

# THE WEEK:

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## CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

	PAGE.
TOPICS OF THE WEEK.....	145
CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES—	
The Montreal Carnival.....	Z. 150
North-West Notes.....	X. Y. Z. 151
The Opening of Parliament.....	Ed. Ruthven. 152
HERE AND THERE.....	152
CORRESPONDENCE.....	153
POETRY—	
Down at the Carnival.....	Nathanael Niz. 154
ANONYMOUS LETTERS (from P. G. Hammerton's "Human Intercourse.").....	154
SCRAP BOOK.....	154
MUSIC.....	156
PERIODICALS.....	156
BOOKS.....	157
CHESS.....	157

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AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY AND LITERATURE.

Edited by W. PHILIP ROBINSON.

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

## TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

WHILE our last number, containing Senator Alexander's opinion on the state of the Senate, was in the press, came the announcement of the nomination of Judge Gowan. Judge Gowan is a personal and political friend of Sir John Macdonald, but he has never taken an active part in politics nor can his appointment be fairly said to be the reward of partisanship. By his long service in the Judiciary, and by his liberal and comprehensive views of law, as well as by his character and position, he is well fitted to represent his profession in the Senate, and to play a useful part in moulding legislation, and especially in the codification of the law. The selection was as creditable as any selection could be in which party lines were not entirely ignored. We hailed it as a new departure, and began to surmise that beneficent influence might have been exercised in a quiet way by the Governor-General, who is ostensibly responsible, and to whom, in an hour so critical for Second Chambers, the condition of the Canadian House of Lords must be far from a pleasant spectacle. But this dream was rudely dispelled by the announcement of the second nomination. It is impossible to doubt that the elevation of Dr. Sullivan is payment for party services and especially for influence in Kingston elections. If the Prime Minister's butler were paid with a seat for life in the National Legislature, the mischief done would be practically less, and the insult to the nation would not be much greater. It is no exaggeration to say that there is not another community of freemen on earth which would tamely endure this system. To all apologies for it the simple answer is: Let it be submitted to the judgment of the people. That the people of Canada should never have been allowed a voice in the settlement of their own constitution shows that the tendency to usurpation is not less strong in politicians than in kings.

IN speaking of the possible intervention of the Governor-General we referred, of course, to informal influence gently exercised behind the scenes. But, formally and constitutionally, is the Governor-General wholly free from responsibility for the appointments made in his name? We should say not. We should say that he is still bound to satisfy himself in all cases that the person named to him by the Minister is morally eligible. The Sovereign whom he represents takes the advice of her Minister on the creation of Peers, the appointment of judges and the selection of bishops; yet if the Minister were to name for a Peerage his election agent, for a Judgeship a lawyer of the stamp of Dr. Kenealy, or for a bishopric

a wild young Ritualist who had just been running a-muck in the Ecclesiastical Courts, the Queen might properly say that among eligible persons she would choose on his recommendation, but this person was not eligible. It is most unlikely that a British Minister will ever put his Sovereign in this dilemma; but we fear it is not inconceivable that a Canadian Minister, hard pressed in a party conflict and unable to escape from importunity, may propose to a Governor-General a flagrantly improper appointment. Under such circumstances we submit that the Governor-General would be called upon to act as the guardian of public right and his own honour. He might have to face the consequences, which is not fashionable, but must sometimes be done. We should venture to extend the analogy to measures. On a question of policy the Governor-General would be relieved of all responsibility by following the advice of his ministers; on a question of public morality we conceive that he would not. If Lord Lorne had thought that in dismissing Lieut.-Governor Letellier he would be committing an act of injustice, his proper course, we venture to think, would have been to refuse, and if the Minister insisted, to invite other men to his councils. If they declined, or if the result of the appeal to the country which must have followed was against him, he would have retired with character unstained.

DESCRIPTIONS of the opening of Parliament bring before us the figure of the Chieftain resplendent in the uniform of his new order and toying with his cocked hat bedecked with white plumes, together with those of other personages magnificently arrayed. Nobody wishes to gainsay the brilliancy of the spectacle, or detract from the glory of those concerned. But there is a little debt of gratitude which the country, if it wishes to be loyally served, must never forget to pay on these occasions. Amidst that throng stood two men undecorated, who when offered a decoration had on patriotic grounds declined it. Neither of them was wanting in heartiness of feeling towards England or the Imperial Government; but both of them deemed it best to accept honour only at the hands of the community which as public men they served. That they were right in this, and that the sacrifice which they made was of high value to Canada, is the opinion of Canadians neither few nor mean. Patriotism sees on the breasts of Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Blake a cordon of honour at least as bright as the Grand Cross of the Bath.

INTEREST in the proceedings of the two Legislatures which have just met is diminished by the weakness of the Opposition. This is a casualty for which the Partyists have not provided. They must admit that an Opposition strong enough to be a check on the Government is an indispensable part of their machine, which, without it, would produce the irresponsible domination of a faction. But how is it to be secured? In a "tug of war" you can match the members and the weights; but in the tug of parties you are always liable to a complete derangement of the equipoise. Is the minority in such a case to be reinforced by a detachment from the ranks of the majority? Few citizens are so easily transferable as the gentleman who at the Macdonald banquet avowed that the N. P. had turned him at once from a thorough-going Liberal into a thorough-going Tory. The weakness of the Opposition at Ottawa is the result of a great error in strategy, which better strategy, and above all the adoption of a definite commercial policy, may repair. The weakness of the Opposition in Ontario is inherent, and likely to increase rather than diminish so long as its present relations are maintained. Its position is Anti-Provincial, as the Boundary Question showed with fatal clearness. It would be an overstatement to say that the present Government rests on a combination of the other Provinces against Ontario; yet it rests mainly on Quebec, which is the Province most antagonistic to Ontario, and looks to the smaller Provinces to make up the majority. Ontario is rather the victim, while the other Provinces are the beneficiaries of the system. The Tory Party in Ontario is a garrison; or rather it is a detached corps the individual success of which is sacrificed to the main object of operations. So long as it remains in this subordination the local influences must be against it; strength will not come to it; session after session it will formally draw

out its lines and go through the parade of warlike demonstration; but so far as any chance of defeating the Government is concerned it might as well disband. The Bribery affair proves, at all events, the desperation to which some of its most eager adherents were reduced. A promising point of attack is indicated by the alliance between the Government and the Archbishop of Toronto, against which strong public feeling might be easily arrayed, and the eyes of the Opposition leader must often be wistfully turned in that direction; but if he were ever to give the word for an advance, the Commander-in-Chief at Ottawa would at once countermand a movement which could not fail to imperil his relations with Quebec. In the meantime the assiduous and unflinching exercise of every sort of patronage, great or small, direct or indirect, is every day consolidating the power of the Mowat Government and giving it a grasp upon the Province which nothing short of a convulsion will be sufficient to relax.

THE three Commissioners who enquired into the charges of conspiracy to change the minority in the Legislature of Ontario into a majority by means of bribery could not agree upon a common report. They did not even agree on the form of the report which it would be proper for them to make. Judge Scott thought only the evidence, protests, new charges and proceedings should be reported, as the Commissioners had no power to determine the facts or give a decision. Vice-Chancellor Proudfoot and Judge Sinclair showed their divergence from this opinion by saying what they thought the evidence proved and what it failed to prove. Judge Scott showed what a delicate position the Commissioners occupied when he pointed out that any verdict which they might give, though not binding on the Legislature for which the evidence was taken, might seriously prejudice such of the accused as would ultimately be tried in the courts. Meek and Kirkland already stood for trial; while Wilkinson, Bunting and Lynch had not, in the opinion of Judge Scott, sufficient notice to command their attendance before the Commission. And he adds: "I cannot call to mind any case in which imprisonment can be awarded as a punishment without at least such notice as I have postulated, and I think the lines of protection to personal liberty should not be drawn more closely without clear authority." Here is a loophole offered for escape from further proceedings, and after such an expression of opinion by one of the Commissioners selected by the Government, it is difficult to see how the prosecution can go on. The two Commissioners who did agree will be thought by many to have placed undue stress upon the evidence of such men as a recent trial, arising out of the alteration of the date of a note, has proved McKim to be. But when the Report was written, January 8th, that trial had not come off, and the possible value of McKim's evidence could not be so well determined as it can now. That there were conspiracy and bribery is beyond doubt; but that the parties who acted the part of detectives did not meet the conspirators half way is not at all certain. The division of the Commission foreshadows what would probably be the result of the deliberations of the jury in most if not all the cases. The exposure made is the best and practically the only punishment that could be inflicted on the offenders. We trust we have now seen the end of this miserable business.

THE Courts of Quebec, in deciding the right of the Local Legislature to tax the capital of banks and other commercial corporations, are upholding the extreme pretensions of the Province in terms as aggressive as any ever used by Benton in the advocacy of State Rights. In the Superior Court, Judges Jetté and Mathieu did not stop short at declaring the tax direct; they went so far as to say that the Local Legislatures have the right to impose indirect as well as direct taxes. Judge Rainville was alone of the opinion that the law is unconstitutional. The Court of Appeal has confirmed the decision of the majority of the Superior Court, and in its judgment the right of the Local Legislatures to levy indirect taxes is upheld. Judge Tessier assumes to have discovered in the Local Legislatures certain inherent rights which are apparently independent of the Constitution. To some words let fall by the Privy Council in the Hodge case a forced meaning is given for the purpose of lending the sanction of the highest judicial authority to this pretension. But the averment that "within the limits of its jurisdiction and the sphere of its powers the Local Legislature is supreme" does not mean that it possesses these powers inherently, or that the limits of its jurisdiction are to be found outside the Constitution. The enumeration of powers carries with it limitation; and when the Constitution gives the Local Legislatures the power to levy direct taxes, the implication is clear that the right to impose indirect taxes is withheld. The point has already been decided by the highest authority; the Privy Council had previously negated a claim identical with that now set up by the two Quebec Courts. When, as in this instance, the limitation is clear, it is useless to fall back on the provision

which vests the Local Legislatures with authority over "all matters of a purely local or private nature within the Province." Nothing can be clearer than that this general grant of power is intended to cover non-enumerated cases and that it does not embrace those of which specific mention is made. The *Minerve* puts the local claim of sovereignty as strongly as a like claim was ever put by the most advanced States Rights partisan. According to that journal the matter is definitely settled; "the Privy Council has already decided that the Provincial Government is sovereign." What this tribunal has decided is that the powers confided to the Local Government are, within its prescribed sphere, supreme. Nor is it to the purpose to say, as Judge Tessier does, that the Provinces ought to have the power to raise the revenue necessary for their support; for though the reasonableness of the statement as to what ought to be done need not be denied, its iteration does not help us to discover what powers have actually been given.

BUT that this is a direct tax the judges are not all agreed. The nature of the tax would be of no moment if the limitation to direct taxes, which had always hitherto been assumed, is only imaginary and the taxing powers of the Local Legislatures are unlimited. But that this will be a final decision is very improbable. Mill is quoted by Judge Tessier to the effect that "a direct tax is one which is demanded from the very person who it is intended or desired shall pay it." But though this is true, as far as it goes, it is not sufficient that there should be an intention or desire that the tax should fall upon the person from whom it is collected: the tax itself must be of such a nature that the person who advances it cannot recover it from some one else. The intention or desire of the Legislature will be futile unless it be so expressed in the law as to insure the result aimed at. A tax on land will fall on the landlord, because he cannot recover it from any one else; but a tax on insurance policies is part of the cost paid for insurance, and though advanced by the insurer is paid by the insured. Is it certain that a bank cannot recover from its clients a tax on its capital; that in loaning that capital it cannot add the amount of the tax to the rate of discount? The most serious part of the judgment of Judge Tessier is that it opens the way to every municipality where a bank has an agency to tax not only the capital employed there but the whole capital of the bank: "A bank or an incorporated company transfers all its capital to every one of the places where it carries on business." If all the capital of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, which was the one in question, can be taxed in Montreal and in every other place in the Province of Quebec where it has an agency, all that would have to be done to make it possible to tax any bank to death would be to re-enact the Quebec law in the other Provinces. We have here a glimpse of the direction in which the Provinces would probably exert their taxing powers if the range of those powers were unlimited. In some of the neighbouring States the tendency to raise a large proportion of the revenue from incorporated companies is marked. The Governor of Pennsylvania recommends the Legislature to raise all the revenue of the State from this source. Though he goes to the opposite of the extreme on which Henry George has taken his stand, and would exempt land at the expense of mercantile corporations, confiscation is the point at which they both meet. And the State of New York taxes the capital of incorporated companies, when they earn no dividend,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mills on the dollar, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  mill on the dividend when a dividend is earned. The capital of an incorporated company once confiscated would cease to exist; and if all the capital of a company may be taxed twenty mills in twenty different places in two and a half years, not a dollar would remain to respond to the call of the tax-collector, or for any other purposes. But capital under a menace of confiscation would emigrate before the deed could be done.

THE Toronto deputation which waited on the Ontario Government to urge the abolition of exemptions was probably convinced as a result of the interview that a mistake was made in opening an attack on the whole line at once. Mr. Mowat replied that there is not a county in Ontario which would consent to allow the county town to tax the county property. As little would the representatives of the different constituencies permit Toronto to tax the legislative and executive buildings. But Mr. Mowat gave the deputation a crumb of encouragement when he said that the Government might possibly consider whether a certain sum in lieu of taxes might not be granted. He did not indicate positively what he was prepared to do in respect of any single exemption; but he gave the deputation the assurance that he "would not stand in the way of a considerable reduction in the number of exemptions." The deputation was not specially well equipped for the fray, and for want of a better knowledge of the subject its members lost the opportunity which the discussion afforded of

making several points. It was probably to puzzle Mr. Blain, who is president of a bank as well as of a loan company, that the alleged exemption of bank stock and mortgages was introduced. The reply is that the constitutional right of the Local Legislature to tax bank stocks, or to authorize the municipalities to tax it, is not beyond dispute, the question being still before the Courts in another Province; and that, as a tax on mortgages would fall on the mortgagor, it belongs to the category of indirect taxes which the Local Legislatures are not empowered to impose. In the meantime, the attack had better be confined to a few cases over which the defence cannot sustain a long siege. The exemption of church property, by occasioning an increase in the taxes on the property assessed, has the effect of a multiform church rate. No one who repudiates the principle of a State Church, and the Legislature of Canada has explicitly done so in the name of the whole people, can uphold exemptions which compel every ratepayer to contribute to the support of opposing creeds in the whole of which he cannot possibly believe.

THAT the Canadian Pacific Railway Company is in want of money there is no reason to doubt. The sale of the lands which formed part of the subsidy has not kept pace with the progressive expenditure of the road; and it is necessary to find some means of realizing upon this now dormant resource. The Company, as we learn, offers to sell to the Government at a moderate price a considerable portion of the lands remaining unsold as the only means at present open of realizing upon the land subsidy. The inability to sell the balance of the stock makes it necessary to do something at once to utilize the land subsidy. There are people who, like "Bystander," have persistently opposed on commercial grounds the treaty with British Columbia and the obligations which it entailed, and of which we have not yet seen the end, and they still continue to find additional reasons for that opposition. But both political parties in Parliament and the great majority of the electorate decided that, on political grounds, the road must be built. And both parties, at different times, showed their preference for construction by a company; both agreed that the subsidy to be given should consist in part of land to which the road would sooner or later give a saleable value. But experience has proved that the land cannot be sold as fast as the payments for construction have to be made. The chance of the land sales holding the same proportionate rate as the progress of the work was greatly diminished when Parliament, again for political reasons, insisted that the road should be finished several years before the expiration of the time allowed in the contract. The results of that step have now to be met. In the opinion of such writers as "Bystander" the political motives which presided at the admission of British Columbia, and which have dominated the construction of the railway from first to last, should have been subordinate to commercial considerations; but everyone is now convinced that the policy of Parliament must be carried to its legitimate end; that the road must be completed, and for that purpose the money must be found, whether the land-subsidy be utilized or not. The alternative would be for the Government to take stock. Against its doing so is the strong objection to the introduction of the political element into the management of the Company. Experience has taught us to avoid a cause of trouble which, in the case of another railway company, it was necessary, after much mischief had been done, deliberately to renounce. Lands are of more value to the Government, which can wait, than to a company which must realize on the inactive remnant of the land-grant. Of the two alternatives, the purchase of the Company's lands by the Government, at a moderate price, is beyond all doubt the less objectionable.

THERE are people who feel very confident that British Democracy will be Imperialist. They are right in thinking that democracies have their share of pride and passion, and are not swayed merely by their commercial interest; though we are rather apt to be misled by conceptions derived from the history of the ancient republics, which, democracies only in name, were in fact military communities leaving industry for the most part to their slaves. But if they think that an industrial democracy is likely to be regardless of its commercial interests, they never were more mistaken in their lives. Mr. Forster conjures a congress of working-men to give their minds to Imperial Federation as a question specially affecting their class. The working-men answer that he is right, that it is absolutely necessary to them to have plenty of markets for the produce of their industry, and that accordingly they propose union, fiscal and political, with an abolition throughout the Empire of all tariffs which interfere with freedom of trade. Such of our contemporaries as are at once Imperialist and Protectionist applaud, as in duty bound, the lofty spirit of these artisans, and the grandeur of their conception, but hint to them that instead of abolishing the protective tariffs, they had better come over here and enjoy the bless-

ings of Protection. This conception, if equal in grandeur to that of Manchester and Bradford, is not the same. It may be taken as certain that democracy, if it comes into power in England, will decline to maintain armaments for the protection of anybody who will not give free admission to its goods.

FROM the opponents of University Confederation in Queen's itself no word of religious intolerance or alarm has been heard. Their objections have been academical or local. But Dr. John Stewart, a patriarch of the foundation, and we doubt not a very worthy man, has been thrown into an agony of panic and indignation at the thought of turning the sanctuary of Presbyterian Education "into an appendix (appendage?) to the godless University of Toronto." The University of Toronto is godless just as the Toronto School of Medicine, the Toronto Law Association, and Toronto Board of Trade are godless; its business is not the teaching of religion. Nor is it possible that in these days and amidst our diversities of opinion religious teaching should be the business of any great university. That any attempt has been made by the professors at Toronto to propagate atheism or undermine the faith of students has never been seriously alleged. Is the exclusive pursuit of secular knowledge injurious to the religious character of a young man? If it is, plant the religious College in the secular University and place the antidote beside the bane. The system of seclusion which Dr. Stewart seems to have at heart is, as has been already said, impracticable in the case of Protestants. Maynooth can hermetically seal up the student's mind for seven years; he reads no book or newspaper without permission; nor is he permitted any intercourse with a heretical world. But a young Presbyterian at Kingston finds Hume, Gibbon, and probably Darwin in the College Library, nor is there anything to prevent him from procuring at the godless bookstores of the city any literature for which he has a fancy. Besides, godless or not, the great universities will draw; they will draw all students who want a first-rate education, leaving to the petty universities those who want a cheap degree. In the end it will be a choice between Confederation and Cornell.

WE should fail in duty to the infant art of Canada if we withheld our tribute of applause from the efforts made by the *Montreal Star* and *Witness* to give it gala representation at the Carnival. They have far transcended all that the Dominion had done before in the way of newspaper illustration; and though the highest success in newspaper illustration is but a short step on the road to the Sistine Chapel, everything is possible to those who have once shown power of drawing and conception. That praise, if partiality does not mislead us, may be awarded eminently to the frontispiece of the *Star*, and may be extended to the "Skating Carnival" and "Tobogganing" in the same journal, and to "Rural Bliss" in the *Witness*. Ice castles and condoras afford opportunities rather for accurate delineation than for art. The best idea of an ice castle is perhaps that given by the *Witness* in its drawing of the old castle of 1883; the *Star's* ice castle is preternaturally green. With many the caricature will be highly popular; for our own part we could have wished it replaced by some good winter views of Montreal and its neighbourhood, which would have been particularly welcome in England. In truth we are beginning to be rather sick of the everlasting reproduction of the features, mechanically exaggerated, of Sir John Macdonald and a few other politicians. The chief cause of this monotony, and of inability to treat social and general subjects, is want of mastery of the pencil. To sing comic songs, a man must have learned singing; to draw caricatures he must have learned drawing. Canada is as far from having produced her Tenniel as she is from having produced her Raphael. The illustrations give a better idea than has ever been given before of Canadian sports and costumes. They will make our friends in England think that the pleasures of Canada are winter pleasures; so say the critics, and they say truly. But what help, if such is the fact? Suppose we get some distinguished Britisher to Ottawa in August and give him a sunstroke. He will then be able to certify that Canada has a summer.

A PROTEST in the interest of morality such as the American Senate has made was unhappily more than needful. Sympathy with the Dynamitards is avowed by the Irish Nationalist leaders and their organs with hardly an affectation of disguise. Mr. Collins, of Boston, whose name has always been put forward by English apologists for the Irish Revolution as lending respectability to the movement, speaks in the same tone as the rest. Mr. Parnell preserves a silence on which only one construction can be put. Let the world judge whether these are the men on whose representations of the character and conduct of the British people much reliance can be placed. The editor of the principal Irish journal in Toronto is not sup-

posed, we believe, to be himself a very desperate character or very likely to take part personally in the use of dynamite. All the more significant, as an index of the sentiment of those for whom he writes, is the fact that his editorial on the dynamite outrages contains not a single syllable of reprobation. Its pervading feeling is that of delight at the success of the Dynamitards in defeating the precautionary measures of the British Government. Most noticeable, and pregnant with instruction, is the pleasure shown in the discomfiture of Mr. Gladstone and in the "personal unpleasantness" of the situation in which he is placed as a perpetual mark for the daggers of Fenian assassins. This man gave Ireland religious equality, he passed the Land Act, the Arrears Act, the Compensation for Disturbances Act; and he has tenaciously clung, in spite of all disappointments and warnings, to what he deems a policy of conciliation. Such is his reward, and such is likely to be the reward of every one who in dealing with the Irish Question fails as he has done to show firmness as well as kindness.

THE Protest of the American Senate against Dynamite will do more perhaps than anything else could have done to reassert and strengthen morality. Nobody can mistake its motive or its significance. Nobody can pretend that the Senate sympathizes with the oppressor against the oppressed, that it wishes to protect misgovernment, or that it is taking a side upon the Irish question. Everybody must see that it is acting simply as an organ of moral civilization in setting its face against a reign of murder. The difficulty of restraining criminal utterances, or even the inception of criminal designs, under a policy so completely based upon the thoroughgoing principle of freedom as that of the United States, is great; and allowance has been made for it by reasonable and well-informed men when the long-continued sufferance of dynamite meetings and subscriptions has provoked expressions of impatience from the European press. But what was needed much more than the action, precarious at best, of penal legislation and detectives was a clear and authoritative enunciation of American opinion. This at last we have, and in the most telling form. Nor could a better mover of the resolution have been desired than Mr. Bayard, whose stainless record and unimpeachable character are a guarantee to the American people and to the world that the act is inspired by nothing but morality and honour.

THE doubts which, partly from the misadventure in South Africa, partly from the pessimistic criticisms bred of the rivalry between different military schools, had begun to gather round the reputation of the British soldier, have been gloriously dissipated by the exploits of the little army under General Stewart. Not only does the British soldier's valour remain unimpaired, but he still shows in its old perfection that still rarer quality of steadiness in danger which enabled a British regiment on the Nivelle to extricate itself from a desperate position by changing front under fire. The advance of the cavalry through a cloud of enemies to fetch water for the exhausted troops seems to have been an achievement as truly heroic as any in the annals of our army. Something in the nation at all events is sound, and Mr. Parnell, who proclaims that England has lost heart, may find, if he challenges a trial of strength, that his assertion is true only of politicians and those over whom their malign influence extends. It is to be lamented that the cause in which this heroism is displayed is not more clearly worthy of such devotion. That the Mehdi is a patriot chief defending his land against the British invader is a fiction, though colour is given to it by the constant designation of the Arabs as rebels. The Mehdi is a false prophet who pretends, like Mahomet, to universal dominion, and if unopposed, would sweep Egypt with fire and sword. But his career might surely be arrested without advancing into his strongholds, where his hordes are round him and where the desert and the climate fight on his side. This is mainly a newspaper war. Gordon, trusting and persuading others to trust in his magical influence, took up a perilous position far beyond the proper line of operations, and public feeling, acting through the press, compelled the Government to risk an army in his rescue.

It has been pretty clearly the aim of Mr. Chamberlain, and the group of politicians of which he is the aspiring chief, to secure the succession to themselves by a combination of the Irish vote both in Ireland and England with that of the Radical and semi-socialistic element in the English cities. It has also been pretty evident that the Irish part of their policy found favour with Mr. Gladstone, who, on that question, has probably received from their representatives in the Cabinet alone unhesitating co-operation and unstinted applause. But untoward events have twice frustrated their plans. The negotiation with the Parnellites nicknamed the Treaty of

Kilmainham was broken off by the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, and the Government was driven back upon the policy of the Crimes Act. It was averred indeed, on their part, that the Crimes Act had been in preparation before the murders; and it may be assumed that there was a ground of truth for the statement; perhaps some draft or project of a Bill had been before the Cabinet; but Mr. Forster's resignation, which had just taken place on the ground that Coercion was about to be abandoned, would have been impossible had he known that Coercion, instead of being abandoned, was about to be adopted in a more stringent form. A few days ago the utterances of the new Secretary for Ireland and of the Secretary to the Admiralty warned us that another dead-lift effort to make peace with the Parnellites was at hand. But now the dynamite outrages intervene. It is not unlikely that on both occasions the very object of the outrage was to break off an alliance which must be highly distasteful to Invincibles, though Mr. Parnell may well feel satisfied that he will be able to work it so as ultimately to serve the object of dismemberment. Agitators cannot always control the flames which they have kindled, and Mr. Parnell appears to have lost control over the Invincibles. This second stroke of fate is likely to be more crushing than the first, because occurring in the heart of England, it more directly stirs the soul of the English people. In fact Mr. Chamberlain seems to feel that it is a death blow to his policy, for he turns round and denounces Mr. Parnell. Twice, as the admirers of Mr. Gladstone who are loyal to the union will feel, an event happy for him, though deplorable in itself, has plucked his reputation from the jaws of dishonour.

JOURNALISM surely does itself injustice, if it is an honourable profession, by affecting sympathy with Mr. Yates under an imprisonment the rigour of which, it seems, condemns him to a single newspaper and a pint of wine a day. The man plies an infamous trade, his partner in which, by his own avowal, was an outlaw flying from the penalties of perjury as well as from those of libel. It may be true that he had not seen Lady Stradbroke's libellous contribution before it appeared in his paper. But why did she send it to his paper? Because she knew that such contributions were received and paid for. It will be remembered that the paragraph murdered the reputation of a young lady as well as that of Lord Lonsdale who brought the suit. Mr. Yates now takes his revenge upon the family which he has already most foully wronged in a manner which shows that the Garrick Club, when it expelled him, knew the man. In hunting for the carrion which he purveys to a congenial public, he has discovered, or thinks that he has discovered, that the brother of Lord Lonsdale met his death in an immoral house; and this fact he gives to the world, actually taking to himself credit for having kept it in reserve till now. The sinner, if sinner the late Lord Lonsdale was, has gone to his account; and the man who would publish the secret of his tragic end for the purpose of bringing shame and anguish upon a guiltless family deserves the lash at least as much as any garrotter. There will be a revolt against this sort of thing before long, unless society is either thoroughly corrupted in taste or miserably cowed by the power of libel.

THE Australians, if the report is true, are violently and even dangerously exasperated against the Home Government for failing to prevent German colonies from being founded in their quarter of the world. The German colonies need not do Australians much harm; very likely they will hereafter be absorbed by the predominant race. Perhaps their population may straggle over to the English colonies; for one object of the Germans in expatriating themselves is to escape from the military system to which as inhabitants of a German colony they will remain subject. But what do the Australians expect? Do they expect that poor old England, with difficulties and enmities on her hands in all parts of the globe, besides the Irish rebellion, shall take by the throat the greatest military power in Europe? Do they know that by Continental strategists the invasion of England is regarded as a feasible operation, and that merely landing a hostile army, even if it were ultimately destroyed, in that hive of wealth and industry, would cause incalculable ruin? Can they doubt that if the day went hard with England, all her other enemies or rivals would seize the opportunity, that France would commence aggressions in Africa and in the East, that Russia would force the Dardanelles, that Spain would demand Gibraltar, that the United States would forcibly settle all disputed questions in their own favour? Do they doubt that Canada would be placed in extreme jeopardy? They could themselves do nothing to aid the Mother Country in the mortal struggle; a dependency taught to rely entirely on the Imperial Country for protection is as helpless as a crab without a shell. The fancy still prevails that England is Empress of the Seas, and that over her watery realm no enemy can pass. This idea was

aptly compared the other day to the belief, which so long survived the fact, that the French kingdom belonged to the English Crown. It is impossible that at the present day any single power should hold the Empire of the Seas. Colonies must moderate their expectations or there will be danger of the greatest of all calamities, a parting in anger from the Mother Country.

THE United States Senate has vindicated the honour of the nation by refusing to ratify the Nicaraguan Treaty while the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, with which it is in direct conflict, remains unmodified. It was also resolved, by a large majority, to enter into negotiations with Great Britain for the modification or abrogation of the latter Treaty, a course to which duty and honour alike pointed, and in which success may reasonably be expected. There is no strong feeling in England against the abandonment of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. All that is needed on the part of the American Government is courtesy and respect for honourable obligations, breaches of which can hardly add to the real dignity of any man or nation.

So far as at present appears, the only tenable hypothesis respecting Mrs. Dudley is that she is insane or semi-insane, and that she was impelled to her onslaught on Rossa by delirious excitement about the dynamite outrages. Instances of public emotion firing weak brains and hurrying them into acts of this kind have been numerous in history. Mrs. Dudley has most likely played Charlotte Corday to this mock Marat. It was a matter of course that Irish newspapers should call her an emissary of the British Government, just as they have connected the names of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Spencer with the most infamous offences. A warning, however, has been given to Mr. Patrick Ford, Mr. Collins, and all the instigators or apologists of wholesale murder. The Irish have been assailing a highly civilized and moral community, which has shrunk from defending itself by means such as would at once have been adopted by one less civilized and less moral. But private resentment may not always respect the bounds of public law. Some Englishman, whose wife or child has been murdered by the dynamiters in a promiscuous butchery may, in his agony of grief, take a shorter and surer road to revenge than the observance of legal forms would allow. Messrs. Ford and Collins know what would be the result if they and their associates were to practise upon Americans with their wives and children what they are now practising upon the English. As to Rossa, his blatant tongue does his party far more harm than good, and it is to be hoped on all accounts that he will be preserved for an end better suited to his merits than death by the bullet of a lunatic.

SIR GEORGE CARTIER, (whose statue was unveiled the other day by his old friend and colleague Sir John Macdonald,) may be classed among the best representative French Canadians. More perhaps than any other of our public men he combined in his own person the theoretical and the practical Reformer. In his career were seen strong marks of the rude transition from the oligarchical to the constitutional system. Against the former at an age when the blood is hot and wisdom young he fought at St. Dennis, where discipline prevailed over ill-armed enthusiasm, and he found refuge in exile with a price upon his head. The belief was for some time general that in his attempts to escape he had perished miserably in the woods. Exile did not sour his temper, and when, the storm having blown over, he returned, no one was jealous of the undistinguished young advocate, who was only known for the hair-brained adventure in which he had taken part, and in which nothing but defeat had ever been possible; and as no one in his wildest dreams saw in the returned exile the future Premier, no one had any interest in curbing his ambition and holding him back. Cartier did not, like Papineau, in 1848 look to France for a model; he accepted in good faith the new Constitution, and determined to make the best of it. The redeeming point in the Conquest of 1760 was in his estimation that it saved Canada from the misery and the infamies of the French Revolution. Though he bore his part in carrying the leading measures of his time, Cartier's best monument is to be found in the Code of Civil Law and the Code of Procedure: a code common to the whole country was an achievement impossible to our public men. In the first he saw the stamp of the individuality and the nationality of his race and his Province. He used to say, half in jest and half in earnest, though he could not seriously have believed the prediction, that Ontario would one day borrow the civil code from her French neighbour. A French-speaking Englishman, as he would on occasion call himself, he settled in favour of his race the long-contested question of which law should prevail in the Eastern Townships, French or English, with the result that the French population, which was before gaining ground, bids fair entirely to swamp

the English in a region where Lord John Russell thought it desirable to build up a rampart of English colonists between the French settlements and the American frontier: a project founded on a state of things which has entirely passed away. Judicial decentralization in Quebec was one of Cartier's most difficult achievements; the local opposition aroused by dividing the Province into nineteen new judicial districts being of the most formidable nature. When in 1857 he succeeded Dr. Taché as leader of the Conservatives of Lower Canada, Cartier, breaking through the narrow limits of party, took two Liberals, M. Sicotte and M. Belleau, into the Cabinet, and made overtures to M. Dorion which the Liberal Chief was not able to accept. On the Lysons Militia Bill his immediate followers, yielding to vague fears among their constituents of the conscription not less than the great increase of expense, deserted in numbers, leaving him with only a small minority at his back. A good Catholic, he had yet the courage to defend the rights of the State against the encroachments of Bishop Bourget, at a time when the Bishop's influence was omnipotent: an act of duty which cost him his seat in Montreal. He saw the beginning and the end of the Legislative union which he cordially accepted and assisted in working, and which when it had served its purpose he was among the first to assist in superseding by the Confederation. Whatever success he attained was due in a large measure to hard labour and perseverance; for the first fifteen years of his public life he was, when not disturbed, as he was often, chained to the desk fifteen hours a day; and for thirty years he fancied that to get through his task he must labour seven days in the week.

"EMERSON is a citizen of the universe who has taken up his residence for a few days and nights in this travelling caravansary between the two inns that hang out the signs of Venus and Mars. This little planet could not provincialize such a man. The multiplication-table is for the everyday earth people; but the symbols he deals with are too vast, sometimes we must own too vague, for the unilluminated terrestrial and arithmetical intelligence." Such are the words of Dr. Wendell Holmes in his Life of Emerson. Are they serious, or parody and irony? In any case they are about the best description we ever saw of the Emersonian philosophy; better even than that given by the Bostonian who said, and no doubt had to fly his country for saying, that the only people who could understand Emerson were young ladies. To the unilluminated and terrestrial intelligence, though it may understand Plato, Kant and Hegel, Emerson is darkness. Mysticism was fashionable in his day; if he wished to be in the fashion, his wish was crowned with success, for even the "blue depths of Plotinus," in which he affected to delight, are hardly more unfathomable by the sounding-line of common sense. He cannot be said to be, in the proper sense of the term, a philosopher; he has no system or set of doctrines; nobody at least has yet attempted to show that he had, though his writings are pervaded by an identity of moral tone and aspiration. He was rather a preacher. Such was his hereditary tendency, as his biographer's account of his pedigree shows, and such was his own original vocation. Scepticism, breaking just at that time into the New England theocracy, transferred him from the pulpit to the lecturing platform. His essays were platform lectures, and they bear their original destination on their face. His good points are preacher's points. His style is a preacher's style. A system of philosophy never was produced in sentences which in structure and relations to each other resemble an avalanche of pebbles—pebbles which to the unilluminated and terrestrial mind are sometimes transparent, sometimes translucent, but mostly opaque. We see everywhere also the platform tendency to exaggeration and hyperbole. The "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" is a man of sense and taste; he almost avows once and evidently feels more than once that he is dealing with sheer nonsense, though his piety throws in at last the saving suggestion that after all there is "an underlying meaning." Emerson was a very admirable man and an antiseptic element in a generation which much needed it; his writings will be admitted by all to have had and still to have a moral value. But here to the unilluminated and terrestrial mind of which the Earth, not Venus or Mars, is the dwelling, his real usefulness as a teacher ends.

A PASSAGE of Emerson, apparently having some personal reference, about "a friendship carried greatly on one side without due correspondence on the other," and the uselessness of "regrets that the receiver is not capacious" sets Mr. Holmes speculating on the possible consequences of a sojourn of Carlyle beneath the roof of Emerson. Mr. Holmes himself evidently thinks that the result might have been inauspicious. This surmise is certainly correct. An intimate friend of Carlyle, writing about him the other day in an English review, mentioned that having called one

evening at the house of the illustrious cynic he found himself received with a warmth for which he was at a loss to account till Carlyle informed him that it proceeded from his relief at finding that the visitor was not Emerson. In print Carlyle hailed the coming of Emerson as that of one bringing new fire from the Empyrean; but subterranean rumours soon began to be heard in English society that upon alighting at Chelsea the celestial visitant had proved "a bore." Had Carlyle been the guest of Emerson at Concord, there would have been roosters as there were at Chelsea, and democratic roosters, at once doubly odious and doubly unrestrainable; there would have been hardships to bear in the Yankee household at least as great as in Lord Ashburton's Highland Villa. But above all there would have been the perpetual flow of divine philosophy from the lips of the host. Then would have come a series of graphic and vigorous letters to Mrs. Carlyle, which as they would have thrown light on the character of a hero, a conscientious biographer would have felt bound to publish, as he did the letters about Mill, once the dearest of the hero's friends. Boston escaped a great scandal. It is difficult to say which of the two it would have been most dangerous to entertain—Carlyle or Rousseau.

WHAT is the use of our transcendental philosophies if they cannot keep us in the path of common veracity and justice? We should have thought that Mr. Holmes would have been above seasoning his book for the Anglophobic palate by a repetition of the calumnious statement that England, when the conflict broke out between the Free and Slave States, forgot her anti-slavery principles in her jealousy of the greatness of the American Republic. To a nation with world-wide interests, connections and rivalries, the greatness of the American Republic is perhaps not quite so absorbing an object of contemplation and apprehension as Mr. Holmes may suppose. But let that pass. Mr. Holmes ought surely to know that "England" did not play the part which he ascribes to her. The great majority of the English people were, and though sorely tried by the cotton famine, steadfastly remained, on the side of the North. They rejected the French Emperor's proposal of a joint intervention, which would immediately have given them cotton; they prevented by their influence any serious motion in favour of the South from being ever made in Parliament, and as soon as the escape of the *Alabama* had made the danger apparent they put a stern and decisive veto on any further enterprises of that kind. The heart of the British aristocracy was on the side of the aristocracy, or what was taken for the aristocracy, of the South. This was natural; just as natural as it is that the heart of the American democracy should be, as it always is, with militant democracy in Europe. In the North itself the sympathies of Conservative wealth, the nearest approach to aristocracy which there existed, were largely on the side of the Confederates. Surely Mr. Holmes and his fellow Republicans are not such worshippers of rank as to count the friendship of the people worthless if the aristocracy are against them. But Mr. Holmes must remember, and history whenever she brings the parties to these transactions before her tribunal must never forget to note, that at the beginning of the war, when most people formed their opinions, the North not only did not appeal to anti-slavery principles, but distinctly disavowed them. To avert the secession both houses of Congress passed, by a great majority, resolutions which, in the words of Mr. Blaine, "would have entrenched slavery securely in the organic law of the land, elevated the privilege of the slave-owner beyond that of the owner of any other species of property, and made slavery perpetual in the United States, so far as any influence or power of the National Government could effect it." How were ordinary people to go behind such declarations? When the abolition of slavery came at last, it was avowedly not a measure of morality but an operation of war. Let Mr. Holmes ask himself how much sympathy England would, under similar circumstances, have received from the Americans. When she was crusading against slavery, after having given the most decisive proof of her sincerity by the costly emancipation of her own slaves, what construction did they put upon her motives, and what sort of justice did she receive at their hands? If the aristocracy of England were the bitterest foes of the American Unionists the people were by far their most ardent friends. Europe in general was apathetic, looking upon the conflict as a mere struggle for dominion, and oscillating, in a languid way, between dislike of slavery and feeling in favour of a new nationality fighting for life. In the land of Lafayette hardly any interest was shown in the question, and had the Emperor given the word for intervention, though the regular opposition might have protested, the nation at large would have acquiesced without a murmur, and would have triumphed in the recovery of Louisiana as it did in the annexation of Savoy.

NONSENSE, when it takes the form of a paradox, bears a charmed life. From a paper in Mr. Holyoke's "Present Day" we gather that the most

preposterous of all paradoxes, that which ascribes the authorship of Shakespeare's plays to Lord Bacon, has not yet found burial. It is strange, or perhaps it is natural, that the inventor of such a figment should fix on an authorship which is not only unsupported by a particle of proof but morally impossible. Bacon was an active member of Parliament, a not less active intriguer at Court, a lawyer who attained the summit of his profession, a moral essayist of the first class, a historian, a writer on jurisprudence and the founder of the Inductive Philosophy. Though it is less generally known, he was a great political philosopher, and to him was due that conception of an administrative monarchy which formed the ideal of Strafford. This is enough to make us doubt whether brain power is as high now as it was in his day. Yet the paradox foists into his life, which ended at sixty-five, the production on an immense scale of works of imagination which leave far behind any other efforts of human genius. Moreover, as we believe has been remarked, Bacon was absolutely incapable of Shakespeare's passion. Hooker was about as likely to write "Romeo and Juliet." Bacon's essay on Love is as cold as the *Novum Organon*. He regards the passion chiefly as an impediment to the pursuit of honour and wealth. He tried himself to reconcile it with the pursuit of wealth by paying his addresses to a rich widow. "The Stage," he says, "is more beholding to love than the life of man; for, as to the stage, love is even matter of comedies, and now and then of tragedies; but in life it doth much mischief; sometimes like a siren, sometimes like a fury." A curious remark, by the way, to be made by the greatest of all dramatists about the stage. Did Bacon write the Sonnets and the "Venus and Adonis"? What is to be said about the plays of mixed authorship such as "Henry the Sixth"? Did Bacon, the ambitious politician and courtier, enter into literary partnership with a playwright? Lord Chancellor Selborne would just as soon think of going about with Punch as a man in Bacon's position would have thought of having anything to do with the Bohemians of the Globe Theatre in those days. Where did Bacon get the stage knowledge necessary to make the plays so excellent as they are for representation? The writer whose essay is printed in "The Present Day" has been at the pains of showing that Shakespeare had university men among his associates to supply him with classical knowledge. The translation of Plutarch would supply him with all the classical knowledge that he displays. He knows nothing of classical costume, or of the spirit of Greek and Roman antiquity. Bacon would hardly have made Athenians fight duels, or Roman generals march with drums and colours. It is difficult to compare the style of a prose writer with that of a poet; but it may at all events be said that there is not a shadow of similarity between the style of Bacon and that of Shakespeare. The language of course is the same in contemporary writers. In that line perhaps arguments might be found to prove that Jeremy Bentham wrote the poems of Shelley.

### THE MONTREAL CARNIVAL.

MONTREAL, February 2nd, 1885.

OUR third Winter Carnival has proved an unqualified success. The Montrealers are a little given to boasting of the steady character of our cold weather, as contrasted with the see-sawing of the thermometer above and below 32° at such unfavourable places as Toronto. But although we never mention it, we are liable—occasionally—to attacks of rain and thaw, when our good reputation forsakes us and we become as other cities. A month ago a courageous contractor was building our ice-palace in a drizzle of the most dogged description, his blocks of ice being brought to him through snowless streets, by moist and oozy mews, with umbrellas. This was the opportunity for the most numerous and important committee concerned with the Carnival—a committee in constant session and never reticent in giving voice to dreariest prediction—the committee of Criticism and Suggestion. This venerable senate has not met with the deference due to it by the sturdy young fellows who have invented and carried out our carnivals. Hence their tearful glee when your Toronto searcher of the heavens gave out from day to day that we were in for more south winds, prolonged showers, and gloom generally. These good people wanted the courses of the palace laid to be preserved from the wet by tarpaulins. They showed statistically how very cold it had been during our two first carnival seasons, much colder than we could expect it to be as a rule. They argued that a later week than that fixed upon would have been proper, and that after all carnivals were not desirable things anyway. But Fortune, which had scowled so long, at last changed her expression and smiled upon us all broadly. Down went the mercury where it belonged and stayed there. Up went the walls of the palace, and despite the dismal croakings of so many wise-acres, in every item the carnival programme has been fulfilled to the letter, in weather crisp, sunny and tingling. Very bold indeed was the idea which took ice and snow to make of them structures of beauty and sport sufficiently attractive to throng the city in winter with visitors from every part of the Dominion and the Union. Yet the experience has proved that the idea was sound as well as bold. Our Carnival, as often as it may be repeated by as good manage-

## NORTH-WEST NOTES.

WINNIPEG, January 27th, 1885.

ment as that of the past, will continue to attract many thousands of strangers to Montreal. Of course from year to year new features will be introduced to maintain the interest, not so much of our visitors as of our own residents, who are ever clamorous for some new thing. This year as formerly the ice-palace was of course the focus of curiosity, but the condora or cairn on the Camps de Mars, and the ice lion in Place d'Armes were decidedly good in the way of novelty. As the latter now appears it is very striking. The fallen snow has concealed the joints of its blocks, and clothed it as with delicate fur. But whether in the grey dawn of morning, or by the glow of its electric lamps, or radiant with the chemicals of pyrotechny, or seen by simple moonlight, the ice palace is simply fascinating. Its transparent walls have given architecture a revelation of new possibilities, vying with those attained on a petty scale by the worker in costly gems. No description or picture can more than suggest it to any one who has not stood before its graceful tower and battlements.

The palace, the condora and mammoth lion, are the spectacular features of the Carnival apart from the regular winter sports of the city. All these latter have been greatly extended and systematized by the demands of the festival. Five years ago, before the Montreal Club was organized, the only tobogganning hills were the natural ones, which were accepted just as snow and wind left them, with all their bumps and hazards. Now there are half-a-dozen excellent slides well-maintained and so well managed that last week only two accidents, neither serious, occurred. Montreal in many ways is indebted to Mount Royal for picturesqueness and beauty. Not less so in the matter of winter sport. Our best toboggan hills descend its slopes. To ride down the steepest of them as I did, between and under lines of lanterns, with bonfires here and there, was an experience which made the formal drop of ordinary occasions tame indeed. As requiring no skill, as skating and curling do, this tobogganning sport is the most popular of all. Its chief interest consists in watching novices come down. As a rule there has to be a little parley of persuasion to induce a journey, then overcoat or dress is carefully tucked in, and with expression of mortal dread the hero or heroine slides down with the speed of an express train.

During the week each toboggan hill in turn was illuminated, and freely placed at the service of visitors. Nothing too cordial can be said in praise of the young athletes who spent hour after hour in despatching and piloting toboggans laden with merry-makers. Their courtesy seems to spring from thorough good nature, the true source of good manners.

As clubs these young men have derived a marked benefit from the carnivals. The festivals have immensely increased the interest of our people in winter sports. Where there was one snowshoer three years ago there are six now. The Montreal Club to-day numbers a thousand members, and is fast clearing its fine gymnasium and club-house of debt. This excellent club best exemplifies the advantages of young men associating together for manly sport. It has cultivated among hundreds of young fellows all the kindness of good fellowship, giving such of them as have special ability to excel in sport, leadership, or amusement, an opportunity to show it. It has notably developed the organizations which have made the carnivals successful, and is by far the best managed athletic club in Canada. Wherever an old member of it may be found, in Boston, Chicago, or Winnipeg, his weekly tramps and reunions are still the objects of fond remembrance. If few of our youth have intellectual tastes, they have the vigour of mind and body to make them good citizens, perhaps in the next generation to present the mental flowering of Scotland or New England.

While the carnivals have greatly stimulated the enjoyment of winter sports at home, our visitors from cities in northern latitudes are wakening up to the possibilities of fun which lie concealed in ice and snow. Not only all along the line of the St. Lawrence have rinks and toboggan slides been set up, but in Saratoga, Albany, and elsewhere in the United States, Montreal has set the fashion of making winter a time of wholesome recreation. Albany possesses like Toronto an opportunity for ice-boating denied to this snowy city, and so in one important particular can distance our attractions.

In the festivities of last week one significant fact deserves mention. Let me first say that that the carnivals of 1883 and 1884 were devised and managed by our English-speaking citizens. This winter a French Canadian Committee took in hand providing attractions for the East End—the section of the city of French population. This committee raised its own funds, expended them to suit itself, and except in contributing to a joint programme, was as distant from the original executive committee as if it had been formed in Toronto. On the second night of the carnival, the Frenchmen invited their sister snow-shoe clubs to join their procession. Out of a thousand members of the Montreal Club, four attended. Next night, at the storming of the ice palace, the few scores of French snowshoers who took part refused to join in the serpentine tramp over Mount Royal. On Thursday, however, something more creditable occurred. At the French snowshoers' concert, the English clubs turned out several hundred men, this largely at the instance of leading members of conciliating spirit. This whole matter shows clearly how Montreal is becoming two separate cities within one municipal boundary. Differences of race prevent the sympathy which either in the small field of civic life, or the larger one of country, is required for real union.

Z.

ATTORNEY: "My dear madam, I find that your estate is heavily encumbered. You will have enough left to live on, but you must husband your resources." Widow: "Well, my daughter Mary is my only resource now." Attorney: "Exactly. Husband her as soon as possible."

THE return of Mr. Norquay from the Dominion Capital after his annual pilgrimage thereto in quest of better terms for the Province, was the occasion of a demonstration in his honour, participated in mainly by the Premier's friends. An address congratulating Mr. Norquay upon the "very favourable impression" he had made upon the people of the East, was presented to him, and in reply he made a speech, lauding the "great Conservative Party" and its renowned chieftain. But Mr. Norquay did not take the public into his confidence as to what has been promised him at Ottawa. It is learned from another source that the Province is to secure \$100,000 annually in lieu of her public lands, and that the swamp lands will be ceded to Manitoba. Of the latter the quantity is very considerable, and the expenditure necessary to render them fit for cultivation would not be very large. This so far as can be ascertained from outside sources, is the only tangible concession the Dominion Government has made. Not a single specific demand laid down in the bill of rights has, if rumour can be trusted, been granted.

Is the due concession sufficient? Will Mr. Norquay accept this as a final settlement of all claims? It is believed that he will accept the terms, or perhaps more correctly speaking, the term. Should he do so, his chance of a return to power at the next Provincial Election would be slim indeed. It was thought the Government would at the ensuing session pass a redistribution bill, dissolve, and appeal to the country. Mr. Norquay has intimated that he has no intention of pursuing such a course. It is hinted that he has promised the Dominion Government to recommend the acceptance of the terms, and if he does so he can easily carry their adoption, as he holds a majority of the House. By delay in dissolution he might hope to regain any popularity he lost by accepting the terms. If so he will reckon without his host, for the people of Manitoba, and especially the farmers, are not prepared to have their rights bartered away by their Premier to oblige Sir John Macdonald. The farmers are becoming very restless, and talk of holding a Convention here, at which they claim ten thousand delegates will be present. They will not appoint delegations to interview either the Local or Dominion Government, but they claim that decisive steps will be taken in a direction which will cause alarm both to the Dominion and the British Crown. It is hinted that a delegation will be sent to Washington to invite interference. Just what further steps it is proposed to take it is difficult to learn, as the leading spirits in the farmers' union are exercising great caution to prevent their programme becoming known. In the meantime the feeling of the citizens both of Winnipeg and the Province is far from satisfactory.

THE operations of the Montreal Wheat Purchasing Syndicate have proved a very material benefit to the farmers. In the early part of the season the prices ruled exceptionally low, but in consequence of the competition, and the apparent desire on the part of the Syndicate to pay the highest price, there has been a steady rise until to-day. Wheat that sold three months ago for 56c. and 58c. per bushel is bringing 75c. and 77c., and other grades accordingly. Farmers are having their confidence restored to some extent. Notes are being met with more promptness, and merchants are inclined to "ease up" a trifle with the farmers, who, by the way, are the principal debtors. One thing is evident, and that is that the Manitoba farmers, more especially those living near the railways, have an advantage over the farmers of Northern Dakota and Minnesota, the price of wheat in Manitoba being fifteen cents per bushel higher than it is in the States named. A great many farmers living south of the boundary gladly pay the duty of fifteen cents per bushel and bring their wheat into Manitoba to dispose of. The quality of the Manitoba wheat, notwithstanding the deluge of rain during the harvest season, has proved to be much better than was anticipated. It is estimated that there are still about two millions of bushels of wheat in the Province to be disposed of. With the revenue to be derived from this wheat, farmers will be enabled to prosecute their spring work with vigour.

THE prospects of immigration for next season are beginning to be canvassed with an eagerness indicative of the vital importance attached to that subject. When the question of immigration as affecting Canada is viewed in all its phases, one cannot help but conclude that something is wrong, that some one has blundered: that thousands of our money are being expended in a manner which secures a very inadequate return. What a hopeless task it appears to be to people the country with foreigners, to help build up a nation, when our young men, the very bone and sinew of the country, are leaving it in scores to assist in building the United States. When one considers that there are sixty thousand Canadians in Chicago, and that about one-third the population of Minneapolis and St. Paul are Canadians, the task of building up a country disadvantageously situated as Canada is, appears doubly hopeless. It will scarcely be denied that one intellectual and vigorous Canadian is worth to the country just as much as ten foreigners. The questions would naturally arise, then how should the money be spent? How are we to compete with the States? There appears to be but one answer, hopeless though it may seem: cease spending the money. We cannot compete with any degree of success. The United States afford advantages to the immigrant which we cannot offer. In climate that country offers from the extremest warmth to a degree of cold suited to the hardiest settler. In soil the country cannot be surpassed, if indeed it can be equalled. Certain it is, however, that for variety of soil it cannot be surpassed by any country in the world. Handicapped thus as Canada is in competing against the United States, and with thousands of her sons deserting her soil annually, is it any wonder that the unequal

fight should cease, and that if any money should be spent it should be in the direction of inducing Canada's own sons to remain at home. No better proof is required of the fact that immigration will pour into the country where it is expected that progress can be made, and money accumulated rapidly, than the experience of our North-West in 1880-1. When the impression went abroad that fortunes were being made in short seasons, and that the country was the very place to succeed, the influx was enormous in the years mentioned. The development of Winnipeg has no parallel on the continent. The fact that among immigrants hundreds of Americans could be found is a strong argument that national sentiment is rarely permitted to stand in the way of material progress. X. Y. Z.

### THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

OTTAWA.

THE scene in the Senate Chamber on the opening of Parliament was more brilliant than any since the early years of the *regimé* of the Princess Louise. The number of ladies on the floor of the chamber was larger, and the toilets more brilliant than usual. This augurs well for the social season, which for some years past has been dull, even during the Session.

The Speech from the Throne, so far as it indicates the political tone of the session, is far from satisfactory. The only question in which any considerable number of people are interested is as to what new terms are to be made with the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, and that is the one thing on which the Speech is silent, though it is pretty generally conceded that the rumours to the effect that the Company proposes to sell back lands to the Government are well founded.

Another important question on which the Speech is silent is the suggested amendment of the Scott Act. The passing of the Act in so many counties threatens the business of the liquor interest very seriously. That interest seems to have abandoned the fight. There is more or less opposition in each county carried on by the local members of the trade, but the results prove that very little is to be expected just now from such battling with the "Scott Act Wave." But the liquor makers and liquor dealers surely do not mean by their apparent apathy that they are ready to accept the results and say nothing? It does not require a very keen eye to see that they are resting on hopes that the Government will interfere for their benefit. If the Opposition had the tact to create discontent among them, and direct that discontent properly, it would not be a difficult thing to secure the support of a very considerable portion of the liquor interest. But as it is, the Conservatives will have time to look about them and to consider the position of their supporters among the liquor dealers already referred to. They must consider also that almost the only part of the Dominion License Act not declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court is that which provides machinery for enforcing the Scott Act. The probability is that the Government will feel its way toward "compensation."

All mention of the Factory Act is left out of the Speech. This is simply foolishness on the part of the Government. Canada needs a Factory Act, and for the Government thus to drop the thing after having carried a bill through almost its last stages, as they did last session, is simply to advertize themselves either utterly regardless of the rights and interests of working-people, or that they are bound hand and foot by the manufacturers. Even if either is the fact, Government supporters will not be thankful for what amounts to a declaration of it from the Throne.

The Speech, however, touches as many points as it is deemed safe to deal with, even in a short paragraph each. The proposed Bill to simplify the transfer of land in the territories will probably be found to be the Bill presented by Mr. McCarthy last year for the introduction into the territories of the Torrens System. It is worth while to notice that the clause of the Speech which refers to the Franchise Bill speaks of it as a "measure relating to the representation of the people in Parliament and for the assimilation of the Electoral Franchise in the several Provinces." The latter part of the clause is only what might have been expected, but the Gerrymander Act of 1882 was a bill to "re-adjust the representation." If a new Gerrymander for the whole Dominion is projected, no doubt the Liberals would like to know of it as soon as possible. Nothing could be milder than the reference to Insolvency legislation. The difficulties in the way of an Insolvency Bill for the whole Dominion are exceedingly great. The people of Quebec Province meant all they said against the last Act when the subject of its repeal was before the House. If a new bill carried at all, it must be because many of the French Canadian members either have changed their minds, or have been encouraged to suspend them for the time.

The unveiling of the Cartier Statue, though attended by a large crowd, was rather flat. Little enthusiasm was manifested by the people. Not a single Liberal of note was on the platform; so that the ceremony was a mere party demonstration. This is much to be regretted; but what else could be expected when the money to pay for the statue was taken from the public treasury by a mere vote of Parliament? The people do not elect their representatives to appropriate money for statues. When they want statues they subscribe the money and pay for them. When the House steps in and does something, which if it is to be done at all the people should do, the honour which the action of the House is intended to confer is lost.

ED. RUTHVEN.

### HERE AND THERE.

HOWEVER much the more matter-of-fact amongst us may be inclined to poke fun at the gimcrackery which accompanies some public ceremonials, it appears certain that a large section of the community is still fond of and impressed by pomps and ceremonies such as those which accompanied the opening of the Provincial Legislature last week. At any rate the crowded floor of the House and the well-filled galleries would seem to warrant that conclusion. Of the speech, as of the ceremony, one might say there was nothing in it. The "state" banquet at Government House, however, was generally conceded to be a success, and the details reflected the greatest credit upon the amiable hostess and the Lieut.-Governor.

THE opening of the session has unfortunately been the signal for a resumption of hostilities in the party press on the bribery business—apropos of the Parliamentary Commission's report. It does not appear to strike the belligerents that all this is highly indecent as concerning a matter that has been relegated to the courts, and which is still *sub judice*, not to say that all sensible folk are sick to death of the whole affair. Everybody who has taken the trouble to follow the nauseating discussion was satisfied long ago that an attempt was made to purchase Government supporters in the interest of the Opposition. The discharge of endless vials of indignation by the one party, or the brazen persistency of dubbing the fiasco a "Grit conspiracy" by the other, can serve no purpose beyond degrading those who adopt such tactics in the eyes of all well-disposed men.

THE opening of the Dominion Parliament was also attended by considerable *eclat*, and it is thought that the presence of a large number of ladies is indicative of a successful social season. Some lively scenes are expected in both houses, several prominent senators and members having begun the session in a most pugnacious mood. The Canadian Pacific Railway scheme will almost certainly be responsible for a further display of ingenuity by the Premier and for more highly moral indignation on the part of the Opposition, whilst the liquor question, of which both parties are afraid—but which might be made to bring an immense accession of strength to the one which would handle it vigorously and in a statesman-like manner—must also come in for a large share of attention at an early date.

THOSE who are acquainted with the character and career of Mr. Patteson will not have been surprised at the tortuous method of reply adopted by him in attempting to dispute charges made in this column against the post-office under his control. The public press and the experience of hundreds of business men in Toronto and elsewhere more than corroborate those allegations, a fact better known by nobody than by Mr. Patteson. These columns are just as open to courteous explanations and disclaimers as they are to well-grounded complaints; but the Editor will not be deterred from performing his duty to the public by exposing abuses and shortcomings, the unpleasant methods of Mr. Patteson and men of that ilk to the contrary notwithstanding.

THE misguided zeal of the widow Dudley will prove a veritable godsend to the bloodthirsty braggart Rossa—so much so as to almost justify the rumour that the affair was "put up" by the dynamitard in order to stir up lagging subscribers. Much more serious is the report that large numbers of Irish workmen have been discharged on account of their nationality by employers in England. When particulars arrive, however, it will most likely prove that where such a step has been taken it has been a measure of self-defence, not in revenge for recent outrage. Nevertheless, outrage must cease or the cry may be raised, "England for the English."

BISHOP TEMPLE was about the only man in the English Episcopate equal in vigour and power of work to the tremendously laborious duties of the diocese of London. His energy has always been his remarkable quality; it enabled him as a student under great disadvantages to win the highest honours at Oxford; it distinguished him as a Head Master of Rugby, and has since distinguished him as a Bishop. In politics he has always been a Liberal, and has asserted his right as an ecclesiastic to free expression of his political sentiments. In theology he is also Liberal, but thoroughly comprehensive in his ecclesiastical sympathies. He can hardly fail to do well.

THE transatlantic students of Edinburgh have combined to form a club, the principal objects of which are to be the dissemination by means of mutual intercourse of "home news," mutual improvement, and "to extend to new-comers, on their arrival in Edinburgh a hearty and home-like greeting." The membership is to consist of gentlemen who have resided two years or more on this side the Atlantic. The "Trans-Atlantic Club" starts on a kindly basis; may it be attended by all the success it deserves.

THERE is only too much reason to suppose that the state of Mr. Gladstone's health, though not perhaps such as to cause present alarm to his friends, is somewhat critical, and that the insomnia with which he has been troubled is indicative of a general break-up in the hard-worked constitution of a statesman of intense nervous energy.

SPEAKING of the British Premier, recalls the allegation that he has Royal blood in his veins. Mr. J. Foster, who has written a great deal on

An index to Vol. I. of THE WEEK has been compiled, and copies may be had on application to the office.

the genealogy of distinguished families, shows in a volume just issued from the press that the Premier can trace his descent to John, second Earl of Athole, who fell at Flodden Field, in 1513, and whose wife was Mary Campbell, daughter of the second Earl of Argyle. The early descent is traced from Edward I., and later the Robertsons, of Dingwall, into which family the Premier's father married, are shown to be intimately related to the Princess Annabella, daughter of James I.; thus showing that Mr. Gladstone can boast of a connection with the Royal houses of England and Scotland—the Plantagenets as well as the Stuarts.

THE talk in England about a proposed grant to Prince Edward would appear to have resulted in consideration of the whole subject of parliamentary "pensions," and it is now tacitly agreed amongst the quidnuncs that the grant to Princess Beatrice will be the last which the House of Commons will be called upon to consider. Already efforts are being made for a re-examination of the entire Civil List, for making it equal to the demands likely to be made upon it, and for placing it in such a position that it will be assailable only as part of the system of royalty. Princess Beatrice will receive her dowry, but before any other demand is made upon Parliament, the House of Commons will have addressed itself to the task of establishing a *modus vivendi* between the nation and the Royal Family.

QUEEN VICTORIA has come to the assistance of English singers. They have long complained of the musical pitch, which is higher than that of any other nation, and is therefore higher than the pitch intended by foreign composers. Mr. Sims Reeves, Madame Christine Nilsson, Madame Patti, Mr. Santley, and many others have asked for a lower pitch. The Queen has ordered her private band to adopt the *diapason normal*, and to use it at all State balls and in all state concerts, and so has set a fashion which is certain to be largely followed.

A CONSTANTINOPLE correspondent of the *London Daily News* resuscitates the cry that "Turkey is falling to pieces," and even advances some new facts which may be read as tending in the direction of the time-honoured prediction. The "sick man" of Europe has been "falling to pieces" ever since the Crimean War. Lord Palmerston and Lord Beaconsfield each in his turn tried to prop her up, but were by the force of circumstances compelled to contribute to her disintegration. The first of the causes mentioned by the *News* correspondent as contributing to the collapse of the Empire is the want of money. The Sultan is as poor as the proverbial church mouse, but he is rich in comparison with his Government, for with all their endeavours they are unable to find the means of paying their way. Thus it has happened, we are told, that "a largely decreased income, with an expenditure in the capital remaining virtually the same as before the war, has driven the Porte into great straits for the want of money." New taxes have been levied wherever they were possible; the house tax has been doubled; trade has been driven away by the restrictions placed upon it in order to raise revenue. The Porte, however, remains penniless; its officers and soldiery are unpaid. But the indictment against the Porte is after all an old story. Turkey seems to have the gift, like some men not unknown in commercial circles, of living upon its misfortunes. It has been "falling to pieces" for years; but it may go on exemplifying the gradual process of decay for many more years to come.

"DANCING at twenty o'clock," so an invitation for an evening party runs. In jest, at all events, the new time is being adopted. What begins in jest may end in earnest.

A "Cambridge Honour Man" writes as follows to the *Morning Post*:—You believe that conversions to vegetarianism are few. I doubt that, but at any rate I am thankful to say I am one of the few, and that a trial of some thirteen months has done me immense bodily good. At college I was what is called the athlete as opposed to the reading man pure and simple, and I found during my second year that my powers were rapidly waning by reason of apparently incurable disease of the liver and kidneys. I adopted the system in spite of much opposition, and am become a new man. A year's practice is worth all the theory in the world, and a year's practice has convinced me beyond all question that the farther one departs from a diet of whole-meal bread, of fruit, and of vegetables, the less one has available of "physical horse-like strength." I have ridden my bicycle more than 200 miles in the natural day, and that is eighty more than I had ever succeeded in doing before. And it is the same with other sports. Let us remember Milo.

In "Charles Dickens as I Knew Him," just published, the following characteristic story is told of him, when he went to stay with Lord and Lady Russell at Pembroke Lodge:—

"Knowing Lord Russell's very temperate habits, he had ordered a bottle of Ballard's celebrated punch to be packed in his portmanteau, intending (as Lord and Lady Russell retired early) to mix his own grog when he went to his room. While talking with his host and hostess in the drawing-room before dinner, Lord Russell's valet entered and asked Mr. Dickens for the key of his portmanteau, so that he might have his things in readiness for him when he should need to dress for dinner. Remembering the punch, he thanked the valet, and said he 'would put out his things himself.' The conversation continued, and when the dressing-bell rang Mr. Dickens went to his room, where he was amazed to find his dressing-table arranged from the contents of his travelling bag (which had not been locked), and his bottle of punch placed on the mantel shelf, with a tumbler, wineglass, and corkscrew placed beside it. At this spectacle he was troubled in spirit. At about half-past ten, the early hour observed by Lord Russell's household, he rose to

wish his host and hostess 'good-night,' when Lady Russell, with a laugh, in which her husband joined her, said, 'Don't be in a hurry, the tray will be here in a minute.' At this moment the servant came in with a tray, on which were all the materials for the manufacture of punch. 'Just the same,' said Dickens, 'as it always was at Gad's Hill.' The incident amused him a good deal, and gave him one more story to tell against himself."

EVEN the much abused custom known as "interviewing" may occasionally be looked upon with toleration, especially when it results in gaining for us the right kind of information about people we are interested in. The *London Daily News* the other day contained the account of an interview with England's greatest living musician—Sir Arthur Sullivan. Sir Arthur, we gather, is distinctly Bohemian in his ways. He does not as a rule, we are told, light his lamp for his day's work until midnight, and then he burns his oil till three or four in the morning. It is not that he prefers work in the small hours, but it is only after the noise of the streets is hushed and the world has gone to bed that he can secure that uninterrupted quiet which he finds necessary when he is composing. But then of course it is not necessary for him to get up early in the day. It is interesting to learn that Chappells, the great music publishers, paid the composer \$3,500 for a single song, "Sweethearts," while from the royalty on "The Lost Chord," which he retains in his hands, he derives a yearly income even now. The first edition of the book containing the full score of the "Pirates of Penzance" numbered 30,000 copies. Sir Arthur Sullivan is very indignant at the favour shown by English patrons to foreigners as music teachers. He thinks the preference quite unfounded. He is especially angry that the direction of the Birmingham Musical Festival, the "blue ribbon" of the English musical world, should be given to a German who cannot speak English, and does not understand the words of the choruses he has to conduct.

THE tenacity with which we cling to habits of life that time has seemed to consecrate is in no way more curious or amusing than in respect of the period of the year usually selected for the annual holiday. Summer is almost invariably the season chosen by those who can afford or obtain no more than two or three weeks' leave of absence from business. The choice is a good one in many, and perhaps in most cases; but in some instances (counting for tens of thousands, perhaps, in the aggregate) it is strangely injudicious and unfortunate. But winter has its charm no less than summer, and the invigorating bite of its keen air is often as salutary as summer's soft breezes to the sufferers by sedentary labour. Indeed, all question of positive organic illness apart, there are many types of physical temperament to which winter is a tonic of the highest value. Some of us may need the genial warmth of a leafy June; but others are much more in need of the bracing power of a frosty month. Yet we all seem to scramble for the choice weeks of summer, regardless of varying temperament, heedless of the peculiar charms of winter, and often unmindful of the special exigencies of business.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed: EDITOR OF THE WEEK, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto. Contributors who desire their MS. returned, if not accepted, must enclose stamp for that purpose.

### COAL IN THE NORTH-WEST.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—Is not the claim put forward by Dr. Selwyn in *THE WEEK* of January 22, "that the problem of fuel supply in the North-West was long ago solved by the facts ascertained and published by the Geological Survey and by Dr. Dawson on the Boundary Survey," visionary? The coal of the North-West was known before the Boundary Survey, and if the questions of its amount and good quality were solved by this survey, it is not surprising that the boring operations carried on for ten years subsequently by the Geological Survey, with "no results," should prove "expensive failures," as described in the report of the Select Committee. If the problem is solved, as Dr. Selwyn contends, then why does he, in the last report of the Geological Survey, ask for \$20,000 or \$30,000 more, to be "well spent in settling such an important question"? A. M.  
Toronto.

### THE ATHANASIAN CREED.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—Although you have declared your intention to close the subject of the "Athanasian Creed," I must appeal to your sense of fair play to allow me to point out your oversight in permitting such misrepresentation of language as "D. F.'s" letter exhibits to appear in your columns. He charges "T. W. P." with "making an attack on Christianity" by "calling the Christian religion sad and awful," and by "wishing that Christian truth were other than it is." The true reading in the one case is "awful, if sad, truths of *Holy Scripture*;" in the other, the word "*Christian*" is an insertion of "D. F.'s"! Comment or explanation is unnecessary. Nor need we dwell upon "A. M.'s" curious conclusion that because *Holy Scripture* exhibits truths of (in his opinion) divergent character, it is our duty to make our own selection, proclaiming the one and suppressing the other.

Further, Mr. Editor, I claim the right to put in a word in vindication, not of the *theology* of the Church of England, but of her *moral*ity. Your able and courteous correspondent, "Bystander," I feel sure, has already seen reason to regret the pain he has inflicted upon the conservative members of the Church of England by classing one of their most valued documents with the Forged Decretals and the Donation of Constantine. You must allow me to state the essential difference which exists between that and these:—

The whole question with regard to the latter documents amounts to this: that *in their very essence they consist of wilfully-fabricated history* [excuse the paradox]. The Athanasian Creed, on the other hand, is simply a statement of theological doctrine, the

authority for which (as regards her own acceptance of it) the Church of England plainly states to consist in that it is "grounded on most certain warranty of Holy Scripture" (Art. VIII.). The truth of its contents is a question not of historical enquiry but of Scriptural exegesis. As regards the name attached to it, whether by design or mistake, this creed stands in precisely the same position as the Apostles' Creed, and, in the opinion of a large and increasing proportion of scholars of all denominations, the Epistle to the Hebrews. Whether the latter document is to be classed with the Forged Decretals, and its authority repudiated accordingly, I leave your readers to decide.

The theological questions raised by "Bystander," with all the vast area of controversy which they open out—the doctrines of Eternal Generation and Procession, the Incarnation, the duty, or otherwise, of uttering Gospel denunciations as well as Gospel promises, and the virtual agreement, or otherwise, between eastern and western churches on the subject of the Double Procession, though dismissed with a few airy touches from his graceful and facile pen, are scarcely to be dealt with within the limits of a single letter.

F. J. B. ALLNATT.

Drummondville, Jan. 31, 1885.

[We insert the above letter, from our respected correspondent, that a "misrepresentation" may be corrected; but with this the discussion must positively close for the present.—ED.]

### DOWN AT THE CARNIVAL.

I HAVE met you in the Park  
Every day,  
In your 'witching blanket suit,  
Just as gay  
As the gayest, and as sweet  
Nice a girl I'll never meet,  
In the cold or in the heat,  
Anyway.

When I saw you once or twice  
At the slide,  
You were twenty times more fair :  
I'd have died  
To have made the flashing flight  
All alone, half out of sight,  
Down the snow so crisp and light,  
By your side.

At the Ball you once were my  
Vis-à-vis,  
And I know one truant smile  
Was for me,  
Once our eyes, as if by chance,  
Met, 'twas in another dance,  
But I got—a passing glance—  
Then from thee.

NATHANAEL NIX.

### ANONYMOUS LETTERS.

PROBABLY few of my mature readers have attained middle age without receiving a number of anonymous letters. Such letters are not always offensive, sometimes they are amusing, sometimes considerate and kind, yet there is in all cases a feeling of annoyance on receiving them, because the writer has made himself inaccessible to a reply. It is as if a man in a mask whispered a word in your ear and then vanished suddenly in a crowd. You wish to answer a calumny or acknowledge a kindness, and you may talk to the winds and streams.

Anonymous letters of the worst kind have a certain value to the student of human nature, because they afford him glimpses of the evil spirit that disguises itself under the fair seemings of society. You believe with child-like simplicity and innocence that, as you have never done any intentional injury to a human being, you cannot have a human enemy, and you make the startling discovery that somewhere in the world, perhaps even amongst the smiling people you meet at dances and dinners, there are creatures who will have recourse to the foulest slanders if thereby they may hope to do you an injury. What can you have done to excite such bitter animosity? You may both have done much and neglected much. You may have had some superiority of body, mind, or fortune; you may have neglected to soothe some jealous vanity by the flattery it craved with tormenting hunger.

The envious or jealous man can throw his vitriol in the dark and slip away unperceived—he can write an anonymous letter. Has the reader ever really tried to picture to himself the state of that man's or woman's mind (for women write these things also) who can sit down, take a sheet of paper, make a rough draft of any anonymous letter, copy it out in a very legible yet carefully disguised hand, and make arrangements for having it posted at a distance from the place where it was written? Such things are constantly done. At this minute there are a certain number of men and women in the world who are vile enough to do all that simply in order to spoil the happiness of some person whom they regard with "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness." I see in my mind's eye the gentleman—the man having all the apparent delicacy and refinement of a gentleman—who is writing a letter intended to blast the character of an acquaintance. Perhaps he meets that acquaintance in society, and shakes hands with him, and pretends to take an interest in his health. Meanwhile he secretly reflects upon the particular sort of calumny that will have the greatest degree of verisimilitude. Everything depends upon his talent in devising the most credible sort of calumny—not the calumny most likely

to meet general credence—but that which is most likely to be believed by the person to whom it is addressed, and most likely to do injury when believed.

The anonymous calumniator has the immense advantage on his side that most people are prone to believe evil, and that good people are unfortunately the most prone, as they hate evil so intensely that even the very phantom of it arouses their anger, and they too frequently do not stop to enquire whether it is a phantom or a reality. The clever calumniator is careful not to go too far; he will advance something that might be or that might have been; he does not love *le vrai*, but he is a careful student of *le vraisemblable*. He will assume an appearance of reluctance; he will drop hints more terrible than assertions, because they are vague, mysterious, disquieting. When he thinks he has done enough he stops in time; he has inoculated the drops of poison, and can wait till it takes effect.

It must be rather an anxious time for the anonymous letter-writer when he has sent off his missive. In the nature of things he cannot receive an answer, and it is not easy for him to ascertain very soon what has been the result of his enterprise.

An anonymous letter is sometimes written in collaboration by two persons of different degrees of ability. When this is done one of the slanderers supplies the basis of fact necessary to give an appearance of knowledge, and the other supplies or improves the imaginative part of the common performance and its literary style. Sometimes one of the two may be detected by the nature of the references to fact, or by the supposed writer's personal interest in bringing about a certain result.

It is very difficult at the first glance entirely to resist the effect of a clever anonymous letter, and perhaps it is only men of clear strong sense and long experience who at once overcome the first shock. In a very short time, however, the phantom evil grows thin and disappears, and the motive of the writer is guessed at or discerned.

The torture that an anonymous letter may inflict depends far more on the nature of the person who receives it than on the circumstances it relates. A callous and suspicious nature, not opened by such experience or knowledge of the world, is the predestined victim of the anonymous torturer. Such a nature jumps at evil reports like a fish at an artificial fly, and feels the anguish of it immediately. By a law that seems really cruel such natures seize with most avidity on those very slanders that cause them the most pain.

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As there are malevolent anonymous letters intended to inflict the most wearing anxiety, so there are benevolent ones written to save our souls. Some theologically minded person, often of the female sex, is alarmed for our spiritual state because she fears that we have doubts about the supernatural, and so she sends us books that only make us wonder at the mental conditions for which such literature can be suitable. I remember one of my female anonymous correspondents who took it for granted that I was like a ship drifting about without compass or rudder (a great mistake on her part), and so she offered me the safe and spacious haven of Swedenborgianism. Others will tell you of the "great pain" with which they have read this or that passage of your writings, to which an author may always reply that as there is no Act of Parliament compelling British subjects to read the books, the sufferers have only to let them alone in order to spare themselves the dolorous sensations they complain of.—*Human Intercourse*, by Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

### THE SCRAP BOOK.

TWO STORIES OF FELINE SAGACITY.

EVERY day, after breakfast, I made it a rule to throw a bit of bread into an adjoining room, as far off as I could, so as to induce my cat to run after it as it rolled away. This custom I kept up for several months, and the cat always regarded that piece of bread as the tit-bit of its dessert. Even after it had eaten meat, it would await with attentive interest the minute when it was to start in pursuit of the morsel of soft bread. One day I held the coveted scrap in my hand, and swung it about for a long time, while the cat eyed it with a kind of patient eagerness, and then, instead of throwing it into the next room, I threw it behind the upper portion of a picture which was slightly inclined forwards from the wall. The surprise of the cat, who, closely following my movements, had observed the direction in which I threw the bread, and its disappearance, was extreme. The uneasy look of the animal indicated its consciousness that a material object traversing space could not be annihilated. For some time the cat considered the matter, then it started off into the next room, evidently guided by the reflection that the piece of bread having disappeared, it must have gone through the wall, and the cat returned disappointed. The animal's logic was at fault. I again attracted its attention by my gestures, and sent a second piece of bread to join the first behind the picture. This time the cat jumped upon a divan and went straight to the hiding place. Having inspected the frame on both sides it began to manoeuvre so dexterously with its paw that it shifted the lower edge of the picture away from the wall, and thus got at the two pieces of bread. A German diplomatist of the last century has recorded a similar observation respecting a favourite female cat, and advances it as proof of consecutive and conclusive reasoning on the part of the animal. "I noticed," says Baron von Gleichen, "that she was constantly looking at herself in the glass, retreating from her own image and running back to it again, and especially scratching at the frames, for all my glasses were inserted in panels. This suggested to me the idea of placing a toilet mirror in the middle of the room, so that my cat might have the pleasure

of examining it all round. She began by making sure (by approaching and withdrawing as usual) that she was dealing with a glass like the others. She passed behind it several times, more quickly each time; but, seeing that she could not get at this cat, which was always too quick for her, she placed herself at the edge of the mirror, and looking alternately on one side and the other, she made quite sure that the cat she had just seen neither was nor had been behind the mirror. Then she arrived at the conclusion that the cat was inside it. But how did she proceed to test this conclusion, the last that remained to her? Keeping her place at the edge of the mirror, she rose on her hind feet and stretched out her fore paws to feel the thickness of the glass; then, aware that it did not afford sufficient space to contain a cat, she withdrew dejectedly. Being convinced that the matter in question was a phenomenon impossible for her to discover, because it was outside the circle of her ideas, she never again looked in any glass, but at once renounced an object which had vainly excited her curiosity.—*Mrs. Cashel Hoey's Book on Cats.*

#### THE INSPIRATION OF "MUGBY JUNCTION."

ON the arrival of the train at Rugby, it was discovered that the carriage in which we were travelling was on fire. While I was busy superintending the transfer of the light baggage, Mr. Dickens came along in a state of great excitement, and requested me to accompany him to the refreshment-room. Then, standing in the doorway, and pointing with his finger, he described the picture he particularly wished to impress on my mind. "You see, Dolby—stove to right hand—torn cocoanut matting on floor—counter across room—coffee-urn—tea-urn—plates of rusks—piles of sawdust sandwiches and shrunken-up oranges—bottles—tumblers—and glasses on counter—and, behind counter, note particularly our missis." When the train was fairly off again, Mr. Dickens proceeded to explain. Entering the refreshment-room, he and Mr. Wills had each asked for a cup of coffee, which was supplied to them. While Wills was feeling in his pocket for some small change wherewith to pay, Mr. Dickens reached across the counter for the sugar and milk, when both articles were suddenly snatched away from him and placed beneath the counter, while his ears were greeted with the remark, made in shrill and shrewish tones: "You sha'n't have any milk and sugar 'till you two fellows have paid for your coffee." This speech was delivered by the woman whom he had pointed out to me as "our Missis," and it gave infinite amusement to a page in buttons, who, with that demoniacal spirit which seems to seize some boys at the idea of somebody else "catching it," was so overjoyed that he burst out into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. The discomfited travellers left their coffee on the counter, after an apology for making so free with the sugar-basin. But it was an evil day for that "buttons," for he figured as "The Boy at Mugby" in the next Christmas number of *All The Year Round*.—"*Charles Dickens as I Knew Him*," by George Dolby.

#### PRESENTS.

AMONGST the minor miseries of life, which, like æsthetic love, are pains that are all but a pleasure, and pleasures all but pain, must certainly be reckoned present giving. Who has not sometimes grumbled over the choosing of a wedding present? Then birthday presents are in some families annual worries, to say nothing of Christmas boxes, New Year's gifts, valentines, Easter eggs, and so on, and so on. It is not only the cost, though that is often considerable, and oftener still a consideration, but the *bother* of it!

Take wedding presents, for instance, which in these days have become little short of a tax! How people do worry themselves (and everyone round them for that matter) on this subject! and oh! the monotony of friendship's offerings! and yet one might have thought the *embarras du choix* would have been the difficulty. Granted that the donor cares sufficiently for the recipient to spend a little pains, as well as money, on the gift, the choice of it should be simple enough. A few minutes spent in considering the tastes and probable future of your friend, will go far towards making your present a joy for ever, instead, as is too often the case, of its being a white elephant, the very receiving of which properly is a severe tax on one's good feelings.

Jewellery is fairly safe, and can be got of all sorts and prices. But still even here one needs caution. Bracelets and lockets will bear multiplying; but, after the fifth pair, gold earrings become monotonous, and I once knew a luckless bride who got ten pair. Brass *objets de vertu* offer a large field for choice, from the large Moorish (or Viennese) tray, or the antique girandole, to the last dainty toy for my lady's boudoir. China, too, is a resource, especially to people of large hearts and small means. Whatever the difference of cost may be Vieux Saxe, modern Worcester, Bleu du Roi, Rose de Barri, Valauris, Lambeth Doulton, and Japanese, all possess the gift of beauty. Then, burglary and electroplate having alike pretty near reached perfection, the latter is in constant request, and offers a large variety to the would-be present giver. The list is a formidable one, from the handsome plate mounted salad bowls, and spirit stands, hash dishes, five-o'clock tea kettles, down to the toy cruets for one person, the little cream and sugar stands, lobster and nut crackers and pickers, oyster forks, tiny laver and brandy sauce-pans, etc. Certainly these are some of them, indispensable, but they all possess the charm of being dainty additions one longs for, even if one does not feel justified in buying them for oneself. Furniture again, in these days of art feeling, when "suites" are discarded, and matching is an abomination, offers a variety of suggestive items.

But, whatever you give, unless you do not mind being remembered in

later times in anything but a grateful way, do please think a little what the recipient's life is or is likely to be. Don't give that pretty set of electro-saltcellers to a young couple whose plate chests groan with the collection of centuries; or, as I once really saw done, a set of delicate Venice table glass to a girl bound to the back of beyond to start with, and a wanderer's life for ever after. Then a large china bowl or vase that requires branches and armfuls to fill it properly, is simply a mockery to the poor London bride who would have rejoiced for years over the tiny Satsuma-Worcester bowls and cups requiring one flower and two leaves apiece, with which you puzzled her country cousin, whose future garden is innocent of anything smaller than a dahlia (of the old-fashioned sort), and whose taste runs in the line of beautypots, and such old-world sheaves of garden produce.—*The Queen.*

#### TOY-MAKING AT HOME.

BUT I must not neglect the small fry of the community, for they are always favourites, as they can have a house of their own, and sit down to dinner in a handsomely furnished room and enjoy the delectable morsels cooked in the spotless clean kitchen adjoining. Boxes containing nine little dolls are sold now. I can imagine no more gratifying present for a child who possesses a doll's house. A small cradle is a valuable adjunct to the house. The mattress, pillow, sheets, and blankets should all be *real*, as the children say, and take on and off; a cradle that can only be looked at is not half so entertaining as one that can be taken to pieces so that the mattress can be turned and the pillow well shaken up in readiness for baby doll's next nap. A piece of goffered muslin frilling may be arranged as drapery for the foot of it, over the head part muslin corners are looped; but the crowning point is the coverlet, which should be of white satin, edged with lace. A half-tester bedstead can be readily imitated in strong brass wire; a curved piece makes the foot of the bed, and two posts and a head piece are at the top. Around the latter is a muslin frilling, and muslin curtains, edged with lace, hang from it; some frilling also acts as the bands. The coverlet here can be of coloured satin, and, if time is no object, it could either be embroidered at the corners, or worked across with white silk so as to form squares in imitation of lace insertion. A chandelier will improve the drawing room, and, if cleverly manufactured with cut-glass beads, will be superior to those commonly sold, which are of blown glass. Silver wire is needed for threading the beads on. A small ring of beads forms the top, from which a fringe of beads depends; from between every bead on this ring a long string of beads is commenced, which reaches down to a larger ring at the bottom of the chandelier; these strings are to represent the chain of rosettes and long pieces of cut glass that are seen in ordinary chandeliers. Another fringe of beads hangs from the lower ring, brackets for the candles branch out from this, and the candles are formed of wax lucifers cut to the requisite length. There is a great pleasure both in giving and receiving home-made toys; anything that mother makes is sure to be justly appreciated and admired by the little ones, and then, somehow, she knows just what each one of the children will fancy for presents almost better than they know themselves.—*The Queen.*

HERE are some examination absurdities—*bona fide* answers to questions set in recent examinations, which appear in the *Journal of Education*:—(1) "First they made the Apostles' Creed, but no one would believe it, so they made the Nicene Creed and some didn't believe it, then they made the Athanasian Creed, and that no one could help believing;" (2) "William Pitt began life by playing the cornet in the Blues;" (3) "Dryden was a man in high position, Pope lower, Johnson was still lower. Johnson was a frequenter of the Cock Tavern in the Strand;" (4) "Zacharias and Elizabeth had a son named John. When he grew older he had his head cut off to please a young lady." Men have had their heads turned "all on account of a lady," but cut off—never, at least by their own consent.

HAVE you ever observed (writes Sydney Smith) what a dislike servants have to anything cheap? They hate saving their master's money. I tried this experiment with great success the other day. Finding we consumed a great deal of soap, I sat down in my thinking chair and took the soap question into consideration, and I found reason to suspect that we were using a very expensive article, when a much cheaper one would serve the purpose better. I ordered half-a-dozen pounds of both sorts, but took the precaution of changing the papers on which the prices were marked before giving them into the hands of Betty. "Well, Betty which soap do you find washes best?" "Oh, please, sir, the dearest, in the blue paper; it makes a lather as well again as the other." "Well, Betty, you shall always have it then." And thus the unsuspecting Betty saved me some pounds a year.

THE sale of his newspaper, the *Star*, probably marks the final disappearance of John Kelly as a boss in local politics. He staked everything on the November election and lost. We doubt if the city will ever again be afflicted with a boss who will be Kelly's equal in ability and power. Kelly succeeded Tweed, and for a time was almost his equal in power, but he was a different boss from Tweed. He arranged "fat things for the boys," and put into our local offices and into the Legislature about the worst succession of political speculators and strikers that the city has ever been called upon to endure. He stole nothing himself, but he enabled others to steal with great freedom. Connected by marriage with the very head of the church in this country, he was able to command that blind obedience of his followers which existed only within the pale of the church.—*N. Y. Nation.*

## MUSIC.

LIVING in Canada, at a distance from all artistic centres, it is of interest and importance to musicians to keep themselves informed as to the many new artists who make their *début* in London and elsewhere.

In this connection nothing is more striking than the number of excellent pianists who are constantly appearing. It seems in the present day more difficult to find bad than good ones. At the Crystal Palace, and Monday and Saturday Popular Concerts, Mdlle. Clotilde Kleeberg, a young French Pianist, has played this season with great success; she is said to have a perfectly faultless *technique*, to which she adds thorough musicianly qualities. Her repertoire is extensive, including the Mendelssohn, Chopin and Beethoven Concertos, Bach's "Fantasia Chromatica," and all the standard pianoforte works. She first appeared at Mr. Mann's benefit last year, and has this season played her way into the first rank of pianists. Herr Barthe is another pianist who has gained acceptance at London classical concerts, although his success does not appear to have been as marked as that of the lady first mentioned. His most successful effort has been a wonderful performance of Brahms's second concerto for piano (Op. 83 in B flat), an enormously difficult work, the execution of which produced a great effect. Another young pianist is Mdlle. Marie Fromm, a pupil of Madame Schumann. She has not yet reached the foremost rank of pianists, but is a promising performer and has been kindly welcomed, perhaps partly on account of her revered teacher. Herr Leonard Emil Bach, recently announced as pianist to the Court of Prussia, gave a Recital recently in London under the high-sounding title of "Bach's Beethoven Concert," at which he undertook the ambitious but unpleasant feat of playing at a sitting three pianoforte Concertos of Beethoven (in C, C minor, and E flat). Herr Bach is a good pianist, but does not possess sufficient power for such an arduous task. A more successful *début* was that of Herr Fritz Blumer, at the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts, in the difficult A minor Concerto of Saint-Saëns. By this performance he at once established his reputation as a brilliant performer, although further proof will have to be given of his musicianly qualities. Last on the list comes Herr Franz Rummel, who on the 13th December played at the Crystal Palace, where he had not been heard for more than two years, and was well received. Herr Rummel is well known on this side of the Atlantic, and has, since his return to Europe, won golden opinions in Germany and England.

Amid all this superabundant growth of piano virtuosity, it is curious how few executants attain any real and lasting fame. Out of the hundreds of eminent players in existence how many are there who can by the mere announcement of their name, independently of local interests, attract an audience in every metropolis? Rubinstein, Von Bulow, Madame Schumann, Madame Essipoff, and possibly Joseffy, Pachmann, and Rummel. These are the days of universal cleverness; cleverness so great as to do most of the things that genius does, and to do them so well as to challenge comparison. In every art thorough grounding and systematic training can be had, and *technique* is perhaps more thoroughly systematized in music than in any other art. The anatomy of the hand is studied and considered in the invention of finger exercises; every muscle has its own proper training for the acquiring of strength and independence, nor is the mind neglected. The conservatories turn out a larger number than ever before of learned musicians, men not only well trained in their own profession, but possessing for the most part a good general education.

The result of all this is that Haydn need no longer become valet to Parpora and brush his clothes in return for crumbs of instruction. Young musicians no longer require to exercise the determination of transcendent genius to acquire the not easily attainable knowledge of past times. Any intelligent and fairly gifted student can be sure by mathematical calculation of gaining a certain result by a certain number of years of hard work. Therefore, good pianists (as distinct from great ones,) are now so multiplied in number and so high in ability, that one is inclined to ask where is the difference between the good and the great. If we recall the good pianists who have visited Canada from time to time, we cannot fail to remark that they play the same programmes as the Rubinsteins and the Bulows, and execute them nearly, if not quite as well—and yet they are not Rubinstein or Bulow—one thing is wanting, individuality, personal greatness. A great pianist must be a great man, and put his character into his playing. How many have we heard play the great A flat Polonaise of Chopin, perhaps even more perfectly than Rubinstein, whose leonine personality obtrudes itself throughout, making the piece tell us rather what Rubinstein thinks of Chopin than what Chopin has to say, and whose wrong notes are not infrequent. Still, the conscientious interpretation of the smaller artist does not impress us like the more erratic reading of the greater master, whose wrong notes, when they occur, seem more welcome than another player's right ones. Von Bulow, with what has well been called his "passionate intellectuality;" Essipoff, with her self-conscious originality; Madame Schumann, with her poetic playing and the halo of her husband's greatness around her; Pachmann, so specially imbued with the spirit of Chopin—all these are personalities, as well as players, and without a marked and striking personality no instrumentalist can hope, nowadays, to rise above the crowd of accomplished musicians who can be met with all over the world.

It says much for the spread of musical education that it is now-a-days not uncommon to have good amateur performances of solo and concerted music in large towns and cities. Where formerly the amateur's repertoire was confined to ballads, with an occasional plunge by bolder spirits into something higher, now oratorio and opera bouffe are attacked by ladies and gentlemen singers and instrumentalists in their leisure hours with

such success as encourages them to give public performances of well-known works. Hamilton has distinguished itself in this direction, and is now in a position to form at least two companies whose musical performances are worthy of public approbation. The visit of the Hamilton Amateur Opera Company to Toronto last week was a most noteworthy one, and was attended by an amount of success which augurs well for future visits. The operetta selected was Gilbert and Sullivan's popular "Pirates of Penzance," and was performed in the Grand Opera House morning and evening. It was quite evident that the audiences were not prepared for so finished a rendering—always, of course, speaking from an amateur standpoint—and freely expressed their surprised delight in generous applause. Not only was the singing almost universally good, but the acting was with few exceptions capital. The dresses were, moreover, admirable and (a much more uncommon thing) appropriate. The choruses were given in a manner that showed considerable industry had been bestowed upon them, and the solos were generally marked by a finish unusual in amateur singing. An amount of tameness certainly characterized portions of the dialogue—Mr. Beddoe (*Frederic*) should look to this point—but that weakness is almost inseparable from such performances. Mr. Wild's acting, as the *Major-General*, on the other hand, left nothing to be desired, and Miss Barr was a general favourite for the unaffected vim she threw into her character, *Edith*. Mrs. McCulloch, as *Mabel*, sang remarkably well, with feeling and understanding, and a similar meed of praise must not be withheld from Mr. Beddoe. *Ruth* was charmingly portrayed by Miss Audette, and if that lady had a little more confidence in herself, she would play a first-rate part. Mr. Warrington (*Pirate King*) of course sang well, his make-up being also remarkably good. The difficult patter-song which fell to the lot of Mr. Wild was done by that gentleman perfectly, which is more than could be said of Mr. Dunn's topical gag in the *Police Sergeant's* song. Indeed, the only piece of bad taste in the whole performance was a one-sided political reference. That kind of thing is always in questionable taste, and can only be justified by having a fling at both parties. On the whole the operetta was rendered most effectively, and reflected great credit upon the company, who are in no small degree indebted to Mr. R. T. Steele for his able direction.—*Com.*

## THE PERIODICALS.

SOME of the best reading in the February *Harper's* is that headed "Editor's Easy Chair"—albeit had any other than an American pen been responsible for the racy and clever article on the Statue of Liberty offered by the French nation a pretty storm would probably have followed. In the same department are some very sensible comments upon the right to hiss a public performance. Says the writer:

The drama that I do not like my neighbour may greatly enjoy. If I do not like it, very well. Let me dislike it, and if it becomes aggressively disagreeable to my taste and judgment, let me quietly withdraw. I bought a ticket to the play, but I did not receive a guarantee of enjoyment.

"Pullman: a Social Story," a paper by Richard T. Ely, will prove a revelation to not a few. That place has been considered, especially by continental workmen, as an artisan's paradise, but the trail of the serpent is there also, and the result of the experiment goes chiefly to show that over-government, even though its aim be the general good, produces popular restiveness. "Pullman is un-American. . . . It is benevolent, well-wishing feudalism, which desires the happiness of the people, but only in such a way as shall please the authorities." Mr. John Fiske's paper upon "The Federal Union" may be commended to the attention of Canadians perplexed by the clashing of the Dominion and Provincial powers. The two biographical papers of the number are equally interesting of subject and able in design. Whatever the judgment of posterity upon the Marquis of Salisbury, his name must be interwoven with the history of the greatest English reform of modern times. Richard Montgomery's memory needed no tribute; but Mr. Hunt's paper is that of a loving and intelligent enquirer, and the impression he leaves is most pleasing. In "The Lick Observatory of California" are materials for a thoughtful character study, and in "Guardian Birds" is a valuable contribution to the interdependence of many bird and brute creations. There are other attractive papers, as well as a considerable amount of poetry and fiction.

So nearly as such a thing is possible within the limits of one review, there is material to suit all tastes in the January *Nineteenth Century*, of which the Leonard Scott reprint is just to hand. There are eleven articles; four on Imperial politics, by the Right Hon. Earl Cowper, Sir R. Spencer Robinson, K.C.B., J. O'Connor Power, M.P., and Arminius Vambéry; a speculative enquiry into the true inwardness of the term "savage," by Professor Max Müller; a sketch of the rise, progress, and founders of the *Times*, by W. Fraser Rae; an enquiry into the character and works of Charles Lamb and George Wither, by Algernon Charles Swinburne; a disquisition on bicycling, by the Right Hon. Viscount Bury; a description of the American locust and its ravages, by Miss F. C. Gordon Cumming; a paper on the propriety of acting religion, by Henry A. Jones; and the lucubrations of H. S. Salt on Eton, its methods and its faults. Earl Cowper is apprehensive of Cæsarism in England—not the Cæsarism which is founded upon arms, indeed, but that which grows out of the affections of the people. M. Vambéry is confirmed in his opinion that Russia means to acquire India if she can. Mr. Rae's paper is very attractive to all who are interested in journalism, though he is betrayed into claiming a position for the *Times* which has not belonged to it since the days of the penny press. Mr. Swinburne succeeds principally in showing his contempt for the writer who says that in six words which might be made to employ sixty. Sir Spencer Robinson has evidently got a bad attack of Jingo fever, and echoes the *Pall Mall Gazette's* croak about the British navy.

THE *Andover Review* is establishing itself in the front rank of the higher theological literature of the times. It is liberal, but not destructive in tone, thoughtful and scholarly in its treatment of subjects. It is thoroughly adaptive to the thought and tendencies of the time. All that is fundamental in religious thought and life finds in the *Andover* an able and trustworthy exponent. The February number opens with the first of a series of papers on the "Reformation Theology," Professor Gerhart contributing an admirable paper on "Historical Antecedents." "The New Charity," by Rev. Henry A. Stinson, is a forcible statement of the problem which pauperism presents to the Christian and philanthropist. A critical estimate of the life and work of John Wiclif is given by

Rev. J. L. Emell. The number is enlivened by a racy paper contributed by Francis Boott "On Certain Theologisms." The criticisms on recent theological, literary and philosophical works are worthy of the *Andover*.

THE December number of *Descriptive America*—which, on account of the immense amount of labour involved in getting out each part of so exhaustive and valuable a work, is only just to hand—is devoted to "Florida." In common with the four preceding parts this has a map of the State concerned corrected to date, with a list of cities, towns, villages, and stations *en face*. To attempt an enunciation of half the remaining information would be as undesirable as it is impossible in these columns. Suffice to say that the geographical, geological, agricultural, industrial, financial, historical, and every conceivable phase of the State is thoroughly and ably discussed.

Of a well-selected contents in the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*, the item which presents most attractions for the lay reader is that entitled "Canadians on the Nile," presumably by the editor. The Rev. Mr. Blackstock's paper on "American Methodism" is a valuable contribution to a widely-interesting subject. The other principal papers are a second instalment of Mr. Dunn's "Charles Wesley," "The Alps and their Avalanches," by E. C. Andrews, selections from the writings of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. George Sexton, "Cruise of H.M.S. 'Challenger,'" "Skipper George Netman," editorial comment, poems, etc.

IN *Electra*—"a belles letters monthly for young people"—young Canada and juvenile America have a high-class magazine of pure literature, handsome and readable. The February number contains, amongst other suitable matter, papers on "St. Valentine's Day," "Old Edinburgh," "Petrarch," "Washington at Valley Forge," "Reminiscences of the Chicksaws," "Silk Culture," "Art Needlework," which, with several stories and poems and an interesting batch of editorial notes, contribute to a most attractive number.

BOOK NOTICES.

EDGAR ALLAN POE. By George E. Woodberry. "American Men of Letters" Series. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company.

It is not always pleasant to be rudely awakened from a delusion, and Mr. Woodberry's ruthless exposure of many romances which it has been customary to associate with the life and character of Poe leave at first rather an unpleasant sensation. Yet, the biographer's work bears the impress of truth, and that told in no unkindly spirit, and it is a relief to have a book on Poe with something of finality about it. Mr. Woodberry seems to have set to work to find chapter and verse for each important fact, and though this has in his opinion necessitated the rejection of much that has hitherto been thought reliable and attractive, the result is a book of sterling worth and great interest. If Poe is shown to be occasionally petty in mind and shoddy in his life—if his vacillation and conceit are exposed in all their pitifulness—at least recent biographies prove that he shared those weaknesses with greater writers, and Mr. Woodberry is as generous in his commendation as he is unsparing in merited blame. Had the erratic genius been enslaved by no more dangerous stimulant than his conceit, the world would have been the richer of some splendid writings. His biographer is evidently of the opinion that Poe will be best remembered by his poetical work, though it is undisputed that much of what he wrote best was in prose, extraordinary as his diction occasionally became, and his tales may possibly be better known fifty years hence than any poem except "The Raven." The manner of his death to the student of character makes clear much that would be otherwise inexplicable in his life.

THE WORKS OF ALFRED LORD TENNYSON, Poet Laureate. Vols. V., VI., VII. London and New York: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Rowell and Hutchinson.

"Enoch Arden" and "In Memoriam" are coupled in Vol. I.; "Queen Mary" and "Harold" complete Vol. VI., and the last volume is composed of "The Lover's Tale" and minor poems. As the Laureate seems to have laid aside his poet's crown when he donned his peer's robes, there is no reason for longer delaying the purchase of a complete copy of his works, and as the edition under notice is not only revised by Mr. Tennyson, but is a typographical gem set in the tastefullest of bindings, it would appear to fulfil all the conditions of the most exacting admirer.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN. By Oswald Crawford. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: Hart and Company.

A short story, but very complete, in which the interest is well sustained from title to finish. It does not detract from the value of Mr. Crawford's story that it is an impossible one in England—or rather in Scotland, for that is where it is all played. The author depicts in flowing language the hollowness and conventionality of middle-class life, and his skill as a character-painter enables the reader to retain a vivid conception of the men and women who so disappoint and eventually amuse the hero, who, after a five years' "shoot" in Baloochistan, returns to win his old love in the teeth of much discouragement and many obstacles. On the whole a capital novel.

MEMOIRS OF REV. DAVID BRAINERD. Edited by J. M. Sherwood. New York: Funk and Wagnalls. Toronto: William Briggs.

The missionary hero and saint of the eighteenth century, and his great work amongst the American Indians, are known throughout the Christian world, thanks in the first place to Dr. Jonathan Edwards. The edition of Mr. Brainerd's memoirs published by that gentleman was afterwards, it will be remembered, revised by Dr. Dwight, and another edition issued which included the journal of the missionary. That work is now almost out of print, and Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls now give to the world a handsome reproduction, with an introduction on Brainerd's life and character by the editor, and an essay on "God's Hand in the Missions," by Dr. A. T. Pierson.

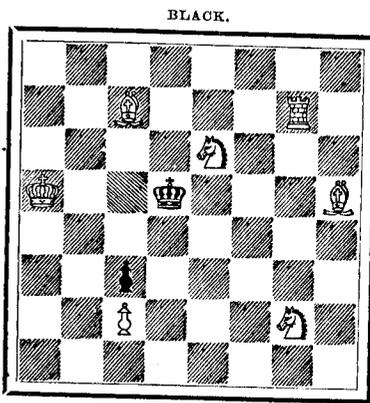
MESSRS. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS announce that, beginning with the February number of their descriptive literary journal, *The Book Buyer*, they propose to enlarge its scope to cover every important book published in America, and a good many of those of foreign origin. While it will keep strictly in the line of descriptive notices, everything which it prints will be specially prepared for its columns and by competent hands.

The publication of Stormouth's Dictionary of the English Language is just completed in Harper's Franklin Square Library. For less than six dollars one can now own as good a dictionary, for all practical purposes, as there is in the language. The mechanical part of this work is excellent, the type is bold and clear, and the paper pleasing to the eye and the hand, and there is an openness about the page that is particularly attractive. The work can be had bound or in parts, and we believe that binders are furnished by the publishers.

CHESS.

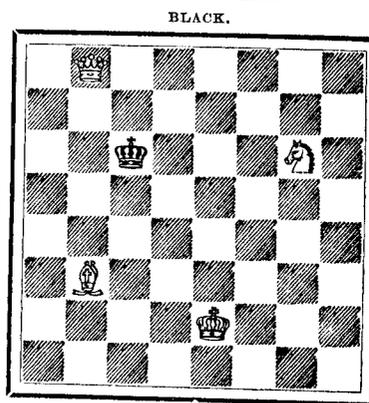
All communications intended for this department should be addressed "Chess Editor," office of THE WEEK, Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 79.  
Composed for THE WEEK.  
By CHAS. W. PHILLIPS,  
Toronto Chess Club.



White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 80.  
Composed for THE WEEK.  
By CHAS. W. PHILLIPS,  
Toronto Chess Club.



White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

- No. 71. Q B 8. Solved by E. B. G., J. M., S. C., F. W. M.
- 72. Q x Kt. " E. B. G.
- 73. P takes Kt (Q) " E. B. G., O. J. A., S. C.
- 74. Kt Kt 3 ch. " F. L. H. S., E. B. G.

MR. ZUKERTORT DEFEATED AGAIN IN THE EVANS.

One of thirty simultaneous games played by Mr. Zukertort in December, at the St Nicholas Club, Brighton.

(Compromised Evans.)

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Mr. H. Erskine.	Mr. Zukertort.	Mr. H. Erskine.	Mr. Zukertort.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	17. P to B 4	Q to R 4
2. Kt to KB 3	Kt to Q B 3	18. B to B 2	K R to K sq
3. B to B 4	B to B 4	19. P to B 5	P to Kt 3
4. P to Q Kt 4	B x P	20. Kt to B 4 (b)	P x P
5. P to B 3	B to R 4	21. B x P	B to K 3 (c)
6. P to Q 4	P x P	22. B x B P	B x Kt
7. Q to Kt 3	Q to B 3	23. Q to Kt 7 ch	K to Q 2
8. Castles	P x P	24. B to R 5 ch	K to K 3
9. B to K Kt 5 (a)	Q to Kt 3	25. P x P ch	K to Q 4
10. Kt x P	B x Kt	26. K R to Q sq ch	Q x R ch (d)
11. Q x B	P to B 3	27. R x Q ch	K to B 4
12. B x Kt	R x B	28. B x R	R x B
13. B to R 4	P to Q 3	29. Q to Kt 2	R to Q 2
14. Kt to Q 2	B to Q 2	30. Q to K B 2 ch	K to Kt 4
15. Q to Q Kt 3	Castles.	31. R to Kt sq ch	K to R 3
16. Q R to Kt sq	P to Kt 3	32. Q to Kt 2	Resigns (e)

NOTES

(From the *Southern Weekly News*.)

- (a) This move was played by Steinitz in his match with Zukertort. At move 11, however, Black played Kt to B 3, and the game went on 12. B to Q 3, 12. Castles, etc. 11. Kt to B 3 is not considered so good as P to B 3.
- (b) The beginning of a most ingenious combination. The object of this is shown by the brilliant coup that follows.
- (c) If 21. P x B, 22. Kt x Kt P ch, 22. P x Kt, 23. Q x P and Black can not escape mate. If the knight is not taken, the discovered check is fatal to Black.
- (d) If 26. K to B 4, 27. B to Kt 6 ch, 27. P x B, 28. Q x P mate.
- (e) Mr. Erskine deserves to be complimented for offering an Evans Gambit to such a master of the opening as Mr. Zukertort, but more especially is he to be complimented upon the very brilliant manner in which he brings the game to a termination.

The following letter explains itself:—

PROPOSED CHESS MATCHES BETWEEN AMERICAN CITIES.

48 LEXINGTON ST., BALTIMORE, January 12th, 1885.

To the Chess Editor of the *Commercial Gazette*:

In view of the delays and difficulties which may prevent the holding of a grand Chess Congress in this country for some time to come, I take the liberty of submitting a plan which may benefit the game as much as a congress, and in some respects more. It is this:—Let cities, through their principal chess clubs, guarantee a fund of \$250 each, and let that amount constitute two prizes—one of \$300 the other of \$200—to be given to the champions of the respective cities as a fee for playing two short series of games, say four or five, in each city. Let a week intervene between each series.

I believe that New York vs. Philadelphia, St. Louis vs. Baltimore, Cincinnati vs. New Orleans, Chicago vs. Boston, Cleveland vs. Hartford, Washington vs. Richmond, Louisville vs. Toronto, etc., would be less expensive, and produce a finer collection of games for our chess periodicals than a good tournament, and settle many opinions as to the strength of rival cities. Consideration for your valuable space will not admit of details. It has one moral advantage—nothing is wagered by the clubs or players. By charging for admission to the contests, the clubs will undergo little or no expense, and the great artists will receive a fair yet moderate compensation.

By inserting this in your widely-circulated columns, you will much oblige, yours truly,

J. A. CONGDON.

What does the local club think of the above proposals?

CHESS ITEMS.

THE Paris Chess Club has joined an important social club, and the new society has adopted the title "Grand Cercle de Cercle des Echecs de Paris." With the exception of the fusion of the two bodies, no alteration in the management or in the constitution has taken place. A magnificent saloon with a separate entrance is reserved for chess, and no other game is tolerated in that section, but the chess players have access to all other club rooms. M. Rosenthal has been elected an honorary member.—*Chess Monthly*.

MUCH dissatisfaction is expressed on all sides with the award in the St. John Globe Tourney.—*Chicago Mirror*.

We notice a new departure in the *Chicago Mirror*. In the rules for its Problem Tourney it was stated that foreigners would have a month additional. The editor, in answer to a correspondent, says "Canadian contributors are not regarded as foreigners." Well, Mr. Peterson, what are they then? Is an Englishman a foreigner?

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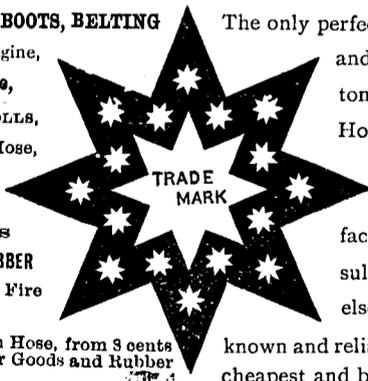
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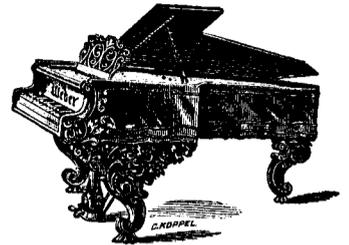
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CONTENTS OF

## Magazine of American History,

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THE EARLY NEW YORK POST OFFICE. Illustrated. By Rev. A. G. VERMILYE, D.D. CHIEF GEORGE H. M. JOHNSON. Illustrated. By HORATIO HALP, M.A. BENEDICT ARNOLD'S MARCH TO CANADA. By WILLIAM HOWARD MILLS. EARLY VIRGINIA CLAIMS IN PENNSYLVANIA. By T. J. CHAPMAN A.M. THE CHARACTER OF ANDREW JACKSON. By Hon. CHARLES GAYARRE. SOME RECENT SCHOOL BOOKS. By EDWARD CHANNING, Ph.D. ALEXANDER WILLIAM DONIPHAN. By THOMAS SNEAD. POLITICAL AMERICANISMS—III. By CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON. ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS, MINOR TOPICS, NOTES, QUERIES, REPLIES, SOCIETIES, BOOK NOTICES.

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