven-black hair; for, as soon as her brother's back was turned, she sprang up lightly, ran with nimble foot to the door, bolted it, and then stepped softly, softly, to the window which opened into the street, put her little head through the aperture, gazed quietly for some time after Don Cesare, and when she had seen him disappear through the darkness in the direction of Salvatore's house, she opened the window altogether, leaned over the sill, placed her small right hand over her eyes, and gazed steadily in the opposite direction, as if she was looking for something away in the distance of the pitch dark night. What she sought she found soon enough. The wished-for object appeared, after a few seconds, in the form of a slight, active youth, who, gliding softly under the shadow of the houses, cautiously approached the window until he stood, all of a sudden, right below it, when he seized Carmela's hands in his and whispered to her:

"I have been waiting for you quite a long while. I have kept my word. Will you keep yours to-day, Carmela?"

Cesare's cottage was situated at the end of a small by-street leading to the harbour. Whoever approached it from that direction was sure of being seen by no one, and it was exactly from that direction that the expected one had approached Carmela. The moon was yet far below the horizon, and everything was shrouded in darkness. There, unobserved from the neighbouring windows, one was able to indulge in a little quiet chat; and this was just what both of them did. They did not, however, content themselves with the elements of this love whisper, tender though it might be, for little Carmela soon, and not unwillingly, yielded her hand to the coaxing and pleading Nino, and not unfamiliarly did the latter imprint a kiss upon it—a long and loving kiss.

"Do come with me this evening to my cottage," he whispered to her; "we shall be all alone there, and we cannot always hope to be able to chat together here, in the street, before the window."

Carmela smiled to herself in the obscurity of the night.

"It is so far," said she, "suppose my brother were to return before I?"

"You will be back long before your brother returns. The road is close by, along the sea shore, under the headland of Evolo, and then only a couple of paces further. Just round the rock, right under the chapel, lies my house."

"It is too far, Nino, and the moon will soon be up, and then we shall be discovered."

For a long while they continued talking together. The moon rose slowly above the waves, and poured her calm, bright light into the gloomy streets; only for a short time, however; for the heaven began to darken again, and big black clouds came slowly from the westward.

"Look," laughed Nino, "the holy Pancrazio is beginning to tire of his bath already. And see, Carmela, only see how he favours our love. He is hiding the bright moonlight for us. You will come now, won't you? Do come, Carmela."

Carmela hesitated for a minute. Then she whispered, "Wait a moment, till I get my scarf," and disappeared.

Whilst these two were settling their affairs together, and coming to an understanding before Don Cesare's house, the latter was going about his own, but in another way and in a different direction. After bidding his sister "good night," he walked down the street at a leisurely pace, and with a composed and cheerful countenance, as if he were going for an evening's gossip at the house of a friend. That Carmela would look after him he was perfectly well aware: all girls are given to do such things,

and his smart little sister was neither better nor worse than they. "Women are women," he very sagaciously remarked to himself, as a smile played around his lips. "You must treat them as you do children. Appear to repose unlimited confidence in them, but at the same time take care to keep a strict watch over them, and always maintain your manly independence."

This theory he immediately proceeded to put into practice; which is more than could be said of the majority of those engaged in the important work of the educating of the young.

As soon as a turn in the street hid him from Carmela's gaze, he forthwith, and in double-quick time, struck off in the contrary direction, and describing a wide circle through the narrow streets and lanes of the quaint little town, found himself at the opposite pole, and fronting the headland of Evolo.

It must have been something of special importance which was then passing through Don Cesare's active brains, for, as soon as he caught sight of the headland he at once began to run as fast as he could put one foot before the other. Far from greeting our tall friend Ciccio, who met him unawares, just outside the ruined gateway of the town, the moment Cesare caught sight of him he pulled over his face the large hood which all the inhabitants of the Sicilian Coast are wont to wear, Bedouin fashion, on their necks, both summer and winter, as a protection alike against wind and rain and sun, drew up his broad shoulders, and depressed his head as much as possible.

He passed Ciccio at a rapid pace, and gave no sign of recognition, while the astonished peasant stared after him in open-mouthed wonder, and muttered to himself as he made the sign of the cross: "Santo Diavolo! who can that be, and where is he going? I know every one in Rocca-stretta, but I have never seen him before." And Ciccio gazed long and anxiously after the rapidly retreating form, shaking his head the while like an honest citizen who has seen something extraordinary, and which has afforded him cause for profound meditation.

Don Cesare, however, continued his progress, and smiled knowingly to himself: "You are a smarter fellow than I take you to be, my good Ciccio, if you manage to humbug Cesare Agresta. What you can be seeking at this late hour outside the town heaven only knows. Perhaps some little love adventure behind the walls! Or, perhaps, you have stolen some field produce, and have hidden it somewhere? In some ruined hut, maybe? Perhaps you are trying to do a little quiet smuggling? Ah me! who can do any smuggling to-day, when not a single bark enters our harbour? For three long months—just the time that we have had no rain—our poor, deserted little port has not seen a solitary sail. It is worth one's while to try their hand at smuggling to-day! Formerly, perhaps, the business paid."

And honest Don Cesare thought with a mournful pleasure of the happy time when at least twice in a month, a foreign trader came into his clutches. Happy, happy time! Above there, near the chapel of Evolo, which is now perceived rising before him upon the cliff, for three whole months all the livelong day he had been gazing through his telescope towards every quarter of the heavens, in the hopes of descrying the white sails of some good ship making for the haven of Roccastretta, with the well-known ensign of England, Norway, or Germany, flying at her peak—for it was from these countries that the vessels came to take in valuable cargoes of fruit, olive oil, sulphur and brimstone. Many and various too were the wares these ships brought with them, all of which were purchased secretly by Don Cesare, for very little, and disposed of by him—just as secretly and at a proportionate advance in price to his fellow townsmen; tobacco and cigars, cotton and woollen goods, bright-hued ribbons, gaudily painted saints, smartly varnished images for church and chapel, Madonnas, Apostles, and Evangelists, all beautifully carved out of wood—in a word, all sorts of foreign nick-nacks, upon which the customs department of His Majesty the King of the Two Sicilies kept a watchful eye, and all of which the prudent Cesare knew how to convey quietly into safe hiding and then quietly to such as wanted them. Year in year out his boat lay moored to an old stake, close beside his house, and as soon as he perceived a sail in the offing Cesare would hurry down to the water's edge, cast off the painter, and row out to offer his services to the foreign captain,—for he jabbered all known tongues with a daring fluency—and the ship had scarcely dropped her anchor before Cesare had become the confidential adviser and the indispensable counsellor of the whole crew. Yes, Don Cesare, despite his insignificant appearance, was a most enterprising little man, and had his head in the right place; and in that round bullet head of his, with its closely cropped hair, its protruding ears, there were all rings, and its large mouth drawn into a continual smile, there were all possible wiles and stratagems, all the cunning contrivances known to the trader, which failed not to put many a broad gold piece into his pocket, and which the worthy foreign captain paid him ungrudgingly. For without the helps of the ubiquitous Cesare he must have been forced to pay a much higher price for all his supplies, and what cared he if Cesare levied an interest of fifty per cent. upon the fiery Italian wines he delivered him, or sold him, at an equally exorbitant profit, the fresh beef, fruit, and vegetables he had purchased for a mere song? But for Cesare he would have been unable to obtain either a cargo for his owners or provisions for his crew. What wonder, then, that the foreign shipmen paid him so gladly whatever he asked: they found everything so cheap in this beautiful, heaven-blessed land! And when the ships sailed away again all thanked him, both those who sailed away and those who remained behind. Oh, had done a good stroke of business,—but he himself the best of all. Oh, those happy times! thought Cesare, shall we ever see the like again? And as he hurried along he cast a longing, almost tearful eye, upon the black and sailless sea. The headland of Evolo, with its old, gnarled olive trees,

now lay close before him; the chapel above looked bright and cleanly in the moonlight; for the year before the walls had been so white-washed in honour of the saint, he who was now lying in the tossing waves at the foot of the cliff. As Cesare gazed upwards at the little shrine, and thought of the strange deeds which had been enacted in it that very morning, he shook his head. "Poor, dear, good Evolino!" sighed he, "what must thou think of me, not merely suffering these indignities to befall thee, but even aiding and abetting those who inflicted them! And yet, thou knowest just as well as I—what would my opposition have availed thee? The others would, in all probability, have treated thee even more shamefully, and thou hast to thank me that thou art only lying in the cool, deep blue water, and not buffeting the angry roaring flames. At times one helps their friends more by running with the hounds than by suffering themselves to be torn in pieces by the same, and all to no purpose. And just wait a little; I will soon make amends to thee for all this, dear, good Evolino!"

He had now reached the foot of the cliff. The narrow foot-path wound like a snake to its summit. A couple of steps farther, and he would have rounded the point and gained the other side of the headland, where Nino's farm-house lay hidden in its dense orange and lemon groves.

Don Cesare stood still a minute. Suddenly a light puff of wind rippled the surface of the sea, which broke in foam at its feet. "Oh, oh!" said the little shipbroker, "From the westward. A rain wind? Surely thou dear, good San Pancrazio, thou wilt never be so kind to those who have flung thee into the water, as to —?"

He stopped of a sudden, looked cautiously about him on all sides, listened anxiously on the right-hand and on the left, and after that he had found himself safe from the interruption, he stepped carefully down to where he knew the saint was lying, groped about among the stones until he had found the rope, and now, had anyone been looking on, they would have seen the little man calling up all his strength to slowly pull the rope towards him.

But it was by no means a pleasant and agreeable process for the holy Pancrazio. The poor old fellow bumped painfully against the sharp pointed corners and jagged pinnacles of the cliff. The glory which adorned his venerable head got wedged hard and fast between two stones, and at every sturdy pull of the energetic Cesare he thought his poor old worm-eaten neck was going to be broken, and his old heathen head reft from his shoulders.

"Oh, dear!" the unhappy saint might have thought, as a bump apparently indicative of approaching dissolution nearly knocked the nose off his face, "how shamefully men treat their saints! First one is bound hand and foot, flung into the sea like an empty pumpkin, or rotten melon, and then thumped painfully against the stones. For I can see plainly enough that some one is drawing me out of the water. What does this fellow intend doing to me now, I wonder?"

And the gleaming, varnished eyes of the saint sought to recognize the man. He recognized him well enough, and when he did so, and discovered that it was none other than Don Cesare who but a few hours ago had misused him so shamefully, he sighed in his soul!

"In what way have I injured this man? Now I am going to be abused and beaten, as I was a little while ago. For he it was who raged the most fiercely of all against me, and who, the hypocritical little villain that he is, asked my pardon all the time when removing me from my pedestal, and then opened his mouth widest to bellow for rain? And how can I, a poor worm-eaten block of wood, send them rain. Oh! the silly stupid people!"

Patiently did the saint yield himself to his approaching fate: the heavy thumps upon his head pained and distressed him a good deal, notwithstanding; for, like most of us, the saint set a high value upon his head. What a dreadful thing it would be if he were to lose this head; and men were to place a new one instead thereof—a new head upon the old stump? supposing they were to procure a new saint at the next carver or turner's shop!—what would then become of him, the true, old, and only genuine San Pancrazio of Evolo?

Meanwhile Don Cesare tugged and pulled, and pulled and tugged, until at last the saint lay at his feet upon the dry strand.

"Now God be merciful to thee, poor Evolino!" thought San Pancrazio.

What was his astonishment, however, when Don Cesare, without saying a word, dragged him up the little narrow foot-path, placed him carefully in a crevice of the rock, as if it were his own niche, wiped away the slime and foam of the sea, rubbed him up carefully, and then kneeling down, with folded hands addressed him as follows:

"Once more thou standest upon dry ground, dear, good, holy Pancrazio, and art saved from the companionship of the sea crabs and hideous cuttlefish. And see, it is me alone whom thou hast to thank for this—Don Cesare, who loves and honours thee—and I told thee so, when I dragged thee forth from the chapel. The others maltreated thee shamefully, dear patron, but I have set thee free again. Do not forget this, dear old San Pancrazio! I know quite well what thou wilt say to me: 'Don Cesare, Don Cesare! thou also wast present, and thou it was who fastened the rope to the olive tree.' Alas, yes! I also was obliged to be present! But only think what might have happened if I had not been present. The others were so excited and furious against thee on account of the rain! What care I for the rain! As far as I am concerned, thou mayst leave the people without rain for weeks at a time. They deserve it richly, and most of all that long, lanky Ciccio, whom I met just outside the walls, it was who threatened thee so horribly with the flames of fire. And it was I, Don Cesare, who silenced him, since I flung thee into the water. Yes, Evolino, and it was I also who have drawn thee out of the water again. See now, Evolino! be good to me: thou who art still an old god of the

winds. Wast thou not called Æolus ere thou becamest the saint of Evolo? Surely thou hast not forgotten that, and surely the winds are yet somewhat obedient unto thee, and listen to thee. Blow once more a fine strong wind into the sail of some foreign ship, some rich Englishman, or even German, and bring it in safety to our harbour, so that I also may gain something as well as the others. Look thee! I am not a rich man—"

He broke off suddenly. A bright white ray had fallen upon the saint, and a strange weird smile seemed to play over his features. Don Cesare looked about him startled. But it was only the moon which had risen above the sea, and whose first beams had been thrown upon the face of the saint.

"It is clearing," said Don Cesare, and rising up he knocked the sand from his knees. "I must be off, for thou knowest well, Evolino, none but thee must know that I have drawn thee out of the sea! Now stand still, and dry thyself, and recover thee from thy fright. But do not forget that thou hast to thank me for it—me alone—and forget not to send me the ship—soon too; quite soon! Then I will also deck thine altar for thee beautifully, and get thee a nice new glory to replace the one lost among the rocks."

Once more he stopped short in his address to Evolino; for, suddenly, the face of the saint darkened: What was that? a cloud? rain? He looked quickly about him. Away to the westward the horizon was growing black and gloomy. "West wind?" said Don Cesare; "Rain wind!" Yes, but also a favourable wind for the foreign ships which enter the Mediterranean from the ocean. San Pancrazio, San Pancrazio! now be mindful of me."

He clambered slowly up the steep path, which led to the top of the cliff, and thence between masses of stone and clumps of aloes and cactus bushes to the little chapel. From time to time he stopped and listened and looked about him to see whether no white sail were yet visible on the dark waste of waters; for now he was certain that Evolino heard him, and now that the wind was beginning to blow, the ships could not fail to come. Heavier and darker the clouds kept piling themselves up on the western horizon. When he reached the top of the cliff, he sat down under an olive tree in order to take breath. Out of the distance he seemed to hear a sound. Was it indeed a ship in whose shrouds and tackling the freshening wind was already beginning to pipe its little song, and which was hastening towards the friendly bay, in order to avoid the approaching gale?

"Carmela must just keep quiet until my return," murmured Don Cesare to himself. "I'll stay here." And with eyes fixed steadily upon the sea Don Cesare proceeded to keep his solitary watch.

J. CUNNINGHAM DUNLOP.

THE SCRAP BOOK.

DIVORCE IN FRANCE.

WHILST the Chamber is wasting on revisions and military service the time it had better be giving to the Budget, the Senate has passed the first reading of a law which may have the greatest consequences for French society—the Divorce Bill. Every one has been surprised at the immense majority which sanctioned this reform. It shows that public opinion, which, until a few years ago, was steadily opposed to divorce, is now almost unanimously in favour of it. This change of feeling may no doubt be attributed in part to the energetic campaign of M. Naquet; but it is chiefly due to the increasing prevalence of wife murder, followed by acquittal before the tribunals. The absence of divorce from our code has practically resulted in the toleration of murder, in case of adultery or desertion. It was at any rate necessary to put the law of France in harmony with the principles which govern all secular society, and which refuse to recognize perpetual bonds or enforced celibacy. The law voted by the Senate, moreover, surrounds the right of divorce with difficulties enough to guarantee it against abuse. The legislation of divorce will at least have the advantage of greatly diminishing the interest which in France always attaches to adultery, and which has made it the basis of our theatrical and romantic literature. It was useless to say that the subject was worn out; it was always renewed, and it always interested. Unfortunately, it does not follow that our literary morals will benefit by the change. For some time past those of our novelists who have tried to get out of this eternal round of conjugal infidelities have mostly fallen to a still baser level, and made us think with regret of Dumas *pere* and George Sand, who gave us at least, if not morality, an atmosphere of real and generous passion. The great success—say rather, the great scandal of the day, is the "Blasphèmes of Jean Richepin." The extravagant praise bestowed on this volume of poetry is one of the most striking signs of decay of literary taste, and even of critical capacity, in France. One is glad to turn from works like this to that of other writers, less powerful, indeed, but healthier and more refreshing—such, for instance as M. George Durny, who, in his pleasant and striking story of "Andree," has made a successful debut in fiction. Unfortunately our literary taste is impaired, not only as to the form, but as to the substance, too. We must have everything peppered. Happy the writer who lives far enough apart from the world of letters to keep his sense of the beautiful fresh and unspoilt.—*Gabriel Murod*.—*Contemporary Review*.

AN ARISTOCRATIC ORGAN GRINDER.

THE other evening there was the novel sight of a noble marquis wheeling through the streets a five-octave piano, on which he played while his

servant collected the pennies bestowed upon him for his skill. The ostensible object of the eccentric proceeding was charity, but it is whispered also that a wager with a great American millionaire as to the amount to be collected first instigated the undertaking. He begged also from passers-by, who give to a lord what they would refuse to a genuine applicant of the honest class. His lordship is tall, young, and is considered handsome, with a graceful black moustache, dressed in faultless black, wearing white kid gloves, and carrying a book in his hand bound in plush. He appeared the other day in the Exhibition-road, attended by a footman and with a carriage, in which ladies were seated, waiting for him near at hand. Waiting maids at the restaurants round bestowed upon the handsome beggar their last twopence, and others would have done so had they been sure of the genuineness of the mendicant, and that the money was intended for some useful charity. Some of the police ought to go round with his lordship to testify that he is a licensed rival of the poor Italian hurdy-gurdy grinders, or lock him up if he is an imposter. At present the apparent vagabond enjoys perfect immunity, while beggars, not so well dressed, find their way to the station-house. If we be obliged to abolish the House of Peers, it shows that respectable-looking employment might be found for noble organ-grinders who would be useful to public charities, since it is clear that there is snobbishness enough to induce people, who would pass by the plate on Hospital Sunday without hesitation, to give to a lord.—*London paper*.

AN American historical association is one of the felt wants of that country, and it is proposed to form such an association during the next session of the American Social Science Association at Saratoga, September 8-12.

WE must not for a moment confound the women of "light and leading," who have opened so many doors to their sex, with the weird old ladies who denounce the opponents of female suffrage, who refuse to pay taxes, and who break the law in public parks by making speeches to chance crowds. The real progress of the rights of women leads along the line of genuine elevation and honest work. The discussion of even the most burning questions ought to be conducted with coolness and decorum.—*London Daily Telegraph*.

MR. BRADLAUGH, as a matter of fact, is now paying the penalty for the very injudicious method of advertising his peculiar views which he adopted when he was elected for the first time to represent the borough of Northampton in Parliament. If he had never gone out of his way to declare that an oath was to him "a meaningless form" and "an idle addendum to a promise," the House of Commons would have had a great deal of the ground cut from under its feet in attempting to oust him from his seat.—*London Daily Telegraph*.

"THE transformation of the plan of study pursued at Harvard College," says *The Sun*, "has culminated in the regulations published for the next academical year. The abandonment of the time-honored principles of university instruction is now complete, and so far as this institution is concerned, we must learn to attach an entirely new meaning to the phrase, a liberal education; for henceforth it will be possible to obtain the degree of Bachelor of Arts without having read a line of Greek or Latin during the four years covered by the college course."

THERE never was a time when the country had so little need of a great navy as now. No nation, great or small, far or near, has any disposition to quarrel with this Government or to make necessary a display of naval strength. But it is said that a powerful navy is requisite in order to protect the commerce of the country in distant seas. When those who make this plea show a disposition to remove the obstructions to American commerce there will be some reason to believe in their sincerity. They have obstinately pursued a policy that has driven the country's commerce from the ocean, and now they want to lavish hundreds of millions to create a navy for its protection.—*Philadelphia Record*.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN, the gifted editor of the *Regina Leader*, after spending several months at Ottawa, has returned, and the *Leader* is itself once more—the most poetic journal on our exchange list. Mr. Davin has recently published a volume of poems; and although a copy of it has not reached our table yet, various journals which are usually over-critical of Mr. Davin's productions have spoken in very flattering terms of this work. While the views of the *Leader* on Regina and the Dominion Government have to be taken with considerable poetic license, his literary ability stands unquestioned. We welcome Mr. Davin back to his western home, and hope he may long dip his pen in the western sunset, and add the weird and fanciful to the characteristically practical journalism of the great West.—*Manitoba Liberal*.

THE platform adopted by the Democrats at Chicago bears a striking resemblance to that upon which Mr. Tilden was nominated in 1876. It is the better of the two because, for the first time in the history of the parties, it embodies less demagogism than the Republican. The cheap clap-trap in the Blaine platform about the Eight-Hour Law is omitted altogether, while the declaration in regard to "contract labour" is rather less offensive. The Republican platform pronounces distinctly against immigration "from Europe or Asia" in cases where the immigrant has agreed beforehand to work for his living. The Democratic platform leaves it open to dispute whether the foreign labour to be excluded is or is not confined to "servile races unfitted by habits, training, religion, or kindred, for absorption into the great body of our people." While declaring in favour of reduction of the tariff, "it is not proposed to injure any domestic industries, but rather to promote their healthy growth."—*The Nation*.

A LETTER in the *Times* of yesterday, signed, "A Veteran M.P.," suggests another, and, as it seems to us, a more excellent way. He is opposed to an autumn session. He thinks it would be inexpedient, and a needless waste of labour, to send the Franchise Bill a second time to the House of Lords by itself. Instead of meeting in autumn to pass the Franchise Bill, Parliament, he suggests, should be summoned in January, and at once set to work on a Redistribution Bill. Bring it forward by itself, get to the second reading within a week, and proceed with it day after day till it is carried through. Then tack the Franchise Bill to it and send them together to the House of Lords. We shall then have complied with the amendment to be moved by Lord Cairns. Their Lordships will have, what they profess to want, a complete measure. They must either pass it or choose other grounds for rejecting it, and if they venture to reject the complete Bill they will present themselves in a worse light to the country than they will do by merely rejecting the Franchise Bill. We are strongly disposed to say "aye" to this suggestion.—*Manchester Examiner*, July 5th.

THE PERIODICALS.

THE August *Century*—"The Mid-Summer Holiday Number"—is a literary and artistic treat. Very appropriately, it opens with a capital paper, entitled, "A Glance at British Wild Flowers," by John Burroughs, accompanied by a wealth of illustrations by Alfred Parsons. Edith M. Thomas and Dr. Edward Eggleston are the writers of two other contributions—"A Summer Holi-night," and "Americans at Play"—of mid-summer character. Outside of this special, seasonable literature, probably the article on "General Sam Houston," the backwoodsman and pioneer statesman, will be one of the most popular in this month's contents. Mr. Hynd's sketch of the romantic career of the born soldier reads more like a novelette than an authentic narrative, as we understand it is. "Chinese Gordon" is written of by W. T. Stead, and considerable light is thrown upon the policy of that remarkable soldier by the paper. Mr. Stead re-tells—but with a forcible clearness—how General Gordon came to have the prefix "Chinese" tacked on to his name, on account of the *éclat* with which he suppressed the Tai Ping rebellion against the Celestial government. A third paper, on "Recent Architecture in America," is signed by M. G. van Rensselaer. Helen Zimmern has a contribution on "Carmen Sylvia, Queen of Roumania." Isaac L. Rice points out some "Work for a Constitutional Convention." Ivory Black tells a pleasant story, entitled, "An Effect in Yellow." W. J. Stillman is "On the Track of Ulysses" in a carefully prepared essay. Henry James begins a new novel, and calls it "A New England Winter." Frank R. Stockton relates "The Remarkable Wreck of the 'Thomas Hyke'" in his own happy manner. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen describes "A Problematic Character," and "Three Dangers" are indicated by Washington Gladden. In his "Topics of the Time," the editor comments upon "Business Gambling" without gloves. He says:

It is the fascination of business gambling that, apparently, it offers greater scope to brains than do the ordinary games of chance. Operations on 'change require, for any degree of success beyond occasional luck, knowledge of corporate transactions, the accumulation and co-ordination of other trustworthy information, and a nicety of judgment beyond the reach of any but the keenest business intellects. Nothing but *unfair advantage* wins steadily in selling "long" or selling "short," or dealing in "futures." One year taken with another, the true interests of exchanges, and bankers and brokers, like the interests of society in general, will be found to lie in the way of real trading. Fictitious trading demoralizes commerce with fictitious prices, and is the cause of extravagance, recklessness, and low business morality. When the gambling transactions exceed the honest investments more than twenty-fold, as some have estimated, it is impossible to have a sound condition of business.

THE *Atlantic Monthly* comes out rather heavily in its issue for August. William Shields Liscomb is the author of a paper on "The Twilight of Greek and Roman Sculpture," in concluding which he expresses his surprise, not that so many ancient works have been destroyed, but that any at all have remained until the present day. "Transported from place to place, shattered by accidents, overthrown by earthquakes, consumed by conflagrations, subject to the destructive malice of Macedonian and Roman emperors, exposed to the violence of wars, buried beneath falling walls, delivered to the axe of the iconoclast, the hammer of the mason, the kiln of the lime-maker, and the melting furnace of the bronze-moulder; torn from their bases, trampled in the mire and filth of the streets, broken into fragments, and gradually overwhelmed and hidden from view beneath the earth, how slight was the chance that productions of the golden age of Athenian sculpture should ever meet the eyes of that far-off nineteenth century in which we have our being!" Lloyd G. Thompson, under the caption, "The Zig-Zag Telegraph," relates an interesting anecdote. The very mingled pleasures and other experiences of "A Cook's Tourist in Spain" (No. II.) are pleasantly related by the editor. A biographical notice of the poet, Nathaniel Parker Willis, is given by Edward F. Hayward, and Charles G. Leland discourses about "The Edda among the Algonquin Indians." A thoroughly characteristic French idea is "Bugs and Beasts before the Law," written of by E. P. Evans—a very curious and interesting article. Kate Gannet Wells, in her paper entitled, "An Old New England Divine," relates some charming incidents in the career of Ezra Stiles—the friend of Jefferson and Franklin. Richard Grant White continues the "Anatomizing of William Shakespeare," in a third paper. The wind—the south wind—and "Where it Listeth," is written of by Edith M. Thomas, and the editor adds able notes on Frederick Denison Maurice and Henry Cabot Lodge.

THE *Manhattan* August number is too late to have an extended notice. Julian Hawthorne's paper on "Emerson as an American" is the *piece de resistance*, which careful analysis of the subject of notice, in its concluding comments, reads: "The Americanism of Emerson is better than

anything that he has said in vindication of it. He is the champion of the commonwealth; he is our future, living in our present, and showing the world by anticipation, as it were, what sort of excellence we are capable of attaining. A nation that has produced Emerson, and can recognize in him bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh—and still more, spirit of her spirit—that nation may look toward the coming age with security." Probably Mr. Hawthorne has no defence of Emerson, loyal as he is, equal to that author's own words: "Let me remind the reader that I am only an experimenter. Do not set the least value on what I do, or the least discredit on what I do not, as if I pretended to settle anything as held false. I unsettle all things. No facts to me are sacred; none are profane. I simply experiment—an endless seeker, with no Past at my back!" The principal subjects discussed are, "The Yellowstone National Park," "Paul Delarocche and his Pupils," "Poe in Paris," "My Diary in London," "Knickerbocker Eyes in Mexico," "The New Produce Exchange," "Women Artists of the Olden Time," "Retrospection of the American Stage," with several stories and poems. The illustrations, as usual, are of great artistic excellence, notably those accompanying the text on Paul Delarocche and the Yellowstone National Park.

THE August number of *Lippincott's Magazine*, has varied and attractive list of contents. The most entertaining article is the first of two or more papers containing "Personal Recollections of Charles Reade," by John Coleman, Mr. Reade's associate in many theatrical enterprises, and the intimate friend of his late years. The second paper on the "Suburbs of New York" treats of West Chester and Long Island, and is finely illustrated. In an article on "Vivisection," Dr. Albert Leffingwell shows that this practice has done nothing for the mitigation of disease, and argues in favour of restricting it by law within the narrowest limits consistent with original research. "A Word from a Woman Against Female Suffrage" is pointed and cogent. The second paper on "Life in a Russian Province" is very readable and interesting; and a short account of the "Confederate Postage-Stamps," with engraved specimens, has a certain degree of historical value. The fiction of the number is strong. Miss Tinker's new serial, "Aurora," is continued, and another, entitled "A Trip to Killarney," by the popular author of "Molly Bawn" and "Phyllis," is begun. "Some New Thing," by W. W. Crane, justifies its title by its fresh and faithful delineations of Pennsylvania German life and character. "My Chaperon" is a quaint and bright little sketch, and a vivacious account in the "Gossip" of a "Prize Day in a French Public School" should not be overlooked.

NUMBER 2 of *Descriptive America* tells of Dakota; and so handsomely is the exhaustive treatise on that extensive territory presented that the publishers are entitled to anticipate an affirmative reply to their query: "Is not 'Dakota' an advance on 'Colorado,' good as that was? and have we not more than fulfilled our promise of last month?" Indeed it is not easy to suggest in what direction Messrs. Adams' valuable work could be extended in future editions. They announce that the next issue will treat of the State of Michigan. It will contain contributions from a number of the best men in that State, with portraits, biographies, descriptive articles, and illustrations, which will make it in every way desirable. Each number is accompanied by an elaborate map, with guaranteed accuracy. No such work has hitherto been attempted, and we are glad to have the projectors' assurance that it is fully appreciated. "It is the cheapest magazine, for the amount and quality of its matter, in Christendom."

THE *Continent* for the week ending July 23 opens with an able article on "John Ruskin," by H. S. Atwater, and accompanied by two full page portraits, and views of the eccentric writer's study and residence. Henry Cleveland Wood tells a psychological story called "The Dream Clue," whilst "The Story of a Hopeless Patriot" is continued. Under the heading, "The Resurrection of Italy," an extract from the private journal of C. Edwards Lester, whilst United States consul at Genoa, is given, and is very good reading. D. C. McDonald has a paper on Scotch schools, and the editor contributes several interesting book reviews.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE first subscription concert of Mr. Claxton's Toronto Orchestra, given in the Pavilion on Friday evening, might probably have been a great success had not an enterprising storekeeper been permitted to tack on to the programme an advertising dodge of the most vulgar nature. Mr. Claxton has succeeded in getting together a band which in time might be made a credit to the city, but he will never attain success as a musical caterer if he persists—this is his second offence—in giving hybrid performances. Nothing could be less in keeping with the musical selections given, nor more uncomplimentary to the artists, than the spectacle on Friday night when a committee hustled the musicians to one side of the platform whilst they analyzed the result of a public guessing competition in the interest of a tailor. Mrs. Agnes Corlett-Thomson was the solo vocalist, Mr. Jacobsen, violinist, Miss Ella Cowley, pianist, and Mr. E. P. Moore, conductor. The programme opened with Suppe's overture, "Morning, Noon, and Night in Vienna," by the band, and which selection was beyond them. As a whole, Mr. Moore has a well-balanced orchestra, the reed instruments being the weak point. He is to be congratulated on his selection of brasses, which are not, as is so common, too pronounced. There is as yet a perceptible roughness and want of finish in the band—as might be expected in an organization so recently formed—but this is a fault that will, however, probably soon be corrected, more especially as its members appear to be very painstaking. In the selection from Planquette's beautiful "Chimes of Normandy," Mr. Moore's men were much more at

home, "all hands" seeming to play *con amore*. A special word of praise is due to the first cornet, whilst truth compels the observation that the first clarionette was either afraid of his work or not at home in it. Mrs. Thomson attempted the "Legre Waltz" (Faust), and for a first performance of this selection hers was remarkably good, albeit it could not be heard by half the people present. Mrs. Thomson, whilst possessed of a sweet, round voice, and ample confidence, has not power enough to fill the Pavilion, added to which the orchestral accompaniment, though lightly and carefully played, almost drowned her middle and lower compass. She was encored, and was presented with three beautiful bouquets. In response she sang "Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town," in which she was much more happy. Miss Cowley, in the second part, played a piano solo—"Capricio"—very correctly, but rather weakly, and without that expression which experience will probably teach her is even more necessary than mechanical accuracy. Some allowance must, however, be made in that the piano (which was closed) was not by any means of the best. Mr. Jacobsen played a violin solo with his usual *verve*, but fails to adapt his selections to his audiences, David's "Capricioso" not possessing the first item of interest to the majority of those assembled on Friday night. Mrs. Thomson also sang "Waiting," which was encored, and the orchestra gave "Selection," "Violets," "William Tell," a waltz by Strauss, and the Rachozy March from the "Damnation of Faust."

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MESSRS. A. C. ARMSTRONG & SON announce a three volume standard edition of "Josephus."

MAX O'RELL is to get £1,500 for the English translation of a book of society sketches of English life.

THE last part of Froude's "Life of Carlyle" is nearly complete. It embraces 1834 to 1881, and will give many pictures of the men of that period.

WILLIAM MORRIS describes the pictures of Millais in the academy of this year as the record of a ruined reputation, of a wasted life, of a genius bought and sold and thrown away.

MESSRS. SAMPSON, LOW & Co. will publish shortly an historical sketch of the British Association, by Mr. Cornelius Nicholson, which gives, in brief form, its most striking discoveries and achievements, chiefly for the information of new associations.

The Current claims to have printed during the past six months about 1,484,000 words, and credits *The Continent* with having printed during the same term about 1,268,400. The number credited to the principal monthlies is: *The Atlantic* 578,400, *Harper's* 650,400, *The Century* 950,400.

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Athenaeum* points out that Lord Rosebery—in a speech on London cabs—"revived an old error by attributing to Lord Beaconsfield the invention of the phrase 'the gondol a of London,' for a hansom cab. The phrase occurs in Balzac, applied to the Paris *fiacres*, and was borrowed from him by Mr. Whittey, from whom Disraeli probably stole it.

IN Charles Reade's last will is embalmed an illustration of the author's eccentricity. He directs his acting executor to offer for inspection at his own house, for a period of two years from his death, all his note and scrap books; also a collection of notes by the late Mrs. Laura Seymour to professional writers, especially of dramatic or narrative fiction, "and public notice of this is to be given by advertisement."

JOHN C. FREUND, Editor of *Freund's Weekly*, New York, is at work on a new play, in four acts, entitled "The Race for Wealth." It will be produced about September 15th, under the auspices of a distinguished member of the dramatic profession. The scene of the play is laid in New York, and the action deals with events that have lately transpired. The piece will be strongly cast and well mounted.

THE numbers of *The Living Age* for July 12th and 19th, contain *The Malay Archipelago*, *Quarterly*; *Dictionary-Making*, Past and Present, *British Quarterly*; *What Do the Irish Read? Nineteenth Century*; *Le Style c'est L'Homme*, by the Earl of Lytton, *Fortnightly*; *The Scots Brigade*, *Scottish Review*; *In a Greek Family To-day*, and *Under the Shadow of a Sphinx*, *Macmillan*; *A Remarkable Irish Trial*, *Longman's*; *Charles Lamb's Letters*, *Golden Hours*; *The Irish "Coronation Stone," Conquest and Character*, and *The destiny of Holland*, *Spectator*; *The Wellington Statue*, *Times*; with instalments of "Mitchelhurst Place," "Madga's Cow" and "In the Tunnel" and poetry.

THE *Art Interchange* of July 17 contains a most novel and beautiful design in colour for embroidered border. Against a background of pale green is shown a delicate tracery of irregular brown lines broken at intervals by disks, enclosing a floral design. In colour and form it is a most exquisite design. Other illustrations in the same issue are a sketch of woman and child for charcoal drawing; a design of Canterbury bells, for painting on plaque or panel; a double-page illustration of a charming forest interior for painting upon canvas; designs for a tile and for cup and saucer for beginners in china painting accompanied by very careful directions for treatment, and a South Kensington embroidery design for dining-room table cover. In the department of Notes and Queries instruction is given in painting on canvas and china, crayon drawing, decorating note-paper, house furnishing, and treatment of screens, table scarfs, etc.

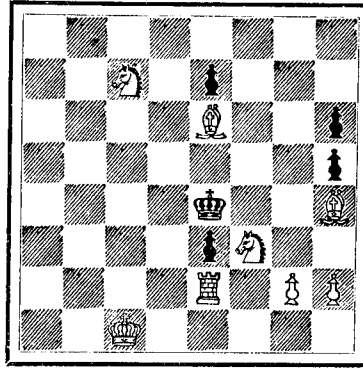
CHESS.

All communications intended for this department should be addressed "Chess Editor," office of THE WEEK, Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 28.

Composed for THE WEEK by E. B. Freeland, Toronto Chess Club.

BLACK.



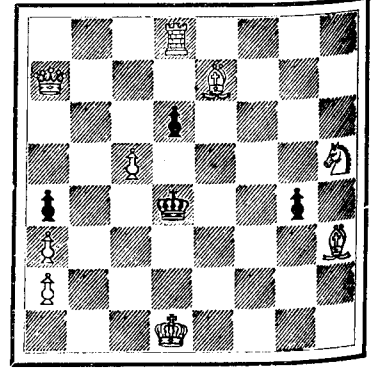
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 29.

By T. B. Rowland, Dublin, Ireland. (From the London Morning Post.)

BLACK—4 PIECES.



WHITE—9 PIECES.

White to play and mate in three moves.

"Solutions and Answers to Correspondents" unavoidably held over till next week.

"THE WEEK" PROBLEM TOURNEY.

The judges in this tourney will be Messrs. H. Northcote and Chas. W. Phillips.

DEATH OF PAUL MORPHY.

Paul Morphy was born in New Orleans, June 22, 1837. He died aged forty-seven years. His father, during the later years of his life, was Supreme Judge of the Court of Louisiana. At the age of ten Paul learned the moves of chess from his father, and played much with his uncle, Ernest Morphy, an expert at the game. Before he was fifteen he had defeated his uncle, and players of national reputation like Stanley and Rosseau; also Lowenthal, who visited New Orleans when the young prodigy was thirteen years of age.

In the first American Chess Congress (October, 1857) Paul defeated the best players in America with an ease that amazed every beholder. In a hundred games he lost but three. His play was so deep that his combinations could not be grasped without subsequent patient analysis, and so bold and sparkling that spectators were thrilled. In June, 1858, Morphy arrived in London; and, one by one, the famous chess masters of Europe went down before him; all, except Mr. Staunton, who declined to meet him in a match. On several occasions in Europe he played eight simultaneous blindfold games, winning every game almost invariably. He returned to New York in the spring of 1859, and on May 25 of that year a vast assembly met him in the chapel of the New York University to present him with a testimonial, consisting of a magnificent set of gold and silver chess men, and a rosewood board inlaid with pearl. He was subsequently entertained at a banquet in Boston. He accepted the chess editorship of the *New York Ledger*, but the work seems to have been simply revised by him, for the column was meagre and uninteresting, and was discontinued after a few months. Mr. Morphy made subsequent trips to Europe, but played no chess matches and avoided chess resorts. His chess career was over.

"THE GLOBE" ON PAUL MORPHY.

"Paul Morphy, the great chess player, has died lately, after being for years helplessly insane. His insanity arose chiefly, if not exclusively, from the great mental strain required in what he had at first taken up as an amusement, and latterly turned into a business. To take to chess playing as a relaxation is just about as absurd as anything well can be. Instead of giving rest, it requires the closest attention, and the most sustained mental effort possible. No wonder that Morphy, even in his madness, looked upon chess-playing with the greatest horror."

The above paragraph adorned the editorial columns of the *Globe* on Thursday last. It is seldom that so many misstatements, absurdities, false premises, and worse conclusions are congregated in so few sentences. In the first place Morphy was not hopelessly insane, but simply a monomaniac on the one subject of a great lawsuit which only existed in his imagination. Again, this did not arise from the great mental strain involved in chess play, but from fancied wrongs done him by relatives. Again, Morphy never played chess as a business, having always been in a position to regard the petty emoluments derived from professional chess play with indifference. The editor then indulges in a little homily on the absurdity of taking up chess play as a relaxation, and declares that it requires "the most sustained mental effort possible." Now, while this may be true of important match games, yet such games are in all chess clubs the exception rather than the rule. The editor simply shows that he knows nothing whatever of chess play, and can never have been inside a chess resort. Let him spend a half hour with the Toronto Chess Club, in the Athenaeum Club rooms, and he will not again assert the impossibility of making chess a relaxation. The editor concludes his outburst with the statement that Morphy, even in his madness, looked upon chess-playing with the greatest horror. Remarkable is it not that he should have played a game within the last three weeks of his life? Strange, indeed, that he should have followed Zukertort's published games during his visit to New Orleans, and criticized them. It is a great pity that the present management of the *Globe* do not extend the same support to the royal game as was extended by the late management, who did all in their power to make the chess column under the able editorship of Mr. Gordon, a credit to a metropolitan journal.

NEWS ITEMS.

DR. ZUKERTORT was in Denver, Colorado, on the 10th of June.

MR. F. O. BECKER has won the first prize in the Galveston Chess Club Tournament.

THE prize of \$5 for the most brilliant game in the late Championship Tourney of the Manhattan Club has been awarded to Mr. Ph. Richardson.

THE New Orleans Chess, Checker and Whist Club is commencing its fifth annual tournament.

THE Detroit Chess Association has been formed with the following officers:—President, Thomas D. Hawley; Vice-President, Mr. Chas. Bell; Secretary, Mr. George M. Swan; Treasurer, Herman Weirs; Directors, C. E. E. Childers, W. H. Sexton, A. W. Allen, G. Duchaine, J. S. Stendel.

MR. J. W. COLLINS has won the first prize in the fourth annual tournament of the Pittsburgh Library Chess Club.

IN a serial in *Cassell's Magazine* occurs the following utilitarian idea:—"The speakers are a handsome youth and a beautiful girl; they are playing chess, or rather pretending to play, for their minds are wandering on other subjects. 'It is your turn, you know, to move. Look at your queen! Take care of your queen!' 'I am looking at my queen—the queen of my heart and my life! Cecelia! Cecelia! give me the right to take care of my queen!'"

WHAT IS CATARRH ?

From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15.

Catarrh is a mucopurulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite amoeba in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favourable circumstances, and these are:—Morbidity of the blood, as the blighted corpuscle of tubercle, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxæmia, from the retention of the effete matter of the skin, suppressed perspiration, badly ventilated sleeping apartments, and other poisons that are germinated in the blood. These poisons keep the internal lining membrane of the nose in a constant state of irritation, ever ready for the deposit of the seeds of these germs, which spread up the nostrils and down the fauces, or back of the throat, causing ulceration of the throat; up the eustachian tubes, causing deafness; burrowing in the vocal cords, causing hoarseness, usurping the proper structure of the bronchial tubes, ending in pulmonary consumption and death.

Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distressing disease by the use of inhalants and other ingenious devices, but none of these treatments can do a particle of good until the parasites are either destroyed or removed from the mucous tissue. Some time since a well-known physician of forty years' standing, after much experimenting, succeeded in discovering the necessary combination of ingredients which never fail in absolutely and permanently eradicating this horrible disease, whether standing for one year or forty years. Those who may be suffering from the above disease, should, without delay, communicate with the business managers,

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Oakland, Ont., Canada, March 17, '83.

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You are at liberty to use this letter stating that I have been cured at two treatments, and I shall gladly recommend your remedy to some of my friends who are sufferers.

Yours, with many thanks,
REV. E. B. STEVENSON.

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Montreal January, 1884.

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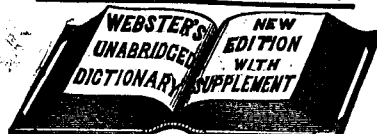
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CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1884.

THE SCHUYLER HOUSE AT ALBANY. Frederic G. Mather. Illustrated with interior sketches, and with portraits of many personages of note who have been associated with the dwelling.

A BUSINESS FIRM IN THE REVOLUTION. J. Hammond Trumbull, LL.D. In this sketch by the eminent President of the Connecticut Historical Society, some noteworthy correspondence of General Nathanael Greene is introduced, the originals of whose letters, never before published, have not been seen for the last half century, except by Mr. Bancroft.

FRENCH SPOILIATION BEFORE 1801. James G. Gerard. An exhaustive and intensely interesting description of a chain of events affecting the interests of a great number of American citizens.

ROSSBAU IN PHILADELPHIA. Lewis Rosenthal. A discussion touching the origin of the Declaration of American Independence.

WASHINGTON IN 1881. Lieutenant-General Charles P. Stone. A graphic and instructive account of the condition of affairs in Washington in that most eventful year, 1881, by the late chief of the general staff of the Khedive of Egypt.

CHIEF-JUSTICE JOHN MARSHALL. Sallie Ewing Marshall. Illustrated with an excellent portrait.

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