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The Week,

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TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE *Globe* objects to the statement that government by party is mischievous. But it would have been no more than just if our contemporary had discussed that proposition from the standpoint that all its intelligent advocates take, and which is perfectly well understood—that government by party, for the sake of party, and not in the interest of great principles adopted by that party for the public advantage, must end in misgovernment—cannot but resolve itself into a struggle for “kudos” and emoluments. *Vide* either the Dominion or Provincial Parliament, or both. *Ex pede Herculem*. The most diligent search fails to show that either the Conservative or the Liberal party in Canada has at the present moment an intelligible programme, or that one is distinctly at issue with the other upon any great public measure. Who that has followed the past Ontario session can say that it was to place ameliorative measures which they advocated upon the statute book that the Government were put in power, or that the vocation of the Opposition was to protect the Province against hasty or ill-judged legislation by judicious and healthy criticism? To the most cursory observer it was patent that the members on the Speaker's right hand considered their first duty was to maintain that position, whilst their opponents were as determined to spare no pains to oust them—in both cases the loaves and fishes being the primary consideration. On one point alone was there unanimity: that the science of government is thus summed up—

“That he shall take who hath the might,
And he shall hold who can.”

It is quite true that many “intelligent, honest, and well-meaning men,” refuse to go into politics; nor is it wonderful, seeing that these qualities are almost at a discount in public life. It is such men who lament “government by party,” *pur et simple*, and they can afford to leave the use of innuendoes to those who substitute them for arguments in defence of party rule. The old gentleman of the Bastille could not bear light and gaiety after the gloom of his dungeon, and he missed his pet rats.

WHETHER the much-discussed bribery charges will be sustained before a superior court—and there are those who think the Provincial Government in cooler moments will not push the affair to extremities—or whether the Royal Commission of Enquiry will elicit further evidence of importance, the public is apparently convinced that a *prima facie* case has been established in the Police Court. The scandal is so indicative of the political immorality of the “conspirators,” and the attempt to bribe was so poor a compliment to those “approached,” that honest Canadians must

in despair begin to cast about for means to purify the political atmosphere. The reception given by their constituents to the members whom it was sought to corrupt must have been grateful salve to the many wounds they received in hoisting the enemy with his own petard.

MR. DWIGHT'S refusal to comply with a wholesale order to produce telegrams will meet with the approval of the great majority of the public. If the prosecution had shown, or had good reason to suspect, that telegraphic messages relating to the conspiracy had passed between the accused on or about certain specified dates, a reasonable ground for demanding such telegrams in the interest of public justice would have been established. But it is monstrous to demand the exposure of whatever business the accused may have transacted over the wires during two months. With a precedent such as that established, what is to prevent any unscrupulous speculator from demanding, through a tool in the House, under a trumped-up charge, that, “in the public interests,” certain telegrams relating to operations he has in hand may be handed to him or their contents be made known?

THE death of Prince Leopold, though it shocked the public by its suddenness, was just such a termination to his career as had been expected by those who were conversant with his physical condition. It is more than probable the sad event may have marked and serious effects on Her Majesty. Leopold was the favourite son, and through him her relations with the Government of the day were usually kept up. The Queen has unquestionably been in a very critical mental and physical condition for some time, and the shock to her system caused by the death of the Duke of Albany is almost certain to develop further complications which may necessitate an early abdication.

THE New York *Sun* has the execrable taste to describe the late Duke of Albany as a “listless, feeble, morbid, and shallow-pated Prince, who could never have fairly earned a pass degree at Oxford or gained a livelihood at any manly calling.” *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*. And further, the deceased Prince's physical weakness ought rather to have earned for him compassion during his life and protected him from insult after death. But the above slander is as untrue as it is unmanly. Weak, physically, the Prince unfortunately was, but it is perfectly well known that his disability did not prevent him attaining an education extremely creditable under the circumstances—an education that would have made it impossible for him to write in so brutal a manner of his humblest dependent—or even of his slanderer in the *Sun*.

THE Colonel Burnaby who is mentioned in the accounts of the battle at El Teb is no other than the soldier who was made cruelly famous by a certain advertisement about the wonderful effects which followed prescribing a certain pill to a savage in need of castor oil. Commanding the Horse Guards, Colonel Burnaby is a standing reproach to the stay-at-home officers of the Household troops, who really seem to be occupied so much by “kettledrum” tea-meetings, balls, suppers, and bazaars that they hardly find time to dance attendance on their duties. Dashing from one quarter of the world to the other, and generally with your life in your hand, as Colonel Burnaby does, is certainly a nobler existence than wearing out the carpets in Belgravia or idling the season out at the “Rag.”

LORD TENNYSON has taken his seat in the British House of Lords. In a very small House, and with such nervousness as suggested feebleness, the laureate, looking ridiculous in his robes, went through the solemn form, which is spoilt by so much pantomime. When Lord Clyde took his seat he is said to have sworn at his robes. Lord Tennyson is too polite to be profane, but he looked as though an oath would relieve his mind as much as it would that of Mr. Bradlaugh. His petticoats annoyed him; he stumbled over them, and seemed to wish them miles away; and as soon as he could get them off he did so, and marched away home. He left the House without settling the vexatious question of the party to which he belongs. Introduced by the Duke of Argyll, he took his seat for a moment on the baron's bench which is on the Tory side of the House, and when he had disrobed he left a country anxious to make even a poet into a partisan, still quarrelling whether our greatest man of letters is a Liberal or a Conservative.

CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS.

A ROYAL funeral in England, with its midnight pomp, its draped in black chapel, its dead march, its lines of cuirassiers holding flambeaux, its solemn train of mourners, its chanted service, is as impressive as any pageantry of death can be. But the number of sincere mourners usually bears a small proportion to the display of woe. In the case of Prince Leopold the sincere mourners will not be few. The congenital malady which has been the cause of his early death and which always made his life precarious, brought with it a certain compensation, inasmuch as by debarring him from physical exertion and from field sports, it disposed him to intellectual pursuits. He had considerable literary culture, with a refined taste, and was a good musician. He also took a most intelligent interest in public affairs; and the wish which he expressed to become Governor-General of Canada, though it could not with propriety be gratified, was the earnest of his sense of duty and his desire to be no mere social fetish, but a man and a useful man in his generation. A more amiable disposition or pleasanter manners there could not be. Prince Leopold's life seemed likely to be a happy one. It had, at least the prime element of all happiness, union with a woman worthy of love. Claremont, the palace which was built by Clive out of the spoils of Indian conquest, in which his last dark years were passed, and where the wild story of his fierce and towering ambition came to its tragic close, had become, by a curious turn of destiny, the joyous home of the young Duke and Duchess, with their little domestic court. One large room had, according to tradition, been built by special order of the imperious proconsul to accommodate a carpet of vast dimensions, the gift of an Indian prince, which still covers the floor. In that room and on that carpet gathered round the piano the bright little circle which seemed to have the promise of many years of domestic happiness. But the gentle and gracious young wife, who was the centre of the circle, is a young widow. Perhaps, after all, as these are not good times for Royalty, the Prince who had such a high ideal of Royal duty may have been taken from evil to come. His aspirations might have been disappointed, and disappointment might have brought a cloud even upon the sunny life of Claremont.

In this affair of the Conspiracy Scandal we have seen what a hold party politics have got upon the minds, or, as it would be nearer the truth to say, on the passions of the people. What horse-racing and betting on horse-racing are to the Englishman, party politics are to the Canadian. It is understood that on the morning after the disclosure 45,000 copies of the *Globe* were sold. The air resounded with the exultation of the Grits, into whose clutches so inestimable a piece of political capital had fallen, and with the yells of anguish uttered by their discomfited opponents. Small was the number of those who followed in silent grief the funeral of public honour. A tornado ensued in which moral bearings were entirely lost. All regard or semblance of regard for justice gave way. Accused persons, one of them a foreigner and a stranger, before they had been committed for trial, before even the *prima facie* evidence against them had been formally taken, before anything had appeared except the statement of the head of the party interested in establishing their guilt, were held up to public execration as convicted criminals. On the other side the witnesses were vilified with not less fury. Where evidence failed suspicion took its place, and no suspicion was too extravagant for the credulity of party hatred. The party division which excites the people to such frenzy is itself absolutely baseless, and senseless; as baseless and as senseless as anything in the history of factions, as the feuds of the Blues and Greens at Constantinople or that of the Blacks and Whites at Florence. No Grit or Tory of Ontario can give any intelligible account of his political faith; he can only assert that his party is the party of purity and that the opposite party is the party of corruption; meaning by purity the appropriation of the spoils to himself and by corruption their appropriation to some one else. Provincial independence, of which the Grits just at present make a cry, is merely the accidental tendency, or rather the strategy, of the party which happens to be out of power at Ottawa. Yet the people are perfectly crazed with the excitement of this unwholesome game, nor does there seem to be any hope of weaning them from their master passion. Reason has no access to their minds upon the subject. They will not look at anything which is not narrowly and bitterly partisan. In point of fact they read very little but falsehood.

It is naturally asked by an anxious public whether this scandal stands alone, or whether it is merely the accidental appearance on the surface of that which has always been going on below. As there have not been in the Ontario Legislature many notable cases of ratting, we may dismiss

the suspicion that money has been spent, or corruption of any kind habitually employed, in buying over votes upon political questions. With regard to commercial questions and private bill legislation generally, the same assurance can hardly be felt. We remember the events connected with the name of Mr. Rykert. Some years ago the *Toronto Nation* published, under the title, "Down Brakes," an article on the railway legislation of the Province, showing how charters had been given in every direction to companies, all of which cannot have had a *bona fide* object, and how, to suit the convenience of their projectors, all the legislative safeguards against fraud had, one after another, been abandoned. It is difficult to believe that this was accomplished without a Lobby, or that the Lobby employed no means of persuasion but arguments drawn from a special theory of the public good. What can we expect? Under the party system the best men are pretty sure to stand aloof from politics. They care nothing for the prizes for which factions fight, and they shrink from the trouble, the annoyances and the humiliations of a campaign. They are not prepared to have their characters torn to pieces, in addition to incurring heavy expense, for the pleasure of being present at a series of futile party squabbles, and having the literary dainties in the shape of party editorials on which they have already fed to satiety at home, served up cold to them again at Toronto. They know that there is no issue between the parties great enough to make it worth their while to sacrifice their comfort and interest for the sake of putting either party into power. The wirepullers, therefore, are compelled to have recourse to men of another class, men whose objects are personal, perhaps to needy men who can ill afford the expense of an election, and go to the Legislature with pecuniary embarrassments round their necks. It would be almost miraculous if the result were a Parliament of incorruptibles.

ONCE more the devotees of party government ask us, what can be substituted for it if it is given up; and they seem to think that this question is unanswerable. It has been twenty times answered. The natural substitute for a system which makes the offices of government the prize of a perpetual faction fight is the regular election of the executive council by the legislature, for a term certain, with such a rotation of measures as may suffice to keep up the general harmony between the two bodies. Perhaps it might be also desirable to have a minority clause as a safeguard against sectionalism, at all events, till party had been fairly worked off. Neither this, nor any other political arrangement, will exclude human passions and infirmities; but this arrangement would put an end to the ceaseless battle of organized factions for place, which constitutes the present system, and which is dragging all free communities through discord and corruption to their ruin. And now, in turn, let us ask the advocates of the present system how the division of the community into parties can remain reasonable and moral when differences of principle on organic questions have ceased to exist? What can justify good citizens in permanently banding themselves together against their fellow-citizens, unless there is some great political object which can only be attained through such a combination? What, at this moment, justifies party divisions and party feeling in Ontario? The practical answer is being given in several of the legislative assemblies of Europe by the total disintegration of parties, which, where there is no other government, or basis for government, must end, sooner or later, in administrative chaos. Further, let the advocates of the present system tell us, if the existence of two parties is indispensable to the life of the State, why they are always vilifying and trying to destroy the party to which they do not happen to belong. Might not one of a man's legs as well vilify and try to destroy the other? Among other good effects of a change, our ablest political writers would be rescued from the most unhappy thralldom. No longer chained like galley-slaves to the oar of faction, they would be free to make the best use of their intellects to tell the truth and give honest advice to the country.

THAT there is no fundamental difference of character between our two political parties, whatever fond belief the self-esteem of either of them may cherish, is proved by the occasional coalitions. The sections of which the Confederation Government was made up had all their lives been waging war, in the name of indefeasible principle, on each other. Yet when Deadlock gave the word, they suddenly discovered that public morality sanctioned and even commanded their union, not only in the hall of the legislature, but in place. Mr. Cauchon's reputation "stank to heaven;" but Mr. Cauchon became indispensable, and deodorizing chemicals were found. The Ottawa correspondent of *THE WEEK*, in his last letter foreshadowed a coalition still more indicative of the fundamental harmony which underlies all the discord. Speculating on the succession to Sir John

Macdonald, he reckoned among the possibilities, if not among the probabilities, a combination of Mr. Blake with Sir Hector Langevin. Now if there is anybody who professes to represent the rigid purity of the Reform party, it is Mr. Blake; and if there is anybody who represents the principle opposed to rigid purity it is Sir Hector Langevin. Sir Hector's frailty has always been the special mark of Grit denunciation, and many have been the virtuous editorials, the moral of which was pointed with his luckless name. Nor, it must be owned, without excuse. Unquestionably he has been for many years the centre and the arch-priest of all the intrigue and corruption which have so thoroughly demoralized Quebec. Unquestionably it has been through him that Quebec has made her bargain whenever she found an occasion for selling herself anew to the Government at Ottawa. He has been the go-between and the broker of her dishonour. In the Pacific Scandal he was one of the three. Not only so, but while nobody for a moment suspected either Sir John Macdonald or Sir George Cartier of using the money for any purpose but the elections, a great many people strongly suspected, and do still strongly suspect Sir Hector Langevin of using a part, at least, of it in a different way. His disclaimers were scouted, his challenges of inquiry were derided by Mr. Blake's allies in the Reform press. A coalition with him therefore would prove that the moral barrier between parties, as well as the political barrier, was capable of being surmounted, and might yield to the paramount necessity of forming an Administration. The correspondent's idea is given merely as a conjecture; but it is the conjecture of a trained observer at the centre of politics; and it is rendered plausible at all events by Mr. Blake's double appeal to Catholic sympathies on St. Patrick's day. If it should be confirmed by the event we should be able to apply, and with better reason, to the parties in Canada the apologue which Mr. Bright applied to the two old aristocratic parties in England. There were, he said, in a city which he knew, two rival stores which waged against each other a furious war of advertisements and counter advertisements, each assuring the public that it alone sold the genuine article and that the article sold by its competitor was a counterfeit; the noise drew custom to both; but at last both became bankrupt, when the fact was disclosed that they were the same concern. Our Canadian parties show that they are the same concern in one respect, at all events: they invariably unite their voices to denounce and their forces to exclude that pestilent interloper the Independent. They are antagonists in the game; but they wish to keep the table and the stakes to themselves.

THE term fanatic, applied by an Australian journal quoted the other day in THE WEEK to an intemperate advocate of Temperance, appears to have aroused ire in certain bosoms. Have not the best causes suffered from the frenzy of fanatics? Did not Cromwell's party suffer from it, as well as that of General Neal Dow? Fanaticism has certain well-known marks. One of these is the propensity to treat friends who will not go your length, or differ from you with regard to means, as worse than declared enemies. It was by denouncing "moderate drinkers" as more hateful and dangerous than actual drunkards, that the preacher incurred the censure of the Australian journal. Another mark is the habit of treating error, or what is assumed to be error, as sin. Is he not a fanatic who treats as sin that which was unquestionably the daily practice of Christ and of the Apostles, and has been the daily practice of the best men in Christendom down to this hour? Where has fanaticism ever shown itself, if not in attempting to proscribe the use of wine in the Sacrament? A third mark, and indeed the very essence of fanaticism, is the disregard of ordinary morality in the headlong pursuit of the favourite object; and assuredly ordinary morality is disregarded, when, to hasten the disuse of liquor, it is proposed to rob those who have been selling it under the license of the State. A leading Prohibitionist has been heard seriously to propose the punishment of death, in the last resort, for contumacious liquor-sellers. The first execution under his code would bring Prohibitionism down with a run. The blue ribbon which temperance men have assumed as their badge may remind them that there once were Blue Laws, and that their galling severity brought on a reaction in which other things besides the Blue Laws perished.

A CURIOUS crisis of the liquor question is impending in the United States. The period during which whiskey is permitted to be in bond before the payment of the tax upon it is three years. In the course of this year and the next the period will expire on 70,000,000 gallons held in bond, mainly in Kentucky, Tennessee, Illinois and Ohio. The distillers, and the banks which have made large advances on this immense stock, have been trying to obtain from Congress an extension of the term, but they have failed; so of the 70,000,000 gallons, 30,000,000 at once, the rest

very soon, will be poured upon the market. As a Congressman picturesque, though profanely, expressed it, "a fiery river of damnation will soon be set flowing" over the United States. What, then, is the proper remedy? To forbid the use of pitchers, cups and glasses? That is the remedy of the Prohibitionist, and the only result will be that people will be compelled to drink out of extemporized vessels, or to scoop up the liquor with their hands. While it flows and lips are thirsty, it will not be allowed to sink into the sand. The one effectual remedy is to stop the river at its source by compensating the distillers, removing the revenue and shutting up the stills. We shall not be able to believe in the perfect sincerity of the Temperance party till they have either adopted this thorough-going policy, or given good reasons for refusing to adopt it.

THAT a league has been formed by the European powers with Bismarck at its head for the purpose of curbing British aggrandizement is beyond doubt a fable; nothing either in Bismarck's character or in his policy points in that direction; and he has from the first encouraged England to occupy Egypt, though with the covert design, it may be, of shifting French enmity from Germany to her. Yet the addition of Egypt to the Empire could not fail to raise the hobgoblin of British ambition. The hobgoblin rises accordingly. The Anglophobic press tells over in accents of alarm how it girdles the globe and threatens to enslave the commerce of the world. A definite and persistent design is of course ascribed to the British Government, though amidst the perpetual vicissitudes of the conflict between British parties power passes from Peel to Palmerston, from Palmerston to Gladstone, from Gladstone to Beaconsfield, and from Beaconsfield back to Gladstone, wielded one day by a Jingo, next day by an apostle of moderation who has just been denouncing the Jingo's Imperial policy in an election campaign. This notion, ridiculously baseless, as the slightest acquaintance with the history of the vast miscellany of possessions comprised in the British Empire would show, derives colour from such historical phantasmagorias as Professor Seeley's *Expansion of England*, and from the ambitious sentiments breathed by Imperialists when they are advocating Imperial Federation. Extension and dispersion, instead of being elements of strength and making the Empire formidable to the world, are manifestly sources of weakness. An Empire on which the sun never sets is one assailable through the whole circumference of the globe. Wellington complained to Peel that the colonies and dependencies were undefended. Peel, in reply, could only invite the Duke to frame a plan for their defence. The British Empire is sometimes compared to that of Rome; and Palmerston in his boastful mood talked of the Englishman as the modern Roman. But the Roman Empire, vast as was its extent, lay all within a ring fence; nor, with the questionable exception of the Persian monarchy, was there at that time any other great power in the world. The British Empire has to be defended against a number of other powers greatly superior in military strength to England, and some of them lying between her and the principal mass of her possessions. There is no military or naval force of importance in any part of the enormous frame saving in Great Britain herself, and the strain of a war with a coalition of naval powers would almost certainly prove too great to be borne. Egypt is annexed: the step was inevitable: but the hesitancy with which it was taken shows that England feels the burden and the peril. Expansion has now reached its limits; contraction is at hand, let Imperialists vapour as they may; and it will begin in this hemisphere, where the so-called dominion of Great Britain is now a dangerous liability without real compensation of any kind.

ONCE more the social alarm bell has sounded, and sounded loudly, in the United States. Cincinnati has been the scene of a repetition of the Pittsburgh riots, though, happily, on a smaller scale, as well as more accidental and trivial in its immediate origin. On the former occasion it was a quarrel between the railway managers and their men that set fire to the materials of social combustion in the shape of rowdiness, communism, and anarchism, which lay around. On the present occasion it was a lynching affair. Once more, however, the hordes of barbarism, which have been collected in the homes of civilization, poured forth to riot and plunder, nor were they driven into their lair again without lamentable carnage. As in the case of the Pittsburgh riots, some of the militia appear to have misbehaved themselves, and refused to answer to the call of duty; but those who did act seem to have acted as fiercely as militia always do in a civil war where, as civilians, they share the passions. Regular troops are always the most humane, as well as the firmest guardians of order; and the Americans would do well to provide against their real danger by doubling their diminutive army, instead of spending money, as they appear inclined

to do, in building ironclads to force Bismarck to accept the Lasker resolutions, or prevent England from hanging murderers. If such a calamity was to occur at all, it is a pity that it did not occur at Chicago, rather than at Cincinnati; some of the politicians and journalists of that virtuous city who subsist by pandering to dynamite, might then know what it was to have the explosion at their own doors. The list of killed and wounded is pretty long. If England, or any other power of the old world, had repressed anarchy, or Thugism, with half as much severity, Elijah Pogram would have been moving resolutions in Congress and perorating on all the platforms. But as the American Republic is the repressor, Elijah will be mute.

UNDER the title of "The Harvest of Democracy" Sir Lepel Griffin has poured out the second vial of his wrath on American institutions in the *Fortnightly Review*. So hateful is popular government to the Knight that he does not think it possible for England to be on good terms with France since France has become a republic. It has been remarked by a writer on Roman history that the "lesser houses" of the nobility were always the most aristocratic, and the observation in its general sense is borne out in a most striking manner by the demeanour of Colonial and Indian knights. Sir Lepel Griffin would probably have thought that he was demeaning himself had he made a patient and serious study of democracy in the United States. At all events he has vouchsafed it nothing but a hurried and disdainful glance. He has satisfied himself at once that the true key to American politics is that lively and telling but now almost forgotten squib, "Solid for Mulhooney;" in other words he has been observing not American politics in general, but the influence of the Irish vote in New York and some of the western cities. Nobody doubts that the Irish vote, in proportion to its strength, has everywhere generated great political evils. But the Irish vote is not American society; it is a foreign element, as Sir Lepel himself, when he describes the political feeling of the native Americans towards the Irish, shows that he is partly aware; and it would be rather hard, say, upon the native Poles, to identify them with all the doings of the intrusive Muscovite. Sir Lepel has evidently seen nothing of the rural districts in which are the thews and sinews of the nation: in this he only resembles other travellers who write with the same confidence on the character of a community the best part of which they have observed from the train. His view of the "Harvest" is confined to the blighted ears. Did he not see fifty millions of people living in greater opulence and upon the whole in greater happiness than any other fifty millions on the face of the earth, attached to their institutions, obedient to their laws, proud of their country, busily industrious, sure of the rewards of their industry, and hopeful as to their own future? Did he not see Government well obeyed, law fairly administered, public credit high, and finances in the most flourishing condition? And does he think that these political grapes and figs grow upon political thorns and thistles? Does he believe that an enormous public debt can be paid off by squandering and stealing? Evils there are in American politics and society; evils which he has not noted, besides those which he has noted and exaggerated; and there are evils in British politics and society also. There are even in England now, as in the United States, a Mulhooney and a solid Irish Vote.

SOME worthy people in Iowa, it seems, are so convinced of the transcendent excellence of the public school system that they have proposed to suppress private education altogether by laying a heavy tax on private schools. Their project would combine social iniquity with a shameless abuse of the taxing power. The worship of the public school system among us, like that of the Pope among the Ultramontanes, has pretty nearly reached the extreme limit of reason. Its devotees, among other things, always think of the public school as an abstraction, the same and equally perfect everywhere, at least on this favoured continent. But in fact it differs greatly in different districts, being in some places very good, in others very bad, with every intermediate shade of quality. Much must depend on the individual teachers, who cannot be turned out uniform in excellence from any State machine. But the system itself does not appear equally faultless to all. There are some who have misgivings as to the effects of that intermixture of sexes after eleven which to others seems fruitful of the best results; and even artisans who were very careful about the character of their children, have been known to withdraw a girl from a public school because they found that she was learning to use bad language and was growing coarse in her manners. All, however, acquiesce in the institution, if not as the consummation of human wisdom, as the necessity of a democratic form of government. All submit upon that ground to the apparent injustice of making a man pay for educating the children of others, when

he himself either has none, or if he has, prefers for them the instruction and the moral atmosphere of a private school. But the proposal to abolish liberty of education and to compel a parent to bring up his children in ignorance if he did not like a State school or the State schoolmaster of his district, seems to have been rather too much for the digestion of the people of Iowa, though social and sumptuary coercion is by no means alien to their tastes. To the abolition of liberty of education, however, and a good many other liberties, we may come, unless philanthropic drill-sergeants can be made to feel that there is a moral limit to the prerogatives of the ballot as well as to the prerogatives of kings. The fate of society would be hard if, after emancipating itself by centuries of struggle and suffering from the tyranny of monarchs, it were doomed to fall under the more searching tyranny of crotcheteers.

IN the last number of THE WEEK Mr. Maclean propounded what he conceives to be the true solution of the silver problem. "The relative values of the two precious metals once determined, make all debts payable *half in gold coin and half in silver coin*. Then, should any depreciation of one of them take place from increased production or other causes, it would be exactly balanced by the appreciation of the other." Whether this is a true solution or not, it is the natural expression of bi-metalism, and Mr. Maclean deserves a crown of silver at the hands of the Silver Kings for his ingenuity in devising it. But in the first place, think of the inconvenience of being compelled to take a mountain of silver in payment of the moiety of a large debt. In the second place, is it true that the balance of appreciation and depreciation would always be preserved? Might not the appreciation of one of the two commodities be out of proportion to the depreciation of the other, or *vice versa*, so that the total value of the payment would be altered? Through all the forms and phases of bi-metalism, as through all the forms and phases of paper currency, there seems to run openly or covertly the idea that government can create and determine value by its fiat. But the value of gold is intrinsic; it receives no addition but merely an attestation from the action of government in stamping the coin; it originally owed its existence to the beauty, rarity and convenience of the metal; but to these elements is now added that of immemorial and practically immutable establishment as the standard of the great commercial nations. That this element is moral, not material, makes it none the less real, or less incapable of being changed, actually or relatively, by the fiat of any political power. To call silver, under existing circumstances a precious metal in the same sense as gold, is a fallacy, or perhaps, to speak strictly, a survival. The Silver Kings are levying a heavy tribute on the people of the United States by compelling the Government every year to coin a quantity of silver which nobody wants, and which in fact is an encumbrance and a nuisance. The salaries of all congressmen ought to be paid in it. There is no other chance of giving it currency and appreciation. If Mr. Maclean's proposed enactment were to become law, specific covenants would be inserted in all large contracts providing that the payment should be in gold only, and this would be enough in itself to derange the government determination of relative values. The wealth of Great Britain and of all the great commercial nations is stored in gold, and it is to the last degree unlikely that they will go into convention for the purpose of disturbing the value of their treasure.

AN English journal of fashion the other day presented its readers with an elaborate *ménu* for Lent, in which turbot *à la reine* was the centrepiece of a galaxy of delicious and costly dishes. The writer observed that with such a dinner, after all, one need not complain, and that it was rather a good thing for the health sometimes to take to fish instead of meat. "So easily have we passed through this austere season," was the reflection with which the Paris correspondent of the *Morning Post* once closed his bright narrative of Lenten entertainments. Such is our modern asceticism. Mediæval asceticism did a great work in its day, though it may be summarily consigned to contempt as mere devil-worship and superstition by philosophers who have paid so little attention to history as has Mr. Herbert Spencer. Religion under this form, by her authority and her promises, stimulated and aided the barbarian to rise above his merely animal nature and contend against his own coarse lusts, an effort much harder to him at the outset than any exertion of the chase or war. As respect for the sacred lives and property of the clergy was a stepping-stone to that respect for life and property in general by which it is now entirely superseded, so was fasting on Friday and in Lent the stepping-stone to rational temperance. We, as civilized men, have better inducements to refrain from gorging and swilling like swine, than had those Franks and Saxons who abstained from their barbarous orgies, in devout obedience to the ordinances of the calendar. We have the dictates of a reasonable

hygiene and the recognized claims of our higher nature; while as a countercharm to brutish appetites, we have intellectual pleasures which our rude ancestors never knew. With the action of these rational influences a revival of that which is now truly superstitious could only interfere. The natural concomitant of Lent is a carnival, that is to say a wild outbreak of the sensual nature, indemnifying itself beforehand for the restraint which it is about to undergo, and which has no more of reason in it than the outbreak. The Mahomedan, after fasting strictly all day in the Ramadan, and having whetted his appetite to the utmost, gorges himself like a hog at sunset. Comic stories used to be told of the breakfasts of Oxford Ritualists on the mornings of the Sundays in Lent, when the Church relaxed her severe ordinance for the day. The present revival of Lent, remarkable and curious as it is, may be set down as part of the general attempt to call from the grave of the past the religion of the middle ages, the destinies of which, and of other artificial revivals, it is sure in the end to share. The Church of England is in the main the Church of the fashionable world, and is thus able to impose the observance of its ordinance, or some shadowy semblance of observance, such as fish *ménus* and high dresses, upon gay society. It may be a good thing to dine for a time upon *turbot à la reine* in place of *beef à la mode*; it is certainly a good thing to rest for a while from the dizzy whirl of dissipation. But it would be better all the year round to take no more food than nature requires, and confine ourselves to that genuine recreation which renews the brain and cheers the heart. Superstition now gives upward effort a false direction, perhaps not in the case of physical abstinence alone.

WHEN next a social preacher wants a theme, he may address himself with advantage to the growing itch for publication which now spares neither friendly intercourse nor the social hours, and unless it is checked, will soon destroy the freedom of all conversation and poison the pleasure of every genial meeting. Disregard of social rules in publishing what ought not to be published, is naturally attended by equal disregard of strict accuracy in the report. If people want to know any man's real opinions, they had better look for them in his acknowledged utterances and writings, especially if he is a man whose habit, in his acknowledged utterances and writings, is frankness and not dissimulation.

A BYSTANDER.

HERE AND THERE.

MANY are the theories suggested as to the origin of "All Fools' Day," which is yet associated with the first of April, and still no definite solution of the absurdities which characterize the day has been arrived at. The custom of sending people on empty errands on this anniversary is common in every European country: in France it is designated *poisson d'Avril*, in Scotland "hunting the gowk,"—a gowk usually signifies a cuckoo, though now used in the sense of a fool. Oriental scholars ascribe the custom as an innovation of the Huli-feast amongst the Hindoos, which takes place on the 31st of March, when a similar absurdity prevails. Others maintain that it comes from a celebration of Christ's being sent about to and fro between Herod, Pilate, and Caiaphas, as referred to in the miracle plays; while there is not wanting a theory which traces the custom to Noah, as sending out the dove on such a quest. However, it may safely be concluded that the ridiculous absurdities now in vogue on the first of April were not practised by the ancients, as no reference to All Fools' Day ever occurs in the earlier writers. France seems to have fathered the freak, and by some it is attributed to the change in that country, in 1564, of New Year's day to the first of January, which left the first of April destitute of anything but a burlesque of its former festivities. The very name of April in connexion with the fourth month of our year is also another subject for dispute, yet a derivation may reasonably be attributed to the Latin verb *aperire* "to open up," when as Varro says of the month, *omnia aperit*, "it opens up all things." On antique monuments April is represented as a dancing youth with a rattle in his hand.

THE proposal to re-instate Colonel Valentine Baker in the military position in the British army which he forfeited some years ago is a topic of great interest in England. The *Standard* claims to have received some two hundred letters from ladies urging that the erring officer should be forgiven. The *Telegraph* devoted an editorial to advocating his pardon and re-admission to the service. In a very pretty poem *Punch* makes Private Hayes beg in the name of "the boys" that the 10th's old colonel be given back his command. Forgiveness is the virtue which most men usually specially associate with what Mr. Disraeli called "the angels," but to ask that Valentine Baker be pardoned and re-admitted to society would,

to say the least of it, be a dangerous precedent. The safeguards upon female honour are none too strong, and those who remember the scene in a certain railway carriage, and those who are not carried away by sentiment, are not likely to sympathize with the whitewashing of even the best cavalry officer in the world—if he be that. A correspondent to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, writing about the deluge of appeals in behalf of the soldier of fortune, says: "It brought to mind the familiar couplet of Pope:—

Men, some to business, some to pleasure, take,
But every woman is at heart—

Let those finish the quotation who will."

WHAT will be known in history as the Paris *Petit Cercle* club scandal is still the subject of much comment in the French journals, and is yet an unsolved mystery—or crime. *On dit* that a Greek prince and a well-known Viscount have been compromised by the discovery of some papers, but there is not sufficient evidence for the police to act upon. The club has been a veritable gold-mine to "philosophers" for years, although it had the reputation of being most exclusive. The scandal has been the means of calling attention to the furious play that went on there. A Russian noble is said to have lost two millions of francs in one night, and the son-in-law of M. Grévy, M. Wilson, lost, it is asserted, a fortune at *écarté* before resigning his membership.

WHY, wails "A Playgoer," will ladies go to the theatre in big hats? He complains that, after having taken the trouble to book a seat for a performance he had not seen, when he got to the theatre his view of the stage was obstructed by a lady who sat immediately in front of him, who wore "a huge thing called a hat, at least (including the feather) eighteen inches in diameter, and which rendered it absolutely impossible to see one quarter of the piece." We think our correspondent is entitled to say that "to wear such head-gear is indulging in fashionable dress regardless of the comfort of others—a result which no lady would wish, but which is brought about no doubt thoughtlessly."

"CIVIS" sends the following cutting and comments from Quebec:—

It used to be the plan that while the engineer and fireman were resting themselves the locomotive was side-tracked. Mr. James McCrea, late of the Pennsylvania road, conceived the idea of double-manning the locomotives. Thus, while the crew rests, the engine goes on. The saving to the Pennsylvania road by this economy is \$250,000 a year.

"The philosophy of the modern railway system is shadowed forth in the above little paragraph. What the companies will do for profit, they refuse to do for public safety. Nothing but certain duplications of mental and active labour in signalling and despatching will make the lines safe; but in this case only human lives are involved, unless we remember the risk to the rolling stock and freight, and the inconvenience of heavy damages; considerations that may at last rouse these modern arbiters to practical alleviations of what has become intolerable."

FOLLOWING the remarks on dinner *ménus* in the last issue of THE WEEK, it is of interest to note that in England suppers are becoming quite fashionable. This is one result of the ordinary dinner hour being too late to permit of attendance at the theatre afterwards and do justice to the "double event." Wherefore it has become usual to eat very little before going to the play, and to take supper on return. The practice may not be defended on hygienic principles, but it is decidedly more comfortable than dining *à l'Américain*—at high pressure—and arriving at the theatre hot, heavy, and sluggish. So greatly has the fashion of supper-eating increased in London that at the best houses there is a distinct reduction of the *ménu* at dinner.

WE have it on the authority of Thomas Carlyle, in "Sartor Resartus," that the first sign of man's endeavour to escape from barbarism is his rude attempts to produce decoration. How far, then, must we be at present from primitive times, judging by the devotion of all classes to ornaments? There was a time when nobody but a savage would wear any but bona fide jewellery; and even now that legend obtains to a considerable extent in "upper circles," though it does occasionally leak out that Lord Gothepace or Lady Montecarlo have had their diamonds replaced by paste. But now-a-days it is the exception to see a man or boy who is not be-chained and be-pinned and be-ringed in a manner which would make a squaw or a negress bite herself for envy! It wants but a few steps from these people to the idiotic aesthetes who wear armlets, anklets, and use hair-pins!—and in the process forfeit their manhood. The worst of it all is that, where the articles worn are "Brummagem," it would seem to indicate a false-pretence which does not augur well for latter-day morality. For nobody wears brass as brass, or paste as an imitation diamond, but wishes th

ornaments to pass as gold and real stone, whilst the dude with a double brass watch-chain, heavy curb pattern, would be insulted if it were insinuated that he wore in his left vest pocket a bunch of keys and in the dexter *poché* was an old knife, the watch being *non est inventus*. How many centuries would the philosopher of Chelsea consider us to be from cavemen in these decorations?

APROPOS of Oscar Wildeism, we are in possession of the following incident: An æsthetic young lady wrote of her engagement to a young man, likewise æsthetic, or in her own language, "consummately artistic." After expatiating upon Edward's fortune and family she added: "We shall have no embarrassment in fitting up our drawing-room, for *dear Edward's beard and complexion are perfect*, they would not hurt any background. With a little gentle admonition to his tailor to be more careful in future, I am confident in being able to manage the wall—so important, you know." What splendid colonists these folk would make!

In a recent number of the London *Times* appeared this very singular advertisement—"The gentleman who received an unsigned note on Friday last, desiring him to be at a certain West-end theatre on the 11th inst., begs that the writer will send a signed communication in confidence." Thereby hangs a tale. That night the stalls of the Lyceum Theatre were filled with some sixty gentlemen, carrying the Napoleonic violets in their button holes, and all of them looking out for a lady wearing in her bosom a bunch of geraniums. The lovers of the violet had all been drawn to the theatre by a note in a lady's hand begging them to be at that particular theatre on that particular night. Most of the invited came—all of them, apparently, expecting to find an entertaining partner, and all of them disappointed at the discovery of fifty-nine other gentlemen hoaxed like themselves. They looked very silly at each other when they saw that a joke had been played upon them; but it is to be hoped that they were consoled at finding so many fools bitten by the same folly, and that they enjoyed the play.

"MAX O'RELL" does the English wrong in an amusing little letter to the *Standard* the other morning about American publishers, and the strange fact that they "should not yet have come across the precept, 'Thou shalt not steal.'" America, he says, "is a country possessing 189 religions, thus beating England by five;" but the number of religious denominations in England is not 184, but 200. However, Max O'Rell's information is in this particular only one year behindhand, for the sixteen new denominations which make up the difference were added to Whitaker's Almanac for 1884. And as for America being "no other, it appears, than the tribe of Manasseh," why, the English, it appears on equal authority, are no other than the ten lost tribes.

WESTON, yclept, "the wobbler," has completed his 5,000 miles. He deserves credit for pluck and endurance, but what benefit is to result from his accomplishment of the feat is not easy to see. He will have proved that it is possible to walk 5,000 miles without the aid of alcoholic stimulants, but even if we had not known that pretty well before we should not be any better off, for few of us propose to start walking fifty miles a day for several weeks, with or without alcohol.

HERE is a new idea to enable ladies to captivate their husbands. It is from the letter of a lady correspondent in London, England:—"I called recently on a bride of a few months early one morning, and found her pouring the breakfast coffee for her husband. She was fairly submerged in the foamy billows of a sea-green robe, and on her head was a cap of more intricate construction than I could clearly describe in half-a-column. After she had kissed her spouse, said good-bye for the day, and we were alone in her boudoir, she threw off the head-dress and changed the elaborate gown for a plain one. 'Good gracious me!' I said, 'Is it possible that you put on such a careful toilet simply for your husband?' 'Yes, certainly,' was the reply. 'You mean to marry some time? Well, take my advice. When you have once taken a husband, keep him. Don't let the charm of fascination be broken through your own carelessness. The greatest danger is that the sameness of one wife will tire him of you. Now, you can't effect any actual changes in yourself. Whatever novelty of person you present must be extraneous. Isn't that so?' 'I believe it is.' 'Well, I came to the conclusion that the time to show myself in new aspects to my hubby was in the morning. Nightgowns can't be varied much, and one can't arrange one's hair to any extent for the bed; so I have made it a point to get a number of odd toilets to appear in before him at breakfast. This captures him afresh every morning, makes him think about me all

day long, and brings him back to me at night an ardent lover.' I quote this advice for what it is worth. At all events it seems reasonable, doesn't it?"

THERE were thirty-one failures in Canada reported to Bradstreet's during the past week, against thirty-seven in the preceding week, and forty and eleven in the corresponding weeks of 1883 and 1882 respectively. The United States had one hundred and sixty-two as compared with one hundred and ninety-two in the preceding week, and with one hundred and seventy and one hundred and twenty-nine respectively in the corresponding weeks of 1883 and 1882. About 85 per cent. were those of small traders whose capital was under \$5,000.

THE C.P.R. BY THE KICKING HORSE PASS AND THE SELKIRKS.—IX.

THE SUMMIT OF THE SELKIRKS.

HAVING heard so much of the Selkirks as the terror of railway men, we were astonished to find a fair trail and a well-defined open valley leading right into the heart of the range. After travelling for about sixteen miles south-westerly in the valley of the Beaver, and then following up a large tributary called Bear Creek for two or three miles in a north-westerly direction, we came upon Major Critchelow's camp and accepted his hospitality for the night. The summit, we were told, was only six miles farther west, and, had it not been for our four hours' detention in the morning, we could have made it before dark. Certainly, we had not expected to reach the summit of the Selkirks in one day's march from the Columbia; but here we were within touch, without having had any difficulties worth speaking of to encounter. True, I had lost my watch on the way, but that was my own fault; and then, I—or rather Al.—had found it again. This was how it happened: After lunch, Al. and I had remained behind our party to make up a bag of fool hens, after a fashion that I am well aware will bring down upon us the wrath and contempt of all sportsmen. There are various kinds of grouse in the mountains, all easily shot, but none taken so easily as the fool hen, or ruffled tree grouse. These sit on logs or underbrush, or the branches of trees, and gaze placidly at you, even when you are drawing near to knock them over with a stone or stick, or to snare them in some primitive way. Dr. Hector says that he never found much difficulty in catching them with a short piece of sinew twine, made into a noose and fastened on a slender pole. As you approach slowly, the bird does not seem in the least frightened, but sits gravely watching your proceedings, till you pass the noose over its head, or—perhaps when the noose is close—it obligingly dodges its head, and then you have only to pull it off the tree. The flesh is sweet and tender, and half a dozen fool hens in a stew are to dainty appetites a welcome addition to the invariable bacon and bannocks of the camp supper, though packers and ordinary men disdain anything less solid than pig in some form or another. Well, Al. secured four or five in ten minutes. I knocked one over with a stone, and, chasing another into the bush, struck at it two or three times with a long stick, and at last brought it down. Farther on, we peppered with volleys of stones an old cock who had perched on the top of a tree, and who looked calmly down at us the while, occasionally changing his position to another tree, as if to give us a better chance, and at last—disgusted with our bad practice—flying away too far into the wood for us to follow. The gun had gone with the horses, and by this time was a mile or two ahead. We now had to run for it, each of us carrying his game, I for one, occasionally catching tremendous croppers as my feet stumbled, or became entangled in networks of roots that stretched across the trail. Scarcely had we caught up to the horses when I made the discovery that my watch was missing. The words announcing the loss were no more than out of my mouth, when Al., exclaiming "I'll find it!" wheeled his horse round and was off out of sight. I had no idea of going on what seemed the fool's errand of looking for a watch over miles of wilderness and amid thick underbrush, especially as there was danger of being separated from the party, which, of course, had to press forward. But, after going on for half a mile more, and in rather sorrowful mood, for the watch had been presented to me in old student days, I felt that it would never do to desert Al., and so I too turned back, greatly against my horse's grain, who retraced his steps with a reluctance that no amount of cudgelling could overcome. I soon came upon Al.'s horse tied to a tree, and inferred at once that the plucky fellow had done this that he might be able to scan each side of the trail more closely. The minutes seemed hours, as I moved wearily back over the ground. There was nothing to break the silence of the sombre woods but the noise of the Beaver, heard now and

then brawling down a rapid. Passing the different points where my length had been measured on the trail, I came at last to the spot where we had fruitlessly cannonaded the old cock, and while examining thereabouts my halloo was answered by a cheery cry fifty yards away, "I've found it, by Jo! I've found it!" On he came, bounding like a deer, his face all aglow, watch in one hand, a quart can of tomatoes in the other. "I found it where you killed that last chicken. It must have been a judgment on you for killing it that way. I searched every other spot, and that was the last place, and I felt it was the only chance left—by Jo, I'm glad." And so was I. To signalize his victory and satisfy his parched throat, he had effected an entrance into a *cache* of Major Critchelow's hard by, and levied on the tomatoes. We drank that quart can with enthusiasm, and then turned to run, hoping to catch up to the party before nightfall. Reaching our horses, we mounted and dashed ahead. Such an eight or ten miles ride I hope never to have again. No waiting for pack animals now; no looking out for good footing or anything else. Over projecting stumps and roots, innumerable interlaced fibres of giant trees, boulders piled up by slides and freshets; through mud-holes of the worst kind, in which the horses plunged to the girths, and then through the hot ashes of smouldering fires recently kindled in the forest; projecting branches hitting us smartly in the face, snags threatening worse consequences to our eyes; up and down a series of sloping benches that fill the valley of Bear Creek, we smashed on at full gallop or trot, till just as darkness began to fall, the sight of garments hanging on a tree showed that we could not be far from Critchelow's camp, and at the same moment we heard the sound of our bell horse ahead. Encouraged by these sure signs, I dismounted to stretch my legs, and letting the horse follow Al., left the trail and took what seemed a short cut over a spur that we were about to go round, but soon found out the proverbial truth of short cuts being long, and what the lack of a trail meant. The dense undergrowth made it impossible to see ahead, or to know where to take a single step with safety. I had to wrestle in a swamp with multitudinous alder bushes. My feet were caught among roots and thorns. One moment I was precipitated headlong into a brook, the next into a bank of enormous skunk cabbage, and worst of all into a bed of prickly aralea, well named the Devil's Clubs. The ascent proved only the first of a series; so, in despair I turned down hill again, and luckily finding the trail, limped into camp, hands and legs scratched and bleeding, face and clothing covered with mud, as much knocked up with my last four hundred yards as with the whole day's journey, but triumphantly holding on to the watch and exclaiming "we found it!"

A better lot of fellows than Critchelow's party it would be difficult to find. They had worked down from the summit and spoke enthusiastically of the scenery there. We would see it all after an easy ride in the morning, and they advised us to halt in the pass as long as possible, as the feed was better than anywhere else in the range. Carroll, the topographer of the party, had accompanied Major Rogers in 1882, when he discovered the pass, and one of the mountains overhanging it was named after him in acknowledgement of his services. His own explanation of the origin of the name, Mount Carroll, was slightly different. "I saw a big grizzly while climbing it, and he looked so wicked that I turned and ran two miles to camp without once looking behind. Hence the name." Bear Creek swarms with black bears and grizzlies, and Carroll might be safely matched against two or three at a time. The place is a paradise for sportsmen. Carroll has established a cattle ranche 80 miles south of the Kicking Horse *Cache*, at the Upper Columbia Lake, where would be the best possible headquarters for men who desired a summer's fishing and hunting on a grand scale. There is a good lake for boating; trout all the year round, and splendid salmon fishing in August and September. Wild fowl, duck, geese, swans in the greatest abundance at the door; and bears, mountain sheep and goats, and the noble cariboo within a day's, and on to a week's travel. What more can sportsmen want? It would be ingratitude of the worst kind were we to omit making honourable mention of Major Critchelow's cook. His mighty dishes of porridge and condensed milk are never to be forgotten; and his dough-nuts were twisted perfection.

The valleys of the Beaver and Bear Creeks are filled with magnificent timber; cedar, cottonwood and spruce of gigantic size; a good deal of hemlock and Douglas fir, and a sprinkling of white pine. Recent fires have destroyed a portion. Measures should be taken to prevent wholesale destruction by the fires that are lit, it is said, by the Indians, but more frequently, I believe, by thoughtless railroad men, or prospectors not unwilling that the underbrush may be burned that they may get through more easily, and see more rock exposures than would be possible otherwise.

In the morning we started for the summit. The ascent was so easy that I rode the whole way. On both sides of the trail grew an extra-

ordinary variety of high bushes laden with berries, hanging so conveniently that we could pick handfuls without dismounting; blackberries, blue or partridge berries, gooseberries, raspberries, dewberries, alderberries, in such profusion that we could see at once why this was a chosen *habitat* of bears. The rowan tree with its rich red clusters overhung the trail, and the aralea was crowned with its grape-like berries, the tops of the cluster red and the lower half still green. High above these bushes towered huge, stately forest trees; one cedar having a diameter of eight or nine feet, and a spruce being the largest any of us had ever seen. Though the season of flowering plants was nearly past, flowers, such as asters, the hardy blue-bell and the well-known fire-weed, showed themselves in suitable places; and a rich abundance of ferns filled up every otherwise unoccupied spot. We were crossing the dreaded Selkirks as if riding through a deserted garden. After three hours of this, we emerged from the forest into an open saucer-shaped valley covered with tall rich grass, and flanked on both sides with mountains that rose high above the snow-line. "There," said Major Rogers, pointing to a streamlet, "is Summit Creek, and there"—pointing to the other end of the valley, "is the summit where our zero stake is planted." A cheer burst from every one's lips, and, calling a halt, the order was given to take off the packs and let the hungry horses feed for an hour or two. Little the poor brutes had had for the two previous days and nights. We took our seats on a moss-grown rockery beside the creek and looked round. A grander and lovelier scene could scarcely be imagined. We were in the centre of a rich grassy meadow, bushes laden with delicious wild fruit grouped here and there, and lofty mountains, snow-peaked and with glaciers accumulating in the higher depressions surrounding us on every side, a narrow opening at the east where we had entered, and another at the west where we were to begin the descent of the range, excepted. To the north stretched from point to point an almost unbroken field of snow two or three miles long, accumulating in gorges into glaciers. High above the snow, the looser shales of the summits having worn away, fantastic columns of rock stood up. One of these, from its resemblance to an old man coming out of his house to look down upon us, the Major had christened Hermit Peak. To the east, Mount Carroll all but closed the entrance to the Pass. To the south, a bold forehead of rock stood out bare and high above the forest line, and beyond it extended a camel's back, rising to a point that hid the distinctive mountain of the Pass, Syndicate Peak, as the Major had named it when, coming from the west in 1881 he beheld a huge cone, like the Matterhorn, dominating the whole range and apparently forbidding his further search for a pass that year. We saw dimly through mist gathering in the west another grand mountain looming up like a tower. Seated in the centre of this magnificent amphitheatre, we congratulated the Major on his discovery of the Pass, a discovery so important to the railway and to Canada. The chief passed round some cigars, certified to be from Havana, and after a smoke in honour of the occasion, we resolved to constitute "The Canadian Alpine Club." The following interim officers were appointed: Sandford Fleming, president; G. M. Grant, secretary; S. H. Fleming, treasurer. Several resolutions were passed unanimously: (1) that Major A. B. Rogers, the discoverer of the Pass through the Selkirks, be the first honorary member of the Club; (2) that the Pass be named the Rogers Pass; (3) that Mr. Albert Rogers, in consideration of his services in connection with the discovery, be the first elected member of the Club; (4) that rules and regulations regarding the election and qualifications of members be determined at a subsequent meeting, to be held at the call of the interim president. Inasmuch as no institution can be established by Britons without eating, drinking and good fellowship, the members then lunched together, toasted the Queen in Summit Creek water, vowed to plant the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes on Syndicate Peak to greet the first through train to the Pacific, drank the wine of the country in the shape of luscious blackberries and gooseberries gathered on the spot, and the senior members of the party then finished the proceedings by engaging in a game of leap-frog, the first, I make bold to say, ever played on the summit of the Selkirks.

GEORGE M. GRANT.

THE position of Emerson as one of the greatest if not the very greatest of writers and philosophers, has now been made by the Americans a national question. "Foreigners" we are told, if they differ from the national judgment, may have the common modesty at once to conclude that they are wrong. That of course ends the question. Whoever finds Emerson somewhat incoherent and unintelligible, off with his head! The national judgment, however, is not perfectly unanimous. It was an American and a New Englander who said that nobody could pretend to understand Emerson, except young ladies. If we can make something of Aristotle, Plato, Leibnitz, and even, with an effort, of Hegel, but can make nothing of Emerson, the reason no doubt is that we have not the advantage of being Emerson's fellow-countrymen.

EMIGRATION FROM BRITAIN TO HER COLONIES.

THE emigration movement from the old world to the new is increasing in volume year by year, and the indications are that there will be a very large influx of desirable settlers to Canada in 1884. There is much less hesitancy shown by the British people to come out to this country in the present day than existed a few years ago. The causes which have led to this, apart from dissatisfaction at home, are the extensive advertising this country has had in Europe, and the increased knowledge which has been obtained in later years regarding our Dominion, chiefly through the observation of travellers, the operation of the Immigration Department backed by the Canadian Pacific Railway, the Fisheries Exhibition, and the exhibits of Canadian products in England.

The writer, who has lately been on a visit to his native country, Scotland, has had opportunities of discovering some of the reasons why emigration from among the more desirable classes there has been retarded in the past, and of observing the causes which have given so strong an impulse to the movement westward in more recent years. The most extraordinary stories had, until recently, been credited in the mother-land regarding the life of the settler in Canada. Encounters with bears and wolves were represented as being of frequent occurrence, the severity of the winters was said to be beyond the limit of human endurance, and the productiveness of the soil was greatly underrated. But a new era has dawned on this question of emigration to Canada. For the reasons already stated, the claims of this fair land of ours to notice are now being well represented at home, and the advantages to the settler have been for some time made manifest to all. Our climate is properly understood, the productiveness of the soil—both as regards quality and variety—is now well-known; and the increased railway facilities and ready access to the best markets have reduced the settler's drawbacks to a minimum.

In recent years emigration has, as has already been pointed out, flowed in a largely increased tide to this country. This fact is clearly demonstrated by statistics from the Immigration Department, and it is confirmed by a sojourn in Britain, where almost every family misses one or more members who have gone to try their luck in the colonies. And there is every likelihood that the present year will show a still larger movement Canadawards. Emigration is a leading topic among the rural population. Both in England and Scotland—and more particularly among the middle and southern counties in the latter country—there is much discontent among the agricultural classes. The farmers have such heavy rents to pay that they have scarcely anything left after the landlord has been satisfied and the family expenses paid. Another effect of the high rent is that farm labourers' wages are on the decline. In some parts of England, too, many farms are without tenants, the occupants having been compelled, from an inability to meet the demands of the landlords, to give up their farms. These oppressed ones have all found new homes beyond the seas. Others are preparing to follow them, and unless the landlords hasten to make liberal concessions the movement will become even more general. There seems to be less dissatisfaction in the north of Scotland (the islands excepted) than in any other part of Britain. Rents are more reasonable in the north and the landlords have shown a better spirit in the matter of allowing for improvements. This was especially observable on the estates owned by the Earls of Seafield and Moray. The tenants on their lordships' lands seemed very comfortable and happy, and report has it that they are able to save something against the approach of old age. Some of the leading proprietors have taken numerous farms into their own hands, leaving the management to "grievous" (overseers.) This plan has been resorted to more from necessity than choice, however, and its profitableness is very doubtful indeed. Before many years elapse the system will, beyond a doubt, be abandoned. And with its abandonment will be sure to come a downfall in rents and better times for the tenantry. But, meanwhile, many scores of farmers will have found new homes beyond the Atlantic. Anticipating a larger immigration movement this year, and with a view to facilitate the speedy settlement of Manitoba and the North-West Territories, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company has made most liberal arrangements for the conveyance of immigrants desirous of settling in these Provinces. They will be carried direct through by the company's trains and steamers for the small sum of ten dollars. In this way, in addition to reaping the benefit of direct transit, new comers will escape the wiles of American agents and ticket-scalpers.

That there will be a large immigration movement to Canada this year is, as we have already pointed out, almost a certainty; that the Canadian Pacific Railway will see to the transit of the immigrants to the North-West, under the most favourable circumstances, is evident. It only remains for the Government to see that the settlers are not harrassed in

their quest after new homes; and when they have been located, that they are not disturbed in the possession of their lands by scheming speculators or grasping land companies. It will require some effort on the part of the Government to disabuse the English mind of the impression that settlers have, in many instances, been somewhat unfairly dealt with. No doubt such an effort will be put forth.

W. CAMPBELL.

PARTY MANŒUVRING v. USEFUL LEGISLATION.

INTEREST in the meetings of the Dominion and the Provincial Parliaments, we are within the truth in saying, is almost wholly centred in the political game. To prove this, we need only point to the time and attention taken up in our legislative halls with mere party manœuvring, and to the relishing, by the followers of faction, of the daily episodes in the party struggle, to the exclusion of any active and wholesome interest in the serious business of legislation. Only on a large scale does the game of party show to advantage. The smaller the theatre of strife, the more petty becomes the conflict. Even in the Dominion Parliament, seldom does legislation rise into statesmanship, and rarely do we see national questions debated in the nation's interest. Party-ridden as we are, this, we fear, is the fact we must continue to face, and public interest in legislation will soon only mean looking on at a dog-fight.

In this general scuffle of parties, what, it may innocently be asked, is the end of legislation?—what have we in view in summoning our Parliaments together? In putting this question we are here suggesting no inquiry, searching or otherwise, into the *raison d'être* of the Second Chamber. Our purpose is simply to call attention to the legitimate functions of Parliament, and to ask if those objects which legislation is designed to further are being kept in mind, in and out of the House, or if, in the confused fight of faction, they are being ignored and thrust aside altogether. To glance at the daily reports of the proceedings of our Parliaments, no one will affirm that the proportion of useful business taken up and despatched at each sitting bears any reasonable relation to the time consumed in fruitless talk on subjects which can hardly be termed public business. The few measures of importance that are daily advanced in either the Ottawa or the Local House are, in the main, matters fished out by the Opposition for the confusion of the enemy, or questions the discussion of which merely tends to the glorification of the party in power. When weighty matters of State are discussed, nine-tenths of the debates to which they give rise are taken up with objectless talk or mere faction wrangling. Commercial questions and measures of importance to the trade and commerce of the country are subjects that, if dealt with at all, are relegated to the closing days of the session, and even then, discussion, is too often clogged by selfish interests or it is unwholesomely influenced by the malign power of the Lobby. The latter is a dangerous, insidious, and ever-increasing evil. On the other side of the Line, legislation, it is well known, is in the grasp of monopolies. Railway rings, mammoth stock companies, colossal organizations having command of immense resources, which they do not scruple to use corruptly, exert a baleful influence alike upon society, upon legislation, and upon trade. In Canada, though the power to control legislation by corrupt means is as yet not as strong as the desire, the danger is quite as menacing, while resistance to the influence of the Lobby is manifestly on the decline. In Ontario, had the surplus which was expended in granting bonuses to railways held out, the morals of our legislators to-day would not be Puritan. With the growing hostility between the Local and the Federal executives, and the game that Party must needs play to hold its own in the fight, new dangers alarmingly beset us. The revelations of the bribery scandal unmistakably show to what depths faction is sinking the nation. It is possible, of course, in directing attention to these dangers and abuses, to out-Cassandra Cassandra; but that they are dangers and abuses, and that commercial and all legitimate and useful legislation is too often set aside for mere party manœuvring, are facts of grave significance and saddening reality. In the country's essential moral soundness we have some faith, but with each returning session of Parliament this faith suffers serious abatement.

G. MERCER ADAM.

A DAILY newspaper has just been started in Paris which will change its politics every morning. One day the political article will be written by a Bonapartist, another day by an Opportunist, then by a Legitimist, and sometimes by an Intransigent. Each writer is to be at liberty to say exactly what he pleases. In like manner the literary part of the paper will be surrendered upon alternate days to representatives of opposite schools. It is said that the journal is started with American capital.

THE CHURCHES.

At a recent consistory the Pope appointed the Right Rev. F. X. Lerac archbishop of New Orleans, and the Right Rev. D. Mauncy bishop of Mobile.

THERE is a proposal to bring out Professor Robertson Smith as the Liberal candidate for the representation of the universities of Glasgow and St. Andrews. It is not yet known whether he will accept the nomination.

MEMORIAL busts of Drs. Morley Punshon and Gervase Smith have been placed in the City Road Wesleyan chapel, London. Distinguished Methodist clergymen and laymen were present at the ceremony of unveiling the busts.

THERE are eight spiritualistic newspapers published in Spain, five in France, four in Belgium, three in Germany, two each in Holland and Italy. Austria, Russia, Mexico, Chili, Brazil, Uruguay, the Argentine Republic, Australia, India and South Africa have one each.

THE Roman Catholic bishop of Cleveland has received from Archbishop Gibbons letters of convocation for the Third Plenary Council to be held in Baltimore on the 9th November of the present year. It is expected to be the greatest Catholic Council ever held in America.

IN a recent lecture, Dr. Joseph Cook animadverted somewhat strongly on the negative aspect of the new Congregational creed. The complacent serenity of several admiring friends has been disturbed thereby. Their criticism of the Boston Monday lecturer's opinions lack the repose by which they are usually characterized.

SINCE the Italian government by decree of the court of Cassation has taken possession of the Propaganda, it is expected that the American College at Rome, which is an adjunct of the Propaganda, will likewise be confiscated. The college was for the most part maintained by contributions from America, as it was there many American candidates for the priesthood were educated.

COLONEL ROBERT INGERSOLL has been lecturing on his favourite theme—infidelity—to a large audience in Chicago. Three thousand people assembled to listen to him. On the Sunday following numerous rejoinders were made by more or less prominent clergymen. Their modes of argument varied, but all were earnest in upholding the fundamental principles of the Christian faith.

DURING the Lenten season at Madrid a Jesuit preacher, Father Mon, has been inveighing in forcible language against the fashionable dissipation, court frivolities, and the French plays performed in Spanish theatres during the holy season. Cardinal Moreno having been appealed to by the Minister of Public Works, forthwith silenced the plain-speaking preacher and sent him off to Seville College in disgrace.

SOME people attach great importance to pastoral visitation. Mr. Spurgeon apparently attaches very little. He says: "With all the force of my being I say whatever you do not do, keep your preaching up to the mark. You can do much better by a thoroughly good sermon than by dropping in here and there and talking a little chit-chat. By all means keep the sermons up. The pulpit is the very Thermopylæ of this war. Hold the pulpit!"

A VERBATIM report of Henry Ward Beecher's sermon on a recent Sunday was telegraphed to a Chicago journal, in which it appeared next morning. The subject was the Sermon on the Mount. The Brooklyn divine holds that literal, absolute following of its precepts would destroy law and order, morality, and human nature itself. It is only, he said, when one brings his spiritual sense to bear on the words of Christ that they can be properly interpreted and understood.

By the death of Dr. Ezra Abbot, American Biblical scholarship has lost one of its foremost representatives. He held the appointment of Bussey Professor of New Testament Criticism and Interpretation in the Divinity School of Harvard University. Though a diligent, painstaking and accurate scholar, he has left no work behind him giving an adequate representation of his critical aptitude and labours. Dr. Abbot lent valuable assistance to the critical efforts of Tischendorf, Tregelles and others.

A SHORT time since Prince Leopold and Princess Gisela of Bavaria visited Rome. They were not accorded a reception at the Vatican. The following note addressed to all papal nuncios explains the reason why:

The Vatican can neither now nor henceforth consent to receive Catholic Princes who have been welcomed as guests in a place which, although confiscated by the Italians, is still the property of the Papacy. The co-existence of two Governments in Rome is inadmissible. The Vatican declines to acknowledge any authority but one in Rome—the authority of the head of the church, Leo XIII.

As was expected, the recent decision pronounced by His Honour Justice Ferguson on the rectory lands case is to be appealed to the Court of Appeal.

At a recent meeting of the vestry of St. James' Cathedral to consider what action should be taken, there were two distinct opinions entertained. Several prominent Churchmen, among them Canon Dumoulin, were in favour of accepting the decision of the Court as final. Others thought that an appeal should be entered. Those favouring this view being numerically the stronger party, succeeded in carrying a motion to proceed with the appeal.

THE 21st of May is the five hundredth anniversary of the condemnation of the doctrines at Blackfriars, London, of John Wyclif, "the morning star of the reformation." Efforts are being made for a celebration in honour of the intrepid reformer who is supposed to have been the faithful minister described in the "Canterbury Tales." Special religious services are to be held at Lutterworth, a popular demonstration at Exeter Hall and a Conference in the Mansion House under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, to consider the best mode of doing honour to the memory of John Wyclif.

Two subjects of public interest were freely discussed at the recent meeting in London, Ont., of the Western Congregational Union. These were the Salvation Army and the New Theology. While several speakers acknowledged that many who had led abandoned lives had been rescued from their degradation through the efforts of the Salvationists, their methods were destructive of true religious feeling, and repellant to all ideas of good taste. A paper by Rev. C. Pedley on the New Theology elicited wide divergence of opinion. Mr. Pedley is an earnest advocate of liberal thought, while several of his brethren acquiesced in the remark of one of them that "the old theology was good enough for him." ASTERISK.

A MODERN PALADIN.

It is not generally supposed that the camp and the battle-field are the places best fitted for the development and exercise of the religious life. Asceticism and church tradition would rather point to the cloister or to the multiplicity of activities and organizations characteristic of our own day. And yet men of strong religious conviction, whose sincerity is unquestioned, have adorned the profession of arms. In the "History of Frederick the Great," the "Old Dessauer" who described *Ein feste Burg* as "God Almighty's Grenadier March," never went into action without offering a brief but fervent prayer. The Protector of the English Commonwealth was a man who strove to realize the Puritan idea of God's kingdom on the earth, Hedley Vicars, whose religion was of a conventional and unrobust type, was thoroughly sincere, while Henry Havelock was a Christian hero.

The great soldier on whom public attention has recently been bestowed, is a man of most fervid religious belief. The brilliant and invariably successful military service begun in the Crimea, and continued in China, the Soudan, and Africa is no more a distinct part of General Gordon's personal history than are his inseparable religious convictions. It may not be uninteresting to glance briefly at some of these while the heroic deeds of the soldier and rare dexterity of the diplomat have a fitting field for their exercise in the endeavour to disentangle the intricacies occasioned by the impotence of Egyptian rule, and the sinewless vacillation of English intervention.

The reality of the divine existence and presence is a fundamental article in General Gordon's creed. These and the other chief characteristics of his religious belief seem instinctive, rather than the final result of reasoning processes. His system of belief is not ransacked from the lumber-room of the past. He has spent no time in weaving meshes of metaphysical subtlety. The great problems of existence have been looked at with keen, clear eyes squarely in the face. What he has seen he believes, and his is not a nature to be perplexed with distracting doubts. In all things he seeks to obey God and follows the divine guidance. His Bible is his constant companion. But on occasion he adopts a course which it would be hard to describe otherwise than as superstitious. He says, "tossing up about difficult questions relieves me of much anxiety." More healthy and manly, however, is this maxim, which he generally follows: "In following the divine direction you have not to consider difficulties. Keep your eye on the cloud by day and the pillar by night, and never mind your steps. The direction is the main point."

In the main he obviously accepts the leading features of the Christian system, though he entertains but little respect for conventional dogma. Indeed, for conventionalism in every shape and form he has but scant tolerance. He looks at the Saviour's life and teachings not through the lenses of tradition, but with the common every-day gaze of the nineteenth century. The humanity, the tenderness, the all-embracing sympathy of Jesus have great attractions for him. No less clearly does he see through the meaningless conventionalism of the Christianity prevalent in churches and religious circles of our time. His censure of Christian Pharisees, like all else, is intense. The essence of Christianity, in Gordon's opinion, consists in submission to God's will. "There will be times," he says, "when a strain may come on me, but it is only for a time, and as the strain so will your strength be."

There is nothing of the sour ascetic nor the prim Puritan about General Gordon. With him there is no virtue in a long face, no merit in exclusive austerity. He lives in an atmosphere of radiant cheerfulness. "Why,"

he asks, "are people like hearses, and look like pictures of misery? It must be from discontent with the government of God, for all things are directed by him. If being doleful in appearance did good, I would say, be very doleful; but it does not do any." He is very tolerant. Difference of race and creed does not raise in him any feeling of self-righteousness or conscious superiority over others. Of the Turks he says, "I find the Mussulman quite as good a Christian as many a Christian, and do not believe he is in any peril. All of us are more or less pagans." No living follower of John Calvin is a firmer believer in predestination than is General Gordon. He could subscribe most heartily to all that the Westminster Confession and catechisms say on that most mysterious doctrine. But he is not a believer in eternal punishment. It is a dogma repugnant to his ideas of the Father and the Son, and his condemnation of it is most emphatic. Neither, in his conception, will the future life be one of dreamy but delightful indolence. "It must," he says, "be a life of activity, for happiness is dependent upon activity."

Here is a man doing the work of his time with all his might, and holding with fervid intensity his religious convictions with a sincerity that is beyond question. When time and duty permit, no city missionary could surpass him in self-denying labour amongst the neglected masses. His benefactions are given with lavish hand. He is as poor as an apostle.

D. SCRIBE.

OTTAWA NOTES.

THE echoes of the great bribery case in Toronto have grown fainter within the past week, and members of Parliament have been able to give their attention more fully to their work. The week has been one of late sittings and strictly party debates. Nearly every day has witnessed a motion for a Committee of Supply and an amendment to the same, with a long debate upon it. The effect is to bring prominently forward some of the members of the Opposition who are usually kept in the background by the sheer inability of their leader to keep quiet. No desire has been manifested by the Liberals to prolong discussion, while on the Government side hardly a man is allowed to open his mouth, so great is the anxiety to get to the vote, dispose of the matter and hurry along with the work of voting the supplies. On Monday evening Mr. Paterson, of Brant, the man of Stentor tones, brought up the question of assisted immigration. He made an excellent speech and closed with a motion against assisting mechanics, artisans, and labourers, other than agricultural labourers, to come to Canada. In the course of his speech Mr. Paterson showed by official letters laid before the House, that there had been no effort on the part of the Government to arrange with the Canadian Pacific Railway Company respecting immigration, nor was there in the hands of the Government any statement showing the amount of money that Company has spent in influencing immigration to Canada. Sir Charles Tupper followed Mr. Paterson. His argument was that it was very unpatriotic for Mr. Paterson to attempt to show that many people were forced to leave the country, and that many who remained were out of work. This is the one single argument that the Minister of Railways has used this session. He is master of his own style of denunciation of those whose ideas of their duty to the country do not coincide with his own, but when he uses his talent on such slight provocation as Mr. Paterson gave, it looks as if the Minister were playing a part. Then Mr. Paterson received a blow from his own side. His irrepressible leader had prepared another of his great speeches for this particular occasion, and he solemnly rose and delivered it. The consequence was, of course, that the effort even of the capable and painstaking member from Brant was cast completely in the shade, and Mr. Blake shone forth as the principal speaker on the question. The speech is a wonderful complication of figures and arguments to prove that there can be no possible mistake about the large exodus from Canada. It is a splendid specimen of oratory, and is all the better because it is shorter than speeches from the same quarter usually are; but it cannot do any good beyond giving the authority of irrefutable and perfect logic to the opinions of certain people. It was simply a "great speech," nothing more.

Two days later—on Thursday last—it became the pleasing duty, for so he seemed to regard it, of the Minister of Railways to denounce Mr. M. C. Cameron for an attempt to ruin the country by preventing the influx of immigrants into the North-West. Mr. Cameron was so simple as to suppose that when the Manitoba Legislature, the North-West Council, and the Farmers' Convention had sent down separate appeals for the redress of certain alleged grievances, possibly there might be something in the complaints made. Therefore he moved for a committee of the whole House to consider them. True, the motion was in the form of a want of confidence in the Government and had to be voted down. True, Mr. Cameron knew it would be voted down; true, that he meant not to gain redress for North-West wrongs, but simply to gain party advantage by making Government supporters vote against what he believed to be a popular proposition. But why Mr. Cameron should for that reason be bellowed at as an enemy of his country it is not easy to understand. Sir Charles exhausted his voice as well as his vocabulary upon the mover of this resolution, his friends and sympathizers. So well did he succeed in rousing his opponents, that Sir Richard Cartwright sprang to his feet as soon as the other was done speaking, and, for ten minutes or more, made the house ring with denunciations of Tupper more violent than Tupper's own, but not half so effective.

On Friday, too, there was an amendment to the motion for Committee of Supply. It brought Hon. L. H. Davis, of Prince Edward Island, to the front. He argued that as the fishery clauses of the Washington treaty would expire on 1st July, 1885, the Government ought to take steps to

have them renewed and to secure from the Americans substantial trade advantages in consideration of that renewal. Sir John Macdonald opposed the motion because it would look like going to the United States Government, cap in hand, begging for reciprocity, and his Government did not purpose doing anything of that kind.

On these and other votes it is one of the sights of the session to observe Sir Charles Tupper's action. No matter whether he has been sitting quietly in his place with his sphinx-like face unmoved during the debate, or whether he has been lashing himself into fury in a speech as chief defender of the Government, as soon as the vote is called he leaves the chamber. Sometimes he goes into the gallery, sometimes he remains outside in the lobby, walking up and down like a sentry. As soon as the vote is declared, he goes back and takes his place in the chamber again. This mummery he goes through because he believes he would be liable to a fine if he voted while still holding the office of High Commissioner to England. Had he appealed to his constituents they would have re-elected him; had he appealed in earnest to the House the majority would have absolved him from all penalties. But he does neither, preferring rather to exhibit to the House and country the spectacle of a member of Parliament who is only half a member, a creature which, it is not too much to say, has hitherto been unknown in the political world. The bill of absolutism which the Government proposes to secure on his behalf, is still before the committee on Privileges and Elections. So is the question raised by Mr. Blake in a motion declaring the seat for Cumberland vacant.

Both leaders have been unfortunate. On Wednesday last Mr. Blake appeared with his arm in a sling because of a sprained wrist, the result of a bad fall. That day Sir John Macdonald did not turn up at all, being confined to his house by a serious cold. He had earned the cold honestly. On Monday night he insisted on the House sitting late. The next day was Annunciation and a holiday, and Sir John's wish seemed to be to discount the loss of time by crowding the work of two days into one. Something ought to be done with some of the Ministers. First and most noticeable is Hon. John Costigan, Minister of Inland Revenue. This gentleman seems to have been appointed to his office for the special purpose of showing how densely ignorant he is of everything pertaining to the department of which he is the nominal head. So childish and foolish does he appear, when attempting to promote the bills placed in his charge, that a stigma must rest, not only upon him, but upon the officers of the department. It is almost inconceivable that if they know anything of their work they could let a Minister escape them and walk into the House with such a wonderful lack of knowledge. The most rudimentary form of cramming would enlighten Mr. Costigan about at least a few simple things, but as he stands in his place trying to explain some bill relating to excise or weights and measures, he is the embodiment of helpless and acknowledged ignorance. Then there is Hon. Mr. McLelan, Minister of Marine and Fisheries. There are many things about which this gentleman knows something. But his dread of altering, even by a letter, any bill placed in his hand, is nothing short of a superstition. The other day a clause appeared in a bill which was there by error. Mr. Davies called his attention to it and pointed out that it must have been some note or remark written upon the original draft which the printer had innocently made one of the clauses of the bill. But Mr. McLelan did not want to interfere with a thing he did not know anything about, consequently he objected to the clause being removed. He appeared ready to persist even to a division of the House, but Sir John came to the rescue by asking that the matter be allowed to stand over. A. P. Caron has been almost a week, off and on, getting the estimates for his department through the House. The Opposition find him not well up in his business, easily teased and utterly without tact, and exceedingly anxious to talk. They therefore delight in baiting him, asking all sorts of questions and raising all sorts of objections. Some of the estimates are in far from satisfactory shape as he explains them, but as it is evident he knows very little of the subject, it is not unfair to suppose that the department's chief difficulty is in the way its case is presented.

The Geological Survey of Canada is under inquiry of a special committee. To judge by the evidence given before the committee there have been jealousies untold among the members of the staff. It is only fair to say that the difficulty seems to be largely in dissatisfaction with the head of the Survey, Prof. Selwyn. It seems that practical people complain that Prof. Selwyn is too much of a *savant*, and not sufficiently alive to the Survey as a means of promoting the mining industry, while such *savants* as Dr. Sterry Hunt of Montreal, and others, say that Prof. Selwyn is not possessed of much scientific knowledge. The committee is still sitting almost every day. The report will be a voluminous one, as many witnesses have been examined.

ED. RUTHVEN.

Ottawa, March 29th.

THERE should be some discrimination in the laws which forbid the sale of liquor in places of amusement. Because there may have been low resorts which used the amusement feature as a mere pretense to attract people to drink is no reason why acknowledged respectable places should be prohibited from supplying their patrons with such refreshments as they wish. Indeed resorts of this character may be spoken of as a benefit to the community at large. To them go gentlemen with ladies, and it becomes the habit for the man of the house to seek his amusement accompanied by his wife, if not by his family. Laws may be too sweeping. Laws should not be framed without a due consideration of every translation which may be made of them. It would be the wisest course to encourage instead of putting obstacles in the way of such places of amusement as are likely to receive the endorsement of ladies.—*Progress*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ONTARIO ART SCHOOL.

To the Editor of The Week :

SIR,—Art education in Toronto is at the present moment threatened by the officious and discouraging machinery of government. The Ontario Art School, after struggling to maintain itself with credit on King Street, was some time ago removed to the Education Department, the Provincial Government undertaking to bear the expense of the school, with, however, the explicit understanding that the Society of Artists should, as heretofore, manage its affairs, engage teachers, and provide art instruction in both the day and the evening classes. Under this arrangement, the school has in the past year carried on its operations in the Normal School building, Dr. S. P. May, the general *locum tenens* of the Education office, being placed as the Government representative on the Board. The result to be looked for, in permitting art to fall into the hands of this well-known member of the "casual advantages" ring, has duly shown itself, the worthy in question having promoted himself to the position of "Superintendent of the School of Art," and into the enjoyment of the perquisites of his self-claimed office. This has produced an upheaval in the school, the Council of Artists naturally rebelling at the management of the institution being taken out of competent hands and assumed by a functionary of the Department whose reputation in connection with the now famous Book Depository is not of the saintliest. The President of the Royal Canadian Academy, who is a member of the School of Art Council, has tendered his resignation, in consequence, it is stated, of the efficiency of the teaching being impaired, and the interest of the school imperilled by the injudicious act of the representative of the Government on the Board. The rest of the faculty, with a single exception, we learn, have joined that gentleman in his protest to the Government. We can well understand that the interests of the Education office functionary, of whom the public have heard so much, are not coincident with those of true art; and we trust that the autocracy which he is strangely allowed still to exercise in the Department may not be long permitted to threaten the usefulness or detract from the success of the Ontario School of Art.

CRITIC.

SPELLING REFORM.

To the Editor of The Week :

SIR,—May I be permitted to say briefly to your contributor "D. W." that so long as I am myself accessible, he has no right to attribute to me views about spelling reform, or anything else, which he does not know to be mine? I said nothing in my address to the Canadian Institute which would justify the production of so much nonsense on the subject as "D. W." has embodied in his short article. If your columns are open to a real discussion of the necessity for spelling reform, I am quite willing to take my part in it; if they are not, then I cannot see what is to be gained in the interest of truth or progress by allowing any one who knows nothing of an important movement to cast ridicule upon it. Meanwhile, I am quite content to take my place among the ridiculed spelling reformers, along with such distinguished philological scholars as Max Mueller, Prof. Whitney, Mr. Sweet, Mr. Ellis, Prof. March, Mr. Skeat, and others too numerous to mention. At the present moment I cannot think of a single distinguished English scholar on either side of the Atlantic who is not in sympathy with the spelling reform movement.

"D. W." rails at old English spelling, without being aware that it is really better than our own just because it is more phonetic. At the same time he admits that modern English spelling is being gradually "reformed" though apparently he is unaware that the "reform" consists in making it more phonetic. Saul is therefore also among the prophets, though he knows it not. In a short time, if he will only give some attention to the matter he will be as good a spelling reformer as any of us, and quite as radical as I am. At present he is frightened by all changes that are not "silent" and "unnoted;" after the spelling reformers have brought usage over to their side, he will, no doubt, feel more at home in good old English word-forms.

WM. HOUSTON.

Toronto, March 27th.

MR. BLAKE AND THE ORANGE QUESTION.

To the Editor of The Week :

SIR,—Your Ottawa correspondent acknowledges the conclusive force of Mr. Blake's argument that the incorporation of the Orange Society by the Dominion Parliament would be an interference with the constitutional rights of the several provinces, and then asks if his "magnificent" defence of Roman Catholics from the Orange imputation of "allegiance not to this country but to a foreign potentate," was a "bid for the support of Roman Catholics?" It seems to me, Sir, that Mr. Blake's defence was as just as it was "magnificent." Was it not the refutation of a calumny in the very teeth of the calumniators? Surely the occasion has furnished ample ground for the "defence" and left no room for the imputation of unworthy motives?

Mr. Blake did not stop with an exposition of the constitutional objection to the incorporation of the Orange Society, nor with the vindication of Catholic loyalty from Orange aspersions. He stripped the mask from the grim visage of Orangeism, and proved from the lips of its chosen leaders that its ultra-Protestantism was a pretence for the furtherance of its political aims; and while "his hand was in" he dealt an equally well-deserved blow at those of the Quebec Tories who, under the guise of

devotion to the Church, have for years striven to crush their political opponents. These two factions—both pre-eminently Tory in fact, both pre-eminently religious in practice, the one Catholic, the other Protestant, at least in name—form the bone and sinew of the Conservative party, and Mr. Blake would have displayed such a lack of appreciation of the humorous as would have belied his nationality had he failed to metaphorically "bump their heads together" and expose the hollowness of their professions both of patriotism and religion. That he did not fail in this should have satisfied your correspondent that he was "bidding" for no other support than that which sound principles should everywhere and always command.

In your issue of the 20th inst., "A Bystander" says:—"On the very day on which the Orange Bill was rejected, the Liberal leader paid servile homage to the power at whose hands he hopes to receive office," etc. In what did the "servile homage" consist? Surely not in quoting from official documents testimony to prove that the pretensions of the extreme section of the *Bleus* were as ill founded as those of the Orange section of the Tories? Yet there is no other evidence of "homage," nor any evidence at all of the "servile homage," to the "power" indicated, from the beginning to the end of Mr. Blake's speech; and on what evidence does "Bystander" assert that the Liberal leader "hopes to receive office" at the hands of this "power?" None whatever is offered.

Mr. Blake predicted in his speech that he would be misrepresented by the Orange Tory leaders, and that the Catholic Tories would regard him all the more distastefully because he had shown how "false and unnatural" was their conjunction. But what of the "conjunction" with Orangeism of "Bystander," and other writers in THE WEEK, in depreciation of Mr. Blake?

Toronto, March 31st, 1884.

Yours truly,

ALEX. ROBERTSON.

A BRACE OF FORTUNES.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

I.

You'll be airily wed
Just to kisses and bread,
For you'll marry a 'Fred,'
And you'll live with your love in an attic;
But you never need part
With the song in your heart,
And the song will be sweet and ecstatic.
There's no more to be said,
For you'll marry a 'Fred.'

II.

You'll have silks to put on
When *your* husband is won,
For you'll marry a "John."
That kind of grave steady good fellow
Whose money unlocks
You an opera box,
And a carriage with linings of yellow.
You are sure to "get on"
For you'll marry a "John."

FREDERICK A. DIXON.

MARCH.

Oh, dawning month of Spring! in thee are met
Quick showers, glad sunshine, and the rushing wind;
And ere thou goest they who seek will find,
'Neath unleafed trees the dim wood-violet;
And on the sunny side of many a slope
The delicate pasque-flower's purple cup will ope
And blue birds sing; for the earth's wintry debt
To time will soon be cancelled to the hour;
The pale anemone from the passing shower
Will toss its fresh leaves like a fairy plume,
For the gay forehead of the spring-time meet;
The slowly budding groves will lose their gloom,
As shaking Winter from thy hastening feet,
Thou beckonest to the Summer soon to come.

AMELIA Y. COLE.

THE ADVENTURES OF A WIDOW.

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

IX.

By nine o'clock on Thursday evening all her guests had arrived. They comfortably filled her two smart and brilliant drawing-rooms, but quite failed to produce the crowded effect noticeable in Mrs. Dares's less ample quarters.

Pauline saw with pleasure that the fine pictures, bronzes and bric-a-brac, which she had brought from Europe, were most admirably noticed. Small groups were constantly being formed before this canvas or that cabinet table and pedestal. She had kept for some time quite close to Mrs. Dares, having a practical sense of the little lady's valuable social assistance on an occasion like the present, apart from all personal feelings of liking.

"You make it much easier for me," she said, at length, after the assemblage appeared complete and no new arrivals had occurred for at least ten minutes. "It was so kind of you to come, when I know that you make a rule of not going anywhere."

"This was a very exceptional invitation, my dear," answered Mrs. Dares. "It was something wholly out of the common, you know."

"I understand," said Pauline, with her sweetest laugh. "You wanted to see your mantle descend, after a manner, upon my younger shoulders. You wanted to observe whether I should wear it gracefully or not."

"I had few doubts on that point," was the slow, soft reply.

"So you really think me a worthy pupil?" continued Pauline, glancing about her with an air of pretty and very pardonable pride.

"You have a most lovely home," said Mrs. Dares, "and one exquisitely designed for the species of entertainment which you are generous enough to have resolved upon."

"Ah, don't say 'generous,'" broke in Pauline. "You give me a twinge of conscience. I am afraid my motive has been quite a selfishly ambitious one. At least, I sometimes fancy so. How many human motives are thoroughly disinterested? But if I succeed with my *salon*—which before long I hope to make as fixed and inevitable a matter as the day of the week on which it is held—the result must surely be a most salutary and even reformatory one. In securing my guerdon for work accomplished I shall have done society a solid benefit; and when I wear my little crown I shall feel, unlike most royal personages, that it is blessed by friends and not stained by the blood of enemies."

Her tone was one of airy jest, but a voice at her side instantly said, as she finished:

"Do not be too sure of that. Very few crowns are ever won without some sort of bloodshed."

She turned and saw Kindelon, who had overheard nearly all her last speech to Mrs. Dares. Something in his manner lessened the full smile on Pauline's lips, without actually putting it to flight.

"You speak as if you had gloomy tidings," she said.

Kindelon's eyes twinkled, though his mouth preserved perfect sobriety. "You have done precisely what I expected that you would do," he said, "in undertaking an arbitrary selection of certain guests and an arbitrary exclusion of certain others. You have raised a growl."

"A growl!" murmured Mrs. Dares, with a slight dismayed gesture.

Pauline's face grew serious. "Who, pray, are the growlers?" she asked.

"Well, the chief one is that incorrigible and irrepressible Barrowe. He has his revolutionary opinions, of course. He is always having revolutionary opinions. He makes me think of the Frenchman who declared that if he ever found himself in Heaven his first impulse would be to throw up barricades."

Pauline bit her lip. "Barricades are usually thrown up in streets," she said, with a faint, ired ring of the voice. "Mr. Barrowe probably forgets that fact."

"Do you mean that you would like to show him the street now?" asked Kindelon.

"I have not heard of what his alleged growl consists."

"I warned you against him, but you thought it best that he should be invited. Since you had decided upon weeding, there was no one whom you could more profitably weed."

"Mr. Barrowe has a very kind heart," here asserted Mrs. Dares, with tone and mien at their gentlest and sweetest. "He is clad in bristles, if you please, but the longer you know him the more clearly you recognize that his savage irritability is external and superficial."

"I think it very appropriate to say that he is clad with bristles," retorted Kindelon. "It makes me wish that I had reported him as grunting instead of growling. In that case the simile would have been perfect."

Mrs. Dares shook her head demonstratively. "Don't try to misrepresent your own good heart by sarcasm," she replied. She spoke with her unchangeable gravity; she had no lightsome moments, and the perpetually serious views which she took of everything made you sometimes wonder how and why it was that she managed to make her smileless repose miss the austere note and sound the winsome one.

"I am certain of not losing your esteem," exclaimed Kindelon, with all his most characteristic warmth. "Your own heart is so large and kind that everybody who has got to know it can feel secure in drawing recklessly upon its charity."

Mrs. Dares made him no answer, for just then a gentleman who had approached claimed her attention. And Pauline, now feeling that she and Kindelon were virtually alone together, said with abrupt speed:

"You told me that this Mr. Barrowe had a kind heart, in spite of his gruff, unreasonable manners. You admitted as much, and so, remembering how clever his writings are, I decided to retain him on the list. But please tell me just what he has been saying."

"Oh, he's tempestuous on the subject of your having done any weeding at all. He thinks it arrogant and patronizing of you. He thinks that I am at the bottom of it; he always delights in blaming me for something. He positively revels, I suppose, in his present opportunity."

"But if he is indignant and condemnatory," said Pauline, "why does he not remain away? He has the right of discountenancing my conduct by his absence."

"Ah, you don't know him! He never neglects a chance for being turbulent. I heard him assert, just now, that Miss Cragge had received a most cruel insult from you."

"Miss Cragge!" exclaimed Pauline, with a flash of her gray eyes. "I would not have such a creature as that in my drawing-rooms for a very great deal! Upon my word," she went on, with a sudden laugh that had

considerable cold bitterness, "this irascible personage needs a piece of my mind. I don't say that I intend giving it to him, for I am at home, and the requirements of the hostess mark imperative limits. But I have ways left me of showing distinct disfavour, for all that. Are there any other acts of mine which Mr. Barrowe does me the honour to disapprove?"

"Oh, yes. I hear that he considers you have acted most unfairly toward the triad of poets, Leander Prawle, Arthur Trevor and Rufus Corson."

Pauline gave a smile that was really but a curl of the lip. "Indeed!" she murmured. "I was rather amused by Mr. Prawle's poetic prophecies of a divine future race; it may be bad poetry, as he puts it, but I thought it rather good evolution. Then the *Quartier Latin* floridity of Mr. Trevor amused me as well: I have always liked fervor of expression in verse, and I am not prepared to say that Mr. Trevor has always written ludicrous exaggeration—especially since he reveres Theophile Gautier, who is an enchanting singer. But when it comes to treating that morbid *poseur*, Mr. Corson, who affects to see beauty in decay and corruption, and who makes a silly attempt to deify indecency, I draw my line, and shut my doors."

"Of course you do," said Kindelon. "No doubt if you had opened them to Mr. Corson, Barrowe would have been scandalized at your doing so. As it is, he chooses to championize Mr. Corson and Miss Cragge. He is a natural grumbler, a constitutional fighter. By the way, he is coming in our direction. Do you see him approaching?"

"Oh, yes, I see him," said Pauline, resolutely, "and I am quite prepared for him."

Mr. Barrowe presented himself at her side during the next minute. His tall frame accomplished a very awkward bow, while his little eyes twinkled above his beak-like nose, with a suggestion of restrained belligerence.

"Your entertainment is very successful. Mrs. Varick," he began, ignoring Kindelon, who had already receded a step or two.

"Have you found it so?" returned Pauline, coolly. "I had fancied otherwise."

Mr. Barrowe shrugged his thin shoulders. "Your rooms are beautiful," he said, "and of course you must know that I like the assemblage; it contains so many of my good friends."

"I hope you miss nobody," said Pauline, after a slight pause.

Mr. Barrowe gave a thin, acid cough. "Yes," he declared, "I miss more than one. I miss them, and I hear that you have not invited them. I am very sorry that you have not. It is going to cause ill-feeling. Everybody knows that you took Mrs. Dares's list—my dear, worthy friend's list. It is too bad, Mrs. Varick; I assure you that it is too bad."

"I do not think that it is too bad," said Pauline, freezingly, with the edges of her lips. "I do not think that it is bad at all. I have invited those whom I wished to invite."

"Percisely!" cried Mr. Barrowe, with a shrill, snapping sound in the utterance of the word. "You have been wrongly advised, however—horribly advised. I don't pretend to state *who* has advised you, but if you had consulted me, well, handicapped as I am by a hundred other duties, bored to death as I am by people applying for all sorts of favors, I would, nevertheless, in so good a cause, have willingly spared you some of my valuable time. I would have told you by no means to exclude so excellent a person as poor, hard-working Miss Cragge. To slight her like that was a very unkind cut. You must excuse my speaking plainly."

"I must either excuse it or resent it," said Pauline, meeting the glitter of Mr. Barrowe's small eyes with the very calm and direct gaze of her own. "But suppose I do the latter. It has usually been my custom, thus far through life, to resent interference of any sort."

"Interference!" echoed Mr. Barrowe, with querulous asperity. "Ah, madam, I think I recognize just who *has* been advising you, now; you make my suspicion a certainty." He glanced irately enough toward Kindelon, as he spoke the last words.

Kindelon took a step or two forward, reaching Pauline's side and pausing there. His manner, as he began to speak, showed no anger, but rather that blending of decision and carelessness roused by an adversary from whom we have slight fear of defeat.

"Come, Barrowe," he said, "if you mean me you had better state so plainly. As it happens, Mrs. Varick was advised, in the matter of not sending Miss Cragge an invitation, solely by herself. But if she had asked my counsel it would entirely have agreed with her present course."

"No doubt," almost snarled Mr. Barrowe. "The ill turn comes to the same thing. We need not split hairs. I made no personal reference to you, Kindelon; but if the cap fits you can wear it."

"I should like to hand it back to you with a bunch of bells on it," said Kindelon.

"Is that what you call Irish wit?" replied Mr. Barrowe, while his lips grew pale. "If so, you should save it for the columns of the *Asteroid*, which sadly needs a little."

"The *Asteroid* never prints personalities," returned Kindelon, with nonchalant mockery. "It leaves that kind of journalism to your friend Miss Cragge."

"Miss Cragge, sir," muttered Mr. Barrowe, "is a lady."

"I did not say she was a gentleman," retorted Kindelon, "though her general deportment has more than once cast a doubt upon her sex."

Mr. Barrowe gave a faint shiver. "I'm glad I haven't it on my conscience," he declared, "that I injured an honest girl to gratify a mere spite." He at once turned to Pauline, now. "Madam," he pursued, "I must warn you that your project will prove a dire failure if you attempt to develop it on a system of despotic preferences. We were all glad to come to you, in a liberal, democratic, intellectual spirit. But the very moment you undertake the establishment of a society formed on a basis of capricious

likes and dislikes, I assure you that you are building on sand and that your structure will fall."

"In that case, Mr. Barrowe," said Pauline, stung by his unwarranted officiousness into the employment of biting irony, "you can have no excuse if you allow yourself to be buried in its ruins."

She moved rapidly away, while Kindelon accompanied her. "You were quite right," came his speedy encouragement, as they moved onward together. "You showed that insufferable egotist the door in the politest and firmest manner possible."

"I was in my own house, though," said Pauline, with an intonation that betokened the dawn of repentance. "He was very exasperating, truly, but... I was in my own house, you know."

"Of course you were," exclaimed Kindelon, "and he treated you as if it belonged to somebody else. We are all apt to assert a proprietary right when a fellow-citizen ventures to relieve us of our purse, and I think a similar claim holds good with regard to our self-respect."

Pauline presently came to a standstill. She looked troubled, and her gaze remained downcast for a little while. But soon she lifted it and met Kindelon's gaze, steadily watching her.

"You don't think me unjustifiably rude?" she asked.

"No; indeed I do not. I don't think you were rude at all."

She was silent for a brief interval. Then she said, without taking her eyes in the least from her companion's face:

"Do you believe that most women would have acted the same?"

"No," he said, with a quick, slight laugh, "because most other women have neither your brains nor your independence."

"And you like both in a woman?"

"I like both in you," he said, lowering his handsome head a little as he uttered the words.

"Do you think Cora Dares would have acted as I have done?" Pauline asked.

He made an impatient gesture; he appeared for a moment distressed and embarrassed.

"You and Cora Dares are... are not the same," he said, almost stammeringly.

"Oh, I know that very well," answered Pauline. "I have had very good reason to know that we are not the same. We are extremely different... By the way, she is not here to-night."

"Not here?" he repeated, interrogatively, but with a suggestion of drolly helpless duplicity.

Pauline raised one finger, shaking it at him, for an instant and no more. The gesture, transient as it was, seemed to convey a world of significance. No doubt Kindelon tacitly admitted this, though his face preserved both its ordinary color and composure.

"You are well aware that she is not here," Pauline said.

"Why do you say that?" he asked.

"I think so."

"But perhaps you may be mistaken. Perhaps you have merely fancied that I have observed Miss Cora's non-appearance."

"Perhaps," Pauline repeated. She seemed to be saying the word to her own thoughts. But suddenly her manner became far less absent.

"Mrs. Dares told me that Miss Cora had a headache to-night," she said, with brisk activity. "We all have headaches, you know," she went on, "when we choose."

Kindelon nodded slowly. "I have heard that it is an accommodating malady," he said in tones that were singularly lifeless and neutral.

Pauline put forth her hand, and let it rest on his broad, strong arm for a second or two.

"Did Miss Cora have a headache?" she asked, very softly.

He threw back his head and shook it with a sudden sound of his breath which resembled a sigh of irritation, and yet was not quite that.

"Upon my word, I don't know!" he cried softly.

(To be Continued.)

EVENINGS AT HOME.

PILLAR LETTER BOX ROBBERIES.

At Westminster police court, on February 20th, William Henderson and John Swallow were finally examined before Mr. D'Eyncourt on a charge of being concerned together in stealing letters from pillar letter boxes. They were also charged with forgery, and with the fraudulent conversion of valuable securities. Mr. Winter prosecuted for the post-office; Mr. Cortis appeared for the prisoner Swallow, and Mr. Dutton for Henderson. The evidence taken on previous hearings is of a very voluminous character, but, briefly summarized, it goes to show that Henderson extensively robbed postal boxes in the south-western district by withdrawing the letters with the aid of a contrivance coated with an adhesive preparation. Cheques contained in letters so obtained were negotiated with forged endorsements, and, in one instance, the prisoners journeyed together to Bournemouth to obtain cash for a cheque. They stayed at the same hotel and paid their account with a £5 note given at the branch of the local bank in part payment for the cheque. Sir Edmund Hay Currie deposed that on the evening of Sunday, the 13th day of January, he enclosed a cheque for £20 in a letter addressed to Mr. Dorkings, 20 Upper Grosvenor Street, W. The cheque came from Mr. F. W. Buxton, M.P., and was payable to witness. It was sent as a donation to the East End Assembly-Room Charity. A day or two after the cheque was sent back to witness, at 4 Hyde Park Terrace, in a blank

sheet of paper. Mr. Winter said it would be proved that after Swallow had made an unsuccessful attempt to change the cheque, Henderson sent it back to Sir Edmund. Samuel Dickens, house steward to His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, at Gloucester House, Park Lane, deposed that on the 12th of January last he enclosed a cheque for ten guineas with a letter and an account in an envelope. The cheque was drawn in favour of J. W. Winsett and son, Ashburnham Park Nursery, King's Road, Chelsea. The letter was posted at the corner of Hartford street, May-fair, but it never reached its destination. Both prisoners were fully committed for trial.—*London Daily News.*

EMILE ZOLA.

EMILE ZOLA was born in Paris on the 2nd April, 1840. He spent the first years of his life in Aix, only returning to the capital in 1858 to finish his education at the Lycée Saint-Louis. He cannot have worked very hard there, for he failed at his final examinations and did not get his degree. Being fatherless (the elder Zola having died in 1847) and evidently in poor circumstances, he did not continue his studies, but at once sought employment. He did not succeed in finding work during two years, when at last Hachette, the well-known publisher, received him as clerk. During this period of enforced idleness he used to write poetry and try to sell his verses to newspaper editors, but these literary efforts were of very little worth, and were more frequently rejected than accepted. Life at that time was very hard indeed; he was in great want of even the necessaries of existence; so poor was he that he was driven to live part of one winter on bread and oil, oil that had been sent him from home. He had in those days a much larger experience of pawnshops than of restaurants. He was often obliged to part with his clothes so as to buy something to eat; and he himself has said that he was once forced to spend a whole week in bed with simply a blanket as covering, circumstances having forced him to pawn his clothes. He sometimes set traps on the roofs for sparrows, and thus once in a while was able to enjoy a feast, for Zola has a vivid imagination, which would certainly permit him to transform the sparrows into any savoury and dainty dish. After he procured regular employment, he was no more driven to such extremities; his salary, although probably not very high, must at least have allowed him to live without being in a constant state of not knowing where he was to find his next meal or spend the coming night. He had also money with which to buy books and time in which to study, and, so to speak, collect his thoughts and make mental notes of all that he had seen and suffered. All the bitter experiences of his two years' wanderings in Paris, the sin, the degradation, the misery, the immorality which exist there, have never been forgotten; the scenes were so impressed upon his memory that he has never been able to shake them off; they are ever before his eyes, they darken his view and cause him to misjudge men and things.

HINTS TO LADIES.

If that plump little human pigeon could see herself as others see her when she laces her stays so that her waist becomes like an hour glass, and looks as easy to snap as a pipe stem, would she make her nice little round nose as red as a rosebud with the compression of all her vital organs, and destroy every trace of symmetry in her lines? She thinks she makes herself a sylph, poor little plump pigeon! She only makes herself a very badly constructed pincushion. And would she wear those high heels so that she totters at every step, and looks ready to fall on that nice little nose aforesaid? If she saw herself as others see her, she would let out her dress, as a sailor would say, and lower her stilts, and she would be all the prettier and more graceful for the process. Would Viator air his bad French, when his interlocutor can speak good English, if he knew how others took his broad Britannic accent and hopeless muddle of verbs and nouns? Would Stridule breathe false notes from that scranne pipe of his if he saw—and heard—himself as others do? or would Daube show his pictures which have no art, and no merit, save that of intention, if he too could see them in that other mirror? Would Miss Stompe play the Battle of Prague before a large party of amateur critics if she could measure the effect of this scamped passage and that false chord and phrases tumbled up into mere balls of conglomerated notes where the sense is as hopelessly lost as is that of a patter song to the uninitiated? Would that skittish young person laugh as loud; thinking her skittishness to look like girlish glee, if she saw the supercilious smiles and slightly raised shoulders of those who hear her? In a word, would there be a failure anywhere if we could all see ourselves as others see us, and thus be able to make our endeavour correspond to our power, and to co-ordinate our efforts with our material? And would there in like manner be a folly of appearance if we could look into that other mirror—that of the world's judgment, which is now covered over by the grass of our own fancy? What a revelation it would be! What confusion of face and torn fragments, of make up would reign in that wing of the Palace of Truth where this mirror would be placed! From what blunders indeed it would free us!—and in truth what airs and grace and dress would leave us—and as the dear Robbie said truly in his day, "e'en devotion"—as well as other things!—*Queen.*

The poorer class of French are able to invest in the public loans by means of Agents de Change, a class which has no exact counterpart here or in England, who sell shares on the instalment principle. These persons retain the securities until all has been paid up on them, the subscribers meantime receiving the interest on what they have invested.

THE PERIODICALS.

THE *Magazine of American History* has an especial interest for Canadians this month. In treating of the life of Major-General Richard Montgomery, considerable prominence is given to Quebec, and the illustrations accompanying the letterpress possess a charm outside their artistic excellence. An "Antique View of Quebec," "Quebec and its Environs," "Prescot Gate," "St. John's Gate," "Palace Gate," the spot where Montgomery fell, "The Plains of Abraham," amongst others, are particularly valuable to younger historical students. An excellent portrait is given of Morgan, the leader of "shirted" riflemen. An able article treats of a lost tribe of Indians—The Natchez. "The Utah Expedition," and its consequences, and the lesson to be learnt from it, is ably treated by Jno. B. Robinson, who concludes: "Let our (American) surplus revenue be devoted to building vessels for the navy, the manufacture of modern artillery, and the fortification of our harbours, then with our volunteers always ready, the United States may defy the world in arms."

"OUTING," with the April number, commences a new volume—a good time for athletes and lovers of sport to begin subscription. As usual, bicycling, canoeing, rowing, yachting, archery, descriptive articles of these sports, hints and instructions on the best way to manage the appliances necessary, and stories based upon the delights of out-door recreation, are the bill of fare provided, whilst the illustrations which liberally intersperse the contributions relieve and assist the reader. The proprietors announce that an English edition is begun with this issue. It is unfortunate that the serials did not conclude with the March number, so that each volume might have been perfect in itself.

THE *Canadian Methodist Magazine* for April (William Briggs, Toronto) has a comprehensive list of contents, a principal and interesting item being an illustrated article on "Luther and his Monument," by Francis Huston Wallace, M.A., B.D. Judge Dean contributes a paper on "Christian Unity," which will commend itself to those who see in this the greatest possible usefulness for Protestantism. The first of a series of essays on "The United Empire Loyalists of Canada," from the pen of Willia Kirby, also appears. Easter is remembered in two poems—one a clever translation from the Latin by W. H. C. Kerx, M.A., Brantford.

THE *Continent* has two special features worthy of notice in its issue for April 2nd: A charming mediæval poem by Henry F. King, entitled "The Lamb of St. Just," and a readable paper on Walter Savage Landor, by Joel Benton.

BOOK NOTICES.

SOCIAL PROBLEMS. By Henry George. Chicago and New York: Belford, Clarke and Co.

Mr. George's book, and the theories he endeavours to sustain in it, have been so thoroughly discussed that nothing remains to be added at this time. In his European crusade, rejected by the Radicals and ridiculed by the Tories in England, he turned for comfort to Ireland; but so soon as Paddy understood that not only the broad acres of the Sassenach but his own potato plot would become public property under the gospel of "Social Problems," he would have none of it. With the Skye crofters in Scotland Mr. George's problems were demonstrated to an ignorant people having nothing to lose under any change, and so were received with something like favour. His book is singularly lacking in argument—equally strong in denunciation. He finds it much easier to denounce the corruption of the States and the graspingness of English aristocracy than to propose any practical scheme for the amelioration of these acknowledged evils. Mr. George, in common with many other enthusiastic originators of crude theories, is going through the bitter experience of seeing them crumble to pieces in the hands of ruthless political analysts.

OUR SCEPTERED ISLE, and its World-Wide Empire. By Alexander Macdonald. Montreal: Dawson Brothers, St. James Street.

In this little book Mr. Macdonald sets himself to trace the origin and development of the British Empire, "to mark the causes which have led to its growth and contributed to its present greatness." Naturally, in less than two hundred small pages of large type, he has been able only to touch the fringe of a gigantic subject, and in this connection is unavoidably disappointing. He writes enthusiastically but somewhat aimlessly about the "possibilities" of this huge empire, and from the rapid progress made it the latter half of the century augurs a still more advanced and near future. He occasionally breaks out into platitudes and is not altogether reliable in his facts.

MEMOIR AND RIME. By Joaquin Miller. New York: Funk and Wagnalls.

Truly "a most delightful mingling of sketches of travel, stories, and poems" by the facile pen of the popular and prolific journalist, told with the humour and pathos for which he has long been noted. The author gives leaves from his experience in New York, at the Franco-Prussian War, with Rossetti, etc., and in "In Memoriam" gives some recollections of men and events which occupy a prominent place in history. California, Colorado, and especially Oregon, are drawn upon for a fund of interesting anecdote and reminiscence. The author writes of a life he knows thoroughly, and with the pen of genius.

TWO KISSES. By Hawley Smart. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers, Chestnut Street.

The versatile and popular author of "A Race for a Wife" takes for a motto the lines,

Methinks no wrong it were, if I should steal
From those two melting rubies one sweet kiss,

and upon it hangs perhaps his most successful romance. "Two Kisses" is a bright and snappy love story in London fashionable life, is full of dramatic situations, the plot of which is intensely interesting. This is not to say, however, that the novel is of high tone. On the contrary, it is *apropos* of nothing beyond describing the more or less questionable lives of two women in a style sufficiently good *pour passer le temps* with those who love purposeless reading; though, to be sure, the "goody-goody" character is not forgotten. The author well sustains his reputation as a descriptive writer, and interweaves a web of fun throughout the work.

THE JOYS OF LIFE. By Emile Zola. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

La Joie de Vivre is one of M. Zola's most powerful productions, and is unquestionably a remarkable book. Whether it is healthy reading is another matter. There is a weird, almost ghastly fascination in tracing the miseries of the characters in this satirically-named work. Death and disease are scattered unsparingly by the author amongst his creations, and even a poor dog is made to have paralysis of the hind-quarters. Indeed, he seems to take a special delight in portraying the miseries of existence in strong colours, and the result, though he cannot be accused of insulting the proprieties so far as language or moral tone are concerned, is repulsive, and is calculated to disgust the reader with life generally. A profoundly pessimistic view of humanity is taken by M. Zola, and this work will be an interesting study to the psychologist of the future.

NEWPORT. By George Lathrop. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Newport" is a novel—at least so we are led to believe; but careful perusal of its contents fails to detect any plot, or, indeed, any incident. It is chiefly a string of aimless conversations, conducted on the part of some of the male talkers in the most objectionable of slang. Nor can much be said for the loveliness of the principal male character—Eugene Olyphant—who is made to show a letter written to his deceased wife by the deceased husband of a widow to whom he is devoted. She, consumed by a fierce, posthumous jealousy, revenges herself by drawing Olyphant on to love her, then refusing him. The scene of the "novel" is Newport, and the author's most successful efforts are those in which he satirizes its fashionable follies.

A GUIDE BOOK TO CAPE BRETON, with an original map and a plan of Louisburg, has been issued in handy form by G. E. Morton, Halifax, N.S. "Cape Breton," said a recent visitor, has "the grandest and most picturesque scenery which the Province of Nova Scotia can produce."

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE effect of a peerage:—The English papers report that Lord Tennyson has written the following letter and as yet unpublished lines in answer to a request for his autograph from the Secretary for the Chelsea Hospital for Women, to be sold at the forthcoming bazaar in aid of the hospital funds:—"Sir,—I send you a stanza from a poem of mine—written half a century ago—as you say you wish for a verse of mine:—

Not he that breaks the dams, but he
That thro' the channels of the State
Convoys the people's wish, is great,
His name is pure, his fame is free."

TENNYSON.

THOSE who do not know the literary rank of *Vanity Fair*, might be deceived into attributing some slight importance to the following cutting from its columns which is going the rounds of the American press. *Vanity Fair* is almost unknown out of London, and owes the small place it holds in flunkeydom to the clever cartoons of public characters which appear each week. Its principal features are backstairs court and aristocratic tittle-tattle and personalities as broad as the law allows:

"The lecture was reeled off in a yawning, lazy, indolent fashion. It was only interesting because from some kind of critical impudence Mr. Arnold had had the bad taste to deliver it at Boston to those who reverence the memory of the gentle New England philosopher-poet. The lecture brought the sage of Oxford into anything but good repute. Where not dull the lecture was a tissue of captious contempt rather than of analytic criticism."

THE late Charles Buxton, whose nobly ingenuous mind could not fail to be impressed by Maurice's spiritual authority, told me once that he had recently mentioned him to Lord Macaulay, asking if he had in any way become acquainted with him. "Oh, that is the man," answered Macaulay, in a tone of scornful impatience, "that wants to apply a sponge to the national debt." Charles Buxton expressed a doubt whether this was so; but Lord Macaulay was quite confident that he was right. I was unable to guess what could be meant, so I asked Mr. Maurice himself if he could suggest any explanation. "I think," said Mr. Maurice, with a patient smile, "he must have confused me with Francis Newman, who has proposed some questionable plan of paying off the debt."—*J. Llewellyn Davies, in Contemporary Review.*

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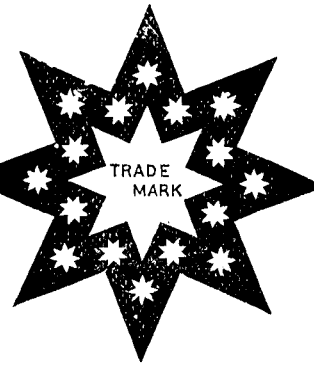


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WHAT IS CATARRH ?

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:—Morbid state of the blood, as the blighted corpuscle of uræole, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxæmia, 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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and inclose stamp for their treatise on Catarrh
What the Rev. E. B. Stevenson, B.A., a Clergyman of the London Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, has to say in regard to A. H. Dixon & Son's New Treatment for Catarrh.
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THE MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY

For April, 1884.

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PORTRAIT OF MAJOR-GENERAL RICHARD MONTGOMERY.—MAJOR-GENERAL RICHARD MONTGOMERY. Brevet Major-General George W. Cullum, U.S.A.

Illustrations.—Antique View of Quebec, after engraving by Royce—Montgomery Place on-the-Hudson—Portrait of Edmund Burke, after engraving by Wagstaff of painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds—Portrait of Right Honourable Charles James Fox—Quebec and its Environs, from a rare map—Old City of Quebec, from a rare map—Prescott Gate, Quebec—Portrait of Daniel Morgan, in the Shirt Uniform—St. Johns Gate, Quebec—Palace Gate, Quebec—Where Arnold was wounded—Cape Diamond, from a rare print—Where Montgomery fell—The Plains of Abraham—Montgomery's Tomb—An Original Autograph Letter from Montgomery to Colonel Bedel, St. Johns, from the collection of Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet.

THE NATCHEZ INDIANS, A LOST TRIBE. J. H. Walworth. THE GRISWOLD FAMILY OF CONNECTICUT, III. (Conclusion). Professor Edward E. Salisbury. An exhaustive sketch—historical, biographical, and genealogical—showing the part taken in public affairs by various members of this notable family during successive generations from the beginnings of settlement in Connecticut. Fresh information from English and other sources adds greatly to the interest and value of the contribution. THE GRISWOLD PEDIGREE.—THE UTAH EXPEDITION. Major-General John C. Robinson, U.S.A. ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS. Sir Henry Clinton's Original Secret Record of *Private Daily Intelligence*. Contributed by Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet. Introduction and Notes by Edward F. De Lancey. Chapter VII. (Begun in October.) MINOR TOPICS: Letter from Mr. Thomas C. Amory; The Massacre of St. Andre. NOTES: Dr. Franklin as a Courtier—A Poetic Morceau of 1772—The Murphy Sale of Americana—A Scrap of Unwritten History—Wayne's Indian Name—Mrs. Fletcher's Tomb. QUERIES—REPLIES—LEARNED SOCIETIES—BOOK NOTICES.

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