

THE WEEK.

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The Week.

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TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

"THE air is full of daggers," was a favourite expression of the prince of policemen, Fouché. Similarly it may be said of Canada that its atmosphere is full of rumours. Even those who are not on the alert for *on dits* and party dodges are brought face to face with the fact that "Canadian Independence" is in the air. It may not be that the feeling is very popular, or that it is recognized as being within the range of practical politics, but it is in the air, and the concurrent report of a Washington committee in favour of reciprocity with Canada will tend to keep the question before the public. The leading political organs have, after very mature consideration, taken sides, though for some time they fought comically shy of the matter, evidently awaiting orders. The Government, with a waning popularity, the result of their barefaced bribery policy, and eagerly on the lookout for a political battle-cry, no matter what, was in a position very similar to one in which the Duke of Wellington once found himself in Spain, when he said he could neither go forward, nor backward, nor stand still. The result of the party council, however, was evidently that "Independence" was not the watchword which would ensure them a further lease of power, and the Tories came out in favour of the *statu quo*. The reception given to Sir Richard Cartwright's deliverances on Independence and Imperial Federation by the country generally is almost in exact accord with the attitude of the Toronto Opera House meeting. It was remarked by careful observers present at that demonstration that whilst Annexation was not scouted, Imperial Federation was received as a chimera, and a liberal measure of applause was awarded to the suggestion that Canada's future might be that of an independent nation. Even that, however, did not by any means "bring down the house." The conclusion arrived at by more than one impartial observer was that Sir Richard's audience was composed of men who had not arrived at any definite conviction as to what was best for the future of the Dominion. A large proportion by their silence appeared to be utterly indifferent—were inclined either to "rest and be thankful," or to take a Micawberian view of the situation. A prominent Toronto preacher sums up the discussion by declaring Independence "impossible according to the designs of providence in Israel. Whether Grits or Tories want independence, God is mightier, and we will have to remain a part of the British Empire." In the absence of any celestial means of information, that statement is one not to be lightly disputed by the lay writer. Annexation also, the same divine thinks, can never take place, "as the destiny of Britain is the destiny of Israel, and

the destiny of the States is on a line with that of Britain." Mundane sources fail to supply any facts rebutting this point also. The Federation of all English speaking nations, another suggestion of Sir Richard Cartwright's, "is what God intended," says the reverend gentleman. "Ireland will then have her freedom as far as is essential. A world's parliament situate at Jerusalem, the centre of the world, will be established to deal with commerce in its higher forms, international laws and the like. It will be so strong that no nation will dare to run counter to it, while it will exercise a great influence over other nations and people." The prophetic preacher furthermore declared the impossibility of a small nation living, except under the wings of a large one, and then incontinently proceeded to denounce Annexation as ignominious, although the people of the United States were considered by him desirable allies of England under the Imperial Federation Scheme which, within a decade, is to usher in the political millennium of the English-speaking race.

THE Federal Government's hesitating policy in the canal tolls question is in strong contrast with the decisive manner in which they pushed through the C. P. R. loan. They strain at a gnat just after complacently swallowing a camel. The reduction of one half has acted more as an irritant to Quebecians than otherwise, a fact not to be wondered at when they see their carrying trade being done in American bottoms. The canals must be entirely freed from tolls before this state of things can be changed, and considering the vast interests affected it is difficult to understand why the Government does not at once accede to the demand almost unanimously made by the Canadian commercial world.

"THE end is not yet" to Manitoban troubles. Sir John Macdonald has not found the North-West deputation so pliable as they might have proved in his practised hands had they not left a legislature and a people indisposed to listen to half-measures. The people represented by Mr. Norquay refuse to be longer bamboozled out of their demands by the promises of an increased Provincial revenue. They insist on the right to build whatever railroads they thing necessary, including one to Hudson's Bay; demand that agricultural implements, building materials, and other necessaries shall be relieved from the burden of a heavy taxation. The unfortunate result of the policy hitherto pursued by the Premier and his creatures has been to precipitate a crisis which it will require great tact to prevent developing into something very like rebellion and disruption. The situation is tersely put by a writer on "Government in the North-West," in another column.

THERE were fourteen failures in Canada reported to Bradstreet's during the past week, as compared with twenty in the preceding week, and with seventeen, ten, and fourteen respectively, in the corresponding weeks of 1883, 1882, and 1881. In the United States, there were 148 failures and suspensions reported to the same authority in the same period, as compared with 160, 104, and sixty seven, in the corresponding weeks of 1883, 1882, and 1881.

THE latest escapade of the Irish Thugs has caused wide-spread consternation in the British metropolis, which seems to be the chief operating ground of the devilish disciples of O'Donovan Rossa and others of that ilk. The obtusity of the miserable poltroons who indiscriminately murder men, women and children in their insane attempt to bring about what the "Irish Nationalist Party" call "the freedom of Ireland," is only equalled by their inhumanity. Intimate association with England has failed to teach them that an English Government is the very last which should be approached with threats. The Irishman who dare step out and tell this truth to the ignorant people from whom it is assiduously concealed by leaders who wax fat on Irish discontent, will deserve well of his country, and will do more to restore prosperity and good feeling than he would be thanked for by Parnell and company. Although the ominous hints about "reprisals" thrown out by the *Standard* are very properly protested against by its London contemporaries, it is impossible not to contrast the almost phlegmatic manner in which *real* grievances have been received by Englishmen, with the bloodthirsty and hysterical proceedings accompanying the agitation against imaginary Irish wrongs.

CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS.

SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT'S speech has, of course, set rolling the ball of discussion on the question of Independence. We are still treated by the adherents of Dependence with some lectures in the old denunciatory style, and loyalty is still paraded as if in these days the word could have any rational meaning but reverent submission to the law, and a hearty desire to do whatever may be best for the community. But it is manifest that the Reign of Terror is at an end. The advocates of Independence speak with perfect freedom, and their opponents evidently feel that mere denunciation has lost its force. This may be ascribed, in great measure, to the change which, unperceived by many, perhaps, here, and certainly by writers on Colonial subjects at home, has been stealing over Canadian society. Canada has ceased to be English and has become Canadian. Our elder statesmen, judges, and commercial chiefs are the best representatives of a period in which all the high places here were held by men who had come from England, and still regarded England as their home. That period has closed, and the high places in every department are now being fast filled with native Canadians. Instead of the disposition to acknowledge the superiority of men from the Old Country and to prefer them for all appointments, there now prevails, in every sphere, a feeling that they are interlopers whose intrusion is unwelcome, and whose pretensions are to be watched with jealousy. This sentiment is shown even in the Universities and the Militia. In Toronto University umbrage has never ceased to be given by the presence of the "Oxford Quartette"—now, by the way, reduced to two Professors, since of the supposed four one was not connected with Oxford at all, and one of the three who were has just resigned. In the Militia, albeit the reputed seat of the most fervent loyalty, General Luard certainly owed the unpleasant treatment which he experienced, not so much to any defect either in his own manners or in those of other people, as to the jealousy felt by native officers of a British Commander-in-Chief, and their impression that he could not understand Canadians. His successor will be fortunate if he escapes trouble from the same source. The fact is that an Englishman, of the professional class, is now better received and has a fairer field in the United States than he has in Canada, notwithstanding the traditional hostility of the Americans to the country from which he comes. Not that Canadians are less liberal or less good-natured, but they are more distinctly threatened by English competition. Tory papers tell us that from Sir Richard Cartwright and those who hold his opinions they will appeal to the "undying love of British connection." The last material bond of connection between Canada and the Empire was broken by Sir John Macdonald when, in loud and defiant tones, he proclaimed Fiscal Independence. The moral bond, which alone can be undying, none value more highly, cherish more intensely, or more earnestly desire to perpetuate than those who are at the same time convinced that the relation of dependence cannot last forever, that sooner or later equality must take its place, and that to prolong dependence when it has ceased to be good for either party is merely to run the risk of misunderstanding and rupture. However, the issue depends upon the great forces and the higher powers; while men of letters, least of all men, can have any personal motives for desiring to hasten, or in any way to influence, the result. The Canadian man of letters or journalist, though he may be uncertain as to the future, has in any event a plain duty to perform. If Canada is destined to be a nation, we must all wish both that she should have a national literature, and that her public men and her citizens generally should be trained, so far as the press can train them, not in mere party tactics, but in politics worthy of the name. If she is destined ultimately to join the great Confederation of the Continent, we must all wish that she should not be merely annexed as the smaller to the greater, but should carry into the Union, as Scotland has carried into the Union with England and Ireland, a distinct national character of her own and be a substantive power, if possible for good, in the Councils of the United race upon this Continent.

MINISTERIAL journalists declare that Canada has been made so rich by its National Policy that Reciprocity is no longer any object to her. Why then has a Canadian Minister been at Washington negotiating for a renewal of the treaty? In the sphere of political economy every sort of illusion seems to be possible, otherwise it would be difficult to believe that well-informed and sensible men could persuade themselves that a heavy increase of taxation could make up to the people of Canada for exclusion from the markets and other commercial advantages of their own continent. Amidst all the angry questions which concern only the parties and their leaders this is the one which really concerns the people, and to which the people if they know their own interest will give their special attention.

The Customs Line by which Canada is cut off from her continent is like the Customs Line by which Scotland was once cut off from the rest of her island, and its removal would be followed by a large measure of the same happy effects. A renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 would be a boon, and it is always wrong to quarrel with the half loaf if the whole loaf cannot be obtained: but the thing really to be desired is the abolition of the Customs Line. The Canadian statesman who would bring that about would deserve the blessings of every Canadian who lives by the sweat of his brow. Mr. Hitt was rightly informed when he was told that the feeling in favour of Free Trade with the United States was strong, and was likely to gather strength by discussion, among the people of this country, especially along the frontier; nor can there be any reasonable doubt that a complete measure, if fairly put before them, would speedily win its way to their acceptance. Opposition there would be, not only on the part of "officials," but on the part of others whose interests are more or less bound up with the existing system, and of politicians who always regard commercial union with suspicion because they fear that it may bring political union in its train. It is remarkable that though the commercial relations of the two countries have been under discussion, not a word has, so far, been said by the leading American journals, or by American statesmen about political annexation, and the remark may be extended, if the "Bystander's" experience is a fair test, to the conversation of political circles at Washington. Customs-line or no Customs-line, the political destiny of Canada will remain in her own hands. That the Americans harbour any designs against her independence all who have lived in the States know to be a chimera. Even if they were not too moral to conceive projects of aggression, they are too completely occupied with their own politics to pay much attention to anything beyond.

In connection with some things which have been said in these papers respecting the progress of the French element and the threatened extinction of British influence in Quebec, the attention of the writer has been called to a series of articles on the Evangelization of French Canada, by Mr. S. A. Abbott, which appeared in the *Montreal Witness*. "The French race," says Mr. Abbott, "appears destined under Providence to play an important part in the future of this continent, and possibly, in some respects, a controlling part in the future of this Dominion. The religious question, therefore, in its bearing upon political questions, assumes the utmost gravity to English Canadians, while in itself alone it is incomparably important. We must not build on the assumption that the French Canadians are being Anglicized, or that the races are about to amalgamate. Henceforth, whatever influence we may hope to exert upon them must be through agencies as thoroughly French as we can make them. This conclusion may be humbling to our pride, and contrary to our national traditions, but we must bow to the logic of events." Mr. Abbott's specific is conversion to Protestantism. But of the result of missionary efforts hitherto he has a doleful tale to tell. The missionaries estimate the total result of half a century of effort, of the work of labourers now 113 in number, and of an expenditure at present amounting to about \$50,000 a year, at 10,000 converts among the French Canadians in Quebec, and 15,000 among those in the States. The cause of failure, as Mr. Abbott thinks, is the rivalry of sects. Protestantism is presented to the French Canadian as a jangle of clashing creeds, all peculiar to English churches, so that the medley is at once confusing to his mind and repugnant to his national sentiment. Drop sectarianism, says Mr. Abbott, support a United French Protestant church, and the work of evangelization will prosper. Unfortunately, to convert the sects to unity, or even to united action in a single case, is at least as hard as it is to convert a Catholic to the religion of any one of them. If Mr. Abbott can achieve this feat he will have performed a service to Christianity more important than the evangelization of Quebec. There is likely, as Mr. Abbott is aware, to be a great stirring of the stagnant waters of Canadian opinion by an agency very different from evangelization, though one which will be "as thoroughly French as it can be made." New France has, of late, been assiduously renewing her connection with Old France. But Old France has not, like New France, remained unchanged, and the influences now, instead of being those of Louis XIV and Bossuet, will be those of the Revolution. Ultramontanism in Quebec may triumph over Gallicanism, it may set at defiance the feeble and disunited efforts of the Protestant missions, but it will soon find itself assailed in the rear by French Scepticism, and perhaps, as has often happened before, the hour of the Jesuit's apparent victory may prove that of his total overthrow.

SUNDAY evening last, we were told, was to be the crisis of preparation for the coming Presidential conflict in the three camps of electioneering

manœuvre pitched at Chicago ; and no doubt it was a very blessed Sabbath eve in the Holy City. Before this number of the WEEK appears, unless the struggle is very obstinate, the Republican nomination for the Presidency will have been decided. What most interests a political observer is the fissiparous condition of the Republican party, which on the last occasion was split into two portions, and is now split into three. The two portions before were the Machinists, or the Stalwarts, as they delighted to call themselves, and the Reformers, nicknamed by the Stalwarts Half-Breeds. Now we have besides the Machinists, whose candidate is Blaine, and the Reformers, whose candidate is Edmunds, a section which may be called that of the Commercial Conservatives, which supports Arthur on account of the generally Conservative character of his administration, caring little, so long as he keeps things in Wall Street right, for the fact, which still deeply impresses the minds of the people, that he was made President by the pistol of Guiteau. While the contest for the nomination is going on, the three factions vilify each other and each other's candidates in public, just as fiercely as the two great parties presently will in the actual election ; they behave, in fact, as bodies mutually hostile in every respect. But the party candidate once nominated, they will all combine again to support him, whoever he may be, against the candidate of the other party. Reformers who have been denouncing Blaine as a scoundrel will, if he gets the nomination, wheel into line and support him, as a point of party honour, against any man however good, who may be nominated by the Democrats. This, in its way, is a high triumph of the party principle ; but it cannot last. It is not likely to last very much beyond this election. Besides the other disintegrating agencies, the Tariff question is beginning to split both the parties across. The Democrats are apparently waiting for the decision of the Republicans. Of their own decision nothing is known. There seems to be a disposition among them to disinter Mr. Tilden. There is a disposition to do everything but to bring forward Bayard, the best man they have, and to stand upon their one sound and hopeful issue, that of Tariff Reform.

In the division on the Vote of Censure the ship of the Gladstone Government was struck by a heavy wave, but it righted ; and the division on the Irish Franchise must have had a very redeeming effect. To call the division on the Vote of Censure a moral defeat, as the *London Times* did, was absurd. There could be no moral significance in that which was the mere result of a most immoral trick played by the Parnellites, who let it be supposed that they were going to support the Government till they had lulled the misgivings of such malcontent Liberals as would have voted with the Government rather than let it fall, and then filed into the Lobby with the Tories, at the same time belying their own recorded convictions with regard to the Egyptian war. It would be well if the policy of the ministry were as certainly wise as its position is now, apparently, secure. Abstention from any interference in Egypt, unless the Suez Canal was in actual danger, would have been an intelligible course ; and those who, like Mr. Bright, steadfastly adhered to it would have much to say for themselves, if it were possible that England should ultimately leave the key of India to the ordinary chances of revolution or conquest. But England has interfered, and she has now Egypt on her hands. The native Government is a total wreck, and while England hesitates, and all the powers are giving themselves up to their jealousy of her, or of each other, Egyptian society is sinking into anarchy and ruin. An onlooker can hardly help thinking that, having gone so far, it would be wisdom to go boldly on, to terminate the uncertainty and the confusion which it breeds, by openly assuming the Protectorate, say for a period of ten years, and to explain to France, with all possible courtesy, the absolute necessity of the step. The chances are ten to one that France, though she might grumble, would do nothing worse ; she has the renewal of war with Germany before her, and she would scarcely care to provide her destined adversary with the greatest maritime power as an ally. But onlookers are not responsible, nor have they all the diplomatic facts before them. It has been often and truly said that one bad general is better than two good ones. The weakest counsels of any Government not absolutely imbecile are sure to be stronger than those of a Babel of wrangling factions, discordant journals, and tumultuous public meetings, with the sinister influence of stockbrokers working secretly below.

It is announced that Mr. Parnell is calling upon the clergy in Ireland to aid him in a plan for promoting what, in the ever-growing vocabulary of political jargon, is called "migrating," that is, transferring the surplus population from the congested districts to other parts of Ireland. "Migration" is intended as an antidote to emigration, which, by carrying off the suffering people to happier homes in other countries would at once thin

the ranks of disaffection and diminish the priests' revenues at home. That unoccupied, or imperfectly occupied, land of good quality, and sufficient in extent for this scheme can be found seems in the last degree improbable. But if it can, no permanent cure will be effected unless the habits of the people can be changed. To prosper, they must learn to rely for the improvement of their condition, not on political mendicancy, but on industry, and they must be provided with a religion which will teach them thrift and providence instead of practically fostering the opposite tendencies. Yet the migration movement is, at all events, significant as an undesigned testimony, on the part of the political revolutionists, to the fact that the real root of the evil is not political but economical. An unthrifty population multiplies with reckless rapidity on a soil which will not yield them a decent subsistence, or supply them with the means of civilized life. This is the source of suffering, compared with which the political grievances are a flea-bite, while the historical wrongs are a mere dirge of the past. If Quebec were an island, and all the French Catholics who now seek bread in the States were pent up in its niggard confines, we should soon have an Ireland here ; and Canadian statesmen, Mr. Blake among the rest, would be accused by French Catholic agitators of "tossing puling infants on the points of bayonets," "torturing venerable priests," and "organizing famines to sweep off the people when they had failed to exterminate with the sword." Give the people whom Mr. Parnell is proposing to "migrate" an Irish Republic to-morrow, with the dynamiters at its head. Next day it would be a political Bedlam, which would very soon be turned into a slaughter house, while two blades of grass would not be made by it to grow where one had grown before.

AGAIN the Irish Dynamiters have been at work, and it has been shown that though naturally enough there were some false alarms there was also real ground for fear. Had the Nelson column fallen across the wide and crowded thoroughfare in front of it, scores of men, women, and children would probably have been killed or wounded. Indiscriminate assassination is, in the most literal sense, fiendish ; it belongs to a different category of crime from murders which are committed under the human, though evil, influence of gain or revenge ; and its appearance shows to a self-complacent civilization what abysses of moral barbarism still lurk beneath the polished surface. The real authors of these crimes are such journalists as the editor of the *Irish World*, and such agitators as Messrs. Parnell, Healy, and Sexton, who daily address to savage natures the incendiary appeals of which the crimes are the natural results. It is highly probable that Mr. Parnell himself thinks dynamite impolitic ; but he draws his supplies from it, and therefore neither he nor any one of his party has ever made a serious effort to put it down. The United States are now the only country, monarchist or republican, in which these outrages on humanity can be publicly organized, and collections can be openly taken up to defray the expense of their commission. Whether the conduct of American journals which support the refusal of redress and answer complaints with mockery is determined by spite against England, or by fear of the Irish vote, the motive is equally deserving of respect. Dynamite has up to this time had a great advantage in its attacks on civilization because the hands of the savage were free while those of civilization were morally tied. But this will not last for ever. Civilization, goaded beyond the possibility of endurance, will cast off restraint ; and we may then see a measure of repression applied to the Irish in Great Britain as rigorous as that which was applied to them when they rose in support of Slavery at New York. At last it will appear that those who advocated a firm attitude and prompt repression of murder and outrage at the beginning were the truest friends of Ireland as well as of humanity.

It seems likely that this community will have in the coming years rather a violent fit of horse-racing. Distinguished patronage, ever dazzling, will apparently be added to the ordinary attractions of the game. If we may judge by the appearance at the Woodbine races the other day, the Canadian Turf has not yet formed for itself such a train of blacklegging, rowdyism, and general blackguardism as that which now graces by its presence every English race-course. Still, the gambling-table was there, and sharpers' tricks were evidently practised. Feeble warnings against running into the patent snare were addressed by sporting papers to gambling idiocy, as though gambling idiocy could listen to the counsels of good sense. If blacklegging does ever get the upper hand in a community like ours, it will get the upper hand with a vengeance ; for we have no social magnates like those who, even in the moral decadence of the British Turf, still rule through the English Jockey Club, and make its voice, in some degree, that of honour. That the leaders of Canadian Society are among the company on the race-course is a belief which

requires limitation. Apart from great and general causes of national decay it may be doubtful whether anything has ever done more to corrupt the character of a nation than the Turf has done to corrupt the character of England. It has opened a gambling table in every newspaper and in every tavern. People who have never seen a horse-race, who cannot tell the points of a horse, who would not know the favourite from a screw, bet on races, and if they lose, steal money to pay their bets. The regular answer to all protests is that the system is necessary to keep up the breed of horses. We should know more about that if, besides tests of mere speed, there were tests of endurance, and also tests of longevity and of the number of years for which the working powers of the animal last. Some famous breeds of horses, such as the Arabian, the Barb, and the Turk, have been produced at all events without a betting ring. Probably a cock-fighter would tell you that cock-fighting was necessary to keep up the breed of poultry. Preaching against a fashion is perfectly useless; one might as well preach against an epidemic. But those who have misgivings will do well to encourage, as the best antidote, the sports which are still free from blacklegging, and which deserve the epithet of manly rather better than does the pastime of sitting in a stand to see horses cruelly punished. Managers of banks and other men of business hardly need to be warned against betting officers and clerks. Napoleon, who knew good men from bad, though he made a bad use of them all, never would employ a gambler; and about the worst of all gambling hells is the betting ring. It is to be hoped that honourable men on the Canadian Turf itself will do all that is possible to preserve their sport from stain, and to prevent it from becoming here as it is in England—the bane of the people.

A BYSTANDER.

HERE AND THERE.

THE long-cherished hope of advanced Methodists was triumphantly consummated on Sunday last, the day named in the Act legalizing the union of the various Methodist bodies. There can be but one opinion as to the result of such a drawing together of congruous elements. The Methodist Church must become the stronger, the more capable for good, with less friction or wear and tear, and less waste of men and means. Sectarianism, schisms, splits of all kinds, have been the prominent weaknesses of Christianity, have kept its ministers poor, its flocks ill-tended, and done much to prevent the teaching of a comprehensive Gospel. This gathering of the clans of Methodism into one Canadian Church is an example many good men and true would gladly see imitated in England.

NOTHING could better testify to the increasing popularity of Lacrosse in Canada than the large sprinkling of ladies present at the championship contest on the Toronto grounds on Saturday. The very simplicity of the game is probably the main cause of this. Cricket is so much more a game of skill, and is so intricate, that few ladies can understand it, and the crowds of ladies who form a considerable attraction at the brilliant assemblages at "Lord's" and the "Oval" go more to see and be seen than to pay critical attention to the game. Besides which, cricket is too slow for the average Canadian spectator or player. A half-day is not sufficient to enable two good elevens to play a game, whereas a longer period could not be spared by the more go-ahead young Canadian, however fond he might be of either lacrosse or base-ball. Furthermore, the number of Canadians with means and without vocations, from whom to draft the "gentlemen players" who are the backbone of cricket in England,—not altogether as players, but as liberal contributors to the fund out of which "ground men" are paid—is very small. These and other reasons render it extremely improbable that the more intelligent game will ever become thoroughly naturalized alongside its faster, if less skilful, rivals, lacrosse and base-ball.

THE arrest of John C. Eno, the defaulting New York banker, at Quebec, and the subsequent failure to fasten a sufficient charge upon him to justify his detention under the Extradition Treaty, is an additional argument for the strengthening of that instrument. Both Canada and the United States are sufferers by the defective character of the treaty, and the importance of negotiating an amended code of extraditable offences is recognized by both the United States and the British authorities. It is absurd that offences such as larceny, embezzlement, misappropriation of funds, swindling, fraud, and obtaining money by false pretences, should not be included in an extradition treaty.

"CROWN WAD," writing from Rochester to the New York *Forest and Stream* says: "A young man who did not know a setter from a pointer, or a trigger of a gun from the hammer, went from this city to Toronto, and

became acquainted with some Canadian sportsmen, to whom he vaunted of his skill with the shotgun, and success in the field over dogs. He was welcomed into the circle of shooters and promised by them a day's sport, they volunteering to provide him with gun and dog. A party was made up and duly repaired to a locality where birds were known to be abundant. Our hero (who told the story himself), with gun in hand, followed a setter, and after some tramping through the brush noticed the dog moving slowly and finally stop as if paralyzed. He thought that it was a hunting dog's business to hunt, and that a dog which grew tired and gave up so soon in the day deserved punishment for laziness, so picking up a piece of wood he hurled it at the offending setter, and started in amazement as a 'lot of big brown birds' burst up before the dog."

RELIGIOUS people whose sense of decency has been shocked by the fantastic exhibitions of the people who call themselves "the Salvation Army" are rejoiced to see the authorities of London, Ontario, have the courage to suppress the musical (*sic*!) street performances which have become so intolerable a nuisance in many cities. A by-law has been passed to the following effect:—"No person shall on the market place or on the streets blow any horn, ring any bell, beat any drum, play any flute, pipe, or any musical instrument, shout or make any unusual noise calculated to disturb the inhabitants anywhere within the city." Hereafter residents in "the Forest City" will be free from the ear-piercing sounds by which the "Salvationists" advertised their demonstrations and made day and night hideous.

THE versatile and successful journalist, playwright, and philanthropist, George R. Sims, is accustomed to handle abuses and humbugs without gloves. This is how he writes concerning a begging letter circulated by the Salvation Army's "General":—"General Booth is sending out a circular for 'special contributions,' in which he puts it very plainly that he is desperately hard up. The roaring, ranting, drum-beating, horse-frightening, Christy Minstrel emotionalism, which has been mistaken for religion by folks who ought to have known better, is evidently in a bad way. The general does not disguise the fact. After an ad misericordiam appeal for cash, he requests the recipient of the circular to 'put the amount you feel God wishes you to give into the small envelope enclosed,' and he adds: 'To help those unaccustomed to send money, I may add you can send coins or stamps if you like, but it is safer to send postal orders. Altogether, the last begging letter of the general is a remarkable document, and is well worthy of study. I have omitted the most striking paragraph, by the by. 'Our friends will please note that this is an Extraordinary Fund, in addition to the usual contribution. Nothing will be gained if, in contributing to this fund, less than usual is given to others.' It would be interesting to know how many funds the general controls."

DOES anybody in England regard our American cousins as "foreigners"? The question is raised in an original manner, with a view apparently of further discussion, by Mr. Henry James in the first portion of a story he is contributing to the *Century Magazine*. How does common sentiment run in the matter? When an Englishman of celebrity, judge or writer or actor, is entertained by the hospitable people across the "line," one thing is sure to be dinned into his ear. By the shades of Shakespere and Milton, he is assured that he is with the members of the race which oceans cannot sever, and so on. Foreigners, forsooth! Mr. Grant White, in one of his brilliant paradoxes, might say that the American was the only man left who was not a foreigner in England. More seriously-speaking men on each side the Atlantic practise thus much reciprocity of feeling that neither is made a foreigner in the country of the other. But Mr. James's heroine meets the proposal of marriage made to her by an American gentleman with the remark, "I have never supposed I should marry a foreigner," and presently she adds, "Really, you know, you *are* a foreigner." He, like most of Mr. James's cultured Americans, is enormously rich; she is not, though the daughter of a hundred earls. Still, she does not "jump at him"; we are left to presume that she is meditating on a question of races, as though her suitor had been a Pole, or a Portuguese, or a gentleman from Honduras.

The question is interesting in a literary sense, because it bears upon a prominent characteristic of recent American fiction. Who that reads Mr. James, or Mr. Howells, or Mr. White, will not remember the always-recurring suggestion that this generation has made greater change in the American character than a century in that of England? There was a time when the similarity was close; but that was in America's days of darkness. "When the light of the higher culture fell on the Western land, her sons and daughters basked in it, absorbed it gladly, until whatever society is fullest of great thoughts, of refined manners, of chivalry and

beauty, there Americans, and no longer Englishmen, set its tone. They have risen out of the one-race theory as out of a waning solar system. Are we now to find Mr. James representing the lady's mental embarrassment, not as implying a reproach, but a recognition by one high nature of a nature more exalted—England's proudest tribute to the superior distinction of the new culture from over sea?"

THE story of the life of Mr. Judah Philip Benjamin, Q.C., who died in Paris recently, reads like a romance. Born in the West Indian Island of Santa Cruz, in 1811, he received his early education in North Carolina, and completed it, as far as a university curriculum was concerned, at Yale, New Haven, Connecticut. By-and-by, young Benjamin removed to New Orleans, and entered as office-boy the employment of a law firm, of which he afterwards became the most distinguished ornament, till, having honourably won his spurs in public speaking, he was sent up to the Senate of the United States at Washington by Louisiana, at a time when Congress was ringing with the eloquence of Webster and his gifted contemporaries. During the four years of the American civil war, Mr. Benjamin rendered services of the highest order to the Confederate cause at Richmond, and at the close of the struggle escaped in company with Mr. Jefferson Davis. From the coast of Florida he made for the Bahama Islands in an open boat, and at length reached the shores of England in 1865. He resolved to study for the English bar. He was fifty-five years of age when he gained the position of a junior barrister, but from that hour he never looked behind. From the lowest, he rose to the highest, step of the ladder. He was a man of enormous industry, and made it his business to master every detail of the most intricate brief that was put into his hand. He found time also to write as well as plead, and "Benjamin on Sales" is a law book which will retain a permanent place in the literature of the legal profession, and which probably very few know was the work of a man who was within five years of sixty when he first put on his wig and gown.

AN interesting experiment is just now being made in New York with a view to the utilization of the street sweepings and house refuse of that city. A large machine has been erected by a stock company at the East River wharf of the street cleaning department, which sifts and reduces to its elements all refuse of whatever description which is brought to it. By an ingenious arrangement all scraps of paper, rag, coal, cinder, glass, iron, &c., become separated. These are afterwards sold, with the exception of the coal and cinder, which are used for firing the engine. The projectors estimate that every load of 1,800 pounds of refuse contains about 400 pounds of coal and cinder, which is more than sufficient for their own purposes. The residuum refuse is cremated and the ashes are discharged into the sea. So far, it is said, the experiment has proved an entire success, and the promoters announce their intention of having machines at every city wharf to utilise all the refuse of the street cleaning department, with profit to themselves and the city. Should these anticipations prove well founded, a solution will be offered of a problem which has long perplexed New York. The system of the disposal of refuse which now prevails is most unsatisfactory, the whole of it being carried some little way out to sea in scows and then discharged. Year after year the pilots raise warning cries respecting the enormous injury which is being done to the harbour's mouth by the accumulation of ashes and street dirt there, and a radical change of method has long been sought.

THE Princess Alice's book is already well known to all who read German. The English edition has a preface by Princess Christian. Her Royal Highness explains that her object has been to present a clear idea of the beautiful and unselfish life of her sister—not to give a complete picture of it, but to illustrate it by her letters to her mother, the Queen, and to explain those letters by brief records of fact. The English public, Princess Christian thinks, will see with satisfaction how devoted was the Princess Alice to England, how she ever turned to it with reverence and affection as the country where most was being done for liberty and the advancement of mankind. Her request to her husband was that the English flag should be laid upon her coffin, and in uttering that desire she expressed the modest hope that nobody in England would take umbrage at her wish. There is an interesting conclusion, though it contains nothing very new, describing the spiritual crisis of the Princess's life—how she passed from the faith of her childhood through doubt back again to the faith which the fulness of womanhood knows. The volume is a fitting record of one of the sweetest lives that ever was passed in a palace.

MR. BRYCE-WRIGHT says in a letter to the *Times*: It may interest your readers to hear that by the latest advice from the Cape another

"paragon of nature" has been discovered at the Kimberly Mines, South Africa. On the 27th of March last a digger was fortunate enough to find a diamond measuring 1½ in. in length and 1¼ in. in diameter, weighing no less than 302 carats. This is by far the largest gem yet discovered in South Africa, or, in fact, elsewhere, if we except the "Pitt" and "Mattam" (of a flask shape) in their uncut state, and some diamonds of apocryphal history. It is a perfect octahedron in shape, and of the usual "Cape" or "off" colour. Some years ago its value would have been simply enormous. At the present, however, it is reported £3,000 has been refused for it in its uncut state.

THE PROGRESS OF THE NATIONAL IDEA.

IN the debates on Confederation there was considerable said about nationality, but, after that measure was accomplished, little was heard of it for years. The men who accomplished Confederation had no feeling on the matter; they were simply and purely colonists acting on stimulus supplied from the Colonial Secretary's office in London. They would have accomplished annexation just as readily, if that would have left them their offices. But what would thirty seats then, or about forty now, in the American Congress—as that would be about our proportion—be to the swarms of politicians which infest Canada? Hence they supported Confederation. There may have been numbers among the rank and file imbued with British patriotism, and a love for British institutions; but power, place, perquisites, and the British Colonial Office were the main incentives to the measure.

The men who carried Confederation are the men in power still, and the same means which were used to effect it are used chiefly to sustain it. This must not be wondered at; it is the invariable process in the formation of States. In a country like England, imbued with the monarchical idea and attachment to the person of the Sovereign, what was there to hold it together on the extinction of their legitimate line of kings, the Stuarts? Simply plunder. How was Ireland obtained and held? By national dishonour and plunder. What was the American Continental Congress after the close of the Revolutionary War but a body of public robbers? This is all extremely modern. There is no necessity to go back to Hugh Capet and the question of the reprovved swash-buckler, "Who made thee King?"

Shall we Canadians then hang our heads and blush because the same things take place in the formation of our country? Nonsense. We can stand up proudly and ask the world to show us a like condition of society on the dissolution of an old system. Where are the Cullodons, the Irish rebellions, or the Pennsylvania riots in our country—not to speak of Semptembrists, or anything like them?

The old British patriotic spirit that made such men as the late Chief Justice Spragge and the living Goldwin Smith is dead—granted. There is nothing to take its place. This is where the grand mistake is made. In the old days, when Canada was split up into insignificant fragments with a sparse population, there was no other issue but British or American connexion. Since then there has been a new generation growing up who know little and care less about either England or the United States as nations. We know their people too well. The majority of English humanity are on a lower plane than the people of Canada; while the Americans are away beyond us in commercial prosperity. We know that long before the infancy of the nation has passed, Corruption claims them for its own. Of the 500,000 Canadians in the United States not one-fifth of them have become naturalized there. Why? They love Canada. All this is quietly ignored by the old politicians. There is no such a feeling as patriotism, according to them. You might as well talk to a Hottentot about the qualities of ice. That great man, David Mills, an old representative party man, will talk for four or five hours on obsolete American and Canadian politics, and never give the faintest indication of the change. What have we to do with this old element? How are we responsible for their doings or acts? Like dogs, they never could exist without a master; and whether it was an English lord or a Yankee demagogue, it would satisfy one or the other of them.

But where is this Canadian patriotism? In the people; but there is nothing to make it manifest. Is there not abundance to keep it quiescent? Since Confederation, our trade has doubled; our Savings Bank deposits have increased fourfold; our railways span the continent; our shipping covers the seas; and we manufacture nearly all our own goods. All merely material. You build a grand house and live in the kitchen. Not so; it is only our old people who live there. Have we not increased in spirit and obtained national advantages? Our Ambassadors live in London and Paris; and England has simply an Ambassador here—the

Governor-General, whose chief duty is to foster national sentiment. Lord Derby, the Colonial Minister, has consented to the withdrawal of the English Admiralty Courts; and all that is necessary is time to perfect the details. A Canadian naturalized subject is now entitled to British protection. The Canadian Deputy-Governor now consents to the most important legislation. Witness the Pacific Railway loan—really \$80,000,000 given by our people without a murmur in furtherance of an idea. The nomination to the command of the Canadian military force is now in the Canadian Government; and last but not least, we are on the eve of manhood suffrage. All parties are agreed as to its necessity. Are these things nothing? It is true, we have a deal to accomplish yet; but Rome was not built in a day; and when the edifice is completed it will stand better the longer it is in building. We have the Privy Council to suppress as a final court of appeal by which our rich corporations, life assurance companies and others impoverish our people or cheat them out of their rights. We have to get rid of the English shipping laws, and Chamberlain's, and Plimsoll's Acts, by which our marine is being destroyed. We have to annul the British Copyright Act, which is keeping our people in ignorance. We must repeal the English Medical Act, by which our "plucked" young gentlemen can go "home" and pass and come out here again full-fledged physicians. We must do away with our English Governor-General, and our "Constitution" passed for us by a foreign legislature, in which not one Canadian sat, and finally achieve independence and Republican institutions.

Let not our young men be impatient. All these things are coming so sure as the sun shines at noon-day, and in the near future. Can any one believe that the Canadian people, not to speak of their national aspirations, will be content to lay out \$150,000,000 to build a railway to run through solitudes and rot? The real troubles of the Canadian Pacific Railway will only commence when it is finished. Unless there is a large population in the North-West, it will not pay to run it. Does any one think that Canada can obtain immigrants so long as she is a colony? The Pacific Railway must therefore be a great factor in obtaining self-government. If so, the money is well spent. The amount spent is not to be compared to the amount liberty cost the Americans in eight years of war and destruction of property, not to speak of the lives lost.

Then, the men who rule the country are in advanced years. John A. Macdonald is seventy years of age; Tilley is over sixty; and now Charles Tupper is out of politics. These are the men who have sworn to die British subjects, and whose long lives in the Government of the country have given them such a hold on the people. After them the new spirit will become apparent. Let them live out their time. They have done well in their day and generation; but nothing like what they ought to have done. They have built the mansion; it will be for us to put the spirit in it when they are gone. They have joined our country together materially; we shall make it a living thing that will tremble from Halifax to Victoria at the touch of insult, or thrill with pleasure at the mention of Canadian triumphs in the paths of human welfare and national progress.

A CANADIAN NATIONALIST.

GOVERNMENT IN THE NORTH-WEST.

It is not an easy matter to "localise" the North-West. Mr. Dewdney has attempted it with his "square mile" representation, and the North-West Council has endeavoured to emphasize it, but the attempt has been a failure. The only Government worthy of the name in the North-West are the Mounted Police, and I say this as a civilian having no especial fondness for military life. The North-West Territory is space itself, and the division of it into separate districts was well intended. The districts, however, so far, mean little more than what they appear on the map. True, there are judicial districts, the boundaries of which are more or less identical with those of the conventional districts, but the line of judicial demarcation is not very respectfully observed. The central sun of North-West autocracy is Regina, and the judicial authorities in Regina are continually interfering in civil matters with judicial districts which are supposed to possess separate judicial authority. A writ, with an ominous legal name, is issued under the authority of Col. Richardson, and it is executed in Alberta without endorsement by Col. McLeod, the stipendiary for that district, though strictly speaking, it should be endorsed, or some record of it should be made in the district wherein it is executed. This may appear to be a small matter; but when there are separate judicial districts with distinct stipendiaries there ought to be a certain respect for the boundaries of districts in civil matters. In the preservation of law and order the mounted policeman knows no conventional line. Boundaries in

the North-West to him are not taken into consideration. His authority is supreme. Sometimes he may abuse it, but not often. He is a terror only to those who want no restraint placed upon them. To such individuals the scarlet tunic and his snowy helmet are the emblems of vengeance. It is principally in suppressing the illicit whiskey trading that the mounted policeman finds occupation, though he has occasionally to turn out to awe by his presence the irrepressible Pia-Pot, or bring to terms the more crafty Blackfoot, or perhaps "run in" a band of thieving Sarcees, for if ever there was a thief who loves his work it is a Sarcee. He embraces theft like a Lazzaroni does vagabondism. From the time he enters a Blackfoot camp until he is well out of sight, a Sarcee is watched, and the spoons carefully counted after his retreat.

The North-West Territories' Act underwent certain amendments at the last session of the Dominion Parliament. What these amendments are, no one in Alberta yet knows, but they will doubtless be acceptable.

A considerable section of the North-West is rapidly increasing in population; and it is no easy task to keep pace with western progress. It has always been a difficult matter for eastern legislators to understand. They have never seemed to realize that western growth and eastern growth are essentially different. Of late they have begun to get a faint idea, but it is only a faint one. Lieut.-Governor Dewdney and his North-West Council, the membership of which is partly nominative, and partly founded on "square mile representation," have already begun to find that the Canadian element in the North-West, in matters of local self-government, will be satisfied with nothing less than *local self-government*, and that this can only be secured by conceding to each district an elective council. The present Council is more or less irresponsible. Besides it cannot properly legislate for a territory that is already divided into districts, the interests of which are not identical in a great many matters, and which districts are in the course of time to form separate provinces. The people of Alberta are already clamouring for a council for their own district, and upon the very good grounds that their section has no interest in common with Assinibois or Saskatchewan or Athabasca. It is hardly possible that the Dominion Government could refuse so reasonable a request as separate councils for each district. The expense will be no greater than that now incurred to sustain the North-West Council, while the legislative machinery will be less cumbersome than that which it now takes to conduct the affairs of the North-West Territory.

There are certain anomalies which exist in the North-West, the mention of which will excite surprise. Until recently there was no appeal from the decision of a stipendiary magistrate except in cases involving capital punishment. There is no *Habeas Corpus* Act in force. The magistrate may order you into prison and keep you there. If you can reach the Minister of Justice you may do so, but Ottawa is a long way off. This, of course, is martial law, but there is no necessity for martial law in order to suppress illicit whiskey-trading. The mounted police are able to do that without suspending the Great Right of all freemen.

The fact that the magistrate himself prosecutes on behalf of the Government while trying the case does not seem in accordance with our strict Canadian methods of fair play. This might have been done a few years ago at Pembina, Dakota, and on the United States frontier, with impunity, but it is intolerable in the Dominion. The Department of Justice might look into the operation of the law in the North-West and see, for instance, if it is carried into effect by incorruptible agents and that there is no undue tyranny. So far as Colonel McLeod is concerned, he is highly spoken of by all classes for the fairness of his decisions and his good common sense; but Colonel McLeod does not sit upon every case. A magistrate who is not a professional man, trying a case and at the same time prosecuting it, is a spectacle which a Canadian should not be called upon to complain of. It is surprising because it has been unexpected.

G. B. E.

Calgary, May 21, 1884.

IN CANADIAN WOODS IN SPRING.

WHEN Canada shall be old enough to have her own poetical classics—her Burns and her Wordsworth—the various charms of our Spring woods will undoubtedly be as prominent in their strains as the "mountain daisy" of the one and the "yellow primrose" of the other, though the too dignified scientific names of *Hepatica* and *Trillium* will hardly lend themselves to poetry, as do the sweet old Saxon flower names of the old land. But certainly there is enough in our Canadian Woods in Spring to delight any eye capable of taking in the wondrous spells of form and colour that nature is perpetually weaving around us, but especially in this season of her special productiveness, when her lavishness of beauty is the more appre-

ciated, after the rigorous winter. Few readers of Parkman's graphic pages can have failed to note his sympathetic picture of the first welcome sign of returning spring to the first French colonists after the dreary winter which had held the land in icy chains and themselves in misery: of the clamour of the wild-goose, the song of the blue-bird, the ruddy bloom of the swamp maple, the snowy wreaths of the shad bush, the white stars of the blood root among the dark fallen leaves, and the marsh marigolds gleaming in the wet meadows like spots of gold.

Scarcely less delightful are all these to the eye and ear of the lover of Nature in each returning spring. We are, in Canada, so shut out during nearly half the year from anything like out-door life, so *shut in* with our base-burners or furnaces and the inevitably vitiated air of houses hermetically sealed by double windows, that the freedom of the first few days of spring is like the opening of prison doors, through which we may go forth, as did "the world's grey fathers" from the ark, to feast our eyes on the glories of a "new heaven and a new earth." Happily, even in our towns and cities, people are not, in general, too far removed from bits of unspoiled woodland to enjoy this annual pleasure, if they will—even our largest city, Montreal, being most abundantly privileged, both in its noble Mount Royal, and its charming sylvan isle of St. Helens, at its very doors. We might, in Canada, adopt the pretty Japanese custom of making a little *fête* of going out to "view" the blossoms at their several seasons. And as they their have "plum" and "cherry viewing," so might we have our "shadbush" and our "hawthorn viewing," if our Canadian life were not too practical and utilitarian for any such sylvan pleasures, and fireworks and sham reviews were but more to the taste of the people as a class. Let us be thankful that some of the *children*, at least, still live "in Arcadia!"

Perhaps the most fascinating time at which to seize our budding Nature is that moment in May when the delicate tracery of the forest boughs is not yet hidden by the abundance of foliage, but is still dimly traceable through the faint, misty veil of that most exquisite ethereal green of opening leaves, when the white feathery sprays of the shad flower rise like snowy plumes against the still grey background of budding boughs, when the moss on the lichened rocks wears its most velvety green, and the slender young ferns in their infantine freshness, are uncurling themselves from their long winter's sleep. There, among the already luxuriant green undergrowth of wild raspberry and gooseberry, and dogwood and viburnum, the dainty white trillium nods her trio of snowy petals; the feathery mitella raises its delicate racines; blue and yellow wood violets with a few late hepaticas cluster in the sheltering glades, and the blossom of the wild strawberry smiles everywhere from the sward. Here and there, in shady places, the odd-striped arum rears its dark spaltic and handsome leaves, and the graceful "dog-tooth violet" waves its golden petals from its delicate stem. The vivid green of the young bushes would be almost dazzling to the eye, if it were not so refreshing in tone. The young leaves of the maples have still a slight russet tinge. The arching boughs of the elms are as yet just studded with tufts of palest green, and the graceful, white stems of the birch are not yet concealed by the unbinding of its leafy tresses. The wild plum and cherry are gay in their wedding finery of snowy bloom, which appears just as the pioneer "shad flower" fades and falls under the warmer sun, and make a charming contrast to the dusky background of veteran pines, which have stood the winter's storms unchanged. The just bursting leaves of the oaks gleam with almost a ruby tinge in the sunshine, and the butter-nut and the hickory have their summer robes just a little farther advanced. The dark hemlocks have not yet donned the bright green tufts which brighten them up so much a little later. Besides the wild flowers so delicate and shyly charming, in their present bloom, there is an indefinite variety of leaf and bud promising future blossom. The large, luxuriant green leaf of the podophyllum or May apple, like an ample umbrella shelters the incipient flowers underneath its wing. The still green clusters of the alder are just beginning to grow white, and the dogwood, and viburnum and hawthorn are preparing to blossom out in their June beauty. The graceful wild columbine is already hanging out its scarlet bells in sunny spots, or from grey mossy rocks, and countless little shrubs make an exquisite variety of tint with their newly opened leaves.

Overhead, the birds are darting in and out on domestic cares intent, conducting their own affairs with the vociferous accompaniment which seems indispensable to their transaction of business. The brisk treble of the smaller birds, the little wild canary or yellow-hammer, and the blue birds, alternates with the liquid, pathetic alto of the robin, and the hoarse bass of the grave old crows, or the brisk tap of the wood-pecker, while the rapid whirr-whirr of the tiny humming-bird, gathering the honey "from every opening flower," tells us that these exquisite little creatures too, have returned from their winter quarters. Now and then the flash of a golden oriole glances from tree to

tree, busy like the rest in making its nest, and preparing for family life, or a sprightly brown "chipmunk" glides up and down some hollow trunk, arranging, doubtless, for his summer house-keeping in the old home-stead which has served him so well as a refuge through the winter storms. The woodland picture is completed by the picturesque tracery of wild vine and Virginia creeper just opening their leaf-buds, while the partridge-berry and the sweet pink *Linnaea* are spreading their delicate stems under the trees; the winter-green festoons the more open and higher ground, and the low whortle-berry is already thickly covered with the promise of coming fruit.

Such are some of the spring charms of Canadian woods, for all who have eyes to see, and ears to hear. And let us not bring this sketch to a close without a plea for our Canadian birds. We have a barbarous, youthful population of boys about all our towns and villages, who seem to think that the birds exist chiefly to supply them with "sport" in firing at them with any convenient missile, or robbing their nests in spring. It is hard to say whether this is worse for the poor birds, in loss of eggs or life, or for the boys in the hardening and coarsening influence it exerts on their moral nature, the nature which should be trained to love and sympathise with all God's creatures. But one thing is certain, that if rigid restrictions are not soon put on this ruthless exercise of boyish destructiveness, our woods will, ere long, be left pretty well stripped of the happy, *innocent* creatures which constitute one of their chief attractions. FIDELIS.

THE CHURCHES.

A BISHOP recently went to Del Rio, Texas, to dedicate a new church but found that a cyclone had blown it away.

PROFESSOR ROBERTSON SMITH, now Arabic professor at Oxford, continues to write articles for the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

THE Methodist Episcopal Conference at Philadelphia, and General Presbyterian Assemblies in the United States, have condemned the publication of Sunday newspapers.

DR. WILD, the prophetic seer of Bond street, preached last Sunday on Sir Richard Cartwright's political vision of an Anglo-Saxon Confederation. The seat of the coming Parliament is to be Jerusalem.

THE General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church, which met at Vicksburg, favours the omission from the Confession of Faith of the passage that forbids marriage with a deceased wife's sister.

BISHOP HENRY C. POTTER, of New York, proposes that every clergyman whose salary is \$3,000 or over shall contribute an annual percentage to increase the income of clergymen who receive less than \$1,000.

CANON ANSON, late of Woolwich, who recently visited the North-West, has been asked to accept the bishopric of Assiniboia. At the request of the Archbishop of Canterbury he has consented and is to be consecrated on the 24th inst.

THE recent dynamite explosions in London have called forth a strong denunciation from the Pope. Last Sunday a letter was read in the churches condemning the parties implicated in these inhuman plots, and threatening with excommunication the members of secret societies.

THE fiftieth birthday of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon is to be made the occasion of a handsome presentation to the well known Baptist preacher. Many of his admirers in America and England are subscribing liberally to the testimonial fund. Mr. Spurgeon's birthday is on the 19th inst.

IN the General Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, held at Baltimore, two bishops were accused of having ritualistic proclivities and holding the doctrine of apostolic succession. Such things, however, do not find favour with the Africans. A resolution condemning these tendencies was sustained by a vote of 127 to 11.

THERE is beginning to be less tolerance for the obtrusive parades of the Salvation Army. In several Canadian cities and towns there are complaints that in addition to their extravagant and objectionable methods, they are in the habit of disregarding the rights of others, and acting in some cases as if they wished to invite collision. The City Council of London, Ont., have passed a by-law prohibiting street parades.

THE venerable and worthy Bishop of the Diocese of Niagara has intimated that from his advanced age he is unable adequately to fulfil the duties of his office. He is prepared to accept a co-adjutor bishop, or to retire altogether, as may best suit the interests of the Church. The names of various probable successors have been mentioned, among them that of Canon Dumoulin, rector of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto.

THIS is the season when the churches hold their respective conferences. The various District Conferences of the Methodists have already been held. Last week the Western Baptist Union met at Brantford, and this week the Presbyterian General Assembly is sitting in Toronto. No question of general interest has come up for discussion in these annual gatherings. Most of the denominations report progress in the Christian efforts in which they are engaged.

THE various branches of Methodism in Canada have now been consolidated. In accordance with the spirit of the time they have realized the absurdity of keeping apart, and the importance of attaining organic unity. When the question of union was discussed, though strong feeling existed,

no insuperable obstacles obtruded. And now Methodism in Canada is one. The united Church has a promising future before it. Last Sunday special union services were held throughout the Dominion.

In the Methodist Episcopal Conference held lately in Philadelphia, the question of licensing women to preach and administer the sacraments gave rise to animated debate. A committee to whom the matter had been remitted reported unfavourably. An amendment was offered by which it was proposed to permit women to preach and exhort under the authority of the quarterly Conference. For the amendment 126 voted, while 222 voted for the acceptance of the report. The Episcopal Methodist is not a reactionary church, yet it decidedly hesitates to encourage women to become occupants of the pulpit.

THE lecture platform is not now so attractive as it was a few years ago. Then mediocre men were able to draw large audiences. We have changed all that. Only celebrities, or failing that, men who have genuine notoriety can obtain a hearing. Henry Ward Beecher wherever he went was certain to attract a crowd of listeners. Of late, however, even the popular preacher of Plymouth church is not regarded as the oracle he once was. His last visit to Toronto has, in the main, been disappointing. A large number of people assembled in the Horticultural Pavilion to hear his lecture on Evolution and Revolution, but correspondents to the daily press have been outspoken in their expression of dissatisfaction. The lecture had the misfortune of being meagrely and imperfectly reported. It is impossible to form anything like an adequate estimate of it from the ill-proportioned synopses that appeared in the papers the morning after its delivery. They seem at all events to indicate that Mr. Beecher and orthodoxy have parted company. Whatever semblance of theology he now proclaims appears to be evolved from his own inner consciousness. Is it worth while for a man to be a religious teacher if he has no positive religion to teach?

ASTERISK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LAST KICK.

To the Editor of *The Week* :

SIR,—I have read the whole of the very readable papers on the "Kicking Horse Pass and the Selkirks," by George Monro Grant, and I am of the opinion that he is greatly indebted to the various officials in the employ of the Government for the assistance rendered him in his very arduous, but perhaps none the less profitable and pleasurable, task in crossing the Rockies. And in his last, if not his last, paper he has endeavoured to render back his indebtedness with interest, in a manner that has given rise to a few thoughts here. He seems to forget that he has marred the whole of his progress by entering the debatable or forbidden ground. Doubtless the reverend gentleman will grant that such a question as he had touched upon in the closing of his last paper is looked upon from two different standpoints. And, perhaps, he has unwittingly forgotten that he has entered the debatable or forbidden ground by making the remarks as he has done on this Chinese question. But no doubt the gentleman believes in returning thanks for services given to him by kind friends. The Government contractors require and employ cheap Chinese labour, and in his estimation a few words on his part in a pending crisis may be of estimable value. Thus the value for value is given. The value and merits of the Chinese labourers are brought into the light and eulogized, and through these and the very arduous work undertaken and going on to its completion the Government and Government contractors are highly defended and commended. I hope the reverend gentleman will not get indignant if his wisdom or the purity of his motives are questioned, in tacking this very debatable question on to the end of his papers. It is the place and manner—"But I shall not touch upon the Chinese question" etc.—that call for these last remarks. Prior, he says: (dealing with the question to its widest extent) "Thousands of Chinamen are engaged on the grade, and more patient, sober, inoffensive, hard-working people, as a class, I have never seen. Instead of excluding white labour, they are Gibeonites needed to do the cheaper and more menial work that civilization demands. White men are needed as engineers, officials, overmen, timekeepers, mechanics, and for all kinds of rock work. Hence there are more whites in the Province now than ever there were before." I did not think Mr. Grant to be an Irishman.

The Government and Government contractors will doubtless say thanks to this compliment to their wisdom. But the coming civilization, in all its ramifications, will not say thanks to this estimate of character, neither will the thinking masses, in the industrial world, look upon his defence of the Government action just in the same light as he does. They are not indebted to the Government officials for services "efficiently" given, but rather it should be, especially in this Canada of ours, that the officials should be thankful to the people that they go so deep down into their pockets to maintain so many who are required to oversee the building of this road.

"Gibeonites?" Aye! If they were Swedes, or even Hungarians, or Italians one would have understood the application of this relationship of one to the other: here would be some hope of assimilation of these to the whole; of the marital relationship being kept up, and its surroundings of houses and families, and nationality of kin and interests. But the Chinese are alien; they are the "Celestial" people, with a superiority and interest their own. Their country, with their gods false and gods superior, pre-eminently above what we can offer, with the exception of our gold—the great idol that brings them to this continent. I have other thoughts, but I must close by giving the inference drawn; it is: "No white labourers need apply." They are too civilized for the grievous burdens to be borne in such an undertaking as to make the "Kicking Horse Pass and the Selkirks" a highway for "soulless commerce" to pass over.

35 Ewing Avenue.

Yours, W. H. STEVENS.

"BREWER" AND PROHIBITION.

To the Editor of *The Week* :

SIR,—In your last two issues we have been favoured with two letters signed "Brewer," purporting to be on the question of prohibition and compensation. I have

read them, and, to say the truth, think the question of compensation was thrown aside after the opening sentences of the first letter, and that in the second the only question considered is prohibition. Now I have little to say against compensation. I believe it to be a correct principle; but with regard to prohibition, I fail to see it in that light, and hope to show some reasons for believing that your correspondent is mistaken in his ideas.

Division of labour, if I read aright, is one of the causes which keep people employed all the time. Now I thought division of labour was one of the causes which led to less people being employed, that is, if the same people adhered to a trade after the introduction of this, they would have less to do; in other words, could have more spare time, less work-time, and they would not be employed all the time. As "Brewer" makes no allusion to anything but beer in his letters, and his name tends to cause the belief that he means beer, apart from whiskey, I will consider the question in that light. Looking forward to what non-prohibition may bring before us, it struck me that in what we consider the national type of Dutchmen we have what will be the consequence of unrestricted beer-drinking. That type is generally represented to us as a great, idolent, pot-bellied man. And this size, bloatedness, indolence etc., are I think, the direct consequences of an unrestrained appetite for beer. Not that I think all pot-bellied men are beer-drinkers, but that most heavy beer-drinkers are or are inclined to be bloated and correspondingly indolent. What we see in Germany, it may be claimed, is not common here. But no one knows better than "Brewer" that beer-drinking is on the increase, and if it be not restrained by law or home training I can see no reason why we should not, in the future, see the same characteristics more common as the drinking habit becomes more extended.

Our attention is drawn by your correspondent to what will be the outcome of the prohibiting of his traffic. He sees in its enormous size what has brought about the prohibition cry, and what he uses as an argument against its abolition. He pretends to see difficulties which any one but an infatuated prohibitionist can see. But we all know how any bold stroke for national improvement either in morals or in trade has been met. Is this a movement for national benefit? Let us look at it. Beer-drinking if kept in moderate limits has few opponents; beer-drinking to satisfy a natural appetite, as at table, is not obnoxious; but when houses are built at every corner to cater to a craving, then we have a right to fear. To use beer as a luxury, as a common luxury like tea, would not be bad; but to make it the aim of one's days to get it is a vice. To show it more forcibly: no one objects to a man getting married, but all object to his becoming a polygamist or worse, and we know how all the world is interested in putting down polygamy. Why not the same with beer? Either is a perversion of nature, only one is more common.

This is a strife in which many look only to the moral side; your correspondent would have us view it from another standpoint—that of trade. I think his reasoning as to the moral side, slight as it has been, is of the smallest value. He refers to the marriage feast at Cana; but he wisely forgets that lesson, "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off." Has the traffic, of which he is an upholder, not shown itself offensive, very offensive, unbearably offensive? We know it has in many places. There is not one among us who cannot bear testimony as to that point, either strong or weak. I will not argue what all know; but let us turn to his selected ground, the competition, keen and cutting, which it will cause, the influence, evil, he says, which it will exert over every artisan. I dare say he will extend the application to every one who inhabits this country.

Well let us see the claims that an army of men will be thrown out of employment, an army who must have work, and who will lower wages in all trades. We are not told whether this complication will be lasting, or die away in a few years, but we are left to think it will be lasting. I am certain that this will not be a consequence. When the spinning-jenny was discovered, men went mad with fear that they should starve, but all were fed; and do we feel any ill effects? Do the cotton workers? I think not. Will, then, the cessation of this traffic cause worse troubles? Why should it? To do so, either a proportionately greater number of men will have to be thrown out of employment, or they will have less market for their labour. Can it for a moment be thought that England is a more extensive labour mart than Canada—Canada which is calling and coaxing labourers to her shores? I fancy not. Then there must be a proportionately much greater number, for the above reason thrown idle. In the narrow circumference of the cotton centres, and the traffic in beer established everywhere, the proportion fails, dwindles away, and I am persuaded that "Brewer's" fears will do the same when the time comes. I have named the invention of the spinning-jenny and its accompanying crisis. No one will have trouble in thinking of a dozen other examples.

TEMPERANCE.

AT THE GALLERY: A PICTURE'S COMPLAINT.

I HAVE hung here from morning to night,
To be criticized, laughed at and scorned;
I am "skied" to the very worst light,
Though my title is "Art Unadorned."
On my right is a terrible "sketch,"
Such a nightmare of purple and green,
On my left is a red-coated wretch,
Marked "An A.-D.-C. to the Queen."

Some say my "lights are too high"—
I should think my location is too—
But I shall come down by and by,
When bought for a hundred or two;
They say my perspective is bad
And my "treatment most dreadfully weak";
'Tis shameful, I say, I've waited long,
So now I am going to speak.

D. J. MAC.

"THE MAN IN THE PARK."

ARGUMENT.—Lo! Summer is here, and the voice of the Park-preacher is heard in the Land.

WHEN the whispering tones of a Sabbath-kiss'd breeze
Sigh, with musical cadence, "midst summer crown'd trees,"
When the rays of blest Sunshine, and Nature's own voice,
Bid the trance-risen landscape, in beauty, rejoice,
When the azure resounds with the notes of the lark,
O! 'tis then that we gaze on "The man in the park."

Ah! "The man in the park," Sirs; blest creature is he,
From the frailties of mortals he's perfectly free,
He's an alien, true, in the realm of success,
And a failure in life, though he sneers none the less
At all wealth (yet a sail in prosperity's bark
Would uncommonly tickle "The man in the park").

He can smash up agnostics with thundering knocks,
Or, with mis-applied logic, be heterodox;
And can spout—though his nose be suspiciously red—
On the Temperance work, till his hearers have fled;
For to argue black's white, and to swear light is dark,
Is the undenied right of "The man in the park."

He blackguards the parsons, from first unto last,
With small hope for their future, less respect for their past:
They are wastrels who drink the sweet wines of the lees
And are less interested in souls than in fees,
Thus, in bile, be he navvy, mechanic, or clerk,
He's "agin" Mother church, is "The man in the park."

We thought him erratic, but esteem'd him sincere,
In his howlings on "Faith," and his strictures on beer;
But one day, as we travers'd a Don-watered vale
We beheld "Black Maria," on her way to the gaol,
And the rogue who peep'd out thro' the bars of "The Ark"
Was that stumbler from grace yecept "The man in the park."

Yet we like him, the scamp, and his overworked tongue,
Though the force of his logic ne'er equals his lung,
We admire so the man who can shame a bassoon,
Who can discount, in antics, a circus buffoon,
And we tender our thanks (Heav'n assoilzie the mark)
To the "idjut" who's known as "The man in the park."

HEREWARD K. COCKIN.

THE ADVENTURES OF A WIDOW.

By EDGAR FAWCETT, author of "A Gentleman of Leisure," "A Hopeless Case,"
"An Ambitious Woman," "Finking Cymbals," etc.

XIV.—Continued.

But here Pauline paused, for a servant entered with a card. She glanced at the card, and made an actually doleful grimace.

"Mr. Leander Prawle is here," she said to her visitor.
"Mr. Barrowe gave a start. "In that case I must go," he said. "I once spoke ill of that young gentleman's most revered poem, and since then he has never deigned to notice me."

"But you will not forget the dinner, and what is to follow," said Pauline, as she shook hands.

"No," Mr. Barrowe protested. "If you cleave my heart in twain I shall try to live the better with the other half of it."

"I should not like to cleave it in twain," said Pauline. "It is too capable and healthy a heart for that. I should only try to make it beat with more temperate strokes. . . *Au revoir*, then. If you should meet Mr. Prawle outside, tell him that you are sorry."

"Sorry? But his poem was abominable?"

"All the more reason for you to be magnanimously sorry. . . Ah, here he is!"

Here Mr. Leander Prawle indeed was, but as he entered the room Mr. Barrowe slipped past him, and with a suddenness that almost prevented his identification on the part of the new-comer. . .

"Mrs. Varick," exclaimed Leander Prawle, while he pressed the hand of his hostess. "I came here because duty prompted me to come."

"I hope pleasure had a little to do with the matter, Mr. Prawle," said Pauline, while indicating a lounge on which they were both presently seated.

Mr. Prawle looked just as pale as when Pauline had last seen him, just as dark-haired, and just as dark-eyed; but the ironical fatigue had somehow left his visage; there was a totally new expression there.

"I suppose," he began, with his black eyes very fixedly directed upon Pauline's face, "that you have heard of the . . . the *Morning Monitor's* outrageous. . ."

"Yes, Mr. Prawle," Pauline broke in. "I have heard all about it."

"And it has pained you beyond expression!" murmured the young poet. "It must have done so!"

"Naturally," replied Pauline.

"It. . . it has made *me* suffer!" asserted the new visitor, laying one slim white hand upon the region of his heart.

"Really?" was the answer. "That is very nice and sympathetic of you."

Mr. Prawle regarded her with an unrelaxed and very fervid scrutiny. He now spoke in lowered and emotional tones, leaning toward his hearer so that his slender body made quite an exaggerated curve.

"My whole soul," he said, "is brimming with sympathy!"

Pauline conquered her amazement at this entirely unforeseen outburst. "Thanks very much," she returned. "Sympathy is always a pleasant thing to receive."

Mr. Prawle, still describing his physical curve, gave a great sigh. "Oh, Mrs. Varick," he murmured, "I should like to kill the man who wrote that horrible article!"

"Suppose it were a woman," said Pauline.

"Then I should like to kill the woman! . . . Mrs. Varick, will you pardon me if I read you . . . a few lines which indignation com. . . —yes, combined with reverence—actual reverence—inspired me to write after reading those disgraceful statements? The lines are—are addressed to yourself. With—with your permission I—I will draw them forth."

Mr. Prawle, however, now drew forth the manuscript to which he had thus rather agitatedly referred, without any permission on Pauline's part. His long pale fingers underwent a distinct tremor as he unrolled a large crackling sheet of foolscap. And then, when all, so to speak, was ready, he swept his dark eyes over Pauline's attentive countenance. "Have I your permission?" he falteringly enquired.

"It is granted, certainly, Mr. Prawle."

After a slight pause, and in a tone of sepulchral monotonous quality, the young gentleman read these lines:

*White soul, what impious voice hath dared to blame
With virulent slander thine unsullied life?
Methinks that now the very stars should blush
In their chaste silver stateliness aloft!
Methinks the immaculate lilies should droop low
For very shame at this coarse obloquy,
The unquarried marble of Pentelicus
Deny its hue of snow, and even the dawn
Forget her stainless birthright for thy sake!
Curséd the hand that wrote of thee such wrong;
Curséd the pen such hand hath basely clasped;
Curséd the actual ink whose. . ."*

"My dear Mr. Prawle!" exclaimed Pauline, at this point; "I must beg you not to make me the cause of so terrible a curse! Indeed, I cannot sanction it. I must ask you to read no more."

She was wholly serious. She forgot to look upon the humorous side of Mr. Prawle's action; his poem, so-called, addressed her jarred nerves and wounded spirit as a piece of aggravating impudence. The whole event of his visit seemed like a final jeer from the sarcastic episode recently ended.

He regarded her, now, with a sorrowful astonishment. "You—you wish me to read no more!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, if you please," said Pauline, controlling her impatience as best she could.

"But I—I wrote it especially for you!" he proceeded. "I have put my soul into it! I consider it in many ways the most perfect thing that I have ever done. I intended to include it in my forthcoming volume, "*Moonbeams and Mountain-Peaks*," under the title of "Her Vindication." Even the grossly material poetic mind of Arthur Trevor, to whom I read it a few hours ago, admitted its sublimity, its spirituality!"

"I will admit both, also," said Pauline, whose mood grew less and less tolerant of this self-poised fatuity. "Only, I must add, Mr. Prawle, that it would have been better taste for you to have left this exasperating affair untouched by your somewhat saintly muse. And I shall furthermore request that you do not include the lines in your '*Moonbeams and Hill-Tops*,' or—"

"Mountain-Peaks!" corrected Mr. Prawle, rising with a visible shudder. "Oh, Mrs. Varick," he went on, "I see with great pain that you are a most haughty and ungenerous lady! You—you have smitten me with a fearful disappointment! I came here brimming with the loftiest human sympathy! I believed that to-day would be a turning-point in my existence. I confidently trusted that after hearing my poem there would be no further obstacle in my career of greatness!"

Pauline now slowly left her seat. Unhappy as she was, there could be no resisting such magnificent opportunities of amusement as were now presented to her.

"Your career of greatness?" she quietly repeated. "Did I hear you properly, Mr. Prawle?"

Her guest was re-folding his manuscript with an aggrieved and perturbed air. As he put the paper within a breast-pocket he rolled his dark eyes toward Pauline with infinite solemnity.

"You doubt, then," he exclaimed, "that I am born to be great—supremely great? Ah, there is no need for me to put that question, now! I had thought otherwise before. . . when you smiled upon me, when you seemed to have read my poems, to be familiar with my growing fame!"

"You mistake," said Pauline. "I never meant to show you that I had read your poems. If I smiled upon you, Mr. Prawle, it was from courtesy only."

"Horrible!" ejaculated the young poet. He clasped his hands together in a somewhat theatrically despairing way, and for an instant lowered his head. "I—I thought that you were prepared to endorse, to

assist my genius!" he soon proceeded, levelling a look of supreme appeal at Pauline. "I thought that you had separated my poetic veracity from the sham of Trevor and Corson! I—I thought Mrs. Varick, that in you I had found a true worshipper!"

Pauline was at last amused. "I usually reserve my worship for divinities, Mr. Prawle," she said, "and I have found but a few of these in all the history of literature."

"I see!" cried her companion, "you mean that I am *not* a genius!"

I did not say so. But you have given me no proof of it."

"No proof it! What was the poem I have just read?"

"It was . . . well, it was resonant. But I objected to it, as I have told you, on personal grounds." As she went on, Pauline tried to deal with a rather insubordinate smile of keen, sarcastic enjoyment. "So you really think," she continued, "that you possess absolute genius?"

"I am certain of it!" cried Mr. Prawle.

"That is a very pleasant mental condition."

"Do you doubt it? . . . Ah! I see but too plainly that you do!"

"Frankly," said Pauline, "I do."

Mr. Prawle flung both his hands toward the ceiling. "It is Kindelon's work!" he cried, with an effect of very plaintive lamentation. "Kindelon is among those who yet oppose me!"

"Mr. Kindelon is not responsible for my opinions," said Pauline. "However, you probably have other opponents?"

"Their name is legion! But why should I care? Do you join their ranks? . . . Well, Shelley almost died because of being misunderstood! I had hoped that you would assist me in—yes, in the publication of my book of poems, Mrs. Varick. I do not mean that I wrote to you, for this reason, the poem which you have just refused to hear me read. Far from it! I only mean that I have cherished the idea of securing in you a patron. Yes, a patron! I am without means to bring forth *Moonbeams and Mountain-Peaks*. And I had hoped that after hearing me read what I have already told you is my most nobly able creation, you would . . . consent, as a lover of art, of genius, of . . ."

"I understand," said Pauline. "You wish me to assist you in the publication of your volume." She was smiling, though a trifle wearily. "Well, Mr. Prawle I will do it."

"You will do it!"

"Yes. You shall have whatever cheque you write me for . . ." She approached Prawle and laid her hand upon his arm. "But you must promise me to destroy 'Her Vindication'—not even to think of publishing it. Do you?"

"Yes . . . if you insist."

"I do insist . . . Well, as I said, write to me for the amount required."

Prawle momentarily smiled, as if from extreme gratitude. And then the smile abruptly faded from his pale face. "I will promise!" he declared. "But . . . oh, it is so horrible to think that you help me from no real appreciation of my great gifts—that you do so only from *charity*!"

"Charity is not by any means a despicable virtue."

"From a great millionaire to a poor poet—yes! The poet has a sensitive soul! He wants to be loved for his verses, for his inspiration, if he is a true poet like myself!"

"And you believe yourself a true poet, Mr. Prawle?"

"I?"

It is impossible to pourtray the majesty of Mr. Prawle's monosyllabic pronoun. "If I am not great," he enunciated, slowly, "then no one *has* been or ever *will* be great! I have a divine mission. A truly and positively divine mission."

Pauline gave a little inscrutable nod. "A divine mission is a very nice thing to have. I hope you will execute it."

"I *shall* execute it!" cried Mr. Prawle. "All the poets, on every side of me, are singing about The Past. I, and I alone, sing of The Future. I set evolution to music . . . what other poet has done that? I wrest from Buckle, Spencer, Tyndall, Huxley—from all the grand modern thinkers, in fact—their poetic and yet rationalistic elements! If you had heard my poem to yourself *through*—if you had had the patience, I—I may add, the kindness, to hear it through, you would have seen that my terminus was in accord with the prevailing theories of Herbert Spencer's noble philosophy . . ."

"Shall I ever cling to or love Herbert Spencer again?" thought Pauline, "when I see him made the shibboleth of such intellectual charlatans as this?"

"In accord," continued Mr. Prawle, "with everything that is progressive and unbogoted. I finished with an allusion to the Religion of Humanity. I usually do, in all my poems. That is what makes them so unique, so incomparable!"

Pauline held out her hand in distinct token of farewell.

"Belief in one's self is a very saving quality," she said. "I congratulate you upon it."

Mr. Prawle shrank offendedly toward the door. "You dismiss me!" he burst forth. "After I have bared my inmost soul to you, you *dismiss* me!"

Pauline tossed her head, either from irritation or semi-diversion. "Ah, you take too much for granted!" she said, withdrawing her hand.

Mr. Prawle had raised himself to his full height. "I refuse your assistance!" he ejaculated. "You offer it as you would offer it to a pensioner—a beggar! And you—you, have assumed the right of entertaining and fostering literary talent! I scarcely addressed you at your last reception . . . I *waited*. I supposed that in spite of Kindelon's known enmity, some of your guests must have told you how immense were my deserts—how they transcended the morbid horrors of Rufus Corson and the glaring superficialities of Arthur Trevor. But I discover, plainly

enough, that you are impervious to all intellectual greatness of claim. I will accept *no* aid from you!—none whatever! But one day, when the name of Leander Prawle is a shining and a regnant one, you will perhaps remember how miserably you failed to value his merits, and shrink with shame at the thought of your own pitiable misjudgment!" . . .

"Thank Heaven that monstrosity of literary vanity has removed itself!" thought Pauline, a little later, when Leander Prawle had been heard very decisively to close the outer hall-door. "And now I must dwell no longer on trifles—I must concern myself with far weightier matters."

This coming marriage to Kindelon on the morrow seemed to her fraught with untold incentive for reflection. "But I will not reflect," she soon determined. "I will at once try to see Mrs. Dares, and let her reflect for me. She is so wise, so capable, so admirable! I have consented because I love! Let her, if she shall so decide, dissuade me because of experiences weightier than even my own past bitter ones!"

The hour of her resolved visit to Mrs. Dares had now arrived. In a certain way she congratulated herself upon the distracting tendency of both Mr. Barrowe's and Mr. Prawle's visits. "They have prevented me," she mused, "from dwelling too much upon my own unhappy situation. Mr. Barrowe is a very sensible fool, and Mr. Prawle is a very foolish fool. They are both, in their way, taunting and satiric radiations from the dying bonfire of my own rash ambition. They are both reminders to me that I, after all, am the greatest and most conspicuous fool. Some other woman, more sensible and clever than I, will perhaps seek to establish in New York a social movement where intellect and education are held above the last Anglo-Saxon coaching-drive to Central Park, or the last vulgarly-select *cotillon* at Delmonico's. But it will be decades hence. I don't know how many . . . but it will be decades . . . All is over, now. I face a new life; I have ended with my *salon*. Only one result has come of it—Ralph Kindelon. Thank Heaven, he is a substantial result, though all the rest are shadow and illusion!"

Pauline soon afterwards started on foot for the residence of Mrs. Dares. It was nearly dusk. She had determined to set before this good and trusted woman every detail of her present discomfort, and while confessing her matrimonial promise as regarded the marriage with Kindelon on the morrow, to exhort counsel, advice, guidance, justification. Being a woman, and having made up her mind, justification may have been the chief stimulus of her devout pilgrimage.

The great bustling city was in shadow as she rang the bell at Mrs. Dares's residence.

A strange, ominous, miserable fear was upon her while she did so. She could not account for it; she strove to shake it off. She remembered her own reflections: "All is over now. I face a new life!"

But she could not dismiss the brooding dread while she waited the answer of her summons at Mrs. Dares's door.

(To be continued.)

THE SCRAP BOOK.

HISTORY OF A POOR FELLAH FAMILY.

HASSAN was not always as poor as he is now. When his father died some twenty years ago the family possessed twenty-five acres of good land, with all that was necessary to cultivate them, and lived in a large house with a stable, in which were a pair of buffaloes and a donkey. He and two of his married brothers remained united under the authority of the eldest one, and for a time things went well with them—especially during the American War, when cotton was in great demand and brought unheard of prices. Grain, too, was pretty high in price, and the members of the household who were not required for the cultivation of the paternal acres made good day wages in a neighbouring cotton plantation belonging to the Omdeh. Hassan, who was then a mere boy, earned during the cotton-picking season as much as two and a-half piastres a day, and put his earnings into the common family purse. At eighteen he married Fatima, and already the tide of fortune had begun to turn. The price of cotton, which was by far the most profitable crop, had fallen to less than a half, and the Government took to demanding the payment of the taxes a year or two in advance. In these circumstances it was impossible to make the two ends meet. A Greek, who had settled as a little shop-keeper in the village, came to the rescue of the distressed family by lending them money to pay the taxes, but the relief was only momentary and created an additional burden, for in a few months the tax-gatherer demanded more money, and the Greek insisted on the payment not only of the money which he had lent, but also of as much again by way of interest. There was no more money in the family purse, so the *bastinado* was applied, but without effect, and things looked very black indeed, till the Greek money-lender proposed to buy the standing crops. By dint of long and laborious bargaining he was induced to raise his first offer to about two-thirds of the real value, and the money thus obtained was spent, after deducting part of the usurer's claim, in paying the taxes; but as the debt could not be entirely paid off, and the tax-gatherer soon returned, the difficulties began afresh. The *bastinado* was again called in, and applied vigorously till the soles of the eldest brother's feet were so swollen and lacerated that he could not walk, but it extracted from him merely solemn asseverations that he had not a piastre more to give. This time remedy was found in the sale of the buffaloes, the donkey, and part of the household goods, and a few weeks of tranquillity were thereby secured, but in the long run the remedy only aggravated the evil, for the family, having no longer the cattle

required for cultivating the land, was less able than before to meet the tax-gatherer's demands. The village sheikh, however, who was in a vague, informal way, held responsible for the deficit, suspected now that there was money concealed somewhere in or near the house, and in order to discover the hidden treasure, he used his ordinary divining-rod, the bastinado. For a long time the instrument did not prove efficacious, but when all the brothers had repeatedly undergone severe castigations, and the sheikh hinted at the necessity of applying his divining-rod to some of the female members of the family, a small bag of gold, which had been buried many years before, came to light. As it barely sufficed to pay all the arrears of taxation, the still outstanding claim of the Greek usurer, and the exactions of the collector, and as new instalments of taxation were falling due, the divining-rod was again employed in the hope that some more hidden treasure might be discovered, but this time all efforts were fruitless, because the poor people had really not another piastre in their possession, and starvation was staring them in the face. Reduced to despair, the eldest brother, Ahmet, one evening announced to the family circle that he was determined to leave the village and seek his fortune in some other part of the country. As a better alternative Hassan naively suggested that the acres which they had inherited from their father should be sold. "And who, you fool," asked the head of the family, "would consent to buy them, or even take them as a gift; they cannot yield now the amount required for the taxes. Why should one labour only for the tax-gatherer, and himself die of starvation." The question was unanswerable, and all manner of supplications failed to move Ahmet in his decision. Early one morning he left the village with his wife and family, and went no one knew whither, and not long afterwards the second brother followed his example. If it was difficult for four brothers, working together, to keep their heads above water, it was of course much more difficult for two, who had no longer any live stock or capital. What made their positions worse was that they were officially considered to be four, and consequently they had much more than their fair share of unpaid labour on the public works. Finding that they were sinking deeper and deeper into difficulties they abandoned the family property and the old house to the creditors, and Hassan, separating himself from his brother, built for himself the little hut in which we have just seen him. He says that the taxation is now lightened, and that if he had land and cattle of his own he could support himself and pay his taxes regularly; but he has no money wherewith to buy land or cattle, and he has not even credit enough to rent land directly from the administration of the State Domains, which has a large estate in the neighbourhood. When he ventured once to apply to one of the officers of the Domains administration, he was asked what security he could give for the payment of the rent, and as he had none to offer, his application was refused. His only means of gaining a livelihood, therefore, is to associate himself with one of his richer neighbours, who rents a large parcel of Domain lands and sub-lets to him as many acres as he can cultivate, furnishing him with the necessary cattle, implements, and seed. In return the neighbour takes three-fourths of the harvest, and Hassan gets for himself the remaining fourth, from which is deducted, of course, any grain which he may have received in advance for his immediate wants before harvest time.

—*Egypt and the Egyptian Question*, by D. Mackenzie Wallace.

HOW TO WASH COLOURED LACE.

COLOURED silk lace being now so much worn, it is worth while to know how to wash it without fear of injury. First, soak it for an hour in cold soft water, with a teaspoonful of salt to each pint, then wash it in a warm lather of soap and water. "White curd" or "white Windsor" is the best soap for this purpose; and if soft water is not available, borax must be added to the lather. The lace should be squeezed through this several times until clean, and allowed to remain in it for a time. It will then need a final rinsing in clean warm water without soap, salt being added, as at first. Old gold especially, after this treatment, will look almost like new; and in any case, though necessarily somewhat lighter in shade than when bought, it will be uniformly lighter, without that objectionable patchy appearance which one sometimes sees in lace either carelessly washed or imperfectly dyed. If it should be required stiffened a little, a rinse in weak gum water or sugar water will suffice. It must be squeezed as dry as possible, and ironed on the wrong side, between the folds of a clean cloth.

KEL Tom! Kel Tom! as the French lady murmured one day as we jointly sought the shelter of the Passage Jouffroy from an "averse" which swept the streets of Paris as effectually as the cannon of the Man of September when he brought out his new and original koo de tar. Kel Tom! Why it's the kellest Tom we've had for years. These sudden changes from sunstroke to chilblains, from whiskey hot with a little lemon to iced water, from white waistcoats to lined ulsters warranted all wool and shrunk, from a Florence sky to a Sheffield one, from "Kel shaloor, mon Dew!" to "Es ist schrecklich Kalt!" from "Rumbo!" to "Multee Ker-teever"—these sudden changes in temperature, clothing, and foreign languages are, I repeat, most dangerous. And who is to blame? The Government. It is to the vacillating policy of Mr. Gladstone's Government that we owe these remarkable changes in the weather. If Lord Randolph and Colonel Burnaby cannot convince the Conservative electors of Birmingham of that, I shall think them duffers. If the Tories are wise they will force the Ministers to go to the country on the weather. If the weather would only go the country itself and leave London alone I would return to town at once and pay my long-promised visit to the Health Exhibition and the Royal Academy, and to-day (Saturday) the "shaloor" is on again. Oh, Kel Tom!—"Dagonet," in the *Referee*.

THE PERIODICALS.

THE *Canadian Methodist Magazine* for June has an excellent article by the editor on "English Cathedrals," illustrated by cuts of Peterborough, Norwich, Wells, Hereford, Salisbury, and Bristol cathedrals. Lady Brassey continues her voyage "Around the World in the Sunbeam," and the other principal contents are "The Obligation of the great Communion," "The United Empire Loyalists," "How Methodism came to Texas," "At Lucerne and up the Rigi," "The Water street Mission," "A Centennial Retrospect," etc.

THE *English Illustrated Magazine* for this month has for a frontispiece an excellent portrait of Mrs. Siddons. Though the papers are much more suited for English than Canadian reading, those on "Drawing-Room Dances," "The Author of Beltraffio," and "Two Centuries of Bath," are of more general interest and will well repay perusal. George du Maurier has a very good picture, "Der Tod als Freund," illustrative of a poem, also his. The illustrations accompanying the article on dancing are exceedingly interesting as well as of high artistic merit. The same remark applies to the engravings in the paper entitled "An Unsentimental Journey through Cornwall," which, especially to those who know the charming localities described, is full of good reading. The magazine is a marvel of cheapness.

THE *Magazine of American History* maintains its high excellence. The June number is prefaced by a beautiful steel engraving of George Washington taken from an original portrait. The articles are: "Defences of Narraganset, Rhode Island," an exhaustive paper by Major-General Geo. W. Cullum; "Discovery of the Yellowstone National Park," by P. Koch; "The Sharpless Portrait of Washington," by Walton W. Evans; "The Rise of a Mechanical Ideal," by Chas. H. Fitch; "A Dinner with General Scott in 1861," by General Charles P. Stone; "Original Documents," chapter ix. of the series; "Two Unpublished Lafayette Letters," from Henry E. Pierrepont; and editorial "Notes." This number completes vol. xi.

THE May number of *Le Livre* is rich in artistic and literary merit. Accompanying an article on Jean Jacques Rousseau by R. Chantelause, are beautiful portraits of Rousseau and Thérèse le Vasseur—the former "d'après une Eau-forte de Naudet," the latter "d'après une Sépia de Naudet." M. Chantelause dwells upon the long liason (of thirty-five years) of Rousseau with the vulgar woman Le Vasseur as one of the most inexplicable events in his career. Ph. van der Haeghen is the writer of the opening essay, "La Bibliothèque de Marie, Antoinette," and Mm. Eugene Forgues and B.-H.-G. de Saint Herage each contribute papers, the former on "Cabinets de Travail et Bibliothèques des Hommes du Jour," and the latter on "La Bibliothèque du Sénat." The editor's "chronicle" is always good reading, and concludes the first part. In the second part—"Bibliographie Moderne"—are several able contributions on subjects of the hour.

BOOK NOTICES.

IRELAND AFTER THE LAND ACTS.

THE following extract from an English contemporary is of considerable present interest:—"A new book, not large, and readable from cover to cover, every page being bright, clear, and genial—has been published by Stanford, entitled "Gleanings in Ireland after the Land Acts," by W. H. (Bullock) Hall, whom everybody knew as the accomplished Commissioner of the *Daily News* French Peasant Relief Fund. Mr. Hall has the advantage of intimate association with the peasantry of Italy, and of Russian, Prussian, and Austrian Poland, of France, and of other countries, during periods of effervescence in some respects not dissimilar to the Irish complication. In addition to these unusual qualifications, Mr. Hall has since had a wide experience in land-owning in several English counties where he has displayed a judgment and solicitude for the welfare of his tenantry, of infinite device and incomparable consideration for their comfort, self-action, and progress, of which his large estate at Six Mile Bottom, near Newmarket, is an example. What state of things such a writer found, and what he thought, is a real contribution to the Irish question.

"One passage answers the question put in these columns lately. Mr. Hall says: 'Of all the countries I have ever visited, I consider Ireland the least fitted for successful potato culture, in consequence of the excessive rainfall and the humidity of the atmosphere. It is really, in the absence of any kind of manufacturing industry, a country in every way unsuited to support even a moderately dense population on any diet whatever. On the other hand, Ireland is eminently suited to maintain infinite herds of cattle, producing, as it will, fodder sufficient to keep them alive for the first eighteen months of their existence. The great advantage Ireland possesses is in the climate permitting the cattle to remain out all winter. Breeding and butter-making are, in fact, the only real profitable businesses now possible in the south and west of Ireland, and it argues a strange want of perception of facts on the part of the so-called National leaders to preach the opposite doctrine, advocating breaking up of pasture and arable farming.' Mr. Hall agrees with Professor Goldwin Smith, who was the first writer to point out that the Irish Celt is not essentially a farmer. Out of 600,000 occupiers in Ireland only 36,000 cultivate holdings of £50 or over. Mr. Hall adds to the value of his book by a map in two colours, divided by a line drawn from Skibbereen to the Londonderry corner of Donegal, separating the parts of comparative prosperity from those of chronic distress. This arrangement is of great advantage to the student of the Irish question, since it enables him to localize arguments in debate."

EOS: A PRAIRIE DREAM, AND OTHER POEMS. By Nicholas Flood Davin. Ottawa: Citizen Printing and Publishing Company.

MR. DAVIN'S aim in writing his "Prairie Dream" was "to strike a true and high note in Canadian politics and literature, a note above and beyond anything to be found in or beneath the din of party strife." In the pursuit of this object he sometimes disdains the ordinary laws of versification, with a freedom which perhaps becomes the denizen of the prairie. His very first line, which ends, as several of his lines do, with a preposition, will, it is to be feared, be to the critical martinet a rock of offence at the threshold. Some of the lines can be made to scan only by a *tour de force* of pronunciation. But has it not been said of Shakespeare that "he walked through the rules of dramatic composition with astonishing tranquillity whenever it seemed him good?" The soul which is great enough to swallow technicalities will find that "Eos" and its companions are devoid neither of the spirit nor of the language of poetry. The language indeed is sometimes very rich and picturesque. The main idea, that of making the morning in its course round the world, from east to west, show the series of successive civilizations, is also undeniably happy. We select these lines on Quebec partly on account of their subject:

We pass'd that city hoar
Which wears an old face in a world all new,
From whose high plain and storied citadel
Wolfe's glory streams for ever, and we mark'd
How the broad river roll'd along, hemmed in
With wooded shores, the land and water all
One mighty blaze of ruby sun-lit mist,
Far burning wood, and sheets of silver fire.
A shade of thought passed like a cloudlet o'er
Her face, and like a summer cloudlet went.
"Lo! there," she said, "a piece of French antique
'Gainst which the waves of time, its blasts and storms
Would seem to break in vain. They cling down there—
Is't strange?—to glories and traditions old
Of other lands and of long vanished years,
And while they live beneath one rule they own
The civilization of another not
In harmony therewith; nor can they cease
To look beyond the sea until that day,
Far off, which impulse new will give and bind
The heart's affections round the land they till,
Their mother then, no nursing substitute
For one long leagues away. They have the force,
They have the genius of a mighty race;
Poets and thinkers, statesmen eloquent;
Their peasants gentle, virtuous folk; but lost
Are many winning graces of the Gaul
At home. Old wine is pent in bottles new;
You see the same thing farther west in those
Blind egotists who damn in others what
They do themselves—the merest slaves of cant,
Of what has been—incapable of deeds
Strong-limbed and bold, such as are born of thought
And will. But there shall come a race in which
This Gallic stream will play a noble part,
A race which, gathering strength from diverse founts,
Will—a majestic river—onward flow
Full-volumed, vast, its guide its proper bent,
And take its characters and hues from all
That makes the present great—rolling along
A crowded avenue of wealth and power."

Our readers will not have failed to notice that the roughness and other defects of Mr. Davin's style display themselves in this extract as well as its better characteristics. He will have to whip his Pegasus into the traces if he means to take an abiding place among Canadian poets. For some of his irregularities he may perhaps plead the example of Milton; but Milton was Milton, and he wrote more than two centuries ago.

HISTORY OF FRANCE. By M. Guizot. Translated by Robert Black. Vol. I. New York: John B. Alden.

THIS best popular history of France, by one of her most brilliant writers, is now for the first time published complete in America by Mr. Alden. It will spread over eight volumes, and as they will be published at the extremely low price of 75c. per volume, it will be within the reach of all. As the publisher says in the announcement, "The present edition is unabridged, and includes the really superb illustrations of the English edition; and its convenience of form, for reading and the library shelves, is superior to any other edition published. My first announcement was planned to include only 100 illustrations, but I found it so difficult to select, or rather to omit, that I was compelled to yield to the temptation to include the *more than four hundred original pictures.*" Guizot, the minister-historian—the advocate of and devout believer in constitutional monarchy—writes with a fire and enthusiasm that ensures the attention of his readers to the end, and might well induce the thought that romance, not history, was being read. For such a writer, what more inviting subject than the history of France?—"France, the home of Chevalier Bayard, and the great Napoleon; of Joan of Arc, and Lafayette; of the Huguenots, and the execrable monsters of St. Bartholomew's Day; of Voltaire, and Bossuet, of Fenelon, Racine, and St. Pierre."

HAND-BOOK OF AMERICAN AUTHORS. By Oscar Fay Adams. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

THIS is a really admirable little reference-book. It has no pretensions to supplant more exhaustive works, but attempts, by a clever system of condensation, to give all the substantial facts pertaining to each name, and this, in such compact form that the book may easily be carried in the pocket. The author has, nevertheless, contrived to give information concerning fifteen hundred authors.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE ORIGIN OF CHURCH MUSIC.

FROM the earliest times music in some shape or form has always taken a place of greater or lesser importance in the religious services of the people. Thus we read of the songs and singing in the Jewish Temple service, and that great importance was attached to this accessory to their religious services is evidenced by the fact that the larger portion of the tribe of Levi was set apart and consecrated to the musical service of the Temple. But music as we understand it, *i.e.*, as an Art, based upon scientific principles, was quite unknown to the ancients. We gather from old Greek writers that the music of the Hebrew Temple worship was mainly vocal; and although the Bible frequently speaks of the trumpets, flutes, shawms, sackbuts, psaltrys, harps, and other rude musical instruments, it must be remembered that most of these were incapable of producing any modern scale, and their musical system, if system they had at all, must have been of the crudest kind. The grand combinations of these incongruous instruments—"With *cymbals* also and *shawms*"—so often referred to in Holy Writ, did probably assist in keeping unity of pitch and rhythmic accent among the people who took part in these religious services; but as an instrumental performance, the effect produced would, to us, have sounded as a combination most intolerable. But, undeveloped as was the art, rude the instruments, and unknown the science, there yet struggled in the breast of man an instinctive desire to praise in song. Language, however exalted, seemed not to be able fully to give utterance to his noblest aspirations, and he sought in music, "the handmaid of religion," the means of utterance for emotions and feelings beyond the power of words to express. With the establishment of the Christian religion, music was awarded an important place. That the first Christians loved their hymns and singing, and cherished them amidst the fiercest persecution, the following passage from Plinius, who wrote about the beginning of the second century, will show. He says: "On certain days they will assemble before sunrise and sing alternately (antiphonal) the praise of their God." Another writer, speaking of the sect of Therapeutists, says: "After supper their sacred songs began. When all were arisen, they selected from the rest two choirs—one of men and one of women—in order to celebrate some festival; and from each of these a person of majestic form, and well skilled in music, was chosen to lead the band. They then chanted hymns in honour of God, composed in different measures and modulations, now singing together, and now answering each other by turns." To St. Ambrose (Bishop of Milan, 374 to 397) belongs the credit of establishing the scales or keys, known as the authentic or ecclesiastical tones or scales. It is, however, considered as more than probable that St. Ambrose borrowed or reformed them from the musical system of the Greeks, who in turn had doubtless developed their system from a foundation existing among still more ancient nations. The sister arts of poetry and sculpture had reached their climax three thousand years ago. The art of painting reached its highest development some five hundred years ago, about the time that music was beginning to throw off her garb of empiricism or crudest theory, and to base itself upon scientific principles of true art. Previous to this, the combination of sounds, if we except the fifth and octave, were unknown, or if known, certainly were not put to any practical use.

Two hundred years after St. Ambrose's time, St. Gregory (591 to 604) reformed and regenerated the entire musical part of the church service. He revised and restored to their original condition the melodies and chants of St. Ambrose, which, from change, had lost much of their primitive purity. In addition to this, he added four more scales, known as the "plagalkey or scales." St. Gregory was a connoisseur in music. He is credited with having written and composed the music of many hymns and chants, besides collecting the best existing. He arranged the liturgy for the Christian service according to the Church year, caused the whole to be written in a book, called an "Antiphoner," which he deposited upon the altar of St. Peter's, fastened with a chain, intending it to serve as a foundation and unchangeable direction for all time to come. These chants and hymns are known as the "Gregorian chants and tones," and are sometimes called "plain song." They were not intended to be sung in harmony (harmony was not discovered), but in unison, *i.e.*, the melody only was sung. In the early ages of the Christian Church, these melodies or "plain songs" were sung, unaccompanied by musical instruments.

Because the Romans, in their heathenish sacrifices, made use of instrumental music, it was thought to savour too much of their idolatrous practices to admit it into the service of the Christian church. For this reason, the musical services of the Eastern Christian Church for several centuries remained exclusively vocal. The Western Church, however, at a much earlier date admitted instrumental music into her services. The oldest reference to harmony of which we have any knowledge is by one Isidore, Archbishop of Seville, who lived at the time of St. Gregory. In his "Sentences on Music" he says: "Harmonious music is a modulation of the voice; it is also the union of simultaneous sounds." He also speaks of "Symphony" and "Diaphony," meaning, probably, by the first a combination of consonant, and by the latter, of dissonant, intervals. Notwithstanding this knowledge, several centuries elapsed before men were able to create works, even in a simple sense, in which melody and harmony were united in such a manner as to give adequate enjoyment. It is certain that without the gradual perfection and use of harmony, musical art, in the sense we understand it, would have remained stationary, and have shared the fate of Greek music, which, having wedded itself to poetry, followed closely the rhythm of the language and became purely syllabic. Incapable

of advancing beyond the form of the language to which it was fettered, its freedom was destroyed and its further development rendered an impossibility, hence its ultimate decay.

J. DAVENPORT KERRISON.

RAFAEL JOSEFFY in Shaftesbury Hall, Toronto, to-night (Thursday) and Friday night.

SARA BERNHARDT is taking lessons on the flute. Those who have seen her practising say that it is scarcely possible to say with certainty which is the player and which is the flute.

AFTER singing her last song in Cincinnati, Mme. Christine Nilsson told an interviewer that this was positively her last tour in America—that she should sail from New York July 2nd, sing a little in England, go to Sweden, and bid farewell forever to professional life.

MR. EDWARD FISHER's piano recital in the warerooms of Messrs. Octavius Newcombe & Co., on Saturday afternoon, passed off very successfully. Mr. Fisher once more demonstrated his powers as a pianist. Miss Cox and other pupils were speaking examples of the success of his system of teaching.

"IN the Ranks," played in the Toronto Opera House all last week, is one of the best dramatic entertainments put on the boards of that theatre for some time. The announcement that George R. Sims and Henry Pettit are the joint authors is sufficient guarantee for the excellence of the libretto. The managers, Brooks and Dickson, have, on their side, spared no pains to make the *mise en scene* perfect, as it pretty nearly is. The company was a well balanced one, and quite capable of presenting a most exciting production in a manner to keep the attention of the good audiences which deservedly greeted it.

THE members of the Metropolitan Church are to be complimented upon the great and deserved success that attended their concerts in the Pavilion on Friday and Saturday nights. The idea of giving a programme consisting of old airs and words by artists dressed in ancient costumes was a brilliant one, and was thoroughly appreciated by the first-class audiences who listened to it. The programme itself is a literary curiosity, and will doubtless be kept by many as a *souvenir*. Many more would have been so preserved had it not been for the interleaved advertisements. One is almost tempted to call such a thing an act of vandalism. It is not possible to apply ordinary rules of criticism to such a performance, and it will perhaps be sufficient to say that, generally speaking, the programme was well carried out, albeit it was much too long.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MR. JOHN MORLEY will edit a series of articles in the *Fortnightly Review* on "English Statesmen." Mr. Goldwin Smith, Mr. Frederick Harrison and Mr. Trevelyan will contribute to the series.

THE Leonard Scott Publishing Company, of Philadelphia, are issuing reprints, at half price, in a new style, of the leading English magazines. The magazines are well printed on excellent paper, page for page with the English editions, but reduced in size. This will be a great boon to readers who cannot afford the English price.

MR. SANDFORD FLEMING has written a new book, entitled "England and Canada: a Summer's Journey Between Old and New Westminster," which will be published by Messrs. Sampson, Low, & Co., very shortly. Mr. Fleming, we believe, describes the journey he made through to British Columbia by the route of the C. P. R.

THE editor of a scientific monthly magazine asks for correct drawings of a "tornado at work." A man who went home the other night and found his wife reading a letter signed "Your Own Julia," which she found in his inside coat-pocket, has made a sketch of the "subsequent proceedings," which he will send to the scientific editor.

THE election of Dr. Withrow to a membership of the Royal Society was a graceful recognition of the revered gentleman's contributions to Canadian literature. His "History of Canada," not to mention his work as editor of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*, has obtained for the doctor a reputation throughout the Dominion which fully entitled him to enrolment on the list of Canadian "Immortals."

MR. TISSINGTON, who has been so successful in England in his business of farming out novels to various publications, has begun a similar work here, and has arranged with the *New York Sun*, *Philadelphia Times*, *Cincinnati Enquirer*, *Springfield Republican*, and other papers, for the simultaneous publication in their columns of stories by Henry James, Bret Harte, W. D. Howells, and other popular American writers of fiction.

A VERY pretty custom, which has since been followed, was introduced at a fashionable wedding recently at the Savoy Chapel Royal, London. The choir formed a procession down the aisle to meet the bride, and then walked back before her to their places in the church chanting a bridal hymn. After the ceremony, the choir again formed in procession and walked before the bride and groom down the aisle to the entrance gate.

EMERSON once said of Mrs. Helen Jackson ("H. H.") that she stood on the threshold of a great achievement. The large and increasing circle of her readers are doubtless satisfied that Mr. Emerson's prophecy was fulfilled years ago; if any doubt remained, it would certainly be removed by the beauty, pathos, and power of Mrs. Jackson's story, "Ramona," now being published in *The Christian Union*, 20 Lafayette Place, New York. For dramatic interest, narrative skill, and deep feeling no story of recent years has equalled it.

THE story is told that Longfellow and Fields were making a short pedestrian tour some few years ago, when, to their surprise, an angry bull stood on the footpath, evidently determined to demolish both poet and publisher. "I think," said Field, "that it will be prudent to give this reviewer a wide margin." "Yes," replied the poet; "it appears to be a disputed passage."

"THE American law," says *The St. James's Gazette*, "already grants to American authors rights which the English laws denies to English ones. An American producing a book or a play for the first time in England does not thereby invalidate his rights in America. An Englishman, however, who publishes or produces for the first time in America forfeits by so doing his rights in England. This is an injustice which it does not depend upon the Congress of the United States to remedy."

THE *Globe* of May 28th contained the following paragraph in relation to University appointments:

"We understand the Government has considered the propriety of appointing a Professor of the Romance languages, but owing to the extreme difficulty of making a choice where so little was known of the many applicants, the matter was postponed for another year."

There must surely be something behind this. Professor Pernet resigned in August or September last. The advertisements published by the Government in Canadian and Boston papers required candidates for the vacant appointment to send in their testimonials by November 1st. Have not seven months sufficed for the examination of these testimonials? Is there not time enough to examine them now before October when the duties of the Professor commence? A Minister of Education is bound, above all Ministers, to speak the truth.

PERHAPS some readers may find an application for the following impromptu afflatus of a lyric poet of no mean eminence:—

I define a politician as a wordy rhetorician,
Full of chatter and verbosity and tedious repetition;
He's a faltering logician, and a time-serving tactician,
Who sacrifices honour, truth, and conscience to ambition;
He needs little erudition to illumine his position,
And consults but the expedient without the least contrition;
Of a shifty disposition, he employs *sans* intermission
Those deceptions, wiles and stratagems which lead unto perdition.

THEODORE HOOK, at a dinner party one day, was charged with stealing from a farce written by one of his friends the expression, "You are down upon me, as the candle said to the extinguisher." He immediately proceeded to show how little he was under the necessity of stealing, by supplying the same species of witticism to everything that was said to him for the next half hour, e.g., "You are very pressing, Dean, as the filberts said to the nutcrackers. Pray pass the wine," he continued, "though I'm sorry to trouble you, as the pin said to the periwinkle." "Bravo, Hookens!" shouted the Dean; "you must give up your plan of going abroad; we can't afford to lose you." "Oh, it will be all the same one hundred years hence, as the American aloe said when it came into bloom." "But your song, Hook; only a few verses." "You really reduce me to extremities, as the rat said to the trap which cut his tail off. I've a bad cold, but will try my best, and hope to come off with flying colours, as the English general said when he ordered his niggers to retreat. If I attempt a stave, don't make a butt of me."

THE publisher of THE WEEK, Mr. C. Blackett Robinson, has in preparation an important historical work intended to give a vivid portraiture of Canadian life during the past century. The field of research is an interesting one. The early settlement and struggles of those who have been instrumental in making Canada what it is to-day, afford ample material for instructive and vivid narrative. Macaulay introduced a new era of historic writing when his first volumes appeared. He spared no pains in securing everything that could throw the least light on any part of his subject. He ransacked not only the recesses of the British Museum and the State archives for official documents; he did not disdain the ephemeral political squibs, the broadsides and ballads disposed of by an extinct race, the flying stationers. He availed himself of everything that could impart life, colour, and reality to the movements of British history. Here in Canada the capable historian has, in addition to authoritative documents, ample and varied material in the reminiscences of early settlers, in long forgotten pamphlets, and the earlier issues of the newspaper press wherewith to constrict a narrative that will be true to fact and yet interesting and readable as a work of fiction. Canadian history, proper, affords a splendid theme for the competent writer who has undertaken the task, and intelligent Canadians will hail with pleasure a well-written work that traces the rise and progress of free institutions, paving the way for future national greatness and prosperity. Parties in possession of historical reminiscences, old documents or pamphlets relating to early Canadian history, would confer a favour by communicating with the publisher.

THE UNCEASING WAR OF COMMERCE.—"You ask me about standing armies, and the impression which is produced on the Oriental mind by a continent converted into an armed camp. That spectacle, I am free to confess, impressed me far less than the war of commerce which, under the name of 'competition,' goes on unceasingly. In military warfare there is sometimes peace. You have truces and treaties, and you have intervals during which nations abstain from armed strife. But the war of commerce never stops. The competition of nation with nation for the monopoly of the trade and industry of the world is constant and cruel. I don't complain; nor do I affect to censure. I am taught that the progress of the race is by the survival of the fittest and the elimination of the weak by a process of natural selection; and the competition is one form by which superior organisms triumph over the lower."—*A Japanese Ambassador*.

AN UNBIDDEN GUEST.

A BIRD one day, as birds will do
When times are hard, came hopping through
An open window in the mill—
One day when all the place was still.

It saw, no doubt, the golden store
Of grain that covered all the floor;
But never thought, in point of law,
It had no right to what it saw.

For birds are children of the air,
Dependent on the Father's care,
Who made for them His sun to shine,
And gives them food by law Divine.

And so it hopped about the floor
And dined, and came next day for more,
And every day; and on the tree
It used to sit and sing to me.

J. R. EASTWOOD.

ON NOSES.—Some philosopher has said that he never wanted to look into a person's eyes to judge his or her character, because the expression can be changed, and is deceptive. He preferred to study the nose while the eyes belonging to it were closed, because the nose cannot be changed, and gives the truest index of character. There are kind noses and cruel noses, severe noses and merry noses, moral noses and dissipated noses, reserved noses, and jolly noses. If any one doubts the importance of a nose to the human face, let him experiment on that feature. Let him elevate the tip of his own nose with his finger or with a string and see whether he does not add amiability to his countenance. Let him depress the tip close to his face and acknowledged whether his favourite child would not hide from him in terror. Let him take the portrait of a friend, shorten the nose by folding it across the bridge, and then see if he could recognise the face. What countenance, however beautiful, could afford to have the eighth of an inch taken from the nose and hope to retain its comeliness? Many a lesson can be learned from the nose, and one is thus pleasantly told by the poet—

Kate's nose was retroussée—her husband's a Roman;
One day in a passion he bade her "begone!"
"Where to?" said she. "Follow your nose, silly woman!"
He answered, with pointed and petulant scorn.

Kate smiled as she answered, "The taunt is forgiven—
It implies but a compliment, dearest, you know;
I'll follow my nose with pleasure to heaven,
If you'll follow yours to the regions below!"

A CABINET MINISTER'S FROLIC.—It is said that one night, after a most festive dinner, a member of the Queensland Cabinet, well known for his admirable style of dress, and a gentleman who, for the sake of the story, we will call Mr. Green, being in that sentimental state which a good dinner and a large quantity of champagne sometimes produce, determined on their way home to pay a visit of respect to the grave of a mutual friend not long dead. They stopped the cab outside the cemetery, and whilst groping about (for the night was dark and wet) a kangaroo rat jumped up. Away went all thoughts of the dead friend, and helter-skelter after the kangaroo rat rushed the Cabinet Minister and our friend Mr. Green. After, however, falling over graves and tombstones, the chase had to be abandoned, and our friends stood wet and mud-bespattered among the tombs. Mr. Green was equal to the occasion. "Let us frighten the cabman," suggested he. No sooner suggested than done. So, pulling their coats and waistcoats off, this worthy couple arranged their shirts outside their neither garments, and covered their heads with pocket-handkerchiefs. In this guise they crawled through the wet grass, and suddenly emerging into the road, raised an unearthly shout under the cabman's very nose; but, alas, for the scene, the latter was fast asleep, and nothing but a shaking would wake him! Imagine Mr. Gladstone or Lord Derby being the hero of such a story as this. We can hardly fancy even such smaller stars as Mr. Mundella or Sir Henry James under the circumstances; and yet in Queensland, Cabinet Ministers are openly chaffed about such things in the club.—*The Never, Never Land, by A. W. Stirling.*

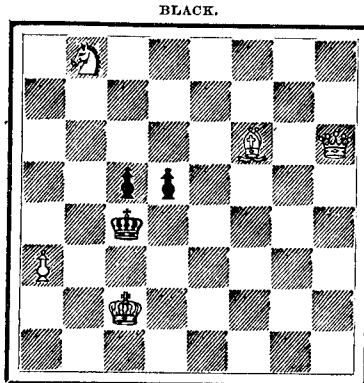
AN APPROPRIATE GIFT.—"By Jove!" said an American actor to me, "Forrest would rise in his grave if he knew it, and snatch it from you." Forrest, of course, was the famous American tragedian, and these were the words that accompanied the present of Forrest's watch to Mr. Irving, for he hated everything and everyone English. The watch goes to increase the large and valuable collection of theatrical trophies and mementoes which Mr. Irving has gathered together—famous swords, costumes, and jewels. "Here," he said, "is John Kemble's watch, and, oddly enough, you see, 'Hamlet' is the maker."

A NATION OF SPEECH-MAKERS.—"I cannot say that I think the Americans possess the art of real oratory more than our own public men do. It would be difficult, I believe, to match Mr. Gladstone, or Mr. Bright, or Lord Coleridge. The American orator is more like a preacher. He intones. Now, here is a passage from an American critique which I have just read:—'We are,' the writer says, 'by instinct and training, a nation of speech-makers, so it is not strange that oratorical methods have obtained a foothold upon our stage and a certain following among our audiences. Indeed, it is not an unheard-of thing among us for preachers and politicians to become full-fledged actors at a bound, and vice versa. The genius of the period through which we are passing is analytical, critical, ambitious of arriving at the very niceties and ultimate refinements of truth.' That I think very just and true."—*Henry Irving's New Book.*

CHESS.

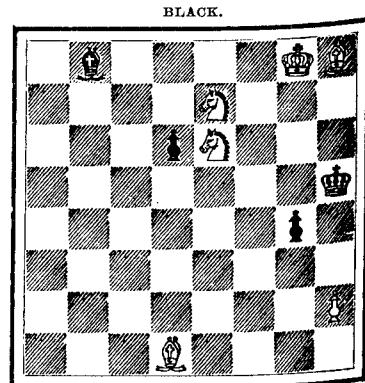
All communications intended for this department should be addressed "Chess Editor" office of THE WEEK, Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 16.
By Chr. W., Kjobenhavn.
From Copenhagen Nationaltidende.



White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 17.
Composed for THE WEEK by E. B. shields, Montreal.



White to play and mate in three moves.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. B. G., Montreal.—The 2—or to which you refer has not arrived yet. W. A., Montreal.—We plead guilty this time, but it is our first offence. Whip the mule into subjection.

A CURIOUS CHESS PUZZLE.

In *Brentano's Chess Monthly* for April, 1882, there appeared a very curious chess puzzle, by Prof. Oeffner, which, as we have not seen any solution to it, we here present to our readers, with the request that any who may work out the position will send us their demonstrations. To us it seemed very ingenious and difficult, and we frankly confess it was only after some very hard work that we mastered its intricate details.

Two games of Chess were played simultaneously, which by a strange chance, though conducted in very different style terminated in exactly the same end position.

White—K K B 5. Q K R 1. B Q K t 1. Ps. Q K t 5. Q 5. Q 6. K B 6.
Black—K K 1. R Q R 1. P K 4. P K B 2.

White having the move in both games, announced mate in three moves. In both games White had received check by the last move but one of Black, and prior to that check Black had the right to castle in both games. In one game the King had occupied his present square K B 5 for some time. In the other the King had not made a capture during the whole of the game. The mate in three announced on either board was simply impossible on the other. Demonstrate the possibility of this, and show the different lines of play leading up to the respective positions.

DR. ZUKERTORT'S VISIT TO TORONTO.

The *New York Clipper* of May 31st contains a game played between the champion (blindfold) and Mr. C. W. Phillips, during the Dr.'s recent visit. In a foot note the following appears:—"Dr. Zukertort himself in *The Field* supplies the following insight into the surroundings of this exhibition: I played twelve games blindfold, but, owing to the intense cold, I threw away one game after the other. The temperature was fourteen degrees below zero, and the warming pipes in the room were frozen. The result was I won six, lost five, and drew one." We confess to feeling intense surprise when first we saw this item in *The Field*, but its reproduction on this side of the Atlantic seems to call for an explanation of the facts of the case. They are as follows: The blindfold exhibition began at 5 p.m., was continued until 7; resumed at 8, and finally finished at about 3.30 next morning. The rooms were not uncomfortably cold until about 11 o'clock, at which hour half of the heating pipes in the Athenaeum Club Room were rendered useless by the intense cold outside, which was however four degrees below zero, not fourteen. At this time Dr. Zukertort had already resigned two games and his position on two of the others was such that nothing but the wildest blundering on the part of his opponents would have saved them; on one board only could the cold have interfered with the play.

In our opinion the true reason for the Dr.'s comparatively small score, lay elsewhere. The team opposed to him was composed of twelve strong players; there were no really weak men in it, and consequently the champion found it impossible to wipe out three fourths of his opponents in short order, and thus leave himself free to deal with his more powerful antagonists.

We are somewhat surprised that a player of Dr. Zukertort's eminence should thus publicly confess that he is not above the frailties of lesser men—

"Who can't play well because they're ill
Who're ill because they can't play well."

"THE WEEK" PROBLEM AND SOLUTION TOURNEY.

Through the liberality of an esteemed correspondent we shall next week announce the rules and conditions of a problem and solving tourney which we are about to inaugurate.

GAME NO. 10.

Chess in Montreal.

Skirmish played some time ago between Prof. Hicks and Mr. Geo. Barry, at the odds of Queen's Knight.

(Remove Queen's Knight.)
Kieseritsky Gambit.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Prof. Hicks.	Mr. Geo. Barry	Prof. Hicks.	Mr. Geo. Barry.
1. P K 4	1. P K 4	8. B takes B P	8. B takes K t P
2. P K B 4	2. P takes P	9. R K t 1	9. B checks
3. K t K B 3	3. B B 4	10. K B 2	10. B checks
4. P K R 4	4. P K t 4	11. K t K 3	11. K t K B 3
5. K t K 5	5. B K t 2	12. K t takes K t ch	12. Q takes K t
6. K t takes K t P	6. P Q 4	13. P takes P	13. B checks.
7. P Q 3	7. P takes P	14. B K 5	14. B mates.

GAME NO. 11.

Played some years ago by correspondence between Dr. I. Ryall, Hamilton, and Mr. W. Braithwaite, Unionville.

Evans Gambit.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Dr. Ryall.	Mr. Braithwaite.	Dr. Ryall.	Mr. Braithwaite.
1. P K 4	1. P K 4	16. K K t 1	16. B K t 5
2. K K t B 3	2. Q K t B 3	17. Q Q 2	17. R takes R ch
3. B B 4	3. B B 4	18. Q takes R	18. P Q B 3
4. P Q K t 4	4. B takes K t P	19. B K K t 5	19. Q K t 3 ch
5. P Q B 3	5. B B 4	20. K R 1	20. R K 1
6. P Q 4	6. P takes P	21. Q Q B 1	21. K t K 5
7. Castles	7. P Q 3 (a)	22. P R 3	22. K t K t 6 ch
8. P takes P	8. B K t 3	23. K R 2	23. K t K 7
9. P Q R 4 (b)	9. K t R 4	24. Q K 1	24. Q B 2 ch
10. B R 2	10. K t K B 3	25. P K t 3	25. Q K 4 (c)
11. P K 5	11. P takes P	26. K t R 3 (f)	26. Q takes B
12. R K 1	12. Castles	27. Q takes Q K t	27. B K B 4
13. P Q 5 (c)	13. R K 1	28. Q K 1	28. R K 6
14. K t takes K P	14. B takes B P ch (d)	29. B K t 1	29. K t takes K t P.
15. K takes B	15. R takes K t	30. Resigns.	

NOTES.

- (a) P takes P is the stronger play, and, since Zukertort's analysis, is considered to win easily
- (b) Original certainly. However, it has some points to recommend it.
- (c) We cannot comprehend the import of this move.
- (d) Well played.
- (e) Black plays the finish very well.
- (f) A queer string of White's pieces on the Q R file. Unique, but not effective against Black's array.

WHAT IS CATARRH ?

From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15.

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

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

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

Messrs. A. H. Dixon & Son:

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I consider that mine was a very bad case; it was aggravated and chronic, involving the throat as well as the nasal passages, and I thought I would require the three treatments, but I feel fully cured by the two sent me, and I am thankful that I was ever induced to send to you.

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

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

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CHARLES DRINKWATER, Secretary.

Montreal January, 1884.

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CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1884.

THE SHARPLESS PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON. In steel. *Frontispiece.*
DEFENSORS OF NARRAGANSET BAY, RHODE ISLAND. Historical Sketch. Brevet Major-General George W. Cullum, U.S.A.
Illustrations.—The Dumping Tower—Map of Narraganset Bay, R.I.—The Five Batteries: I. American Battery; II. Fort Green; III. Fort Chastellux; IV. Battery on the Bonnet; V. Battery on Conanicut Island. May of Military Operations in 1777-'78 in Rhode Island—Fort Adams—Dumplings Tower—Conanicut Island—Fort Hamilton—Fort Wolcott.
DISCOVERY OF THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK. P. Koch.
THE SHARPLESS PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON. Walton W. Evans.
THE RISE OF A MECHANICAL IDEAL. Illustrated. Charles H. Fitch.
A DINNER WITH GENERAL SCOTT, in 1861. Lieut.-General Charles P. Stone, late Chief of the General Staff of the Khedive in Egypt.
ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS. Sir Henry Clinton's Original Secret Record of *Private Daily Intelligence*. Contributed by Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet. Edited by Edward F. De Lancey. Chapter IX. (Begun in October.)
TWO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS FROM LAFAYETTE TO WILLIAM CONSTABLE, Esq., of New York (1785, 1799). Contributed by Henry E. Pierrepont.
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Deposits received, repayable on demand or short notice. Interest is paid, or added to the principal half-yearly.

DEBENTURES.

Money received for investment in sums to suit lenders, for which debentures are issued in currency or sterling, with interest coupons attached, payable in Canada or in England. Trustees and executors are authorized by law to invest in the debentures of this company. Circulars, with particulars as to terms, may be obtained from the Office COMPANY'S BUILDINGS, TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.

J. HERBERT MASON,
Managing Director.

BANK OF OTTAWA.
OTTAWA

Authorized Capital - \$1,000,000
Subscribed Capital - 1,000,000
Paid-up Capital - 993,263
Reserve - 110,000

JAMES MACLAREN, Esq., President.
CHARLES MAGEE, Esq., Vice-President.

Directors—C. T. Bate, Esq., R. Blackburn, Esq., Hon. Geo. Bryson, Hon. L. R. Church, Alexander Fraser, Esq., Geo. Hay, Esq., John Mather, Esq.

GEORGE BURN, Cashier.

BRANCHES—Araprior, Carleton Place, Pembroke, Winnipeg, Man.

AGENTS IN CANADA—Canadian Bank of Commerce. AGENTS IN NEW YORK—Messrs. A. H. Goadby and B. E. Walker. AGENTS IN LONDON—English Alliance Bank.

UNITED EMPIRE LOAN CORPORATION,

50 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.

SAVINGS BANK DEPT.

Deposits received from \$1 upwards. Interest allowed from date of deposit at 4, 5 and 6 per cent. No notice required for withdrawal of moneys.

JAMES SCROGGIE, Manager.

MONEY TO LOAN ON MORTGAGE SECURITY.

WESTERN

ASSURANCE COMPANY.

INCORPORATED 1851.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO, ONT.

Cash Assets - \$1,289,112 00
Income for Year - 1,690,828 28

Fire and Marine Insurances effected at moderate rates. Offices in all towns throughout the Dominion and United States.

A. M. SMITH, Pres. JAS. BOOMER, Sec.
J. J. KENNY, Man. Director.

CANADA LIFE

ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Capital & Funds	Annual Income
ABOUT	ABOUT
\$6,500,000.	\$1,200,000.

BY INSURING NOW

TWO YEARS' PROFITS

Will be secured at the

DIVISION NEXT YEAR.

April, 1883.

CANADA WEST

LAND AGENCY COMPANY,
(LIMITED.)

CAPITAL - \$100,000.

Directors:

HON. G. W. ALLAN, President.
A. H. CAMPBELL, Esq., Vice-President.
ROBERT GILLESPIE, Esq., Gov. Canada Co. London, England.
GOLDWIN SMITH, Esq., D.C.L., Toronto.
J. S. LOCKIE, Esq., Toronto.
J. S. PLAYFAIR, Esq., Toronto.
HON. R. M. WELLS, Toronto.
W. J. MENZIES Esq., Edinburgh, Scotland.
WALTER F. SMITH, Esq., London, England.

The *Canadian Farm Journal* which contains the largest amount of Property for Sale in Ontario of any list published, will be furnished to applicants by the London Office, 37 Royal Exchange, E.C., on receipt of 1d. postage, or by the Head Office in Toronto, on receipt of 3 cent stamp. Besides a large number of Farms and other property in all parts of the Province, they have amongst others the following beautiful residences:—

2592. Cobourg. Desirable residence, with extensive lawn and 8 acres of ground, beautifully laid out. The house and rooms are large, particularly the drawing-room. Price, \$8,000, which is a great bargain.

2079. Valuable small farm and residence, 28 acres, good loam soil, well watered, 2 storey brick residence, 10 rooms, kitchen and cellar, frame barn, carriage house, etc. Very fine orchard of choice fruit trees. Price, \$4,500; \$2,000 down, balance to suit at 6 per cent.

2500. Delightful residence in Port Burwell, comprising 23 acres fronting on Lake Erie. Large frame house, nearly new, 13 rooms, with bath, hot and cold water, etc. Also 2 frame dwellings, frame barn and numerous out-buildings. About 3 acres orchard of old and young trees. Price, \$6,000; \$2,000 down, balance on easy terms.

J. R. ADAMSON, Manager.

14 ADELAIDE ST. EAST, TORONTO, ONT.

HAMILTON MERRITT,

ASSOCIATE ROYAL SCHOOL OF MINES, ETC.,

MINING ENGINEER & METALLURGIST,

15 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.

Grand Trunk Railway.

NOTICE.

Commencing on Monday, June 30th, and until further notice, a Pullman Car will leave Toronto by the 7.50 p.m. train daily for Kingston wharf, for the accommodation of parties wishing to take the steamer at that point.

JOSEPH HICKSON,
General Manager.

MONTREAL, June 2nd, 1884.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

TRENT VALLEY NAVIGATION COMPANY.

BOBCAYGEON,

STURGEON POINT,

THE FAVORITE CANADIAN SUMMER RESORT.

Rail to Lindsay and thence by Boat.

The best shooting, fishing and boating to be had. First-class Summer Hotel (Sturgeon Point Hotel) on the Lake Shore.
Leave Toronto 7.00 a.m. Arrive Bobcaygeon 1.30 p.m. Leave Bobcaygeon 2.30 p.m. Arrive Toronto 8.55 p.m.

On Saturdays the Boat will also make connection with the 4 p.m. train from Toronto, returning Monday morning.

Special reduced fare tickets on application at Grand Trunk Railway ticket offices.

JNO. A. BARRON, Secretary,
Trent Valley Nav. Co. Grand Trunk Ry.
Montreal, April 29th, 1884.



W. N. SEARS & CO.,
139 CHURCH ST., TORONTO,

Manufacturers of Real and Imitation Stained Glass. Send for circulars, etc. Costs from 35c. per foot up. Send for sample fan-light \$1, size 16x30 in.

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in all our well-known brands.

SPIRITS
Brandies, Whiskeys, Rum, Gin, etc.

CIGARS
the largest stock

of imported Havana cigars in the Dominion.

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TEACHER OF MUSIC

Pupil of Carl Martens.
Pencil drawing, etching, water colours, on satin or velvet.
TERMS—Music, \$6; Drawing, etc., \$4.

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COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' HEAD-QUARTERS

This House has all the latest improvements. Good Sample Rooms, excellent cuisine. Terms, \$1.00 per day.
WM. MALES, Clerk. ALBERT GERMAN, Mangr.

HORACE F. ALLKINS, ARTIST,

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Portraits from life. Old paintings copied a specialty. Portraits of horses and dogs. Oil painting taught on the system of the Royal Academy, London, England.

AMUSEMENTS.

HANLAN'S POINT FERRY LINE.

Steamers CANADIAN and ADA ALICE leave Yonge St. Wharf daily, from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. Steamers GENEVA, LURELLA, ST. JEAN BAPTISTE, leave York St. from 7.30 a.m. to 8 p.m. Steamer JOHN HANLAN leaves Brock St. every half hour.

Steamer Chicora.

Daily, commencing May 24th, leaving Toronto at 7 a.m. for Niagara and Lewiston.

Steamer Empress of India.

Daily between Port Dalhousie and Toronto, in connection with G.T.R. Shortest route to Buffalo and Stations on Welland R.R., leaving Port Dalhousie at 8.15 a.m., and Toronto 3 p.m.

REFRIGERATORS,

ICE CREAM FREEZERS,

COAL OIL STOVES.

W. H. SPARRC.W.,

WOLVERHAMPTON HOUSE.

87 YONGE STREET.

MASON & COLLINS, ARTISTS.

LIFE-SIZE PORTRAITS IN OIL AND CRAYON.
STUDIO, - - 31 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

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(Late Notman & Fraser, Photographers to the Queen.)

Portrait & Miniature Painters, PHOTOGRAPHERS, ETC.
J. A. Fraser, R.C.A. J. A. Fraser, Jr.
A. G. Fraser.

DR. JOHN HALL, SENR.,
Homoeopathic Physician,

At his old residence, 33 RICHMOND ST. E.
Office hours:—9 to 10 a.m.; 2 to 4 p.m.; and on Monday and Thursday evenings, from 7.30 to 9; Sunday, 5.30 to 6.30 p.m.

DR. SINCLAIR,
334 JARVIS STREET.
MIDWIFERY, AND DISEASES OF WOMEN A SPECIALITY.

A. C. MCKINLAY, L.D.S.,
SURGEON DENTIST.

121 CHURCH STREET, - - TORONTO.

N. PEARSON,
DENTIST,

No. 2 KING STREET WEST, - - TORONTO.

PAINLESS DENTISTRY.

Artificial Teeth, life-like in appearance and perfect in eating and speaking. The painless method includes filling, and operations both mechanical and surgical.

M. F. SMITH, DENTIST,
266 Queen Street, East.

JOHN B. HALL, M.D.,
HOMOEOPATHIST,

Specialties—Diseases of Children and Nervous System. Hours—8 to 10 a.m.; 4 to 6 p.m.; Sunday, 9 to 10 a.m.; 5 to 6.30 p.m.

326 & 328 JARVIS STREET.

CHARLES W. PHILLIPS,
SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER, ETC.

OFFICE:—
46 Adelaide Street East, Toronto, Ont.

E. COATSWORTH, JR.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, Conveyancer, etc.

Money to Lend. Offices—10 York Chambers,
No. 9 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.

GEO. MACDONALD,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.

OFFICES:—
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