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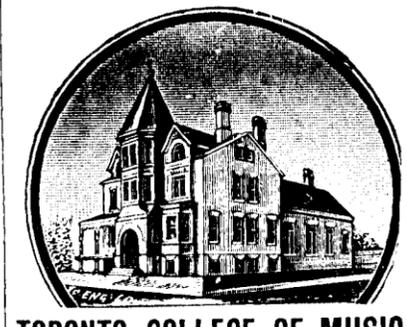
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THE manner in which religion is being mixed with politics, or rather made subservient to politics, in the Province of Quebec, must be rather painful to all members of the Roman Catholic Church, who dislike to see religious sentiments used for party ends. It has of late become common for the rival political leaders to vie with each other, even on the public platform, in their efforts to persuade the people that they respectively have special ecclesiastical favour and sanction. Premier Mercier has clearly outdone all his predecessors and opponents in the skill and astuteness with which he has availed himself of this potent means of influencing the judgment, if such we may call the faculty which surrenders itself to be passively swayed by the wish of priest and bishop, of the *habitant*. We have, as our readers know, never been able to see any serious danger to the constitution, or any outrage of any sentiment, save perhaps that of good taste, in the introduction of the name of the Pope in the preamble of the memorable Jesuits' Estates Act. The sanction of the Head of the Church, as the only one with authority to bind it even in a business transaction, has always seemed to us a necessary condition of the settlement effected by that Act. But when the Premier of a Province takes advantage of the influence gained both at Rome and with the local clergy by means of this and other legislative favours, and does not hesitate to parade, on all occasions, the favour of the ecclesiastical authorities, as his unanswerable claim for political support, it is difficult

for disinterested onlookers to retain the measure of respect they would like to feel for his position and acknowledged abilities. It is not easy to quell the rising suspicion that the wily Premier is chuckling in his sleeve while he is thus playing upon the religious susceptibilities of the masses and beating his opponents at their own game. The singular transaction with the Vatican, which made him the other day the intermediary in conferring the Grand Cross of St. Gregory upon Lieut-Governor Angers, from whom he holds his own commission as Premier, was probably unique in some of its features. A Quebec paper describes the event as pleasing because it united the religious and civil elements in a common sentiment. But if the honour be a purely ecclesiastical one—and coming from the Vatican it can properly be no other—there is surely a strange incongruity in its being bestowed at the solicitation and by the hand of a political leader, rather than a prelate. Politics are evidently at a strange pass in the sister Province.

AFTER the paragraph touching Gen. Middleton in last issue had gone to the printer, the General's "Parting Address to the People of Canada" appeared. We have more than once expressed our regret that Gen. Middleton had not seen fit to make some such personal statement; we now regret that this statement was not made long ago. Though the address is by no means satisfactory as a defence in the Bremner affair, the distinct and emphatic denial of the other charges which were preferred against him, but not investigated by the Parliamentary committee, must be accepted as such. Gen. Middleton says:

Mr. Lister's last three charges were struck out by the committee on the ground that there had been no authority given to investigate them, but, as they had been formally preferred, received and printed by the committee, I was surely entitled to a verdict on them, and on the general charge of plundering and licensing plundering, which they were brought forward to support.

The committee could not go beyond its powers to render a verdict on charges which were not in the reference, and on which it was, consequently, not empowered to take evidence. The initiative, it seems to us, should have been taken by the General himself. Had he demanded that the investigation be extended to those charges, his wishes could not have been disregarded. Had he given before the committee the explicit denial of their truthfulness which he now gives, the fact could not have failed to have great weight with the Government, Parliament and the public. In another respect, too, Sir Fred.'s logic seems to be at fault. So long as he does not deny having given the order for the appropriation of the furs in question, the fact that the parcel put up for him did not reach him, does not change the character of the original order. Enough, however, has been said on such points. Gen. Middleton's parting words go far to palliate though they cannot excuse his offence. When Ministers of the Crown were telegraphing the General commanding, in terms which it was, to say the least, easy to misunderstand as Gen. Middleton misunderstood them, to bring them mementoes of the conflict, it was the less to be wondered at that the General should think himself personally at liberty to secure a share. The greater wonder is that, in the case in question, any Minister of the Crown could have wished for a memento of an insurrection which was itself so obviously the result of Ministerial neglect and mismanagement. We should have supposed that every member of the Cabinet would have been anxious to forget the affair at the earliest possible moment.

WHETHER dictated by a spirit of mischief or of malice, Gen. Middleton's explanation of the causes which led to his receiving a monopoly of the honours of the North-West campaign is a veritable Parthian arrow directed at the Government. That all the officers who distinguished themselves in the campaign should be deprived of the accustomed recognition of their services because two of French extraction could not be placed on the list indicates a state of affairs at headquarters which is suggestive, if not ominous, of future trouble. We have always been inclined to think that the custom of bestowing such honours would have been better honoured in the breach than in the observance after a campaign in which the triumph

was won over fellow-citizens in insurrection. But where the precedent was set in the case of the commander, the refusal to follow it in regard to his subordinates had certainly an invidious look, and could not fail to give rise to serious reflections upon his own conduct and character. It is hard to read Gen. Middleton's tardy explanation without feeling that he would have occupied a more enviable position had he declined for himself the honours and emoluments which could not be shared with equally deserving members of his staff. To what extent this revelation of a bit of rebellion history will stir up afresh the smouldering fires of racial jealousy, or recoil upon the Minister of Militia and other members of the Cabinet, remains to be seen.

SOME of the efforts made by the newspapers to enliven party journalism during the dull season are rather amusing. In the first place we have a series of conjectures and well "hedged" prophecies in regard to the absorbing question whether we shall have a dissolution of Parliament before the expiration of the full period of its constitutional life. Into this business of guessing the Government organs do not of course enter. The sage conclusion reached, so far as we are able to understand it, is that if the present Parliament is dissolved before the end of its full period we shall have a general election at an earlier date than that at which it would otherwise have taken place; but if, on the other hand, the present Parliament is not prematurely dissolved the electors will not be appealed to until its full term has expired. Another and equally safe reading of the signs is that if Sir John A. Macdonald and his colleagues conclude that an earlier date than that of the end of the constitutional life of Parliament would be, in all probability more opportune and promising for their party, we shall have the earlier dissolution; but if, on the other hand, they are convinced that it will be in the interests of the party to postpone the general election as long as possible, that election will not take place until the latest date allowed by the Constitution. To which of the two views they are now inclined they themselves alone, and very likely not even they themselves, know. Probably the question is still undecided, and Sir John is still watching with eagle eye the signs of the times, or awaiting with confident coolness the turn of events.

ARISING out of the foregoing conjectures, a remarkable discussion has been going on between the *Empire* and the *Globe*, the organs of the Government and the Opposition respectively. The question raised is that of the personal responsibility of His Excellency, the Governor-General, in case the Government should advise him to dissolve the House a year or two in advance of its full period. Is he bound to act on the advice of his Ministers, irrespective of his own view of the reasons on which that advice may be based, or would it be his duty, on receiving such advice, to exercise his own judgment and grant or refuse the request for a dissolution on his own personal responsibility? Strangely enough we have the *Globe*, the organ of the Liberal Party, taking the latter position. His Excellency's plain duty would be, it argues, to fall back on the royal prerogative, and refuse to grant a dissolution unless convinced in his own mind of its necessity or utility. On the other hand, the organ of so-called Toryism defends the sound Liberal doctrine that in this, as in all other matters, the Governor-General is bound to follow the advice of his constitutional advisers, irrespective of his own opinions in the matter, so long, at least, as those advisers have evidently the support of a majority of the people's representatives. Surely this is the sounder constitutional view. The day of prerogative is past. The will of the people is the supreme law, and that law can be interpreted only by the voice of the majority in the Commons. We cannot but suspect that, were the boot on the other foot, the *Globe's* view would be materially modified. The Governor-General who should refuse to act on the advice of his Liberal Cabinet with a good majority at its back, in any case whatever, would be likely to have a pretty uncomfortable season. In the memorable case of the Pacific scandal, it is true, the Liberal leaders strenuously urged the then Governor-General to disregard the advice of his Ministers and use his prerogative to precipitate the crisis. But in that case, as in the present suppositional one, the

Globe was demonstrably in the wrong, though Todd seems to support its contention. A glance at the results that would almost surely follow the refusal of Lord Stanley to follow the advice of his Ministers, should they ask for an early dissolution, ought to settle the controversy. The Ministers, finding their advice refused, would, of course, resign, as no longer possessing his confidence. What would be the result? The installation of a new Ministry. But the new Ministers would find themselves obliged to appeal to the people. Hence the result would be just that advised by their predecessors.

THE correspondence, which has just been published between Hon. Mr. Dewdney, Superintendent-General of Indian affairs, on behalf of the Dominion Government, and the Chiefs and other Protestant Indians of the Lake of Two Mountains, reads very strangely. Many will rub their eyes and re-read Mr. Dewdney's letter two or three times before they will be ready to believe that their eyes do not betray them in respect to the following:

I beg now to notify you that hereafter no assistance will be given to any Protestant Indians who continue to reside on the above location at Lake of the Two Mountains, and would urge upon you the advisability of closing with the offer already made to you by the Government of homes on the Gibson reserve.

We do not pretend to understand the merits of the legal and moral questions involved in the dispute between these Indians and the Seminary at whose instance the Government has been so long ineffectively trying to secure their removal. But it is hard to imagine any state of affairs which can justify the Government in coercing the Indians to remove from the location they have so long occupied to any reserve not equally valuable for their purposes. Still more difficult is it to imagine circumstances which can justify the use of a threat by the Superintendent-General which could provoke and seemingly justify the following reply:

The Indians are very sorry to learn from your last letter that you have decided to punish them for their religion. You say that after this no assistance will be given to any Protestant Indian who continues to live at Oka. From this it would appear that you intend to give assistance to those Indians who are Roman Catholics and who remain at Oka. They also think it very unfair for the widows and orphans who have been receiving a little help from the Government to be punished because the men who own land here will not give up the property and go to Muskoka without getting anything like the value of their land. The Indians wish to know if the widows and orphans can still get their assistance if they go to Muskoka, and leave the men who own land behind, or can they continue to get this assistance if they turn Roman Catholics.

More light is needed. It may perhaps be found in the blue books. But such a correspondence ought not to go forth to the world without explanation and justification.

THE passage of the much discussed McKinley Tariff Bill by the United States' Senate seems now assured. Senator Quay's influence has prevailed and the malcontents in the Republican ranks have been so far propitiated that they have agreed to a programme which will ensure a vote upon this Bill before the ninth day of September. The manner in which this agreement has been reached illustrates very clearly some of the peculiarities of American political methods. The chief difficulty in getting through with the very numerous clauses of the Bill, in order to reach a vote before adjournment, was that presented by the friends of the Election, or "Force" Bill. Senator Quay's first proposal involved the throwing over of the latter Bill entirely, a course which was strenuously opposed by those Republican Senators—not a very large number, it is thought—who were determined to push that measure to a vote. These have now been brought to accept a compromise. In return for their concession in favour of the Tariff Bill, they are said to have received a formal pledge from a majority of the Senators, that they will be present at the short Session to be held in November, and will aid in fixing a date in December for the vote on the Election Bill. Thus there is little doubt that within two months we shall see the great Republic putting in force one of the most extreme measures of protection ever passed by any modern state. The effect upon trade with Canada will, we dare say, be considerable for a time, though no doubt other outlets will soon be found, as heretofore, for any surplus products which may be effectively shut out from their accustomed market. It would be a mistake to suppose that the McKinley Bill has been conceived, or is being supported in any spirit of hostility to Canada, or that it is a sequel to former attempts to force

us into annexation. Its reason for being is, doubtless, one of American politics, pure and simple. Like all similar measures it makes its appeal to national selfishness, though probably to a purblind selfishness. Were the United States a much smaller country it might be safe to predict a reaction, caused by the discontent of those who will find themselves compelled to pay a higher price for the necessaries of life, in consequence of its provisions. But the United States are so immense in extent of territory and variety of productions, and so vast in population, that the influence of any section aggrieved by the operation of such a measure may, very likely, be powerless in the presence of the great majority to whom the matter complained of is of little moment. The effect of a given measure in such a country can hardly be judged of by ordinary rules.

A THOUGHTFUL writer in the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, discussing "The Use and Limits of Academic Culture," admits that the colleges have gradually fallen into a certain disfavour with the masses of the people. Each year a larger, instead of a smaller, number find their way to the professions and other educated callings through schools of a lower grade. From much questioning both of parents and of young men themselves the writer reaches the following conclusions, which he says are identical with those of his friends who have made similar enquiries: "First, that a college education costs more money than can be afforded for the training of a youth; second, that it requires so much time that a young man is belated in entering upon the practical duties of life; third, that the system of academic training is in general not of a nature to aid a student in most occupations, be they professional or other." We know no reason for supposing that the tendency to shun the Arts colleges and take short cuts into the professions is on the increase in Canada. We are inclined to think that the change, so far as any is observable, is in the opposite direction. The yearly increase in the number of matriculants in the universities gives ground for this opinion. It is, however, to be regretted, in connection with all our higher institutions of learning, that the number of those taking the courses with any other object in view than that of preparing for professional pursuits is comparatively very small. Academic culture, for its own sake, irrespective of its bearing upon some chosen profession, is seldom sought. The opinions even of educated men differ widely, we are well aware, with regard to the desirability of the higher education which the colleges are supposed to afford for those who are to be engaged in other than professional pursuits, though few in Canada will agree, we think, with such views as those which Prince Bismarck is said to have recently put forth so emphatically, deploring the evils wrought by the too wide diffusion of education. Cultivation is the law of nature. It cannot be that this law, rightly understood, does not demand the fullest attainable development of all the faculties of body and mind, or that such development, along right lines, will not prove favourable, rather than the opposite, to the most efficient discharge of the duties of every station in life. If there is anything in the education given by our colleges and universities which tends to unfit men and women for the faithful performance of the duties of any and every honest calling, it must be that the fault is either in the character of the education or in the state of society. To suppose that men and women everywhere have been endowed with faculties capable of indefinite development by culture, but that such development is to be repressed in the case of all but a favoured few, least injury result to society, is to contradict the plainest teachings alike of evolutionary science and the doctrine of omniscient design.

IN one important respect our universities are fairly open to serious criticism by all who do not accept the view that collegiate education should be the privilege of the few. They have done and are doing little or nothing to promote general culture, and to bring their advantages within the reach of the many. The number of those who can shut themselves up for four years within college walls and complete a certain prescribed course is, in the nature of things, very small and must continue to be small. Is it fair to the people that the benefits of institutions of learning, whether founded and supported at the public expense or endowed by private philanthropy for the public good, should be confined within so narrow limits? A young man in this city was solicited the other day to matriculate in one of our colleges. His reply was, in effect, that he had neither the time nor the means to enable him to devote four years of his life—he had already attained a good degree of general culture, and was well read in some

departments—to a course of study which had no particular bearing upon his chosen life-work, but that it would be a great boon to him were there evening classes or lectures of a high character in some of the colleges, in which he could follow up certain lines of reading in history, literature and philosophy. There would be some reason, he added, for voting public money to the support of a university, which would do work of this kind for the benefit of the many, and the promotion of general culture. The necessity for this kind of work is, in some measure, recognized by the great English universities, in their "extension" work. Last year there were delivered, in connection with the university extension plan in England, 3,500 lectures, which were attended by 41,000 students, 4,000 of whom obtained certificates from Cambridge, London or Oxford. Is not the need for outside work of this kind even greater in a comparatively poor colony than in wealthy England? The time is coming, unless we misread the signs, when state supported universities will have to choose between bringing themselves in some such way into touch with the people, and ceasing to be supported at the public expense. Breadth should surely count as well as depth, quantity as well as quality, in education. It is time the truce between the advocates of culture and those of utility as the end in higher education were ended in a treaty of perpetual peace. An excellent basis for lasting compromise is afforded in the fact, which is now recognized by many of the best educators, that the two ends are perfectly compatible, that the science which stands related to the ordinary pursuits of life and the literature which is within the reach of all for recreation and delight in leisure moments may together be made instruments of higher culture as perfect as can be found in any department of learning. We plead, then, not for limitation in the number or the range of study of those taking full university courses, but for the extension of university methods and lectures, so as to bring opportunities for the best training, at least in special departments, within the reach of the hundreds and thousands of ambitious young men and women who are shut out by circumstances from the regular courses. Why not?

A NEW departure in Canadian Journalism" is announced from Montreal. *The Young Canadian* enters the field as "a high class, illustrated weekly magazine of patriotism for the young people of Canada." The aim of the enterprise is certainly a worthy one: "To foster a pride in Canadian progress, history, manufactures, science, art, literature and politics; to draw the youth of the various provinces together, and to inspire them with a sense of the sacred and responsible duties which they owe to their native country." That there is an unoccupied sphere for such a periodical is obvious. The educative influence exerted by journals and magazines specially prepared and adapted for the young is one of the phenomena of the day, yet, so far as we are aware, there is not in all Canada any such periodical as that which is now projected by the "Young Canadian Company," of Montreal. With the exception of the Sunday school papers, which are necessarily limited in size and almost exclusively religious in character, our young people are entirely dependent upon the United States for mental pabulum of this indispensable kind. *St. Nicholas*, *The Youth's Companion*, *Harper's Young People*, and several other publications for children and youth, published in the United States, are excellent and admirable, and are widely circulated amongst the young people of Canada. But none of these, nor all of them combined, can do the work of creating and fostering the national spirit which it is so desirable to implant in the coming generation of Canadians. The new enterprise appeals strongly, therefore, to the patriotism of the people of every province in the Dominion. We hope that the appeal may be heartily and generously responded to, and that the publishers may be well sustained in their courageous undertaking. We feel sure that the editors of *The Young Canadian* will have the good taste to shun a too common fault in such publications by avoiding bombast, exaggeration and unnecessary disparagement of neighbours, and that the patriotism they inculcate will be of the manly, generous, sensible kind, that will wear well at home and command respect abroad. We must not forget to add that *The Young Canadian* is to be published in every province. It is to consist of sixteen pages, double-demy, with a cover embellished by a full-page design, and other illustrations drawn by the very best talent in the Dominion. The price is two dollars per annum. Mrs. M. P. Murray, of 111 Mackay Street, Montreal, is the Secretary of the Company.

AN English exchange gives an interesting description of the Colonial College and Training Farms, at Hollesley Bay, about two and a-half hours distant from London. The estate contains about 1,330 acres of pasture, arable land, heath and woods, and the College hires and farms, in addition, 500 acres of fine arable and pasture land adjoining. On the estate there are 1,600 sheep, mostly of the pure Suffolk breed, 100 bullocks, 50 cows and 60 horses. The institution, which was established in January, 1887, is intended to provide the intending colonist with suitable training, with advice as to his future career, and, so far as possible, with an introduction to it. A course of instruction is provided in field cultivation, the making and repair of agricultural implements, gardening, bee culture, forestry, tree planting, the care of horses, bullocks, sheep, swine and poultry, veterinary practice, riding, land surveying and levelling, engineers' and smiths' work, carpentry and ambulance work. At present there are about seventy pupils under instruction. Of course there has not been time as yet to test the practical value of the training there given in the actual experience of its pupils in the colonies. The conception seems a good one and it is evidently being well carried out. Yet those who know how different are the conditions of farming in most of the colonies from that in England may well have misgivings as to the practical success of the institution. In regard to Canada, for instance, no one who understands that difference in conditions can doubt that a course at the Guelph Agricultural College, or even a year or two on a well-managed farm, would be of far greater advantage to the intending immigrant than any preparation that could be given in England. The fact that he is so slow to unlearn what he knows about farming in the Old Country, and to adopt the simpler, cheaper and perhaps cruder methods of Canadians, is, no doubt, a fruitful cause of the disappointment and failure of many an immigrant. What a pity that the money expended at Hollesley could not be devoted to the training of the youths on the spot in the respective colonies to which they are to emigrate.

SINCE the close of the British parliamentary session some of the Government leaders have been making speeches at the Mansion House banquet and elsewhere. The two points of greatest immediate interest in British politics are, perhaps, those touching the African treaties and the embassy to the Vatican in connection with the affair in Malta. Mr. Balfour and other speakers on the Government side were very severe upon Mr. Gladstone, who pronounced the embassy of Sir Lintorn Simmons, and the consequent declaration of the Pope in regard to Protestant marriages in Malta, "a very great novelty in British history." The "novelty" may be questionable, as Mr. Balfour and others have retorted, in view of Sir George Errington's communications with the Vatican during Mr. Gladstone's own *regime*. The distinction drawn by Mr. Gladstone that Sir G. Errington "bore no diplomatic character whatever, but he undoubtedly conveyed and received information," is certainly too fine to satisfy a non-partisan in regard to the propriety of Mr. Gladstone's own procedure. But his Government critics conveniently forgot that as two wrongs do not make a right, Mr. Gladstone's blunder could not excuse a worse one on their part. The whole question seems to turn on the disputed point as to whether the British Government is under obligation to observe the canon law in Malta. Praising his uncle's foreign policy, Mr. Balfour congratulated his hearers on the fact that the uniting of the offices of Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary in one person left the latter free from the control of an official superior. Mr. Balfour seems to forget that while the plan may have its advantages so long as the Foreign Secretary's course is wise, it would have grave disadvantages should he commit a serious blunder. Lord Salisbury, himself, seems to have been in a jocular mood, in his Mansion House speech. He was particularly facetious in his references to the African agreement. We had been drawing lines, he said, upon maps where no human foot had ever trod, and giving mountains, lakes, and rivers to each other without knowing exactly where they were, and further giving and distributing territories which do not belong to us, but in fact belong to other people, and are not likely to be visited by any of our authorities for a long time. Then, becoming serious, he defended the agreements on the ground that they made for peace by removing the most probable and most dangerous causes of quarrel with friendly nations. "You must read between the lines," he said, "that we have by this means been evading a cause of quarrel between the nations of Europe, and contributing our quota to the glorious cause

of peace." The last sentence contains the justification of a treaty which will probably hand Lord Salisbury's name down in history as that of one of Great Britain's wisest statesmen, so far as his foreign administration is concerned, and which will be fruitful of results, let us hope good results, to Africa through all coming time.

NEW EDUCATIONAL METHODS.

SOME of the discussions which took place at the recent meeting of the Ontario Teachers' Association at Niagara-on-the-Lake are well adapted to bring to mind the great progress that has been made in public school education during the last fifty years. These eventful years, which have been so fruitful of change in most of our ways of thinking and doing, have wrought wonderful changes in both professional and popular views touching the aims and methods of the schools. It is true in the educational as in every other sphere of activity that change does not necessarily mean improvement. Yet no candid and thoughtful mind can doubt that many of the changes which have taken place, and are still taking place in educational ideas and methods, are changes in the right direction. Some of these are worthy of more attention than they have yet received.

A quiet and in the main salutary revolution has been commenced, and is still going on in modes of management or "government" of both schools and colleges, especially the former. Perhaps the nature of this change, as well as the grounds on which it is based, may be best indicated by saying that discipline, which seemed formerly to be regarded in large measure as the end of school organization, is now being relegated to its proper place as simply a means to an end. Time was, within the memory of many a reader, when the one great effort of the district schoolmaster, that to which his energies were mainly directed from opening to close of school, was the preservation of order, or rather, we should say, of quiet, which was in the minds of many synonymous with order. The merits of a school in those days were determined more by the completeness of the enforced hush than by any mental or moral test. To say that "you might hear a pin drop" in the school was often regarded by both masters and parents as the highest compliment that could be paid to the teacher. Of the method by which this quiet was attained it is unnecessary to say much. The mere mention of it will be sufficient to set many memories at work, and call up vivid pictures from the past of the daily round of struggles in which the Master, "himself against a host," as Sir Walter Scott has it, plied vigorously the various weapons of his warfare. Cane and ferule, taws and cat and the homely but effective birch were brought into ruthless and in some cases almost constant requisition, with more or less success, according to the strength and hardness of the teacher's own nature, and the greater or less restlessness, timidity or perversity of the unhappy urchins. It was an era in the mental history of many a pedagogue when the idea first dawned upon him that he was engaged in a hopeless struggle against nature, that his method was an attempt to abrogate the law of youthful life, that even order itself is not the true end of school management but merely its necessary condition. This idea once gained, the way was easy to the discovery of the simple principle that the natural and only effective way to secure order in any educational institution is to see to it that every boy and girl shall at each moment have something to do, and a motive, the highest and most effective possible in the given case, for doing it. It is one result of working out and obeying this law that it is now possible to find in many places large schools, often under the management of women physically incapable of applying the old persuasives to the big boys and girls under their control, which present from opening to close scenes of industry and orderly movement such as were scarcely dreamed of as possible by teachers of the old school, certainly not as attainable without the liberal application of the old methods. If such modern institutions neither secure nor seek the hush and stillness of the old time, they have that which is vastly better for their purpose, the hum of genuine and well directed activity. There was a good deal of real philosophy in the answer given not long since by a successful master to a visitor who expressed surprise at the absence of the absolute stillness he had expected to find, "This is a workshop, not a cemetery."

The contrast in the new methods of work as compared with the old is perhaps even greater than that in the methods of government. The nature of this change may be characterized as a substitution of training for teach-

ing. Time was when in many of the old schools the main aim of the teacher, next to that of preserving order, was to impart the greatest possible amount of information. To this end the pupil's memory was the one faculty which was brought into constant requisition. Had the facts thus learned been of a fundamental and broadening character, the process might have had a good deal of compensating advantage. But such, unhappily, was not the case. Hundreds of readers will, we dare say, recall with a shudder the hours and days, and aggregated months and years spent in conning by rote the driest of dry facts—some of them even, as they may have since discovered, of doubtful validity as well as of infinitesimal value—in the *minutiae* of geographical particulars, rules of arithmetic and grammar, historical dates, etc. It would be too much to hope that an end has come, even yet, to all useless drudgery of that kind in the schools, but a great change for the better has undoubtedly taken place. The true work of the schoolmaster is now pretty well understood to be, not the storing of the minds of his pupils with masses of indigestible facts, piled away like so much useless lumber, but the training of them to the command and use of their own powers, so that they may become reliable instruments for the discovery of such facts and truths as may be needful for them in any and every sphere of future life. That this is the only real education is now generally understood and admitted, though there is yet room for great varieties of opinion as to the best means of reaching the end, and great diversity of skill and talent in the use of the means approved of or available. The teacher who can most wisely and skilfully lead the pupil to put forth his own best efforts; to discover facts and draw inferences by observation and comparison; to ascend from the particular to the general and from the phenomena to the laws which govern them; to solve problems, deduce rules and evolve methods for himself instead of slavishly and mechanically following those laid down for him by the text-book, or the teacher, he it is and he alone who deserves a place in the ranks of the true educators of the day.

Something like the above may be set down as the ideal of educational work set forth by the leading educational authorities of the day. It would be idle to write or reason on the supposition that anything like this ideal has been attained by the average public school teacher in Ontario or elsewhere. It is nevertheless proper, we suppose, to estimate the teaching profession as we are accustomed to estimate other learned professions, not by the attainments of its average members, but by the laws and principles laid down by its leading exponents, and generally accepted by the rank and file. A good deal has indeed been said as to whether the work of teaching, as represented in the public and high schools, can properly be said to have attained the status of a learned profession. Truth compels us to admit that the great mass of our public school teachers can scarcely be regarded as learned men and women. But neither, for that matter, can the mass of our lawyers or doctors or preachers, be so regarded. If we define a profession as a calling which is capable of being based upon broad philosophical principles, and which requires for its best discharge the highest order of faculties, and the most thorough professional training, it would not, we think, be hard to show that there is no other occupation which possesses these marks in a more eminent degree than that of teaching. The great practical difficulty in the elevation of the teacher and his work is the low scale of remuneration which unfortunately prevails. This may be regarded as the result of two chief causes, first the inability of the supporters of very many of our schools to pay adequate salaries and second the prevalence of the very erroneous impression that high educational qualifications are not required for the work of elementary instruction. Perhaps we should have reversed the order and given the latter fact as the cause of the former. For our own part we are firmly convinced, and we have no doubt that most of our readers who have given thought to the subject will agree with us, that it would be of immense advantage to the country were the Government in a position to insist that every teacher in the land, no matter how elementary his work, should have had a complete university course, or its equivalent, in non-professional culture, and a thorough professional course in addition, as a preparation for his work. Were our schools, big and little, rural and civic, in the hands of such teachers for ten years, the advantage to the intelligence and progress of the whole country would be immense. The day when any such standard will be possible is far off, but the question is probably only one of time. A happy day will it be for

the country and for the cause of human progress, when every licensed teacher in the Province or the Dominion shall be of necessity a thoroughly educated and cultivated man or woman, as well as one of the highest intellectual and moral character.

PROBLEMS OF GREATER BRITAIN—1.

THE very important book which Sir Charles Dilke has published under the above title is a complete encyclopedia of the colonial empire of Great Britain. To review such a book, in the sense of giving any approximate summary of the contents, is impossible. We have had enough and to spare of impressions of travel and of statistical abstracts, but there has not been, and is not now, any other work which places the reader in a position of such vantage from whence to obtain a general survey of the dominant characteristics of the widely diversified dependencies of the British Empire. The salient questions of each colony stand out above the mists of local politics and of English prejudices and may be seen in true perspective; while, in separate chapters, the reader may enter into the political life of each. He may follow with intelligent interest Sir John Macdonald, Sir Henry Parkes, Sir Graham Berry, Sir Thomas McLlwraith, Sir Robert Stout, Sir Gordon Sprigg, and other knights innumerable, as they career in devious course upon the political chess-boards of Greater Britain. We are wont to complain of outside ignorance concerning Canada, but there is probably truth in Sir Charles Dilke's remark that "Canadian statesmen are in a state of blank ignorance about Australia," a remark which it would be safe in Canada to extend much more widely, and yet these progressive communities of the Southern hemisphere are finding original and satisfactory solutions to some very difficult social problems. In Victoria we find that place of the whole world where the average of wealth is greatest per head of the population. Such a place is worthy of study. The volume is large—over 750 pages of close print—but the "problems" are varied and numerous, and it is not padded out with unimportant details of social attentions paid to the writer. He has gathered his information from all classes and we may learn from him concerning the hopes, the prejudices, the fears, the political and social views, and the mode of life of that ruling class which in countries so democratic dictates to its leaders the policy they shall pursue.

Especially is this book useful now, because questions of great moment, such as Independence and Imperial Federation, are being discussed with more or less intelligence; and some of us in Canada, who think with the late President Lincoln that "it is time enough to cross a river when you come to it," are being driven to a decision by the assertion that our present position is intolerable—a melancholy condition, it would seem, which we had not suspected to exist. By a careful perusal of this volume we may learn how much or how little interest Canada has in the French convict settlement at New Caledonia, in the German annexation of New Guinea, or in the claims of the Boers of the Transvaal upon Swaziland, and we may argue from that how much, or how little indignation the French aggressions on the Newfoundland shore may arouse in Australia. In Canada, hitherto, Imperial Federation has been discussed too much as leading up to differential duties in favour of colonial products, while in England any practical treatment of the subject has dwelt upon the necessary extension of free trade in English manufactures. Sir Charles Dilke says with truth that the tariff is the *crux* of the whole question; which really means that each party is chiefly concerned with what it is going to make. Until people talk less about their rights and more about their duties, Imperial Confederation will never become a serious question. Huckstering never built up great empires. The prevailing tendency seems on the contrary to be centrifugal. At present the federation of the Australasian Colonies is all that is practicable or even desirable. The Southern Colonies are far more separatist than are the North American. Leading journals in Australia openly advocate separation, and leading statesmen, even premiers, are inclined to it. Young Australia inclines to look upon an Imperialist statesman as a fossil. English statesmen are languid about non-European questions, excepting when they concern India, while Canadian sentiment is profoundly modified by the pressure of the United States. The individualism of the Anglo-Saxon race causes it to grow more by fission than by organization extending from the centre, and all that seems probable in the future is aggregation into groups and a defensive alliance growing out of the use of the same language.

The general accuracy of Sir Charles' statements concerning Canada gives great weight to his statements concerning other colonies, and makes his book an indispensable manual for the political student. Slight inaccuracies there are, as for instance when he says that "direct relations between the Australian Colonies and the Canadian Dominion have been begun by the mission of the leader of the Senate to Australia." But then we ourselves were misled—even in Canada—so positive was the announcement. Some little over-statement there is concerning Quebec. The statement that "sentences of excommunication are published in some of the Lower Canadian journals, with the names of the offenders, almost in the way in which bankruptcies are gazetted in communities less ecclesiastical." And another, "that it has been seriously suggested by some of the Protestants of Montreal, that they would gladly see the government of the

Province of Quebec absolutely in the Cardinal's hands." The vividness incidental to transatlantic speech has probably misled Sir Charles. Sentences of excommunication by name are by no means common in Quebec. I do not remember ever to have seen one gazetted. The editors of the clerical papers are all the time excommunicating somebody or other, but they are not serious persons. Then, again, although no one can doubt but that Cardinal Taschereau could and would govern this Province infinitely more justly and economically than our lay rulers of late years, any Protestants who seriously suggested it must have spoken under strong excitement. Perhaps the gorgeous costume of our Premier at St. Hyacinthe, described at p. 47—"white breeches trimmed with red, a green satin vest, a red mantle, a hat with white feathers and a breast-plate set in brilliants"—may have unsettled their Protestant principles. Probably what Sir Charles' much-tried informants had in their mind was that, if we must have clerical government, it would be better to have it in its best form, under a prelate and according to canon law, rather than under unknown and irresponsible ecclesiastics, pulling the strings of politicians and watching to set the Pope right when he gets astray.

"Problems of Greater Britain" has stood the ordeal of criticism very successfully. The assertion that Canadian Confederation is a success has, however, been challenged, but surely without reason. The author may have gone a little far in saying that it has transformed a "backward colony" into a great power—for the Colonies were in the full tide of material prosperity when Confederation was completed—but it has prevented them from drifting into antagonism; it broke down their isolation, it enlarged the views of the people, it rendered possible great enterprises, it put an end to those incessant deadlocks which imperilled the peace of Old Canada, and it prevented the inception of a war of tariffs such as exists in Australia. We are told of a dispute now going on between New South Wales and Victoria for the water of the Murray River, which divides the two colonies. It is badly needed for irrigation, but while the water in the river bed belongs to New South Wales, it is drained for the most part from Victorian territory. In the absence of a central authority with local knowledge such disputes might lead to serious trouble. It is true that what we call nationalism is too often only provincialism, but men with the responsibilities of power are compelled to adopt broader views, and, when we consider how long it took after the revolution to achieve a real union of the revolted Colonies, we are disposed to be thankful for the measure of success we have attained. Sir Charles Dilke is a firm believer in the principle of federation. Not in Canada only, but in Switzerland, where the French, German and Italian languages, and the Roman, Lutheran and Calvinist religions are united, he sees evidence that the federal system can solve almost every political difficulty. He is, however, evidently sceptical as to the feasibility of Imperial Federation, and, with the exception, perhaps, of New Zealand, all the Australasian Colonies seem opposed to it. He finds that while Colonial statesmen will talk about it in an abstract and general way, they will not commit themselves to any definite opinion. The separate federation of the Southern Colonies he considers to be on the eve of accomplishment.

Tempting though a discussion of Sir Charles Dilke's account of Canadian, and especially of Quebec, politics may be, there is not space for it here; nor can I even glance at the myriad interesting points suggested or treated of in this valuable volume. He devotes much space to the defences of the Empire, and while he informs us that excellent provision has been made in the Southern Colonies, he points out that none whatever exists in the Dominion. The question is very simple in Australia. The expanse of ocean is the best defence. In Canada we do not appear to contemplate the possibility of a war between England and the United States, and we seem to have determined to risk it rather than ruin ourselves in advance by preparations. It is not very noble, but perhaps it is wise. The methods of warfare and the relative conditions of the two countries have changed so profoundly since 1812 that nothing can be concluded from what occurred then. There is no excuse, however, for the defenceless state of our Pacific coast, and it is to be hoped that peace may be preserved with all the world until our Government and that of Great Britain get through with their correspondence and settle as to whose duty it is to attend to the matter. Another point of contrast between the Australians and Canadians has attracted our author's notice. It is a certain mood of pessimism to which the latter are subject. To borrow his own words—"there is a wide-spread feeling in the Dominion that although the new nation seems vigorous and healthy, it is somewhat 'out of sorts.' Nothing is hopelessly wrong with Canada. It has the vitality of a young country, and the undeveloped power that lies in its territories is immense; but Canadians think (little as they have spent or borrowed as compared with prosperous Australia) that they have borrowed and spent a great deal of money of late years and that the results of the expenditure are not yet sufficiently apparent." Sir Charles does not tell us in sufficient detail of Sir Julius Vogel and New Zealand debt, but goes on to enumerate the various tonics which are recommended for our ailing condition, although his own private opinion seems to be that we are a little hypochondriac. Rest would probably be the best thing. We get a good deal of "tariff" every year and a good deal of "church" so that we scarcely ever steady our nerves before we are treated to another shock. There are some other "problems"

which I trust to consider in a following paper; but the consoling thought that we shall be happier when we borrow more and that we still have a large margin to draw upon induces a pause for meditation.

S. E. DAWSON.

LOVE-LAND.

AH! Jenny! though life is not over,
The sweetness of living is past;
No longer we walk through the clover
And watch the white clouds sailing fast;
For a darkness has newly arisen
To spread and to spoil our fair sky,
All our days must be spent in a prison
And the black cloud shall never pass by.

Ah! Jenny! though bright the scales glitter,
In the midst of the coil lurks a fang,
And the fruit of the almond is bitter
Though the blossoms are fair while they hang;
And the rose has a canker within it,
And some day the lark will not sing,
And the year that flew by as a minute
Shall bear heavy on Love's broken wing.

Ah! Jenny! our play-book lies broken
Behind us;—before is the page
Hermetic;—and so for a token
To charm away grief in our age
Remember the words of Creation,
Our "Let there be Love," when Love's fire
Through our lips like a sacred libation
Drenched our souls with the wine of desire.

Ah! Jenny! we journeyed together
Life's road for a year and a day,
Bright summer has been all our weather,
Fair blossoms have strewn all our way;
And shall we now part at the corner
Of cross-roads and meet nevermore,
Because the world leers like a scorner
And mocks when we pass by its door?

Ah! Jenny! the hand that I gave you
That night when I promised to keep
Your heart—lo! I stretch out to save you
And to save my own soul from Hell's deep;
Let the world say its worst;—we shall never
Hear its voice or see aught of its gloom,
For in Love-land the birds sing forever
And the roses are always in bloom.

SARREPTA

"GRIM TRUTH."

I SPENT a pleasant half hour the other day reading a new short story by a young Canadian writer. The name of the story was "Grim Truth," and that of the writer (Miss) Alexia Agnes Vial. Miss Vial resides at Quebec, and if her book has a local flavour it is probably to be found in the quiet self-restraint of the style, in harmony with the general character of the best English society of the ancient capital.

The story is founded upon a little play of the imagination. In a certain town a strange form of mental disease breaks out and at once becomes epidemic. The stricken person, man or woman, finds all at once that he or she must speak the real truth—"grim truth" if necessary—in reply to every question asked. The question may be put in jest, as when the servant-maid asked the milkman how much water he had put into the milk that morning; but the answer must come in dead earnest, as when the milkman replied, "About half and half." The terrors of such a situation in any well organized society, held together by the usual conventionalities of speech and action, are obvious. Miss Vial introduces us to a garden party that had assembled on the very day on which the epidemic struck the town. It was an ordinary party composed of ordinary people, but, as soon as they began to talk to one another, and the truth would slip out instead of the usual smooth and diplomatic speeches, there was war. The hostess, surveying the scene from some coign of vantage, saw that everything was going wrong. There were frowns for smiles, angry colloquies in lieu of polite interchanges of civilities, people moving away from one another in evident anger, in a word all the signs of the presence of some disruptive force. The guests began to leave, assuring the astonished hostess as they did so that they had never been in such singular company or passed such an unpleasant time in their lives. I do not reproduce any of the dialogue, which is very lively, because to do so would hardly be fair, the whole story being so short; it ought to be read in the book itself.

For several days the disease continues to rage with great violence through the town. The fashionable doctor, attending a fashionable lady patient, tells her that there is positively nothing the matter with her. The clergyman is obliged to check himself as he is about to utter the words "dearly beloved brethren"; for the first time in his life he realizes that he does not love the brethren in question so much after all. Young ladies are obliged to answer their ardent swains with a real declaration of their feelings, until they feel like biting their own heads off and sending the swains to kingdom come. Everybody in fact has to make a clean breast of whatever secret he is hiding,

PARIS LETTER.

and stand confessed as no better than he really is. People hear so much truth about themselves from their neighbours, and make so many humiliating and otherwise vexatious confessions to their neighbours that, to most of them, the place becomes hateful; hundreds leave it impelled solely by the desire to get away as far as possible from those whom, but a few days before, they were reckoning amongst their pleasantest acquaintances. In one or two cases a happy result is attained. An old bachelor is so charmed at the frankness with which a lady, no longer young, announces her age that he proposes forthwith and is accepted. The clergyman, who found so much difficulty in choosing a suitable mode of address for his congregation, is led to make some serious and profitable reflections; finally when the epidemic has passed away and the habit of truth is no longer compulsory, some adhere to it by choice, from a perception of its advantages. So much of humbug and falsehood has been destroyed in the course of a couple of weeks, that social and business relations rest afterwards on a much better foundation. Those who have not left the town have the advantage of breathing a purer atmosphere than they ever did before. Such, in outline, is Miss Vial's story, which, brief as it is, displays considerable power both of observation and expression. There is something in the quiet way in which she grasps and depicts a social situation that would do credit to a practised writer of fiction; and it will be a pity if she does not soon attempt some work in which her talent will have more scope.

The moral of the story is sufficiently obvious, and may even be said to be trite; but as we read the thought occurs to us whether it might not be possible, even as things are, to introduce a little more of sincerity and reality into our social intercourse. A gleam of hope seems to strike us, and it is precisely this gleam of hope, like a ray of sunlight across the pages, that causes Miss Vial's little book to differ from so many representations of the hollowness of social forms. What a blessing it would be, we cannot but think, to get right down to bed-rock with ourselves and with others? As it is at present, through fear of misunderstandings, we never really have understandings. But after all the heavens would not fall if A knew what B really thought of him or *vice versa*. Society is groaning to-day under the weight of a thousand tedious egotisms which the present system of universal complaisance has called into existence and upon which a few words of rugged truth would act like dynamite. Give a man a chance of taking a reasonable estimate of himself and the probability is that he will do so; but make it a social obligation to feed his vanity, as he makes it one to feed yours, and what is the result? If not a pair of fools, at least a pair of dwellers in a fools' paradise. It is a terrible thing to be perpetually on your best behaviour with anyone. If two persons are so constituted that neither can stand the natural unaffected ways and honest opinions of the other, the best thing they can do is to sever all relations. Let the explosion come and have done with it. We all have known some rare characters probably who, had they lived through the pestilence described by Miss Vial, would hardly have been aware of it, so little are they accustomed to economise truth or to veil their real sentiments. Whether a nature of this kind is compatible, in the present state of the world, with very quick sensibilities may perhaps be questioned; but if I were asked which the world stands more in need of, truth or sensibility, I should say truth. None of us, perhaps, would be rash enough to invoke such a visitation as occurred in Miss Vial's story; but if it came of itself what an amount of pestilent rubbish it would consume, what a mass of social hypocrisy! Then if people were compelled to be true with themselves as well as with others, to acknowledge to themselves their real thoughts, their real beliefs, their real motives, what a revelation would be brought home to many! As so sweeping a *catharsis* is not to be looked for, the next best thing is for us to make up our minds individually to live more open lives, to act from more avowable motives, and to give others the benefit, whether they always like it or not, of more sincerity in our daily intercourse. We need in our conversation more of Yea and Nay, and less of phrase-making and strategy. Tact is a very fine thing, but it is a poor substitute for honesty. There is one comforting thought, and that is, that the more truth we have the less "grim" will it become. Truth looks grim when it replaces some smirking lie. Under a *regime* of veracity things would begin to grow more beautiful as plants do in the light; and people would wonder, as they emerged more and more into the sunlight of truth, why they had ever bound themselves over to so much unwholesome reticence on the one hand and so much of forced and false admiration on the other, when, in the kindly constitution of things, there was so little real necessity for either.

W. D. LESUEUR.

Ottawa, August 11, 1890.

THE VIENNA IMPERIAL COURT ORCHESTRA.—It may be truly said that the dance music of the Strausses has never been played with such precision and such delightful sparkle as by this famous orchestra. The name of Strauss was sufficient to almost overcrowd the hall, and his reception and that of his artists was extremely cordial; and the applause which greeted the orchestra increased with every number. Performances at the Pavilion Sept. 17 and 18. Those who intend going in order to secure seats two days in advance of the general public should call at Messrs. Nordheimer's or Suckling and Sons', and place their names on the subscribers' lists. Brochures will be mailed applicants by Mr. Percival T. Greene, Manager Toronto Concerts.

JOAN OF ARC is at present the most prominent public character in the eyes of every political party; proof that to live in hearts we leave behind is not to die. From the right divine royalists, down to the no divine anarchists, all are one in their admiration for the Maid of Orleans. The white, the tricolour, the red, and even the black flags salute her memory with a dip. For the old royalists, she is a saint, and for the others, the type of pure patriotism, of womanly suffering, and of peasant nobleness of soul. Since years, she is registered at the Vatican for canonization; in every part of France, commencing with her home, where her life has been emblazoned by a deed of glory or an act of suffering, a statue, or a church commemorates each meteor-event. She has nearly exhausted song; but story and history find in her career a perennial source of interest, of study, and of fascination. Each new volume treating upon Joan of Arc is bought up with the greed of a hungered stomach. The mere enumeration of the books published about the Maid of Orleans would alone fill many bulky volumes. And this posthumous tribute or adoration is fully due to one of the purest, the most unselfish, and most ill-treated patriotic heroines recorded in the annals of universal history.

It was but natural that Joan, being a personage around whom unanimity of admiration is only disturbed by differences in the intensity of the homage rendered, should be indicated as the object of a common *culte*, where all political parties could find their ideal of national glory—for every country must have its idol, and affections cannot be strung on an abstraction. True Blue royalists honour the fête of Charlemagne every September; the Bonapartists form the festival of the Assumption, and the Republicans the anniversary of the Bastille. The head council of public instruction is at present discussing the fixation of an annual holiday to honour the memory of Joan of Arc. A leading writer proposes to select the intended day on the 17th of April, that being the anniversary of the date when the "English" in 1436 were expelled from the Bastille. But this would be giving excessive glory to an excessively small event—breaking butterflies on a wheel. The life-work and mission of Joan of Arc was to infuse faith in their success in the French soldiery, to expel the English who then ruled France, and, by uniting the Burgundian and Armagnac factions, bring about not only territorial but national unity; secure France for the French—a work she commenced by capturing Orleans and winning Patay in 1429, but that was only completed by the definite surrender of Calais by the Spaniards in 1598.

The fall of the Bastille—14th July, 1789—is a truly glorious date; but it divides Frenchmen. The evacuation of the Bastille, by the English and the French—the 17th April, 1436—is only a kind of Middle Ages incident in the Hundred years war. Henry V. of England, having married Catherine, the daughter of the lunatic king, Charles VI., the Parisians, or rather the Burgundians, consented to the fortresses of the Louvre, Vincennes, and the Bastille, being garrisoned by English troops. It was thus that Henry V. and Charles VI. entered Paris in 1418, in all the pomp and circumstance of royalty, the Parisians appearing in red toilettes to welcome them. The French Capulets and Montagues, having eighteen years later ceased their fratricidal struggles, they united, naturally, to expel that foreign body—the English. A traitor, Laillier, opened a gate to the commander of the army, Constable de Richemont, just as eighteen years previously, a traitor, Leclerc, had opened a gate to the Anglo-Burgundians.

The English and their French partizans, not more than 1,000 altogether, now rushed for the Bastille, where Lord Willoughby, of Erseby, was Governor. He knew that help from outside was hopeless; he had no provisions, and could not hold out against the French army and the citizens—the latter largely composed of refugee peasants. He capitulated, but received all the honours of war, and reaching the Seine at the Louvre, by the outskirts of the city, all embarked for Rouen. Small crowds hissed and howled them, which was better than to have been massacred had they marched through Paris. Citizens were delighted; they said: "It was in the nature of England to fight continually with her neighbours, which explained their having come to a bad end. Thank God, 70,000 of them have already died in France." It was the Corporation of Butchers that stood by the English to the last and their provost, later pardoned, embarked with them for Rouen.

When the English quit Paris two grand processions took place to thank God for their departure. All the members of the University of Paris marched, taper in hand, as penitence and atonement for their condemning poor Joan of Arc as a sorceress and a heretic, and so having her burned. The English did not leave Paris a moment too soon, as two years later, 1438, the city was visited by famine and plague; 45,000 persons died, and in the Hôtel Dieu alone 5,000 patients succumbed. Paris was then so desolated that the wolves at nightfall crept along the banks of the Seine to where the Louvre is now erected, and stealing in seized and strangled citizens in the bye-streets.

During the eighteen years that the Bastille was occupied, 1418-1436, by the English, it was never employed as a prison. The only individual confined there and for one year was Marshal de L'Isle Adam, that faction weathercock, whose speciality seemed to be betraying all parties alike. He was set at liberty by the Regent, the Duke of Bedford. However, the Bastille has historical relations

dear to English traditions. It had at one time for Governor Sir John Falstaff, who was appointed to that post by the Duke of Exeter, then in command of Paris. "Plump Jack" bound himself to keep for the defence of the Bastille and all the year round twenty men-at-arms and sixty archers, well mounted and equipped. Sir John was paid two shillings a day for himself, twelve pence for each man at arms, and six pence for each archer. In any fighting done Sir John was to hand over one-third of the spoils to King Henry, and to deliver up to his majesty all officers taken prisoner, the king granting a proportionate recompense.

On one occasion there was an *émeute* in Paris, and the Duke of Exeter was forced to seek shelter in the Bastille; he asked Falstaff how much grain, "horse-flesh" and other victuals he had in store. "Enough for six months." Then the rebels were fired upon with ordinance and arrows till routed. Sir John bitterly complained that he was never paid his outlay for provisioning the Bastille. He must have had loot—he was ready we know to "rob an exchequer"—as he had salt cellars in solid silver, and made after the model of the Bastille. There is no record when Falstaff resigned the governorship of the Bastille. After he left France he retired to Caistor, near Yarmouth, where he erected a splendid mansion, lived in great magnificence and there expired, 6th March, 1459, aged 80 years. Thus he did not die at Eastcheap, in Mrs. Quickly's house "babbling of green fields"; nor had she to lay more clothes on his feet to discover the latter to be "as cold as any stone." Some biographers of Sir John make no allusion to his Bastille governorship, and it is the Falstaff that Shakespeare drew, which will live after history dies.

At the present moment, when France is so much occupied with the hours of labour, it is a curious fact that the Duke of Bedford, when regent of France, not only regulated the hours of labour in factories but established the carpet trade at Beauvais, and the woollen trade at Rouen and Evreux—all three head centres to-day of these manufactures. The Duke also reformed the police of Paris, and suppressed the bribing of Justice.

The passing events in Argentina and Central America will have a painful reaction on France. These regions form the chief foreign markets for her products, though closely rivalled by England and the United States. The annual exports and imports of France to Argentina alone amount to 325,500,000 frs., of which 143,750,000 frs. represent imports. In the purchase of fine wines and artistic upholstery, the Argentines never higgled over prices; ladies' toilettes and the jewellery trade had only to produce something original as well as tasteful, when purses opened as a matter of course. That back-bone custom is lost for a time. And the "mild" and boyard classes do not now exist to enable Parisians to replace the *estanciero* of the pampas. Since Brazilians have been converted to Republicanism as rapidly as was St. Paul to Christianity, they have ceased to be extravagant, and so Paris suffers as well as Dom Pedro. It is calculated that, during the 1889 Exhibition, Argentine visitors dropped sixty million frs. in hard gold in Paris. Then there is the McKinley Bill, striking at the 595 million frs. of exports and imports, representing the annual special commerce of France with the United States; or nearly five times "less" than the similar combined total of England's with Uncle Sam.

Z.

PROVERBIAL BLINDNESS.

MERCIER'S organ, *L'Electeur*, in a recent article laments the backwardness of Canada as compared with the United States. It points out the prodigious growth of such cities as Lynn, Worcester, Lowell, Cambridge, Fall River, Grand Rapids, Minneapolis and St. Paul, likewise the material advancement of all. The cleanliness, public hygiene, beauty, magnificence of construction, commodities of all kinds, rapidity and facility of transport from one place to another are noticed and commented upon. In the minor as well as the larger cities the streets are clean, well paved, well lit and kept, while in villages comfort is seen in the elegance of the homesteads. They have their pretty cottages surrounded by lawns, just as New York and Chicago have their marble palaces. The unhappy people (*les pauvres gens*) of Canada scornfully call this worldliness; but experience proves that this worldliness does not interfere with the noble aspirations of the soul and intellect to judge from the number and gigantic sizes of their churches, universities, colleges, theatres and museums which we meet at every step. After speaking of other material progress it asks: How is it, then, that the American Republic, which after all is the younger sister of Canada, should surpass it by 100 years in material prosperity? Evidently there is something run off the track somewhere with us; we have taken the wrong track and our neighbours have taken the right one. They have National Protection and we have. This proves simply that Protection may be good for some, but is disastrous to others. Animadverting upon Protection as valueless and injurious to Canadians, the writer goes on to say: That the line 45 is no longer imaginary, it is painfully visible. On the one side, poverty and *trampling under foot* (*piétinement sur place*); on the other, fortune and progress.

There is nothing new in all this. Charlevoix, the historian of Canada, noted it so long ago as 1721: "There exists in New England an opulence which it would appear we do not know how to emulate; while, in New France, there is a poverty attempted to be hidden by an air of

ease." (Vol. III. page 80.) The writer's points are well taken, but with the blindness of his race he attributes the "trampling under foot" of his nation to a political origin and defect, instead of to its rightful cause, a theological one. The "National Policy" did not exist in 1721, but the same heel of despotic religion did. One hundred and seventy years have not altered or changed one iota its sway over its serfs. Have we not here the true cause of Canada's backwardness? What nation, where half one's short lifetime is spent in Church or under the leading strings of clerical administration, has ever made the material progress that is to be seen where Church is made subservient to the people's pleasure? Material progress did not exist during the Puritanical reign over New England. It was with the dawn of liberty in religious as well as political observances that the greatness of New England began and was developed. We have only to look at and contrast dark, lethargical, priest-ridden Spain and Portugal with free, open, active, energetic England; or restrained, nihilistic, autocratic, patriarchal-governed Russia or Catholic Austria with honest, enlightened Germany; or, better still, our own bright, active, opulent and happy neighbours, where liberty of conscience is synonym with liberty of action, as compared with that dark, unhappy, poor and miserable French race occupying our own territory, whose every action is subservient to priestly orders, to find the full force and effect of this religious dominancy—priestcraft *versus* enlightenment, toleration, liberty of action and consequent material progress and happiness, the latter, of the body as well as the soul, which former priestcraft fails to view as of any consequence in this world. Have we not the same bitter experience to deplore in such ecclesiastically governed countries, where the state is subservient to the Church, as Mohammedan Turkey, Persia and Morocco contrasted with India, Egypt and Algeria? Have we not also China and Japan, as illustrating in the former the detrimental influence of the Buddhist priests ruling the people and state?

All the world over it is the same tale: wherever priestcraft rules there is darkness, illiteracy, poverty, slavery and consequent misery to be deplored. Even ancient history furnishes similar parallelisms. To this day the Jews bewail the loss of their national existence and capital, the cause of which was the religious ascendancy and domination of their priesthood over the temporal power. The Jews, like the Roman Catholics of the present day (whose many forms of religious and political government, the latter closely copied, but failed to prototype their good qualities), were an all absorbing hierarchy, whose chief priests, with armies at their bidding, kept the people in subjection, ignorance and slavery until their temple was destroyed, their God-given city of Jerusalem demolished, as the outcome of their misplaced power, sedition and blindness, and they were dispersed as the outcasts of the earth. France, while not offering altogether a parallel, owed much of its rebellion and misfortunes to the clerical ascendancy, until in like manner they were dispersed and unfortunately found a harbour of refuge in Canada and America, the evil effects of which are clearly visible to all not affected with Amaurosis. Let *l'Electeur* take warning, as the supporter of a clerical government over which the clergy have not only full control, but an actual voice in its councils, to halt in time, and not seek to find its evils and shortcomings in the political state of the people, but in its religious and national aspect, the latter feature of which I will discuss in my next.

COGNOSCENTE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GLADSTONE AND HOME RULE—II.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

The Catholic Relief Bill of 1793.

SIR,—In 1793 the Irish Parliament passed a bill giving the Franchise to the Catholics, abolishing the remains of the old Penal Code and freeing them from almost all their disabilities. It stopped short of allowing Catholics to enter Parliament. This measure gave them a great majority in the electorate, and it was reasonably certain that if they were allowed to sit in the House, they would soon have a clear majority there, and that the land settlements of the preceding centuries would be attacked—which, if persevered in, would result in civil war, and the interference once more of Great Britain.

Wolfe Tone.

Wolfe Tone, who was, although a Protestant, rabidly opposed to the British Government, and was conspiring to separate the nations, was disgusted at the passing of this relief measure, and very indignant with the Catholic Episcopacy for accepting it. It must ever be borne in mind that the standard of truthfulness among the Celtic Irish is not the same as in Canada, the United States, or Great Britain. More especially is this the case among the professional patriots—men who make a good living out of the business. Wolfe Tone's life, by his own son, with the exact rendering of his diary, written from day to day, is widely different from modern patriotic biographies. From his own statements it is plain that the rejection by the British Government of a hare-brained plan of his, which he had submitted to them, was the foundation of his plotting and so-called patriotism.

In the *Nineteenth Century* for May the Duke of Argyll quotes largely from this authentic life. It shows exactly

what the Irish so-called patriots of that day were. To adapt from a Chinese standpoint, they were men who would set fire to their neighbour's house, and thence to the whole town, to roast their own pig.

At Vol. I., p. 99, this Irish patriot grumbles (how like some of the present day) that "every complaint recited had been attended to—every grievance specified had been removed" by the Act of April, 1793.

When Wolfe Tone went to France, he importuned the Directory to send an expedition to Ireland—and at that very time the Duke of Argyll (quoting from Vol. II., p. 159) shows that he actually attempted to blackmail Carnot, the most respectable man out of the five Directors. While to his face assuring him of "the unanimity of the Irish people," he stated (Vol. II., p. 27) to a compatriot high in the service of France, "that the whole Catholic clergy might be regarded as hostile," and that "a large French force was absolutely requisite, since the people would never move without it."

As the Irish R.C. clergy were well aware of the wholesale murders of the French clergy by the French Republicans, and of the horrible excesses and outrages committed by the French armies in La Vendee, their hostility is easy to understand. On November 10, 1796, Wolfe Tone attended a review of the "Légion Noire," 1,800 strong—who had been foremost in perpetrating the La Vendee horrors, the wholesale murder of men, women and children. He says in his journal, "They are the banditti intended for England, and sad blackguards they are." "They put me strongly in mind of the Green Boys of Dublin."—(the toughs of that day). He also complained that the ranks of the new Irish militia were being filled by Catholics. And again, June 18, 1798, of their loyalty, although he calls it "rivetting their country's chains." The following will show the nature of the man: referring to a proclamation of the executive body of the conspirators, "that all Irishmen in the British service taken with arms in their hands shall be instantly shot," he observes (Vol. II., p. 509) "that it was exactly what he had urged on the French Directory for the two years past." Thus he was desirous that thousands of his fellow-countrymen—the great majority being Catholics—should be refused quarter. And this of men who were simply faithful to their duty! This helps to explain many of the Loyalist reprisals. The majority of the Irish Government embodied forces being Catholics, it follows that some of them were murdered by men of their own creed after the rising began, and their Catholic comrades with arms in their hands retaliated. These are some of the horrors of civil war that many of the Irish Americans have been seeking once more to bring about.

The Duke of Argyll observes that it shows the mildness of the Irish Government that for fifteen months after they knew that Wolfe Tone was treasonably communicating with the French Government, he was allowed to remain in Dublin, and that repeatedly they tried to reclaim him. In April, 1795, he was finally told to go or be arrested.

The Excesses of 1798.

It is the fashion among professional Irish patriots to lay all the excesses committed during the Irish Rebellion upon the Protestants. Nothing can be further from the truth. Those who began them were the worst. Only seventeen years earlier, during the fighting in Virginia and the Carolinas, great excesses were committed on both sides. The Loyalists were in a minority there, and when the Republicans burnt their houses they often retaliated, until some counties were nearly wasted. To show how the wilder spirits excite to crime with the object in view of Absalom's counsellors—to make the quarrel irreconcilable—only about five years ago news came from South Africa of a great crime that these bogus Irish patriots sought to carry out. During the Boer war an emissary of the League found his way to the Boer camp. They had captured a few prisoners, mostly wounded men. He strongly advised that they should be murdered in cold blood; but the Boers, being Christians, refused to do so. Had they acted on his machivellian counsel, not all Gladstone's oratory would have caused Britain to fall upon her knees to the slave-hunters, and the Boers and their then system of outraging the natives would have been put down forever.

The Dangers Caused by the Two Parliaments.

During Grattan's Parliament (1782–1800) there were several occasions when great dangers ensued therefrom. We must bear in mind that the Irish were then, even more so than now, an excitable race, and not a phlegmatic people like the Germans.

In 1782, when England, over-matched, was struggling with the United States, France, Spain and Holland, it was actually proposed in the Irish Parliament to request the King to declare war against Portugal, our only ally. The proposal, fortunately, was not voted upon.

Free Trade Rejected by Ireland.

In 1784 the Irish Parliament presented an address to the Crown for the purpose of getting free trade between the two nations. In those days Protectionists flourished in England almost as powerfully as they now do in the United States. Pitt, in pursuance of the Irish request, accordingly introduced the necessary measures into the British Parliament. There was great opposition to the proposal in the House of Commons, and also among the manufacturers. But that great minister, Pitt, stood firm, and he carried it through, granting all that the Irish Parliament had asked for. Accordingly a Bill was laid before the Irish House of Commons to carry out the measure on

their side. Remember that Ingram, the historian, is an Irishman: "The Bill was received with an Irish howl. Ireland was determined to resent an offence that never was intended—to repel an injury that never was offered." After a long and heated discussion it was rejected, notwithstanding the strenuous exertions of a common sense minority. Where does the "sweet reasonableness" of Irish patriots come in? Is not this a typical rendering of the Irishism, "I will be drowned, and no one shall save me"—and then to denounce the bystander as a vile criminal for acceding to the earnest demands of the deceased?

The Regency Question in 1789.

In 1789, King George III. suffering from temporary insanity, it was deemed necessary to appoint a Regent. In England the ministers contended that the Parliament alone had power to settle the terms and power of the Regency. But the Opposition (Fox, its leader, being on intimate terms with the Prince of Wales) contended that the heir apparent acquired it absolutely without any authority from Parliament. Ultimately the British Parliament decided that if necessary the Prince of Wales should be Regent, with certain restrictions.

Anyone with the slightest pretension to statesmanship ought to have known that the rule should be the same in both countries. As a matter of fact the restrictions on the Prince's power were to prevent future troubles in the royal house in the probable event of the King recovering; and, so far as Ireland was concerned, it would have prevented jobbery.

What course did the Irish patriot party pursue?

To adopt a Western pithy, forcible and inelegant phrase, they, "out of pure cussedness," without waiting for full information, and refusing the Government's urgent request for a few days' delay, actually on the very day that the King was declared convalescent by the *London Gazette*, passed a resolution conferring the Government of Ireland upon the Prince of Wales without any restrictions whatever. This would have opened a sluice gate of jobbery for the Opposition. Had this been carried out there would have been different governments in the two countries. In England a Tory, free trade and progressive government, headed by Pitt; in Ireland a Whig, anti-free trade and behind-the-age government, ruled by Fox's friends. This is a striking instance in support of Dr. Goldwin Smith's articles on the evils of partyism.

The Irish votes ended in a practical bull. Of course, between the time of the vote and the arrival of the deputation, news of the King's recovery must have been received, but no one seems to have thought of harking back to common sense. When the Parliamentary Commissioners arrived in London they found the King restored to health, yet keeping their countenances like Cicero's augurs, they duly had audience of the Prince of Wales.

Superiority of the Irish Suffrage.

The Act of April, 1793, vastly increased the Irish electorate. In proportion to the population it numbered over fifty times as many as Scotland possessed up till 1832, and it far exceeded the proportion in England until Disraeli's Reform Bill in 1868. We have no accurate data of the English electorate in 1793, but in proportion it certainly was not near one-half what it was in Ireland.

The Growing Necessity for a Union.

The French Revolution adversely affected Irish history, as it did that of most other civilized nations. The French rulers sent emissaries to spread sedition, to incite to crime and to raise the Catholics. The attempts by those who had publicly proclaimed Atheism, and who had outraged and murdered the clergy, to win over the Irish priesthood, utterly failed; not half-a-dozen were won over.

But it began to be felt that the union was necessary; the Rebellion of 1798 proved it. The Protestants were at first adverse to and opposed to it. It was generally believed that a union would interfere with many private interests—especially of those of political adventurers, which Ireland has always abounded in. These adventurers had great opportunities by getting into their House of Commons, and as two-thirds of them would be shut out of the Imperial Parliament, their chances would be vastly reduced.

Having granted the Franchise to the Catholics it was felt that there would be always smouldering civil war until they were admitted into Parliament, and that then in a few years the Catholics would virtually rule Ireland, and the property of thousands, with titles of centuries, would be endangered. That on the other hand, with a Union, there would be no danger of the Catholics ruling—no one foresaw then the possibility of a Protestant Jesuit as a Minister.

Therefore for the Protestant ruling minority there were only three courses:—

1. To let things drift—refusing admission to the Catholics—with a reasonable certainty of fresh revolutionary attempts, and a state of general insecurity.

2. To admit the Catholics to Parliament, be ruled by them, with the certainty of an unsettlement of titles, dating from the 16th century.

3. A Union with Great Britain. It was generally believed that the Catholics would shortly afterwards be admitted into Parliament, as would have been the case, had not the then Lord Chancellor, afterwards, unknown to Pitt, poisoned the King's mind on a point of conscience. Pitt could make no promises beforehand. Had he done that, he would have postponed the Union for years, while the Empire was engaged in a life-and-death struggle with France and her allies.

The Roman Catholics and the Union.

There had for years been a growing feeling among intelligent Roman Catholics of the desirableness of a Union. Out of a hierarchy of four R. C. Archbishops and sixteen Bishops (three sees were vacant) four Archbishops, fourteen bishops and the agent of the secular bishops were for the Union. The Roman Catholic gentry and nobility were also for it. Plowden, the Catholic historian, says, p. 135, "All the inferior clergy seem to have declared for it." He also (Vol. II. p. 979) states that "A very great preponderance in favour of the Union existed in the Catholic body, particularly in the nobility, gentry and clergy," (p. 139) "Not a single petition against the Union was presented by the Catholics to the King, Lord Lieutenant, or either House of Parliament." This last fact proves conclusively that the Catholics were in favour of the measure.

The Charge of Bribery.

It has been alleged that the Union was won by bribery, but no evidence has been adduced to prove it. It rests upon simple statements which in a court of justice are laughed to scorn when no evidence in support is tendered. It savours somewhat of an Irish bull to bribe a man to do a thing after he has told you that he has made up his mind to do it, or that it is for his interest to do it.

The chief support at the present day of the charge of bribery, is the unsupported statement of a man who has raised falsehood into one of the fine arts; who, after having for years upheld the view that there was no bribery, now, to serve his own purposes asserts that there was the greatest possible corruption.

The pretence for the charge is, that the owners of the pocket boroughs in Ireland were compensated on being deprived of the right to return members. There were 300 members of the Irish House of Commons, but there were only to be 103 in the Parliament of the United Kingdom, consequently 197 were to be left out in the cold. But the compensation was not to be paid to the 197 members—men who, like Grattan, had paid thousands of pounds to borough proprietors for their seats—men perfectly independent of these borough owners, with five years more to sit, and who, unlike Grattan, yet voted for the Union and their own political extinguishment, voted to kick away the ladder by which they hoped to climb to place or fame without receiving a shilling. Is this bribery?

When one examines the case carefully it shows that, with all their faults and shortcomings, there must have been genuine patriotism in the majority of the Irish House of Commons in 1800.

How many of the members of the Ontario Local House, or the Dominion Parliament would, like the majority in Dublin in 1800, vote for a Bill which would immediately relegate them to private life, and prevent their ever getting into Parliament again, and this without receiving a dollar compensation?

In England, up till 1832, there were rotten or nomination boroughs that could be bought from proprietors. It was so in Ireland in Grattan's Parliament. The Irish House sat for eight years. Therefore, when a man like Grattan bought a seat he kept it during the eight years as his property, and would deeply resent any attempt by the owner to dictate to him how he should vote.

When Pitt, in 1785, introduced his unsuccessful Reform Bill into the British Parliament he proposed to buy up the rotten boroughs for £27,000 each, and to distribute the seats to more populous places. In the Irish case compensation was to be paid at the rate of £15,000 for each seat. If the place was completely disfranchised £15,000 was to be paid to its owner, or the borough itself if there was no owner, but nothing was to be paid to the member. If the borough had sent two members (a common case) and in future was to send only one, then no compensation was to be paid. In some cases there were more owners than one, and the £15,000 was then to be divided. Eighty-four boroughs were completely disfranchised, and consequently £1,260,000 was to be paid to the owners, and 168 members were to lose their seats. The compensation was paid as follows:—

1. To Englishmen who owned boroughs in Ireland	£67,500
2. Four boroughs which had no owners	60,000
3. To the executors of a man who died before the Union was even introduced	30,000
4. To two ladies who were owners	18,750
5. To Anti-Unionist proprietors whose members voted against the Union	434,850
	£611,100
6. To Unionist proprietors whose members voted for the Union and in most cases for their own political extinguishment	648,900
	£1,260,000

Ingram gives cases showing that during the last twenty years of the Irish Parliament the value of seats had risen greatly, and that it was a favourite investment for men who desired to rise in the world or in the political arena.

To own slaves—to buy them to stock a plantation with, was a far more reprehensible action than to own a borough, where in the course of generations the votes had dwindled to half-a-dozen, practically giving the power of returning a member to the landlord. Yet Gladstone in his maiden speech in the House of Commons distinctly stated that his father had bought 200 slaves to additionally stock the Vreedom Hoop plantation. Gladstone voted the following year for the compensation of the slave-owners, including his own father, who received £54,114. His father was old and in a few years Gladstone knew that he would receive a part of this compensation money. Would it be fair to say that Gladstone was bribed to vote for abolishing

slavery because in the course of nature he would receive part of the compensation money?

Gladstone, it will be said, did not actually receive the money—it was his father who did—for what the son in Parliament said was "honestly and legally acquired property." Neither did the members of the Irish House of Commons receive the money—as in Gladstone's case; it was other people, but in their case mostly strangers in blood.

It is clear that Gladstone was not bribed—equally clear that the Irish members were not. If it is contended that the latter were bribed who had nothing to do with the cash, either immediately or in the future, then Gladstone was bribed because the money would come to him in the near future.

This will shew the absurdity of the charge of bribery. If the argument is followed up to its legitimate conclusion the charge of bribery recoils upon Gladstone himself—"The engineer is hoisted with his own petard."

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

A NEW METHOD.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—The regulation of the liquor traffic so as to prevent or diminish its attendant evils is, and has long been, a question of great moment, for as yet the various methods, which have been recommended or adopted for that purpose, have been so defective as rather to increase the evils they are intended to remedy.

From their very nature these methods have necessarily been unsatisfactory and inefficient. The license system, being a survival of the principle of monopoly in that for a larger or smaller consideration it gives to a certain class the exclusive privilege of manufacturing or trading in certain merchandise to their exclusive benefit, and to the manifest detriment of society in general, is an abuse, the toleration of which is a disgrace to any constitutional Government. The prohibition system, whether its application be local, sectional or general, is equally subversive of the proper functions of government. The depriving every man of his right of choice in matters of meat or drink, because there are those who are abusers of themselves and others in their exercise of this right, is too unjustifiable an interference with personal liberty to be long tolerated by any other than a nation of slaves.

The existence of these two methods, each bearing witness to the inefficiency of the other, proves the necessity for some other method of regulating the traffic, and, by their exemplifying what is to be avoided in attempts at regulation, they assist us to the discovery of a better way. From them we learn that any such method must regulate without granting monopolies and without interfering with the inherent right of every man to do as he pleases, in so far as his doing so is not an interference with the liberty of others.

The uses of alcohol compel its manufacture and distribution, while its abuses make it deponent on the State so to control its traffic as to prevent these abuses. This can only be accomplished by the State's assuming complete and exclusive control of the importation, manufacture, and sale of everything alcoholic.

The assumption of such a control is a duty of the State. It rests with the people as a nation to do what the people as individuals can not do. The people, as individuals, cannot manage the liquor traffic. Its power for evil is too great for every man to be at liberty to engage in it. The taking this liberty from all and selling it as a license to the few is placing in the hands of those few a fearful power for evil, coupled with the greatest possible temptation to use that power; and surely those who seek the license do not seek it to escape the temptation.

The assumption of such control by the State is also practicable. A business which begets millionaire distillers, brewers, and importers, and wealthy dispensers of adulterated potations can be legitimately managed by the State at no pecuniary disadvantage. The revenue to the State from such exclusive control would assuredly maintain a local supply depot in each district, in charge of a salaried Government official whose duty it would be to sell, for certain specified prices, original sealed packages of certain sizes to any resident of the district, not a minor, who had not, because of drunkenness, forfeited his right to buy.

The adoption of this method by the State would be conducive to the temperance, good order, and prosperity of the nation. The salaried servant of the State, dependent on his good conduct for his continuance in office, would have no saloon-keeper's interest in "pushing the trade." A Government supply depot, selling only original packages for consumption elsewhere, would be a desirable substitute for the bar and bar-room, and could be much more readily inspected. Illicit selling, like illicit distilling, would then be a serious crime, to which there would be far less incentive than under a license or a prohibition system. The temperance advocate would have no organized opposition to contend with, nor would he be so beset with the temptation to lay down the weapon of moral suasion, and take up the boomerang of legal compulsion. Those greatest evils of the traffic begotten of and nurtured by the saloon would pass away with the system which gave them birth, while the State, which had erstwhile paid so dearly for the debauching of its citizens, would at least be in the only position to, at the same time, protect both itself and them.

T. A. PATRICK.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—Perhaps it is yet too soon to expect any considerable expression of opinion from the reading public as to the merits of the new dictionary; but comprehensive as is the design and accurate as is the execution, some omissions have already been noted in the English review articles that I have lighted on. I have observed some myself, but I confess to some special vexation and surprise at a couple of omissions in the matter of definition. The Latin *abutor*, primarily meaning to "use up, entirely, to the end," naturally and inevitably came to signify to "misuse," "use improperly;" and it was to be expected that these meanings should be found in English when the Latin word was adopted. Accordingly, the New Dictionary, under the substantive, gives a very good example of the primary meaning, now obsolete in English: "Cranmer, Col. ii. 22. Touch not, tast not, handell not: which all peryeshe thorow the very abuse," where the Greek has an intensive form corresponding to the Latin "*abutor*," and where Wyclif, Tindale, and A. V. have "using." But when we come to the verb, the primary meaning is ignored, and only the secondary is noticed; and to make bad worse, among the examples of this secondary meaning is found a sentence in which, as all but the actually illiterate would see, the primary meaning is required. 1 Cor. ix. 18, of our common Bible, "That I abuse not my power in the Gospel." The latter meaning makes nonsense of the Apostles' argument; and is still further away from the Greek word here used than from that in the previous reference. Another place requiring the primary meaning is in the often quoted and much misunderstood words "using this world, as not abusing it." What makes this so bad is, that the revised version has properly in 1 Cor. ix. 18, "use to the full," and in 1 Cor. viii. 31, margin, "using it to the full," though the obsolete "abusing" is most mischievously retained in the text. I hardly know how to excuse this. But I have observed another omission under the word *Anaphora*. The New Dictionary gives only its meaning as a term in rhetoric; the Imperial Dictionary gives this and its astronomical meaning; while both admit its liturgical sense. Now, in the present day, liturgical treatises are no novelty. Nor is it only theologians who read them. Nay, they are in the hands of great numbers who do not use liturgies; and I think I may safely assert that for every time "Anaphora" is found by an English reader as a term of rhetoric or astronomy, it is found ten times in reference to liturgies. I may add, too, that it is the most important word in liturgical nomenclature; and I cannot well conceive how the omission of this signification could have taken place. As the work goes on we must expect to find not a few instances of error or oversight in this long-looked for and truly wonderful dictionary.

Port Perry, August, 1890.

JOHN CARRY.

THE GARDEN'S BLOOM.

RONDEAU REDOUBLÉ.

The garden's bloom fills all the summer day—
A thrilling odour scents the drowsy air;
The tender flowers yield to the Zephyr's sway;
Each seems to cry "Behold me I am fair!"

Their warm, rich hues reward my tender care,
They breathe on me in such a subtle way,
That my whole being feels with rapture rare
The garden's bloom fills all the summer day.

The eager bees the honeyed breath obey,
And from their hives with busy wings repair,
And, while among the varied tints they stray,
A thrilling odour scents the drowsy air.

I have no thought of winter's pale despair,
Of lowering clouds with aspect drear and gray;
No thought of storms when the sad earth is bare—
The tender flowers yield to the Zephyr's sway.

The humming-birds their rainbow hues display
With tireless wings they dart now here, now there;
The flowers to me are not one whit less gay,
Each seems to cry, "Behold me I am fair!"

Of all the joys earth renders as my share,
One joy most closely to my heart I'll lay,
No other joy from me this joy shall tear,
But, like pure incense, in my life shall stay—
My Garden's Bloom.

Toronto.

T. G. MARQUIS.

THE *Herald* of June 3rd says: Strauss has captured Chicago. The city is his. During the winter months we have had an affluence of great musical treats. We have had Patti, Tamango, Albani, Lehmann, Perotti, and Reichmann. They were all delightful. But every blessed one of them felt it a duty to din into our ears the heaviest and most intricate music that was ever composed. . . . It has made us tired. The coming of Strauss, with his portfolio of exquisite popular melodies, is as refreshing as a mint julep. . . . There were 4,000 of us at the Auditorium last night. It was a hot night, but not one of us left until the last encore was played, and the tired musicians politely refused to play more. Subscribers' lists at Nordheimer's and Suckling's. The Brochures will be mailed by applying to Percival T. Greene, Manager Toronto Concerts.

IN LOVE'S DEAR THRALL :

A ROMANCE OF THE MUSKOKA LAKES.

CHAPTER I.

"WHO are they, I wonder? They are English, evidently. What a saintly face the tall one has!"

"Hasn't she? yet what a queenly air! Poor thing! she is young to be a widow. I wonder who they can be? Oh, here comes Mrs. M——; she'll be sure to know."

"True. Good morning, Mrs. M——, who are our new comers?"

"Oh, I heard all about them last night," said the lady addressed, with a nod, in the way of morning salutation, to each of her friends. "Frank Leighton knows them; he met them at the wharf as they got off the steamer, and he has just gone in with them to breakfast. Hasn't the young widow a divine face? She's a titled lady—what's this is her name? Mr. Leighton told me. Oh, yes, the Lady Mercedes Wilton."

"And who is her companion?—not a sister evidently."

"Oh no! she is no relation: they are merely travelling together, though they are old friends. She's the wife of the young fellow with the handsome beard, who is, I am told, an English barrister; and the old gentleman is her father. He is the Hon. Mr. Lewis, a gentleman of property in the north of Scotland, and Leighton says that he has come out to Canada to buy land in the North-West for his sons. His son-in-law is a Mr. Kinglake, who has also come out to make investments in Canada. Mr. Leighton met the whole party a few weeks ago at Quebec. I cannot learn much about the Lady Mercedes; but don't you recognize in her the kneeling figure in Leighton's picture of the interior of the French-Canadian chapel? I saw the likeness at once; Frank told me that he painted the face from memory, with the aid of a sketch he made at the *habitant's* wedding. Leighton will make a hit with that painting; the face of the kneeling figure of the widow reminds me of one of the most beautiful of the Madonnas."

"The Lady Mercedes, eh!"—observed one of the group Mrs. M——addressed. "What a pretty name and what a lovely face! No wonder your artist friend is smitten by her. Someone told me that Mr. Leighton seems bewitched since he began his new picture, and he has manifestly thrown all his art into the face of his kneeling Madonna."

"Yes, has he not?" was the rejoinder. "I should like to know her history. When Leighton gets to know them better, I'll no doubt find out."

"Oh, don't be too sure of that! Mr. Leighton won't tell you much if, as I suspect, he's in love with her. In that event, Mrs. M——, he'll give you little of his confidence."

"We shall see, dear," said the latter lady, who prided herself in possessing the artist's friendship, as she moved off to another knot of hotel guests on the now crowded verandah.

Such was the conversation that took place one bright July morning some two summers ago, among three of a group of Toronto ladies assembled after breakfast on the promenade galleries of "Maplehurst." That attractive Muskoka hotel, perched on the fir-clad heights overlooking the gleaming lake and distant village of Rosseau, seldom had gathered a larger or more fashionable crowd than was to be seen on the morning in question. The throng of visitors consisted chiefly of the fair sex, the goodly matrons and muslined femininity of Hamilton, Toronto, and the cities of the South, with a bevy of children, and a more than usually large proportion of budding womanhood and young girls just entering their teens. The morning was bright and warm, giving promise of a typical Canadian day; and the human interest in the scene was increased by the animation and high spirits, which were depicted on every face, and were emphasized by a buzz of small talk and, ever and anon, by peals of light laughter.

Frank Leighton, who was in part the theme of the above conversation, was a well-known figure in Muskoka watering-places, and his talents, both as an artist and a *littérateur*, had of recent years brought him prominently before the intellectual portion, at least, of the Canadian public. The young artist moved in good social circles, and he was a general favourite with both sexes. He was a Canadian only by adoption, though adoption with him—so much of a patriot was he!—meant a good deal more than birth with the mass of his undemonstrative fellow-countrymen. He belonged to a good old family in Westmoreland, and was born and brought up in the vicinity of the English lakes. At an early age he had the misfortune to lose his mother, and in his seventeenth year, his father marrying again, he and his brother left home and set out for British Honduras, where the two young men had relatives. There Frank, the younger of the two, spent but one year, when he parted with his brother and came north to seek his fortune in Canada. He had had a good education, and nature had endowed him with a decided taste, if not genius, for art. For awhile, like most new comers, he roughed it on a farm; but in his twentieth year he gravitated to the city, where he cultivated his talent for painting, eking out the slender allowance he had from his father, by giving drawing lessons and occasionally contributing to the English periodical press.

When, at Maplehurst, we make acquaintance with the young artist ten Canadian summers had flown over his head. In the interval, his industry, as well as his genius, had won for him a high place in native art circles, his special faculty showing itself in the delineation of historic

scenes from Canadian annals, some of his large canvases finding their way to the London Academy and the *Salon* at Paris. Not a little of his popularity, however, was due to his admirable social qualities, added to his good looks and cultivated manners. He had a fine mind, and a disposition so generous and genial that he made himself friends wherever he went. He had a charming way with women, whom he treated with pleasing deference, scrupulous honour, and chivalrous courtesy. Nor was there a trace of self-consciousness or affectation in anything he said or did. He was not only kind and tender-hearted, he was always disinterested and unselfish; and in manners no one could be more frank and ingenuous. Deep in his nature was implanted the love of woman; though women he admired with the intellect, not with the passions. Yet in this respect he was neither a pedant nor an anchorite. He had an abiding faith in the essential goodness of his fellowmen, and used to say that in the long run the nobler, and not the baser, characteristics of humanity would prevail.

Nothing, however, so touched Leighton's heart and soul as contact with a good and beautiful woman. Almost indescribable were his emotions when he caught the first glimpse of the Lady Mercedes Wilton. Hers was the face of his ideal of female beauty. It had pathos as well as loveliness. Round the mouth played the smiles of a sweet, sunny nature; and the large lustrous eyes were lit at once by the flashing steel of the intellect and emitted sparks from the smouldering fires of love. In appearance, the Lady Mercedes was a little above the medium height, though she was splendidly proportioned, carried herself majestically, and yet had a step as light and graceful as a fawn. By the most indifferent connoisseur of beauty, neither her face nor her figure could be passed unobserved; while her whole person bore the unmistakable marks of distinction.

When Frank Leighton first saw this vision of female loveliness, she had come, with her party, into the little French chapel in the suburbs of Quebec where a peasant's wedding was being celebrated. With what seemed to be more than a conventional respect for the place and the ceremony, the Lady Mercedes advanced to the group round the chancel-rail and knelt throughout the performance of the sacred rite. When the ceremony was over, she rose quickly from her knees, and retracing her steps, joined her friends at the entrance of the chapel. As she passed out, she noticed Leighton, who had entered silently at a side door, and now stood, sketch book in hand, half concealed behind a pillar. She gave a quick, convulsive start as her eyes met those of the artist, blushed deeply, and let fall her crape veil to hide evident emotion. What there was so visibly to disturb her, Leighton could not divine. So far as he knew, they had never previously met; and Leighton was not vain enough to suppose that there was about his person or appearance anything specially to attract a stranger. Her agitation, he concluded, was due to some painful memory. His impressions were deepened later on in the day when, all having returned to the hotel at which they were staying, he found himself more than once the object of the beautiful stranger's furtive but wistful gaze and indifferently-hidden interest.

Before nightfall the Fates seemingly decreed that the two people who had conceived so sudden an interest in each other should come together. After dinner the young artist excused himself in withdrawing from a conversation into which he had been drawn at the hotel porch, lit a cigar and strolled over to take his evening walk on Dufferin Terrace. Here he was shortly afterwards joined by the English tourists who had arrived that morning by the Liverpool steamer. Passing the group, who were evidently enjoying the superb view from the ramparts, the elderly gentleman accosted Leighton with some enquiry about Point Levis, on the opposite shore. Leighton courteously satisfied the old gentleman and was about to pass on when further questions were simultaneously addressed to him, this time by the two ladies. These referred to other objects seen from the Terrace, and, answering the questions, the young artist was drawn into an animated conversation with the whole party, who manifested great interest in Leighton's rapid recital of the historical events connected with Quebec, the citadel and the régime of French dominion in the New World.

Leighton was well-read in Canadian history, knew its every legend and tradition, and had the gift of a minstrel-scholar in telling a story. In the walk back to the hotel he had in the Lady Mercedes an intelligent and interested auditor; and at her request he had to recount to the rest of the party several of the old Breton and Norman legends which had most interested her in the return to their night's quarters. It was far on in the evening when the party broke up, and day had nearly dawned before Leighton could get the lovely Mercedes out of his head, to enable him to snatch an hour or two's rest before breakfast.

The new day brought Leighton again into close contact with his English friends, all of whom seemed to wish to put themselves under his guidance during their brief stay at Quebec. The Lady Mercedes, though still cordial in her manner to the young artist, obviously desired to impose some restraint upon the suddenly sprung-up friendship, and left conversation with him pretty much to the other members of her party. Leighton understood and accepted the somewhat changed relations; and while he regretted that he could not presume to ask that there should be a return of the cordiality that marked the previous evening's intercourse, he was consoled by the conviction

that he had not lost favour in the Lady Mercedes' eyes. She still regarded him with marked interest, and much as she desired to do so, could not altogether conceal the fact. Only once during the day did he find himself for a few minutes alone with her, during which she talked of Leighton's profession, and her interest in it, and let fall the remark that her husband, too, had been an artist. Leighton was too well-bred to do more, at this stage of their acquaintance, than signify that he had heard the casually-dropped bit of personal history. He went on to speak of the attractive field there was in the Old World for the artist, and of the better rewards that there wait upon art-talent and industry; while she, on her part, spoke enthusiastically of the scope and variety which the New World opened to the genius and trained skill of American and Canadian painters.

Unluckily, the conversation was here interrupted by the return of the Lady Mercedes' travelling companions, who informed Leighton that they had decided to go on to Montreal by the evening boat and were sorry to have to take sudden leave of the young artist. They added, however, that they hoped to renew acquaintance with him at Toronto, where they expected to be in about three weeks, after a brief tour in the States. When they reached Toronto, they told Leighton that they would most likely take advantage of his suggestion to spend a week in the Muskoka Lakes, where, he had previously informed them, he usually spent a part of the summer. From Muskoka, whither Leighton was himself shortly about to proceed, he was apprised that the party would set out for the North-West, and, after a run through to the Pacific Coast, would then retrace their steps and go back to England. With this indication of the movements of the tourists, and an exchange of cards between the gentlemen, and with profuse thanks for the young Canadian's civilities from all of the travellers, the artist took leave of the group, after expressing the pleasure it would give him to meet them again, either at Toronto or at Maplehurst, on Lake Rosseau.

CHAPTER II.

THE reader already knows that all have again met by the waters of Muskoka, though he may not fully know in what turmoil of heart poor Leighton has been since he bid adieu at Quebec to the Lady Mercedes, and let his ardent glance modestly fall before the *spirituelle* face and tear-moistened eyes of the beautiful English widow. Leighton tried hard to disguise from himself that he was in love. It was true that, thanks to his own industry and to the professional reputation he had earned, he was now in a position to marry; but what did he know of her to whom his heart was now captive, save her surface beauty; and even if she were all he sought in a wife, why, he sternly asked himself, should he be the favoured of all suitors? Moreover, the fair Mercedes could not have been long a widow, and might not her heart be still in the grave? Such were some of the thoughts that perplexed the mind of Frank Leighton, as he walked with heightened colour by the side of the beautiful English gentlewoman, among the hotel guests at Maplehurst, on the morrow after her arrival with her friends.

To a few of his intimate acquaintances the young artist introduced the English travellers, and together for a week or more the new-comers enjoyed themselves hugely. The weather was glorious and each day there was sufficient wind for a sail. Every morning some little party was made up, and in concert the group of sail-boats explored the picturesque inlets and gleaming stretch of waters that gem the prettily-wooded basin of the Lakes of Muskoka. In Leighton's yacht were always to be found the Lady Mercedes with Mrs. Kinglake, her bosom friend and travelling companion. In a stroll in the odorous pine woods, or in a pull up the Nereid-haunted Shadow River, you would be sure to find the same happy company. Yet, in this idle dalliance daily with the woman he greatly loved, no word escaped Leighton indicative of his feelings. He saw that he was trusted by both women, who honoured him with their company, and he would not betray the trust; nor was it in his nature to be likely to do so. Soon, however, was there to occur an incident which brought the two chief figures in the drama of love more closely together.

Leighton had arranged with his English friends an excursion by water, down the lake to Port Sandfield, with a break at "Cox's," thence up Lake Joseph to Port Cockburn, and over the Parry Sound road to the island-gemmed shores of the Georgian Bay. A week was to be consumed in the trip. Before starting out on it, the two gentlemen of the English party wished to run down to Toronto to complete their arrangements for proceeding to the West. This they presently did, leaving the ladies to Leighton's care. The day before Mr. Lewis and Mr. Kinglake were expected to return, Leighton crossed over to Rosseau village to buy an extra trolling line for the ladies who were to join the expedition, and to fit up his boat's larder with such modest luxuries for the trip as the village afforded. He left Mrs. Kinglake and the Lady Mercedes cruising about with a young lad staying at the hotel, and a boatman from the village, in a small craft at the head of the lake. On his return to the Maplehurst wharf, Leighton received a message left for him by the ladies, to the effect that they had set off for Morgan's Bay, a large inlet a little way down the lake; but that they would return shortly. As he crossed over from the village, he noticed that a storm was blowing up, and he became a little

anxious for the safety of his charge. His fears increased as the sky darkened and the wind rose.

Casting off from the wharf, Leighton hurried away in search of his friends. He hadn't been gone many minutes, when, to his horror, he observed the boat, with the ladies alone in it, scudding out from the inlet under a flying jib, and with the rudder apparently fouled by a submerged sail. As the wind was now blowing a gale from the north, the little boat, with its panic-stricken inmates, when it emerged from the inlet darted down the lake with the speed of the Furies. Leighton hoisted every inch of canvas his yacht could safely carry, and bore hotly down in pursuit. As he gained upon the fugitives, he shouted to them some words of encouragement, which they sadly needed, for, to add to their fright, night came on and the rain began to pour.

By the time Leighton overtook the ladies, their boat had been driven miles down the lake; and the rescuer saw that, as they had passed the up-going steamer, which he had vainly tried to intercept, the only thing now to be done was to seek shelter, as well as safety, in some accessible cove. Drawing alongside, he transferred the ladies to his own boat, took theirs in tow, and steered for what seemed a safe place to land. As the storm increased there was no time to look for house or hut, in which, could they find such, they might take shelter; and of course it was out of the question to beat up to Maplehurst in the face of the wind. Whatever anxiety might be felt at the hotel about the fugitives, the report of those on the steamer, who saw the rescue, Leighton concluded, would allay fears. It was thus, at any rate, that the young artist reasoned. Though the ladies were not only fearful of spending a night by the now gloomy shore, but were apprehensive of the effects of the drenching which all had received, they gratefully, however, put themselves under the charge of their gallant and considerate rescuer.

Ere long Leighton was lucky in striking a suitable inlet. Coasting along its wind-sheltered shore, he was fortunate to find an old camping ground, with a shelving rock approach from the water, and a rudely extemporized wharf. He quickly steered alongside, tied up his boat, got the ladies out, and, with a rather dim lantern light groped his way to a comparatively commodious shanty which he had descried from the landing. Though deserted, the shanty was fairly clean, and fortunately the roof was weatherproof.

After housing the ladies and securing the place as much as possible from the violence of the storm, Leighton returned to the boat to get from its locker a bundle of shawls and rugs, which, in view of the morrow's expedition had been stowed there that afternoon. The locker also contained the afternoon's purchases at the village—a supply of coffee, biscuits and canned provisions. Returning with these to the shanty, and being a man of resource, he set about making a fire, which was now possible, as the wind had fallen and the dark rain-clouds had blown over the lake. He had lights and a hatchet, and going a little way into the dense woods he got sufficient dry twigs to start a fire, and there was plenty of drift timber on the beach to keep it going. Putting a kettle of water on the blazing logs he made another excursion into the woods for dry branches, as a night's bedding for the ladies, and cut material for a rudely constructed couch.

In the meanwhile the ladies had divested each other of their wet outer-garments and were now warming themselves by the camp fire, wrapped in the dry shawls which Leighton's happy forethought had provided. Both ladies had by this time recovered from their fright, and with more complacency than could have been imagined they resigned themselves to a night's lodging in the woods. If they had the least fear, Leighton assured them, he would act as sentinel by their hut, and he playfully added, that if they had any appetite they wouldn't go supperless to bed. To their credit be it said, they were less anxious about their supper than concerned as to how Leighton was to spend the night. Of this, the young artist's disinterestedness, not to speak of his gallantry, gave him no concern. At any personal sacrifice he was only too happy in serving the now idol of his heart.

What thoughts of Leighton the while were coursing through the brain of the idol herself, we can but dimly conjecture. Naturally enough, on her lips she had nothing but thankfulness for her own and her companion's deliverer. In her heart was there any feeling for him deeper than gratitude? Time, aided by a chance discovery on the morrow, was ere long to disclose.

In the meantime supper had been partaken, they had got themselves cheerily warmed by the fire, the storm had blown past, and the scene was brightened by the advent of a full moon. Long the three sat by the blazing logs, Leighton enlivening the evening by telling them, by request, the story of his life, and recounting a number of adventures he at various times had met with in the woods. In the recital of the events in his own history, both ladies, and, need we say it? the Lady Mercedes especially, manifested a lively interest. That Leighton had in the beautiful widow a rapt listener, the sweet pensive face beside him, on which the moon and the blazing pile shone, and the occasional interruptions of her sympathetic voice, were gratifying proof. Like Othello, when relating to Desdemona the chapter of his woes, he had the felicity of receiving Lady Mercedes' compassionate interest.

The night was far advanced ere the little group by the camp-fire broke up, and Leighton at last urged the ladies to seek rest. Up to the present he had not been in a hurry to see them retire for the night, for with the passing

of the storm, and the advent of the clear full moon, he had not abandoned the hope of getting back to the hotel with his charge. To this project the rough water in the lake was the only obstacle, coupled with the timidity of the ladies to undertake what to their mind was a hazardous trip. The idea was therefore abandoned, and with a cordial good-night to the artist, which expressed no little gratitude for their preservation and comparative comfort, the ladies retired to their cabin. Their protector renewed the logs on the camp-fire, donned a big tarpaulin over his great-coat, and set his companions the example of composedly wooing, on a bed of pine twigs, sweet repose for the night.

CHAPTER III.

LEIGHTON was early abroad the next morning, not only to renew the camp-fire, but to look abroad for the deficiencies of his boat's larder, as material for breakfast. After hooking and preparing for the frying-pan, a good-sized trout, he set out in the row-boat to explore the cove in which they had found shelter for the night, and to procure, at a settler's farm he espied near by, fresh milk and rolls for breakfast. Securing these and a few other dainties to tempt the matutinal appetite, he returned to the landing in time to have all prepared ere the ladies were abroad and had completed their camp toilet. When the *al fresco* meal was ready, his interesting charges appeared on the scene, shouting a gay morning accost, and profuse in their assurances that they had enjoyed a most comfortable and undisturbed rest. They commended Leighton for his thoughtfulness in foraging so successfully for their morning meal, and playfully complimented him on his attainments as a maid-in-waiting and cook. Leighton rejoined by telling them that his proficiency in the culinary arts would be best gauged by the extent of the meal the ladies made and their honest enjoyment of it. He had not long to wait for the practical evidences that their appetites were unimpaired and that the breakfast was appreciated.

The day opened auspiciously, though the lake was still rough; and after breakfast they all concluded that they would be in no hurry to return to Maplehurst. The woods were inviting to walk in, and round their side of the cove there was a beautiful shingly beach. Here Leighton took a stroll, first with Lady Mercedes, who was in the gayest of spirits, and later on with the equally bright and vivacious Mrs. Kinglake. The latter spoke gaily of the novel experience they had had over night, in what she called "the wilds of Canada," and took occasion to say to Leighton how much both she and Lady Mercedes were indebted to him for his more than brotherly solicitude and many acts of kindness. The last night's adventure seemed to create a bond, which had not hitherto existed, between this lady and the artist; and in proof of this she confided to his hungry ear not only some facts about her widowed companion's early life, but gave him some hints in explanation of the Lady Mercedes' ill-disguised interest in himself.

The Lady Mercedes, she told him, was the only daughter of an old and once wealthy member of the British Peerage, who wished to improve his fortunes by his daughter's allying herself in marriage with a wealthy neighbour, who had become possessed of some of the family estates and agreed to surrender them as the price of the Lady Mercedes' hand. This neighbouring magnate was an object of loathing to her friend, on account not only of a stain on his moral character but because he was slightly deformed. Another reason for her antipathy to the proposed suitor lay in the fact that she had already lost her heart to a young Scottish artist, named Wilton, whom she had met on the continent, and with whom, to escape the hunchback-lover forced upon her by her father, she eloped and married. Unhappily, continued Mrs. Kinglake, her conjugal life, in consequence of a heart-rending occurrence, did not extend beyond the brief honeymoon. The loving couple, after the clandestine marriage, had gone from Scotland direct to Switzerland, where they had first met, and where the happy groom wished to make some sketches, to be added to in the Tyrol, and afterwards worked up for the Academy.

The Wiltons soon proceeded to Innsbruck; there after a brief halt, they set out for a village at the foot of the mountains. Here they wandered over the Alps, sometimes with a guide, and sometimes without, both enjoying the magnificent spectacle daily before their eyes, and the young husband securing a portfolio of sketches of some of the finest art-bits in the vicinity. One day, in the fourth week of the honeymoon, the two young people, as usual, started off for the artist-husband's sketching-ground, but first turned aside to witness a mountaineer's wedding, at a chapel at the foot of an ascent in the Alps which the Wiltons intended making later on in the day. Young Wilton made some studies of the picturesque group round the altar in the chapel, his lovely bride—her husband being himself of the Roman faith—joining devoutly in the service. Before the ceremony was over, the artist came and knelt by the side of his wife. Alas! it was the last act of worship the loving and hitherto inseparable couple were together to take part in.

After leaving the chapel the Wiltons proceeded with their design, to ascend to a new region in the mountains, accompanied by the officiating priest of the district, who was going to a monastery beyond the Gleichen Pass, and who undertook to show the Wiltons over part of the road. Hand-in-hand the two young people climbed the steep ascent, the artist-lover turning every now and then to the good father to ask information as to the means of reach-

ing points in the mountains, where, in subsequent excursions, he might set up his easel. At last they came to the pass which was to detach the priest from the party, and here, on a jutting crag overlooking a deep gorge, through which dashed a raging torrent, the Wiltons determined to rest for a while, and now said farewell to their father-guide. Before the priest had gone half a mile on his way, the artist, seeking a point from which to sketch the defile at his feet, daringly ventured to plant his sketching-stool on an insecure footing in advance of where he had left his wife; and, while the latter was calling to him to retrace his steps the jutting ledge suddenly gave way and the lover-husband fell with the dislodged mass of rock to the bottom.

The piercing cry of the terror-stricken wife, as she saw what had happened, reached the ear of the priest and hastily recalled him to her side. His first care was for the unhappy wife. She had fallen to the ground in a swoon, and it was sometime before the good father could recall her to consciousness. With great nerve she realized that she must brace herself to return to the village, and there get help to undertake the search for her husband. In this she was greatly assisted by the compassionate priest, whose heart was wrung by the agonized look of the poor bereft creature whom he conducted back to the village.

"I can tell you nothing more connectedly," said Leighton's companion, as she walked the beach by his side; "the whole subsequent story, she added, is so pitiful. Mercedes' husband's remains were never found, and it is supposed that they were swept away by the torrent at the foot of the gorge into which he was so cruelly precipitated. For weeks the poor desolate wife haunted the place refusing to be removed and piteously refusing to be comforted. I and my husband," said Mrs. Kinglake, "who loved Mercedes almost as much as we loved each other, tardily heard of what had happened, and, hastening from England to the Tyrol, insisted on taking the disconsolate widow from the scene of her brooding trouble. For six months afterwards we travelled about with her, to endeavour to divert her mind, but at first we only partly succeeded. We then all returned to England, and Mercedes has since lived with us, with the occasional visit to a rich aunt, as a dearly loved sister. After what I have told you," confidently remarked Mrs. Kinglake to her sympathetic auditor, "you will understand, I daresay, the interest Mercedes feels in the artist profession, and how strangely she was affected by the first sight of you in the chapel at Quebec. Mercedes indeed told me that the meeting with you reminded her much of the wedding scene which she and her husband had witnessed at the foot of the Tyrol mountains within a few hours of his dreadful death."

"I spoke just now," resumed Mrs. Kinglake, "of poor Wilton's death; but I must tell you of a rather odd circumstance in the unhappy story, to help to unravel which has partially brought Mercedes out with us to Canada. She has a curious idea that her husband is still alive, but that he received such injuries in his fall from the cliff as prevented him from letting his wife know of his escape from death, and that those injuries so preyed upon his mind, always sensitive to physical deformity, that he imposed silence upon his rescuers rather than be taken back, a bedridden hunchback, to his beautiful and queenly wife. This idea poor Mercedes has entertained for years; and it found a deeper lodgment in her mind, curiously enough," continued Mrs. Kinglake, "after reading an account in an English magazine of a similar incident, happening in Central America, and the details of which, woven into a story, were contributed to the magazine by a lady, resident, I believe, in your Canadian North-West."

"Why," interrupted Leighton, "that story was not by a lady; it was written by me. Was it not in *Belgravia* Lady Mercedes read it, and the signed name of the author was Francis Leighton?"

"What; do you really say so?" interposed Mrs. Kinglake. "But the author's Christian name was a woman's. It was Frances."

"Yes, you are quite right," rejoined Leighton, "but the printer made a mistake of a letter—an 'e' for an 'i,' and I didn't rectify the error, thinking that it would be an advantage to leave the publishers under the impression that their Canadian contributor was a lady."

"Well! well! this is a surprise indeed," said Mrs. Kinglake, "and so you are the author of the story. I must run and tell Mercedes."

At this juncture, as Mrs. Kinglake hurried off to find her companion, a boat-full of people from Maplehurst pulled into the bay in search of the storm-bound fugitives. In the boat were the man and the boy who were in charge of the ladies on the previous afternoon, and who, before the storm so suddenly swept down upon the lake, had gone ashore in Morgan's Bay to pick a few wild raspberries, leaving the ladies in the boat, which was lightly tied to a log at the landing. They had been witness to the scene which occurred, of a gust of wind snapping the worn rope which moored the boat, and the speedy drifting out to the lake of the small craft, with its half-frenzied occupants. Their own dismay was allayed, they informed Leighton, when they saw his boat scudding past the entrance to the bay, bearing the artist to the rescue; and they were further relieved in their minds when, after a long tramp through the woods back to the hotel, they heard that the steamer in its up bound trip had reported

the safety of the ladies. Fortunately, as Mr. Lewis and Mr. Kinglake had not come up from Toronto, those gentlemen were ignorant as yet of what had taken place, and the ladies were glad to be apprized of the fact.

The expedition in search of the party broke rather rudely in upon Leighton's felicitous sense of possession and wardship of the ladies. He, however, resigned himself good-humouredly to the interruption; and his content was increased when the Lady Mercedes came up to him and with full heart owned that, having heard that he was the writer of the story in the English periodical which had so interested her, another link had been woven in the bond of attachment which now bound the artist to her and her friends.

The Lady Mercedes' naive confession was made with the modesty, as well as with the impressive sweetness of manner which characterized her every utterance. It struck a new and responsive chord in the Canadian artist's heart. But as he looked into the beautiful face of his love, he saw with misgiving that it invited no confession from him in return. The Lady Mercedes' face wore now a more pensive look, her lustrous eyes became exceedingly wistful, her brow seemed lined with thought, and her whole attitude spoke eloquently of calm resignation. There was no opportunity just then for further talk, which the beautiful widow's avowal, though not her manner, had invited. All that Leighton could say, was to admit that he had been honoured by Mrs. Kinglake with the chief facts in the Lady Mercedes' sad personal history. With a compassionate glance at the dear bereaved figure before him, he assured her of his profound homage and sympathy, and of his readiness at all times to be commanded if he could be of any service to her. For this the Lady Mercedes expressed her grateful acknowledgments. Before moving off, she added that she would be glad to have a talk with the young artist about the incidents of the story he had contributed to the English periodical, understanding, as she said, that they were founded on facts which had come under his own knowledge; but that opportunity for this talk was not now. The opportunity, however, sooner arrived than either expected.

When the party that had come from the hotel in search of Leighton and the ladies was about to return, it was found that their boat, which had that morning been hastily impressed into service, had sprung a leak. For the present it was useless; nor was the small craft which had brought the ladies into such peril on the previous day any more seaworthy. Both would have to be beached and repaired. In the meantime, all would have to return in Leighton's yacht, and as the lake was still rough from yesterday's storm it was feared that it would be unsafe should they overcrowd her. Leighton, himself, met the difficulty by offering his yacht to those who had come in search of them, saying that he would return by the road with the ladies in a conveyance he thought he could get at the farm which he had visited that morning before breakfast. As the ladies agreed to this, and particularly as Mercedes wished to avoid the return by water, Leighton set off to make what arrangements he could with the farmer. This was quickly done. He obtained a carriage and team, but it was found that the vehicle would only hold two, and he returned to the camp to see if the ladies would drive themselves back to Rosseau and leave him to return by the boat. Mrs. Kinglake, he knew could handle the ribbons. But Mrs. Kinglake would not agree to this; she insisted upon being the one to return by water.

For the moment, the new phase things had taken seemed to upset Leighton's arrangements; but after a momentary conference between Mrs. Kinglake and Mercedes, the latter cut the complications in two by archly saying to Leighton that, as she had entrusted herself to his care through the night-watches, she was not afraid to drive home under the same guardianship in the noon-day glare. Thus merrily was the matter settled, and ere long both parties were under way. The farmer in the meanwhile was asked to look after the boats, and Leighton arranged with him to send a man back with the team who would be able to do the repairing and bring the craft again to Mapiehurst. G. MERCER ADAM.

(Concluded next week.)

PARISIAN LITERARY NOTES.

JEANNE D'ARC. By H. Blaze de Bury. (Perrin.) This is a posthumous volume on a subject that seems to be perennial. The number of books published relating to the Maid of Orleans augment and augment, because in the role, in the destiny of that heroine, there are several points still obscure that excite our curiosity. How has the character of that enthusiast been formed? How has a simple peasant girl been able to triumph over one of the best of England's captains? And after the Maid's unparalleled successes, to what cause is to be attributed her equally unparalleled misfortunes? Since Quicherat's exhaustive examination of the case of Joan of Arc, and M. Luce's "La France pendant la Guerre de cent Ans," all that is reliable and up to date will be found. M. Blaze de Bury has not been able to examine the documents bearing on the Joan of Arc controversy that have been discovered during the last ten years; and he concludes by wishing, but without great hope, that the Maid may very soon be canonized.

The author is uncertain and cloudy respecting the mission of Joan. Was she sent by God, or was she an

heroic *hallucinée*? There is no choice between these propositions. If she brought to the French armies the element they lacked, faith in success, how then explain her reverses? Would it be diminishing her role to assert, that without the aid of the experienced generals that directed the army of Charles VII., she would not have been able to deliver Orleans, nor achieve the coronation of the King? For us to-day, could she re-live, we would pronounce her mad, or *névrosé* at least. And from our *milieu*, we would not be taxed as wrong. But she lived in a period when enthusiasm was contagious, belief in the supernatural absolute and common alike with her friends and her foes. Only the French believed she was inspired by God; the English thought she was influenced by Satan. Hence her success; but hence, also, the sad trial of the brave and pure Joan, when the judges of the Inquisition proved, as they ever were, to be hostile, prejudiced and cruel. However it was not every day that they had a Jeanne d'Arc in their toils, hence the renown of their iniquity.

M. Ernest Lesigne, in "La fin d'une Légende" (Bayle), takes up the case of Jeanne d'Arc, from the paradoxical point of view that she never was burned, but escaped and was married. Such historical bagatelles are not new. There is one point in the Maid's history that cannot be called in question—her trial and sentence. Her execution is attested by eye-witnesses. The sentence of 29th May, 1431, did not condemn Joan exactly to death; it delivered her over to the secular arm to be punished. But this was equivalent to a death sentence, as it was the same formula that was pronounced by the Inquisition against all heretics, and which sent so many unfortunates to the stake in France, Spain and Italy. It is probable that the causes of the success of Jeanne d'Arc will ever remain unexplained, that she might have been hysterical is possible, but that will not account for her undeniable influence, nor her attitude before the judges.

RUSSES ET SLAVS. By Louis Léger, (Hachette) This is a collection of essays by the learned professor of the college of France, who has made the Slav and his land a specialty, backed by experience. He traces with a happy hand the formation of the Russian empire, its first diplomatic relations with foreign powers, and the social organization of Russian society in the sixteenth century. The pages devoted to the condition of women and the infant attempts at a national literature are extremely entertaining. Perhaps more interesting still, because less novel, are the author's descriptions of the Bulgars and Servians, those little peoples, who about thirty years ago were viewed as simply barbarians. Then follows an estimate and a comparison of the roles the Slav and the Teuton are likely to fill in the future.

LE JUIF DE L'HISTOIRE ET LE JUIF DE LA LEGENDE. By J. Loeb. (Cerf.) This is an enlarged report of a very talented conference, that the author held, to explain the origin of the principal prejudices against the Israelites. He does not stop to break a lance with the irreconcilable anti-Semites, several of whom have shown that they ignore even the names of the Tribes of Israel; he demonstrates even the legendary character of certain Jewish traditions, some even accepted by the Israelites themselves. For example: Is it exact that the Jews inherit a genius for trading by a sort of ethnic predisposition? If so, how explain that in antiquity they were a purely agricultural people? The Jews became bankers and traders, because in the Middle Ages they were prohibited from possessing real estate, and that lending money at interest was interdicted to Christians.

In the Middle Ages the Italian bankers were notorious usurers, though Christian. Respecting the Shylock hardness of heart, attributed to the Jews, that is the reflection of the frightfully severe laws existing against debtors at the same epoch. M. Loeb combats the popular error of the great wealth of the Israelites. Out of seven and a-half million of Jews, five and a-half millions live in misery. Further, the greatest fortunes on the globe are not between the hands of the Jews; neither are they the representatives of great speculations. The Jews have not been mixed up with law schemes, still less with those more modern catastrophes, the Union Générale Bank, the Panama Canal and the Comptoir d'Escompte. The author accounts for the physical repugnance against the Jew—his infirmities, diseases, and sordidness—in the prejudices of the Middle Ages, against anathematized races and sorcerers. He shows that the Jews are as capable, as any other citizens of displaying the virtues of patriotism and military courage, and that centuries of oppression and disabilities have pushed them into the front ranks, as defenders of liberal politics and religious toleration.

LA FIN DU SECOND EMPIRE. By Le Comte de Maugny. (Dentu.) These are the writer's "Souvenirs" of the fast life of the Court of Napoleon III, and also of its world of worshippers. The author occupied a prominent situation, in a sanctum of the Foreign Office, where he saw and heard all that was going on. He does not hold a brief either for or against the Second Empire, nor does he—a failing with writers of contemporary history—compromise exactness out of benevolent regard for the actors. The description of Tuilleries' life, on the eve of the Franco-German war, was

As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

All was calm, blindness, and *insouciance*. Pleasure and the passion for display dominated. Napoleon had inherited from his uncle the taste for external pomp, and occupied himself with the smallest details of etiquette.

Simultaneously kept arriving the reports of Colonel Stoffel, French military *attaché* at Berlin, demonstrating with absolute conclusiveness the war preparations of Germany. These reports were thrown into a pigeon hole, where they were found later, unopened, by the insurgents who took possession of the Tuilleries in September, 1870. But the watch-word at the palace was, "Let the Ball proceed." There were four kinds of receptions at the Tuilleries—the State balls, the Mondays of the Empress, Lenten concerts, and gala dinners. Generally there were five or six State balls in the season; dancing commenced at half-past ten; the Emperor and Empress made their entry at eleven, promenaded through the rooms and then retired to their private apartments, leaving the field free to the multitude of functionaries small and great, and the crowd of general guests. The Mondays of the Empress were particularly elegant and select, the guests seducing and agreeable. Among these, the brightest shining star was the Comtesse de Castiglione, a contribution from Italy, and for whom the Emperor had a marked partiality. She was faultless in features, academically pure in form, with an originality of expression and dashing manners that excluded all rivalry.

It was during a fancy ball at the Tuilleries that the Comtesse arrived at two in the morning, in the character of a Roman goddess; her attire was of the scantiest, as she wished her statue-like perfection to be narrowly scanned, to prove that nature, not art, had fashioned her; her luxuriant hair fell in thick and silky masses over her marble shoulders; her robe was slit at the side to display her silk-clad moulded limbs; her foot, perfection itself, exhibited the costliest jewels on her toes, while a tiny sandal was strapped to the ankles. This make-up gave rise to much scandal.

During summer—autumn, the court resided at Compiègne. The Napoleons could never endure Versailles, where talking, walking, shooting, hunting, and theatricals occupied hosts and guests sixteen out of the twenty-four hours. The gentlemen passed long hours in the smoking-room, to finish the evening-night, at some of the little boudoir parties given by the lady guests. Theatrical pieces were interpreted by the Marquis de Gallifet and his lady, the Comtesse de Pourtalès, the Princesse de Metternich, the Marquis de Caux, Patti's first husband, the Prince Imperial, etc. The orchestra was limited to a piano, played by the Prince de Metternich, now a hermit and a father in theology.

The author follows all this world—ministers, ambassadors and aristocracy—into their own home life, where the whole aim was to discover some new pleasure. At one ducal fancy ball, the ducal host himself did valet duty, to the merriment and contempt of the true Jeames, by announcing the arrival of the *invités*. Another host issued on his cards, that he hoped his friends would not fail to come at least in some costume. When Jacques Cœur, the royal banker, called on Charles VII. at Bruges—the whole of France being at the time nearly in the possession of the English—he found Charles occupied, not with the misfortunes of his realm, but taking lessons in a new dance from Agnes Sorrel. The king asked the banker what he thought of affairs; he replied, "Sire, it is impossible to lose a kingdom more gaily."

VIE PRIVÉE D'AUTREFOIS. By A. Franklin. (Plon.) This volume is devoted to *Hygiène* and is replete with most interesting facts on the sanitary customs of France in the middle and subsequent ages. Then Chadwicks were truly unknown. On decrees being issued in the fourteenth century, for the cleansing of the streets of Paris, the inhabitants protested. Even Louis XIV. and his powerfully organized police had to yield before the opposition of the citizens to sanitary reforms. In the eighteenth century, Paris was renowned as the filthiest and most unhealthy capital in Europe. Now it seems to rank after London in "sweetness." On closing this volume, the question suggests itself: How could so much magnificence and luxury co-exist with so much repugnance, filthiness and extreme coarseness?

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

WIKKEY: A Scrap. By Yarn. New York: Dutton's; Toronto: John Young.

The story of Wikkey's love for Lawrence, his idol and his benefactor, and how Lawrence in leading the poor little crossing sweeper in his last illness to a knowledge of eternal things, is full of real and unstrained pathos. The tale is simply and beautifully told and conveys a most touching lesson.

FRIDAY'S CHILD. By Frances. New York: Duttons; Toronto: John Young.

Friday was born on the unlucky day, and though it cannot in one sense be said that he was full of woe, he was nevertheless in every day matters a most unlucky child. How poor little Friday made friends with Zackary; how he unintentionally disobeyed and paid for it with his life, and the rest of the touching little story we leave our youthful readers to discover.

ICELANDIC DISCOVERERS OF AMERICA. By Mrs. John B. Shipley. New York: J. B. Alden.

It is rather late in the day, one would think, to try and disabuse the popular mind of the fact that Columbus was not actually the first to discover this new western world

of ours. However well founded the fact may be in the eyes of scholars and historians, it will, we fear, take more than one or one hundred books to deprive Columbus of the garment of honour that, like the fatal shirt of old, has grown to his flesh. Mrs. Shipley is very enthusiastic and overwhelms us with quotations corroboratory of what is no doubt true. No one who knows anything of the subject would care to deny that Norse colonies existed in Iceland, Greenland, and by expedition thence in the north-east of America even before Leif Ericsson discovered about the year 1000, touched upon those north-eastern shores and called them *Vinland it goda*—the good Vinland. The documentary evidence of these discoveries is abundant and genuine, but these old Scandinavian Vikings made so little real use of their discoveries, being unable to do more than colonize temporarily that the honours long vested in Columbus are not likely to be taken from him and vested in these old sea rovers or pirates. However, there is a considerable amount of information in the book which is worth gathering, and if the author succeeds in rehabilitating these Icelandic Norsemen with a hypothetical honour it will doubtless gratify some patriotic souls.

THE RAINY RIVER DISTRICT. A Description of its Soil, Climate, Products, Agricultural Capabilities and Timber and Mineral Resources.

The above is the title of a useful work of 60 pp. just issued by the Ontario Government and compiled by Mr. Frank Yeigh, of the Crown Lands Department. Now that we are beginning to realize the value of the accession of this tract of 100,000 square miles to our provincial area, such a hand-book as this is as opportune as it is necessary, not only to intending settlers, but to capitalists who are interested in mining and lumbering operations. The book gives valuable information regarding the agricultural, timber and mineral capabilities of this new District, information regarding the climate, soil and products as well as the laws pertaining to free grants and homesteads, to mining, and to the preservation of forests from destruction by fire; in addition a map is inserted, showing the relative position of the District.

NELSON; and the Naval Supremacy of England. "Heroes of the Nations" Series. London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

Mr. Clarke Russell undertook a congenial task when he assumed the compiling of the life of England's greatest naval hero and commander, and it may fairly be said that the choice of Mr. Russell by the editor or publishers was a very happy one. Nelson's early history is perhaps as well known as that of Clive, save one incident, that he practically served before the mast on board *The Seahorse* until Farmer, who was in command, noticed his smartness and called him on to the quarter-deck. Nelson's path was one of hard work and unmerited neglect. These were the days of the most unblushing court patronage, and it is a source of wonder, considering the rank jobbery that obtained in both services, how talent abounded and fought its way upward. To-day, with the comparatively just conditions of promotion, it is doubtful if we have one tithe of the magnificent seamen and astute commanders that sprang up in England's hour of need. Perhaps, now, if needed, the hour and the men would meet. Many estimates of Nelson's character have been formed, some extravagantly favourable, others tending to the opposite extreme. Mr. Clarke Russell is as enthusiastic as any in praise of his hero's endowment: "There is nothing in words to express such a character as Nelson's. The enumeration of his qualities is the best eloquence," and so on. Of his public virtues, capacity, sense of duty, consideration for others and individual heroism, there can be no question, but one hesitates a little when we think of the practically widowed Lady Nelson at home, and the exalted adventuress at Naples. But one dislikes to detract from a national heritage.

FROM Dutton's, of New York, we have received "Bonnie Little Bonibel," a charming little story for the young ones, by Mary D. Brine, illustrated by A. G. Plympton.

THE *Magazine of Poetry* for the current quarter is a very fair collection of well known names and fair poetry. Sidney Lanier, Geo. Parsons Lathrop, dear old Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh, Louise Chandler Moulton, are the more prominent names. The illustrations are very fair, and the typographical appearance excellent.

We have received "Three Lectures on the Science of Language," by Max Müller. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co. Seven subjects are treated in these three lectures by celebrated philologist whose name accredits them. They were delivered in 1889 at the Oxford University extension meeting and are published with a supplement, which is an essay on the beginning of the theory of the ideality of Thought and Language in the history of Philosophy.

RUDYARD KIPLING contributes a poem to the August number of the *English Illustrated*, and Walter Armstrong treats of Heligoland, with illustrations. Mr. Kipling's poetry does not impress us so deeply as does his prose. His hand loses somewhat of its cunning when he woos the fickle muse. "Overland from India" is continued by Sir Donald Wallace, and Reginald Blank and Lady Forstie Cunningham send illustrated papers. "The Glittering Plain" is continued, and "Middle Class Emigration" is discussed.

MRS. BROUGHTON and Annie Edwardes both send full instalments of their serials to the August *Temple Bar*. The first named novelist reaches an exciting point in "Alas." Hanley Weyman contributes a very well written sketch of the times of the famous Duke of Sully, and Wilkie Collins' work is reviewed appreciatively. By the way, we were to have had a poem in this issue from a well-known Canadian writer, but we fail to find it. F. E. Weatherby sends some melodious verses, and perhaps the most interesting of the remaining articles is the one entitled "Letters of a Worldly Woman."

THE September number of *The Quiver* opens with an illustrated article by Professor W. G. Blaikie on the great American evangelist Jonathan Edwards. In addition to instalments of the two serial stories now running, this number contains four complete stories suitable for reading in this holiday month. At this season, the paper on "God in the Book of Nature," by the Rev. B. G. Johns, M.A., will attract special attention, seeing that so many of its readers will be in a position to watch for themselves some of the phenomena described by the author. The author of "How to be Happy though Married" contributes a suggestive paper on "Work and Rest," and a missionary working in China sends an account of "A Christian Chinese Wedding," which is illustrated by Mr. W. Simpson, R.L., who spent some time in the Celestial Empire.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MESSRS. DIGBY AND LONG have just published "A Mysterious Stranger," a novel dealing with English and Canadian life.

THE September *Arena* contains a vigorously written article by Mr. Thomas P. Gorman, of Ottawa, entitled "The Dominion's Original Sin."

THE Hon. J. W. Longley, Attorney General of Nova Scotia, has been in Toronto for two or three days, the guest of Prof. Goldwin Smith, at the Grange.

IN October will appear the third volume of M. Renan's "Histoire du Peuple d'Israel," and the two final volumes of Mr. Lecky's "History of England in the Eighteenth Century."

READERS OF THE WEEK will be interested in noticing that the Marquis of Lorne has been unanimously approved as Unionist candidate for the Handsworth Division of Staffordshire.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS' article in the August number of *The Forum* on "The *Décolleté* in Modern Life," has caused such demand for that number that a second edition has been issued.

IT is said that Mr. Kennedy, the American banker, who purchased the manuscript of Burns' "Scots wha hae," has presented it to the City of Edinburgh, instead of selling it as was first announced.

THE subscriptions toward the memorial to be erected to Adam Smith, author of "The Wealth of Nations," at Kirkcaldy, his birth-place, have reached \$40,000, and it is expected the amount will be much increased.

THAT some people have not yet had enough of Marie Bashkirtseff may be gathered from the fact that her letters are about to be published at Paris. It will be interesting to observe whether the frank unreserve she displays in her journal was shown in her correspondence with her friends.

MACMILLAN AND COMPANY have in press for immediate publication a new volume of stories by Rudyard Kipling, uniform in size with "Plain Tales from the Hills." The stories included in the volume are quite new, and this edition, issued by arrangement with the author, will be offered at a low price to the American public.

A TORONTO correspondent writes: Is it indispensable that the copy of your prize stories for THE WEEK shall be typewritten? Is it intended to open the envelopes containing authors' names before the prizes are adjudged? Will there be any extension of time? The first question is answered in the affirmative, the two latter in the negative.

THE authors of the "Life of Lincoln," just completed in *The Century*, Messrs. Nicolay and Hay, are to write several papers for the same magazine on Lincoln's personal traits. They are to appear during the coming volume. Mr. Frank R. Stockton has written a novelette for the same magazine, to be called "The Squirrel Inn." Mr. A. B. Frost, whose successful designs for Mr. Stockton's "Rudder Grange" will be remembered, is to illustrate it.

THOMAS STEVENS (who went to meet Stanley when the latter was coming from the interior of Africa) speaks of his article on "African River and Lake Systems" in the September *Scribner's*, as suggested by several interesting discussions of the subject while he was in Zanzibar and Cairo, notably one with Mason Bey, one of the best authorities on African affairs, who with Prout explored the White Nile in 1877. Much of the information which he gained from Mason Bey appears in Mr. Stevens' article.

The Critic has had some protest against making its National Academy entirely of men. A correspondent writes to suggest that if none of the forty will resign their crowns in favour of certain of our American literary sisterhood, it should open the polls again for the election by its readers of "Forty Immortelles." At the same time one of the nine newly elected "Immortals" writes: "Your

Academy ought to include women, and I will gladly resign my place in it to one of the fair writers who have a much better claim to it."

IN the "Recent Poetry and Verse" column of the *Graphic* of August 9th occurs the following: "We see that Mr. Hereward K. Cockin has obtained the honour of a fourth edition for his 'Gentleman Dick o' the Greys.' (C. Blackett Robinson, Toronto.) About many of these compositions there is a swing and dash which quite take the reader captive. The poem which gives its name to the volume is an instance in point, while there is a good deal of rough humour in 'Jack Tartar.' Some of the poems strike us as particularly well adapted for purposes of recitation."

SOME little time ago a writer sent an article to a magazine with the following explanatory note: "I know that you probably have several thousand articles on hand, many of them by well-known writers, while I am entirely unknown. But I venture to hope that you will look at my article at once, first, because it is on a fresh topic, and is concisely put; secondly, because it is not folded, but sent to you between two pieces of pasteboard; and thirdly, because it is typewritten." The article was promptly accepted, and appeared in two months.

MR. GEORGE L. SCHUYLER, who died suddenly on board Commodore Gerry's flag-yacht *Electra* at New London on July 31, had published two books relating to Revolutionary times. One was correspondence and remarks upon "Bancroft's History of the Northern Campaign in 1877," the other, "The Character of Major-General Philip Schuyler." Mr. Schuyler was the grandson of Gen. Philip John Schuyler, and was born at Rhinebeck on June 9, 1811. He was twice married, and both of his wives were grand-daughters of Alexander Hamilton.

"GERALDINE JEWsbury is here," said Mrs. Carlyle one day to a caller, "but she is in her room with a bad cold, reviewing a novel." She paused a moment, and then added: "I am sorry for the novel that is reviewed by Geraldine when she has a bad cold." Miss Jewsbury "was a literary woman to her finger-tips," says a writer in an English paper, "the author of several good novels, and, above all, she had many friendships with the immortals. There are heaps of women who write books nowadays, but few that have the personality of Miss Jewsbury; and yet, in all the twelve or fourteen years since her death, I do not remember so much as a magazine article about her."

THE Critic Company of New York announce that they are to be the American publishers of Mr. W. T. Stead's London *Review of Reviews*. It is a monthly; price of single copies 20 cents., per annum \$2.00. The plan is substantially expressed in the name. Besides the extracts and abridgments from the magazines and reviews, and the comments upon and indexes to their contents, which constitute the *raison d'être* of the new monthly, each number contains a leading editorial summarizing "The Progress of the world," a frontispiece (usually a portrait), a "character-sketch" of some man or woman toward whom all eyes are directed at the time and a special article with illustrations.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, who seems to be able to edit *The Daily Telegraph* from Tokio, has been reading his new great poem, "The Light of the World," before a select audience in that city, for the benefit of the poor among the Japanese, English and American residents. An Englishman sends a short account of his impressions of the poem, describing it as "saturated with Buddhism." It is said to invest Mary Magdalene with a charming romance—Mr. George Barlow, by the way, worked this vein in his remarkable epic, "The Pageant of Life"—and, it is added, gives to Jesus Christ a sublime combination of humanity and divinity. We learn on the same authority that a Yokohama merchant, Mr. Harry Deakin, waxed so enthusiastic that he offered £5,000 for the American rights in the poem—an offer which, we are told, Sir Edwin did not refuse. The difficulty of copyright in the United States will be overcome, it is stated, by an American poet—the "greatest living" one—writing in lines here and there, the volume appearing under the joint names of Sir Edwin Arnold and his American *collaborateur*.

CANADA is about to receive marked attention at the hands of the *New England Magazine*. The leading feature of its forthcoming September issue is an article by W. Blackburn Harte, dealing with the literary leaders of Canada. The writer says: "It is an indisputable fact that we are on the eve of a great national crisis in Canada, and an intellectual revolution, which will mark an epoch in our history, is already at hand. He gives a bright comprehensive outline of the work of more than a score of the leading men of letters, each sketch being accompanied by a fine portrait engraving. Among this number are: Professor Goldwin Smith, Sir Daniel Wilson, Archibald Lampman, William Wilfred Campbell, Miss Agnes Maule Machar, G. Mercer Adam, Miss Ethelwyn Wetherald, Miss Sara Jeannette Duncan, Dr. J. G. Bourinot, William Douw Lighthall, Dr. George Stewart, Jr., Dr. W. George Beers, Charles Mair, Principal Grant, of Queen's University, J. Hunter Duvar, Gerald E. Hart, Nicholas Flood Davin, James Macdonald Oxley, J. M. L. Moine, Professor Charles G. D. Roberts, Grant Allen, Sir William Dawson. In addition to this article by Mr. Harte, there are, in this number, poems by Campbell and Lampman, and an article on French Canadian Literature by George Stewart, Jr.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

HOW THE CZAR READS THE NEWS.

At present the Czar eschews all Russian newspapers; their peans and lamentations never reach his ears. Among the many departments of the Ministry of the Interior there is one (the *Telegraph* says) called the "Department of his Majesty's Journal," which is charged with preparing day by day a carefully worded *résumé* of some mild articles and items of intelligence meant for the Emperor's eye. A *tschinovnik* of the Censure rises from his bed in the gray of the early morning and hurries off to the department, where advance-sheets of the journals come in damp from the press. These he reads over, marking with red pencil all the passages the interest of which is not marred by injudiciousness. There are certain events as well as numerous words and phrases which a Russian Emperor, like a certain French King, must never be allowed to hear. "Fou le roi d'Espagne!" (the late King of Spain). "What does *feu* mean?" asked a French King once indignantly. "Oh, it is a title, your Majesty, taken by the King of Spain after the lapse of a certain time." The marked passages are then cut out, pasted together on sheets and handed over to the director of the department, who, after carefully considering and if needs be curtailing them, signifies his approval. The extracts are then copied calligraphically on the finest description of paper, forty or fifty words to the page, and the journal in this state is given to the Minister of the Interior or his adjunct. If this dignitary is satisfied it is passed on to the General-in-Waiting, who deposits it on his Majesty's table about four o'clock the following day. The news that slowly dribbles through this official filter is seldom of a nature to discompose the feelings of the Czar or disturb his sleep.

DRAINAGE BY EUCALYPTUS.

FOR years past the Trefontane Convent at Rome had become positively uninhabitable, owing to the malaria which attacked—in many instances with fatal results—its inmates. Senator Torelli presented a Bill in Parliament proposing that the estate annexed to the convent should be planted with eucalyptus as an experiment against malaria. The Bill was passed, and the Trappist monks planted thousands of eucalyptus plants of all species on the estate. But still the malaria ravaged, and several monks suffered severely. But it was remarked that it was only the monks who had their cells looking on the central cloister who fell victims to the malaria. This suggested the idea of planting four eucalyptus trees at the four corners of the cloister. The plants, sheltered from the winds, soon grew to a great height. The immediate result was the complete draining of the soil in the cloister, and the disappearance of malarial fever from the convent.

TRIAL BY JURY.

MR. JELF writes from the Oxford Circuit to the *Times*, making a bold declaration in favour of the abolition of trial by jury. He was impelled to do this because in three causes in which he had been counsel lately the jury had disagreed. A judge's mind, he points out, cannot be divided, and, he adds, the judge is generally right. Well, suppose this is accepted, we do not know that it follows that for all cases a judge is the most satisfactory tribunal. There are undoubtedly cases upon which twelve minds cannot agree: those are cases in which there is no obvious right and wrong. Some people may hold one opinion, some another. A positive decision in favour of either party may be an injustice. The judge is bound to decide: the jury can disagree. The latter contingency is always considered a regrettable incident, but it is not an unmixed evil. Trial by jury is a cherished institution having its drawbacks, but, on the whole, giving satisfaction. We doubt very much whether Mr. Jelf expresses the opinion of any large section of the legal profession or of the public. —*Law Times*.

ADVENTURES ON THE PLAINS.

EARLY in March, 1867, a party of friends, all old buffalo-hunters, now living and prominent citizens of Wichita and Great Bend, in Kansas, were camped in Paradise Valley, then a famous rendezvous of the animals they were after. One day, when out on the range stalking and widely separated from each other, an awful blizzard came up. Three reached camp without much difficulty, but he who was the furthest away was fairly caught in it, and, night coming on, was compelled to resort to a method frequently employed by persons lost on the plains. Luckily he soon found a superannuated bull that had been abandoned by the herd, and, killing him, took out the viscera, and himself crawled inside the huge beast, where he lay comparatively comfortable until morning, the storm having cleared off, and the sun shining brightly. But, when he attempted to get out found himself a prisoner, the immense ribs of the creature having frozen together, and locked him up as tightly as if he were in a cell. Fortunately his friends who were searching for him and firing off their rifles—which he heard, and yelled out to them—discovered and released him from his peculiar predicament. At another time two old plainsmen were away up the Platte among the foot-hills hunting buffalo, and they, as is generally the case, became separated. In an hour or two one killed a fat young cow, and, leaving his rifle on the ground, went up and commenced to skin her. While busily engaged in the work, he suddenly

heard, right behind him, a suppressed sort of a snort, and looking around, saw to his dismay a monstrous grizzly, ambling along in that animal's characteristic manner, within a few feet of him. In front, only a few rods away, there happened to be a clump of scrubby pines, and he incontinently made a break for them, climbing into the tallest in less time than it requires to write of it. The bear deliberately ate a hearty meal off the cow, and, when he had satiated himself, quietly lay down alongside of the carcass and went to sleep, keeping one eye probably on the hunter corralled in the tree. In the early evening his partner came to the spot, killed the bear, which, full of buffalo, was sluggish and unwary, and became an easy victim, and the unwilling prisoner came down from his perch. The last time I saw him he told me he still had the bear's hide, which he kept as a memento of his foolishness in separating himself from his rifle, a thing he had never done before nor since, and which no hunter should be guilty of.—*Henry Inman, in Harpers Weekly*.

DR. TALMAGE'S FIRST SERMON.

AH, how well I remember the first Sunday in my first church!

The congregation gathered early. The brown-stone church was a beautiful structure, within and without. An adjacent quarry had furnished the material, and the architect and builder, who were men of taste, had not been interfered with. A few creeping vines had been planted at the front and side, and a white rose-bush stood at the door, flinging its fragrance across the yard.

Many had gone in and taken their seats, but others had staid at the door to watch the coming of the new minister and his bride. She is gone now, and it is no flattery to write that she was fair to look upon, delicate in structure of body, eyes large and blue, hair in which was folded the shadows of midnight, erect carriage, but quite small. She was such a one as you could pick up and carry over a stream with one arm. She had a sweet voice and had stood several years in the choir of the city churches, and had withal a magic of presence that had turned all whom she ever met into warm personal admirers. Her hand trembled on her husband's arm as that day they went up the steps of the meeting-house, gazed at intently by young and old.

The pastor looked paler even than was his wont. His voice quavered in reading the hymn, and he looked confused in making the publications. That day a mother had brought her child for baptism, and for the first time he officiated in that ceremony. Had hard work to remember the words, and knew not what to do next. When he came to preach, in his excitement he could not find his sermon. It had fallen back of the sofa. Looked up and down, and forward and backward. Fished it out at last, just in time to come up, flushed and hot, to read the text. Made a very feeble attempt at preaching. But all were ready to hear his words. The young sympathised with him, for he was young. And the old looked on him with a sort of paternal indulgence. At the few words in which he commended himself and his to their sympathy and care, they broke forth into weeping. And at the foot of the pulpit, at the close of the service, the people gathered, poor and rich, to offer their right hand.—*T. De Witt Talmage in Ladies' Home Journal*.

MRS. MACKAY AND HER TROUBLES.

MRS. MACKAY, wife of Mr. John W. Mackay, the bonanza king, seems to be having a good deal of trouble in getting her social position fixed upon a secure basis. For the past three or four years there have been suits from time to time against newspapers and individuals who, it was charged, had libelled Mrs. Mackay by referring to her as having been a washerwoman before her marriage with her present husband. One editor in England, who had either originated or published the report, was mulcted in damages, which Mrs. Mackay promptly promised to turn in to some charity. Still other suits have been either begun or threatened, until the prospect has been good that Mrs. Mackay would end her days in litigation for the purpose of establishing her social position. Recently the rumours have been put afloat again, and Mrs. Mackay or her husband has offered rewards for the detection of the persons who have started them. It seems that they have their origin, so far as this side of the water is concerned, with a woman suffrage agitator in Washington; and Mrs. Mackay has been advised by friends and counsel here that it will be futile to make any attempt to punish the supposed offender. It is, therefore, probable that no suits will be brought in this country for the purpose of fixing Mrs. Mackay's social status in Europe. All this will seem very amusing to the average American. Everybody knows that in this country there is no social position, except that which persons may make for themselves; and the question of their birth or employment does not enter at all into the matter, except that the latter shall be honourable.

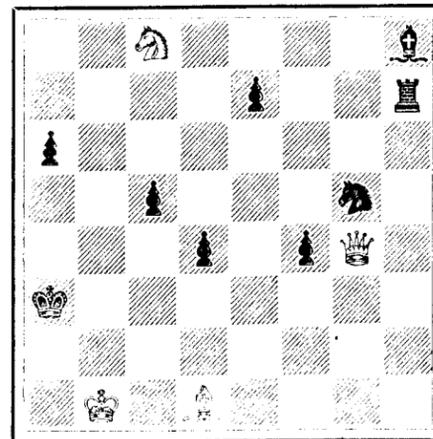
THE moral character of Jesus is harmonious in all its parts. It is a miracle of celestial beauty, blending the innocence of the lamb with the dignity of God, sweet in its benevolence, and intense and strong in its aversion to sin, and without a blemish or a fault. It has in all ages commanded the universal tribute of human thought. The most arrogant infidelity forgets its sneer in the presence of this character.—*The New York Independent*.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 491.

By DR. GOLD.

BLACK.



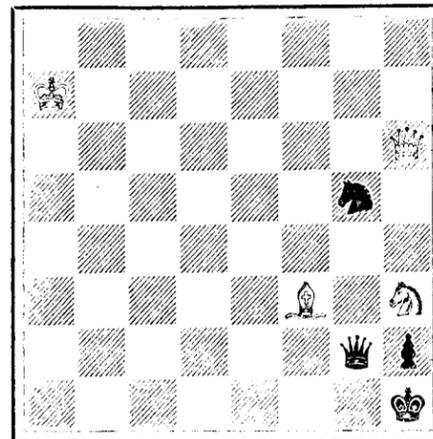
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 492.

By OTTO WURZBERG, Grand Rapids, Mich.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 485.

- | | |
|--------------------------|-------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. Q-K Kt 1 | 1. K-K 2 |
| 2. Q-Kt 7 | 2. K moves |
| 3. Kt from B 7-Q 6 mate | if 1. K-B 2 |
| | 2. K moves |
| 2. Q-Q R 7 | |
| 3. Kt from Kt 7-Q 6 mate | |
- With other variations.

No. 486.

- | | |
|------------|----------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. R-R 3 | 1. P-B 3 |
| 2. R-Q 3 | 2. P x R |
| 3. P mates | |

FOURTH GAME IN THE MATCH BETWEEN BLACKBURN AND LEE AT THE BRADFORD CHESS CLUB.

ZUKERTORT OPENING.

BLACKBURN.	LEE.	BLACKBURN.	LEE.
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. Kt-K B 3	P-Q 4	26. R-Kt 5	Kt-Kt 2
2. P-Q 4	Kt-K B 3	27. K-Q 2	R-R 1
3. P-R 4	P-Q B 3	28. P-B 4	P-K B 4
4. P-K 3	B-Kt 5 (a)	29. R from K2-Kt2	R-R 3
5. Q-Kt 3	Q-Kt 3	30. B-K 2	K-K 2
6. Kt-B 3	B x Kt	31. P-R 4 (f)	R x P
7. P x B	P-K 3	32. R x Kt P	R x R
8. B-Q 2	Q-Kt-Q 2	33. R x R	K-B 2
9. P-B 4	P-Kt 3	34. R-Q 2	K-K 2
10. R-B 1	Q x Q	35. R-Kt 6	Kt-K 1
11. P x Q	B-Kt 5	36. B-Q 3	R-R 7 +
12. P-B 3	Castles KR	37. K-B 3	Kt-Q 3
13. B-Q 3	Kt-R 4	38. P-Kt 3	R-R 6
14. Castles	Q-Kt-B 3	39. K-Q 2	R-R 7 +
15. Kt-R 2	K-R 1	40. K-B 3	R-R 4
16. Kt x Q P (b)	Kt x Kt (c)	41. K-Q 2	Kt-K 1
17. P x Kt	B x B	42. R-Kt 2	K-B 3
18. R x B	KP x P (d)	43. R-Kt 8	K-B 2
19. P-B 5	R-Q 3	44. R-Kt 2	Kt-Q 3 (g)
20. P x P	R P x P	45. K-B 3	Kt-B 1
21. P-Kt 4	Q-R-K 1	46. R-Kt 3	Kt-Q 3
22. K-B 2	P-R 3	47. R-Kt 2	R-R 6
23. R-K Kt 1	K-B 1	48. K-Q 2	K-B 3
24. R-K 2	K-K 2	49. R-Kt 8	R-R 7 +
25. K-K 1	K-Q 1 (e)	50. K-B 3 (h)	Drawn

NOTES BY GUNSBURG.

- (a) If White castle early on the K side Black may get an attack.
- (b) This is not to White's advantage.
- (c) Much better than P x Kt.
- (d) Black's Pawns are well placed, if he can avert danger in centre and on K side he should obtain the better game.
- (e) The king is necessary to support pawns on kings side and should stay there.
- (f) Intending to get rid of isolated R P and blacks K Kt P.
- (g) Black tries hard to get into a playable position and by subtle play has driven hostile Rook out of his camp.
- (h) I certainly think that having got so far, and gained this position by hard play, black should have played Kt-K 5 + and 51 B x Kt, B P x B in which case black in my opinion would have good winning chances and at the same time would always keep a draw on hand.

R. R. R. — RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

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Actuary.

J. K. MACDONALD,
Managing Director.



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AND HAS EARNED FOR ITSELF THE REPUTATION OF BEING

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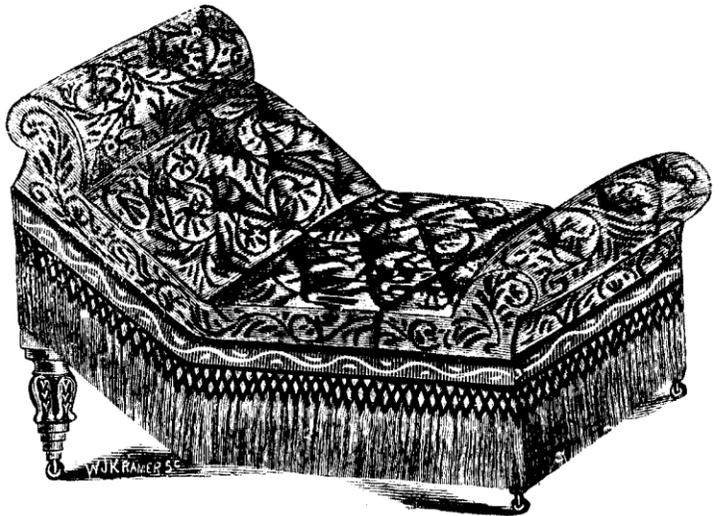
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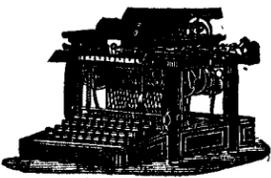
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