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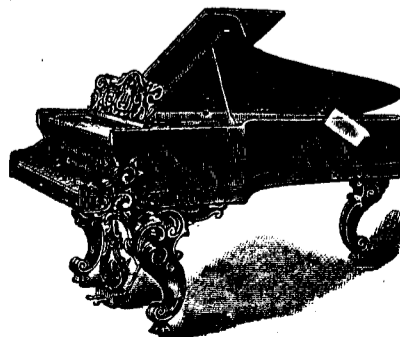
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# THE WEEK.

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## FRENCH CANADA.

FOUR or five years ago it was one of the two party organs in Toronto that undertook a systematic attack on French Canada and its institutions. The paper was fully answered by the writer of these lines, among others, and his reply went the rounds. A couple of years later the supposed organ of the other party launched into similar polemics. That, too, was met by authorised pens at Montreal and elsewhere. At present there seems to be a combined movement in the same direction, and whenever opportunity or pretext offers, certain organs in Toronto, backed by some congenial papers in Ontario, make onslaughts on the French province, and its political standing, while a few aim their hostility directly against its church. Now these tactics will also be confronted. There is no intention whatever to stand quiescent under these imputations—to admit that superiority which these writers quietly assume, and a rejoinder must be made every time that any such charges are uttered—the result of ignorance, on the one hand, or of bigotry, on the other.

No one has the pretension that the French people of Quebec should be sheltered from criticism, even as a class, having a province all to themselves, and cherishing a language and institutions quite different from those of the majority of their fellow Canadians. That circumstance is a source of strength to them, although it is likewise an element of weakness, precisely because it presents a broadside to the assaults of their enemies. But taking them altogether, they do not deserve this treatment at the hands of responsible political writers, whose wisdom and patriotism may be questioned in this concerted attempt to array one-fourth of our population against the other three-quarters, and brand one whole province as ignorant, unprogressive, church-ridden, and a dead weight on the remainder of the Dominion.

From a material or business point of view it is false that the French Canadians are so backward as represented. Their ways are different from those of the English-speaking people, but it is gratuitous to conclude that they are inferior. They have contributed and are contributing their full share toward the development of their province. While others supply the capital, they furnish the labour. While others establish factories, banks, insurance companies, railways, steamship and steamboat lines, importing houses, and open other channels of industry, they provide a vast portion of the brains, handiwork, skill, painstaking, and fidelity which crown these ventures with success. By common consent, there is no brighter, apter, honester, or harder-working mechanic, artisan, clerk, salesman, bookkeeper, and business man generally than the French Canadian. To depreciate him in any of these capacities is simply wilful calumny. It is doubtless true that the *habitant* is backward in farming; but while there is steady improvement even in this respect, account should be taken of the poverty and hardship with which this class has had to struggle, being the descendants of the original peasantry, who are always the poorest of the land. In the towns and cities, while there is not that tendency to speculation which is the modern accompaniment of the spirit of enterprise, there is a great deal of hoarded wealth among these people, safely invested or laid out in

works of modest but indubitable profit. Much more than one-half of the real estate of Montreal—ground and buildings—is in the hands of the French people, and it is further worthy of note that a large amount of their capital is placed in banks, trust and loan companies, building societies, and large benevolent guilds, exclusively under their control.

Politically the Province of Quebec is divided, and there are many who do not agree with a certain line of policy, at which the whole English section are feeling much concern. The present is not the place to discuss this side issue, which, let us hope, will not lead to lasting complications; but it may be said generally and emphatically, that with neither of the French political parties is there the slightest disposition to deal unjustly by the English people, and it is specially untrue that any existing or prospective legislation has had or will have a tendency to injure the latter in the least in the exercise of their inalienable civic rights. And herein lies the sharpest sting of the charges brought against French Canada, that it is gradually making English residence and citizenship intolerable in Quebec, and this through the overshadowing influence of its church.

The reader will judge of the character of these attacks on seeing the following proposition laid down, about a year since, in a Toronto paper: "The church in Quebec is, without doubt, the most unique and the most oppressive institution on the face of the earth." After this stupendous accusation one stands prepared for anything, and is not surprised to read in a series of articles how that the Church keeps its poor subjects in mental and moral bondage, shirking their social training, grinding them down with tithes, absorbing the whole system of elementary, academic, and university education within itself, interfering unjustifiably in political contests, and practically ruling the Provincial Government and Legislature. Then the changes are rung upon the "mountainous burden" of ecclesiastical mortmain which has accrued for two centuries, crushing parishes and counties, and actually grown to such an extent as to be the virtual power behind the throne. Finally, the Quebec Church is still more directly attacked as rebellious in that she ignores and condemns civil marriages which are recognised by the Dominion. As if she were not right and logical in doing so; marriage, with her, being a sacrament, matrimony a religious institution. She admits the legal validity of such civil unions, but strives by spiritual warnings and penalties to prevent her children from contracting them. In this she is not "unique" or peculiar, but only enforces the law of the Church from the beginning and all over the world. Surely she ought not to be blamed for doing her best to maintain the sanctity of the marriage tie in an age when it is fast becoming a mere plaything. The Guibord case is brought up as another instance of rebellion, which is the more unfortunate in that the Church, after maintaining the authority always hitherto exercised by her, offered no further resistance when once the decision of the Privy Council was enforced. The fact is that there are several things in the ecclesiastical system of Quebec, modified or abandoned in other countries, in consequence of changed principles in the great problem of Church and State, which might be and perhaps soon will be altered here; but, in the meantime, they give rise to no such evils or abuses as is pretended. These changes or reforms should be left to the French people themselves; they should come *ab intra* and not *ab extra*; certainly not through the violent onslaught of outsiders. It is to be hoped that this species of attack will be foregone, inasmuch as it is unjust, serves no good purpose, and fosters that wretched spirit of mistrust and animosity, sprung from difference of race and creed, which, in wild hands, may yet become the curse of this fair country.

Montreal.

J. L.

## SOME SAYINGS OF LORD BEACONSFIELD.—II.

AGAIN, Lothair yields us the following sentence: "Mr. Pinto would sometimes remark that when a man fell into his *anecdote*, it was a sign for him to retire from the world." For this slight *jeu de mot* Lord Beaconsfield has duly obtained credit, and it figures among the samples of his "Wit and Wisdom" published by Longmans. Turning, however, to Archbishop Trench's "Four Lectures on Plutarch" we read as follows: "It is true that the treasurers and retailers of anecdotes are not always the wisest of men; often, indeed, very far from such. With allusion to this fact, Samuel Rogers was wont, as I remember, in the latest years of his life, to say of himself that he was in his *anecdote*." Lord Beaconsfield in all probability borrowed the joke from Rogers; but it is older still than Rogers. Among the facetious sayings of Lord Robertson, a well-known Scotch judge, I find the following: "With most men there are only *three* ages—non-age, dot-age, and, worst of all, anecdote-age." The late Edmund Len-

thall Swift (whose grandfather, Deane Swift, was a cousin of the famous Dean Swift) was, till the ninety-ninth year of his life, a frequent contributor to the *London Notes and Queries*. As an accomplished scholar, and an authority on the English language, Mr. Swift had few equals, and his accuracy as to historical facts was unquestioned. In *Notes and Queries* of July 9, 1870, he began an article thus: "The witty profligate, John Wilkes, observed that an old man's dotage is *anec-dotage*." At greater length the Rev. Edwin Paxton Hood in his "World of Moral and Religious Anecdote" (London, 1870) writes: "When the notorious John Wilkes had to listen to the stories of some person who was prolix in telling them, and when some friend excused the story-teller, saying that he had 'got to his dotage,' Wilkes replied: 'Dotage, sir! I tell you he is past dotage—he has got to anecdotage.'" Mr. Pinto's *mot* is, therefore, at least a hundred years old.

Lord Beaconsfield was at all times, both in his novels and in his speeches, "a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles." In Boswell's "Life of Johnson" the Doctor is reported to have said in 1770: "That fellow seems to me to possess but one idea, and that is a wrong one." This caught the eye and fancy of Lord Beaconsfield, and Dr. Johnson's remark is thus resuscitated in "Sybil," Book iv. Chap. 5: "Mr Kremlin was distinguished for ignorance; he had only one idea, and that was wrong." Again, his saying, "Everything comes to him who knows how to wait," or as it is expressed in "Sybil," Book iv. Chap. 2, "It came at last as everything does, if men are firm and calm," is merely the French proverb, "*Tout vient à point à celui qui sait attendre*," or in the older form, "*Tout vient à qui veut attendre*." The last line of one of Longfellow's poems is:

"All things happen unto him who waits."

Another of the Earl's famous *dicta*, "The unexpected always happens," has been anticipated by the comic poet, Plautus, in his *Mostellaria*, l. iii. 40: "*Inesperata accidunt magis solpe quam quæ speres*;" while Thiers, the French historian and statesman, applied in a similar way to politics the proverb, "Nothing is so certain as the unforeseen," and declared that "in politics it is always the unforeseen that happens."

If we take up "Henrietta Temple," we shall find the same tendency to adopt literary foundlings. Here are two examples. "He was a great talker," said Lady Bellair, 'but then he was the tyrant of conversation. Now men were made to listen as well as to talk.' 'Without doubt, for Nature has given us two ears, but only one mouth,' said Count Mirabel. This, by the bye, is quoted at page 62 of "The Wit and Wisdom of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield." Turning to a small volume of one hundred and thirty pages, edited by Mr. F. A. Paley, and entitled, "Greek Wit and Wisdom," we find the following anecdote at page 135, quoted from Stotæus. It occurs also under the heading "Zeno," in the Rev. Henry Vett's "Flowers of Wit," a book which seems to have been a *vade mecum* with Lord Beaconsfield, just as Talleyrand was in the habit of studying the "*Improvisateur Français*," a collection of anecdotes and *bons mots*, in twenty-one volumes. The anecdote in question is as follows: "Zeno said to a youth who was more disposed to talk than to listen, 'Young man, Nature gave us one tongue, but two ears; that we may hear just twice as much as we speak.'" The following is another sample of appropriation: "To the remark, 'Oh! the damned climate!' Count Mirabel replies, 'On the contrary, it is the only good climate there is. In England you can go out every day and at all hours; and then to those who love variety like myself, you are not sure of seeing the same sky every morning you rise.'" Compare what Charles II. is reported to have said of the abused climate of England, in "Flowers of Wit," by the Rev. Henry Vett, Vol. i. page 160: "There are more days in the year, and more hours in the day, in England during which a man can take exercise out of doors than in any country I have ever known."

Let us take another of Lord Beaconsfield's novels, "Endymion." The late Colonel Wiley, of Montreal, wrote as follows to me in August, 1882: "'Sensible men,' says Waldershare in 'Endymion,' 'are all of the same religion.' When pressed to answer what that religion was, he is made to reply: 'Sensible people never tell.' I have seen the same sentiment expressed in the same language long before the publication of 'Endymion'; but I regret that I have forgotten the older author's name, and that of his work. Can you assist me in this matter?" In answer to Colonel Wiley, I referred him to the following passage in G. A. Sala's "Echoes of the Week," in the *Illustrated London News* of May 7, 1882. "I read in *Punch*, apropos of some funeral sermons lately preached, the following quotations, as 'Lord Beaconsfield's epigram from 'Endymion.' "'Sensible men,' said Waldershare, 'are all of the same religion.' 'And, pray, what is that?' inquired the Prince. 'Sensible men never tell.'" This of course is in "Endymion;" but the epigram is no more Lord Beaconsfield's than was his famous panegyric on the Duke of Wellington, which was 'lifted' from an *oraison funèbre* on the French Marshal Gouvion de St. Cyr. Lord Beaconsfield, like Molière, and in a degree like Dumas the Elder, took his property wheresoever he found it, and that property lay loose in a great many literary pockets. As for the 'men of sense' epigram, it has been credited to the arch-schemer, Lord Shaftesbury, to Fontenelle, to St. Evremont, and to at least twenty more sceptical wits of the seventeenth century. I have grown to be positive about nothing in the case of original sayers of witty things; I fancy that most of them must have been said by that grand old gardener, Adam; but I am positive that the 'men of sense' story was in print at least a hundred and fifty years before Lord Beaconsfield was born." Subsequently I gave Colonel Wiley the following additional references. In *Notes and Queries* of September 9, 1871 (several years before the publication of "Endymion"), Mr. W. J. Birch wrote as follows: "I was present at a conversation which ascribed to Lord Malmesbury the saying, 'I am of the religion of every sensible

man.' 'What is that?' said a lady. 'That which no sensible man tells any one.' I instantly remarked that I had heard it all my life, and that it was not a modern, but an old saying. Very soon after, in an *Athenæum* of the present year [May 20, 1871, page 615], it was stated that the saying had been attributed to the third Earl of Shaftesbury, as well as to his grandfather, the first Earl—which would make it about two centuries old. The other day, I met with the first volume of Froude's 'Essays,' in one of which he gives the saying to Rogers, the poet. Can you, or any of your readers, tell me to whom the saying belongs?"

In the same journal (of September 30, 1871), a well-known writer thus replied: "There is no doubt of the existence of the story of the religion in which all men of sense are agreed, and which no man of sense ever tells, before both Lord Malmesbury and Rogers. The story is told of the first Earl of Shaftesbury by Speaker Onslow, in a note on Burnet's 'Own Time' (Vol. i. 96)."

There are numerous other proofs that Lord Beaconsfield, as Sheridan said of Dundas, "generally resorted to his memory for his jokes." Mendelssohn had described Cherubini as looking like an "extinct volcano," long before the Earl, in a speech at Manchester, on April 3, 1872, compared the ministers sitting on the Treasury Benches to "a range of exhausted volcanoes." This is very different from John Bright's facetious allusion to the Conservative Ministry in a speech at Birmingham in 1866: "The Government of Lord Derby in the House of Commons, sitting all in a row, reminds me very much of a number of amusing and ingenious gentlemen, whom I dare say some of you have seen and listened to—I mean the Christy Minstrels." It was this same John Bright, who, when told that "he ought to give credit to Mr. Disraeli for being a self-made man," slyly added, "and he adores his maker."

Lord Beaconsfield's saying in the House of Lords, 1881, that "The key of India is not at Candahar; the key of India is in London," was claimed by Prince Lobanoff at the time; and the phrase, "burning questions," first used by Edward Miall, M.P., was appropriated by Disraeli in March, 1873. When he said of Lord Derby (then Lord Stanley) in the House of Commons, April, 1844, "The noble lord is the Prince Rupert of parliamentary discussion," the comparison, as is evident from the context, was a malicious one. Lord Lytton made a nobler use of the applied name when he thus described Lord Stanley in "The New Timon" (Part I.):

"The brilliant chief, irregularly great,  
Frank, haughty, rash—the Rupert of debate."

In September, 1853, Lord John Russell said at Greenock, "I certainly should be the last to forget, that, if peace cannot be maintained with honour, it is no longer peace." Lord Beaconsfield set his mark on the phrase, when, on his return from the Berlin Congress, July 16, 1878, he said: "Lord Salisbury and myself have brought you back peace—but a peace, I hope, with honour which may satisfy our sovereign, and tend to the welfare of the country." A writer in *Notes and Queries* has pointed out a singular coincidence between these words, and a passage in Fletcher's "Queen of Corinth," Act i., Sc. 1:

*Eraton*: "The general is returned, then?"

*Neanthes*: "With much honour."

*Sosicles*: "And peace concluded with the place of Argos."

*Neanthes*: "To the Queen's wishes."

But, as if it were not enough for Lord Beaconsfield to have "plundered right royally," many sayings of other wits and authors have been wrongly attributed to him on the principle that "to him that hath shall be given." Thus, at the close of an article on "Some Coincidences in Literature," in the *Cornhill Magazine* for May, 1886, the writer says: "Tacitus ('Annals,' iii. 76) may also perhaps claim priority for the happy and hackneyed phrase of Disraeli, 'conspicuous by their absence.'" The author of the "happy phrase" was not Disraeli, but Lord John Russell. In his "Address to the Electors of the City of London" in 1859, he said of Lord Derby's Reform Bill: "Among the defects of the Bill, which are numerous, one provision is conspicuous by its presence, and another by its absence." A short time afterwards, finding that the expression had been sharply criticised, he defended it as being no "bull," but as "a turn of phraseology which is not an original expression of mine, but is taken from one of the greatest historians of antiquity."

The following paragraph is from an article in *Temple Bar* for October, 1883, on "Lord Beaconsfield's Character:" "Lord Haddington got a repartee which made him wince. He remarked loftily, being a pompous man, that there was too much barking on the back Opposition benches: 'I have no opinion of a hound that doesn't obey the "Whip,"' he added. 'Your lordship was doubtless well whipped as a puppy,' retorted Disraeli in a demure tone, amid general laughter. In connection with this rejoinder, we may note Disraeli's definition of 'dogmatism' as 'puppyism grown old.' It was made in after years, and, we believe, touched a noble Whig lord still living."

Few, I hope, will deny that Disraeli's retort to Lord Haddington, if it was ever made, contains far more discourtesy than wit. It was not, however, to say this that I have quoted the extract from *Temple Bar*, but to restore to the rightful owner the definition of "dogmatism." It is as certain as "death and taxes" that the saying was Douglas Jerrold's, and it will be found in a volume of his witticisms, etc., edited by his son. *Suum cuique* is a correct principle; and it perpetuates error when reviews and magazines assign famous phrases to speakers and writers who have never claimed them. In the same way, a short time ago, the *New York Nation* ascribed to Lord Beaconsfield the maxim, "If you want to know a subject thoroughly, you should write a book about it," and recommended that it should be inserted in a book of "Familiar Quotations." The maxim may, or may not, occur in some of the numerous writings of

Lord Beaconsfield—though I have never met with it—but, at any rate, it is beyond dispute that the saying is more than a hundred years old. Lord Kames (author of "The Elements of Criticism") said to Gilbert Eliot, who had asked him how he could make himself master of some particular branch of political economy: "Shall I tell you, my friend, how you will come to understand it? Go, and write a book upon it."

I have made no allusion in this paper to the most notorious of Lord Beaconsfield's plagiarisms, which exposed him to the derision of his opponents, and damaged his reputation even with his friends—I mean, of course, the stolen eulogy on the Iron Duke, delivered when the House of Commons was asked to grant the necessary funds for the expenses of a public funeral. The Conservative party had lately met with several mishaps; and accordingly all London on the day after the speech was convulsed with inextinguishable laughter, when an article appeared in a Liberal journal, with the significant motto, "But Benjamin's mess was five times so much as any of theirs." A vain man like Lord Beaconsfield must doubtless have winced under the lash of public ridicule, but he had unmercifully lashed with all the power of his own ridicule so many friends and foes during his whole career, that few men pitied him for his self-caused chagrin. We cannot but call to mind what he said so unjustly of Sir Robert Peel, in a speech on the Corn Importation Bill, in 1846: "When I examine the career of this Minister, who has filled a great space in the Parliamentary history of this country, I find that for between thirty and forty years he has traded on the ideas and intelligence of others. His life has been one great appropriation clause. He is a burglar of others' intellect. There is no statesman who has committed petty larceny on so great a scale." As regards the panegyric on the Duke, and its French original, so many mistakes have been made on the subject by various writers that it must form the matter for a separate article.

Montreal.

GEORGE MURRAY.

#### AFTER SIX YEARS.

SIR MOUNTSTUART E. GRANT-DUFF, who for nine years represented Elgin Burghs in the Liberal interest, and was Under Secretary for India from 1868 to 1874, has lately returned from a prolonged absence from England, and has embodied in the *Nineteenth Century* his views of the changes which have taken place during the last six years, in a most comprehensive survey of Great Britain's position at home and abroad, the substance of which is here offered.

BEGINNING with the two Houses of Legislature, he says that "the reforms pressed by judicious friends upon the Hereditary Chamber he found had not been carried out, though the absolute necessity for some change was clearly felt; nor had the defensive power of the Upper House been permanently strengthened in any way, though the expediency of having a Second Chamber had been called in question in many quarters." "Neither stupid resistance nor stupid acquiescence," says the writer, "seem to me the function of a House of Lords, but to co-operate with the other Chamber in making good laws and overseeing the affairs of the Empire. Every one admits that business is well done in the House of Lords by its *business* members, but their number is very small. What is wanted is to increase that number. The House of Lords, even if the House of Commons became much more democratic than it has done, would still be the place in which might best be discussed before the constituencies a hundred matters of vital importance to Europe. Every reasonable man, whether he be a Tory of the Tories or a Radical of the Radicals, must admit that the present plan of electing Scotch and Irish representative peers is an absurdity. The bad practices in the House of Commons, labelled in 1874 as 'obstruction,' which were already very formidable in 1881, have become more and more alarming since, and now threaten by themselves to destroy the efficiency of the parliamentary machine. Putting obstruction quite on one side, however, garrulity has increased to an amazing extent because the demands of constituents that members shall be vocal have so portentously increased.

"The changes in the House, so far as I can learn, are not for the better, and it has become distinctly a less good school for young political ability than was formerly the case. The cheapening of elections is another change of the last five years, as to the working of which no very full information has yet been obtained; it remains to be seen whether the average expenses of a parliamentary life have much decreased—whether the greater frequency of contests and the amiable desire of constituencies to be continually nursed, do not pretty well square the account. Of course the great change of all, in connection with the House of Commons, is that of 1885—the raising of the constituency, in round numbers, from three millions to five millions, coupled with the redistribution of seats, which shattered so many old combinations. Meantime it is interesting to observe that, whereas twenty years ago the commonest reproach brought against Mr. Bright was that he was trying to Americanise English institutions, the most distinguished publicist in England, whose sympathies are mainly Conservative—Sir Henry Maine—has been recently pointing out that the American people is governed by a far less uncontrolled democracy than that which was installed in power in 1885, not by the single-handed action of the Liberals but by a combination for that purpose of the two parties. Passing from Parliament to the work which it supervises, we may first look at finance. If we compare the pecuniary condition of England with that of other nations during the last six years, we shall find many causes for congratulation, though the expenditure grows and grows, and I find we are now spending £91,000,000 as against £68,000,000 half a generation ago. We are getting, however, our money's worth for a very considerable portion of our increased expenditure; and if the yield of some sources of

revenue is falling off there are obvious compensations, while the yield of others is steadily increasing. Each penny of the income tax never produced so much. Perhaps in no six years of our history has the statement 'the rich are growing richer, and the poor poorer,' been so directly opposite the truth as it has in the last. A sovereign now goes at least as far in the purchase of all the articles which the artisan and labourer buy as did twenty-three shillings only a short while ago. Necessaries and cheap luxuries never cost so little. Witness sugar and flowers—to take only two out of innumerable instances.

"A huge redistribution of property is going on in Great Britain by the simple working of economical laws, and with the most beneficent result to the masses, nearly as rapidly as the wildest Socialist dreamer would attempt to effect it by methods which would soon stop the beneficent change now in progress. The wealth of the country steadily accumulates, and my brief absence was enough to make me perceive a distinct increase in comfort and in the kind of civilisation which comfort brings with it, especially in the lower middle classes.

"The England of 1887 is vastly richer than that of 1881, and the chances and changes of politics have taken to the Treasury a financier who recalls the Gladstone of his great decade. The tendency to hand over to the Executive much that used to be done by individual effort is so strong, that even Mr. Goschen may find it difficult to resist; but we may be very sure that, as long as he is at the Exchequer, reasonable people will have as good a guarantee as they could possibly desire against any dallying with fair trade or its kindred follies.

"Amongst the causes of expenditure which are ever increasing to the discomfort of those who have to raise the revenue, but to the great advantage of the country at large, education has a prominent place. Those who are best entitled to speak of its progress in the last six years tell me that the numbers attending primary schools have largely increased, that juvenile crime diminishes in a most gratifying manner, and that a kind of elementary cultivation is spreading, through their children, among classes that used to be much neglected; on the other hand they do not give so cheering an account of the curriculum. Grammar, the least educative of all subjects to the very young mind, still occupies a most disproportionate place among the subjects taught, and extremely little is done towards diffusing the first notions of science— notions out of which alone a more educated industry, one able to keep us in front of our continental rivals, can be expected to grow. I note with pleasure the decidedly increased interest in technical education; but it is clear that the vast majority of those who direct industry in England have not yet realised how absolutely indifferent it is to its prosperity that the rule-of-thumb skill of our artisans should be supplemented by the preliminary training which is enabling some foreign countries to compete with us on far more equal terms than would be possible if we were once thoroughly awakened to the danger which we run. I hear of much better dispositions being entertained with regard to more wide and liberal training in some of our great public schools than was the case six years ago. At the Universities the whirl of change becomes ever more fast and furious, and alterations which should have been made at least one hundred years ago are slowly and gradually being brought about.

"Ireland was the burning question during the year that preceded my departure, and I return to find Ireland the burning question now. I was always one of those who wished to redress every Irish grievance. Measures are proposed by the present Government for further dealing with the Irish land question which may be wise or unwise, but cannot be properly described as grievances. They are large and extremely risky speculations, which may possibly result in a balance of good. No doubt a few years hence people will say that very much stronger measures than those authorised by the Crimes Bill would have saved in the end much unnecessary misery to Ireland, and perhaps to the sister country. Politicians, however, must work with the instruments they have got, and it would require I suppose, some new tragedy worse than the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish, to drive this country to give to the disturbed part of Ireland that system of policy under which alone, after all that has passed, it might hope to return to relatively sane ways and commence an era of comparative prosperity with regard to affairs abroad." Sir E. Grant Duff says: "Recent events are trumpet-tongued in denouncing our folly in not having established long ago the most cordial diplomatic relations with the Holy See. To us the temporal Power of the Pope was a quarter of a century ago, an anachronism and an absurdity; but with the Pope, as a spiritual ruler, all sane English statesmen must desire to live on the best possible terms. My belief, too, is that a union between the Vatican and the Government of Italy is commanded by circumstances, and must, before long, come about. Such a consummation can only be advantageous to English interests if we allow ourselves to be guided by the plainest maxims of common sense, and have the most intimate relations with both sides of the Tiber. Italy remains as she was six years ago, our only real friend, and she is also, for reasons of her own, the enemy of the only Power that can be dangerous to us.

"The old and steady friends of Germany in England have watched with more regret than surprise the growth of an anti-English feeling beyond the Rhine. The cause is not far to seek. It was the profound ignorance of Germany's language, literature and history which prevailed on this side of the North Sea forty years ago. We cannot blame Lord Palmerston, Lord Russell, and their contemporaries for having had so much Latin and so little Teutonic cultivation; but the impartial historian will not acquit them of great want of insight in not perceiving that though Prussia sometimes drove to the left, sometimes to the right, and was very provoking, yet that the millions of Protestant Germany were behind her. Let us hope that the wave of dislike to us and to our ways, which is now passing over the Fatherland, may not be a long one.

"With Russia our relations have got worse since 1881, as they have done through every six years since the quinquennium that followed the Crimean War. The blame must be divided between the two nations, and our own share will perhaps not be the least. To Austria we have come nearer. If reasonable stipulations could be entered into with regard to our trade—stipulations which would be more useful even to Austria than ourselves—it would be absolutely immaterial to this country what share our old ally might take of the Balkan Peninsula, when that politically volcanic region is once more disturbed. We have not the slightest ill-feeling either to Turkey or to any of the numerous heirs, Greece, Servia, Bulgaria, and all the rest of them, who desire to profit by her dissolution as a European power. I much regret the circumstances that took us to Egypt; but I think that our going thither was inevitable, and can only deplore that divided counsels, a burst of popular enthusiasm which, unhappily yielded to, first placed a heroic, but utterly unsound, man of genius in an impossible position and then deserted him, should have cast an atmosphere of something worse than ridicule over operations admirably devised and, in so far as depended upon the army and navy, brilliantly executed. The errors were made at the centre of affairs. When the secrets of Cabinets become revealed, we shall know exactly on whom should fall the responsibility for many of the checks and misfortunes with which we met in Africa.

"Six years have by no means improved the relations between this country and France. It is a great misfortune. Long ere this it is probable that the two nations would have been at war if it had not been for the fear of a quarrel with us giving the longed-for opportunity to Germany. In India little has occurred in the last six years which requires notice in a brief summary like this. We have added somewhat to our national responsibilities in the Orient by the annexation of Upper Burmah, which country looks now, in spite of its troubles from rebels and brigandage, as if it were going to turn out a better financial bargain than was expected. On the whole, though we have lost many valuable lives and spent much money, I think thus far we have got off not badly, and that Lord Dufferin may be congratulated upon a series of measures in which, ably seconded by Sir Harry Prendergast, the lamented Sir Herbert Macpherson, and Sir Frederick Roberts, he has shown himself at once prompt, resolute, conciliatory and fortunate, as equal to 'the occasion sudden and practice dangerous' as to all other combinations of circumstances, with which he has had to deal in his long and brilliant career."

#### AMERICAN ART SINCE THE CENTENNIAL.

THE *New Princeton Review* contains an article upon the above subject which has been so widely discussed and commented upon by the American Press, that we present the subject-matter it contains to Canadian readers who may not have seen the original:

It was the Centennial Exhibition that fairly started our art in a direction similar to that which began in England with the Exhibition of 1851, but with more adequate results, let us hope. English art since 1851 has exhibited abundant talent but little or no genius, for it has added nothing really new to æsthetic progress. In recent American art, however, we note evidences of a genius which is yet to be developed into a great national school. The Centennial Exhibition gave the people at large an opportunity to discover a latent love for beauty. In the results that have followed we have at last begun to learn that no true school of art or literature can stand alone. Our people awoke to their needs in 1876; but a certain period must be allowed for the legitimate results to appear. In the meantime we note with encouragement the sign of its coming.

Industrial art has reached a most favourable position here in so short a period that one hardly realises how much has been actually accomplished. The glass works and potteries of Trenton, New Bedford, and Cincinnati, for example, are showing us what excellence we are rapidly achieving in the production of domestic ware. The coloured designs in glass by Mr. Lafarge and Mr. Louis Tiffany represent an art so distinctly original that it can be claimed as American. Both began about the year 1877 to formulate the idea of improving on the art in stained glass as now practised in Europe, and rivalling the art of the period which culminated in such windows as glorify the superb aisles of Lichfield Cathedral. Mr. Lafarge has executed some designs in flowers of extraordinary intricacy and beauty as well. The Tiffany Glass Company has achieved a grand success in an enlarged copy on glass of Doré's "Christ in the Prætorium" for a church in Milwaukee, no less than forty feet long by twenty feet wide. These artists have likewise apprehended the fact that such a window must have for its first object the passage of light, and that any design disturbing this idea has failed in its purpose.

Woodcarving has also been carried to a high degree of excellence in various quarters, but notably by an association of ladies at Cincinnati; the beautiful designs of their carving, however, are somewhat marred by a want of clear apprehension of the massing of effect, an error which will pass away with a truer grasp of certain art principles in the rejection of details.

Architecture in America during the period under consideration is so important, and progress in this department has been so widely diffused, that justice cannot be done to it in a limited space. Probably the world has never seen private dwellings more comfortable and better furnished with conveniences than the mansions which grace the streets of our chief cities. But when we consider the architecture or the art features of these buildings we are compelled to speak with reserve; though that there is much elegance and often exquisite taste exhibited in the decorative element cannot be denied for a moment. To go a step farther, however, and assert

that a new and a national school of architecture has been developed in the United States would be a manifest error. What we observe in even our most interesting buildings is a clever adaptation of foreign and old time schools, with the exercise of considerable taste and judgment in the adaptation. One curious circumstance attending this architectural reform is the almost whimsical variety suggested by local taste or influence as well as the rapidly shifting fashion from one form to another. In one city it is the Romanesque that we see imported to our shores; in another the Queen Anne or the Elizabethan; in another the Renaissance, a school by the way which has always predominated in our civic buildings. Here we observe an attempt at Italian or Moorish or Japanese; there a nondescript medley which suggests several styles. While daring to regard this building as architecturally unsatisfactory, we are quite willing to consider the recent architecture of Boston with some exceptions as the most satisfactory yet seen in the United States. The liberal use made of brick and terra-cotta in that city is worthy all praise. But after all has been said, we defy any one to prove that we have yet produced a style that is original and typical. Where is the typical building in the States that represents a new and distinct class?

Embroidery has been so extensively produced in America during this period that it may well be considered among our representative arts; while it is difficult to concede to it the merit of originality, excepting in some of Mrs. Wheeler's designs and Mrs. Holmes' attempts at landscape painting with the needle. For the rest, the embroidery done here is little more than a repetition of the South Kensington methods, which in richness of fancy, intricacy of texture, or splendour of colour, are not to be mentioned by the side of the embroideries of Asia, or of Europe in the Middle Ages.

There has been a marked improvement in the designing of metal work since the Centennial, and the wide diffusion of Industrial Art Schools over the land. But we have not yet learned the elegant simplicity of ancient metal work, though the signs are hopeful; we may indicate a notable exception in favour of many of the designs employed by our artisans who work in silver and gold. The vices of all the forms of art in the present age, and especially in this country, is that it is inseparable from the taint of trade influences, which see in the art not art, for art's self, but for money.

The same observation applies to our illustrators and wood engravers, about whose admirable work so much has justly been said that is favourable. We have reason to be proud of the original genius displayed in this department of American art. It is true that composition is not yet thoroughly understood by many of our illustrators, and that we have yet none among us exhibiting the spontaneous facility and fecund imagination of a few leading European designers like Dürer, Blake, or Doré. But it is useless to deny that within the last decade a number of American artists in black and white have come to the front who are quite capable of holding their own with the best contemporary designers abroad.

In American etching we discover a more encouraging outlook at present. This is an art in which the artist can be less fettered by the dictation of publishers. In an etching the artist may furnish at once his own design and engraving. It is a matter of little consequence whether American etchers have yet equalled foreign masters of the art—probably they have not; but what success they have achieved already has won for them a generous recognition abroad from a public very slow to admit any merit in our art and literature. We have not the slightest hesitation in asserting that it will not be long before our society of American etchers will force Seymour Hayden, Brunet, Debaines, and Jacquemart to look well to their laurels.

The art of water colour painting has also made extraordinary progress in the United States within the last decade. It is scarcely ten years since the American Water Colour Society was established. Up to that period art had hardly been known here, except as represented by miniatures on ivory, executed in the last century. The use of pastel has also taken root, and numbers of our artists have been able to give effective expression to their ideas in a seemingly easy but really difficult medium. It goes without saying that technical skill in the handling of oil pigments has kept pace with the progress lately achieved by the sister arts in America. This is very largely due to the influence of those artists who, after mastering technical principles on the Continent have returned and settled here. What is of more importance is the fact that we notice in all the branches of our pictorial art a growing appreciation of its limitations, and the fundamental value of direct study from nature. The result has been to give more seriousness to the study and practice of art, and a more artistic quality to the product of our studios. This has been specially noticeable in the increased study given to the human figure, and the growing attention bestowed on subjects suggested by the great drama of human life. Never before has such a large proportion of *genre* and historic subjects been displayed in our exhibitions.

While many excellent portrait painters have recently appeared among us, it is in *genre* that we note a most encouraging degree of excellence developed; history painting, always requiring a high degree of creative genius and intellectual power, seems yet beyond the grasp of most American painters.

As regards sculpture in the United States, in recent years it may be said that there has been no lack of quantity, but less that is favourable can be said as to the quality. This is due to several causes: one, that those of our sculptors who have studied abroad have found the artists now practising the plastic arts in Europe superior in technical capacity rather than intellectual force. To conclude, there are three conditions necessary to the future progress and development of American art. Sympathetic

criticism and encouragement by the press, the patronage of wealth in the purchase of works of art at home, instead of abroad, and the creation of a national spirit in the United States.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN ENGLAND.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—I had occasion once before to notice the unreliable character of the accounts of the political situation in England transmitted to this side of the water for Irish-American consumption.

We have lately been assured by the American Press that the Government of Lord Salisbury is doomed, that it is almost in its death-throes, and that dissension has broken out and is increasing between the Conservatives and the Liberal Unionists. Strangely enough, we are told at the same time that the Government is about to make a desperate appeal to the country; as though any Government in its senses would appeal to the country when the tide of opinion was visibly running against it and a large body of its supporters were disaffected.

Upon the most trying occasion, the division on the proclamation of the League, the Government has had a majority of seventy-eight, a larger majority than Peel or Palmerston commanded in the plenitude of his power; while it has the hearty support of the House of Lords which was less hearty in its support of Peel, and to Palmerston was adverse. The Parliament in which the Government commands this majority has nearly six years to run. The Crimes Act apparently is about to be resolutely put in force, and if it has the effect of reinstating lawful authority in place of terrorist domination, and of restoring the security of life, property, and industry, the people of Great Britain, who are not yet in love with anarchy, boycotting, and murder, will probably be satisfied with that result, and their satisfaction will lend fresh strength to the Government.

The absence of Mr. John Morley in Switzerland might in itself have sufficed to warn political prophets that the fall of the Government and the triumph of Mr. Gladstone were not immediately at hand.

Within the last few days I have heard from two leading Liberal Unionists in England. Both of them comment with perfect freedom on recent mishaps and the dangerous points of the situation; but it is evident that neither of them has the slightest idea that the fate of the Government or any other great catastrophe is impending.

Instead of a rupture between the Conservative Government and the Liberal Unionists, I have the strongest reason for believing that the fusion so long and as I cannot help thinking so unfortunately delayed, is now actually at hand.

A letter just received from one whose observation I trust confirms my impression as to the bye elections. They have been turned, he says, largely by the return to the party lines of Liberals who are Unionists and at the general election either voted for the Union or abstained, but who now believe on the faith of what has been said by Mr. Gladstone and Sir George Trevelyan, that Mr. Gladstone's Bill is dead and that they may therefore safely give a party vote. My correspondent remarks that every Gladstonian candidate comes forward pledged to resist Mr. Gladstone's original scheme.

Yours faithfully,

GOLDWIN SMITH.

## THE MINERAL WEALTH OF THE LAKE SUPERIOR DISTRICT.

[The following letter addressed by Dr. Selwyn, Chief of the Geological and Natural History Survey of Canada, to Mr. Thomas A. Keefer, of Port Arthur, is reproduced from the Port Arthur *Sentinel*. Such testimony to the great mineral value of the district, from so competent and unexceptionable an authority as Dr. Selwyn, is peculiarly valuable].

MY DEAR MR. KEEFER,—I have much pleasure before leaving Port Arthur in expressing to you in writing the very great gratification my visit to the Rabbit Mountain and Beaver mining district under your kind and able escort has afforded me.

As you are aware I had visited this district on two previous occasions, the last being in the autumn of 1885, when I was at the Silver Mountain mine. At that time there was not much being done and the veins had not been opened sufficiently to afford an opportunity to ascertain their true character, and I hesitated then to say more than that the vein matter looked exceedingly promising. Now, however, I have no hesitation in expressing my conviction that this region is traversed by a great series of true fissure veins, of most promising appearance, and many of which will almost certainly prove of immense and permanent value.

The features of the veins are especially well illustrated in the workings of the Beaver, the Rabbit Mountain, and the Porcupine mines; but there seems no reason whatever why the numerous parallel veins which occur under precisely similar conditions, but on which at present only small openings have been made, should not develop into mines as rich as those above named, and now being successfully worked. The "New Porcupine," the "Silver Creek," the "Elgin," and the "Little Pig," all present most promising indications, and there are doubtless many more yet to be discovered in the large area in the district as yet almost unexplored and covered with forest and deep soil. In any case, sufficient is now known to warrant the assertion that this region presents all the natural conditions for the development of an immensely valuable and extensive mining industry awaiting only the application of well directed energy and enter-

prise in order to secure results exceeding perhaps the most sanguine anticipations.

As regards the ores of the mines above named, and now being worked, their richness is such that it does not require to be demonstrated by assays, but the recent critical examination of the Porcupine mine ore by Mr. Brady may be referred to as particularly satisfactory, because it conclusively shows that the silver is distributed in all parts of the vein. Mr. Brady, I understand, broke samples indiscriminately from seven different places covering the length of the vein, and these separately assayed gave from six ounces to six hundred ounces to the ton, and an average of the whole of one hundred and fifty-five ounces per ton.

The softness of the country rock—a flat bedded, black argillite—and the generally well defined walls of the veins, make the cost of extraction comparatively small, a feature the importance of which is only fully recognised when the "dead ground" or "pinches," incidental to all mineral veins, have to be traversed.

In conclusion permit me to heartily congratulate you on the prominent part you have taken, and the persistent energy you have shown often under much discouragement and many adverse circumstances, in producing the present very satisfactory result, and of which you may justly feel proud. Again thanking you for the kind attention you have shown me,

I remain very sincerely yours,

Port Arthur, Aug. 15, 1887.

ALFRED R. C. SELWYN.

## MONTREAL LETTER.

FIRE has made no small havoc in our poor city during the present summer. At last, however, we may be grateful to it. That building which so long and so impertinently stood out from the adjoining ones, quite spoiling the appearance of Victoria Square, is now a smouldering ruin. Of course the corporation will buy the site of the *Herald* and other offices and we shall have in due time a much more creditable "place." Then, if by good fortune some artistic spirit should inspire the powers that be, they may discover that Her Most Gracious Majesty stands by no means in the best of positions. Indeed, she is "neither here nor there." Why not place this statue in the centre, with a fountain on either side? and, speaking of fountains, is there no rising talent we could employ to make something more picturesque than the present swimming-bath affair? It may seem paradoxical to say that because a thing appears satisfactory, this is no reason for not attempting to make it better, but surely our care should be *what* gives satisfaction. We have no right, I take it, to allow people to remain content with that which we know to be hideous. True, some seven months out of the twelve, it matters very little whether our fountains consist of a huge, ugly basin, and a shabby jet, or delicately wrought dolphins and nymphs—but is it not worth while to make our city more beautiful, even though we are able to enjoy this beauty only five months in the year?

Since we speak of town decoration, what say you to the countless styles exhibited in the new houses that are springing up like mushrooms? Has architecture gone mad? The noble disregard for the eternal fitness of things seems astounding. Mansions which should have acres of ground around them rise confidently a few feet from the street. Then again we find others the eye fairly aches to look upon: the funniest structures imaginable, going in here, and coming out there, you can't exactly tell why, with tortuous staircases, and windows in every conceivable and inconceivable position. Alas, that we are so ambitious as to wish the beauties of *all* the styles concentrated in our homes. When one has contemplated this motley array of buildings, one turns with feelings of relief to the old prints that represent Montreal in the year of our Lord 1830. Houses *were* houses in those days. Consistently ugly, yes, but unpretending, unobtrusive. They remind us of some grave, sensible old dame, a little angular and plain, clad in a seemly black gown, whom we could pass without the slightest shock to our artistic sensibilities, whereas these modern structures savour not a little of the too blooming *bourgeoise*, who is never happy unless she has all her finery on at the same time. But you must not imagine there are no *homes*, charming, ideal nooks, amongst these palaces. Let us only hope the desires and tastes which prompted their building may become more general.

THIS morning we visited the Trafalgar Institute, founded by the late Mr. Donald Ross, whose gift has been supplemented by Sir Donald Smith. It will open in September, and is intended to supply a much needed high-class preparatory school for girls desiring to enter college. A charming establishment it is, with sunny rooms and delightful grounds.

Well, I suppose we may now dispense with any Cythna's tirades on women's rights. "Those hosts of meaner cares which life's strong wings encumber" are all to be overnumbered by an army of appallingly wise thoughts—let us only hope the "meaner cares" won't suffer too much. We look with some scorn upon those institutions which teach girls little more than how to enter a room gracefully and do dainty bits of work, and yet what shall we say of the new *régime* if it present us with that saddest of anomalies—a "fine woman." "If there is anything I cannot stand," said a friend once to me, "it is 'a fine woman.'" You know what I mean—one of those "clever 'uns," who know all things, and see all things, and feel—nothing. Oh! rather let us find women after the pattern of our great grandmothers, for whom, I take it, we hold quite a romantic affection. Is it because they have left nothing behind them but funny old samplers, quaint teapots, and perhaps a portrait where we may see all a woman should be—"sweet-faced" and sympathetic, and gravely coquettish.

Montreal, August 29, 1887.

## The Week.

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NEXT week begins the Dominion and Industrial Exhibition. The programme is an attractive one; and from the achievements of former years there is every reason to confidently expect the present display to be one of which Canada may be justly proud. It is fitting at this moment, when enterprise is unhappily being paralysed by an agitation that is not likely to have much other fruition, that people should embrace such an opportunity to see what industrial progress Canada is making; and we trust that as farmers note the display they will reflect what might probably be the consequences to their own as well as others' interests if, separating themselves from the industrial community, they should place it out of the power of their fellow workers to hold another such exhibition.

If the reported harvesting of some Russian wheat in the Northwest, eight days earlier than Red Fyfe sown beside it twenty-four days earlier in the spring, be a correct statement, then the problem of the future of Manitoba and the Northwest is in a fair way to solution. Here is a difference of over a month in the period of growth; but reckoning only half that time as gained it is obvious that such a gain before the early frost of autumn set in, might—and most probably would in nine seasons out of ten—turn failure into success. The gain of a month was made at Mowbray, Manitoba; from Brandon, N.W.T., a gain of three weeks is reported; while at the Central Experimental Farm the gain was only eight days. But we hope this difference arises from the greater suitability to the Northwest of the Russian wheat (which came from Riga, being grown in a latitude six hundred miles north of Ottawa); not to any sanguine miscalculation by the experimenters. The yield—forty-three bushels to the acre—reported at Mowbray, where the best result as to time was obtained, is remarkable; but the quantity sown—eighty-four square yards—was so small that it cannot be taken as a criterion, but must be regarded rather as a result of nursery farming. Still, when the needful allowances have been made, much remains for congratulation; the prospect is bright; and when we remember that in early days Ontario went through much the same experience of frost-killed harvests that Manitoba and the Northwest have lately had, and surmounted its difficulties through gradually finding what varieties of grain were most suitable to the climate, we see in the results of these experiments much reason for courage, perseverance, and hope.

CONTRAST the prospects of agriculture, even in Manitoba, with what we see in England. Of course the cases are not in any way parallel: the causes of the depression are different, the classes affected are different. Still it may be profitable for the Canadian tiller of the soil to know that others dependent on agriculture are even worse off than himself; and in his darkest hour he may be encouraged by a feeling of gratitude as he thanks the Fates that he is not an English landlord. Writing to the *London Standard*, a Mr. Pryor Chelmsford says:—"About a year since, I heard an Essex gentleman state that within sight of his house there were 10,000 acres of land without a tenant, and much of it out of cultivation. Two months ago I met the same person, and asked him 'if agricultural matters had improved?' His reply was, 'that nothing could be worse,' and that he could now tell me of 20,000 acres in the same condition as that described when he had last spoken on the subject. He has now verified his statement by sending me the enclosed list of seventy-five farms within sight of his residence, thirty miles from London, comprising 21,472 acres, all of which is without a tenant, and much of it out of cultivation. I think, sir, the public should know this fact, and that much of the land alluded to is some of the best wheat land in the kingdom. It is amusing to hear M.P.'s talk of the necessity of breaking up and cultivating 'waste' lands." The *Standard* prints the list of farms in question.

If any doubt the legal right of the Dominion Parliament—and therefore of the Government—to disallow the Red River Valley Railroad, they may be satisfied by a reference to the recent decision of the Privy Council in the matter of the Quebec Corporation Tax, which established that, while the Act of Confederation exhausted the whole range of legislative power, whatever was not thereby expressly given to the Provincial Legislatures

rested with the Federal Parliament. The Provinces are in fact a creation of the central authority; not the central authority, of the Provinces. The greater has power over the less; therefore the Dominion Parliament is within its right, legal and moral, when it disallows a Provincial Act either because it is *ultra vires* or because it is inconsistent with a policy adopted by itself, the supreme legislature. The C. P. R. was constructed, not solely for the benefit of Manitoba and the Northwest, but for the benefit of the whole Dominion; and anything that tends to thwart this purpose, though it enure to the advantage of Manitoba and the Northwest, may, if it do not also in equal measure benefit the rest of the country, be forbidden. Would not the diversion of the Northwest trade to the States damage the trade of Eastern Canada? And have Manitoba and the Northwest, which owe their present commercial value entirely to the enterprise of the older Provinces, the moral right to evade payment of this debt—not only to evade payment of their portion of it, but to weaken the whole security? That is what they would do if they succeeded in giving the American competitors of the C. P. R. access to the Northwest. A few thousand settlers might thereby get lower railway rates; a few hundred land speculators perhaps would be enabled to get rid of some bad bargains; but those are not sufficient reasons for imperilling the success of a national enterprise such as the C. P. R., for putting at hazard the value of that great property. Ontario and Quebec are something in the position of a cooperative firm that has established a branch in the West: they will give it a due proportionate share of the common profits; but all must work together: it is unreasonable for the branch, after being set up in business, to ask to be allowed to trade on its own account, for its sole profit, and mainly with a competitor of the parent house.

SIR W. DES VŒUX, the ex-Governor of Newfoundland, does not seem to expect any remarkable results from the Newfoundland Bait Bill. He values it chiefly as an acknowledgment of the absolute right of a self-governing colony to control its own fisheries. Yet by confining French fishermen to certain waters on the west coast of Newfoundland, where they have fishing rights under the Treaty of Utrecht, owing to the distance from the fishing grounds they will be handicapped somewhat. The loss of time will offset a little the bounty given by the French Government, which was paralysing the British fishermen; and so the French plan of reconquering the fisheries will to that extent be thwarted, while they will be punished for not fishing fair.

THE *Mail* hopes to tempt Canada into Commercial Union with the example of the German Zollverein. But the cases are not parallel; in the Zollverein were included many States, while in the proposed American union there would be but two. A truer parallel perhaps would be the political union between Great Britain and Ireland aimed at by Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule measures. As Mr. Goldwin Smith has repeatedly shown, when dealing with the Irish question and with Imperial Federation, such an union between two countries (or among several) so greatly unequal, is quite impracticable; the result must be that the larger would immensely outweigh the smaller, and in the case where there were several constituents, the smaller in self-defence would combine against the larger. So it would be with the American-Canadian Union. Provision might be made, as in the German Zollverein—a provision much relied upon by the *Mail*—that no alteration in the tariff regulations shall be made save with the unanimous consent of all concerned. But what would be the use of a portion of four million of people dissenting from the decision of a portion of sixty million? Suppose Canada should desire to develop some special industry—say the Fisheries, for the benefit of the Maritime Provinces—and should go to Washington for the necessary funds—what would likely be the result? The history of the present fishery dispute will help us to an answer; we need not assume that the leopard will change its spots because we wish it.

FOR months past the air has been thick with supposed evidences that the order of Knights of Labour is breaking up. Secessions from it and strife within it have been adduced to indicate its speedy demise; while successful combinations have been formed against Mr. Powderly, which must result in his defeat or resignation at the annual convention next fall. But the order seems to die very hard, and Mr. Powderly's seat looks as firm as ever. In fact, the convulsions within it, instead of indicating dissolution, more likely indicate a process of regeneration. The secessions from it have been mostly of the anarchic element in Chicago and New York; the strifes, the defeat of these anarchists in their attempts to exercise a controlling influence in the order, or the repression of such men as Martin Irons. A victory, indeed, has been won by the conservative element, and some reforms, moreover, made, which, taken in connexion with the



imposition of a small special tax laid on the membership for the purpose of inaugurating and maintaining coöperative enterprises, indicate, not the disintegration of the order, but rather its continued vitality under sounder conditions. Several features of its organisation and constitution are dangerous or objectionable. The order is so large, so heterogeneous, that some system of local government must be adopted if it is to last; and then greater play must be given to individual effort, in the local branches and in the membership. The movement is in that direction, we hope, and if so, the order may yet be evolved into a most useful institution, and a conspicuous proof of the sound judgment and honest purpose of the mass of our workmen.

WE find that we did a great injustice to Dr. McGlynn in a note in our issue of August 4, where, commenting on his article in the *North American Review* for August, declaring against the policy of Separatism in national education adopted by the Roman Catholic Church on this continent, we said:—"But this was as true before Dr. McGlynn was excommunicated as it is to-day; yet he had not a word to say against the system till he had a personal quarrel with the Church." On reference again to the article, at the instance of a correspondent, to whom we are much obliged for the correction, we find that Dr. McGlynn concludes his observations by guarding himself against the very error on the part of "not well informed readers" into which we inadvertently fell. As he points out, he had, so early as April 30, 1870, published in the *New York Sun* a series of suggestions (which he reproduces), looking towards "an act (or amendment to the Constitution) to guard against the union of Church and State, and to protect liberty of conscience;" which practically cover the ground taken in the *North American Review* article.

A NEW phase of the Behring Sea Fisheries case is the seizure of two American schooners engaged in sealing in those waters, the pretext being that the United States Government is bound to defend the interests of its tenant, The Alaska Commercial Company, against all comers. When Alaska belonged to Russia, the United States contested the pretension that Behring Sea was a land-locked domain subject only to Russian jurisdiction, and Russia was compelled, in 1824, to formally recognise the right of both United States and British subjects to fish within the sea, outside the three-mile limit; but now, when the shores are owned by two different Powers, the right of any other than these Powers to enter what is, and always has been, an international highway from the Pacific to the Arctic, is denied. It is impossible to regard this new attitude as anything else than a diplomatic manoeuvre. The claim is probably set up in part as an act of retaliation for the enforcement by Canada of the treaty of 1818; in part it is an attempt to create a privilege which may be surrendered as an offset when the Atlantic Fishery Question shall be settled. The secret history of American diplomacy might be instructive reading for those who are urging us to entrust the making of the Canadian tariff to politicians at Washington. The public history—which may be read on the surface—is enough for everybody else.

THE Irish question truly seems to have turned everybody's head in England. Under the alarming title of "Parnellism and Crime" *The Times* publishes a letter from a loyal gentleman who complains that he met another gentleman in a public coffee-room, who informed him that he was Mr. Pinkerton, the Parnellite M. P. for Galway City. Whereupon the writer of the letter, rather impertinently as it appears to us, expressed his strong abhorrence of the crimes which had followed the footsteps of the League in Ireland, and instanced cases of persons he knew who had been shot at; to which this dreadful M. P. replied that he saw no reason why there should be a "close time" for landlords in Ireland. This incident the aggrieved loyalist informed the public of through *The Times*, thinking it might "serve to show that, however much the Parnellite leaders may try to dim the real feelings that actuate the Parnellite party, the rank and file of this party have not changed their views since the worst days of the Land League murders and assassinations." But, in a subsequent letter, Mr. Pinkerton, after explaining that he was introduced to the gentlemen complaining, gives this account of what passed. In answer to the question put by his interlocutor—"What right had any Government to interfere in a contract between landlord and tenant?"—"I replied I regarded this question from the tenants' point of view, and possibly if I was a landlord I might think different. He said, 'I am not a landlord myself,' and in order to show the distinguished position he occupied, told me he was related—I forget in what degree—to the Governor of one of Her Majesty's colonies, and was also cousin to a landlord who had been shot at three times. I laughed, and said I did not doubt it; at that time there was no close season for landlord more than tenant." Evidently the Parnellite M. P. had the

best of it, and one cannot but feel glad that he came out of the affair so creditably, for the grievous gentleman is apparently not over-truthful. But what a state of society, where two men cannot engage in conversation in an hotel without furnishing *The Times* with a text, however far-fetched, in proof of the connection between Parnellism and crime.

THE satisfaction expressed by the local branch of the Irish National League at the "suicidal action of the Salisbury Government" in proclaiming the League, is very likely to turn to disappointment. Not that the Government may not be shaken by carrying out the Proclamation—but if so, this will be only to give place, immediately or remotely, to a better, a stronger, a more truly Unionist Government, representing the conservative forces of the country; before which, and as a result of whose firm yet conciliatory policy, the National League will dwindle into powerless insignificance.

IN spite of the predictions and extravagant hopes of the Gladstonites and Parnellites, Government has been sustained in the Proclamation of the National League by a majority that shows little if any diminution. Mr. Chamberlain voted with the minority, but Lord Hartington supported the Government, refusing to "interfere needlessly and prematurely with their exercise of the authority which Parliament had entrusted to them and intended that they should use." It would have been strange if the House of Commons, having given Government the powers it asked for to repress crime, had refused to allow them to use those powers. The League will be suppressed wherever it ventures on anti-social action; its political action, however, so long as that is constitutional, will not be interfered with. Mr. Gladstone's confusion of these two things is most perverse. It is insulting to the working classes to confound their Trade Unions with the criminal combinations of the League. And as to the absence of crime on which Mr. Gladstone relies for argument, he ought to know that the small volume of crime apparent in Ireland is due to the ascendancy of an organisation that has won its position through crime and maintains it by criminal intimidation. The question before the country is whether the League shall be allowed to retain this predominance in Ireland or whether the Queen's Government shall be restored. It may be that for the moment the League, for its own purposes, maintains order in Ireland; but is that a reason why the legal Government should abdicate its functions? The moment is a critical one; the Government must in fact, now that it has the power, crush the League, or at least stop its illegal action. It has been entrusted by Parliament with power to do this; and if it fail in its duty, fail to use every force at its command, the League remaining master of the position, there will be practically an end to the British government of Ireland.

THAT was a most interesting Jubilee gift presented to the Queen by Mr. Drury Fortnum, a well-known antiquary and connoisseur. It was known from the record in the Public Record office that an engraved signet ring had been made for the unfortunate queen of Charles I. "His Majesty under warrant dated January 16, 1628, orders the payment of £267 to one Francis Walwyn, for the cutting and finishing of the arms of England upon a diamond with the initials of the Queen on either side," Mr. Fortnum found this ring in the collection of the late Duke of Brunswick, and having bought it, he presented it a few weeks ago to Queen Victoria, and it is now included in the royal collection at Windsor, where it lies side by side with the steel and gold signet of King Charles. Curious, and not without pathos, that the hand of Henrietta Maria should again be joined with her husband's, though only by association, in this material fashion, after the lapse of near two centuries and a half.

THE recent attempt made by some French aeronauts to reach a great height above the earth, says the *Spectator*, has not been productive of any particular scientific results. The balloon in which the ascent was made reached an altitude of over 20,000 feet without the occupants of the car experiencing any ill effects, except a tendency to faintness on the part of one of them. When about twelve years ago a similar attempt was made, and the height of 25,000 feet was reached, it was with fatal results to three out of the four aeronauts. The success of the present experiment is explained by the allegation that the difficulties due to the rarefaction of the atmosphere only begin at an altitude of 23,000 or 24,000 feet. This view seems supported by the fact that in the Himalayas and the Andes, heights of about 20,000 feet have been on several occasions reached without any inconvenience. In such cases, however, the ascent has always been gradual. The ill-effects experienced in balloons are possibly due to the suddenness of the change.

*THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.*

ALL day upon the sunny southern wall  
The cactus-buds rest in a slumber deep ;  
They stir and swell, but wake not from their sleep,  
Though the warm sun-rays kiss them as they fall.

All day the sunbeams woo, the breezes call,  
The green buds dream, the shadows slowly creep :  
All day the calyx-sheaths their secret keep,  
Enfolden shyly from the gaze of all.

The warm sun sinks—the full moon riseth bright  
From the soft bosom of the hazy sea :—  
The tender buds disclose their mystery  
With sweet reluctance to her wooing sight.  
A thousand waxen cups, gold-stamened, free  
Their spicy fragrance to the dewy night,

BESSIE GRAY.

"TOM JONES," "PENDENNIS," AND "DANIEL  
DERONDA."

ANTHONY TROLLOPE, in his "Autobiography," says he doubts if any young person can read with pleasure George Eliot's later novels. And he adds : "I know they are very difficult reading to many who are not young."

As far as most young people are concerned, he might have made the same assertion of all the great works of genius that have ever been written ; of the works of the great Greek dramatists ; of Shakespeare's finest plays ; of the masterpieces of Goethe and Schiller. All that the average young person, or indeed the average reader of any age, desires in a book is an exciting society story, or a sensational tale of startling adventures. Any thing in fiction that rises into a higher sphere is rejected as dull and tedious.

George Eliot's novels are not merely entertaining stories, they are life-dramas, dealing with the souls of men. They have for their themes the most difficult problems of human existence ; some "choice of the ways," some deed of noble self-sacrifice, some tragedy of pity or terror, in which the old truth that the wages of sin is death gains new force by the power with which it is presented. Art, in her hand, is a great teacher directed by a wise insight that recognised all the good that was in the world, notwithstanding the evil that so often marred it, and a large charity that sympathised with all the struggles and limitations of human nature.

Thackeray also assumed to be a moral teacher, or censor, as he liked to call himself ; but while George Eliot's method is mainly a loving sympathy that leaves her readers with hope and trust in the future of humanity, Thackeray's is a half bitter, half mocking cynicism that places the reader, the writer, and the creatures he has brought into existence on the lowest plane of virtue and intellect. To compare the pictures of men and women given by George Eliot, and the circumstances that surround them, with his, is like comparing "the morning on the horizon with the morning mixed with street gas." The world he shows us is almost exclusively the conventional and artificial world of "society," with its parasites, satellites, and hangers-on of every description, depicted in its worst and most degrading aspects. He never admits even a glimpse of the higher aims and nobler ambitions which are probably as often to be found among men of rank and title as are the odious vices of Lord Steyne and Sir Pitt Crawley. Every character is painted in the darkest colours. All the men are mean, selfish, and profligate ; all the women hard and worldly, or foolish and hypocritical. Now and then, apparently as a concession to weak-minded readers, he makes a sort of apology for the blackness of his pictures, and bows down reverentially before the images of virtue and piety which scarcely ever appear as real existences in his works. He depicts his vicious characters with terrible strength, certainty, and vividness ; but when he attempts to give us the portrait of a good man, his hand becomes weak, his strokes uncertain, his drawing painfully out of proportion. He appears to have thought that a man of a pure life could hardly be honest or manly, except in those abnormal cases where physical defect or mental feebleness preserves virtues otherwise incompatible with human nature. William Dobbin, we are told, had just thoughts and good brains, his life was honest and pure, his heart warm and humble. But—he was awkward and ungainly, had enormous hands and feet, and large ears ; he lisped ; in fact he was an uncouth Orson. He made himself the obedient slave of a woman whom he knew to be unworthy of his devotion ; he was, in truth, a spooney, and, with all his goodness, a little ridiculous. Then we have Colonel Newcome, the model gentleman, the pious and chivalrous *preux chevalier* ; his weakness in some cases almost amounts to imbecility ; and when he falls under the dominion of foolish little Rosy and her most detestable mother, it is difficult to prevent some contempt mingling with our pity,

instead of that admiring sympathy a good man struggling with adversity should command. There is this purposely perverse drawing in all Thackeray's pictures of excellence. He continually throws his best characters into some mean or ridiculous attitude. Even Warrington, whom he seems to have loved the best of all his creations, has been ruined by degrading antecedents. In Esmonde he did his utmost to portray a man at once good, brave and lofty-minded ; but it went against his natural bent, and the effort was visible. "After all," he said, "Esmonde was a prig."

And this leads to an inference which may be fairly drawn from all his writings, that those vices, called by an amiable euphemism "sowing wild oats," are inseparable from the career of every young man of spirit and manliness who mixes with the world. Fielding, whose own dissipated and reckless habits were treated by Thackeray in his "Humourists" much too leniently, was naturally of the same opinion. The hero of his world-famed novel, "Tom Jones," sows his wild oats through a course of low vice and degrading intrigue till he settles down to respectability and domestic felicity with the lovely Sophia. Thackeray's young men do their sowing in a less open and vigorous fashion, owing, he tells us, to the tone and temper of the age, which will not bear undraped truth. "Since the author of 'Tom Jones' was buried," he says, "no writer of fiction among us has been permitted to depict to his utmost power a *man*." Therefore, in deference to the hypocritical refinement of the time our modern Fielding gave us, instead of "Tom Jones," Arthur Pendennis. Every reader knows how poor a creature this Pendennis is, as all Thackeray's young men are. Lord Kew, one of the manliest and most straightforward among them, has led a life so unfit to bear the light that when it has been made known to the girl to whom he is engaged, he gives her up at once, too honest to attempt any defence, too proud to endure the shame of having to blush before his wife. And we are taught in these brilliant books, through every form of irony, satire, and cynicism, that this is what men really are, and that nothing better can be expected from them. The only exception is Dobbin, whose absurd name, ungainly figure, and awkward manners mark him out from the first as an almost ridiculous oddity. As for greatness of mind, high intellect, lofty aspirations, they have no existence in Thackeray's works, except as the figments of romance, or the stage properties of cheats and swindlers, and as such affording infinite scope for wit and sarcasm.

In "Daniel Deronda" George Eliot offers her protest against this low code of ethics, this degrading estimate of the possibilities of human nature. She has given us in Deronda a picture of pure and stainless young manhood. He is gifted with the highest mental powers and with distinguished beauty of person. Possessed of abundant means and opportunities for leading a life of selfish pleasure, and placed in peculiar and trying circumstances, he rises through all hindrances to the highest level of thought and deed, and finally devotes his life to a noble purpose. It might have been supposed beforehand that such a character, depicted by a great dramatic artist, whose clear and certain knowledge of human nature and power of truthfully delineating its various manifestations, had been universally acknowledged, would have been received with respect, if not with appreciation. But, on the contrary, it was treated with unmitigated contempt. Mr. Swinburne's scornful appellations of "wax-work figure," and "doll, whose natural place was above a rag-shop door," capped all other ingenious epithets of detraction, and have been echoed ever since with cuckoo-like iteration.

Perhaps something of this angry antagonism was due to Deronda's Jewish birth and sympathies. In Mr. Swinburne's case it certainly must have been so, as the allusion to a "rag-shop," and in the same sentence the comparison of the fine poem of "The Spanish Gypsy" to "the melodies of a Jew's harp," indicate. Mr. Freeman, the eminent historian, also shows the usual prejudice against the Jewish race by his verdict that "George Eliot was the greatest of all writers of fiction till she took to theories and Jews." But the popular distaste for a height of moral excellence to which novel-readers are not accustomed, except in the case of some devoted minister of religion, is quite sufficient to account for any quantity of carping criticism. And, if Thackeray's young men—selfish, untrustworthy, and weak as water—must be accepted as the best we can expect from human nature, we need not be surprised that Deronda, strong in will, pure in life, and, above all things, faithful to his highest conception of right, should be regarded as "a shadowy and bloodless abstraction." At the same time, it is painfully discouraging to those who have hope in the future of humanity to find that men, and, sadder still, women, who speak the tongue that Milton spake, and ought to be familiar with the history of his beautiful and spotless youth, his high aspirations, and lofty patriotism, object to a similar exalted type of virtue in a modern life-drama as untrue to nature, and uninteresting if it were true.

Fielding's contemporary, and great rival in the art of fiction, drew a picture of perfect manly virtue in Sir Charles Grandison. On this carefully-designed portrait, executed as a labour of love, Richardson exerted his utmost power. He depicts Sir Charles as a young man of strong and elevated character; brave, spirited, and impassioned, but passing through all the temptations with which rank, wealth, and remarkable personal attractions surrounded him with unsullied virtue, and making himself a centre of good to all who came within his influence. All readers of "Clarissa" had recognised Richardson's mastery over the human heart, and his power of penetrating its deepest secrets. Fielding's genius lay in clever and humorous, but coarse and superficial, delineations of life and manners. Dr. Johnson declared there was more knowledge of the human heart in one of Richardson's letters than in all Fielding's "Tom Jones." In our own days certain critics have told us that Sir Charles Grandison is an unnatural and impossible piece of perfection, while Tom Jones, whose career of vulgar vice, as related by his historian, needed, Horace Walpole said, "an ounce of civet to sweeten the imagination" after reading it, has been pronounced absolute truth and nature. Happily there is another side of truth and nature, or the world would long ago have been sunk in hopeless corruption; and two great dramatic novelists, whose personifications of human characters have become real existences to all lovers of English literature, have given us that side in Sir Charles Grandison and Daniel Deronda.

LOUISA MURRAY.

### RECENT MISCELLANY.

FRANK BARRETT has taken quite a different line in "His Helpmate," from that with which "The Great Hesper" made us familiar. The most extraordinary person in the story is only a fat brewer with a moral culpability which Mr. Barrett masks very cleverly indeed until the very end. The author's ingenuity busies itself with the brewer's financial complications, which involve an artist and his family, including the artist's pretty daughter, one or two supernumeraries, the lover of the pretty daughter, and the writer. It is needless to say that they are well worked out; Barrett's genius for complications never fails him. As usual his characters are poor creatures from a literary point of view, although there is more crispness about Madge and her father than one would expect in a book of Barrett's, good story-teller though he is. "His Helpmate" is published in paper-covers by the Appletons, with illustrations above the average.

"MISS BAYLE'S ROMANCE" is one of the few mistakes Henry Holt and Company have marred their list with. Miss Bayle is a coarse piece of femininity hailing from Cincinnati or some such place, who goes to England, is pitchforked into aristocratic society, and makes a capture. She is not typical of any class; her vulgarity might occur anywhere, and would be of interest nowhere. And her adventures, with the well-worn introduction of His Royal Highness who begins to produce a yawn with his every appearance in the literature of fiction, is a very old story indeed. We confess that a book of this sort is a surprise from the Holts, whose record for good fiction is high.

"THE ROMANCE OF THE CANONESS" commands one's attention at once as a translation of any book by Paul Heyse naturally would. It is perhaps the highest praise primarily of the novel, secondarily of the translation, that although the inevitable German tedium of detail and general eventlessness characterises the story, one is wholly oblivious of it to the end, so human is its tragedy, so pure and high the note the author strikes in the consciousness of his reader. It is pleasant in these days when so much that is cruel and repulsive and debasing is constantly obtruded upon us in the name of art, to be thus up-borne among the nobler verities of human nature by a pen that finds art's secret truth upon every plane of living. After a brief introduction, the story of the canonesse is told by the priestly young German who enters her family as tutor. It is a sad story, what there is of it, and ends where it begins, in a coffin. But there is a strong and beautiful analysis in it, and a noble descriptive power, and that magic touch that opens wide interior lives to us with just a few talismanic words. The canonesse herself is a conception of great dignity and sweetness; the reader lingers over her words, and the face he imagines as hers will stay with him many days. Very elevating and inspiring is the "Romance of the Canonesse"; everybody who has not read it before should read it now. (New York: D. Appleton and Co.)

Two new books by Julian Sturgis are two plump mushrooms in the *olla podrida* of light literature that the excellent public appetite of a whole season has not yet exhausted. Slight, flippant, and aimless as Mr. Sturgis has often proven, his novels have yet the charm of wit, freshness, and geniality, and the welcome with which they are received is always wide and sincere. "In Thralldom" has the somewhat contracted scope its title suggests, the scene being laid and kept in a single English county. The motive of the story seems to be the development of the hero's character, to which almost all the rest are subordinated, yet so skilfully as to leave the impression that very fair treatment has been bestowed upon all concerned. The young fellow in whom the story interests us most is not in thralldom; but a West Indian young gentleman in love with the most important young lady is. He has an unnecessary black nurse who is always looming up wickedly with poison under her finger nail to no particular purpose unless to distract the reader from the real issue of the plot. The "thral-

dom" is mesmerism of course; the mesmerist is the East Indian's mother, who is also the young lady's duenna. She mesmerises her charge also into willingness to marry her son, during which process occur a number of highly interesting situations. Finally the spell is broken, the hero and heroine united, and mesmerist and mesmerised alike go over to the church. The story is told with a dramatic power which is somewhat lacking in "Dick's Wanderings," which is, nevertheless, a much more finished and attractive novel than its predecessor. "Dick" is also a young Englishman, and Mr. Sturgis wishes us to be so well acquainted with him that he brings him up before our eyes, from the immature age at which he was sent to bed early after dinner. Notwithstanding this, for we cannot think it either necessary or advisable that an unsympathetic public, already on terms of intimacy with too many small boys, should have to begin its heroes in petticoats and pantalettes, we are unusually interested in Dick Hartland and his career. He is a good fellow to begin with, and he becomes a better fellow with the progress of the story until we become quite enthusiastically anxious for the matrimonial consummation that puts an end to his "wanderings." Dick wanders both literally and figuratively, literally somewhat too often and too far for the unity of the story. In Egypt he meets the American girl whom every properly regulated young Englishman in novels is compelled to meet nowadays, and strays into love. Before that he had made excursions into various philosophies of living, socialism, and other problems of the age without any very definite result. We are led to suppose, however, that he found such permanence and satisfaction in his last vagary that he was content to become an orthodox English squire, from which we infer that the art of making everything come out right in the end is not wholly lost to literature.

EVERYBODY knows the "Pansy" books, and everybody will be glad to hear of another. "Eighty-Seven" is its title, and Mrs. Alden has written it for the Chautauqua class of this year, she tells us. More than the Chautauquans will read it, however, and already the debt of gratitude owed by people to "Pansy" is so great that we fear to contemplate the addition this will make to it. There is very little story, only a simple circumstantial account of the working out of the Christian principle in the lives of a few young people, done in "Pansy's" pleasant way, which seems to lose none of its freshness and vigour with the large amount of literary work she has done. Right of publication has been secured in Canada by Wm. Briggs and Company.

THE paper-covered summer novel seems to have been made a specialty by the Appletons this season. One of the latest is "The Autobiography of a Slander," by Edna Lyall. The title tells so much of the story that it is only necessary to indicate the nature of the slander, which is to the effect that a certain harmless but patriotic Pole resident in an English country town is a Nihilist. The unfortunate complications that grow out of the slander, and terminate in Sigismund Galuski's death in prison, of course involve a young lady and her affections, and constitute the motive of the book.

LADIES will find two very useful little hand-books in "Kensington Embroidery" and "Kensington Lustre and Hand Painting," issued by J. F. Ingalls, of Lynn, Massachusetts. The directions in both of these little volumes are as complete as possible, and do away very materially with the need for expensive lessons in acquiring the art. The designs are in great taste and variety, each department being undertaken by a specialist, doubtless of local fame. The price puts the books within the reach of anybody, and they will really be important acquisitions to every lady interested in almost any branch of fancy work.

A VERY delightful little book for a stray half-hour has been made by the Macmillans out of Mr. John Morley's lecture recently delivered to the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching, on the "Study of Literature." Mr. Morley's simple, sincere, and trenchant style would make what he had to say interesting if it concerned the least instead of the most attractive of current themes, and upon anything even remotely smacking of literature this politician-author is especially at home. In addition to Mr. Morley's treatment of the subject itself, we get also a very instructive glimpse at the aims and methods of the society he addresses, not the least philanthropic of England's many philanthropies.

THE many who delight in the subtle thought and pure English of William Ellery Channing will be glad to see the addition to his works given us by his granddaughter, Grace Ellery Channing, in "Dr. Channing's Note Book." (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.; Toronto: Williamson.) Miss Channing has compiled this book from the unpublished manuscripts of the dead divine, and it consists of disconnected passages, each containing a thought or a thought-fragment, beautiful in its entirety or suggestive in its incompleteness. Many of these will be of interest chiefly for the light they throw upon their author's individuality and habits of reflection, but many more will be eagerly read for their intrinsic value. Truth crystallises often in the progress of half a century; and some of Dr. Channing's ideas, brilliantly original as they doubtless were when he penned them, have lost the lustre they might have shone with then. This is especially the case with his reflections on slavery. All through the book, however, the genius of Channing speaks of eternal matters in words that never grow old. The last passage runs thus:

"Nothing which has entered into our experience is ever lost.

"The mind has infinite stores beneath its present consciousness.

"There is a far deeper life and motion within us than we can distinctly comprehend. The past is living in us when we think it dead.

"In the future life, the mighty volume is to be opened, and we shall derive ever-growing wisdom from the dim, faded experience of the passing day."

## THE ARTS.

MR. GEORGE DU MAURIER has on view, at the Fine Art Society's Rooms in New Bond Street, two hundred drawings which are as interesting to the humorist as to the artist, closely resembling as they do the style of caricature immortalised by the late Mr. John Leech. They embrace many of the author's most successful ideas, which, like his "Things One Would Rather Have Left Unsaid," are essentially witty, and appropriate to the public taste of England. Mr. Du Maurier is a capital draughtsman, and has the clearest manner of expressing the sense of humour in his designs; to illustrate which we will give a few examples of the collection. The child, referring to a Scotchman playing upon a bagpipes, is called "A Young Humanitarian." "Oh mamma, couldn't you interfere? there is a horrid man squeezing something under his arm, he is hurting it so." Again, we have a deaf old gentleman: "The conversation seems very amusing, my dear. What is it all about?" Hostess (fortissimo): "When they say anything worth repeating, grandpapa, I'll tell you." One other comically suggestive little drawing of a child noticing a dead horse being carried away in a cart, followed by a number of other miserable-looking horses going to be slaughtered, bears the title of "Sic transit!" Effie: "Poor things! I suppose they are going to the funeral of that poor dead horse, that's why they look so sad."

A WELL-KNOWN Continental artist, Signor H. Campotosto, of Kensington Gardens Square, long resident in England, has been engaged in painting a large commemorative picture of the Queen. His design, which is highly imaginative and symbolical, portrays Her Majesty surrounded by seraphs. The picture has by command of the Queen been sent to Windsor Castle; it has also been exhibited at Clarence House to the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. Another of Her Majesty's commands was issued to Sir Oswald Brierly, whose attendance was required on board the royal yacht to make sketches of the naval review. This notable marine event has been reproduced by a whole army of artists, among others Mr. R. Canton Woodville, also from the deck of the *Victoria and Albert*; Mr. L. Speed, of the *Illustrated London News* staff, from the immense *Silvertown* cable ship belonging to the India Rubber, Gutta Percha and Telegraph Works Co; Mr. Melton Prior, from the steam-boat of the London and South-Western Railway; Mr. Overend, from H.M.S. *Assistance*, and Mr. J. R. Wells, from the Indian troop ship *Himalaya*. There is evidently no fear of this spectacular feature of the Jubilee being lost to posterity, indeed the chances are largely in favour of its being done to death. Mr. J. R. Wells' large coloured illustration for the *Illustrated London News* does not strike us as being particularly happy in tone or effect, recalling vividly the garish colouring of some years back. There is an all-over olive-green tone about sea, sky, and ships, which has been too realistically reproduced to make a pleasant picture.

MR. GEORGE TINWORTH, the eminent artist, whose name is so much associated with the recent creations of Messrs. Doulton's Pottery Works, has just completed a terra cotta reredos, font, and pulpit for the Prince and Princess of Wales, of the now celebrated Doulton ware. On referring to some old notes we discover that Mr. Tinworth began his career in the employment of the above firm at Lambeth. He is of humble origin, but early evinced artistic tastes, which were promptly recognised and appreciated by the Messrs. Doulton, who gave him every opportunity of developing them. He inherited from his mother a deeply religious temperament, and all his subjects illustrate some Scripture incident, and are eminently adapted to ecclesiastical ornament; in fact, that is the atmosphere most congenial to him, and in which he feels thoroughly inspired and at home. The furniture in question is intended for the Church of St. Alban's at Copenhagen.

THE nomination of M. Deck to the directorship of the Sévres manufactory is likely to produce a revolution in that establishment, which, after having been the pride of the nation, is now wofully behind the age, as much from a scientific as an artistic point of view. Many of the old processes have been forgotten, or have fallen into disuse, and the art element has been at a standstill, while this same branch of industry in other countries and especially in England has been making the most wonderful strides.

THE Queen of Portugal is an accomplished potter. When staying at the seaside last year she constantly visited an important pottery factory in the neighbourhood, and was so interested in it that she took lessons in the whole process. Now Queen Maria Pia has become a first-rate workwoman, and turns out most artistic vases, bowls, cups, etc. Her Majesty, it may not be remembered, is a daughter of the illustrious Victor Emmanuel.

## THE STAGE.

THE London opera season closed in the end of July with the six weeks' performances, conducted under the management of Mr. Augustus Harris, which introduced to the public several new and promising artists. Among the eminently successful may be mentioned Mlle. Sigrid Arnoldsén, M. Jean de Rezke and Signori Navairini and Battistine, who made their first appearance in England. Some of the Drury Lane presentations have been characterised by special features, among others the production of the *Walgurgis Night* in "Faust," hitherto omitted, and of part of the last act of "Les Huguenots," which has not been given for many years.

M. GOUNOD's new mass in memory of Joan of Arc, which was performed in the Cathedral of Rheims recently, proved very impressive from its musical merit as well as the historical associations connected with its purpose. It will soon be given in London.

THE visit of Sarah Bernhardt to England's metropolis has covered her with fresh laurels; her marvellous impersonations of Theodora, Marguerite Gauthier, Gilberte, and Jean Marie have been the general topic of conversation, and enthusiasm has been unlimited. A great difference is remarked by the press between her present performances and those of her former appearances in London, especially that of last year, which is spoken of as being careless, indifferent, and listless, the actress seeming fatigued by travel, worried by care, and harassed by commerce, her star no longer in the ascendant. A change has now come o'er the spirit of her dream; it is many, many seasons since she has played as lately. She is once more artiste and actress; the greatest dramatic creator, the finest exponent of tragedy since Rachel, nay, one of the very few examples of genius that the stage has given us in our time. Ristori in her best days may have been more severely classical, and Aimée Desclée in certain characters her superior in introspection and searching analysis of the soul; but in passages of love, hate, terror, and despair; in all that is passionately human in woman as contrasted with the spiritual, Sarah Bernhardt has had and has no rival whatever. A most capricious genius certainly, one night playing so carelessly that she has not made one pulse in her audience stir, the next every creature sitting literally spell-bound. Often she has played half the drama with indifference, the second part with consummate power. In this erratic element of her genius she strongly resembles Edmund Kean, who never impersonated Othello or Shylock with the same vigour and persuasive force on successive nights.

SARAH BERNHARDT found time in the interval of twenty-four hours between two representations at the Lyceum Theatre to pay a flying visit to her beloved Paris from which she had been absent more than a year. There was a large gathering at the station to meet the popular actress, conspicuous among her friends being Mlle. Abbema. M. Grau, her manager, has secured for her M. Cantin's house during her short stay in the capital, it being her intention to spend some time at Cautelets to recruit from the fatigues of her London season.

MISS HARRIET JAY, the popular authoress who has taken the Novelty Theatre, will commence her season with a new drama by Mr. Robert Buchanan, entitled the "Blue Bells of Scotland," the scene of which is laid partly in Scotland and partly in England and the British possessions in Burmah. Mr. Henry Neville has been engaged to impersonate the hero.

MISS AMY ROSELLE has ceased to support Mrs. Potter, and in the end of July started with her husband, Mr. Arthur Dacre, on a provincial tour, to be opened at Birmingham with a new play by Mr. and Mrs. Herman Merivale, entitled "Our Joan," and a new drama by Mr. Jas. Blood founded on Miss Braddon's novel, "Twixt Kith and Kin."

WE are glad to learn from telegraphic reports that the energetic American society actress, whose name we confess to being a little weary of seeing in print, has made a hit at the Gaiety with "Loyal Love." The plot of this piece is bright and vivacious and the cast excellent, including Mr. Kyrle Bellow in the leading part. The artiste's role is an exceedingly trying one, but more suited to her capacities than those she has before attempted. Her acting is much improved, and she was recalled three times.

THE latest development of the Wild Westerns has taken the form of a social club rejoicing in the effective title of "The Welcome," which has just been opened in the grounds of the American Exhibition, and is replete with luxuries and novelties, among the former being the Royal Pavilion intended specially for the use of the Royal Princes and Princesses, which is a charming little retreat, effectively decorated in true Louis XVI. style with white carved wood furniture covered with satin and brocade. Among the latter an attractive buffet draped with electric blue plush and oriental fringes, where American iced drinks may be obtained in endless variety. Only gentlemen are admitted as members, but each member may bring a lady guest, hence that elegant portion of the building set apart for the use of the fair sex, yecept the ladies' pavilion. This select institution was inaugurated by a garden party given by the members to their friends, which proved one of the most attractive events of the waning season, a number of distinguished aristocratic and titled guests being present. Indeed, the ex-scout and his cowboys have been right royally entertained by the best blood of England, and can have no want of hospitality to complain of in the prosecution of their American enterprise.

THE French Chamber has voted £20,000 for the temporary installation of the Opera Comique; that is to say, £1,000 for the rental of one of the Parisian theatres, and £16,000 for scenery, properties, and costume.

## CURRENT COMMENT.

THE Cynthia of the minute is certainly the Hon. William Cody. Perhaps, indeed, he is something more; for he was that when I wrote my last letter, though—to my shame be it recorded—I forgot to mention his romantic name. It is true that some ill-natured folk have compared him with Barnum, and that the dire word "circus" has been mentioned more than once in connection with him. But, none the less, at the "Yankeries" and elsewhere he is doing an enormous business. He goes everywhere and sees everybody; and twice a day the populace comes westward in its thousands and its tens of thousands, and does him honour in his public capacity. He is the "Yankeries" *à lui seul*, and without him the speculation must, I think, have been a mournful failure. What the public wants is not American machinery, nor even American art, but Buffalo Bill; and that gentleman may take credit to himself for a tremendous success. We are like Panurge's sheep, we English: Where one leads the rest will follow in flock. It was so when Mrs. Langtry played

"Rosalind;" we went in multitudes to see her, and left our greatest actress, Mrs. Kendal—who is perhaps, I should add, the greatest actress in the world—to play to empty benches. It was so when Miss Anderson revealed her personal graces and her utter incapacity for the stage in Parthenia and in Galatea; even as it was when Mr. Irving played Mathias for the first time at the Lyceum, and when Salvini burst upon us as Othello. Reaction is inevitable, I know; we stay away with as complete an unanimity as we display in putting in an appearance. Mrs. Langtry's last London season was not a brilliant success; when I saw Salvini's Lear, the house (I blush to say it) was half-empty; I do not think Miss Anderson is quite so novel as she was, and though Mr. Irving remains superior to fashion, and has played a sort of pantomime Mephisto for fifteen months or so on end, it were no great act of temerity to hint that it is within the bounds of possibility that, like the rest, he may have his turn. So—and this may be affirmed more positively by far—so may Buffalo Bill. Meanwhile, he has the ball at his foot, and there is none to say him nay. 'Tis possible, of course, that he may quit the scene in October, his lustre undiminished and his decorative quality as fresh and sparkling as ever; but I take leave to doubt it. For the moment, however, fortune smiles upon him; and those American painters who decline to enter into competition with him and his cowboys were well advised enough, as far as their own interests were concerned. As regards those of the show, their wisdom is not so patent. I have heard nothing of the pictures that are actually on view at Earl's Court; nobody seems to have seen them—nobody seems, indeed, to know that any are there; and the fact that the Franco-American artists refused to appear in line with Red Shirt and Texas Jim has not, so far as I know, got into any journal whatsoever. That they did so I am credibly informed; and I suppose there can be no sort of doubt that, if they hadn't, the American exhibition would be making a braver show in the matter of the Fine Arts than it is.—*The Critic's London Letter.*

THE DEATH OF DUNDEE.

AND the evening star was shining  
On Schehallion's distant head,  
When we wiped our bloody broadswords,  
And returned to count the dead.  
There we found him, gashed and gory,  
Stretched upon the cumbered plain,  
As he told us where to seek him,  
In the thickest of the slain.  
And a smile was on his visage,  
For within his dying ear  
Pealed the joyful note of triumph,  
And the clansmen's clamorous cheer.  
So, amidst the battle's thunder,  
Shot, and steel, and scorching flame,  
In the glory of his manhood  
Passed the spirit of the Græme!

Open wide the vaults of Atholl,  
Where the bones of heroes rest—  
Open wide the hallowed portals  
To receive another guest!  
Last of Scots and last of freemen—  
Last of all that dauntless race,  
Who would rather die unsullied  
Than outlive the land's disgrace!  
O thou lion-hearted warrior,  
Reck not of the after-time!  
Honour may be deemed dishonour,  
Loyalty be called a crime.  
Sleep in peace with kindred ashes  
Of the noble and the true;  
Hearts that never failed their country,  
Hearts that never baseness knew.  
Sleep!—and till the latest trumpet  
Wakes the dead from earth and sea,  
Scotland shall not boast a braver  
Chieftain than our own Dundee.

—W. E. Aytoun.

THE following test may be applied to the drinking water at a proposed summer home: Take in the dressing-bag an ounce vial of saturated solution of permanganate of potash, which any druggist will prepare for a few cents, and put half a dozen drops into a tumbler of the drinking water that is supplied. If it turns brown in an hour, it is, broadly speaking, unfit to drink; if not, it is not especially harmful. If a country hotel's sewage system is confined to cesspools within a hundred feet of the house, and near the water supply, take next train to a point farther on. These matters should force themselves on one's personal attention, quite as much as the undertaker's bills that occasionally follow their neglect.—*The American Magazine.*

LITERARY GOSSIP.

OVER 150,000 copies of the works of Anna Katharine Green have been sold in America alone. Of this number 80,000 copies represent the sales of "The Leavenworth Case." It is interesting to note, in connection with the last-mentioned book, that its popularity did not begin until it had been published over two years, not a thousand copies having been sold during the first year after publication.

MELBOURNE has at least one book-store which is unique as far as my experience goes. "The Palace of Intellect," as its owner calls it, boasts of having a million books classified on its shelves; and large it certainly is, some two hundred feet long by forty feet wide; it extends upwards three stories to the skylight roofs, with galleries round the walls. Every night, lighted up with numerous gaslights and full length mirrors reflecting the crowds of people who come to read or purchase at will, an instrumental band discoursing music the while, it presents a sight not easily forgotten. Thefts of books, I regret to say, are very frequent here, and scarcely a day passes but some person is detected and punished for stealing from this shop. The proprietor considers that his losses from this source amount to nearly one per cent. of his stock.—*Australian Letter, in Publishers' Weekly.*

NATIVE interest in the last *American Magazine* will doubtless centre in a well written and illustrated article entitled "Our New Navy" by Lieut. W. S. Hughes. The inference that our neighbours at last possess a navy worth writing about will add a new interest to the fishery dispute. Canadians will turn at once to Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley's article upon "The Military System of Canada," after the perusal of which, every Yankee will shake in his boots, notwithstanding the "New Navy." We are surprised ourselves to know how formidable we really are, and how our behaviour on sundry past occasions may differ with the point of view. Sir Adolphe Caron, Major-General Sir Frederick Middleton, Lieut. Francis Gourdeau, and Col. Walker Powell lend themselves to the illustration of Mr. Oxley's article more or less successfully. Lieut. Gourdeau, standing meekly looking into space with clasped hands, evidently assuming a "pleasing expression" at the dictation of a photographer, is a somewhat anomalous figure, especially in view of the classic war-horse dimly shadowed forth in the back-ground. The fiction of the number is good, always excepting Mr. Fawcett and his Olivia.

OMITTING writers of pamphlets and magazine articles, there are more than twenty members of the House of Lords who can be classed as authors. In poetry the peers are naturally strongest, as the list begins with Lord Tennyson and continues with Lord Lytton, to say nothing of Lord Sherbrooke. Lord Carnarvon has published a poetical translation, and Lord Selborne and Lord Nelson are responsible for well-known poetical compilations. Memoirs have been published by Lord Albemarle and Lord Malmesbury; travels by Lord Dufferin, Lord Dunraven, and Lord Pembroke. In lighter literature Lord Desart has some reputation as a novelist, as had Lord Lamington in days when he was only Mr. Billie-Cochrane. Every one knows, too, Lord Brabourne's Christmas Fairy Stories. Among specialist works the first place belongs to Lord Rayleigh's Theory of Sound; but Lord Carnarvon has written on Prison Discipline, Lord Bury on Volunteering, Lord Acton (in German) on the Vatican Council, Lord Carlingford on Ireland, Lord Hobbhouse on the Law of Mortmain, and Lord Wolseley on the whole duty of soldiers, both regulars and volunteers. Lord Arundel of Wardour, is the author of "The Secret of Plato's Atlantis," "The Scientific Value of Tradition," and several other works on kindred subjects. And last, but by no means least, the Duke of Argyll, the solitary author among the dukes, must on no account be forgotten. But how to classify the author of the "Reign of Law," "Iona," and the "Eastern Question"?—though some one once claimed for this latter work the unique distinction that it was a pamphlet in two volumes.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

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"AWAKE, O HAPPY NATION." National song and chorus. Words by Henry Rose, music by J. Munro Coward. The stirring character of this Jubilee composition, added to its simplicity and moderate compass, must ensure for it a wide demand. Various arrangements are published, including orchestral score, brass band, etc., etc.

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We have also received the following publications:

- FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW. August.
- CONTEMPORARY REVIEW. August.
- NINETEENTH CENTURY. August. Philadelphia: Leonard-Scott, Publication Company.
- CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE. September. Toronto: W. Briggs.
- SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. September. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
- THE NEW YORK NOVELIST. August-September. New York: John B. Alden.
- THE DOMESTIC MONTHLY. September. 853 Broadway, New York.
- QUIET HOURS—A Monthly Magazine. August. Dexter, Me.
- THE CHURCH REVIEW. August. New York: J. G. Geddes and Company.

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EDITED BY THOMAS SKINNER,

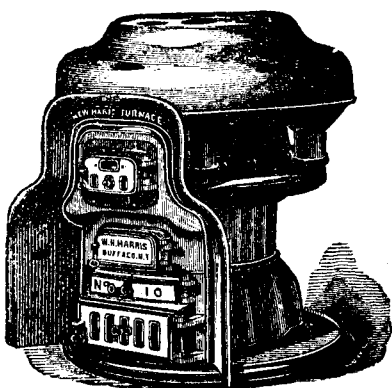
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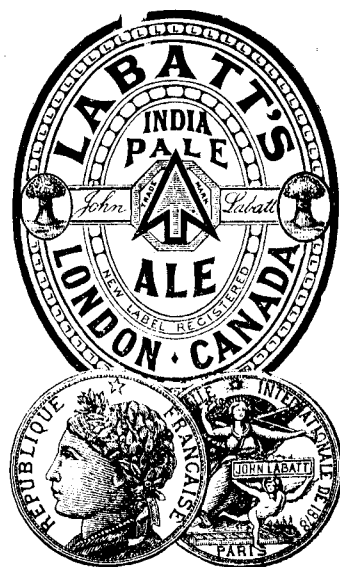
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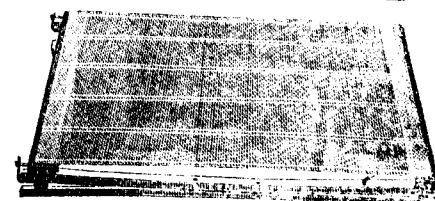
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