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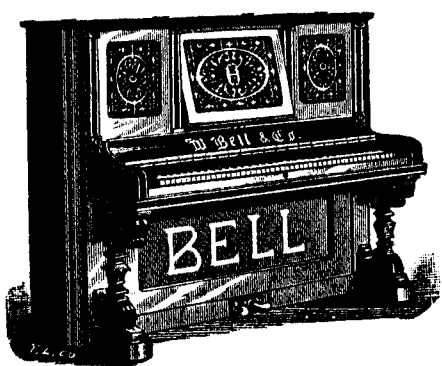
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

IF the sensational telegrams from Newfoundland are not pure fabrications, which is hardly supposable, the situation in that Island is really very serious. We do not refer particularly to the threats of immediate heroic measures, either sanguinary as against the French aggressors, or revolutionary as against the Mother Country, but to the general effect, not only upon the condition of the Islanders, but upon the future of the colonial relation. It is most unfortunate from every point of view, and must be specially discouraging to those who cherish dreams of strengthening and perpetuating the bonds uniting Great Britain with her American colonies, that each of those colonies should have an inveterate and seemingly irreconcilable difficulty with a great foreign nation. In the case of Newfoundland it is not easy to foresee the issue. Every one can sympathize with the intense indignation which every citizen is said to feel at the thought of seeing important and, to a certain extent, exclusive territorial rights on their own shores given over to another people. The thing is an outrage upon every local sentiment, to say nothing of its bearing upon important material interests. But what the Newfoundlander cannot, we suppose, be expected to consider, is the right and wrong of the matter according to treaty. If these rights are secured to France under the old bond, the fact that they are ruinous to the industries and repugnant to the feelings of the Islanders cannot abrogate the treaty, or cancel the French claim. And this is, of course, what the British Government has to consider. Her representatives in former days may have sworn to the hurt of the present colonists, but their successors cannot now, in honour, repudiate the oath. Of course the Island Government and people are very sure that the treaty conveys no such rights as are now claimed by France, and temporarily conceded in the *modus vivendi*, and it must be admitted that, in the absence of the other side of the argument, their view seems very plausible. On the merits of that question we cannot venture an opinion, though it is hard to conceive that the Salisbury Government would concede so much, even for an hour, had the matter been so one-sided as the enraged colonists seem to think. The fact that the Newfoundland Government was not even consulted is certainly exasperating, but is easily explained on the supposition that the British Government, having decided that it was either right or politic to

make the arrangement, knew well, by past experience, that to ask the colony's consent would be useless, while its refusal and bitter opposition would only complicate the matter. Nevertheless, it is clear that if the Mother Country had really cared much for the welfare and goodwill of the colonists she would have endeavoured to settle the French claim and, if need be, buy its relinquishment at almost any cost, in the interests of international peace and colonial loyalty and prosperity.

A PART, however, from any question as to the true interpretation of the Treaty of Utrecht, it is certainly too much to expect that the people of Newfoundland should acquiesce in any settlement which, as Sir Charles Dilke says, would "involve the exclusion of the British population of a British Colony from the occupation of the soil and from the working of mines in a large portion of the interior." The question then arises, "What can they do?" Resist the French operations *vi et armis*, as the hot-headed are said to be advising? The idea is absurd, inasmuch as, to say nothing of the inability of a few thousand colonists to cope with France, the British Government would be bound to carry out the agreement and prevent any violence. The only argument in favour of so desperate a course is that based on the hope that the effect would be to arouse the British people to interest themselves in the matter. It might be supposed that they would hardly be quiet spectators while their ships were being used to compel their own colonists to submit to the domination of a foreign nation on their own soil. "Let Newfoundland join the Dominion," say some super-loyal Canadians. Such advice must imply, we suppose, either that Canada will fight the battle of the Islanders on her own account, which is absurd, or that her greater influence will prevail with the British Government to do for her what it refuses to do for Newfoundland, which is far from complimentary to Great Britain. Renounce British connection, and appeal for aid to the United States? There are many unlikely conditions involved in such a proposal. Yet it is perhaps not quite so chimerical as it might at first thought appear. Would Great Britain consent? It is hard to say. There would be a strong repugnance on the part of many of her people to retaining the colony by force, after failing to preserve intact the territorial rights of the colonists. Moreover, a good many would be willing to get rid of an island of small value as the easiest way out of a vexatious difficulty. Would the United States accept the proffered allegiance and undertake the quarrel with France? It is very unlikely, in any case, and almost out of the question without England's consent. At the same time the appeal would, for various reasons, come home powerfully to the American politicians and people. It would tickle the national vanity immensely. The island is the key to an important position. Its acquisition would be a step in the direction of "manifest destiny." France would be less arrogant with the United States than with England, and the United States would be, perhaps, more determined with France because of the freedom of the great American Republic from the dread of European complications. But it is useless to multiply conjectures, especially as it is quite probable that the situation is not so serious as alleged, or that the ebullition of outraged interest and sentiment may soon exhaust itself, and the people resign themselves to a situation which, however hard, they cannot help. We can only await developments, watching the effect upon the British Parliament and people of an agitation which may any day have a parallel in Canada.

WHAT is legitimate patronage? When the Ontario Government is accused of wasting the people's money by multiplying registrarships, Premier Mowat retorts that his opponents wish to deprive the Government of some of its patronage. A despatch from one of the Maritime Provinces assigns the unwillingness of the Local Government to give up some of its patronage as the reason for its refusal to bring about the abolition of the Legislative Council. Patronage is regarded as one of the strongholds of the Ottawa Government, and is even said to be the cause of jealousies amongst the Cabinet Ministers. The general tenor of all such discussions seems to take it for granted that there is such a thing as legitimate patronage,

which is one of the rights or perquisites of the men in office, and that it is the abuse, not the use of this means of influence which is to be deprecated. All this must mean, if it means anything, that the power of appointment to civil offices, which is vested in the members of the Government, is not simply a trust to be conscientiously used for the good of the country but also a means of private advantage, by which the man using it may be enabled to enlarge the sphere of his personal influence, and help to keep himself and his party in power. To what a low ebb have our politics fallen when such ideas can be countenanced and approved on both sides of the House. Is it, then, only a myth or a tradition that the Executive of the country are the servants of the people, and that the Minister or other high officer who makes even the most insignificant appointment to office, on any other basis than that of fitness, proves unfaithful to a solemn trust? It will be said, no doubt, that fitness is not disregarded in appointments, and that the honourable party principle is that, other things being equal, the Minister is justified in giving a lucrative office to a political supporter rather than to a political opponent. But the trouble is that other things are seldom equal, and were it otherwise, the fact that the officer who has the patronage is keeping in mind some considerations other than those of the public interest is putting it out of his own power to decide simply with a view to the public well-being.

FROM the logical standpoint the conclusion reached by the Ontario Government and embodied in the Tax Exemption Bill, as a result of its inquiries in regard to the subject, is a most lame and impotent one. What possible reason can be given why the land on which a church is built should be taxed for local improvements, and not for general municipal purposes, or why the land should be taxed and the buildings exempted, and so forth? Nevertheless, as practical legislation, the Bill is, doubtless, a step in the right direction. Surely every clergyman in town and city must feel gratified that an undeserved stigma has at length been wiped out, and that he is henceforth to take his stand side by side with his fellow citizens as one able and willing to bear his share of the burdens of citizenship. Now that a commencement has been made, the process of wiping out unjust exemptions and putting all citizens and all property on an equality in respect to municipal rights and duties, will be extended until it can no longer be said that any citizen, no matter what his creed or nationality, is forced by law to contribute directly or indirectly to the support of institutions in which he does not believe. It is gratifying too, to observe that the movement is being forwarded, not mainly by such classes as those just alluded to, who suffer the wrong, but by the churches, or some of them, which themselves profit by the exemptions. Within the last few weeks petitions have been presented to the Legislatures at Ottawa, Toronto and Quebec, praying on behalf of a convention of delegates, representing the Baptists of the two provinces, that all tax-exemptions, all grants to denominational institutions of every kind, and everything in the nature of the support of religion by the State be done away with, and all citizens thus put on a footing of perfect equality before the law. The example is worthy of imitation.

THREE points of considerable importance are involved in the question of the Schools in the French districts, which were the subject of an animated debate during the closing hours of the session of the Ontario Assembly. These pertain to the teaching of English, the language of instruction, and the teaching of French. It can scarcely be denied that Mr. Craig and Mr. Meredith succeeded in convicting the Minister of Education of a certain amount of recklessness of statement, to say the least, touching the first point, in his statement in the House during the session of 1888-89. All are agreed that English should be taught efficiently in every public school in the Province. Mr. Craig did a public service in calling attention to the fact, a fact that was fully confirmed by the Report of the Commission, that in a few schools English could scarcely be said to be taught at all, and in others was far from being effectively taught. Mr. Ross' mistake—and it is a very serious mistake in one occupying an official position, because it tends to impair confidence in future statements

—was in venturing upon rash denials without having the facts fully before him. On the other hand both Mr. Craig and Mr. Meredith are to some extent open to the charge of want of generosity, if not of candour, in refusing to give Mr. Ross credit for the steps he had taken in the direction indicated, long before the matter was brought up in the House. It is well that Mr. Craig and his leader have had the wisdom to withdraw from their unreasonable demand that English should be made the sole language of instruction, even in cases in which it is to the pupils an unknown tongue. In contending that the use of French as a medium of communication should be discontinued at the earliest possible moment, and especially in opposing the instruction of French children in their own language, they are taking a narrow view and an untenable position. The evidence goes to show that in the great majority of cases French parents are more than willing that their children should be taught English; but to compel such parents to pay school-taxes and then deny them the right of having their children instructed also in their own mother tongue would be unjust and tyrannical. The other questions involved are matters of detail, relating to the manner of giving effect to conclusions upon which all are agreed. There is a good deal to be said in favour of the view that it is better that the decisions of the Legislature on questions of principle should be embodied in distinct acts, rather than left to be carried into effect by Departmental regulations. A regulation, when sanctioned by the House, may have all the authority of an act, but it is liable in practice to have more of the unpleasant savour of arbitrariness. At the same time it needs to be borne in mind that an act will no more enforce itself than a regulation. Either is effective only as it is enforced.

SOME law of association brings up the thought of the approaching decennial census, and the discussion that took place a week or two since in the Commons in regard to it. Surely the Government will not fail to amend their method in the two important respects suggested on that occasion. If the population of Canada is increasing with reasonable speed nothing but good can result from having the fact placed beyond dispute. If, on the other hand, the increase in population is less than it should be, it is equally desirable that the truth should be known and established. Nothing is to be gained by living in a fool's paradise. No one can seriously doubt, we think, that the *de jure* system used in the census-taking in 1881 is delusive. It would be delusive even with the strict time-limit recommended by some one, since many of those whose departure dated within that limit might still be no longer fairly entitled to rank as Canadian citizens. On the other hand the *de jure* system has much to recommend it, and were it absolutely necessary to choose between that and the *de facto* system, it is quite possible that the former should be chosen as giving a nearer approximation to the truth than the latter. What is wanted is evidently a combination of the two systems, as Mr. Blake suggested. Why not? The additional column could not add very largely to the expense, while the two sets of figures side by side would greatly increase the interest and the value of the statistics. Again the failure to recognize Canada as a country fit for any of its citizens to be born in, indicates an excess of colonial modesty which is both unpatriotic and harmful. By all means let us know from decade to decade how many Canadians are really natives, and in what Provinces they were born. We are not sure that it would not also be well to record the place of birth of their parents. We talk much of the weakness of Canadian national sentiment, and yet frame our own statistics in such a way as to encourage even the sons of the soil to look to the home of their ancestors as their native land. Now that their attention has been called to the matter we cannot doubt that the Government will remedy this grave defect in taking the census of 1891.

IT was estimated by Mr. McMillan, Emigration Commissioner of the Manitoba Government, in his examination before the Parliamentary Committee on Agriculture and Civilization, that at least 12,000 of the immigrants who settled in Manitoba during the last year were from Ontario. Those who have paid some attention to the movement that is just now in progress can scarcely resist the conclusion that a larger number will move westward from this Province during the present season. We do not mention the fact to bewail it. The farmers of Ontario and the Eastern Provinces, like all other citizens, have a perfect right to go where they think they can do

better for themselves and their families. Those who go to the North-west are, happily, not lost to the Dominion. On the contrary, if their expectations are realized, any increase of prosperity they may gain from the change will redound to the benefit of the whole Dominion. It would ill become us to take a sectional view of the matter and we are not in the least disposed to do so. We want to see the great fertile plains of the North-west rapidly becoming occupied and cultivated, and we have no doubt that those who go thither from the older provinces are, on the whole, the very best class of settlers. But it would be worse than folly, nevertheless, to shut our eyes to the fact that the total population of Canada is not increased by such migrations. Are the places of those sturdy farmers who are going out from amongst us by the hundred being taken by other settlers of an equally valuable class coming in from abroad, or are they simply left vacant? The question is certainly a serious one. If the oldest and richest province is really losing in agricultural population, if it is even remaining stationary, a searching inquiry into causes and remedies should be at once instituted. Unhappily, under present conditions, such an investigation is well-nigh hopeless, since, even should a Parliamentary Committee or Commission be constituted, the survey would almost surely be made through party spectacles, and the report be pretty sure to reflect the partisan hue of those who proposed it.

THE Indian Councils Bill, which passed its second reading in the British House of Lords a few weeks since, is, as was to be expected, a very conservative and cautious measure. If intended as in any sense a concession to the demands of the Native Indian Congress, it is clearly doomed to failure. Mr. Hume, the general secretary of the Congress, has written to a Bombay paper denouncing the Bill as "worse than useless" and "an insult to the country." The chief objects of the Bill, as explained by Lord Cross, are in the first place to enlarge the powers of the Viceroy's Legislative Council by allowing the Budget to be discussed as a matter of course, whereas at present, the functions of the Council being strictly legislative, it can be discussed only when some change of the law is involved. In the second place the Bill in question concedes to the Council a restricted right of interpellation, such as it has not hitherto possessed. A third feature is the proposal to increase the *maximum* number of non-official or legislative members of the Governor General's Council and also of the Provincial Councils. The intention is, as explained by Lord Cross, to strengthen the native element in all these Councils and to widen the sphere of Government selection. But when it is borne in mind that these members are all nominated or appointed, it will be seen at once that none of the provisions of the Bill contain even an earnest of anything in the shape of representation. In fact the one point upon which the British lords on both sides of the House are thoroughly agreed is that anything having even the semblance of representative institutions is quite out of the question. Lord Kimberley, who was Secretary of State for India in Mr. Gladstone's administration, is quite as emphatic on this point as his Tory successors. It must be obvious to every one who stops to consider India's immense diversity of races, languages, creeds and castes, divided by climate, habit and traditions, and now held together, as the *Times* puts it, "only by the strong hand of a benevolent despotism," how utterly hopeless would be the task of attempting at present to frame a constitution under which all, or the great majority, could exercise even a modicum of self-governing power. Well might Lord Kimberley reject the notion of having a representation of all classes and races in that vast country as "utterly chimerical," "one of the wildest that ever entered into the heart of man." Evidently if the Indian populations are ever to have free institutions they must get them piecemeal, and no faster than the different classes and races can be educated up to them. Lord Kimberley, with seeming inconsistency, regretted that the elective element had not been somehow introduced into both the Provincial and the Supreme Councils. Lord Salisbury's reply is clearly logical, taking Lord Kimberley's own premises. He fears to introduce even the thinnest edge of the elective franchise. "Wherever in Europe," he said, "it has made for itself a small channel, it has been able to widen and widen the channel gradually until it has carried all before it." That is unquestionably what might be expected in India. But can such a consummation be prevented? Will not the demand for representation gain in momentum year by year until it becomes irresistible? That is clearly the present tendency. Lord Salisbury should follow out

his metaphor, and explain how it is possible to prevent a steadily rising reservoir from eventually making a channel for itself, unless at the risk of a general inundation.

THE Irish Land Bill introduced by Mr. Balfour in the British Commons is undoubtedly a most complicated as well as a most extraordinary measure. That it must have required patient and protracted study of no ordinary kind, as well as genius of a high order, to elaborate its provisions, is generally admitted. We have hitherto refrained from comment because discussion of such a Bill, with no better basis of knowledge than summaries by cable, would be both presumption and folly. Even now, with the fuller reports and discussions of the British press before us, it will evidently be wise for critics at a distance, without expert knowledge of the Irish question, to await the fuller Parliamentary discussion before forming any very decided opinions as to the workableness or worthlessness of the scheme. The prime feature of the Bill is its proposal to pledge the public credit on a grand scale—if necessary up to a total of £33,000,000—to enable Irish tenants to purchase their holdings. There can be of course no compulsion of either buyer or seller, but the aim is to make the bait so tempting that both parties will be eager to seize it. Preliminaries being satisfactorily attended to in a given case, an order will be issued, the effect of which will be to convert the tenant into the owner of the property, subject to payment, for a term of forty-nine years, of an annual charge equal to four per cent. upon the amount advanced by the Land Department for the property. This payment to the former owner is to be made in Government stock bearing interest at two and three-fourths per cent., and not redeemable for thirty years. One-fifth of the purchase money is to be withheld, as under the Ashbourne Acts. The landlord will thus have obtained a saleable security, as good as consols, which he may convert into cash, if so disposed, to the value of four-fifths of his property. The result in brief is, if Mr. Balfour's reasonings are valid, that the landlord who wishes to sell gets a fair price at once for his property, the tenant who wishes to buy is enabled to do so on easy terms, and the State which supplies the capital, or rather the credit, by which the transaction is brought about, is absolutely free from risk while performing this great service to both parties. How this immunity of the State from risk is to be secured is not made quite clear in the outline before us, though it appears that certain moneys to which Ireland is legally entitled are to be held as a guarantee fund for the purpose, and that, amongst others, the sums due annually as education grant and poor-rate are to be made available for indemnification.

THE scheme in outline has an attractive look, such as might make one, at first, sanguine that Irish troubles and discontent will soon be abolished, and poverty and disorder give place to rural plenty and contentment. But examination in detail does much to dispel the glamour. There are certain practical tests which are comparatively easy of application. First in importance, from the point of view of the British tax-payer, is the question of security for the immense amount of capital pledged. What, in the first place, is the probability that the poor peasants, utterly unable as many of them are to pay the rents now charged, can be relied on to pay the £80 per cent. of the amount of those rents, which would be about the amount required under the scheme, for the first five years, or even the £68 per cent. which will be required for the remaining forty-four years? Considering the condition in which they would find the average farm at the time of taking them over, there seems small probability that the majority would be able to make the annual payments. In case of failure, what follows? Would the British Government really withhold the poor-rate money and the education grant in order to guard itself against the threatened loss? Would the British nation save itself from pecuniary damage by depriving the Irish children of their education, and Irish paupers of the bread which stands between them and suffering or actual starvation? To do so would be a refinement of cruelty, and a grievous moral as well as political wrong, against which the conscience of the nation would revolt. But if, on the other hand, such a security would never be made available in practice, the guarantee is itself clearly delusive. Another test is supplied in the question whether the Act, assuming it to be in successful operation, would really relieve the portion of the population most in need of relief. What has it for the farm labourer? What for other classes even lower in the scale of hopelessness and destitution? Would not its effect be simply to substi-



tute a large number of small landlords for a small number of large landlords? What guarantee that the many would be any more just or merciful than the few? Another objection of a somewhat different kind is urged to the effect that what Ireland really needs for her uplifting is not so much pecuniary help from without, which always tends more or less to pauperization, as opportunity to help herself. That, however fine-sounding in the abstract, is in the concrete the Home Rule plea. In it many will hear an undertone of revolution, confiscation, spoliation of landlords, and ultimately, perhaps, repeal of the Union. It is alluded to because to omit it would be to pass over what will no doubt be the source of the most bitter and determined opposition to the Bill, viz., the fact that it is intended not as a concession to Home Rule, or a step towards it, but rather as a rival and substitute to deal it its death-blow. Whatever may be the merits or the fate of Mr. Balfour's Bill, the fact, if it be known to be a fact, of its being utterly opposed by the Home Rulers may be taken as a proof that it is deemed dangerous in its bearing upon the future of the Home Rule agitation. This will be, in the eyes of Mr. Balfour and the Unionists, no slight testimony to its merits. But to return to the point from which we set out, it seems impossible to banish the feeling of incredulity which is aroused by the very fact that the Bill promises to do so much at so little cost. The thing seems contrary to the law of motion which obtains in the political and moral as well as the natural sphere. If indeed it is possible by a mere Act of Parliament, without expenditure of money, to put an end to the evils of landlordism in Ireland, and to convert the starving peasants into thrifty land-owners, it is little to the credit of British statesmanship that the discovery was not made long since. It is still less to the credit of the Conservatives themselves who so strenuously opposed the Gladstone Act, which was clearly a step in the same direction.

#### THE HUDSON'S BAY ROUTE.

The following was written to accompany the poem "Open the Bay," published two weeks ago, but reached us too late for that issue.—ED. THE WEEK.

HUDSON'S third voyage (A. D. 1610), was made to the bay which bears his name. He explored and wintered in it; but when about to return, being short of provisions, his crew mutinied, and set him and his son and several others adrift in an open boat to perish by storm or hunger. The crew, upon their return, alleged that the ship had run aground at an island, and had been suddenly floated off, and borne away eastward by a strong current. This fabrication led to Batlon's search, and to further discoveries, but not to the rescue of the intrepid sailor, whose name survives in the great river of New York, and in the still more important bay which he was the first to explore. It is to be hoped that public opinion will speedily demand the opening up of the Hudson's Bay Route to civilization and trade. Geographically it is by far the shortest route between the east and west, and is essential, as well, to the development of the greater portion of our prairie country. When lines of railway have been constructed from Winnipeg and Prince Albert to Churchill, the route will at once take high commercial rank; and, as an impregnable military highway and base of supply, may yet prove to be our safeguard, and, perhaps, even our salvation in time of trouble. Of those who profess to doubt the feasibility of the route, it may safely be said that the wish is father to the thought. A route which has been in yearly use by explorers, fur-traders, sealers and for whalers, nearly three centuries, may well cease to be accounted perilous. As a matter of fact the percentage of loss by shipwreck experienced on it has been, relatively, much less than on any other; and this in face of the fact that from end to end of the straits and bay there is neither light nor buoy in existence. The possibilities of the route have been in recent years, fairly set forth by scientific men, who, as a rule, are inclined to understatement rather than to exaggeration. The opinion of Dr. Bell and others is well known; and the candid and convincing letter published some months ago by Mr. Tyrrell, F.G.S., and written in contradiction of a Hudson's Bay Co. official's statements, gives, in conclusive terms, the results of his personal observation and experience, and has probably satisfied every reasonable mind. The route has its enemies, as every scheme has, which seems to conflict with existing interests. The region of the Bay and Strait is one of the few fur-bearing districts into which competition has not yet penetrated; and, hence, the agents of the Hudson's Bay Co., diligently decry it and declare it to be impracticable. This is not altogether surprising when we remember that the living of these agents depends upon the profits of the fur-trade. All territorial interest they parted with to the stock-holders in England shortly after the transfer of the Territories to the Dominion; and they are now practically the agents of the company, and not its partners. As long as a profit can be maintained from fur their position will be secure; but when this ceases their occupation will cease with it, and the corporation they serve, in all likelihood, will become a land company only. Again, the development of the route meets with opposition

from various carrying lines in the East which are interested in North-west transport; an opposition begot of fear that it will curtail their traffic. But the time is near when existing carrying lines will be unable to handle the exports of the North-west. In any case, the interests referred to should be subordinated to the process of nation-making. Even musk-rats must give way to men, and eastern carriers bow to the requirements of progressive civilization and settlement. C. MAIR.

#### CAUSES OF THE CANADIAN EXODUS.

FOR years past, there has been a continuous exodus of Canadians to the United States. They have gone singly, in pairs, by families and companies, from every part of the Dominion. Professional men, clerks, farmers and mechanics, whose name is legion, may be found in every city and state, from New England to the Pacific Coast, and from the Gulf of Mexico to the International Boundary. How general this movement has been, and of what vast proportions, may be easily determined by the reader, if he will make a list of those who have left his own neighbourhood, and whom he occasionally hears of. When he has done this, let him be assured that his experience is not exceptional. His means of information may possibly be greater than that of many others, but his experience, in kind if not in degree, is shared by everyone, from Halifax to Vancouver. If he would like to widen or verify it, let him board any through G. T. R. train to Chicago, or any transcontinental C.P.R. train, at any time of the year, but especially between April and September, and converse with his fellow travellers. He will find that a fair proportion are young men seeking employment in the great cities of the American North-West, farmers going to Dakota and Minnesota, and mechanics to the "boom" cities of Puget Sound.

Starting with this fact, which, I think, needs no elaborate proof, it may be of some practical utility to trace it to its cause, or rather to its causes, for I conceive it has more than one. How can we account for it? The Liberal press of the country, and Liberal politicians, in the red-hot fury of debate, tell us it is all the fault of a Conservative Government and the National Policy; while the Conservatives, with equal vehemence, hurl the sin at the door of the Grits. This may be all well enough for rhetorical purposes. It spices the columns of the daily paper, and makes it as palatable as the devilled kidneys it so often accompanies at the breakfast table. It fills the galleries—through many a long, and what would be otherwise intolerable, debate. It has, however, directly nothing to do with the question. The movement has been in progress for at least the last half century, through every successive change of Government, before and since Confederation. It has witnessed the rise and fall of various political chieftains, but has never stayed its feet to welcome them to power, or to follow them to the grave. Now in the low ripple of summer, or with the loud voice of spring we may imagine it shouting in the words of the Laureate's "Brook":

For men may come  
And men may go,  
But I go on forever.

Rejecting, therefore, the political solution of the problem as inadequate, let us seek other causes. The one which may well occupy the first position is the undoubted fact that the United States occupy the better half of the continent. We have the lion's share in quantity, but in quality the advantage lies with them. They have every climate from temperate to tropic. We have a summer which begins in June and ends in August, and a long winter, of only three degrees—cold, colder, coldest. We may point with pride to the fact that our possessions cover a wider area; but let us not forget that much of it lies to the north, and is a fit home only for the Laplander and reindeer.

The influence of climate in determining the southward movement of Canadians is very old. It was not only the spirit of discovery and the profits of the fur trade which drew La Salle and his hardy *voyageurs*, from Montreal and Frontenac, to the valley of the Mississippi. They hoped to discover a short route to India, but they were equally anxious to escape the rigorous winters of the St. Lawrence. The love of a warm climate must be dealt with as a factor in the problem. If we question the Canadian colony at Ontario and Riverside in Southern California, surrounded by ripening oranges, when, with us, the mercury stands at 25 and 30 below zero, we shall discover how important it is.

Climate, however, does not account for the exodus to Minnesota and Dakota. That, however, may be traced to equally natural causes. Immediately prior to the year 1870, when we acquired possession of the Hudson Bay Territory, we had no free grant land that any Canadian farmer, in possession of all his faculties, would accept. Guileless Britons might be lured to ruin on the rocks of Hastings or Addington, but Canadians were for the most part shrewd enough to give those barren and sterile regions a wide berth. They wisely chose the rich prairies of the west. If any deluded being thinks that the Conservative party, or any political party, for that matter, is responsible for the exodus, let him travel, as I have, along the Hastings road, and see the deserted farms that tell their story of disaster only too plainly. He will no longer wonder that Canadians refused to settle on such unproductive land.

After 1870 we had, it is true, vast tracts of the best land in the world; still we must remember the Canadian North-West, as far as agriculture was concerned, was an untried country. It was difficult to reach. There were exaggerated rumours of the severity of the winters. The

Hudson Bay Company had for years industriously circulated the statement that the region was unfit for anything but the fur trade; and this idea, once rooted in the public mind, could not be cleared away by anything short of the repeated testimony of reliable witnesses. The few settlers who went into the country immediately after it became part of the Dominion had no market for their grain. The land was scourged by a grasshopper plague, swept by a flood, and nipped by summer frosts. It is only within the last few years that it has demonstrated its capabilities, and Canadians have, in consequence, acquired real faith and confidence in their rich inheritance.

During all these years the emigration to the Western States continued. Those already settled there naturally drew their relations and neighbours from their old homes in Ontario and Quebec. When a stream of water or trade or immigration has once established a channel it will continue to flow in it till it is turned elsewhere by some powerful influence. There are indications that the Dakota and Minnesota movement has received a decided check, and that many Canadians now settled there will move into Manitoba. Their present homes are subject to cyclones, and burned with drouth. They still love the old flag, and they will seek better soil, a better climate, and a better government under its protecting folds.

Again, the movement to the United States has been determined by the same causes which have always sent Scotchmen "South." The raw-boned and half-starved Highlander, with unswerving integrity and immense powers of physical endurance, was ever ready to desert his mud cabin and coarse "parritch," to seek his fortune amid the rich fields and populous cities of his Saxon neighbour. The United States, with its fabulous wealth and large population, presents the same attractions to the ambitious Canadian. He reads of the Astors and the Vanderbilts, the Goulds and the Carnegies, and the immense fortunes they have rolled up in a few years. He knows they were poor boys, with no capital, and relying only on energy, pluck, and mother wit, and he believes he can follow their footsteps. His chances of success are at least as good there as they are at home. He knows of Canadians who have made their mark. The stories of Erastus Wiman and others read like fairy tales. They throw their glamour over him, and draw him—sometimes to success, and sometimes, it is true, to bitter disappointment.

Surely, with all these factors, we can solve the problem. There is no mystery about the Canadian exodus.

All that remains is to ask if there is a remedy? I think there is, and that it has already begun to work. The statesmanship that secured the confederation of the detached Provinces, that acquired possession of the North-West, that conceived our transcontinental railway, and that is slowly building up a nation on the northern half of the continent, is the only thing to save Canada, and keep Canadians at home. The national spirit must be cultivated. We want a national art, a national literature, national industries, and a national agriculture. The United States have, all in all, a better soil, a better climate, and have also a long start of us in the race; but we have a better government; life and property are more secure in our borders. We have no divorce courts destroying the family and sapping the very foundations of Christian civilization. Our climate, if cold, is fitted to develop a more manly and vigorous race. In a few years the tide of foreign immigration, which now flows through Castle Garden to the Western States, will pour across the international boundary, and fill up our new Provinces, and we shall begin to gain on our rivals.

Then, if a union of all Anglo-Saxon peoples, with Great Britain at the head, should be possible, we shall be in a position to take a part in the great federation. If, on the contrary, Providence should otherwise shape our destiny, we shall be able, without loss of self-esteem, and with no faithlessness to our glorious traditions, to form one nation with our brothers in the great republic.

Kingston.

K. L. JONES.

#### HORACE.

IN the interesting preface to some translations from the Latin poets, lately printed for private circulation, occurs the remark: "Horace, whom, for some occult reason, one loves the better the older one grows." It may seem presumptuous to be certain, where a great scholar and accomplished critic confesses himself at a loss; but can any one doubt why it is that Horace pleases us more and more as the shadows lengthen?

The saddest thing in human life is the passing away of youth, with its enormous power of labour, its capacity for pleasure, its sense of the potential conqueror,—the magnificent illusion that it can do all things, endure all things, beat down all difficulties, crown itself lord of life, and love, and achievement—and when it is gone, not merely men of sensibility but men of iron—as we see in Bismarck—look back with regret on the time when they could outwatch the stars nor suffer. Amongst the Romans, age, in men at least, was held in honour. But Horace's culture was Greek, and we know the horror of old age evinced in Hellenic literature.

There was a vein of sadness in his character, either native to the man or superinduced, in part perhaps, by the spectacle of a despotism firmly established on the ruins of Roman liberty. His early career as a soldier, as well as some of his finest odes, show that noble fires burned in the breast of the little Epicurean. I can imagine him reading

with pleasure, with approval, with tears even, Moore's fine poem—disfigured though it be by want of simplicity, of which the first verse strikes the keynote:—

O blame not the bard if he fly to the bowers  
Where pleasure lies carelessly smiling at fame;  
He was born for much more, and in happier hours  
His soul might have burned with a holier flame.

Horace is always talking about death, and the uncertainty of female attachment, and those ladies to whose society he gave his leisure hours, of whose perilous charm and innate treasuries Alphonse Daudet in his "Sapho" makes so terrible an analysis, could not give him a high idea of female character. That there were however in his day true women, and that he could see and approve the good while he followed the worse course is shown by the sigh which concludes one of his odes, where he paints as a Paradise, into which, Epicurean Peri that he was, he could only sadly peep, a home where married love reigned, and the pure and faithful spouse was the sole mistress of its lord.

It is hard for me to believe that this ode to Lydia (i. 13.) is a cry of real misery. He steals in the earlier verses from a Greek lyricist, greater than himself, and beautiful as the rapture at the idea of a life long attachment is, it reads to me, after the description of his jealous torture, like an anti-climax—men trembling and suffering and weeping as he describes himself do not make sage reflections or realize the loveliness of a calm hearth with a sedate lady as a *vis-à-vis*. You might as well expect the disturbed ocean after a storm to reflect the evening star. Whether he writes to Sextius or Dellius, he reminds his friends that death is at hand. Nay, when he sings of love, he sometimes blends the cypress with the roses and laurel. If he visits one of his illustrious circle, *Pallida Mors* accompanies him as surely as the *umbra* accompanied his patron, and when he invites some great man to his country house he generally puts a *memento mori* in his note. If the modern habit of sending cards of invitation had prevailed he would have had a death's head on the top, as a crest.

I doubt very much if Horace was a man of violent passions; but if he was, the *sturm und drang* period had passed away before he commenced to write; at least anything which has come down to us. It is probable he wrote much and destroyed much of that kind which appears in the collections of modern poets, as "Pieces written in Early Youth." Horace—all the ancients—were free from the egotism which prompts the preservation of such puerile efforts. So great, so fastidious an artist could not understand publishing anything that was not perfect. The famous ode (iii. 9) translated in this collection with so much success is a playful fancy, exquisite in grace, but it is not the language of passion, nor can I recall an ode that would indicate that Horace ever loved as we know Burns, Byron, Shakespeare, Alfred de Musset, Goethe loved, even though all of these were men of vagrant heart who, the entrancing dream broken, the supreme illusion dispelled,

From beauty passed to beauty,  
Constant to a constant change.

In the next place, he was a man who had failed in his noblest ambition. It is true he has won a higher fame than his first ambition, if successful, would have given him. But it is a common thing to see men place an object which is well within their powers, a career for which nature had worked them out, second to one in the pursuit of which they were baffled, and might under all circumstances have been baffled. Byron, if his vices and sensibility had not driven him from England, would have taken a leading part in the House of Lords—for his maiden speech gave evidence of a real oratorical gift—and won the name of a third-class poet. Congreve set, or affected to set, little store on the dramatic genius for which alone Voltaire visited him (as the blunt Frenchman told him), and the world remembers him to-day. Few men achieve what they aimed at in early life; many fail; that youth is a mistake and age a regret is a common-place. There is no repining in Horace, yet he sympathizes with such people, and he has his gospel, the gospel of his great Master—that all the glory and splendour and success of the world is vanity, that nothing is better than, remote from the sweat and shouting of the battle, to go quietly down the vale of life. It must be confessed that there is something noble, something wonderfully attractive, something at once truly philosophical and manly in the attitude he takes at times, as in that ode to Mæcenas (iii. 16) in which he expresses his contempt for wealth—seeks the camp of those who covet nothing, rates himself happier than those who were poor amid abundance, and places his Sabine farm in the scales against the coveted pro-consulship of "fertile Africa." So grand, so dignified a picture of a farmer is nowhere else found; and we can understand with what pleasure educated men who have left the fashionable world and gone to farm in the North-West would drink in its philosophy:

*Pura rivus aqua silvaque jugorum  
Paucorum et segetis certa fides meæ  
Fulgentem imperio fertilis Africa  
Fallit sorte beator.*

Humour is always delightful, and Horace's was of the highest order—a humour full of charity. He is, in his way, a writer of comedies, and sketches the foibles of humanity very much on the same lines as a Molière, but with a larger tolerance, and always in the light of experience.

Add to all this his grace, his balance, his good sense—and surely it is clear why he pleases us more and more as we grow older. I cannot understand a very young man, or a man of very violent impulses, fond of Horace. Byron tells us that he never could take to him. But the

reason he gives is absurd. To suppose that so good a Latin scholar as Byron could not appreciate the flow of Horace's verse, because of the memories of school days, is out of the question. The character of the great Englishman had nothing in common with that of the quiet, careful, philosophical Roman. Horace was quick in temper, rapid to forgive. Byron had the hate of hate, the love of love, the scorn of scorn.

Notwithstanding the noble expression he gives to it, Horace's philosophy would tend to sadness. He ridiculed the contradictions and absurdities of the Stoics, and the extravagances of Zeno and Chrysippus might well move his mirth, though Stoic teaching was destined to bear nobler fruit, consonant with common sense, and forming lives having some of the finest lineaments of the Christian ideal, as we see in Epictetus and Seneca; but the main doctrines of Epicurus are ignoble and hopeless. No one can make a rule to "live hidden"—to stand aside from the struggles and sufferings of his kind, without sinking in the moral scale. Nor is there help any more than there is rational ground for believing in 'gods dwelling apart, taking no interest in human affairs, who neither punish sin nor reward virtue, nor hear prayer and know no pity,—an immortality of selfishness; and with the grave closing all, death the great comforter—for those who love strongly, who side with right when it is down, who battle for the true, the just—there is nothing but despair. That death ends all woes, that death may come at any moment, and close our plans and call us from the feast, whence we are to rise like gentlemen without a murmur and go with our dark sheriff, this—let the character be ever so wanting in earnestness—is no joyful gospel.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

### SONNETS.

TO W. S.

I.

WHAT helps it that I love thee, that my heart,  
Like some poor suitor seen amid the throng,  
That moves about a princess, where sweet song,  
Bright dance, and music blend with ready art  
To blot him from her thought, from any part  
In all that to her soul's sweet needs belong,  
Must sadly stand thy worshippers among,  
Or silently upon my way depart?  
Unknowing thee, and never to be known,  
My love, my tender homage quite in vain,  
Since they can lead no nearer to thy throne,  
Nor find a voice to call through ranks of men,  
And place thee at my side, where all alone  
Thou might'st give love for love, till joy grew pain.

II.

But thou art all, and I, alas, am naught;  
Thou the full sun, poor I the darkened sphere;  
Or if I glimmer in my gloomful year  
'Tis with a splendour from thy radiance caught,  
A wistful planet still unseen, unsought,  
I roll, nor ever come light's fountain near.  
So fair and far, yet to my soul so dear,  
I know thou would'st not scorn my meaner lot.  
But would'st thou love me—could'st thou love me, say?  
I who have given thee worship ask but love.  
If I should meet thee on some distant day  
And show my heart, would'st thou my trust reprove,  
Or sourly pass, without or yea or nay?  
Ah, no, great spirit, thou would'st gentle prove.

GREATNESS.

WHAT most men hunger for, yet none achieves,  
Save him who greatly cares not to be great—  
Who knows the loom of time spins not more state  
Than that small filament a spider weaves:  
Since single barley-straws make piled-up sheaves,  
And atoms diminute the gross earth's weight,  
Nor comes from Sirius earthward rarer freight,  
Than this small taper-beam my page receives.  
No greater is the desert than one sand,  
The mountain than one dust-speck at its base,  
The ocean than one rain-drop on my hand;  
And Shakespeare's self, there in the foremost place,  
Hath but in ampler measure at command  
That thought which shines from rustic Hodges's face.

J. H. BROWN.

DR. JULIUS NELSON, of New York, has published the result of his observations, extending over some 4,000 dreams of his own experience. He states that dreams in the early part of the night follow upon great physical or mental fatigue, and are generally connected with the events of the previous day, which also holds good of dreams that are the result of highly nervous excitement; but the latter are usually of a distressing nature. The most curious and pleasant of dreams occur in the early morning hours after the brain has had time to rally its powers. It is then that imagination takes her wildest flights, and weaves those remarkable wanderings with a clearness of circumstance so well remembered afterwards. An old popular superstition which ascribes special value to visions dreamt during the twelve holy nights from 25th December to 6th January may, he believes, have had its origin in some recognition of the fact that dreams are always very clear and definite during that period.

### TWO VIEWS OF ECONOMIC MONOPOLY.

IT is now nearly two years since Professor Foxwell of Oxford read before the British Association at Bath his striking paper on "The Growth of Monopoly." In the Association's proceedings it appears only by title. The *London Municipal Review* in which it was published is now out of print, so that it may be admissible to present through the columns of THE WEEK a summary of an essay as yet unknown on this side the Atlantic.

It is easy, says Professor Foxwell, to see the historical reasons for Adam Smith's belief that competition would ensure the just equalization of human fortunes. In his time the obvious, conspicuous causes of inequality and monopoly were privilege, corporate and private, and governmental activity by military and fiscal measures. These artificial privileges have been swept away, but so far from banishing monopoly they have simply shifted its basis and afforded it wider play. To-day monopoly rests on ability, opportunity and possessions, and takes the world for its sphere of action. It asserts itself as the inevitable outcome of the freest and widest competition. With the world for a market an initial difference of one per cent. in efficiency is enough to give control of supply. This control once gained, the expansion of a business rapidly increases the advantage until a practical monopoly is secured. Although the tendency to monopolies derived from natural ability is nothing new, it has assumed a new importance since the recent advances in communication. Now manufacturers and merchants in the great cities can compete by express and parcel post with retailers in the smallest places, depriving the latter of any advantage due to neighbourhood. Business expansion stimulated by cheap and free capital has the farther profit which accrues to a thorough subdivision of labour and a large scale of production. The limits to this expansion are the limits of supervisability and of heredity. Local influences and friendships also continue to tell—a little.

Of monopolies, of enterprises so established as to be practically unassailable by competition, there are three kinds. That of efficiency or exceptional natural gifts, that due to combination, and that of local service where competition is impossible or unavailable. Of combinations few so far have been enduring, this, however, does not hold of amalgamation when interests are completely and wholly merged. Of monopolies of local service, of what are also called "natural monopolies," public regulation seems imperative. Mr. Chadwick, a Metropolitan Commissioner, once presented in a report a telling drawing of a London street in section showing a dozen competitive gas and water pipes. There is frightful waste in not frankly accepting the fact of monopoly in gas, water and railway service, and is so legislating as to prevent mischief from it. Monopolies tend to breed after their kind, a great railway calls into existence big traders, manufacturers, workshops, delivering companies and hotels. In one of its phases monopoly affords the modern mind welcome relief from the iron rule and terrible uncertainties of so-called free competition. Much as some of us may feel disposed to dread monopoly, we cannot close our eyes to the fact that it is gaining ground, and Darwin has taught us to be respectful in presence of success. To the inevitable we must needs accommodate ourselves. As with popular government, our wise course is to make the utmost of monopoly's possibilities for good, and exert ourselves to minimize its power of mischief. Its advantages are enormous, it economizes administration, promotes the division of labour, concentrates knowledge and skill, preserves unbroken the traditions of mysteries and crafts, maintains the *esprit de corps* which can only be aroused in establishments really great. The larger a firm the more effective the public opinion of the employed; its chief pays the penalty of greatness in his exposure to criticism and susceptibility to it. Monopolies are dangerous in that they may take an unduly large aggregate of profit though at a low rate. The public may ask that in some way or other they share in a gain partly of their own creation. Then, too, great corporations have it in their power corruptly or oppressively to discriminate against individuals or even towns. They may tyrannize over their employees socially and politically. The West Lancashire Railway allows no liquor to be sold on its premises, and employs no one who has not for some years been a teetotaler. Only teetotalers will be allowed to travel next! Monopolies by their extent and the necessary indirection of their management are specially assailable by corruption from within; and corruption, the bane of business of all kinds, is the most serious of modern offences.

Regulation is the best method by which the State can deal with monopoly. State administration Anglo Saxons are ever unwilling to extend. Yet if competition is to land us in monopoly, *laissez faire* is out of the question. Herbert Spencer and Bastiat have pretended that, by some pre-ordained magic, competition will give us universal harmony of interests and the utmost possible happiness. No one can view the action of monopoly with this happy-go-lucky complacency. Those who to-day oppose some kind of public control for the great individual monopolies are simply playing into the hands of the collectivists. They it is who are the true apostles of socialism. Practically the consensus of competent observers is that regulation should consist, 1st, in publicity leading to the effectiveness of public opinion, and to knowledge as to wherein direct control may be most needful and most wisely applied. 2nd, where control is called for it should, as far as possible, be delegated to local or trade bodies familiar with the



practical details of the case, and subject only to mild revision from the central authority. Precise and rigid legislation should be avoided as far as possible, for most practical questions are questions of degree and cannot well be settled by an inflexible law. They are best referred to commissions or other bodies with a large lay element, and partaking of the character of a jury. In this way we might get over the main difficulties which arise in the administration of industry, but the question of the distribution of wealth would remain to be attacked. Fairness in wages may be guaranteed by the competition of monopolies for labour, but what are the remedies for extortionate profit? First, the potential competition of rival monopolies. The fear of war may not only enforce peace but moderation. Secondly, a monopoly's profits may not always be large, though there being a possible and instantly applicable competition. English railways average but 4½ per cent. profit to their shareholders; were they to raise their rates they would be instantly subject to the rivalry of transportation by water. Thirdly, when excessive profits are realized, the State can insist on profit-sharing with employees, with consumers, or the nation. The former modes are adopted in dealing with London Gas Companies and some Indian railways; the last by Paris in all its municipal contracts. Either plan is preferable to a severely progressive income tax or other impost on property; all such taxes act as a direct discouragement to saving and a premium on improvidence.

Other forces, though not of law or institution may do much to restrain the abuses of monopoly. It is considered shameful to take 30 per cent usury; public opinion may develop until to make 30 per cent profit will be deemed equally shameful.

Whatever is done to extend the reign of justice over new elements in the field of industry, we must be careful not unduly to hamper the operation of self-interest. It is a motive power of enormous force, which in the directions in which it works good we cannot replace by any equally effective impulse. We must also beware of stereotyping individual methods. The best market must be provided for inventors, for any man who has an original idea of value. In the animal kingdom it has been the tendency to variation which has made progress possible; the fittest have been soonest selected, where their paths have been widest and freest.

As monopolies increase in number and grow in area it may be that by that very fact the burdens of the central Government shall be lightened. As regulation by publicity becomes more effective, regulation by supervision will be gradually superseded. In any case, and whatever may be the amount of control required, whether to prevent oppression by monopoly, or waste and degradation by competition, it behoves us to see that control is provided. It is no longer a question between *laissez-faire* and regulation, but between wise and unwise regulation, or worse, between regulation and collectivism. Supreme power has been placed in the hands of a class not much given to reflect, and especially familiar with the seamy side of the present regime. If the shoe pinches them too painfully they will be apt to fling it off, without asking whether a new one would be more comfortable, or even forthcoming at all.

"The State may become social reformer without becoming socialist," says John Rae. If the State does not become social reformer, socialist it will inevitably become.

"The Economic Law of Monopoly" was the subject of a paper read last September to the American Social Science Association, at its meeting, by President Andrews of Brown University. The paper is the initial one in the annual journal of the Association, recently published by Putnam, New York. President Andrews ranks among the foremost economists of the United States, and the subject of industrial monopoly has engaged his attention for some years past. To the *Political Science Quarterly* for January, 1889, he contributed an article entitled "Trusts according to official investigations," wherein with judicial clearness several hundred pages of testimony were presented in essence.

In his Social Science paper, President Andrews arrives at the following conclusions:

1. That, in a great variety of industries, perhaps a majority of all, permanent monopolies may be maintained, apart from any legislative or special natural aids.
2. That extensive competition may exist which is formal only, and not real, as when independent refineries seem to compete with the Sugar Trust, but really charge a profit only a little less exorbitant than that of the Trust.
3. That a combination which is faced merely by formal competition possesses a monopoly no less than if there were no competition at all.
4. That competition of capital with capital, in businesses where *laissez-faire* monopoly is possible anyway, will never permanently break down monopoly.
5. That when wealth is congested, gets into enormous masses held by a few, whether by monopoly or otherwise, no economic laws avail thoroughly or healthfully to disseminate it again.
6. That monopoly prices are determined, not by cost of production, but by the tolerance of the market, by what the market will bear. Necessity alone renders capital content with moderate returns, or spurs it to adopt the latest improvements in machinery or processes, or the closest economy.
7. That prices under the law of the tolerance of the market, while never lower than cost, range more or less

above it, according as the articles approach more the nature of necessities or that of luxuries.

President Andrews holds that real competition with a well managed syndicate or trust is rendered improbable not only by the gigantic capital necessary, but also by the ignorance of the profit enjoyed by the concern in the field. Then again, common sense sees that a market which enables those now supplying it to make large profits, may yield no profit at all if a new and enormous producer makes its appearance. Competition in its ancient and familiar form is passing away never to reappear. Monopoly, the new ruler, has it in its power to be immeasurably superior to that which it supplants. Society will find, however, that, to realize this unbounded potential privilege, it must, more than has been necessary heretofore, substitute its own conscious control over the work of production for the spontaneous action of economic forces. If, through ignorance or undue reverence for tradition, it shall fail to do this, monopoly will prove no factor of social advance, but precisely the reverse. In this matter we stand to-day at Shechem—Mount Ebal upon one side, Mount Gerizim upon the other. Whether blessing or cursing awaits us, it is for us to decide.

#### LONDON LETTER.

THE other day there was sold at Christie's, for the smallest possible prices, Wilkie Collins' collection of pictures and engravings. There was his portrait, a hard, queer, clever pre-Raphaelitish thing, painted when Millais was fifteen and Collins nineteen, which went for a few pounds; a beautiful little head by Linnell of a red-haired, blue-eyed lad said to be Charles Collins; a charming bit of sea, very still and clear and bright, by William Collins, and many interesting studies and sketches from the Academician's painting room. In a case was laid Sir David Wilkie's palette, taken by him to Syria and given to William Collins by Wilkie's sister. Near by hung a handful of prints, none I suppose of much value except from association. Those few people who strolled about the famous rooms were not particularly enthusiastic over these small pieces which, to be honest, looked insignificant and poor enough away from their ordinary surroundings and in the glaring light of the auctioneer's gallery. Yet for just the one or two to whom the author of "The Moonstone" (and already out of fashion) is something more than a name, they were full of the pomp and circumstance of far finer art. That bit of blue Sorrento, the portrait by Geddes of Wilkie Collins and his brother, their mother's gentle face looking out from one of Mrs. Carpenter's canvases, all these were, I thought, pathetically out of place in Christie's auction-room. Their intrinsic value was next to nothing, as the sale that day of judgment proved. It would not have taken a particularly wise person to have prophesied what these pictures would fetch had he seen them first in the King Street galleries; it would have taken a particularly wise one to have estimated their worth had he ever stood before them in the Gloucester Place study, and listened while Wilkie Collins gossiped delightfully of the artists and of the manner in which they had painted.

Mrs. Carpenter and Geddes! these names mean so little to the present generation, though once upon a time Mrs. Carpenter made an excellent income by her portraits (one Academician, in her own line, used to style her his fair rival; she spoke of him always as her unfair rival), and Geddes was on the high road to an associateship, an honour he never attained. You will find a capital picture or two by her in the South Kensington Museum, but as for his work I know of no specimen in the public galleries, only an altarpiece in one of the city churches. Now and again one comes across the name of Geddes in some of the artists' reminiscences, and Mr. Hart in a small volume printed for private circulation is entertaining on the manner in which Wilkie used to look after his countryman's interests. (Mr. Abraham Cooper, R.A., says Mr. Hart stated that once when on the Arranging Committee at the Academy he observed to Wilkie that for a long time he, Wilkie, had been trying to find a place for a picture which he carried under his arm. Wilkie replied, "It is by Geddes, you know." Upon Cooper telling him to look at the back, and that he would see it was not, down went the picture on the floor. On another occasion so many works of Scotchmen were grouped in the same room that Cooper remarked, "They will call that from Scotland Yard." Again, on the eve of an election, when asked who was the fittest to fill the vacancy, Wilkie delicately evaded the question by saying, "There's Geddes you know.") Names almost forgotten by us in London, probably never heard by you in Canada, come back to one's memory as one loiters around Christie's and with the names come the idle studio-talk of long ago.

There were people as I have said, who spoke and looked with interest at this small company of treasures. They had something special to tell, something they remembered of Linnell, of William Collins, of Charles Collins (bred to be an artist, but who took to literature instead), and I was reminded of a story amongst many others, told by the Mr. Hart whom I have quoted before. When Mr. Hart was elected into the Academy he went to pay his respects to Collins—a very religious man of the low church school—whose portrait his son Wilkie drew more than once in his books. Collins received his visitor kindly, and congratulated him on his new honour. Then the host called to his two boys who were playing in the garden, and introduced them in the following manner to the visitor:—

"This is Mr. Hart, whom we have just elected an Academician. Mr. Hart is a great friend of our aunt, Margaret Carpenter. Mr. Hart is a Jew, and the Jews crucified our Saviour, but he is a very good man for all that, and we shall see something more of him now." "I confess [kindly Mr. Hart used to say] I was taken aback at this very singular mode of introduction. I said nothing and soon withdrew."

Over each of the canvases sold the next day for so little, one could not help but linger, so it came to pass that I spent most of my time among these comparatively worthless things, and had not much left to give to the collections of Mr. Carwardine and Mr. Pleydell-Bouverie the other side of the room. These pictures, all interesting, and two or three very good, must have looked with scorn at the modest wall-full opposite. There was a Romney of Cooper's friend and Blake's enemy, the poetic Mr. Hagley: there were Handasyde Edgars of Auchingrammont from the brush of the admirable Sir Henry Raeburn, of whose work Mr. Stevenson speaks enthusiastically as a good Scotchman should: there, amongst other excellent portraits by Reynolds, was the finest one possible of a plain-faced old soldier, General Morgan. When the Christie rooms were left to themselves at night and the portraits stirred in their frames, one can imagine how abashed the small modern pieces must have felt in the presence of those great folk *vis-à-vis*, some of whom were in powder and brocade, others in the bright apple greens and daffodil yellows affected in the first years of the century. It is not only the immense difference in the dress—and surely women's gowns have never before or since been so absolutely without taste as they were in the crochet and Berlin wool period of the second quarter of the century—it is the difference of expression. Those lords and ladies brilliant as butterflies, and painted by the elder masters, are far more vivid and alert than the quiet couples in high-collared brown coats and black silk gowns trimmed with Irish lace berthes who sat to such painstaking artists as Collins and Linnell. These people look away from you, or, with a modest downcast glance, seem to beg you not to discountenance them by staring too long. But you will find brocaded and powdered sitters for the most part oblivious of your presence; or if by chance you meet their eyes, they let you know quite plainly how superior to you they consider themselves to be.

Some one gave me the other day that little book written by Mr. Hart—Mr. Hart whose name you will hardly know, but who nevertheless was once upon a time a Royal Academician and an able industrious painter—to which I have alluded. In Plymouth, where, like Northcote and Haydon, Mr. Hart was born, there hangs in the Town Hall his picture of the "Execution of Lady Jane Grey," and now and again one comes in private collections upon a Hart that is by no means bad. But I like this small book, full of gentle feeling, better than any picture of his I have seen; the dozen unpretentious homely pen and ink scenes stay in the memory, while one is more or less glad to get rid of the remembrance of the great canvases which, in an evil hour, as Thackeray told him, he took to painting. It is not only of the artists of his day of whom Hart talks, though he loves their company best of all. He gives besides many a pleasant glimpse of all sorts of people, of Father Prout, and the Deanery (a modest haunt of which Pendennis, of Boniface, was a member) of Kean, Charles Kemble, Young and O. B. Smith, of Lord Northwick the painters' patron, and of the Duke of Sussex, the Queen's uncle. He gathered, as Leslie liked to do, reminiscences of the painters of the last century, from their pupils or friends, and would listen to Northcote's gossip of his master by the hour together. In 1823, when Mr. Hart saw him first, Northcote was a decrepit old man. "His conversation about Reynolds and his friends was rich and full of interesting details, although it was sententious and didactic. He used to defend Reynolds from the imputations of meanness at his entertainments, made by Allan Cunningham, who had been misinformed by a servant of Reynolds', who had expected a legacy. . . . After the death of Reynolds, when Sir Thomas Lawrence was supreme, the other portrait painters found their commissions diminish. Northcote was very bitter on this subject, and he gave way to violent bursts of anger. I had two memorable experiences of this; once when, on behalf of a friend who was about to buy it, a picture, said to be by Sir Joshua, was shown to him, he called to his sister Nancy, and exclaimed 'Nancy, look here! what he hath brought me, what they call a Sir Joshua, no Sir Joshua at all, but a copy by that baste Lawrence.' On another occasion when were exhibited at Somerset House the 'Calmody Children,' having asked me what I thought remarkable there, I replied the above-named work—now so well known by Doo's exquisite line engraving entitled 'Nature'—and that I thought it a most perfect picture.' Northcote replied, 'What d'ye mane by a perfect picture? I never saw a perfect picter in my life. I've been to Rome, to the Vatican, and seen Rayphel, and I've never seen a perfect picter by Rayphel. You talk like a fule. A perfect picter by Lawrence, good God!'"

One is sure that the harsh-faced old painter of the "Murder of the Young Princes in the Tower" used exactly those words. Mr. Hart's memory has enabled him to fill his brown volume with echoes from many a deserted painting room, and from them one sees how little the talk has altered. Substitute modern names for the old ones, and these conversations might have been taken down in shorthand to-day by the side of many a studio fire-place about Kensington and St. John's Ward. WALTER POWELL.

## AN INDIAN TRADITION OF THE LAKE OF THE WOODS.

A GREAT many years ago, before the white man had entered the region to which this story refers, and the fatal effects of civilization and fire water had left their impress on the native savage, there dwelt by the shores of the Lake of the Woods, where now stands the town of Keewatin, a branch of the Otchipwe or Sota tribe of Indians, who possessed in a great degree all the best qualities of the native character. They were noted for their skill in hunting and their bravery in war, and not less for the beauty of their women. This last title to distinction was a source of danger to the tribe, as they were subjected on that account to constant raids from their hereditary enemies, the Sioux of the prairies, whom they had hitherto been able to successfully repel.

Though not numerically strong (the total number of the tribe not exceeding 2,000), owing to their being entirely dependent for their subsistence on fishing and the chase, which they pursued from year's end to year's end, they were superior in physique to the Indians of the plains and could hold their own against greater numbers.

The chief of the tribe, who was also the medicine man, was in great repute for his sagacity, which had often been proved when raided by the Sioux, and he was supposed to have very close intercourse with the Mino-manito or good spirit. He was called Wabadjidjak (the White Crane), and was possessed of a daughter, the fairest of the tribe, whose beauty was well-known and as far famed as were her father's powers as a medicine man. Omemee (the pigeon) was sought in marriage by many a young brave, but had not shown an open preference, although she had secretly declared in favour of Maingan (the wolf), an untried young brave, but of great fame as a hunter; and Wabadjidjak, who was aware of her preference, would have sanctioned her choice had he not feared to offend some of the more powerful braves who sought her, and thus weaken his own power in the tribe.

As he was aware that he would ere long be called on for a decision, after pondering the matter for a time, he announced that a meeting of the braves would be held and that he had an important communication to make to them. Great was the excitement in the wigwams, and numberless the conjectures in regard to the course likely to be taken by the chief in the disposal of his daughter's hand, for it was generally understood that the braves were called together to be informed of his intentions in regard to her.

The pow-wow was held, and after the preliminary beating of tom-toms, etc., was over, the chief addressed the assembled braves with a savage eloquence which had always a wonderful effect upon the tribe.

He began by giving the history of the tribe since he had obtained the leadership, how they had been successful in war and in the chase, how they had prospered in all things and lived in peace with each other.

Then he spoke of his daughter Omemee, of her beauty and good qualities, and how happy she would make the wigwam of her chosen brave.

Then turning to the young braves, her suitors, he appealed to them to prove themselves worthy of her by showing their devotion to the tribe and by keeping in check their jealous hatred of each other, and demanded of them that they should take an oath that which ever of them was fortunate enough to secure the hand of Omemee should not be molested by his less fortunate rivals.

This being complied with, he announced to the tribe that he had been instructed by the Manito that they should take the war-path against their enemies the Sioux, that they should be successful, returning with many scalps, and to the brave who had the greatest number at his belt would he give his daughter Omemee.

This met with the general approval of the braves, who had long been anxious for an opportunity of distinguishing themselves on the war-path against their hereditary foes; and the following night they held the war-dance, at which the young untried braves gave signal proofs of their courage and fortitude.

The only one in the village who did not look with rejoicing on the preparations for war with the Sioux was the beautiful Omemee. She trembled for her lover, and for herself should he be slain or fail to be successful; and she inwardly resolved to destroy herself, rather than go to the wigwam of any other than Maingan.

The day arrived for the departure of the war party, and five hundred warriors embarked in their canoes on their mission to the distant prairies, the home of the savage Sioux.

Maingan and Omemee had taken their secret farewells, and the young brave had managed to instil some of his hope and confidence into the heart of the maiden, so that she longed for his speedy return and the consummation of their nuptials.

Every day she wandered by the lake shore and petitioned the Manitou and the spirit of the lake (which was the special divinity of the tribe) for the safe return of her father and Maingan.

Meantime the warriors had reached the western end of the Lake of the Woods, and having cached their canoes, started on their journey towards the setting sun.

Two days they journeyed, and had halted for the night about half way between the Lake of the Woods and the edge of the great prairies.

It was after their evening meal, and Maingan and the Wabadjidjak were seated together talking in low tones, while they smoked their calumets made of clay with stems of reeds, and filled with the fragrant bark of the red willow.

Maingan, since he had left the presence of his beloved Omemee, had been filled with strange forebodings, and was now relating to his (as he fondly hoped) prospective father-in-law a dream which he had had the night before, which troubled him greatly, in which the spirit of the lake, in the shape of a wild swan, had appeared to him and told him that he should take many scalps, but that he should go to the happy hunting grounds a solitary spirit, leaving behind no squaws or children, and that many more moons should not pass over his head.

"My son," said the White Crane, "although all dreams come not from the Manitou, still he speaks in that way to his children of the forest and stream, and your dream of last night perchance contains a warning which we ought not to disregard."

Maingan's dream made such an impression on the chief that he resolved for his sake to postpone the expedition, and the following morning called his braves together, and, without mentioning the dream to them, informed them that the Manitou had talked to him during the night in the guise of the south wind, and had whispered in his ear that the present would be an inauspicious time to make a descent on the Sioux lodges; that they should return and wait for the moon that ripens the corn, and that they should then be able to take many more scalps than if they continued their expedition at the present time.

There were some murmurs of dissent among the braves at this decision, but the White Crane was in such repute among them as a medicine man, besides being their chief, that they agreed to postpone their expedition and return, although the prospect of facing the jeers of the squaws on account of their faintheartedness was far from pleasing to them.

They travelled rapidly on their journey homeward, and towards the close of the following day reached the spot on the shores of the Lake of the Woods where they had hidden their canoes.

To their utter dismay they found they had been removed, and an examination proved that a large war party of the Sioux, which must have passed them in proximity, had been fortunate enough to discover their canoes, and were, no doubt, by this time, within a short distance of their village. In hot haste they made new canoes from the birch bark, of which a plentiful supply was at hand, and started again on their journey, their hearts filled with agonizing fears as to the fate of their squaws and the old people and children left in their wigwams.

On the second day of their departure, while at a part of the lake called the Narrows, where, for a distance, the banks approach each other closely, they heard before them the exultant war songs of the returning Sioux. To hurriedly disembark and hide their canoes was but the work of a few moments, and in breathless silence they waited the approach of their savage foes, who came triumphantly on without thought of danger.

A storm of well-directed arrows made the latter at once to realize the situation, and they made strenuous but fruitless efforts to escape. The Otchipwes followed along the banks and discharged their arrows at such close quarters with deadly effect. Some of the canoes sank, and those who attempted to get a footing on shore were at once overpowered by force of numbers. Of the whole band, equal to, if not more numerous than the Otchipwes, only a few warriors escaped to the woods. These were at once followed, but they managed to distance their pursuers; and a part of the lake across which they swam is still known as the Sioux Crossing.

Among the Otchipwes the most active and foremost in the attack was Maingan, and when, towards the close of the day, the braves gathered together and the scalps torn from the enemy were counted his share was the greatest, and the White Crane acknowledged him as the chosen husband of his daughter Omemee, if, alas, she were still alive; for those of the savage Sioux whom they had taken captive and reserved for torture, exultantly boasted of having taken every scalp from their wigwams, and the fact that not a single prisoner had been seen among them seemed to confirm the statement.

Sadly and silently the Otchipwes paddled through the night, and shortly after daybreak arrived within sight of what had once been their happy village, but now a scene of desolation and death. Not a sound reached their ear. The Sioux had well done their bloody work, and left not a soul to tell the tale. Slowly they turned the bows of their canoes to the shore, when suddenly a cry burst from the lips of Maingan, and all eyes are turned toward an object, on which, erect in the canoe, he fixed his intent gaze.

Seated on a rock about one hundred yards out in the stream sits Omemee, her brow wound with a wreath of wild flowers, facing the west, the point from which the canoe of her lover would be first seen returning. A sudden hope leaps into Maingan's breast. Omemee has escaped, and after the departure of the foe has gone out to the rock to catch the first glimpse of the returning braves. But where is her canoe? And why is she so still? No doubt asleep, wearied with watching, and canoe half drifted away. They paddle quickly to the rock. There lies the body of the Indian maiden, but no soul looks out of those wide open eyes. The Sioux, with a fiendish humour, had placed the dead girl in a life-like position, wound the flowers in her hair, and thus left her to welcome the returning canoes. Lifting the body tenderly into their canoe the father and lover paddled to their desolate wigwams.

On the following day Maingan had disappeared, and with him the dead Omemee; and as no trace of him could be found he had, no doubt, hastened to fulfil the prediction of the Spirit of the Lake.

The bereft tribe, after burying and mourning for their dead, left their hunting grounds, and traversing eastward mixed with others of their race on the shores of Lake Superior.

## PARIS LETTER.

THE age has grown picked; the heavens no more blazed forth on the political death of Prince Bismarck than do comets appear when beggars die. Even the Public Funds did not display a drop. Yet a few years ago the retirement of the Chancellor from the post of Continental Medicine-man would have created consternation. Germany is already reconciled to the change, and France accepts it with resigned astonishment, but without any fear. Austria and Italy feel satisfied that the triple alliance will suffer nothing in its "potentialities." England got over the loss of Walpole, Austria of Metternich, and France of Richelieu and his successor, Mazarin. Why not Germany reconcile herself to the eclipse of Bismarck?

A new world has come to the front since the battles of the Titans in 1870-71; on that world the ex-Chancellor had but a feeble grip, and he was never in touch with it. A statesman, rather than a diplomatist, was what Germany needed after her unity was welded by blood and iron. And when the Federal Parliament, as the recent Reichstag elections show, no longer possessed the elements of a ruling coalition, Bismarck's occupation was gone. But William II., whose governing aptitudes and Frederick-the-Great obstinate boldness Bismarck had failed to gauge, understood his epoch—that of marching with modern wants, so long as the path does not lead to the compromising of the divine mission of his dynasty. This will explain why the Germans, while not forgetting Bismarck's splendid services, have confidence in the personalism and grit of their emperor. Nothing is so repulsive to irrepressible children than to be kept in the go-cart when they are strong enough to walk alone. William II. has belied the expectation of turning out a Jingo sovereign, and he now aims to take the wind out of the sails of Social Democracy without either "cudgelling or cajoling" it. Such is the French view of Germany—without Bismarck.

The proposed *proletaire* demonstration in Paris on next May Day, down the Champs Elysées, commences to be viewed with apprehension. How far the idea will be followed in other capitals remains to be seen. The Government is determined to prohibit the procession, and to warn off all foreign delegates. The masses claim to have only pacific ends in view—the presentation of a petition, with all solemnity and backed by the evidence of numbers. The petition itself is to pray for the abolition of the terrible armaments which derange labour, devour taxes, and consume life; the right of association for workmen, and the application of a sliding scale to wages, by which the latter, starting from an initial rate, based on mutual justice, will rise or fall, as prices scale up or down. Perhaps the unexpressed end of the movement is to bring about a federation of all the industries in a nation, and next the federation of the *proletaires* in all lands. It is no use shutting eyes to the fact that Socialism is progressing by leaps and bounds, and must henceforth be counted with.

French artistes resort to so many eccentric ways of "posing," that one more example would not be astonishing. To discover the whereabouts of the composer, M. Saint-Saëns, piques public curiosity more than the much-to-be-desired arrest of Eyraud, the murderer. M. Saint-Saëns has brought out two new operas recently "Samson et Dalila," and "Ascanio." The composer did not appear before the footlights to receive the customary homage from the spectators. Oriental monarchs liked to disguise themselves and mixing among their subjects learn unsugared comments on their government. Saint-Saëns might have been secretly in the body of the house, as he formerly was during the first representation of his "Phaëton." La Bruyère observes the wise avoid sometimes society, fearing to be wearied. The librettist, M. Gallet, the director of the Lariboisière hospital, was the last person who saw M. Saint-Saëns, who left for Cadiz five months ago, under an assumed name, intending to winter at Teneriffe. Since then, the silence of the tomb.

Rumour places the absent in Algeria, Java, Oceania, a lunatic asylum, and even in Paris itself. He is 55 years of age; his private life has been unhappy; some years ago he lost his mother to whom he was passionately attached; he is separated from his wife and two children, and he lived alone. He was not a society man; he had a few friends to whom he appeared periodically in alternate accesses of gaiety and melancholy. He owned the island of Caprera, which the Italian government purchased from him for four millions of francs, to present it as a residence to Garibaldi. Saint-Saëns has dissipated more than the half of that sum. This explains why his sixth cousin, an old maid, demands to be appointed administrator of his estate—till he be found. No less than forty-nine other cousins have lodged claims for slices of the property. They do not seek the relative; they are uneasy only about his fortune.

At twelve years of age, Saint-Saëns was famous; he was a celebrity at twenty. Litz predicted a glorious future for him; he was an accomplished organist and pianist, and no mean caricaturist. Bach and Beethoven he knew profoundly; from being an admirer, he became the enemy of Wagner. Berlioz, who, too, was periodically lost to sight, when over-worked complained that he suffered from "a superabundance of sensibility; from the ebullition and the evaporation of the heart, the sense, and the brain." Composers have had ever their peculiarities; thus Glück, to



heat his imagination, selected the middle of a meadow, and wrote under a torrid sun, a piano before him and two bottles of champagne at his side. Sarti preferred composing in a vast, empty room, the obscurity lugubriously darkened, by a single lamp suspended from the ceiling; musical thoughts only came to him in the middle of the night and in the depths of silence.

Saberi sought the most crowded thoroughfares, walking, eating *bon-bons*, and pencilling down the notes as they flowed. Cimarosa also liked noise, and composed best when surrounded by his friends. Paer resembled him, plus scolding his children, abusing his cook, quarrelling with his wife, and carressing his dog. Sacchini could not write a note if his well-beloved was not at his side, and cats and kittens gamboling about his legs. Paisiello could only compose in bed; it was between a pair of sheets his *Barbier de Séville* was written. Zingarelli sought inspiration by reading some chapters from the Fathers and a Latin author. Anfossi, to stimulate his genius, surrounded himself with roast capons, smoking hot sausages and stewed ham. Haydn, solitary on his chair, concentrated his attention in mystic voyages through the heavens, with the angels, the ring of Frederick always on his finger, and in full evening costume. Wagner dressed himself in garments of different colours, in harmony with his dominant sentiments. No one knew when Rossini wrote; he passed his time in "masher" demands, visiting Signora Colbran, sipping coffee in orange arbors, reading newspapers, and eating macaroni—that he cooked himself.

When printing was introduced into Paris, one of the earliest works printed was Euclid's Elements. The workman, perceiving that he had to intercale circles, squares, triangles, etc., into the text, believed that the book treated on sorcery, and was calculated to evoke the devil, who would carry him off in the midst of his work. The employer insisted, and the printer concluding that his ruin was contemplated, died of fright a few days later.

The working classes expecting little from the Berlin Conference, will not be disappointed. They view it with benevolence, but without hope. Perhaps they agree with Montesquieu, that when men meet in an assembly, their heads contract. There is this marked feature among the working classes to-day; they will have no salvation recipes thrust upon them, save when prescribed by themselves. Suicidal competition cannot be prevented by unbinding international laws; nor can the out-put of labour be uninformed in point of price, because the conditions of production, artificial as well as natural, are too various and divergent. The French working man delegate, M. Delahaye, has established the precedent, that when in mourning, a *prolétaire* is authorized to refuse an invitation to put his feet under imperial mahogany.

Deputy Leon Say is perhaps the richest *industriel* in France; he is a "billionaire." Sugar-refining, railway speculations, paper mills, etc., are his Pactolian streams. He is the secular chief of Calvinism, the burning and shining light of free-trade, the worst of trades at present in France. He has just read extracts from a volume he is writing on the rise of his family. He does not claim to be descended from the gods, to be the nephew of Neptune, the grandson of Venus, or the cousin-german of Mars. His great-grandfather was born in England, and emigrated to Holland; his widow and family settled at Nismes. All her fortune was carried in a small basket, which is preciously preserved as a family heir-loom. The family were Huguenots and cloth merchants; but not the less supplied the monks of the south of France with clothing during the worst days of the Dragonades.

The deputy does not claim to be descended from Lord Say, Henry the Sixth's Lord Treasurer, but would like to be. Incidentally he alluded to Say's trial before Jack Cade, which the "divine William" has immortalized. Say was accused of speaking French, and so a traitor and an enemy; he erected a grammar school, and so corrupted the youth of the realm; he caused printing to be used, built a paper mill, quoted Latin, and used such unchristian words as verb and noun. "I tremble because I have the palsy," said his Lordship. "I tremble because I am cold," said Bailly, the Mayor of Paris, before being hissed up to the lantern. Jack ordered Say's head to be placed on a pole to cure him of the palsy; and the head of his son-in-law on another pole. These served as "Maces" for the march, and were to kiss each other at every corner of the streets in London. Anacharsis Clootz asked Samson, the executioner, to be allowed to embrace Hebert, also awaiting decapitation: refusal. "Well, you cannot prevent us when our heads are in the basket," retorted the Prussian Baron. This proves that some of the historical witticisms of Frenchmen have originated across the channel. M. Say might have added that Jack Cade, four hundred and twenty-one years ago, was the first communist, and the originator of liberty, equality and fraternity. Not only did his programme include the abolition of kings and princes, the ending, not mending, of the Lords, but all the realm was to be in common. The people were to eat and drink at Jack's expense, and live like brothers. All the lawyers were to be killed, and the records of the realm were to be burned.

Since MacMahon resigned France has had fifteen ministries. The public remembers them about as well as the twenty-six Egyptian dynasties. Macaulay could name all the Archbishops of Canterbury from Thomas à Becket backwards. The parliamentary Warwicks, that make and unmake cabinets, can recall better the names of the Chinese Emperors than those of their victims. Anacreon was choked by the pip of a grape; the Tirard ministry

collapsed on Turkish raisins, intended to make claret for the poor. It is to be hoped that M. de Freycinet will be on his guard against sour grapes. Z.

### LEGEND OF THUNDER CAPE.

The Pottawattamie  
Lived by the inland sea,  
Near the wild wold;  
Heard, when the storm was nigh,  
Thunders go crashing by,  
Through the sky rolled.

Once he sat wondering,  
Moodily pondering  
Whence came the light,  
Striking the wood and plain,  
Then to the sky again  
Taking its flight.

"I will go out and see,"  
Spake he then tremblingly,  
"Where the abode,  
Where the bad spirits dwell,  
Hurling their bolts so well  
Down at the good."

Up Thunder Cape he went,  
Climbing the steep ascent,  
Round to the West;  
There on a crag he found,  
Rocks only strewn around,  
The Thunder's nest.

Four little Thunders there,  
Lying unfledged and bare,  
Uttered no sound;  
He, with an arrow, smote  
One through the mouth and throat,  
Then, in a swoond,

Fell, as the lightning flashed  
Out of the nest and crashed,  
Muttered, and, bold,  
Down from the mountain side,  
Over the water wide,  
Rumbled and rolled.

So, when the storms arise,  
Out in the western skies,  
The Thunder's brood,  
Now fully fledged and grown,  
Utter, in fearful tone,  
Their angry mood.

Kingston.

K. L. JONES.

### CANADA AND AUSTRALIA.\*

THE relations between the great Colonial dependencies of Britain in North America and in the Pacific have in the past been chiefly those of community in allegiance, tradition, history and aspirations, but the iron links of steamers, railways, and telegraph cables are now rapidly bringing them into closer connection, while the golden bonds of commercial and industrial co-operation bid fair in the not far distant future to completely annihilate the effects of distance and weld our two nations into a truly imperial union.

Edmund Burke once remarked that "he knew of no more absorbing and instructive occupation for the mind of a thoughtful man than to trace in all their peculiar grandeur the bold and swiftly formed outlines in the history of a young and patriotic people."

Though the annals of Canada, as of Australia, are short in the span of a nation's life, they are not without records of deep and sometimes thrilling interest. We see the early settlements of the French and the heroic labours of their pioneers; the romantic episode of the Acadians; and the unique figure of the Indian battling in vain against his destiny; the continuous and long sustained conflict between French and British for the possession of a continent and the final victory of the latter; the unsurpassed patriotism and energy of the United Empire Loyalist in Ontario; and the pioneer and settler in other sections of the country struggling against the kindred evils of cold and privation for many a long and weary year. A little later in our history and we have the War of 1812, with its gallant deeds and historic memories; the Rebellion of 1837; the Fenian Raid of 1866, and the Rebellion of 1885. Through all our records runs the thread of a steady constitutional development in the direction of freedom and unity; the union of 1841; the federation of 1867; the building of the Canadian Pacific, and the growth of a Canadian national sentiment.

The history of the Australian colonies presents a very different picture. Founded 100 years ago as a penal settlement; populated for the first half-century of its existence by people who lived under the dark shadow of this wretched system; bounding into prosperity at a moment's notice by the discovery of gold; colonized almost entirely by British immigrants; without the stain of civil dissension or foreign war upon its records; and also deprived of the

stability and sternness of character which such troubles give to a nation; attaining self-government in 1856, and attempting a national union in 1890. Such is a brief epitome of Australian history.

Another point of marked difference between Canada and Australia is their climate and geography. We have a northern clime—frost and snow and ice; great rolling prairies, lofty, ice clad mountains, immense rivers and lakes, unbounded supplies of coal and fish; with enormous potential power in our forests and farms. They have forests of tropical luxuriance, oriental plants, brilliant flowers, wide, parched plains; but few rivers and lakes; a climate extremely hot in many parts of the country, and unendurable in others; great cattle ranches and sheep farms—in short, a land of tropical splendour, and easy natural growth; where a livelihood is not difficult to obtain, and life may be found extremely pleasant.

In material development Australia is in some respects ahead of Canada, in others, far behind her. During the last twenty years we have in this country broadened and improved our commercial facilities until we have one of the most splendid lines of water communication upon the face of the globe. We have connected all the provinces and peoples of the Dominion by lines of railway, which have increased from 2,500 to 12,000 miles in extent; we have developed our industrial enterprises, increased our deposits in banks and other financial institutions from 38 millions to 182 millions, and our total trade from 130 to 200 millions of dollars.

The moral, the intellectual, the social history of our people has been onward and upward. The growth of the press, the progress of educational facilities, the diffusion of knowledge as to our natural resources, and the development of a feeling of confidence in our future has been very marked.

Turning to Australia we find that 50 years ago there was a population of 143,000, land under cultivation amounting to 181,000 acres, and sheep numbering 3,500,000. To-day there is a population of 3½ millions, 8 millions acres of land under cultivation, and 96,000,000 sheep in the country. At the former date the exports were valued at \$6,500,000, and are now worth \$270,000,000, while the imports have risen from 10 to 320 millions of dollars. The deposits in the banks have risen to upwards of 400 millions, and the miles of railway to 9,500. The total amount of gold raised prior to 1887 has been estimated at 1,580 millions, while the private wealth of Australia—aside from the Crown lands—is placed by the Government statist of New South Wales at 6,000 millions of dollars. Such figures demonstrate the immense progress of the country, and enable us to realize how the Australians are able to bear an aggregate national debt of 830 millions without difficulty while we grumble at a debt of less than 300 millions, with a far larger population.

The great difficulty in Australia has always been the lack of water, and the internal development of the country, aside from its mines, cannot proceed without a constant expenditure upon works of irrigation. When this great problem has been effectually disposed of we may expect to see the Island Continent enter upon a career of, if possible, still greater prosperity.

In other ways the progress of the people has been wonderful. The largest newspaper and one of the finest magazines in the world are published in Australia. It is claimed that there are more books in those colonies, compared with the population, than in any country in Europe or America. It is also stated that a larger proportion of the people are church members and subscribers to newspapers and magazines than elsewhere. The wool of the country does much towards supplying the wants of the world, while it produces wheat, beef and mutton enough to feed the inhabitants of an empire, and promises to rival France in the production of wine, and Spain in the growth of oranges.

While Canadian scenery is grand and ennobling, everything being upon the most imposing scale, we find in Australia that the vegetation of the tropics lends a peculiar charm to the beauties of nature, especially when aided by the art of man's cultivation. Few objects of interest and beauty either here or in Australia can equal the public gardens at Melbourne, Sydney or Adelaide. They are said to be the loveliest in the world, and no cost is spared in their maintenance. The flowers which we would cherish as exotics here luxuriate as in their natural home. The oleander towers and spreads in pink, pale glory; the crimson hibiscus glows amongst the bananas; Passion flowers, blue, purple and scarlet, hang in careless festoons among the branches. The air is laden with perfume, while the Norfolk Island pine towers darkly upwards, and the grand walks wind for miles among continually varying landscapes, which are framed by the openings in the foliage of the perfumed shrubs.

One of the most remarkable points in Australian progress is the rise of these great cities. "Marvellous" Melbourne, as it is so often called, with its 400,000 of a population, its splendid buildings and great capitalists, its broad streets, and the massive, solid appearance of its architecture is one of the most remarkable instances of urban progress which can anywhere be found. Winnipeg and its rise in fifteen years, from a village to its present proud position, is nowhere in comparison. Then we find Sydney, the capital of New South Wales, the oldest of the Australian cities, with its English appearance and magnificent buildings of granite; Adelaide, the capital of South Australia, and the "sweetest city of the hemisphere" as it has been frequently called, and in all

\* A paper read by Mr. J. Castell Hopkins before the Toronto Branch of the Imperial Federation League.

of them we see a population which appears to be characterized by a restless energy, more in keeping with the habits of the denizens of Chicago or San Francisco, than those which one would suppose to be possessed by residents in a hot and tropical clime, such as that of Australia. As an illustration of values, I might say that sales of city property have been recently made in Melbourne at ten to fifteen thousand dollars a foot—and this in the thirty-seventh year of its history.

It will now be my duty to deal briefly with the principal questions affecting the past and future of Australia, and consequently the position which these colonies may bear in time to come towards the Dominion of Canada and the Empire of Great Britain. The position of Australia with regard to outside nations is a peculiar one in many respects. Since the colonies have risen into power and position, they have become actuated by a far-reaching and important aim, nothing less, indeed, than the future complete control of the Islands and territories of the Pacific. Many questions have arisen in this connection during recent years, which have shown how impossible it is in these days of steam communication and electric wires, for any nation to isolate itself from the world at large, as we find so often proposed by the advocates of Colonial Independence. For many years the French had been in the habit of exporting their criminals to New Caledonia, an island several hundreds of miles from the Australian shores. The result of laxity in the control exercised over these convicts was that large numbers of them escaped and became a most intolerable nuisance and actual terror to the inhabitants of the mainland. When, therefore, it became known that the French had seized the New Hebrides, and proposed inaugurating a similar system there, a united and powerful protest from all the colonies was wired to England, and after long and wearying negotiations between the British and French Governments, a satisfactory arrangement was finally effected. In the meantime the Colony of Queensland anxious to prevent any foreign power from taking possession of the great Island of New Guinea, which lies near the coast of Australia, sent over a commissioner and hoisted the British flag over a territory nearly as great as its own. The Colonial Office, then under the weak administration of Lord Derby, who has long been the best hated man connected with the island continent, disavowed the act, and proceeded to carry on long, drawn-out negotiations with the German Government which claimed to have a right to certain portions of New Guinea. Ultimately, Germany annexed part of the disputed region, and then England proceeded to take and administer the rest, when she might have obtained the whole. We thus find France and Germany brought into near connection, and very nearly active collision with the Australian colonies.

Another grave difficulty, and perhaps future danger, is to be found in the Chinese question. As in the United States and Canada, so in Australia, strict laws prohibiting the immigration of Chinese have been enacted. Great difficulty has, however, been found in enforcing them. It must always be remembered that the Colonists populate in the main simply a narrow fringe around what is really a great continent, and that many parts of the coast as well as a great portion of the interior are practically uninhabited. This, then, is the crucial point of the question. As the Chinese Empire becomes more civilized; as its commerce expands, and the needs of its people enlarge, a great wave of emigration is bound to ensue, and the day may not be far distant when it will require all the friendly intervention and perhaps naval power of the British Empire to prevent a vast influx of Chinese from pouring into the uninhabited regions of Australia.

Then, again, these colonies have a very great interest in the Suez Canal, the great bulk of their enormous trade with England passing through that commercial highway. Any action by European powers, any great European or Asiatic war, which should in the least degree disturb the safety of this traffic would react most disastrously upon Australian interests.

Another matter of vital import to the Colonies is the maintenance of peace and order in our Indian Empire. A great trade is slowly but surely growing up between Australia and India, and any disturbance in the equilibrium of Indian affairs, not to speak of an attack upon the part of Russia, would have an exceedingly injurious effect upon Colonial commerce. If, as a result of internal disintegration, the British Empire were to be broken up, and India come under the control of Russia, Australia, then an independent nation, would have the huge Colossus of the East as a next-door neighbour.

But, it may be asked, what has all this to do with the joint interests of Australia and Canada? Very much; and I shall now draw attention to the first of the great points in which the two countries have a common interest.

The Dominion has also a foreign policy and neighbours of other nationalities. She has the ever menacing presence of the United States in close proximity, and has keen recollections of Atlantic fishing disputes, attempts at retaliation, Behring Sea seizures and tariff threats; when Newfoundland becomes a part of the union, as it ultimately must, seeds of possible disputes with France will come with it, but whether such should be the case or not, if by any chance we should ever become independent, French ships in the St. Lawrence and Russian cruisers on the Pacific might become too numerous for our peace of mind. This, then, is the point: with all these foreign questions menacing them and with a joint yearly commerce upon the seas of the world amounting to over six hundred millions of dollars, one great common interest of both

Canada and Australia is the maintenance of a powerful navy. No need to dwell at length upon this branch of the question, as it must be obvious that if ever the Pacific is to become what the Australian aspiration points to—a British lake,—and if Canada is to hold the powerful position which, in such an event, her geographical and natural advantages deserve, it will only be by helping to create and maintain a close and intimate union with what will soon be the great Dominion of Australia.

In this connection, it may be well to point out that the Australasian Colonies have already recognized this all-important necessity, and have agreed, as a result of the Imperial Conference of 1887, to bear the cost of maintenance of a squadron consisting of seven war-ships to be built by the Imperial Government at a cost of some four millions, the Colonial Government paying \$600,000 a year. The first iron-clad of the squadron was launched the other day in England.

Canada has in another way and at an infinitely greater cost laid the foundations for closer union with Australia, as well as with Great Britain, in the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The mention of this great road brings us to the second important point in the consideration of our common interests—namely, those connected with the development of steam and telegraphic communication between ourselves and the Antipodes. The Canadian Pacific Railway, while giving England an alternative route to the East, also gives Australia a safer road to the British markets, and while it enables us to develop our mutual trade, brings us within sight of the time when fast lines of steamers between British Columbia and Melbourne on the one hand, and Halifax and England on the other, and telegraph cables laid over similar routes, will guide the course of trade from the East and the West over Canadian soil, make Victoria a greater shipping port than San Francisco and enable us to successfully encounter American competition in Australian markets.

The extension of our trade relations is a most important question, and here it will be necessary to dwell briefly upon the ties of commerce which may in the future bind the two countries together. Little, however, can be done until the communication is freer and less expensive. Realizing this, the British Government has already granted a subsidy towards a direct steamship line, Canada has voted \$125,000 a year, New Zealand has consented to give \$70,000 and New South Wales has expressed its willingness to assist. A conference to consider the matter is being arranged.

Then, again, we must not overlook the beneficial effect which a recently proposed reform would have upon this branch of the question—namely, the adoption of a system of Imperial Penny Postage. It has been demonstrated beyond a doubt that such a system can be established, and that in all probability a gain, instead of loss, would very shortly accrue to the revenues of the various parts of the Empire as a result of increased correspondence. Such a plan would do much to disseminate knowledge of each other's resources, and develop new avenues of trade between Canada and Australia.

What, then, is the present position of our trade? Canada manufactures large quantities of agricultural implements, furniture, boots and shoes, pianos, carriages of all kinds, hardware and stoves, all of which with many other items the United States exports freely to Australia to the extent of over ten millions of dollars a year, while our exports to those colonies amounted in 1888 to only \$448,205. On the other hand we could import from Australia by way of return cargo, and would probably do so, were the trade once started, wool—in any quantity we might desire—drugs, oranges, wines, gums, preserved fruits, and meats, silk, sugar (unrefined), vanilla, and different varieties of woods.

Then, besides our manufactured goods, we might send coal, lumber of many descriptions, flour, and fish. It must be remembered, however, that action should be speedy. Already the Americans propose to lay a cable between San Francisco and Australia, and are prepared, so valuable do they consider the trade and its possibilities, to give a heavy subsidy towards the project. Then, again, if the proposed Australian federation should take place it will probably mean the adoption of a common colonial tariff against outside nations, including perhaps England and ourselves. If, however, our statesmen do their duty and make timely arrangements, it will probably be found that a system of preferential duties as between Canada and Australia will be shortly created. This step, with the proper development of inter-communication will be sufficient to enable us to drive out American competition, and build up a large and prosperous trade with our fellow-citizens of the Pacific.

All these questions, however, naval, commercial and national, turn upon the one important point—our joint political relations, and national aspirations. Bound together by the ties of a common ancestry, allegiance and flag, the conclusions already reached in this paper have been based upon the supposition that our present union will be permanent, though subject of course to many minor changes and evolutions. Of Canada, it is not necessary here to speak, as we realize the advantages of British connection and intend to perpetuate them, but Australian sentiment upon the subject is not clearly understood in this country and deserves some brief consideration. When the memorable contingent which afterwards left New South Wales for the Sudan was accepted by the Imperial Government, the enthusiasm was intense; Victoria had already offered six or seven hundred men, armed and equipped, thousands more volunteered in the mother-colony (as N.S.W. is often

styled) than could be accepted; a "patriotic fund" of £200,000 was speedily raised and the volunteers left the colony amid a blaze of enthusiasm and loyalty—unprecedented in Australian history. The Rt. Hon. Wm. Bede Dalley, who was largely instrumental in making the offer and arranging the details of what has been called this epoch-making event, said a few days after the departure of the contingent: "We have awakened in the Australian Colonies an enthusiasm of sacrifice, of heroism, of all the nobler qualities which are to the loftier national life what the immortal soul is to the perishable body of humanity. We have shown to the world that we have watched and waited for the moment when we could aid, however, humbly that Empire which after all is the depositary and guardian of the noblest form of constitutional freedom that the world has ever seen. Our little band is but the advance guard of a glorious Imperial Federation."

The Hon. James Service, when Premier of Victoria, some years ago, wrote to his Agent-General in London, instructing him to support the Imperial Federation movement, adding in the course of his communication; "That the notion before now openly propounded by Goldwin Smith and others of separating the colonies from the Empire has little sympathy from Australians, but that we believe the colonies may be tributaries of strength to the parent state and that they and it may be mutually recipients of numberless advantages."

Since then, however, many things have happened—the success of the so-called nationalist party in Queensland; the tirades of a notorious section of the press, and a discreditable though small portion of the community in Queensland and New South Wales have led to a fear, and, in American quarters, triumphal expression of hope, that Australia was soon to declare for national independence. When, however, local federation does take place this disloyal element will find its proper level, and the better classes, the wealthy, educated, far-seeing and enterprising men of Victoria and the larger colonies will come to the surface of political affairs. As in Canada so in Australia, local union will increase loyalty and destroy buxipious discontent by the growth of a wider and better national sentiment.

The leading man in Australia to-day is undoubtedly Sir Henry Parkes, the veteran Premier of New South Wales, and destined to be the Sir John Macdonald of Australian unity. He has recently stated that there are to be found in those colonies "two great political passions. Each is very deep, each is equally susceptible to appeal and each is a passion of patriotism. One is patriotism for a United Australia, the other is patriotism for the British Empire." This then is the task ahead of our Imperial Statesmen, to see to it, in the interests of national unity, power and the peace of the world, that these two sentiments (and they exist as strongly in Canada as in Australia) do not clash, that some means shall be found by which they can develop side by side and add to our union and strength in place of leading to disintegration and decay.

To effect this great end it is only necessary for the statesmen of Great and Greater Britain to live up to the statement of Lord Carrington, Governor of New South Wales, who, when recently speaking at Brisbane, Queensland, in connection with the colony's refusal to pay its promised contribution of £12,000 towards the Colonial Naval Defence Fund, said "England herself would pay 12,000 times £12,000 or what is a million times more valuable still, would not hesitate to sacrifice 12,000 English lives before she would allow any country to annex or occupy one square inch of the thousands of square miles which Queensland calls her own"; or the remarks of the Earl of Onslow, Governor of New Zealand, who, when speaking of Australian federation, said "that he was convinced it would make the tie still stronger, and that England would stand by the Australian colonies so long as there was 18 pence in the Imperial Treasury! so long as there was a British blue-jacket or red-coat left to fight for the great English-speaking Confederation which owns allegiance to the British crown."

Such views apply as well to Canada as to our sister-colonies and when enunciated continuously by the best of British statesmen, as they now so frequently are, must prove a sufficient reply to the pessimists of the Manchester school who claim that England cares nothing for the Empire or its perpetuation. On the other hand let the problems, of the future be approached in the colonies in the spirit with which Sir John Macdonald looked forward to the Confederation of Canada, when he said in 1861, "I hope that for ages, for ever, Canada may be united to the Mother country—there will thus be formed an immense confederation of freemen, the greatest confederation of civilized and intelligent men that has ever had an existence upon the face of the globe"; or in the language of Sir Henry Parkes when speaking of the coming Australian Federation at the great centennial banquet which took place in Sydney two years ago, when the leading men of every type and occupation from every part of the continent met to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of Australian settlement. "If," said Sir Henry, "we are to be part and parcel of the British Empire, we must be prepared to take our fair share of its burdens and dangers. It is in this spirit that I wish to maintain our position in the future as thorough Australians, and, being thorough Australians, most consistent and patriotic Britons."

In the face of such language, and it is only one of many utterances by leading Australian statesmen, which might be quoted, did space permit, it is folly to fear that the results of a local federation there can be any different



as regards the loyalty of the people to the Empire, from that which has occurred in Canada. When Local Federation is attained the only organization in those colonies which can be really said to be infected with disloyalty—and that through narrow-minded ignorance alone—the Australian Natives' Association, will practically cease to exist, and a higher and nobler sentiment will be inculcated in the minds of the natives of the country, than that which would regard all not born within its shores as aliens and strangers. Such a party, the "no-nothing party" as it was called, once filled a feeble and flickering place in a long-forgotten page of American history, and is not likely to take a more prominent place in that of Australia.

And now in bringing this necessarily slight sketch to a close, I would draw attention to the fact that certain primary national principles are common to both Canada and Australia. The first is self-confidence. By its means Canada struggled amid many and diverse difficulties and dangers, until she has attained her present high position. By it she built her great national highway from sea to sea and successfully united her distant and sometimes discordant dominions.

By it Australia has struggled with the difficulties of settlement and the effects of provincial jealousies, which have, however, really worked more good than ill by increasing the efforts of the individual colonies through the stern teacher—competition. By it she has passed from a penal colony to a proud position in the freest empire in the world.

Again, development of natural resources. In this respect both countries possess a common national necessity. Each has enormous potential power of wealth and prosperity in land, and mineral resources, the products of the sea and of the forest. Each requires an increase of population and a diffusion of capital, and to a common centre the policy of both must be directed.

For this reason, if for no other, because Great Britain has the men and money which these great wings of the Empire require, the unity of that constitutional structure must be maintained and consolidated, as opportunity offers.

The third common interest of the two countries is the extension of our commerce. With the question of its safety I have already dealt, and little more than a passing reference need be made to the obvious fact that for both alike, Great Britain is the principal market.

It is well to remember in this connection that, according to Mulhall, the trade of the mother country increased from 1870 to 1885 with the Colonies \$187,000,000, while it decreased with foreign countries to the figure of \$230,000,000; that Australia does nearly the whole of its outside trade with Great Britain, and that while Canada now does 42 per cent. of its total trade with the mother country, the time may be coming, as a result of American policy, when it will be a matter of life and death to our farmers to create a still wider interchange of trade with Britain and in the interest of all classes of our community to promote closer trade relations with the constantly expanding market which the growing population and prosperity of Australia will offer to them.

Thus as a natural development of all that has gone before in our history and progress we have a more than common interest in bringing about what Sir Charles Gavan Duffy has recently styled the "wise and salutary design of federating the British Empire." I cannot here do more than mention a policy which would develop colonial resources and increase our national wealth; encourage immigration, diffuse capital, increase confidence and bring about the time when, as the *Toronto Globe*, with a prophetic insight which it has since, I regret to say, lost, in discussing Mr. Blake's famous Aurora speech in 1875, said, "the only country colonists will recognize as theirs will be the British Empire, and the only national sentiment they will deem worthy of cherishing will be one that thinks not of 'Canada first' or 'Australia first,' but of the grand old British Empire first and of all who love their sovereign, and all who swear by the 'Old Flag' at first, at last, and in the midst as well."

In conclusion, let me say that my reason for selecting this subject was mainly that in order to obtain a reciprocity of advantages from our present union with Australia a reciprocity of knowledge is desirable, and if I have been able to throw the slightest side-light upon the relations which have existed between us in the past and which should be created in the future, I am more than satisfied.

Of that future we need not have the remotest fear as long as the people of Great Britain look upon the colonies, in the recent words of the Prince of Wales, "as integral parts of the Empire," and the inhabitants "as brethren, no less dear to us than if they dwelt in Surrey or in Kent."

Let Canadians ever bear in mind those noble and stirring words of D'Arcy McGee when he said, just prior to Confederation, "I emphatically deny the preëminence of any other power upon this continent; we are the leading power on this continent, for we are a part of the greatest empire on earth, the Empire of Britain, whose blood permeates the world, whose flag is the emblem of power, grandeur and civilization, and as such we brook no peer," and look forward to the time when

Canada, Africa, Zealand, Australia,  
India, Continents, Isles of the sea,  
Adding your jewels to Britain's regalia,  
One with Old England, the home of the free.

"What is the first step towards securing a divorce?" asked a client of a Philadelphia lawyer. "Get married," was the prompt reply.

### DIOCLETIAN AT SPALATRO.

DIOCLES, Docles, Diocletian—

From the slaves' quarters to the Golden Gate  
Of this fair palace, where at even-time  
I sit and dream of empire, tracing back  
Life's changes in the changes of a name.

Would that Maximian were alive to laugh  
Perchance, indeed, he does make merry now  
That I regret the purple. Him, poor friend,  
A double abdication did not save  
From dyeing his bed to the imperial hue—  
A late imperial fashion; by the gods  
I care not for it; better die in peace.

. . . Yet would I live life over once again,  
And take its chances; be the freedman's son,  
Plain Docles, who, for sake of euphony,  
One morning turned to Diocles, to climb  
The slippery heights of power until he found  
A foothold, firm to bear the added weight  
Of Diocletianus.

What will they

Who follow after say of me? That I,  
Setting aside our glorious Eponym  
The first Augustus—ranked in length of reign  
Fourth of the Emperors—of the other three,  
Tiberius I like not; Hadrian  
And Antoninus make good company.  
They had wit to keep their heads on, so had I.  
But, more than they, I fell on evil times;  
Their house was left in order, I rebuilt  
The shattered walls of empire, Trajan cleansed  
For them the Imperial Purple, which to me  
Came daubed with blood, foul with debauchery.

Wise was it for Augustus and for them  
To walk as men among their fellowmen,  
In artful self-denial! but for us  
There needed other methods—diadems  
To raise us up a little, jewelled shoes  
To mark our feet as sacred. I have found  
That silken robes, when hung about a king,  
Are better surety than a coat of mail  
Against Praetorian daggers.

When I bowed

Beneath the weight of empire, fearlessly  
I quartered up the burden; if they failed,  
These since-succeeding Cæsars, they but lacked  
The knowledge of the traces—would the gods  
That I could grasp the reins!  
Nay, better thus, oh Æsculapius,  
Who dwell in yonder temple! For, long since,  
I should have died in harness. Better here  
To dream the past is with me, by the sea.  
Long years of toil to win short years of rest,  
And, after death, a name among the gods.

J. ROSS-WETHERMAN.

### COLONIAL CULTURE.

IT may be asked whether the colonies have as yet produced that literary or artistic development which we expect from populations so happy and so intelligent as those which I have described. I have already spoken of the necessary absence as yet in the colonies of a leisured class. In the eastern portion of the United States, which although exposed, as are the colonies, to the literary competition of the United Kingdom, possesses a proportionately larger leisured class than do the newer Canada or Australia or the Western States there is a more widespread literary cultivation than in any of the old countries of the world. Great results have already been achieved by people of the United States in the realms of science, although these cannot be attributed to the leisured class, and American Science is more practical than ours, and runs more into invention, because the rewards of invention are in America greater and more rapid. Even pure science has its students, however, in the Eastern States, as poetry is not wanting in Canada and Australia, in spite of the powerful influence and competition of contemporary English literature. I have already named colony by colony the most conspicuous examples of a success in literature which is rather ignored at home than lacking in the colonies.

Colonial architecture, although not good, compares favourably with that of the dwellings of the British middle class. At the same time our colonists are in this respect behind the colonists of foreign races established in their midst. The French domestic architecture of Lower Canada, and the Dutch domestic architecture of South Africa are picturesque, and free from that element of meanness or vulgarity which too often characterises British architecture in all parts of the world. The fine Dutch homesteads of the Cape, with their indispensable verandahs, are perfect specimens of simple architecture—are perfect as are the houses of the best Flemish towns, with the additional advantage of being placed amid beautiful surroundings and shaded by magnificent old trees. The French architecture of Quebec is superior, too, to that of Canada in general; but in Australia the opulence and comfort of the colonial Britons have helped them to create a school of architecture which is beautifying the cities day by day.

It must be admitted, however, that colonial democracy and the race for wealth, combined with the free importation of the literature of the Mother Country and of the art of France, have caused the best writings of the colonies to be found in the pages of their newspapers, and,

as regards art, have prolonged the duration of its infancy. I have already spoken of the wonderful development of the Australian and the Canadian press, but in this respect, at all events, South Africa is not behind. The leaders in the two daily papers of Capetown are distinctly above the average of the newspaper literature of Europe; and in South Africa, as in Australia, the weekly editions of the leading papers are marvels of literary production, and widely read. The number of colonial papers is as remarkable as their ability and their circulation, and the Transvaal is a British Colony in this respect. In the single young town of Johannesburg, within twelve months of its foundation under Dutch rule, there were six English newspapers; and even in Pretoria, where the British colonial element is smaller, there are several excellent English journals.

It would, I am convinced, be a mistake to suppose that the partial absence of a literature, other than newspaper literature, in our colonies is in any degree the result of democratic institutions. M. de Tocqueville pointed out that in the United States in his day there was little art or literature, and that many Europeans who had been struck by this fact had thought it a result of democracy, whereas they had confused what was democratic with what only was American. Time has shown Tocqueville to be right, and America has been making steady progress in science and literature at least, though she has not progressed as yet with equal rapidity, if we exclude the American studios of Paris, in the field of art. Writers who record for us, with regard to our own colonies, opinions similar to those which fell under Tocqueville's censure are likely to prove wrong. Other observations, indeed, of Tocqueville's upon the same subject, also apply as well to the colonies of today as to the America of his time. For example, he shows how the Americans finding among the English, whose tongue they spoke, distinguished men of science and writers of eminence, were enabled to enjoy the treasures of the intellect without having to labour to amass them; and how the American people of his day were intellectually a portion of the English, and were merely, in fact, the English who happened to be out west. Tocqueville, with great eloquence, pointed out how democracy is likely in the long run to favour science and literature by enormously increasing the numbers of those who have the taste for intellectual enjoyment as compared with those who have the ability to indulge it in aristocratic societies. At the same time he showed how in democratic communities with their active life there would be less tendency towards meditation; and how, therefore, the literary work of democratic communities would probably possess a more practical turn than that of aristocracies. It has often been remarked with what foresight—a foresight due at least as much to his habit of patient study as to natural ability—Tocqueville prophesied the future of the communities which he had seen at their daily toil, and it is remarkable to trace the degree to which his observations on the America of his time fit the Australia and the Canada of our own.

In a literary sense the colonies may, indeed, be said to stand now in pretty much the same position in which the United States stood in the time of Tocqueville, and America made a little later a great literary advance. Though it may still be said of the American people that their reading is not over choice, and that they are largely fed upon telegrams and sensational stories, nevertheless the country has produced a powerful literary class and some literary work of the highest merit. In the colonies there is almost as much literary dependency upon England now as there was formerly in the United States; but there is every reason to hope that the universal diffusion of reading power among the people, and the influence of free libraries, public discussion societies, and other means of rousing intellectual interest, will lead to the same good results throughout all Greater Britain which have been witnessed in the United States. While in the richer among the old countries of Europe there is a larger literary class in proportion than can exist in a new country, I am disposed to doubt whether the population generally are more literary in their studies than in new countries. It is often said that the people of the colonies are superficial in their tastes, that they like a smattering of literature of a easy type, and a smattering of science, but do not read deeply; but I doubt myself whether a careful examination of the statistics of English free libraries would show the existence of a better state of things among ourselves. There are, naturally and necessarily, more people with leisure, and more people of the highest cultivation, in proportion to the numbers of the population here than can be the case in the younger countries, and that is all. Olive Schreiner among novelists and for the Cape, Henry Kendall among poets and for Australia, not to speak of statisticians, and of the political essayists of Canada, form the first of a future race of Colonial writers; while Marcus Clarke and Brunton Stephens, of the British-born colonists, may be counted as colonial as the colonists themselves, and equally precursors of the colonial literature of the future. Although Adam Lindsay Gordon killed himself, and Marcus Clarke died in poverty, and Kendall had little better fate, it may, I think, be safely predicted that the day will come when colonial literature will hold its own with the literature of the mother-country, and Letters form an acknowledged and sufficient colonial career. The colonists are no more likely to be content with inferior work in literature and art than they are in other matters. In their newspaper press they expect and obtain, as I have shown, the best. Their Universities are remarkable; the organization of secondary instruction admirable; their

railway material upon the state lines the most excellent, perhaps, in the whole world; and, although literature and art cannot be called into existence by administrative ability, because they are things of the soul and not merely things of skill, it is impossible to believe that, with their sunlight, their intelligence, their education, their cheerfulness, and their manliness and robustness of mind, the colonies will not fulfil the promise that is given by such a work of genius as "The Story of an African Farm."—*Sir Charles Dilke in Problems of Greater Britain.*

### THE RAMBLER.

WAS the idea entertained anywhere in the Dominion of bringing Miss Amelia B. Edwards into its precincts? If so, it failed in consummation. The *New England Magazine* has a very delightful paper this month upon that gracious Egyptologist, accompanied by an excellent, full-page likeness. I must confess, personally, with no little reluctance, that my chief knowledge of Miss Edwards in the past has been as the author of a pretty, but scarcely remarkable, novel, entitled "Lord Brackenbury." Miss Edwards is, however, sprung from fine literary stock, and may be numbered among the prodigies of this century, having eclipsed Macaulay in the matter of early appearances in print, and as an author in the home circle. She wrote stories and poems at the age of four, and at seven saw herself in a weekly paper, the contribution being a bit of verse called "The Knights of Old." The deponent doth not say whether the lady—the maiden—was paid for this ebullition of divine fire or not. But, with characteristic fulsomeness, "Mrs. Sallie Joy White" concludes her paper with styling Miss Edwards "the most wonderful and most lovable woman that the century has seen." Is this not just "overbilling" the star a little, to adopt a technical phrase?

That Easter is a more purely religious epoch than Christmas, most of us will concede. At the latter season family affairs are apt to engross and intrude a trifle too familiarly for the best development of spiritual desires. At Easter all things tend to forgetfulness of self and to the enjoyment of God in Nature and repose upon God. There is the exquisite hush before spring. There is the true New Year of the earth. There should be a corresponding rejuvenation in that depraved receptacle—the heart of man. In the Anglican churches all this is very beautifully conveyed, and we do not require to be Anglicans, I believe, to appreciate at its proper worth the perfect arc of the Church's Year. I am afraid very few people, even those who are Anglicans, ever read Keble in these days, but once there was a great charm in the pretty stanzas that fitted so appropriately into the festivals of the year. I think it was Keble who wrote, speaking of the first spring blossoms:—

They twinkle to the wintry moon,  
And cheer the ungenial day,  
And tell us all will glisten soon  
As green and bright as they.  
Is there a heart that loves the Spring,  
Their witness can refuse?  
Yet mortals' doubt when Angels bring  
From heaven their Easter news.

The line—

They twinkle to the wintry moon,  
recalls the two opening ones of St. Agnes' Eve, and the two concluding lines of the latter poem—

Or this first snowdrop of the year  
That in my bosom lies,

may have been suggested by the opening stanza of the poem for Tuesday in Easter week, "To the Snowdrop."

But so one might go on picking up parallelisms all along the enamelled path of our luxuriant English literature, and be all the better for it, although occasionally doubtful as to origins. Ah—

The sweet spring days,  
With whitening hedges and uncumpling fern,  
And blue-bells trembling by the forest ways,  
And scent of hay new mown.

And instead of Merlin and Vivien, why not Percy and Madeline, or Edgar and Eva, stopping

On the slope's brow,  
To gaze on the green sea of leaf and bough,  
Which glistening lay all round them, lone and mild,  
As if to itself the quiet forest smiled!

And then to gaze upward into the pearly-clouded blue and list—

The grey song-sparrows, full of Spring,

And to turn with the careful, reverent foot,

The old year's cloaking of brown leaves that bind  
The forest floor-ways, plated close and true—  
The last love's labour of the autumn wind.

All these are April pleasures. Who has sung them in the preceding lines I leave to my readers to divine. If there be any Canadian poet quoted, I wonder who will recognize his work. In this connection we should proudly note an effort made by our prominent local bookseller, Mr. Williamson, to promote knowledge of Canadian works. It is pleasing to observe the placards upon his window which announce four recent books by Canadians. Mr. W. W. Campbell, Mr. Lampman, Mr. Phillips Stewart, and Mr. Chas. Mair are the poets thus distinguished. There can be no question that this effort is one made in the right direction, and if persevered with must end in increased interest manifested in Canadian publications.

I confess I am anxious to see the Boston Museum, just now being enlarged, and the collection it holds within its walls. The *Nation* in a recent issue contained a paper by Russell Sturgis upon the building and the treasures it enclosed, in the course of which the inevitable fling at England occurred. The collection of casts, Mr. Sturgis tells us, is "one of the most important now in existence, ranking with the largest in Europe, except the overwhelming one at Berlin. Boston now ranks with the old established and well-known collections of Bonn and Dresden, and just after that of Strasbourg, and far in advance of the much-trumpeted collections at Cambridge and South Kensington." The "much-trumpeted" collection at South Kensington is nevertheless one not to be despised, and when we consider the other objects of art within those famous walls, and the building itself, rich with all learned and delightful associations, such remarks as those vented by Mr. Sturgis seem not a little absurd.

The death of the Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, Sheriff of Montreal, is naturally much regretted. He was an exceptionally well-informed and gifted gentleman, combining the peculiar brightness and *aplomb* of the French with great gifts for organization and administration. He wrote most easily and gracefully, and must have left behind him an immense quantity of literary matter, both prose and poetry, in the volumes of French-Canadian periodicals. A paper from his pen entitled "A Plea for the French Language," and written of course in English, had been promised to *THE WEEK* some months ago, but the honourable gentleman was not permitted to compile it.

### ART NOTES.

THE highest price reached during the late Art sales at Christie and Manson was for a picture by Rosa Bonheur, entitled "Les Longs Rochers;" the price paid was four thousand seven hundred dollars.

SIX new paintings have been purchased and placed in the English National Gallery, they are all of the Italian schools, the two principal being by Giovanni and Ghirlandaio, two of them are landscapes by Giuseppe Zais.

J. R. HERBERT, R.A., has just died at the advanced age of 80 years. He exhibited his first picture at the Academy so long ago as 1830; but his first striking picture which made him a reputation was "The Appointed Hour," painted a few years later. His best known pictures are the "Judgment of Daniel" in the House of Lords, and "Moses bringing in the Tables of the Law" in the Peers' robing room.

SIGNOR SALVIATI, whose name is associated with the revival of the blown hand-fashioned Venetian glass has lately died. The original glass-workers of Murano were invested with many privileges from the 12th to the 18th century, they were not considered mechanics but artists, and were permitted to rank with the patricians; the modern revival has been carried on chiefly by English patronage.

IN the current Exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours, according to the critic of the *Athenaeum*, there are but forty-one pictures worthy of serious criticism, among the best are "Waiting" by Sir J. Linton, a "Damsel," by W. R. Ryland, and a "Boy with a Basket of Apples," by Miss Greenaway. Favourable notice is taken of a picture by Miss K. M. Whitley, the subject being a "Group of Ammonites, Agate, and Fluor-spar," it has marvellous delicate finish, solidity, colour, light and correct drawing.

MR. FRED. DUNBAR's half figure of Col. Gzowski, which he has executed for the Niagara Park, is now on view in the Library of the Parliament Buildings. The success which has attended Mr. Dunbar in this his latest work would seem to point him out as worthy of being entrusted with the execution of some of the statues of our deceased public men with which it is proposed to decorate our parks and squares; we hear it is probable that he will receive the commission for the statue of the late J. G. Howard, which is to be erected in High Park, as a memorial of his generosity to the City of Toronto.

OUR Toronto artists are all busy preparing for the coming exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy, which is to be opened in Montreal on the 24th inst. J. W. L. Foster, G. A. Reid, S. Tully and W. Sherwood will send figure pieces; L. R. O'Brien, the President—Hy. Martin, M. Matthews and F. M. Bell-Smith will show land and seascapes. T. Mower Martin will send figures and animals. At the general assembly two artist members will be elected to fill vacancies declared last year; it is expected that the exhibition will be a good one. TEMPLAR.

### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

TORONTO must not hug to itself the darling delusion that because a good roomful greeted Dr. Von Bülow, last Monday evening at the Pavilion, therefore Toronto is a very musical and appreciative place—superior, in fact, to all the other cities of the Dominion. The fact was, that, owing to the enterprise of the Messrs. Suckling in advertising the recital, numbers of musical people from the surrounding small towns took advantage of an unusual opportunity and combined Easter fares with the concert. Ottawa, Whitby, Hamilton, London, and four or five other towns contributed a good half of the audience. Von Bülow gave the utmost satisfaction and delight to all present. Those who had heard him before saw no falling off in his matchless per-

formances. Those who had not must have hung upon the moments which revealed some gem of Beethoven or Chopin in all its beauty. "Intellectual" is the stock-in-trade term we are accustomed to see associated with Von Bülow's playing, and, as a result, many intelligent musicians, who are not, however, averse to a little sweetness and light leavening the intellect, were, upon this occasion, delighted and agreeably disappointed to find a world of sympathy and charm in his interpretation of even Chopin and Raff. The technique of this famous artist is finished and varied; his individuality is suppressed sufficiently to enable the hearer to revel in the composition and not be carried away by the performer; his memory is remarkable, and there is a quite unusual element of apparent ease in his performance of tremendously difficult passages which he gets through without seemingly turning the proverbial hair. Compared to him D'Albert is a raw student. By the side of Rubinstein, however, and Mdme. Schumann in her prime, he would be found wanting both in individuality and tenderness. The Raffe Suite was a very interesting number containing a Romance of much beauty and a Toccata of great difficulty. Otherwise, there were no novelties, if we except the magnificent Chopin Impromptu, a piece new to Toronto audiences. A word must be said as to the short but characteristic preludes with which the pianist prefaced each appearance. No musician could hear without being struck by their incisiveness, brevity, and fitness. The singer, Miss Smith, possesses a very nice voice, and her selections were, it is to be supposed, chosen in order to display it, but, upon the whole, her performances were unsatisfactory. Mr. Torrington played the accompaniments. Without having actually created a *furor*, Dr. Von Bülow has been sympathetically heard and applauded in this city as one of the greatest pianists who have ever visited it.

A CHAMBER concert was quite recently given at the college by Mr. Torrington, in aid of the Lombard Street Mission, which was well patronized. The audience was a critical one, but they apparently much appreciated the *ensemble* numbers on the programme, which were Reissiger's trio, op. 25, played by Miss Sullivan, Mendelssohn's magnificent op. 49, played in its entirety by Miss Florence Clarke, and Hummel's charming op. 12, played by Miss Williams. Miss Sullivan also gave two solo numbers by Scharwenka and Wm. Mason. The vocal selections by Miss Price, of Kingston, Miss Mortimer, Miss Sutherland, and Mr. Baguley were very enjoyable, and with but few lapses well sung, as also was the quartette by Curschmann, which closed the programme. The funds of the mission were considerably augmented by the proceeds of the concert. Professor James Loudon, M.A., of the University, is announced to lecture at the college on Thursday, April 10th, on "A National Standard of Musical Pitch."

### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE WAY OUT OF AGNOSTICISM. By Francis E. Abbot, Ph. D. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company. Cloth. Pp. 75. \$1.00.

Agnosticism, as defined by Dr. Abbot, declares that the scientific method applies only to phenomena, to the appearances or shows of things, and has no application to noumena, or things as they really exist in their internal relations and constitutions. A scientific theology, he maintains, will show that the scientific method applies to both phenomena and noumena, both to things as they seem and things as they are. Agnosticism, destitute of the conception that God is immanent in Nature, does not see that to know Nature in any degree is to know God in precisely the same degree. He denies that there is anything unknowable,—only the unknown or the imperfectly known exists. Against the relativity of knowledge as expounded by Herbert Spencer he argues that knowledge is based upon the internal self-relatedness of an object. Nothing else can account for the agreement in judgment among various minds studying an object. Because there is no limit to the knowable, to the progress of science, he looks for assured light on problems of immortality and duty when the methods so successful in the study of physical nature shall be applied to theology. This little book, so compact as to be pretty stiff reading, is intended to be an introduction to a treatise Dr. Abbot is now preparing. The author may be remembered as editor of the *Index*, which was published for some years at Toledo and then removed to Boston, where it expired in 1886.

LIFE AND TIMES OF GEN. JOHN GRAVES SIMCOE, Commander of the "Queen's Rangers" during the Revolutionary War, and first Governor of Upper Canada, together with some account of Major André and Capt. Brant. By D. B. Read, Q.C., Historian of the County of York Law Association; author of "The Lives of the Judges of Upper Canada." Toronto: George Virtue. 1890.

In a couple of years we will be celebrating the centenary of the establishment of Upper Canada as a separate province. Many changes have taken place since 1791, when the Act was passed separating Upper from Lower Canada. Then Upper Canada consisted of a few scattered settlements on the St. Lawrence, in the Niagara peninsula and along the shores of Lakes Ontario and Erie. The whole white population did not greatly exceed ten thousand. The country was an almost unbroken forest traversed only by Indian trails. The sparse settlements have since grown into the rich and prosperous Province of Ontario,



covered with a network of railways, and dotted with large cities and thriving towns and villages. The change is a striking one; and it was a happy inspiration that led Mr. Read to write at this time a life of General Simcoe to whose management the destinies of the infant province were first entrusted. In several respects Mr. Read was particularly fitted to undertake such a work. He has a taste for historical research, especially for such as relates to Canada, and the course of reading and investigation he had to pursue in the preparation of his recent "Lives of the Judges of Upper Canada" necessarily made him familiar with many obscure and not easily accessible sources of information. In this handsome volume of three hundred pages he has given us not only a very full and satisfactory record of General Simcoe's life, but also a vivid and striking picture of the times in which he lived. We might complain, perhaps, of the rather meagre account of the governor's early years—indeed neither the place nor date of his birth is given—but there is no lack of details concerning the more active and public portions of his career. Several chapters treat of his services during the war of the American Revolution, in which he was actively employed from the Battle of Brandywine to the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, but the bulk of the book is devoted to his career as Lieut. Governor of Upper Canada, from 1792 until his appointment as Civil Governor of St. Domingo in 1796. Recalled from St. Domingo, he was sent in 1806 on an important mission to Portugal, but, taken ill on the voyage out, he was compelled to return to England where he died soon after his arrival, at the comparatively early age of fifty-four. General Simcoe was undoubtedly an excellent governor. His ability was as conspicuous in civil as in military affairs, and it was, perhaps, a misfortune that he was not permitted to remain longer in a position he was so especially qualified to fill. He accomplished much and his work left its impress on the country. Although no monument has been erected to his memory, his name is not likely to be forgotten, for it will be perpetually commemorated by many places throughout the province.

The illustrations in this book deserve something more than passing mention. There are excellent portraits of General Simcoe, Joseph Brant, Major André, Sir George Yonge and William Jarvis, and several entirely new engravings from original water-colour and other drawings by Mrs. Simcoe, and one from a recent water-colour sketch by Miss Roberts. These woodcuts are exceedingly well executed and are a credit to Canadian engravers.

We have not space to say much about the literary merits of the work. Mr. Read has a style peculiarly his own, but he does not write equally well at all times. Occasionally he drops into colloquial forms of expression that scarcely become the dignity of history, and sometimes he displays a careless disregard of the rules governing the construction of sentences; but his meaning is always apparent, he never becomes dull and never allows his story to drag. Some later historians may make a more perfect book, but in the meantime Mr. Read is entitled to our gratitude for presenting so attractively an important and interesting chapter in Canadian history.

*Macmillan* for March contains several chapters of Mrs. Oliphant's "Kersteen," and an amusing short story entitled "The Courtship of Dinah Shadd," told in admirable brogue by Rudyard Kipling. Mr. Saintsbury contributes a short chapter in literary history, in which he gives an interesting account of the political and semi-political satires in England during the last twenty years of the eighteenth century. "Facts for Fabian Socialists," "Australia from another point of view," "The Illustrious Dead," "On the Naming of Novels," and "Inside the House," are the other articles of the number.

The frontispiece of the April *Scribner* is "Now Chaplets Bind," the first of a series of illustrations by J. R. Weguelin for selected Odes of Horace. Harold Frederic's "In the Valley," with two illustrations, increases in interest; Octave Thanet's picturesque story, "Expiation," is concluded; and the reader is guided "In the footsteps of Charles Lamb" to the gentle essayist's burial place in the Edmonton churchyard. The short stories of the number are "Javan Hackett's Ill-mended Fortunes," by E. C. Martin, and the "New Methuselah," by Sarah Orne Jewett. A useful series of papers on the "The Rights of Citizens" is commenced in this number.

A DISTINGUISHING feature of the *Andover Review* for April is the number of articles, editorial and contributed, in connection with what is known as "The Andover Movement." The subjects discussed are of great interest and importance, and the discussion promises to become still more interesting in future. In the opening paper of this number President Angell, of Michigan University, treats of "Religious Life in our State Universities," and shows that "the spirit of the religious students in the state universities is not essentially different from those in the other colleges and universities," and that there is no good ground for the despondent view held by many as to the religious condition of students either in state or denominational colleges. In an article by Rev. William Higgs on that eminent English educationist, the late Edward Thring, Master of Uppingham, there are some excellent observations as applicable to Canadian schools as to those of the United States. In "Have we a Religion for Men?" Mr. Howard Allen Bridgman vigorously expresses what a great many feel on a subject which requires consideration and discussion.

The *Overland Monthly* for April has fewer illustrations than usual, but in all other respects the number is up to the high standard of excellence that distinguishes this popular magazine. The poetry is good, the fiction has a distinctive quality of its own, and all racy of the west. The "heavy" articles in the number are "Prohibition in Southern California," "The Decadence of Truthfulness," and "A Study of Skilled Labour Organizations."

The frontispiece of the April *Arena* is a portrait of Bishop Spalding, who makes in "God in the Constitution" a very effective reply to Col. Ingersoll's paper in a previous number. In "Religion, Morals, and the Public Schools," Rev. M. J. Savage deals very ably and conclusively with a question that is now exciting as much public interest in Canada as in the United States. W. E. Manley, D.D., a veteran clergyman seventy-eight years of age, repudiates in a learned article the commonly accepted views as to the endlessness of future punishment; Wm. Lloyd Garrison discusses some phases of the naturalist movement inaugurated by Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward"; Elizabeth Cady Stanton treats of divorce and marriage with her characteristic independence and vigour of thought; and under the quaint title "Of David's House" James Realf, Jr., gives an estimate of the genius, character and influence of the late Earl of Beaconsfield. In "Why and Because" in the "No name Series" many manifest evils and inconveniences are mentioned that might be modified or removed. A number of well-known writers contribute to an interesting symposium on "White Child Slavery;" and W. H. H. Murray's Indian idyl "Ungava" is continued.

The *North American Review* for April opens with a paper on "Discipline in the Navy" by Admiral Porter, and is followed by one on "Kinship and Correlation" by Francis Galton. In "My Life Among the Indians" Bishop Whipple relates many interesting reminiscences of his missionary work among the Indians of Minnesota thirty years ago, and throws a strong light on the iniquitous system then in vogue for the management of Indian affairs. Ex-Governor Lowry, of Mississippi, in a short paper demonstrates that the pressing "Needs of the South" for the establishment of its future prosperity are organized labour, capital to build up and establish factories, and less legislation. Dr. Lyman Abbott points out in a letter, admirable for its thoughtfulness and moderation, the "Flaws of Ingersollism;" and Mrs. Amelia E. Barr discusses the "Immoralities of Conversation" in a lively paper, in which she shows that "an imprudent and, perhaps, in many instances, an unclean and spurious charity" has been one of the various causes of "the present laxity in the morals of conversation." "Never before in the history of Christendom have unchaste women been the subjects of so much attention. The broad, Saxon names designating them, unsparing in their condemnation, unmistakable in their meaning, have been put aside for others euphemistic enough for good society, and thus unnamable things have been made namable. It is a very significant breaking-down of decent barriers. . . . A sentimental sympathy has familiarized young girls with conditions of which they ought absolutely to know nothing." Mr. Oliver B. Bounce in "English and American Book Markets" institutes a very interesting comparison which will go far to correct what we think is a very prevalent error. Master Workman Powderly writes on "The Plea for Eight Hours" and Oswald Ottendorfer on "Socialism in Germany;" and Madame Adam contributes an article on "Society in Paris." The tariff discussion is continued in this number by Hon. W. C. P. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, who writes in the interests of Free Trade. In "Notes and Comments" are a number of interesting, short articles by well known-writers.

We gladly welcome to our table a new Canadian Periodical, the *University Quarterly Review*; and we regret that through inadvertence our greetings were not extended to it last week. Externally it is about the size of *Macmillan's*, but it has fewer pages and far less reading matter to the page. Its shape is well-proportioned, its size convenient, and its cover irreproachably neat. As yet no office of publication is announced, and as far as editorial and business management are concerned the utmost anonymity is preserved. Contributions are to be sent to the Editor at Post Office Box 298, Toronto, and business communications to the manager at the same address. The subscription price is \$2.00 per annum, single copies 50 cents. The *Review* is to be "an independent, high-class journal, occupied with subjects of current thought," and "devoted to all questions of interest to the general reader, the journalist, the scholar, and the man of affairs;" and the first number gives us a foretaste of what the proprietors will lead the public to expect in the future. Professor Roberts opens the number with a short poem entitled "Autochthon," which many of our readers will have already seen in the columns of the daily press. Dr. Bourinot writes hopefully and encouragingly of "The National Sentiment in Canada;" Professor Ashley finds a practical question for investigation within his own domain in "The Canadian Sugar Combine;" and Professor Alexander a congenial theme with which he is specially fitted to deal in "Browning's Sordello." Our able and industrious Master in Ordinary, Mr. Thomas Hodgins, M.A., Q.C., has the capacity for research and the faculty, as useful as it is rare, of presenting the results of his researches in a pleasing and attractive manner. Last summer he had an opportunity to inspect and read in the Imperial State Paper Offices all the Government Despatches sent to and from Upper Canada between the years 1791

and 1800; and in a paper entitled "Proposed Municipal Corporations in Upper Canada, 1794," he makes some interesting observations on the correspondence between Sir John Graves Simcoe and the Duke of Portland, then Colonial Secretary, on the question of establishing Municipal Corporations in the Province. The contrast between the system proposed by the Lieutenant-Governor and rejected by the Colonial Office, and the Municipal Institutions we now enjoy is as marked as that between the attitude assumed then and now by the Imperial authorities towards the Colonies. We should be glad if Mr. Hodgins gave us some further results of his examination of archives of Canadian interest too long hidden away in the pigeon-holes of the State Paper Offices. Professor Baldwin has a scholarly paper on "New Work in Psychology," and Mr. J. D. Edgar, who has always managed to find some spare time in the midst of a busy professional and political life to devote to literary pursuits, contributes a sensible and thoughtful article on "Titles of Honour in Canada." Unsigned papers on the Bi-lingual Texts, "A Resumé of the Discussion" and "The Morpho-Maniac," and a number of short articles on minor topics in "Notes and Comments" complete the number. If the quality of the first number be maintained, and we can see no reason why it should not be, the *University Quarterly Review* has a useful and brilliant future before it. We are particularly pleased to see our University Professors take so prominent a place in the pages of its initial number. The Scholar has not yet shown sufficient interest in Canadian public affairs; and the Professors of Toronto University have been, we think, particularly remiss in this respect. Now, when the University is appealing to the public for aid to repair its recent deplorable losses, it becomes the Professors to put themselves more in touch with the people. Their duty to the country is not limited by their work in the lecture room. On some subjects they should be able to cast a full, illuminating light; on many others they can throw instructive side lights. It should be as much their pleasure as it is their duty to let their light shine beyond the narrow precincts of the College, and thus help in instructing the public mind and creating a just and sober public opinion. They can do this in no better way than by freely contributing to the pages of high class Canadian Periodicals.

#### LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

HAVELOCK, from the pen of Mr. Archibald Forbes, is to be the next issue of the "English Men of Action" Series.

MESSRS. LONGMAN AND COMPANY announce "Beatrice," a novel, by Mr. Rider Haggard, to appear as soon as its serial appearance is completed.

ONE million volumes of the sixpenny edition of Charles Kingsley's novels have already been issued by Messrs. Macmillan and Company.

THE Belford Clarke Company, Chicago, will be the American publishers of the "Diaries and Letters of Sir Moses and Lady Montefiore."

BISMARCK'S fads were many, but one of the most troublesome was his insisting on having everything written or printed in the old fashioned German characters, that were so hurtful to the eyes.

THE first of a series of selected specimens of Anglo-Saxon Poetry, literally translated, by Anna Robertson Brown, of Wellesley and Oxford, appeared in *Poet-Lore* for March. This first selection is from Beowulf.

"TAKE ten writers of novels whose books have a fine sale," says the *Detroit Free Press*, "and ten mechanics who have steady work at two dollars and a half per day, and at the end of two years the mechanics will have earned more money."

A NEW halfpenny weekly paper, to commence next month, is projected by Mr. Archibald Grove, editor of *The New Review*. It will contain extracts, a serial story, by Mr. G. R. Sims, and an article on current topics by some well-known writer, quite a number having already promised their co-operation.

To give vividness to 1,000,000 years Darwin, in "Origin of Species," page 269, gives this: "Take a narrow strip of paper, 83 feet 4 inches in length, and stretch it along the wall of a large hall; then mark off at one end the tenth of an inch. This tenth of an inch will represent one hundred years, and the entire strip a million years."

HAVING failed to induce any of the Paris theatres to take up her dramatic effort, "Louk Loukitch," founded on her novel of the same name, Henri Greville gave a private performance in the small theatre of the "Gallerie Vivienne." The play contains some pathetic scenes, but the author has hardly sufficient power in character study.

M. ZOLA declares that, in spite of the sale of a million copies of the "Bete Humaine," he is a poor man. He has no children, and his wife keeps up no great state; but if it were not for the 20,000 francs paid him by the newspapers for his novels he would be reduced to starvation. At least, so says a report of *Gaulois*, after having an interview with the popular author.

ANOTHER of Blackburn Harte's Canadian articles is announced to appear in the May number of the *New England Magazine* of Boston. The article will deal with Canadian *litterateurs*, and will contain many illustrations. It has especial interest for Canadians, as this is the first time an American magazine has ever published an article

treating of Canadian writers, and containing so much that is biographical and chatty respecting them.

MR. SYDNEY P. HALL, of the *Graphic*, has just finished a picture of the marriage ceremony of the Princess Louise and the Duke of Fife. It is going to the Grosvenor Gallery, and at the close of the exhibition will pass into the collection of the Prince of Wales, who commissioned the artist to execute it. It is of moderate size, but is full of delicately touched portraits, and shows much skill in giving artistic interest to the somewhat prosaic interior of Buckingham Palace Chapel.

WILLIAMSON AND COMPANY, Toronto, are just about issuing a work in two volumes by Professor Campbell of Montreal entitled "The Hittites, their Inscription and their History." This work will no doubt take a place at once in the front rank of such publications, as the author is a distinguished Biblical scholar and brings to his task the patient accumulations of the toil and thought of twenty years. A translation of the legible Hittite inscriptions, ten in number, is embodied in these volumes, the appearance of which cannot fail to arouse much interest.

"THE Prince of Wales has to keep abreast of the times," says Mr. Edwin Goadby, in *Cassell's Magazine*, "and this duty involves much reading, a good deal of writing, and discussion with competent informants. His public work occupies a portion of nearly every day, and his business habits teach him despatch, method, and precision. He does not know what actual idleness means, and he is so well versed in public, as distinct from party-political movements, that in a rigorous competitive examination he would not easily be beaten. Indeed, he could give points to some of the satirists who ignorantly regard him as a lazy personage."

APROPOS of the resignation of Prince Bismarck, a new work, now in the Press, will shortly be published from the pen of Mr. W. H. Dawson, of Skipton, dealing with the German Chancellor as a social reformer. The work—which is brought down to date—is entitled "Prince Bismarck and State Socialism," and is a sequel to the same author's "German Socialism and Ferdinand Lassalle." Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Company will publish the work as one of their series of "red cover" volumes on Social Science, to which Professor Thorold Rogers' abbreviated "Work and Wages" and other well-known works belong.

A NEWLY-FORMED Ruskin Society of London was lately inaugurated at the London Institution by Mr. W. G. Collingwood, M. A., delivering a lecture on "Ruskin and Reynolds: Their Theories of Art." The society is a centre of union for students and others interested in Mr. Ruskin's writings, and intends to promote the study of his works by means of lectures, discussions, and the issuing of such publications as may be deemed advisable. It purposes, also, to gain permission to republish such of Mr. Ruskin's writings as are out of print or scarce, to compile indexes to those works not already provided with them, and to prepare a concordance to the author's numerous writings.

"PORTRAITS of Robert Browning" is the title of a contribution by Mr. W. M. Rossetti to *The Magazine of Art*, prefaced by a few personal reminiscences and observations, and illustrated by five reproduced portraits of the poet, and one of his wife. The account of an evening "in 1885 at the temporary home of Mr. and Mrs. Browning, near Marylebone Church, when Tennyson read aloud his recently published poem of 'Maud,' and my brother (D. G. Rossetti) took a sketch of him as he sat on the sofa with the volume held high up to suit his short sight," after which Browning consented to read his "Fra Lippo Lippi," is all too short, and we should have welcomed many more similar recollections.

MESSRS. E. F. LIBBIE AND COMPANY, of Boston, announce the sale, commencing on the 15th instant, of the library, maps, historical autographs and manuscripts belonging to Mr. Gerald E. Hart, of Montreal, who has been known for many years as an industrious and intelligent bibliophile, and has succeeded in bringing together an uncommonly rich collection. In the collection will be found many valuable and rare specimens of Incunabula, of MSS., of *Editio Princeps*, of books bound by master binders, of *Provenances Illustrées*, of rare Americana, original documents relating to the settlement of New France, unique specimens of Canadian Incunabula, as well as the more recent historical works on America. Collectors in search of early Canadian imprints will find that in this branch the Hart library is unexcelled.

In solemn state the holy week went by,  
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;  
The presence of the Angel with its light,  
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,  
And with new fervour filled the hearts of men  
Who felt indeed that Christ had risen again.

—Longfellow.

MR. J. STANLEY LITTLE has been lecturing at Horsham on "England and her Colonies." He takes a very gloomy view of the future at home in connection with the spread of Socialism, and anticipates a tremendous upheaval of the masses unless energetic measures are taken to emigrate the surplus population. It is surprising how slow the poor are to appreciate the tempting boons that Canada, for instance, holds out. Any East-end labourer can have 160 acres of freehold prairie land for the trouble of asking for it—provided he can get there.

## READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

### THE NAMING OF NOVELS.

EVEN the undaunted Dumas, who tackles history more directly and more at large than Scott ever chose to do, calls his famous book not after Richelieu, Mazarin, or Lewis the Fourteenth, but after the "Three Musketeers." That is an admirable title by the way, so mysterious and suggestive. There is always something fascinating about numbers in titles, and here the title is none the less admirable that the musketeers were in fact not three but four, and that the fourth was the best of the bunch, the immortal d'Artagnan. But if Constable did Scott a bad turn over "Kenilworth," he made amends by getting "Herries" changed to the high-sounding romantic name "Redgauntlet." "Herries" would have served, but it is not the pleasant mouthful that "Redgauntlet" is. Indeed as the Waverley Novels are the best of all romances, so their names are the best of all names. "Waverley," "Old Mortality," "The Heart of Midlothian"—they are perfect. Scott's answer to Constable put the wisdom of the thing in a nutshell. His titles arouse curiosity without discounting it; they are distinctive and appropriate, come trippingly off the tongue and satisfy the ear, and have withal a twang of romance about them. Scott, of course, besides his genius, had the advantage of coming early in the day, and had no need to shout to make himself heard amid the din of a crowd. Miss Austen died only a very few years after Scott turned from poetry to prose romance, and Lytton was only beginning to write as the wonderful Waverley series were drawing to a close in stress and difficulty. Most novels naturally derive their point and principle of unity from the character or career, the action or passion, of some one among the personages. And the name of that person, as Constable urged rightly enough, supplies the natural name for the book. Accordingly among the myriads of works of fiction this form of title is out and away the most common. With the exception of Jane Austen's double-barrelled alliterative titles "Pride and Prejudice," "Sense and Sensibility," which also have not been without their influence, up to Scott's time the chief novels were named after the hero or heroine.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

### THE MOCK IMPROMPTU.

OF all impromptu speeches the one that is prepared beforehand is likely to be the best. There are good reasons for this. An alligator, tired of basking in the sun, will slide off into the bayou with considerable ease and some elegance if allowed to perform the manoeuvre at his own time. If the alligator is hurried, however, by unfriendly man, the descent into the water becomes a panicky scramble ending in a splash. Orators are like alligators in this. They cannot tumble with grace into eloquence unless they have time to consider the operation. The best impromptu speakers in all ages have made it a rule never to speak without preparation. From Demosthenes down to Chauncey Depew the private motto of the extemporaneous speaker has been "Semper paratus," which, freely translated, means "with a speech on hand." Perhaps Demosthenes went to the extreme in anticipation. He grudged no labour to make the least part of his orations perfect, and it is improbable that he always tried to make his Athenian audiences believe that his speeches were extempore. Those who have succeeded him in the rostrum have not always been so candid. Parliamentary debate often demands the appearance of spontaneous utterance, and it has greater weight than speech which is evidently the result of antecedent study. The charms of the impromptu are not confined to the political oration or the after-dinner speech. The divine in the pulpit who can simulate, if not actually practise, extemporaneous preaching has the advantage of him who reads from manuscript, or refers occasionally to notes. On the stage nothing is so likely to make a hit as action or word that appears to be born of the occasion. Actors are well aware of this and not seldom prepare impromptus, usually in the shape of topical allusions. Mr. Jefferson, although above the use of mere local "gags," is one of the great actors who knows how to simulate spontaneity in expression of voice and face, so that the audience is brought to believe that a piece of carefully conceived and practised by-play is the result of the moment's suggestion. In short, there is no limit to the value of extemporizing, whether it be practised in Congress, in church, at the dinner-table, or on the stage. And the best way to extemporize is, as we have said, to prepare carefully beforehand. Of course there is such a thing as the genuine impromptu—but it is a very rare thing indeed, and as compared with the mock article its success is rarer still.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

### IN THE SLAVE SHED.

THESE hungry creatures form indeed a truly pitiable sight. After suffering this captivity for a short time they become mere skeletons. All ages, of both sexes, are to be seen: mothers with their babes; young men and women; boys and girls; and even babies who cannot yet walk, and whose mothers have died of starvation, or perhaps been killed by the Lufembé. One seldom sees either old men or old women; they are all killed in the raids: their marketable value being very small, no trouble is taken with them. Witnessing groups of these poor, helpless wretches, with their emaciated forms and sunken eyes, their faces a very picture of sadness, it is not difficult to perceive the intense

grief that they are inwardly suffering; but they know too well it is of no use to appeal for sympathy to their merciless masters, who have been accustomed from childhood to witness acts of cruelty and brutality, so that to satisfy their insatiable greed they will commit themselves, or permit to be committed, any atrocity, however great. Even the pitiable sight of one of these slave-sheds does not half represent the misery caused by this traffic—homes broken up, mothers separated from their babies, husbands from wives, and brothers from sisters. When last at Masankusu I saw a slave woman who had with her one child, whose starved little body she was clutching to her sunken breast. I was attracted by her sad face, which betokened great suffering. I asked her the cause of it, and she told me in a low, sobbing voice the following tale: "I was living with my husband and three children in an inland village, a few miles from here. My husband was a hunter. Ten days ago the Lufembé attacked our settlement; my husband defended himself, but was overpowered and speared to death with several of the other villagers. I was brought here with my three children, two of whom have already been purchased by the traders. I shall never see them any more. Perhaps they will kill them on the death of some chief, or perhaps kill them for food. My remaining child, you see, is ill, dying from starvation; they give us nothing to eat. I expect even this one will be taken from me to-day, as the chief, fearing lest it should die and become a total loss, has offered it for a very small price. As for myself," said she, "they will sell me to one of the neighbouring tribes, to toil in the plantations, and when I become old and unfit for work I shall be killed." There were certainly five hundred slaves exposed for sale in this one village alone. Large canoes were constantly arriving from down river, with merchandise of all kinds with which they purchased these slaves. A large trade is carried on between the Ubangi and Lulungu rivers. The people inhabiting the mouth of the Ubangi buy the Balolo slaves at Masankusu and the other markets. They then take them up the Ubangi River and exchange them with the natives there for ivory. These natives buy their slaves solely for food. Having purchased slaves they feed them on ripe bananas, fish and oil, and when they get them into good condition they kill them. Hundreds of the Balolo slaves are taken into the river and disposed of in this way each month. A great many other slaves are sold to the large villages on the Congo, to supply victims for the execution ceremonies. Much life is lost in the capturing of slaves, and during their captivity many succumb to starvation. Of the remainder, numbers are sold to become victims to cannibalism and human sacrifice ceremonies. There are few indeed who are allowed to live and prosper.—*E. J. Glave in the Century*.

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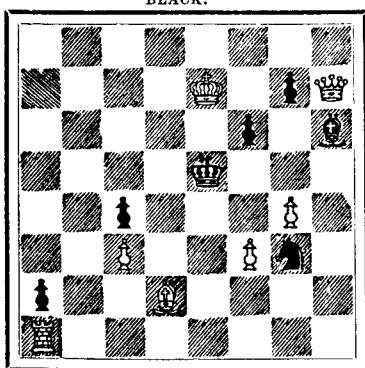
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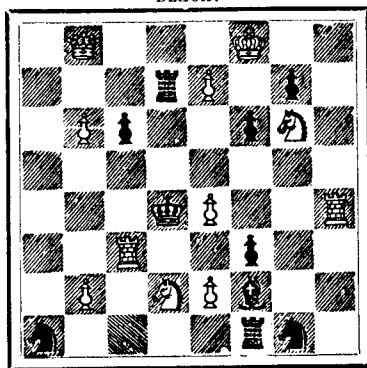
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| 2. Kt-Q B 3   | B-Q B 6 |
| 3. Kt-K 2 +   | K-K 5   |
| 4. B x B mate |         |
- If 1. B x B  
2. Kt-Q B 3  
3. P-B 3  
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- |                     |                     |                        |                     |
|---------------------|---------------------|------------------------|---------------------|
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| 1. P-Q 4            | P-Q 4               | 7. Q x P               | P-K 3 (a)           |
| 2. P-Q B 4          | P x P               | 8. P-Kt 6              | Q-Q 4               |
| 3. P-K 3            | P-Q Kt 4            | 9. P-Kt 7              | Q x Q               |
| 4. P-Q R 4          | P-Q B 3             | 10. P x B becoming a Q | K-K 2               |
| 5. P-Q Kt 3         | B P x P             | 11. B-R 3 +            | P-B 4               |
| 6. P x P            | Kt-K B 3            | 12. B x P mate.        |                     |

NOTES.

(a) Should have played P x P but he will still have a bad game.

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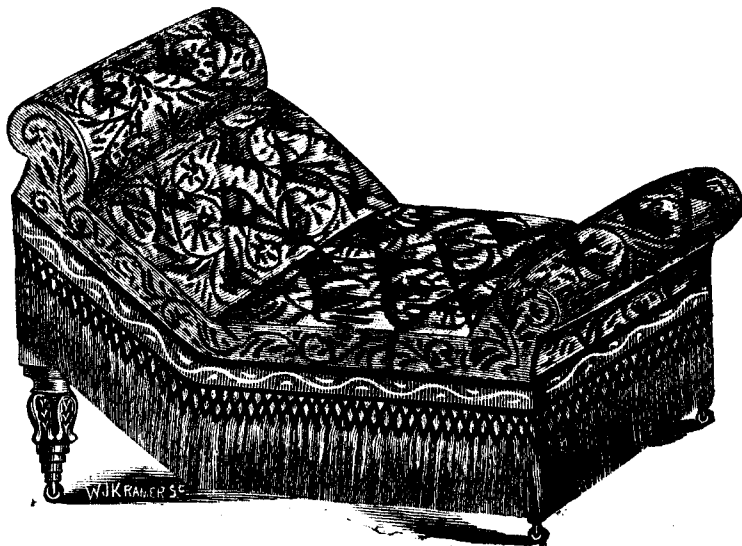
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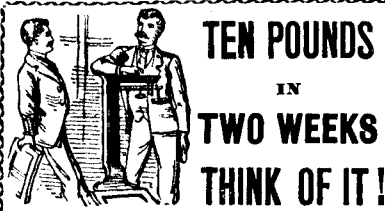
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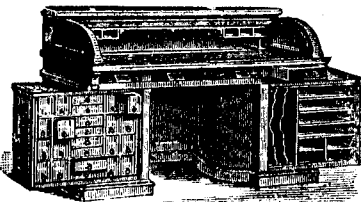
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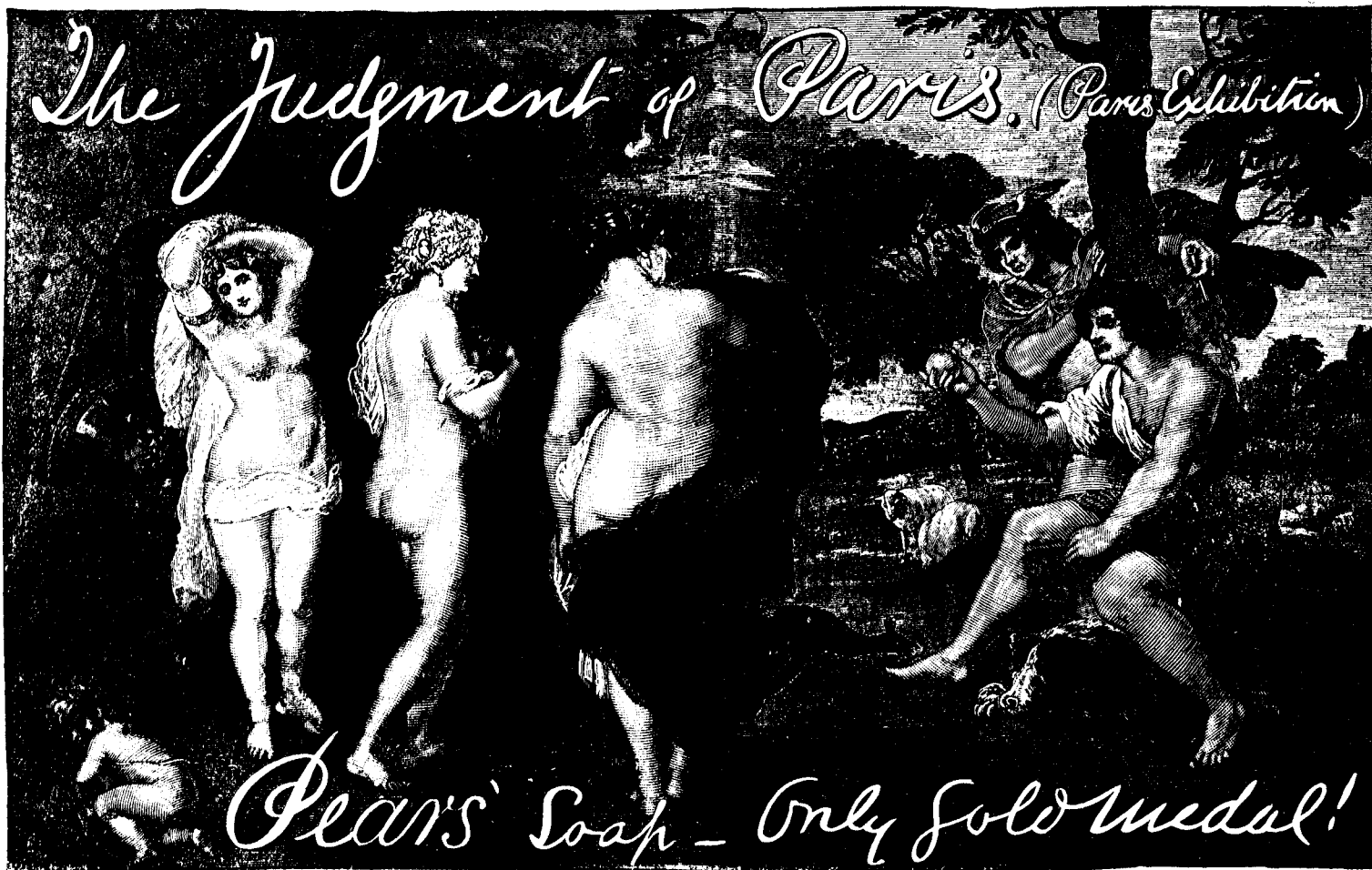
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