

THE WEEK:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

Second Year.
Vol. II., No. 21.

Toronto, Thursday, April 23rd, 1885.

\$3.00 per Annum.
Single Copies, 7 cents.

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The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY AND LITERATURE
Edited by W. PHILIP ROBINSON.

TERMS.—One year, \$3.00; eight months, \$2.00; four months, \$1.00. Subscriptions payable in advance.

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Subscribers in Great Britain and Ireland supplied, postage prepaid, on terms following:—One year, 12s. stg.; half-year, 6s. stg. Remittances by P. O. order or draft should be made payable and addressed to the Publisher.

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

BEFORE THE WEEK is in the hands of the reader, General Middleton, who marched from Clarke's to Batoche's Crossing of the South Saskatchewan with a column on each side of the river, will be face to face with the rebels. He expected to attack Riel's position yesterday, and so far as can be judged at this distance from the seat of action, the General's plans have been so carefully laid that the rebel chief will require more strength than he is supposed to command if he is to make any serious stand against the troops. The woods here afford the kind of shelter which the Half-breeds would naturally seek. General Middleton could shell them and send in a rattling fire from the Gatling gun. The number of the Half-breeds with Riel has recently been put by one who has been in the camp as low as two hundred, and of Indian allies there were but few. Meanwhile, Colonel Otter is marching to the relief of Battleford, where he may arrive by Monday. Fort Pitt has been found wrecked and two policemen are reported killed. The fate of the rest of the garrison and the refugees who were in the fort is, as we write, uncertain; but the absence of a large number of dead bodies negatives the theory of a general massacre. If they started for Battleford they would be in great danger from the hostile Crees. On the other hand, it is possible that Inspector Dickens may have been detained by the lowness of the river, and would, in that case, probably have intrenched himself and his band on the north bank. Should a large number of Indians have joined in the attack on Fort Pitt, serious future trouble with the tribe is probable. The Blackfeet are preparing to defend themselves if attacked by the Crees.

Who fired the first shot at Duck Lake is a question which we need scarcely trouble ourselves to discuss. It is admitted that before the Mounted Police reached that point Riel and the Half-breeds were in insurrection; and the only conceivable object of two hundred armed men placing themselves on either side of the trail along which the Police had to pass was to attack them at the point where a blow could be struck with the greatest chance of success. Riel complains that force is sent to oppose force, as if insurrection had a patent right of immunity. The statements of persons in a position to know make it certain that many were coerced to join the rebel ranks and prevented from leaving. When Riel had staked his own life on a hair-brained venture he became anxious to sell it as dearly as possible. He could hardly have counted on a general rising of the Indians, and it could not have been long before he became convinced that failure and disaster awaited his movement. Nothing could be more natural than the restlessness of the Indian tribes, of which reports reach us from time to time. There is not on earth a being more anxious than the North American Indian to learn the news of everything which even remotely concerns himself. And there is no doubt that all sorts of false statements have been made to him, coupled with alluring promises of unlimited plunder as the reward of taking part in the rising. But the Indians, as a rule, had sagacity to know that this advice was interested, and that, if they allowed it to move them to action, a day of reckoning would come. The massacre at Frog Lake was an episode which shows the sympathy of a certain number of the Crees with the Half-breeds. The Crees were the Indians with whom the French wanderers in the wilds of the North-West—North-West Company employes, Hudson's Bay Company employes and free traders—in previous times came most directly in contact, and most of these Half-breeds had French fathers and Cree mothers. Between the other tribes and the rebel Half-breeds there are no such ties of consanguinity. The modern Crees are among the least warlike of the tribes; the presumption is that strong efforts were made by the Half-breeds to seduce them from their allegiance, and, if so, they have had only very partial success.

THERE can be no doubt as to the source or as to the object of the attempt to throw the responsibility for the fatal affray at Duck Lake on Major Crozier and his men, instead of allowing it to rest on Riel. The attempt is wholly futile. In the case of an unarmed mob a commanding officer is bound to exercise the utmost forbearance; and the utmost forbearance generally has been exercised by British officers and soldiers, even under the most galling provocation. But, when troops are confronted by armed insurgents, though the commanding officer is still bound to avoid unnecessary bloodshed, he is at liberty, as soon as he thinks it necessary, to give the order to fire. He need not wait to be fired upon; refusal, verbal or practical, on the part of the insurgents to surrender or disperse is warrant enough. Even if his order may be deemed to have been premature, and he may be open to blame on that account, the responsibility for the bloodshed which may ensue will still rest with undiminished weight upon those who have taken up arms against the law. Riel, therefore, is guilty of the blood shed at Duck Lake. He is also guilty of the blood shed by the Indians, whom he has incited to revolt, whose murderous propensities he well knew, and whose atrocious acts he must have foreseen. Therefore, if he has any political friends who wish again to preserve his life, in order that he may hereafter be the leader of a third rebellion, they will have to resort to the same expedient as before, and once more privately facilitate his escape from justice. If he is brought to the bar there will be no plea which can possibly avail him. The question who fired first at Duck Lake will be totally irrelevant to the issue. To complete the case, Riel has had no personal grievance to justify or excuse him in taking arms. He is not one of those the settlement of whose land claims has been delayed by the Ottawa Government, and who, it is to be feared, have some ground for exasperation on that account. Having been allowed to escape the doom which justice awarded him for a foul murder, he has been living in the United States, and he has come over to our side of the line moved only by his malignant ambition to stir up a rebellion which is filling our fields with havoc and our homesteads with torture and blood.

RIEL'S own version of the grievances on which he founds his revolt is, that promises to deal with the claims of the Half-breeds have repeatedly been made since 1871. If these claims had been such as equity required the Government to admit, as a whole, the delay would have been altogether inexcusable. When the treaties were made with the Indians of the plains for the surrender of their lands, the claims of the Half-breeds were brought before Governor Morris, who was concerned in the negotiations. When he found that some of them who had received allotments of land on Red River put in a second claim in the North-West, he told them that they could not take with both hands. Still the delay in investigating claims which are said to have been first made fourteen years ago will, we imagine, be difficult to defend. Before the investigation is closed it will be pertinent to inquire whether the agents of the Government, whose duties bring them into direct contact with the Indians, have always done their duty, and have not sought to exact illegal gains from the misery of tribes who would necessarily be more or less helpless in their hands. All the world knows that, in spite of the good intentions of the Government, much wrong has been done by like agents in the United States. It has been our boast that we have done these things in a better way in Canada; and while the care of the Indians remained under the control of the British Government, the boast was true. Whether it remains equally true under Canadian control, it deeply concerns the honour of the Canadian name to inquire; and there will be just cause for congratulation if the answer should be in the affirmative.

ONE lesson which the insurrection in the North-West will teach is the danger of settlers spreading themselves sparsely over a vast extent of country, far from the great lines of permanent communication; but if we judge by experience, it is a lesson which is likely to be taught in vain. When Canada was under the French Dominion, the policy of the Government was to give the settlements a compact form, for the purpose of making them self-protecting against the hostility of the Iroquois; but in spite of the ever-present danger, which was daily brought home to them by the massacre of isolated settlers, the wild and untamable spirit of adventure constantly brought the French immigrants and their descendants into the very jaws of danger. In spite of all checks which it was possible to impose, the colonists continued to spread themselves, and massacres in the woods, the fields and the houses were common. In the North-West the same restless spirit has seized on the settlers; individuals are to be found scattered here and there all the way from the Red River to the Rocky Mountains, far north of the railway, which forms the only means of communication open at all seasons. Complaints have even been made that land has been taken up by cattle ranches, as if outside the ranches there was not another quarter section which the settler could appropriate. The massacre at Frog Lake comes as a warning not less than as a surprise. There is no doubt that Riel is responsible for that massacre; it is the direct consequence of the insurrection which he has excited. This event, since the offending Indians must be called to account by the troops, may lead to a conflict such as usually goes by the name of an Indian War. But an Indian war, with the Crees for an enemy, cannot now be what an Indian war was when Canada was under the French Dominion. The Crees have surrendered certain lands to the Government, for which annuities are payable so long as any of the tribe survives. They cannot afford to lead a life of perpetual hostility to the whites, by which their annuities would be forfeited. Individuals of the tribe guilty of murder, if not captured or surrendered, may become outlaws who may seek occasion to wreak their vengeance on the border settlers; but the great body of the tribe must return to their allegiance after the more guilty among them have been punished, and it will be the interest of the tribe to stop the depredations of outlaws. A discharge from Champlain's arquebuse brought on the French in Canada the perpetual hostility of the Iroquois, which for a century and a-half was satiated in fire and blood. But these were foreign Indians under the patronage of the neighbouring colonies of New England, though they claimed a right to hunt north of Lake Ontario. The Crees are Canadian Indians, and are in receipt of annuities from the Government which they cannot, by taking up a position of permanent hostility, afford to jeopardize. Happily, an Indian war in perpetuity is something which, as an outcome of this North-West trouble, we need not fear.

WITHIN a little more than two months, the Fishery Clauses of the Treaty of Washington expire; Canadian fish will be subject to a duty on its entrance into the American market, the American consumer will have to pay a higher price for his fish, and the Canadian fisherman will find the demand in that market restricted—a mutual injury which will bring joy to the fishermen of Gloucester if it adds to their profits. Our own fishermen

will have to look for new markets, and among others the home market now largely supplied with fresh fish from the United States. This trade, to which the convenience of the geographical situation gives rise, will be replaced by one which will be forced under the restraint of law. The sixty members of the Canadian Parliament who, in view of these facts, petitioned the Government to adopt a minimum tariff for fish on the Inter-colonial acted more rationally in doing so than in trying to inculcate the belief that we can at any time get a new Reciprocity Treaty for the asking. To proclaim anew the fact that Canada is ready to enter into a Reciprocity Treaty is scarcely necessary for the information of the American Government, and a signal commercial distress would not, in this form, be likely to bring relief. The recent debate in the House of Commons, which Mr. Davis brought on in an irregular way, when the House was moved into committee of supply, showed how deeply the Maritime Provinces feel at being shut out from their natural market; but as a means of forwarding reciprocity the discussion was useless. Reciprocity is not, it is to be feared, at present a vital issue; but the conditions on which Americans may fish on our coasts, within the three mile limit, and the finding of new markets for Canadian fish, are problems with which we shall be forced to deal. The old contention that the line of exclusion should be drawn from the headlands of great arms of the sea to which the name of bays has been given, though technically perhaps maintainable, can never again be insisted on with the consent of the British Government. Practically, the question of fishing rights to be arranged with the American Government is confined to the three mile limit on our coast line. It is capable of several solutions; and if not made subject of stipulation, the rule of exclusion will prevail, and the sole difficulty will be to enforce the rule. Encroachment, experts tell us, has become much more difficult by a revolution in the mode of fishing, which consists of the substitution of the costly purse-seine, difficult to remove without ample time, for the hook and line. But against encroachment, which is sure to come, if in a lesser degree than formerly, it will be costly and nearly impossible to guard, and, what is worse, the exercise of this marine police will occasion continual irritation. It is very desirable that some permanent arrangement should be made by which this question of the inshore fishery should once for all be set at rest. Surely Canada in this fishery privilege possesses a better material basis than any other country for a Reciprocity Treaty with the United States; and yet no movement for the formation of such a treaty is made on either side.

THE defeat of the Conservative candidate in Levis is variously interpreted. While the Opposition claims the victory as its own the Bleus, by whom M. Belleau was supported, attribute his defeat to division among themselves. Probably both causes contributed to the success of the Opposition candidate. The Castors demanded from M. Belleau certain pledges which he declined to give. The *Minerve* is at little pains to conceal its satisfaction with the result. What the pledge was which he refused to give is not stated; but, admittedly, it embraced some conditions which the Senecalists insisted on making. It is doubtful whether the Opposition was strong enough to carry the Division by its own unaided strength; if not, what is the prospect which the division of the Bleus holds out? The *Minerve* says the lesson will have a salutary effect; which probably means that the Senecalists, now that they have shown their power, will be able to get their own way. The Senecalist section of the Bleus, having demanded some pledge which M. Belleau declined to give, is evidently well satisfied with the revenge which it has been able to take. If, as is probably the case, M. Belleau declined to pledge himself to join a combination of Quebec members, such as that which last session made a successful raid on the Treasury, his defeat is the greatest honour which, under the circumstances, could have fallen to his lot.

NOT even yet is the fate of the only Bankruptcy Bill which has any chance of passing—for there are several—at Ottawa at all certain. The committee by which the bill was framed agreed upon one point, a discharge clause, on which ever since the last Bankruptcy Bill was repealed, there has been great difference of opinion. There were many who favoured the passing of a bill for the equal distribution of the assets of insolvents, who were opposed to a discharge clause, and there were others, fewer in number and less persistent in expressing their opinions, who thought the discharge of the insolvent should follow the complete surrender of all his assets. While it was clearly desirable that the obtaining of a discharge should not be a matter of course or even be made too easy, a Bankruptcy Bill which did not provide for a discharge on any conditions would have been an anomaly; and the practical effect of its operation would have been to cause large numbers of insolvents to leave the country. This result could not have

been desirable ; for a very large proportion of people in business becomes insolvent sooner or later. The committee has rightly taken the ground that a discharge should neither be made easy nor be absolutely withheld. This bone of contention removed, the bill ought to pass. Each party to the contention over the discharge clause has been asking too much ; and extreme ground on either side once abandoned, as it seems now to be with a good grace, will probably never be resumed. Mr. Thomas Ritchie, President of the Belleville Board of Trade, opposes the enactment of a bankruptcy law apparently on the ground that it will lure traders into accepting credit, which will not be for their own or anyone else's good. There is some truth in the averment that the root of the evil lies in a too easy dispensing of credit. The man who thrusts credit upon persons who have little or no capital of their own, takes on himself the risk of their failure, and may fairly be called upon to share its consequences. But the debtor who, with better means of knowing his chances of success, clutches at the proffered credit is more than equally to blame. It may be true, as Mr. Ritchie contends, that legitimate traders, who pay their way, suffer more from the insolvency of irresponsible rivals under a bankruptcy law than in its absence. The objection, far from being new, has done duty every time the American Congress has passed a bankruptcy law ; but to make it true, the bankruptcy law must be so framed as to cause larger quantities of the goods of insolvent traders to be sacrificed than would otherwise be thrown on the market. And this will scarcely happen if a discharge is made the consequence of a course of conduct on the part of the insolvent which will commend itself to the approbation of a large majority of the creditors.

OUR treatment of the case of the Pacific Railway Company has, we hope, never been unjust, and we are sure that it has never been in intention unfriendly. As we have said before, we have not a particle of adverse interest or feeling of any kind. But the people have a right to an honest and independent discussion of this subject at the hands of journalists. When the total outlay on the Pacific Road shall have been added to the outlay on the Intercolonial, the people will probably have paid out of their earnings something like one hundred and forty millions for political and military railways ; and the fruits of this expenditure to them so far have been half a dozen Knighthoods, and a Grand Cross of the Bath. These enormous sums are wrung out of a population which is not so large and nothing like so wealthy as that of the State of New York, while it is burdened with an extravagantly expensive form of Government and impoverished by commercial isolation. We repeat, then, that the nation has a claim to have its interests in this matter faithfully watched by its press. We did not oppose, but on the contrary supported in the most decided manner, the application of the Pacific Railway Company for further assistance, but we did not conceal the fact that there were in their case one or two points requiring explanation, notably the distribution among themselves of an immense interest on their money while their work was at a stand and they were a second time calling for public aid. This it seems has given dire offence to their partisans. We suppose at least that we are to ascribe to it a personal attack of the grossest and most malignant kind made by the *Montreal Herald* upon a writer who contributes to this journal, but whom the *Herald* has no more right to hold responsible for any particular editorial than we have to fasten upon any one connected with the *Montreal Herald* the responsibility for everything that appears in the editorial columns of that journal. The person in question is told among other amenities that he has no country. We have had rather too much in this strain. Everybody who has ventured to discuss with freedom anything affecting the interests of the Pacific Railway Company—the political usefulness or the commercial prospects of the line, the climate of the North-West, the quality of the land there, the sufficiency of fuel, the condition of the settlers, the complaints of the Farmers' Union—has been at once denounced as devoid of patriotism and a traducer of the country ; and it has been broadly hinted that if things were in Canada as they are in the United States such traitors would be lynched. If it is the custom in the United States to lynch respectable citizens for saying what they believe to be true about public affairs, because it gives offence to a great commercial corporation, we cannot help thinking that Canada honours the custom more in the breach than she would in the observance. The country is not the Syndicate, neither is the Syndicate the country. The Syndicate is a highly respectable and very energetic body of Canadian, English, American, French and Dutch capitalists which has interests of its own. In writing about it, we shall always try, as we have always tried, to be perfectly fair and equitable, and we shall not allow personalities, or breaches of the rules and courtesies of the press to affect our judgment, or our mode of expressing it, in the slightest degree.

THE *Hamilton Spectator* and the *Ottawa Sun*—the latter of which also continues to disregard our repeated protests against those who quote us conjecturally giving the names of individual writers—complain that THE WEEK has sinned against justice and fair-play by expressing the fear that General Middleton had more to apprehend from Governmental interference with his plans than from the Rielites. Our contemporaries protest against this assumption, "more especially as it is made after the distinct announcement of the Minister of Militia that the Government left the whole control of the campaign in the North-West entirely in the hands of General Middleton." Further comments follow upon debatable ground, and on matters concerning which THE WEEK and its critics are not likely to agree. But the primary objection is upon a matter of fact, and we are glad to be able to give an explanation. Mr. Caron's statement was made on the night of Tuesday, April 14th ; it is necessary that THE WEEK should be "made up" on Tuesday evenings ; and by the time the Minister of Militia's words were in the possession of this office, THE WEEK had gone to press. After all, would he not be a bold man or an extreme partisan who ventured to assert that General Middleton has not found political considerations to interfere with his free action ?

A BILL is before the Legislature of Quebec having for its object the placing of asylums for the insane under the direct surveillance and control of the Government. It gives the Government power to appoint the medical superintendents, and makes their salaries a charge on the Provincial revenue. To the Government it assigns the duty of making rules and regulations for the interior discipline of these institutions, while the medical officers are required to carry these rules and regulations into effect. The proprietors of the asylums and their superintendents are to carry out the orders which the medical officers may give respecting the internal management. If the proprietors employ incompetent servants, the resident medical superintendent may require their dismissal ; and in case of a dispute arising the inspector of asylums is to decide. These are very ample powers for the control of institutions the management of which has been impugned as grossly defective. The bill will not pass, if at all, without strong opposition. The objections offered are that it would destroy the authority of the Sisters of Providence in their own house, and practically abolish rules and regulations sanctioned by episcopal authority, if not by the Pope himself, and substitute in their place the arbitrary authority of the medical officers. These objections admit of a very decisive answer. In the fact that the Province pays for the support of the patients, there is an admission of its duty in the premises ; the duty of paying implies the right of superintendence and control, and the enforcement of this right is an imperative obligation. Some critics are asking whether this bill is opposed to the canon law ; and whatever may be the true answer, there can be little doubt that persons of unsound mind are best managed when placed under the control of humane civil laws specially framed for their protection. The enactment of the proposed law, which is doubtful, would be a hopeful sign of the times.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, if one of her representatives in the House of Commons be a true interpreter of the Islanders' desire, would like to be connected by means of a tunnel with the mainland. Here is a chance for Sir Edward Watkin. Without the fear of opening a dangerous way for a hostile invasion of the mainland before his eyes, he may experiment here in submarine tunnel-making with a clear conscience. If he will find the necessary capital, nobody will grudge him the benefit of the experiment. The Island representative in asking Canada to find the few millions which the experiment would cost seems to have spoken with a gravely serious air ; and his colleague, who was not quite sure that a refusal of the needful appropriation would not be a valid ground of secession, had an eye to the fitness of things in seconding the motion. If the Dominion were to make all the money grants which Provinces, or individuals in the name of Provinces, ask, how long a time would elapse before the doom of national bankruptcy would be pronounced ?

THE vigour and rapidity with which England has prepared for war must have dissipated in the minds of friends and enemies alike the notion that her military and naval powers have declined. Both are greater than ever they were, though those of other powers have come more nearly up to their level. The panic about the state of the navy was got up mainly by the *Pall Mall Gazette* for the purpose of increasing the circulation of that spirited journal. It was not very likely that the able and experienced members of the naval profession in whose hands the navy is would allow it to sink into a state of disgraceful and dangerous decrepitude till they were brought to a sense of their duty by the lash of a Cockney editor.

Unluckily, the hypochondrical effusions of the *Gazette* have not been without effect; the belief that England was not in a condition to enter on a maritime war must have had its influence in encouraging Russian aggression. To tell the truth, however unpalatable, is the duty of a journalist; but this is a different thing from getting up sensational panics. There must be some limit to the expenditure of the people's money in the race of naval invention. But England, with her wealth, her host of skilled artisans and her maritime habits, can put herself on a war footing much more quickly than any of her rivals. All doubt has been set at rest as to her being still by far the first of maritime powers. Her army bears in numbers only about the same proportion to that of Russia as did her force on the heights of Inkerman to the Russian force by which it was attacked. But the quality of her troops is evidently as good as ever; the victors of Abou Klea were not picked men. She has also the immense advantage of an honest and sound administration, whereas that of Russia, both civil and military, is like those of most despotic governments full of corruption. The conflict, if it comes, will of course be severe; but unless disaffection breaks out in India, of which there are at present no signs whatever, the old ship will once more weather the storm.

ENGLISH periodicals are of course full of the Russian question. Sir Henry Rawlinson, the highest authority among the Russophobes, gives in the *Nineteenth Century* the alarmist view of the advance of Russia in Central Asia. He regards her encroachments as steps in the execution of a premeditated plan, and thinks that England ought to have confronted her on her path and either by influence or by arms to have arrested her progress. The impelling motive, however, according to him is not territorial extension, nor the desire of actually conquering India, but the hope that pressure put on England in the direction of India may constrain her to withdraw her opposition to the designs of Russia on the Bosphorus. As we said before, nothing is more likely than that such a policy has conspired with the restless ambition of Russian officers and the provocations often given by marauding tribes in pushing forward the frontier of Russian dominion in Central Asia. The moral seems to be that the British nation, instead of abandoning itself without reflection to the Palmerstonian and Beaconsfieldian tradition, ought to consider seriously whether the exclusion of Russia from an open sea is so indispensable that it ought to be maintained at any expense and at whatever risk to the security of British India. Though a Russophobe, Sir Henry Rawlinson is no fanatic, and his disposition to do justice to Russia lends weight to his opinion as to the sinister character of her designs. "No one questions," he says, "that Russia is entitled to great credit for the civilizing influence that has attended her progress, for the large benefits she has conferred upon humanity in her career of conquest through Central Asia. By crushing the Turcoman raiders, indeed, and by abolishing the slave markets of Khiva and Bokhara, she has restored peace and prosperity to districts which were groaning in misery, and has earned the gratitude of thousands of terror-stricken families. Whatever may happen in the future, she has gained imperishable glory in the past by her victories of peace along the desolated frontier of Khorassan." Sir Henry's paper also brings home to us the fact that the frontier of Afghanistan is really undefined, so that encroachment is not necessarily wilful. The Afghans are wild and marauding clansmen like the Highlanders of Scotland two centuries ago. Who could have drawn the exact line between the land of the Sassenach and that of the Gael? If the Russian and British Empires were actually conterminous, there perhaps might be less danger, because the boundary would be exactly defined and neither power could then encroach except with a full knowledge of what it was doing and with the certainty before it of immediate war. But a partition of Afghanistan is out of the question. Respect on both sides for Afghan independence is the only practicable course. Nor ought it to be forgotten that England herself was the other day invading Afghanistan.

THE display on the part of the Prince of Wales of a patriotic sense of duty in visiting Ireland was needed to counterbalance a recent exhibition of a different kind on the part of the Court. England in these times of peril needs every friend that she can secure. Yet this is the moment chosen for affronting and estranging one so powerful, whether as friend or foe, as the German Chancellor. Bismarck is well-known to be an object of intense aversion among the members of the Royal Family of England. The House of Hanover, though its dynasty is the offspring of a revolution, and though, if the principle of legitimacy were to prevail, the title to its throne would be still in another line, feels as all Royal Houses feel upon questions concerning the rights of kings. Garibaldi, who had uncrowned the King of Naples and overturned the thrones of other Italian princes, was regarded by the British Court with a hatred the sacred flame

of which Lord Beaconsfield, among his other ministrations as a purveyor of truth to Royalty, did not fail to feed. In the midst of the ovation with which he was received by the English people, the liberator of Italy suddenly, abruptly, and, as it appeared, ungraciously left England. The explanation afterwards given was that the honours paid him had given umbrage to the Court, and that the Prime Minister had found it necessary to beseech Garibaldi to depart. The author of German Unity has been guilty of even greater crimes than the Liberator of Italy. Not only has he deposed kings, but he has deposed German relatives of Her Majesty. The House of Hanover, in spite of its long occupation of the British throne, is still Hanoverian; its domestic life and interests remain largely German; German is even in some measure its domestic language; and the dethronement of the King of Hanover by Bismarck was an offence which might well be deemed inexpiable. The result is that of all the sovereigns of Europe the Sovereign of England alone refuses to send congratulations to Bismarck on his birthday, a mark of dislike and reprobation which will probably gall as much as any open expression of antipathy. Bismarck's temper, naturally not the sweetest, has been made irritable by disease and by opposition. He is not likely to receive an affront with equanimity, and though he is happily not absolute master of Germany, the Emperor still retaining real authority, he has power to do great mischief in German Councils, and not only in German Councils, but in those of Europe. Turkey would probably be guided by him in determining the question between a British alliance and neutrality. It may be said with some justice that the Queen's antipathy to Bismarck is not diplomatic but personal, and that she has a right to the manifestation of her personal sentiments. Unfortunately, the effect is the same whether the affront is personal or diplomatic. In spite of all our philosophies of history and our talk of general laws, personal influences, even of a very petty kind, still make sport very often of the destinies of nations.

MR. WYLIE's book, noticed by us the other day, has one more point of interest. It has recently been the fashion to disparage the present state of industrial society not only by comparison with the ideal, but by comparison with the past. In the case of England Professor Rogers and others have placed the golden age of labour in the fifteenth century, after the rise of wages which ensued upon the decimation of the labouring population by the Black Death. The insurrection of the serfs in the very next reign, it must surely be owned, is rather a curious demonstration of industrial happiness and contentment. Perhaps it may be said that this was the strike by which the labouring-classes enforced better terms for themselves, and that after it they were happy. If they were, they continued in the reign of Henry IV. to show their sense of happiness in a curious manner. A reign of turbulence, lawlessness and violence is hardly a proof of general satisfaction. After the political disturbances in the beginning of the reign "law," says Mr. Wylie, "was powerless, and in the general derangement private malice found vent in indiscriminate robbery and murder." The London apprentices, gathering by thousands, fought pitched battles in the narrow streets where many were beaten, kicked or crushed to death. In the country raids were made, houses pillaged and cattle swept off by armed bands of marauders; highway robbery was everywhere rife; the neighbourhood of London was no safer than the provinces, and the officers of the law could not go abroad without a guard. Nor in the spirit of legislation do we see anything superior to the class-selfishness which is alleged to govern all industrial arrangements at the present day. Parliament enacts that no farm labourer or worker in the fields shall be allowed to become an apprentice or learn a mystery or trade unless his parents can pay 40s. a year or have personal property to the value of £40, the object evidently being to bind the farm labourers to the soil and keep down the market for that kind of labour. The same interest appears to dictate the inactment that labourers shall not be hired by the week nor take wages for working on vigils or feast days. Regulations about the dress of different orders are also expressive of class-jealousy. In France again, Utopists of different schools, ecclesiastical and socialistic, have been saying that everybody was happier in the past, when labour was regulated by fraternal guilds, and when instead of unbridled competition and the selfish maxims of economists, the influence of the Catholic Church was paramount in the industrial world. In the *Revue des Deux Mondes* M. D'Haussonville disposes of these roseate theories. He shows that the animating principle of the guild was not philanthropy but self-interest. "To shut against the working-man the road to the highest grade of his calling, or at least to strew his upward path with obstacles, was the chief aim of the masters and the inevitable consequence of their monopoly." The selfishness of caste blended with that of trade-monopoly, and in some of the guilds the highest grade was closed against all but the sons of masters. As to the

condition of the peasantry, M. D'Haussonville cites a perfectly trustworthy document, the report of Vanban, which describing a considerable district in the time of Louis XIV. presents a picture of hopeless and apathetic misery. The peasant will not exert himself even to do anything for the improvement of his condition; he will not even clear his land of stones and brambles; and no wonder, says Vanban, when his food is so wretched and he is only half-clad. Not in the poorest districts of France at the present day, says M. D'Haussonville, will such wretchedness and despondency be found. As Macaulay said, it is not the misery that is new, but the complaint, and, adds M. D'Haussonville, the compassion. Nor is selfish competition new; what is new is the desire to temper it with kinder influences and more genial relations. This much-abused age of ours, though far from the ideal, is, so far as civilized countries are concerned, better than any that has gone before it. The number of those who are well-off is far greater than in any previous generation; and so are the care of society for those who are not well-off and its desire to improve their condition. Of course when population enormously increases the amount of misery must increase also; but the proportion of misery to well-being has greatly decreased, and the lot of the suffering class has become far less hopeless.

HON. DONALD FERGUSON ON THE LOVE OF COUNTRY.

LOVE of Country is the subject of an eloquent lecture delivered before the Irish Protestant Society of Charlottetown by the Hon. Donald Ferguson, Provincial Secretary of Prince Edward Island. Mr. Ferguson has liberally adorned his theme with poetical quotations. It has in truth been so often handled by the orator and the bard that to note the limitations of the sentiment, historical and moral, is about the only thing left. Love of country, deeply rooted in our nature as it may seem, is neither immemorial nor universal: possibly it may not be destined to be eternal. It clearly could not exist before nations were settled and had become conscious of their unity and of their external relations. The dim ideas and dull affections of the nomad centered in his tribe as those of the buffalo centre in his herd. But even when nations are settled, it is by no means invariably the case that the country is the supreme object of attachment. The supreme object of the Hindoo's attachment is caste: of country he can scarcely be said to have an idea; nor is any sentiment of patriotism in his breast wounded by the presence of a foreign ruler, though personally he may feel and resent oppression. If he has a political tie it is to his village rather than to Hindustan or to Bengal. The Mahometan is a citizen not of Turkey, Persia, or Egypt, but of Islam. The Janassaries were culled indiscriminately from all nationalities which the Ottoman could compel to pay the human tribute; and the Circassian, imported as a slave and domiciled at Constantinople, is just as much or as little of a patriot as the Turk who, if he were capable of apostrophizing anything, might apostrophize the shore of the Bosphorus as his own, his native land. Among the parasitic races, such as Jews, the Armenians, the Parsis, the tie is that of race, intensified in the case of the Jew and the Parsis especially by religion. They take as much as they can of the benefits of nationality, with as little as they can of its burdens, and, as the warlike rover considered every land the country of the brave, consider every money-market the country of the financier. But even in the Europe of the Middle Ages Christendom, the great religious federation, divided at least the allegiance of the churchman with his native soil: the most powerful order, that of the clergy, was not national but European; nor would it be easy to find in the writers of the Middle Ages any strong traces of national feeling, such as is now awakened by the names of England, France, or the German Fatherland. Class was stronger than nationality, and the English aristocracy made common cause with that of France against the insurgent serfs. Patriotism in those days was municipal; and in that form and in the breast of the burgher it was often most intense, as the city republics of Italy proved alike by their desperate rivalries and by their great public works. Provided the privileges and interests of the beloved city were safe, the burgher cared little who was his superior, or to what national jurisdiction he was supposed to belong. Italian Republicans had no objection to calling themselves the liegemen of a German Emperor, and Eustace de St. Pierre, after saving by his heroic self-destruction his fellow-townsmen from the ire of the English Conqueror, was content to remain an inhabitant of an English Calais. Of the same character, and still more intense in its way, had been the patriotism of Greece and Rome. The state for which the Greek existed, and to which he was ready to immolate himself, was, as everybody knows, not a nation but a city, and his patriotism, like the rest of his political character, bore the traces of the narrow mould in which it was cast. The struggle with Persia evoked for the time a larger sentiment of nationality, which, the common peril over, gave place again to fatal disruption and internecine

war. There then remained little more than a proud sense of the superiority of the Greek to other races, and a belief that the Greek was ordained by nature to be the master, the foreigner to be the slave. Nor did Rome, though she embraced the Western world in her Empire, attempt to force it into a nationality or to inspire its subjects with the love of a common country.

The sentiment which Mr. Ferguson extols in prose and verse is in its present phase and intensity the peculiar offspring of the great disruption of European Christendom caused by the Reformation, which called the centrifugal forces powerfully into play, gave birth to the most vehement antagonisms, and produced a great development of everything that awakens the sense of nationality. But the process is being now in some measure reversed, and the cosmopolitan influences of science, literature, industry and philanthropy are building up on a different, a broader, and perhaps a more solid basis something like the ancient confederation of Christendom. As the rivulet of patriarchal and tribal allegiance found their river in nationality, the river of nationality may in course of time find its sea. But love of country will last our time, and continue probably for many ages after us to be the source of characters and actions higher at least than those which are produced by the love of self.

The chief use of recalling the history of the sentiment is to remind us that it is not a primary but a secondary virtue, and when it usurps the place of a primary virtue is apt to become a vice. If anyone doubts this let him take a course of French Chauvist writers, beginning with Thiers, and not forgetting the most popular historian of France, M. Martin, who has completely supplanted by his worship of French aggrandizement the unpopular moderation of Sismondi. "My country, right or wrong," is a maxim of devils. It is also a maxim of fools; for a nation which systematically acted on it would soon unite all other nations against itself. Some words of Mr. Ferguson may be construed as countenancing a heresy of which Canada seems to be the special seat. When any man tells the simple truth about this country or anything in it he is at once taxed in certain quarters with lack of patriotism, and, if the critic is in a state of excitement, with treason. We are to put our fingers on our lips and allow people to be deceived, perhaps swindled, in our name. This is offering the country, as Bacon says dishonest orthodoxy offers to God, the unclean sacrifice of a lie. Sentiment can be healthy and enduring only when it is the genuine glow of reason and morality.

There is one question of fact on which we must differ with Mr. Ferguson. He says that the Pilgrim Fathers being denied liberty to worship God ceased to feel affection for England, left her without regret, and shook the dust off their feet as a testimony against her. It was far otherwise. Persecuted the Pilgrims had been in a manner which might well have soured their feelings; yet their feelings were not soured. The Dutch wished to gain them over and made them large offers; "but," says Bancroft, "they were attached to their nationality as Englishmen and to the language of their line." In their first solemn manifesto they declare themselves to have undertaken to plant a colony "for the glory of God and advancement of the Christian faith and honour of our King and country." Nor did their descendants so long as they retained their character, in spite of all the bickerings with the Home Government, ever break the bond of affection. American hatred of the Mother Country has a much lower source. It is the work, not of Christian heroes, but of Jeffersonian demagogues and declaimers; it comes not from the great Colony but from the small Revolution.

IS GENIUS ABOVE MORALITY?

WE learn from the "Life of George Eliot" that in the year 1854, at the age of thirty-three, she formed what is called her "union" with George Henry Lewes. The compiler tells us "what I think has not been mentioned before, that not only was Mr. Lewes' family life irretrievably spoiled, but his home had been wholly broken up for nearly two years." We are led to infer that there was an insurmountable barrier to Mr. Lewes' marriage to Miss Evans, but of what nature that impediment was we are left to guess. The compiler remarks that "a judgment on so momentous a question is best arrived at by consideration of the whole tenor of the life which follows, in the development of which Mr. Lewes' true character as well as George Eliot's will unfold itself." Yes, but to justify the "union" on this ground, a quarter of a century afterwards, is an argument of the *post hoc, non propter hoc* sort. And, besides; the example is all the more dangerous; if people of great qualities yield to temptation, there is more excuse for those of lesser merits. George Eliot herself, writing to one of her oldest and most intimate friends, Mr. Bray, says: "If we differ on the subject of the marriage laws, I at least can believe of you that you

cleave to what you believe to be good; and I don't know of anything in the nature of your views that should prevent you from believing the same of me." It will be seen that George Eliot ceased to differ on the subject of the marriage laws when they offered no impediment to her wishes. Also she says, "that any worldly, unsuperstitious person, who is sufficiently acquainted with the realities of life can pronounce my relation to Mr. Lewes immoral I can only understand by remembering how subtle and complex are the influences that mould opinion." Only, unfortunately, the fact is that those subtle and complex influences do invariably mould the opinion of perhaps unworldly, certainly of unsuperstitious, persons,—that such a "relation" is immoral. And, again, she says, "We are leading no life of self-indulgence, except, indeed, that being happy in each other we find everything easy. We are working hard to provide for others better than we provide for ourselves, and to fulfil every responsibility that lies upon us." To justify the "relation" on this plea is a rather amusing *non sequitur*, as work, providing for others, and the discharge of responsibility, may be entirely independent of any such relation. It will thus be seen that George Eliot, profound as she was, was not free from the weaknesses of ordinary mortals, and that while she was throwing dust in the eyes of others, a contrary draught carried much of it back into her own. These various pleas of hers, though not expressed in defiant terms, are just what anyone else might urge under similar circumstances, and are simply setting at naught, because it happens to be convenient to do so, what her own sex, who should know best, invariably condemn, and visit in all cases—should there be an exception, it makes the rule—with pitiless penalties of ban. In the "relation" Mr. Lewes and George Eliot remained for twenty-five years, unless, indeed, there was at some time during that period a marriage between them—the impediment being removed, if such may have been the case; but, having read the biography carefully throughout, it is hardly possible that any record of such a fact could have escaped us. During all those years there was all that such a union could desire or enjoy, short of legal bond and religious sanction. A parlous short-coming, truly! There was ardent affection and unceasing constancy, complete accord of sympathies, unswerving fidelity, in no restricted sense, but in all its modest meanings. There was immense fame on her side, a lesser share on his, the widest range of culture on both, and abundant wealth, mostly accumulated by her but generously thrown into the common stock.

Here, then, was no new problem presented to society. A lady-novelist called one of her books "Ought We to Visit Her?" The solution in this case was that society chose to intermit the penalties commonly inflicted. George Eliot lay under no social ban: she had associates and intimates among women as well as men, and that she was subject to no exclusion there could be no better nor higher proof than that at a dinner-party at Mr. Goschen's she met "Mr. Froude, Mr. Kinglake, Dr. Lyon Playfair, the Dean of Westminster, the Bishop of Peterborough, Mrs. Ponsonby (Lord Grey's grand-daughter), Lord and Lady Ripon, and the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany," and "a small detachment coming in after dinner." She says, "The royalties did themselves much credit. . . . He is cordial and simple in manners, shaking hands, and insisting that I should let him know when we next came to Berlin, just as though he had been a Professor Gruppe, living *au troisième*. She is equally good natured and unpretending. She opened the talk by saying 'You know my sister Louise'—just as any other slightly embarrassed mortal might have done."

Charity, we are told, covers a multitude of sins. How many do genius and fame and wealth and station cover! And what a commentary upon it all is this! "May 6th," (1880; Mr. Lewes died Nov. 28, 1878) "Married this day, at 10.15, at St. Georges, Hanover Square. Present, Charles, who gave me away, Mr. and Mrs. D., Mr. H., William, Mary, Eleanor, and Florence C." What a world of compromises we live in! We gulp them all, and they do not choke us. All this, the highest admiration for George Eliot's surpassing genius, and full appreciation of many excellent parts of her conduct and character, notwithstanding.

D. F.

"WHEN does a woman begin to grow old?" was lately asked in an assembly of Frenchwomen, who are said to be more afraid of *vieillir* than the women of other countries, although from the nervous concealment of their age one should imagine even in this country that not to remain eternally young was a thing to be ashamed of. "With the first grey hair," suggested one of the ladies, and "when she ceases to inspire love," thought another. The decision was finally put to a charming white-haired matron of some seventy years, who at once replied: "What do I know about it! You must ask an old woman to answer you such a question." Which shows that at least one among the ladies had the right recipe for remaining young.

THE NUMERICAL PROPORTION OF THE SEXES AS INFLUENCED BY NATURAL CONDITIONS.

THE numerical proportion of the sexes has always been a matter of more or less importance, but has become more especially so in various countries at certain periods. In young colonies planted in the wilderness not unfrequently the lack of individuals of the weaker sex is seriously felt, even extending so far as to require inducements to be offered for female immigration; but even in more settled countries the same circumstances may prevail, as for instance in France, after the close of the Napoleonic wars, so great was the excess of male over female births that anxiety was felt as to the result. No remedies equal to the occasion, however, could be devised, but, nature being allowed to take her course, in the lapse of time matters returned towards their original position. In England in the present day among the upper classes the excess of female over male births is becoming a noticeable feature, and is not a little commented upon by interested parties. "What shall we do with our girls?" is becoming a question of no little importance in our Mother Land, conservative as she is of time honoured ideas as to the social duties of her daughters.

Intimately connected with this question is that concerning the conditions which govern the production of male and female offspring. Many theories of various degrees of probability have been propounded, from absurd assertions as to the influence of the relative will-power and mental development of the parents, to more probable suggestions as to the influence of nutrition, but hitherto no satisfactory theory has been propounded. Quite recently, however, Dr. Carl Düsing has published the results of his investigations on the subject, which, having been carried out with far greater attention to minutiae, based on a much larger number of recorded cases (hundreds of thousands in some instances) than was available to former authors, and extended to include the lower form of animal life and plants, have allowed of the advancement of theories much more probable and more substantiated by facts than any we have hitherto met.

In the first place it is shown, that in cases where there happens to be a lack of either sex, there is (other things being favourable) invariably an increase in the proportion of the births of offspring belonging to that sex. After serious and long-continued wars for instance, in consequence of which a well-marked diminution of the number of males in the community occurs, the relative number of male births increases most markedly. The influence of Napoleon's wars on France has already been alluded to in this connection. Why this should be Dr. Düsing attempts to explain; but the elucidation of the subject would require a discussion of details far beyond the scope of this article. Suffice it to say that the phenomenon has been gradually brought about by a process of natural selection, or, in other words, has been gradually induced by the requirements of circumstances.

It follows from this that nature, if left alone, will gradually restore the proportion to its proper ratio. There is a continuous tendency towards the equalization of the sexes in numbers.

The cases of outposts established in the wilderness seem to argue against this generalization, for we find in these instances that the number of male births is proportionately greater. Here, however, the conditions are altogether different. The individuals are existing in a state of comparative privation, food is frequently scarce or poor, the labour is hard, the comforts of civilization are wanting. Statistics with regard to animals and dioecious plants in similar conditions, where the food supply is scanty and external conditions generally unfavourable, show that a result similar to that produced by a want of males is occasioned, and that an increase in the proportion of male births ensues. Although it was not our intention to enter into details, nevertheless a fact in connection with the above statements cannot be overlooked. From statistics taken in Sweden it is shown, that with an increase of prosperity in the country, due to beneficent and peaceful reigns, there is an increase in the proportion of female births, and *vice versa*, and further, in the case of the working-classes, with a decrease of wages there is an increase of male births, and with an increase a corresponding increase of the proportion of female births. These facts show very plainly that so long as the unfavourable conditions for nutrition and comfort obtain in newly-settled districts, so long will the proportion of male births be in excess, but, on the other hand, when, by the exertions and labour of the men so produced, the comforts of civilization shall have rendered the wilderness more favourable, and the virgin soil by cultivation shall yield food of the most nutritious kinds in abundance, then both the favourable conditions and the lack of individuals of the female sex will have their effect in causing a marked increase in the proportion of female births, and in the course of time the numerical ratio of males and females will be reduced to the normal. Truly this is an admirable provision!

The many interesting suggestions contained in Dr. Düsing's book cannot

be dealt with here. From it we learn, however, that a numerical disproportion of the sexes, no matter how produced, need not alarm us, as it will be of only temporary duration. Having been produced by the action of external conditions, and being the most suitable arrangement while those conditions exist, when they cease to prevail the disproportion will in its turn diminish until the most favourable ratio is again reached.

Among polygamous races a marked disproportion in favour of male births might be expected, and accordingly a tendency to equalization of the sexes, monogamy being thus practically induced. With regard to purely polygamous nations unfortunately no data are accessible, and as regards the Mormons of the neighbouring Republic, they cannot be regarded as purely polygamous, not being self-sustaining, but maintained by proselytizing. If any inferences are to be drawn from them the very necessity for proselytizing would argue against polygamy being in accordance with the laws of nature. Even among the Turks we find the Harems to a certain extent maintained by the importation of Circassian and other female slaves; but the Eastern nations—among which polygamy is most prevalent—exist under far different environment than do the Mormons, the climate itself rendering the conditions more favourable in making nutrition as a rule more abundant and more easily available, and perhaps polygamy may with them be self-sustaining. Among polygamous animals two conditions are markedly different, whether wild or domesticated, for in both cases the proportion of female births seems to be in excess. The existence in polygamous forms of numerous enemies—for as a rule polygamous forms are vegetable feeders affording food for carnivorous forms—may perhaps afford a clue to this. In fact there is a tendency for domesticated forms to become polygamous.

Further statistics with regard to polygamy must however be awaited before any statements based on natural laws can be affirmed concerning it. In the meantime Dr. Düsing's paper suggests some very important thoughts in connection with it.

J. P. McM.

MONTREAL LETTER.

APRIL 18th, 1885.

No difference between this city and the cities of Ontario is more marked than that which comes under the head of political interest. Here party-politics are feebly developed in comparison with Toronto, Hamilton or London. In fact, not only in politics but in other public matters, Montreal betrays itself as a city of various uncohesive units. Its political apathy is mirrored in its weak representation at Quebec and Ottawa. The last advent of the Conservatives to power had two special effects which have done much to debilitate the once strong Liberal ranks. Firstly, the Canadian Pacific contractors, Liberals to a man, were reduced to neutrality. The N.P., through the embarkation of a good many more leading Reformers in protected manufactures, resulted in a greatly diminished opposition to triumphant Conservatism. Our press, while not so strong as that of Toronto, is much less violent in tone, and the *Gazette* particularly is marked by a spirit of quiet dignity, worthy of imitation elsewhere.

Montreal is thoroughly commercial in the tone of its society. As in New York, it is the wealthy people who not only lead, but entirely fill, the ranks of fashion. McGill University has not yet done the work of Harvard for Boston. Of artistic, scientific or literary culture there is but little. Still our merchant princes are munificent in all matters of education, the last mentioned object for their aid being a botanic garden which is to occupy a sunny slope of Mount Royal.

It would seem, year by year, that Montreal is gaining as a manufacturing centre, and losing ground in commerce. It lacks back country, while it enjoys an unrivalled position as a port, and has in its French Canadian population an ample supply of cheap labour. Our merchants take a good deal of interest in the re-enactment of reciprocity with the United States, yet their number seems not to include a leader capable of organizing a movement for the measure. It seems to me that Canada is just where the New England States would be if the rest of the Union separated commercially from them. What New England would then suffer is our present loss. The natural market for Quebec hay and other farm produce is in the adjoining States; for Nova Scotian coals in Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts. Reciprocity should certainly admit certain American manufactures. It is folly to attempt manufacturing in Canada in many lines where a vast market is needed for economical working, as evidenced in our print trade. To relieve surplus stocks of cotton, our mill proprietors desire to send their goods to the calico-printers of Manchester in bond. Two ocean freights and repeated handlings no more than off-set in cost the economy and artistic excellence of Manchester as compared with Magog. The enormous national outlays for the Canadian Pacific Railway are beginning to alarm Conservative people here. Few have faith in any such rapid filling-up of the North-West as may make the great highway successful within twenty years. Yet apathy among voters—the absence of an informed and jealous public opinion such as Great Britain possesses—has placed a gigantic mortgage on the country at the instance of a few rash politicians.

Z.

"ONE BY ONE THEY GO."*

MRS. SUSANNA MOODIE, the youngest of the Strickland sisters, has gone from our midst. So well known in Toronto, and so much esteemed for her literary talents, as well as for her personal worth, many Canadians will join with her sorrowing relatives in regret for the loss of one of whom it may be said, "Take her for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon her like again." As a young child she early gave evidence of much original talent—one might say of genius—which showed itself in her love of verse and in all that was beautiful. She began writing at an age when children are yet learning the rudiments of education. The lonely country house in which her young days were passed, with its old-fashioned garden, plantations and labyrinth of wooded lanes, its vicinity to the sea-coast, and the absence of young companions, no doubt fostered literary tastes in the Strickland sisters, which were fed by solitude, free access to a large library of books, by the legendary tales and old family chronicles listened to with eager interest at the fireside of the old Hall, and the stormy events of the early part of the century. All these aided in giving a particular tone to the young romantic minds of the inmates of the Suffolk mansion.

It is said circumstances make the man; no doubt in a great measure this is true, and it might be that it was so in the case of this remarkable family. It was this combination of influences brought to bear upon natural talent that produced authoresses in the Stricklands, each following the bent of her peculiar taste. Thus the historical element in the elder sisters produced the series of "Moral Biographies"; in Susanna works of poetry and fiction; "Roughing it in the Bush," and other books well-known were also written after she became a sojourner for the last fifty years in Canada; but she had written many minor works in England long before she, with her husband, migrated to this country in 1832. Out of the six sisters five were known to the literary world. Their brother, the late Colonel S. Strickland, also wrote that pleasant volume, "Two Years in Canada," one of the most cheerful as well as useful books that has yet been given as a guide and help to the Canadian immigrant.

In this brief notice of Mrs. Moodie it is not necessary to retrace the events of her Canadian life. Some loving hand among those who live to mourn her loss may possibly gather the unwritten fragments together at a future date.

M.

MR. WHITE was a man of many parts, but he will be best known to posterity as a Shakespearian critic, and by his edition of the great dramatist. His best works are "Shakespeare's Scholar," published in 1854, and "Words and their Uses," first issued in 1865. He was an enthusiastic musician, a good performer on the violin, and at times published entertaining musical papers in the form of personal recollections. He was all his life a pamphleteer. His "Gospel of Peace," "The House that Tweed Built," "Appeal" (against the decision of the bishops in the now forgotten Onderkonk case), and many others had wide circulations. He was descended from John White of Puritan stock, his father being a South Street merchant. He graduated in the University of New York in 1839, studied medicine and law, was called to the bar in 1841, but never followed the profession, preferring to pursue literature. He was at one time connected with the *Courier and Enquirer* and the *World*. For a time—from 1861 to 1878—Mr. White was head of the Marine Bureau. The immediate cause of his death was gastritis, from which disease he has suffered all winter.

R.

[The above was unavoidably crowded out of our last issue.—Ed.]

HERE AND THERE.

THE Montreal *Herald*, having metaphorically buried its head in the sand, is very angry with other journals who have not followed that sagacious example. Unfortunately for our contemporary, rage has blinded it to the decencies of journalism, and the other day its editorial columns were disfigured with a gratuitous attack upon THE WEEK which we hope ere now has been bitterly regretted. The ultimate cause of this unfortunate incident was nominally the statement that an amount of reluctance to being sent to the North-West was shown by some eastern contingents. This was looked upon by some writers as to some extent confirming rumours of dissatisfaction with Confederation in the case of Nova Scotia and sympathy with Riel in that of Quebec. Well, what is the use of trying to suppress, or affecting not to notice, facts which are not only certain but prominent? If the Press is to tell people falsehoods, who is to tell them the truth? Was it not French sympathy that saved Riel before, and enabled him to escape and give us all the present trouble? Were the accounts of dissatisfaction and even desertion amongst the Quebec battalions altogether apocryphal? Is the reported disgraceful behaviour of Colonel Ouimet's command entirely an invention of the enemy? And does not the meeting supporting rebellion held on Saturday last in Montreal, under the auspices of the Club National, confirm the fear expressed by THE WEEK that Riel had many French sympathizers? If it is the policy of the *Herald* to conceal these or other facts for party purposes, it is none the less the duty of all independent journals to indicate their actual significance. This THE WEEK proposes continually to do.

* Susanna Strickland (Mrs. Moodie), sixth daughter of Thomas Strickland, of Reydon Hall, Suffolk, was born at Stowe House, Bungay, Suffolk, December the 6th, 1803; died in Toronto, at the residence of her son-in-law, J. J. Vickers, Esq., April the 8th, 1885.

Richard Grant White was born in New York, May 23rd, 1882, and died in his native city, April 8th, 1885.

IN the course of some instructive comments upon the lapsing Fishery Clauses of the Washington Treaty, the *American* makes the following significant remarks:—"Canada cannot eat her cake and have it. She cannot hang on to an European Empire and enjoy the facilities furnished by its military and diplomatic system, and then strut about with the airs of an independent country. She may cut 'the silken rein' as soon as she likes, and we will deal with her as a nation. But so long as she wears it, she is to us merely an outlying province of the British Empire, and our dealings with her interests are but a part of our diplomatic relations with that Empire."

THE May meeting of the Toronto Jockey Club, which will be held on Saturday and Monday, the 23rd and 25th May, at the Woodbine, promises by the programme to produce some good sport. The principal events are: (First Day) "Trial Stakes," for all ages; "The Queen's Plate," for horses bred, raised, and trained in Ontario; "The Woodbine Steeplechase;" "Open Cash Handicap;" "The Welter Cup;" (Second Day) "The Ladies' Purse," for all ages; "Queen's Hotel Stakes," open to all; "The Woodstock Plate," for three-year-olds; "The Railway Steeplechase Handicap," open to all; and a "Hunters' Handicap," open to half-bred horses regularly hunted with any established pack on this continent.

THERE were nineteen failures in Canada reported to Bradstreet's during the past week, against twenty-six in the preceding week, and twenty-two, thirty-two, and five, in the corresponding weeks of 1884, 1883, and 1882, respectively. In the United States there were 196 failures during the week, as compared with 174 in the preceding week, and with 155, 160, and 86, in the corresponding weeks of 1884, 1883, and 1882. About 84 per cent. were those of small traders whose capital was less than \$5,000.

THE most zealous anti-prohibitionist would hardly argue that his use of wine was inspired by patriotic motives. All the same, he contributes much more to the public revenues than his teetotal fellow-citizen. This fact has been seized upon by a Glasgow financier, who points out that total abstainers in the Old Country, by not consuming wine, spirits, or beer, contribute no part of the thirty millions of public income which are derived from this source. This he maintains is not just, and he proposes that the lighter beverages which abstainers consume might be made to pay a certain tax, which would add to the income of the country and give a more equitable distribution of the burdens of the State. The proposal is not without its serious aspect. Why should the man who takes brandy-and-soda be compelled to pay on the former and the man who takes the soda without brandy pay nothing at all? If it be contended that wine, whiskey and beer are luxuries, the same argument applies to apollinaris, ginger ale, and other compounds. In reply to the teetotalers' objection, should they ever raise it, "Why tax us for being sober?" any argument which may be supposed to tell against aerated beverages tells equally against the duty on tea. In fact, aerated beverages are not a necessity of life, while the universal use of tea practically elevates it to such a position.

ARE the Royal Family Spiritualists? People tell tales of the Queen; they know that the Princess Louise has been at seances; they recall the story of the Duke of Albany's death-warning from his sister Alice. They put down the whole Royal Family, therefore, as Spiritualists. So far has this belief spread that Sir Henry Ponsonby has been commissioned to deny it. He does not quite deny it. He only says that the Royal Family are not believers in Mr. Eglinton's Spiritualism. Mr. A. Yorke, the late equerry of the Duke of Albany, has also been called upon to give his testimony, and says that he is in a position to declare that his Royal Highness never attended a seance with Mr. Eglinton or presented him with a slate. The inference drawn by the Spiritualists from this correspondence is that the Queen and several of her children are believers in communications between the next world and this, but know nothing of Mr. Eglinton and his slate.

THE new halfpenny morning paper, the possible appearance of which in London was recently referred to in *THE WEEK*, is to be a reality. It is to be called the *Morning Mail*, and to be thoroughly Radical in tone. No peace with Whiggery is to be permitted; and working-class interests are to be set before all others. Mr. Emmett, who conducted the *Umpire* some time ago, is to manage the new paper. Its great difficulty will be in distribution—the prejudices of the trade being against a halfpenny paper, as the failure of the *Summary* proved. Mr. Walter dropped a small fortune over that venture—which, it may be added, was a condensed halfpenny *Times*—and his successors in the experiment will have to make a very long effort if they are to succeed.

THE friends of peace can quote Scripture in abundance in support of their principles, but the advocates of war are the popular party, even among Christian professors. Mr. Ruskin cites the following verse from the New Testament as an injunction from the Prince of Peace, whose precepts we all profess to follow:—"Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God." That is according to the ancient translation. The modern version is, he says, this:—"Blessed are the war-makers, for they shall be adored by the children of men."

AMERICANS have no titles of their own, but how they delight in anyone who has all the world knows. The following is from the prospectus of a St. Augustine journal recently started:—"The editor is Captain Ham-

ilton, of Kensington, London, a gentleman of wide and varied experience, and much culture. Captain Hamilton belongs to a younger branch of the Duke of Ambercom (*sic*), and is of noble blood. He has served through two revolutions and one Indian War." There is not much of the old Puritan simplicity—if such a quality ever really existed—in this amazingly snobbish announcement.

THE question of the extent to which the eyesight is favourably or unfavourably affected by civilization is being discussed at some length in the columns of *Nature*. Mr. Guppy, one of the correspondents, gives the results of a few observations recently made by him with a view of determining the degree of acuteness of vision possessed by the natives of certain islands of the Solomon group. He employed the square test-dots used for the purpose of ascertaining the powers of vision possessed by recruits for the army. The conclusions at which he arrived, from the examination of a number of young men whom he tested, are that in the islands in question sixty feet is the average distance at which natives could count the dots—fifty-seven feet being usually looked on as the distance at which the normal eyesight can separate and count them. Facts like these, which no doubt might be multiplied, fall in with prejudices of our own as to the decay of physical power among civilized people. The keenness of the senses has always been a strong point with the savage, and in our boyish days we were regaled with many stories in illustration of the preternatural acuteness of sight and hearing possessed by the wild men of the woods. All this is a mere matter of habit—individual expertness acquired by practice and inherited habit. Savages who have to live on the fish, game, and plants which they hunt or search for themselves, prove almost miraculously quick in hearing and seeing. On the other hand, the civilized man with a specialized faculty performs prodigies of memory, incredible skill in discriminating flavours, shades of colours, or texture of goods. Mr. Guppy tells us that the natives of the Solomon Islands, who live in huts lit only through a partially open doorway, pass from the utter darkness of their dwelling-places into the dazzling sunshine, and *vice versa*, without any of that inconvenience or partial blindness felt by Europeans under similar circumstances. They do so because their eyes are trained to these sudden contrasts and transitions, just as the skin of a man who daily "tubs" in cold water is trained to endure sudden transitions of temperature without evil consequences.

HAVE you a good ear for music? If you have you will appreciate the following little anecdote, told by Mr. G. R. Sims, the popular and successful literarian and dramatist. "My editor and I once started to walk to St. Albans with a valued friend, now, alas, some years dead, who was by profession a pedestrian and a pianoforte tuner. Midway we put up at a snug hostelry, and ordered, for the comfort of the inner man, a dish of rump steaks. While this was being prepared we sat in pleasant converse, which was interrupted by a peculiar hissing and frizzling sound that unmistakably came from the kitchen. 'Why, hang me,' suddenly exclaimed Pendragon, with his hair almost on end with horror—'hang me, if they're not frying it!'—the 'it' of course having reference to the steak. Our lamented friend thereupon drew from his pocket a tuning-fork, struck it upon the table, and quietly remarked, as he applied it to his ear, 'Yes, and hang me if they're not frying it in G!'"

PRINCESS CHRISTIAN has taken a long time to produce the little memoir of her sister which is prefixed to the Princess Alice's letters. In the opinions of the critics it was worth waiting for, though evidently the work of an amateur, and wanting in certain literary finish, it is said to be well written—much better written than the Queen's diaries—and to be full of tenderness and love. There are passages in it, we are told, which can hardly be read without tears; and, though there is very little really new in it, the suggestion of sisterly affection and pride is very touching. In all the relations of the Royal Family to each other there is the same mutual dependence and ready helpfulness. We take all this for granted, and think that it is just what it ought to be that Marlborough House should be the most loyal house in England. But the spectacle is almost new in English history of a perfect union between powerful members of the same family; and people are not half thankful enough for it. An eminent man, contrasting our times with others, said the other day that if we had had princes like those of other days—"I do not know what you think, gentlemen, but I think, and probably you will agree with me, we should have had very rough times."

A PAPER called *Nature*, published in Paris, has picked up a story almost eclipsing that of the cock and bull, for which it cites as an authority the director of a glass factory in the district of Aniche. This gentleman had a dog, and this dog was turned out to play with other dogs in the open field behind the factory. It was the time of hard weather, shortly after the recent snowstorm, and the dog, which was a rough-haired terrier, had not finished his gambol when he was attacked by a whole flock of birds, described by the French paper as crows. By this, probably, rooks are meant, for the crow, as Yarrell informs us, is a solitary bird found only alone or in pairs, whereas the glass manufacturer writes that there were a hundred of the black birds in question in the field where the dog was, out of which only about thirty joined in the onslaught. However, the battle, once begun, proved a very one-sided affair, half the attacking squadron keeping in front of the wretched quadruped and the other half behind him or on the flank. The former, hovering at a height of about six feet, made dashes from time to time at the head of the victim aiming their beaks at his eyes and at a particular spot in his neck, where they soon established an open

wound. The unfortunate beast, who in vain attempted to flee, would have been actually picked to pieces on the spot had he not been carried off by a boy who came to the rescue, and brought him home in his arms, while the detachment of persecutors hovered with angry movements overhead. The dog's life was saved for the time, but the narrator adds that a day or two afterwards his wounds became so dangerous that he was obliged to have the poor wretch executed.

PULPITEERS.

I DRAW, with no unfriendly hand,
Some portraitures of men who stand
In modern pulpits to declare
God's word to those beneath their care.

First, Mr. Dullman comes in sight,
With sermons common-place and trite;
Who never either melts or glows
At the saint's joys or sinner's woes.

Next, Mr. Boisterous appears
Who, above all things, tameness fears,
Yet, by monotony of sound,
Creates a listlessness profound.

Third, Mr. Dreadful takes his text,
Not about this world, but the next;
And preaches terror with a *vim*
Which proves the theme has charms for him.

Hear Mr. Tedious as he draws
Out his divisions, clause by clause;
While he a school of patience keeps
His congregation yawns and sleeps.

Now, Mr. Learned, full of lore,
Proceeds to prove himself a bore:
The wisdom of this would-be sage
Comes not from Inspiration's page.

Lo! Mr. Claptrap pops in view
With the sensational and new,
While "itching ears" of monstrous size
Listen with rapture and surprise.

See Mr. Horner stand erect
In conscious pride of intellect—
The full-grown "Jack" who ate his pie,
Saying, "What a brave boy am I!"

Here Mr. Funny plays the clown,
While fools applaud and angels frown.
In such a place, to "court a grin"
Must be a heaven-provoking sin.

There Mr. Solemn rears his head,
Oppressed with mighty fear and dread,
Lest, by a "touch of nature," he
Should wake his hearers' sympathy.

Let Mr. Christ-like end the list,
Whose eloquence none can resist;
His "gracious words" of love and truth
Arrest and charm both age and youth.

O! come the time when we shall see
All pulpits manned, as they should be,
With Christ-like preachers, bold yet meek,
Through whom the living God shall speak!

W. F. C.

PRISONERS OF WAR IN ENGLAND.

WITH all its experiences of battle-fields and their accompaniments the present generation has never known prisoners of war in England, and we sincerely hope that it never will. There are but a few among us who can remember the prisoners on parole that were such objects of interest in some of our country towns during the Peninsular War; but many who have been brought up in or near small towns must in their youth have heard plenty of stories about them. There are still a few old ladies who pride themselves on having received their first French lessons from "the prisoners," and old gentlemen who boast of the swordsmanship which they owed to French fencing-masters on their parole. We whisper it with fear and trembling, but we often wonder that the novelists who have worn almost every topic, incident, and accident threadbare, have so greatly neglected the French prisoners of war in England.

The formal entrance of the captives into a country town caused intense excitement. There is a man now living who remembers the triumphal entrance into a certain country town of a troop of soldiers bringing captives from the Peninsular War. He was about eleven years old at the time, and he watched the pageant from the roof of one of those large "Queen Ann" houses which are sometimes to be found on the outskirts of provin-

cial towns. It was winter, and the snow lay on the rather flat roof; but the position was so favourable for seeing the fun, that the boy braved the cold. The most conspicuous figure in the procession was that of a tall and dignified generalissimo of Napoleon's army, who wore a large cocked hat. This cocked hat was too much for the boy's feelings, and hastily making a hard snowball, he knocked the old gentleman's "chapeau a carnes" into the gutter, with great force and accuracy. The general was by no means inclined to regard the matter in the light of an accident, much less a joke, and a tremendous row was the consequence, beginning with a formal complaint to the mayor, and ending in a warm and lasting friendship between the Field Marshal and the father of the snowball thrower.

Those were the days of hard drinking, and at the end of the war, when the prisoners returned to their own country, they took back wonderful stories of the after-dinner libations of the English country gentlemen. The tradition of these legends was handed down in France long after its light-hearted inhabitants had forgotten the war with England; and not very many years ago a French Abbe, when pressed by the writer to tell him what surprised him most on coming to England, replied "that you did not fall under the dinner-table, drunk, every night." His friends had forewarned him that he must, at the very least, be prepared for this, if he went to live at an English country-house.

Napoleon was very anxious to regain a certain skilful General of Engineers, who was on parole in a small provincial town, and he vainly offered a large number of English prisoners in exchange for him; but the General effected his own escape. It was supposed that a miller concealed the great man in a flour-bag and carted him far away from the town. At any rate, both the General and the miller disappeared on the same day, and at about the same hour, nor was either of them ever seen again in any part of Great Britain.

Well as the prisoners usually got on with the natives, a disturbance would sometimes arise when the feelings of both were excited to the utmost by the arrival of important news from the seat of war. A number of French prisoners were once assembled at their club between eleven and twelve o'clock at night during one of the more critical periods of the war in Spain. About the same hour the usual little knot of townspeople was awaiting the arrival of the coach that brought the London mail. As it dashed up to the door of the principal hotel, the guard announced the news of the victory at Vittoria. A crowd soon assembled and proceeded down the high street, cheering and spreading the news in all directions. Presently it passed near the house in which the Frenchmen were assembled, and they were soon made aware of the British victory. To hear the English crowd hurrahing outside was more than flesh and blood could stand, so the prisoners made a sortie, armed with billiard-cues and walking-sticks, and vainly attacked the natives. There was a scrimmage and a mingling of English and French oaths for a few minutes, but the brave foreigners were soon obliged to yield before overwhelming numbers. The conquerors somewhat ungenerously pursued the vanquished into their retreat, where they broke the windows, smashed the doors, tore off the shutters, and "made hay" in the club-room of "Messieurs les Societaires." But as a rule the relations of the prisoners of war with the residents were of the most friendly character. We have a copy of a petition delivered to the Transport Board and signed by the mayor, deputy-mayor, vicar, coroner, and some dozen of the leading men of a provincial town, begging for the release and restoration to his native land of an "Ensign de Vaisseau in the French navy," in return for a valiant service which he had rendered to "a British subject" by rescuing her child "by main force" from "the two paws" of a lion at a wild beast show.

Even at the present time the arrival of several French noblemen and officers in a dull country neighbourhood would create considerable interest; but it is difficult to imagine the sensation it must have caused seventy years ago, when there were no railways, and the arrival of the coach was the only daily excitement. The heavy dinners of the local magnates astonished the foreigners not a little, and there are still many traditions and legends of the effects, both mental and physical, produced upon the prisoners by the port wine of their captors.

There can be little doubt that the influence of the French prisoners upon the English was, on the whole, a good one. That it did much to lessen the British hatred of all that was foreign is certain; that it instilled a desire of seeing other countries than their own into our fathers is more than probable, and it is at worst a pardonable fancy, if we think that the old people still living, who mixed much as children with the French prisoners of high position, are a little different from the ordinary type of British country bumpkins. When the "prisoner-guests" had returned to their homes, they did not forget to write to their late hosts. One of their letters, in which the journey to France is described, lies before us. Birmingham must have been small in those days, as it is said to be "not so large as half Bordeaux," although the writer thinks its population must have been about the same. The following is the description of Oxford:—"Oxford, this pretty town which you must know by its universities, and by many curious things that it has in its bottom, has appeared to me very pleasant and fine."—*Saturday Review*.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL is president, and Oliver Wendell Holmes, John Greenleaf Whittier, Charles W. Eliot and E. N. Horsford, vice-presidents of the Longfellow Memorial Association. At a recent meeting, it was finally decided to carry out the original plan of a park and monument.

THE SCRAP BOOK.

INDUSTRIAL COÖPERATION.

WHAT is coöperation? Acting together for a common end. Several families unite for the purchase of their supplies by a common agent at wholesale prices, and thus save a part at least of the profit of retail trade. This is the most common kind of coöperation. Coöperative shops are in the same category. There is likewise a coöperation, to some extent, of labour in the custom prevailing in some districts, of farmers assisting each other at harvests by uniting their hands and teams. There is no reason why two or more of them should not agree to work their farms together at certain seasons, and thus secure a concentration of labour and the use of more and better machinery than their separate means would warrant. This is, indeed, the only way in which they can compete with great estates, supplied with the best machinery and abundance of hands. See what the Shakers do. Strange as their religious tenets appear to us, they contrive by a union of forces to lessen their labours to such a degree that the women have finished their daily household tasks by ten o'clock in the morning. The men work more hours, but they are not overworked. They have shelter, and enough to eat, drink, and wear, for moderate and combined labour. Whaling voyages from time immemorial have been fitted out and prosecuted upon the coöperative theory, but without the aid of incorporation, as the persons employed are few and are cut off from the rest of the world during their voyages. There are establishments in France on a coöperative basis. Coöperative shops are frequent in London for different branches of the public service, the diplomatic, colonial, army and navy, and the church.

There are, however, two difficulties in the way of all coöperative schemes that are not endowed with the corporate faculty—the uncertainty of duration, and the personal liability of members. When half-a-dozen persons unite in a business, each becomes liable for all the rest, and the death of one may impede if it does not put a stop to the enterprise. Few persons are willing to place their interests without reserve in the hands of others, or make themselves liable for their engagements. A corporation offers the means of obviating these difficulties. What is a corporation? An artificial being; a creature of the law, endowed with certain functions of a natural person, and such a term of life as the law in particular cases may prescribe. The corporate property alone, unless otherwise specially provided, is held for its debts, and it lives out its appointed time though its members one after another pass away. Stability, simplicity, and the exemption of the members from personal risks are its attributes. Is not this then the best machinery for the working of a coöperative scheme?

How can capital and labour be enlisted? Is there any reason why corporations created for profit that heretofore have been aggregations of capital only should not be made also aggregations of capital and labour, or, to speak more accurately, representatives of capital and labour? Let us suppose a manufacturing corporation to be formed with the view of giving to all the persons employed an interest in the profits of the establishment. Divide the nominal capital into shares of small amount, some of them payable in labour to be contributed; give to the workman credit for a part of his wages, and pay him the rest for his daily living. Is this a wild scheme?—*D. D. Field, in the North American Review.*

INDIAN MYTHS AND STORIES.

FOR two centuries books upon the Indians have been accumulating. Much of this history, contained in Jesuit writings, works of voyagers and travellers, and Spanish, French and English savants, has been lying in State and college archives, unread except by a very few zealous ethnologists or care-taking historians. With the present interest in the Indians, a compilation of the substance of these works seemed to be demanded. This want is met by a recent work by Mrs. Emerson entitled "Indian Myths or Legends; Traditions and Symbols of the American Aborigines compared with those of other Countries" (referred to in THE WEEK on a recent date). . . . These quotations, though voluminous, are always in illustration of the subject-matter of the chapters, by which a continuity is made. . . . The author has not confined herself to the history of the ideas of the red race, but presents a comparative mythological sketch by drawing interesting matter from works upon other races. A book with this purpose, seeking to disclose the intellectual status of the Indians, must inevitably touch certain points that have been the occasion of controversy; and the author gives evidence of having sifted the question. The solution of some questions the Indians are made to answer themselves through myth or symbol, except, perhaps, in relation to their belief in a Great Spirit. . . . Apparently bearing in mind the statement of Francis Parkman that the Indian's Great Spirit is a "creation of modern sentiment and romance," much painstaking shows itself in her assertion in respect to the Indian's belief in a creative and Supreme Spirit. The prosecution of Mrs. Emerson's studies extended in point of time over fifteen years, the last year being used in verification and revision. Surprise has been expressed that amid much that is peurile in these myths there should be found conceptions of remarkable beauty. "Why, this reads like Er in Plato!" concerning one of the myths the reviewer exclaims doubtfully. But this charge is a following of the assertion met with in early and late writers; for the Indian's eloquence in council is the source of as much surprise as his poetic thought in myth and legend. The originality, however, of both is indisputable, and is proved by reference to those authors quoted by Mrs. Emerson. "Indian Myths" contains five hundred diagrams and full-page illustrations, some of which are from originals by John Wyeth, an artist sent to America by Queen Elizabeth. There is also a map that furnishes an opportunity for the reader to find the precise locality of tribes mentioned in myth or story.—*Boston Transcript.*

SONG OF THE PRINCESS MAY.

MARCH and April, go your way!
You have had your fitful day;
Wind and shower, and snow and sleet,
Make wet walking for my feet—

For I come unsandalled down
From the hillsides bare and brown;
But wherever I do tread
There I leave a little thread

Of bright emerald, softly set
Like a jewel in the wet;
And I make the peach-buds turn
Pink and white, until they burn

Rosy red within their cells;
Then I set the blooming bells
Of the flowery alder ringing,
And the apple-blossoms swinging

In a shower of rosy snow,
As I come and as I go
On my gay and jocund way,
I, the merry Princess May.

—*Nora Perry in Outing.*

COME, let us go into the lane, love mine,
And mark and gather what the Autumn grows:
The creamy elder mellowed into wine,
The russet hip that was the pink-white rose;
The amber woodbine into rubies turned,
The blackberry that was the bramble born;
Nor let the seeded clematis be spurned,
Nor pearls, that now are corals, of the thorn.
Look! what a lovely posy we have made
From the wild garden of the waning year.
So when, dear love, your summer is decayed,
Beauty more touching than is clustered here
Will linger in your life, and I shall cling
Closely as now, nor ask if it be Spring.

—*Alfred Austin.*

AN ANGLO-RUSSIAN ALLIANCE.

THE duellist theory, or that of an inevitable conflict exempting us from any need to have our quarrel just, will not be tolerated by the great majority of Englishmen for a single moment. Notwithstanding all the talk in the newspapers, the English nation is quite as ready to give unflinching support to the Ministry if it should submit the question to arbitration as it is to support it heartily if it were clearly proved that Russia had wantonly forced a quarrel upon us by unprovoked aggression upon territory which was undisputably part of Afghanistan. We are not a gang of cut-throats with the morality of Thugs—whatever the *Times* may believe; and we are not going to spend £300,000,000 and kill 300,000 human beings over a pettifogging wrangle for fifty miles of uninhabited steppe, over which but for the order established by Russia no human being dare wander. Apart from all questions of morality, we are not going to rush into a war which at the very best could do us no good when it can be honourably and satisfactorily avoided by referring the dispute to arbitration. Russia and England are linked together by destiny for better or for worse. They have got to keep common house in Asia, and nothing that either of us can do can turn the other out of doors. Divorce is impossible, and, as we cannot kill our Russian partner, we had much better try to get on with him as best we can, treating him reasonably and fairly, and resolutely repressing as the most pernicious of madmen those who insist upon regarding an Anglo-Russian war as so inevitable that we need not be careful how we bring it about. The solution of the Central Asian question can only be found in an Anglo-Russian alliance, it will only be rendered infinitely more costly and difficult by an Anglo-Russian war.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

ELECTRICITY APPLIED TO BIG GUNS.

THE revolution which electricity is destined to make in modern warfare is as yet only in its infancy. The latest invention of Mr. Maxim, whose remarkable gun was described the other day, is, however, an earnest of the things that yet shall be. This invention is an electrical training gear, so contrived that by the simple movement of a handle the heaviest gun made may be turned by a single man, and with the greatest ease, in any direction. You pull a handle to the right, and the breech of the gun moves to the right; to the left, and it moves to the left. You raise the handle, and the gun is depressed at the muzzle; you depress the handle, and the gun is raised. This training gear was applied a day or two ago to one of the 38-ton guns at Garrison Point Fort, and the preliminary trial showed that one man could train the gun with the greatest nicety. One may expect Providence to be very much on the side of the big guns when a 38-ton gun comes to be aimed at quickly-moving objects as easily as if it were a pistol or a walking-stick.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Du MAURIER, *Punch's* society caricaturist, once studied chemistry under Professor Williamson at the Birkbeck Laboratory, and was, after a time, given charge of a Devonshire gold mine. The mine proved to have been "salted," and in disgust Du Maurier foreswore science forever, and gave himself up entirely to art.

MUSIC.

AN association has recently been formed in England under the title of "The Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association." The directors are Messrs. Boosey, Chappell, Cocks, Ashdown and Enoch. The principal object of the company is the printing, publication and sale of English musical copyrights in Canada, on the ground that, by the Canada Copyright Act of 1875, power is given to the owner of a copyright, by printing and publishing in Canada, to stop all importations of American reprints of such works into the Dominion of Canada. The directors offer shares to the owners of English musical copyrights only, and the acceptance of such shares will bind the acceptor to sell his copyright for Canada for twenty shillings for any ordinary piece or song, and a royalty of one penny a copy upon all copies printed by the company during the existence of the copyright. The directors expect to make their profit by the retail sale in Canada of these works, whilst the composer will gain his royalty of one penny a copy in place of his works being pirated and sold in Canada without any pecuniary benefit to himself as heretofore. This arrangement ought to prove satisfactory to both the company and composers, and may perhaps be advantageous to Canadian composers. Should, however, an international copyright between England and America ever come into force, the Association would presumably find its usefulness gone.

Another project, also interesting to Canadians, is the new Musical Exchange, Limited. The capital of the company is \$100,000, which amount has already been subscribed, and the manager Colonel Henry Mapleson. The organization, whose headquarters are at 26 Old Bond Street, London, has been formed to direct and transact business of all sorts connected with music and the drama at home and abroad. The Exchange offers the following advantages: Subscription rooms in combination with the comforts and conveniences of a club, which will supply the long-needed want in London of a recognized rendezvous (commercial and social) for artists and entrepreneurs. Special features will be the introduction of artists and debutantes to managers, the negotiations of all forms of artistic engagement, and for the sale, purchase and production of all musical and dramatic copyrights. The subscription to the club-rooms will be merely nominal, one guinea a year for professional and two guineas for non-professional members. Such an organization, if well conducted, ought to be of great use to Canadian musicians when in England, both as a social club and a means of transacting musical business.

Musical Opinion for this month has an interesting sketch of Mr. E. H. Turpin, secretary of the College of Organists, and himself one of the finest organists in England. Mr. Turpin is at present organist of St. George's Church, Bloomsbury, but it is as a concert organist that he has won and worn his spurs. He has played frequently at the Crystal Palace, Albert Hall, the Bow and Bromley Institute, and many other places. Mr. Turpin has the somewhat rare faculty, which many otherwise brilliant players do not possess, of at once mastering the peculiarities of a strange organ, so as to give a public performance on it without previous preparation. Organists alone can understand the quickness of brain and coolness of nerve which this involves. The vagaries of organ builders are many; some place the couplers on one side and some on the other; some again generously distribute them anywhere all over the instrument with a lordly disregard for system and the organist's happiness. Endless, too, is the fertility of imagination displayed in the arrangement of combination pedals and pneumatic knobs. Occasionally, a misanthropical organist in designing an organ will so arrange and name the stops as to present great difficulty in the way of anyone but himself understanding it. It will, therefore, be readily seen that to play on any strange instrument that may be encountered requires exceptional gifts. Mr. Turpin, editor of the *Musical Standard*, has attained high distinction as a musical writer, showing not only familiarity with his own art, but also a general culture and extensive information, which enables him to treat his subject from a high standpoint. In the columns of the paper he edits his articles are numerous, show great versatility, and are usually on subjects calling for much thought and culture. A short and suggestive article by him appears in last week's issue of the *Musical Standard* on the art of phrasing, particularly in reference to the works of Bach, in which phrasing is such an important characteristic, and the indicating of which, like other composers of his own time, he generally neglected. Phrasing, of course, is one of the most important points in the execution of any kind of music, particularly that of the best masters, and is one of the most difficult to acquire. All teachers are familiar with the difficulty of inculcating an appreciation for the beauties of intelligent phrasing, and a capability for its interpretation. Even advanced students who have acquired a good technique often find it almost impossible to get beyond the mere mechanical accenting and raising of the hands at indicated places. It has been said that if a musician has not natural taste to phrase properly without marks, the marks themselves will not help him much, and this *dictum* certainly contains a half truth. The identical phrasing-mark may have so many delicate shades of meaning according to the place where it appears, for instance in a Chopin Mazurka, a Beethoven slow movement, or a Scharwenka dance-measure, that a natural talent for declamation, as well as good instruction, is necessary in order to attain success in this branch of executive musical art. The subject is so broad that more articles in the same line would be welcome from Mr. Turpin's able pen.

Mr. V. BENHAM, the American Pianist, does not appear to have realized in England the expectations raised by the accounts of his playing in Paris. The *Musical Times* speaks of his mechanism as being far from perfect, his phrasing "frequently indistinct and, at times, absolutely faulty," and the attribute of poetic feeling deficient. On the other hand his playing is

"characterized by a boldness of attack and an unaffected impetuosity of spirit which indicate the presence of more than ordinary talent." Mr. Benham undertook at his recital to improvise a sonata on themes handed to him by members of the audience. He did not succeed in producing anything like a sonata, but at the same time his improvising showed much imagination, fertility of resource and command over the instrument. Although at present immature, he is expected to take a high position in the future.

THE PERIODICALS.

PRESIDENT J. L. PICKARD has an able paper in the May *North American Review* in which he discusses the important question, "Why Crime is Increasing?" In masses of men, he says, individuality is absorbed—all that pertains to man loses importance as he is merged in the mass. The undistinguished mass look with envy toward the individual who seems to possess greater value than themselves, and, thinking to have found in the wealth of the envied man the source of his security, they scruple not to possess themselves of that to which they attribute his elevation, even though life be sacrificed in the attainment of their end. Another cause for the increase of crime in the United States, he thinks, is that immigration introduces heterogeneous elements that do not readily assimilate. Embittered by disappointment, many immigrants care little for their neighbours, add to the prevailing unrest, and easily enter on careers of crime. City life also lures the young from their homes long before their characters are solidified, and parents have thought more of making them skillful business men than men of stalwart honesty. Filled with confidence in his own judgment, the young man first invites temptation, then dares it, and is snared and bound before he knows where he is. The other articles in this number are: "Has Christianity Benefited Woman?" "Industrial Co-operation," "Success in Fiction," "What is Academic Freedom?" "The New Buddha" (poem), "Superstition in English Life," and "Comments."

THE seventieth volume of *Harper's* is completed with the May number. The articles of the current part are not, for the most part, on topics of the hour, nor do they strike one as being characterized by special literary excellence. There is abundance of entertaining reading, however, and perhaps Mr. Martin's account of that comparatively unknown London waterway, the Regent's Canal, will prove of most general interest. The cultivation of Jersey cattle in America, with some particulars of their comparative value for dairy purposes, as written of by Hark Comstock, will commend itself to an important class. There are profusely-illustrated papers descriptive of Espanola and of Annake Jans Bogardus' Farm. It is seldom that so much pleasure can be extracted from the perusal of a diary—that is, by any person other than the writer—as may be experienced by reading F. J. Stimson's "Passages from the Diary of a Hong-Kong Merchant." The belief in divining-rods is widespread and sincere. Apostles of this faith will find much comfort in "A Witch-Hazel Copse," by William Hamilton Gibson. There are two novelettes, "Lady Archer" being really pretty. The serials are advanced several stages. There is some good poetry, and, as usual, the editor has much to say that is worthy of thought.

IN the May *Atlantic* Mr. R. A. Proctor takes up the story of "The Misused H. in England," and shows wherein the late Mr. Grant White was entirely wrong in his recent paper on that subject. There is no subject upon which American humourists so utterly "give themselves away" as this. Mr. Henry James is the writer of an article which is one of the most readable contributions to the tomes of dissertations upon George Eliot given to the public since the publication of her letters. Next following is Dr. Holmes' "New Portfolio"—now thoroughly opened and with contents of infinite charm. Inspired by a few rays of sunshine that has gladdened us these last few days, one could almost hear the song of birds and breathe the spring perfume suggested by Bradford Torrey's "Bird-Lover's April." A fifth paper on "Madame Mohl" is also given, as are the following other principal contributions: "The Victory of Patience," "Childhood in Early Christianity," "Jean Sebastian Bach" and chapters of "A Country Gentleman," "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains," and "A Marsh Island."

"Is the Monopolist among Us?" is the title of a capital paper in *Lippincott's*, over the signature Edward C. Bruce. The writer is sanguine that the concentration of wealth and power in the hands of great corporations is only a passing evil which will in time regulate itself. The melancholy history of the gifted Brontës is sympathetically touched upon by Emily F. Wheeler in a paper entitled "Haworth and the Brontës." Rose G. Kingsley writes of "The Home of Rubens"; P. G. Hubert, jun., describes his ideas of modern theatrical management; "Wigs" form the subject of another article—treated from an antiquarian standpoint; and, in addition to the absorbing "On This Side," there are several short stories.

AS a magazine of fashion and recreation, it is not easy to see how *Godey's Lady's Book* could be improved. By means of plates and descriptive texts, patterns, and the like, its readers are kept *au fait* with the multifarious changes of that most variable thing, the world of fashion; hints applicable to every branch of the housekeeper's work are given; suggestions to the amateur and professional dressmaker are included in each month's contents; and the general literature of each number is both varied and pure. *Godey's* is a model lady's magazine.

CYCLISTS get the lion's share of the May *Outing*. The second part of Mr. Steven's excellent paper descriptive of a ride across America appears; President Bates recites how the Chicago Bicycle Club "did" twelve hundred miles from Niagara to Boston; valuable information on the strength and qualities of steels as used in certain bicycles and tricycles follows; besides editorial hints on wheel construction and cycling notes. Yachts and yachting also occupy considerable prominence. The frontispiece is a charming picture of the race between the *America* and the *Resolute* in 1875; an able paper on the present condition of yacht building and racing is contributed by J. Hyslop; and some hints on boating, which will be found very useful by lady sailors, are also given. Those whose out-door hobby is gardening will be charmed by Roger Riorden's pleas for picturesqueness in gardens. In addition are travel papers, stories long and short, poems, editorial gossip—all having a delightful smack of out-of-door life.

THE May number of the *Eclectic* gives an excellent selection from the best articles in the late foreign magazines. "The Political Situation of Europe" by F. Nobili Vitalleschi, an Italian Senator, is an admirable survey of the European situation as it appeared prior to the Anglo-Russian complications. Mr. Goldwin Smith's article on the "Organization of Democracy" is given, and from the Marquis de Lorne we find a suggestive paper on the "Unity of the Empire." One of the most readable papers is "A Russian Philosopher on European Politics," and among scientific papers of interest may be noted,

"A Very Old Master," "Organic Nature's Riddle," by St. George Mivart, and "Sir William Siemens," by William Lant Carpenter. The other articles, all of which are good, fill up a very readable number.

THE numbers of *The Living Age* for April 11th and 18th contain, "Organic Nature's Riddle," and "Tasso," *Fortnightly*; "Native Faiths in the Himalayeh," *Contemporary*; "The Lennox," *Scottish Review*; "The Hero of Lepanto and his Tunes," *Blackwood*; "Some Gossip about Dante," and "Land Moles and Water Moles," *Month*; "The Diamond Duke," *Temple Bar*; "In Lithuania," and R. L. Stevenson's "Verse for Children," *Spectator*; "Chantryes," and "A Female La Trappe," *Saturday Review*; "Herrings and their Haunts," *Field*; "Ice Palaces at Montreal," *Engineering*; "A Professional Visit in Persia," *St. James's Gazette*; "Hertfordshire," *All the Year Round*; with the conclusions of "Plain Frances Mowbray" and "The New Manager," and instalments of "A House Divided Against Itself" and poetry. A new volume begins with the number for April 4th.

BOOK NOTICES.

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY. Edited by Leslie Stephen. Vol. II. New York: Macmillan and Company.

The actual value of this colossal work, as we before suggested, cannot be gauged until it shall have been in constant use for some time; but it is satisfactory to see that Vol. II. amply bears out the promise of excellence discerned in the first part. A is completed in this volume, and into B we are carried as far as "Baird," an almost innumerable number of "Bacons" being treated by the way. Sir Francis Bacon, whose biography is written by Professor Gardiner, has the place of honour, so far as space is concerned, no other name having yet been treated so fully. Roger Bacon receives a short, but crisp and comprehensive, handling by Professor Adamson; the Lord Keeper Bacon (Sir Nicholas) being written of by Mr. Lee. Babbage, Babington (both conspirator and his numerous namesakes), Back the voyageur, Backwell the banker, Badcock, Baffin the discoverer, Bagehot the journalist, Baggs, Bagot the bishop, Bagshaw, Bagster, Bailey the philosopher, Baillie (Joanna), her namesakes the divine and the patriot, the astronomer Baily, Bainbridge, and several illustrious Bairds are a few of the many well-known names included in this volume. D'Arblay (Madame), Arbuthnot, and Jane Austen, fall to the lot of the editor; Anslem, the archbishop, being dealt with by Canon Stephen at considerable length; and Mr. Lee writes an able memoir of Roger Ascham. Mr. Theodore Walrond and Sir Theodore Martin contribute papers on Dr. Arnold and Professor Aytoun respectively. The founder of Astley's Theatre, Philip Astley, finds a congenial biographer in the late Mr. Dutton Cook, and Eugene Aram's story is told by Mr. Richard Gamett.

OUR NORTH LAND. By Charles R. Tuttle. Illustrated with Maps and Engravings. Toronto: C. Blackett Robinson.

Mr. Tuttle, who is not unknown in Canada as a book-maker, lays no claim in this volume to entire originality. It is, in the words of the sub-title, "a full account of the Canadian North-West and Hudson's Bay Route, together with a narrative of the experience of the Hudson's Bay Expedition of 1884, including a description of the climate, resources and the characteristics of the native inhabitants between the 50th parallel and the arctic circle." The facts supplied have been obtained from the experiences of the Canadian Expedition to Hudson's Bay; from Mr. Klotz's and Dr. Bell's books on the same region, and from the works of Dr. Selwyn, Mr. Marcus Smith and others on the North-West, added to the personal experiences of the author. The latter portion will be of most interest to the general reader as not having been before published, but the whole book is interesting and opportune. The public knowledge of the vast region known as the North-West is exceedingly limited, and Mr. Tuttle's work will be found of great assistance in forming an idea of its almost unlimited capabilities. He has collated considerable evidence upon the Hudson's Bay route as a commercial highway, but does not express an opinion upon the practicability of the proposal, preferring that his readers should form their own judgment in the premises. If, as he ventures to hope, Mr. Tuttle succeeds, by means of this book, in bringing "Our North Land," with its vast resources and future possibilities, before the attention of the world, a great work will have been accomplished. As a typographical production the book reflects the highest credit upon the house from which it issues, being beautifully printed, upon good paper, and illustrated by many engravings as well as some excellent maps.

THE RUSSIANS AT THE GATES OF HERAT. By Charles Marvin. With Maps and Portraits. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Standard Publishing Company.

Arminius Vambery has called Mr. Marvin "the leading authority of the English press on the Central Asian Question." Whatever may be thought of his claims to that title, it is indisputable that he is thoroughly familiar with the Russian policy, being a Russ by birth, though English by adoption. Mr. Marvin tells us in the preface that the book was written, printed and published in London within eight days. Viewed in this connection it must be confessed a marvel of literary work. The author has been a vigilant observer of the Russian advance towards India, is a personal friend of General Skobelev, and is personally acquainted with the territory now in dispute between England and Russia. Herat, he maintains, despite all assurances of other specialists to the contrary, is the Key to India, and as such the Russians will assuredly seize it whenever opportunity occurs. For these reasons Afghanistan must, he thinks, at all hazards, be defended against the myrmidons of the Czar. The book is a welcome contribution to a matter which occupies a large share of the present attention of the world.

SERAPIS. A Romance, by Georg Ebers. From the German, by Clara Bell. New York: William S. Gottsberger. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

Mr. Georg Ebers long ago won his spurs as an historical romancer, and we have to thank the translator for putting still another of his stories within reach of the general public. "Serapis" treats of that stirring period during which the temple of Serapis at Alexandria was destroyed—when Theodosius the Great fulminated against paganism. The scene is laid in Alexandria, and the writer powerfully describes the conflicting elements present previous to the catastrophe—the despair of the pagans at what they considered the crowning disaster of the struggle, the contrasting graces of Christian conquerors. There is, of course, a love story, and that of an elevating nature—constancy in spite of religious obstacles. But Mr. Ebers' idea, as in his previous novels, is to describe the social and public life, the religion, the arts of people living about the dawn of Christianity, and as such his "Serapis" will prove of great assistance in obtaining a clear conception of the times to which it relates.

THE DIAMOND LENS, AND OTHER STORIES. By Fitz-James O'Brien. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The erratic genius whose chequered life is graphically portrayed by Mr. William Winter in an introduction to this book, would appear to have combined in some degree a Dickensian power of word-portraiture with an imagination à la Verne. Nothing more fascinating in their way and showing better literary workmanship has of late come to the front, in the shape of short stories, than the "baker's dozen" which are collated by O'Brien's biographer in the volume under notice. "The Diamond Lens," in which a scientific enthusiast falls in love with a water animalcule, is well worthy to rank first; but there is not one that is not absorbing, nor will many who read "The Bohemian," "The Golden Ingot," or "What Was It?" readily forget either the originality of their plots or the powerful manner in which their stories are related.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN KEATS. Reprinted from the Original Editions, with Notes by Francis T. Palgrave. London and New York: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

Mr. Palgrave holds the opinion that Keats is a poet to be read as the bee tastes the flower—a little at a time—that he is a companion for the fortunate moments of travel, or for the country. The mission of this handsome little edition, therefore, is to put the poet's writings in convenient shape for the pocket, no issue hitherto published being suitable for that purpose. Every line, we are assured by Mr. Palgrave, has been thrice collated with the primary issues, so as to ensure an exact copy of the original texts, which had been carefully revised by Keats himself. The accompanying notes are designed to elucidate the rapid yet gradual development of Keats' powers, and do not take the form of an essay. A drawing of the *Œdipus at Colonus* of Sophocles, by Flaxman, has been reproduced for the Vignette.

STORIES BY AMERICAN AUTHORS. Vol. X. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

With this volume the happily-conceived series is completed—an announcement which will be received with regret by the many admirers of the idea of collating half-a-dozen good short tales into one handy volume. The set includes fifty-seven stories written by fifty-two authors. The volume just to hand contains: "Pancha," by T. A. Janvier; "The Ablest Man in the World," by E. P. Mitchell; "Young Moll's Peevy," by C. A. Stevens; "Manmatha," by Charles de Kay; "A Daring Fiction," by H. H. Boyesen; and "The Story of Two Lives," by Julia Schayer.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MESSRS. CASSELL AND Co. will shortly commence the issue in monthly parts, uniform with "Picturesque America," of "Picturesque Canada."

MR. J. G. BOURINOT, the Clerk of the Canadian House of Commons, contributes an article on the political development of Canada to the current number of the *Scottish Review*.

A VOLUME of short stories, by Mr. William Black, is nearly ready by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. It will take its name from the first story in the volume, "The Wise Women of Inverness."

A NEW paper has appeared in London called the *Bat*. It is not, as it would seem at the first glance, a cricketing paper, but a journal for night birds and such as love theatres and other amusements of the town.

SIGNOR SALVINI, the Italian tragedian, will deny, in the May number of the *Brooklyn Magazine*, the report which quotes him as unwilling to revisit this continent because he thinks the American public unfit to appreciate his acting.

NEWSPAPER enterprise in Japan is making marked progress, for no fewer than three of the vernacular journals published at Tokio and one at Kobé sent special correspondents to report the proceedings of the recent hostilities between France and China.

MR. GEORGE W. CABLE hopes to devote June and July exclusively to the preparation of his "Remarkable True Stories," and to have the work before the public early in the fall. He has just finished his season's platform appearances with Mark Twain.

THE commission entrusted with the publication of the correspondence of Frederick the Great up to this time has collected 8,000 letters and documents, some of them of very great importance. It is stated that these documents will be printed with as little delay as possible.

M. "MAX O'RELL," it is now an open secret, is not an Englishman in disguise, and his name is not MacSorrel, as the preternaturally wise have surmised. He is M. Paul Blouët, French master at Westminster School, and editor of the Clarendon Press volumes on "French Oratory."

ALEXANDER DUMAS has in his study a small painting by Eugene Delacroix. He refuses to sell it for \$10,000, yet he only paid the unfortunate artist \$100 for it; and even then poor Delacroix warned him that he was paying a daring price. "Ah!" replied Dumas, "you reckon with contemporary imbecility; I with future extravagance."

WE note a novel design in the announcements of Messrs. Ward and Downey, of London. That firm will publish shortly a volume entitled "Songs from the Novelists," compiled and edited by Mr. W. Davenport Adams. The songs range from Sir Philip Sidney to our own time, including many copyright pieces, reprinted by permission. There will be an introduction and notes.

ARRANGEMENTS have been perfected whereby the *Chicago Rambler* will be converted into a humorous, illustrated weekly. The paper will lose its local character, and be made of interest to those who appreciate a refined satirical journal. A number of the best artists and cartoonists, both of the east and west, and some of the brightest American humourists will be regular contributors to its columns.

LAST year the publishers of the *Pall Mall Gazette* issued an index to that journal for the previous six months. It was originally prepared for editorial use in that office, but its value to the public as a ready reference to dates and events was so obvious that its distribution to a much wider circle followed. The expressions of favour with which it was received by journalists and others have secured the issue of a second index, covering the period from July 1st to December 31st, 1884. This is not only a record of news and articles appearing in the *Pall Mall Gazette* for the period named, but it is a complete chronicle of events, being so arranged that dates and occurrences are easily traced. The care bestowed upon the compilation of the index has secured great accuracy, and it will be found invaluable in libraries, and also to politicians, journalists, and others in need of a handy and reliable reference.

THE BUGLE CALLS OF THE ENGLISH ARMY.

CONSIDERING the length of some of the calls, it may surprise the reader to hear that there are only five different notes played on the bugle, and though that is the case, the language of the instrument is not at all limited. A language with only five words might be thought easy to learn, and yet the different arrangements of these "words" ("sentences," as I may call them) are endless. It is, indeed, a very necessary part of a soldier's training to learn the language of the bugle, and even unmusical men soon acquire it. For, in the first place, the same "calls" sound much about the same time each day—a hungry recruit, for instance, does not take long to recognize the "dinner bugle," nor does the careless soldier forget the summons to extra drill, much as he might wish to do so. The men in their barrack rooms, too, often associate words with the notes of the bugle, and that is a help to remember the meaning of the sounds heard. I will first explain, as to the instrument itself, that the notes are all made with the lip and tongue; there are no keys used, as is the case with most brass instruments; they are all notes of the common chord; and although bugles are always in the key of B flat, music for them is written in the key of C. It will be easily understood that no great knowledge of the principles of a music is necessary to play an instrument so limited in its capacity; a correct ear, a thorough acquaintance with *time*—for even dotted semi-quavers occur frequently—and a power of learning by heart all the different calls, are the chief essentials. The authorized course of instruction for a bugler is to begin by playing the lowest note with all the variations of time of duration. The same exercises are then taught on the second note, G; these two notes are then combined in a variety of ways, after which the original one note exercises are taken on the third note of the bugle; and when perfect in that note, exercises are played with the three notes combined, and so on with the others.—*Cassell's Family Magazine*.

FROM NATURE TO MAN.

TIME was when Nature's every mystic mood
 Poured round my heart a flood of eager joy;
 When pageantry of sunsets moved the boy
 More than high ventures of the great and good;
 When trellised shadows in the vernal wood,
 And little peeping flowers, so sweet and coy,
 Were simple happiness without alloy,
 And whispered to me things I understood.
 But now the strange sad weight of human woe,
 And all the bitterness of human wrong,
 Press on my saddened spirit as I go,
 And stir the pulsings of a graver song:
 Dread mysteries of life and death I scan,
 And all my soul is only full of Man.
 —W. Walsham Bedford in *Spectator*.

THE MISUSED H OF ENGLAND.

THERE seems no room for doubting that the *h* disease had its origin in London. Walker speaks of it as specially prevalent in London in his day, and even now it is more common in the pure cockney dialect (the most hateful form of the English language in existence) than anywhere in England. Moreover, its prevalence in other places than London is greater or less according as such places are nearer to or farther from the metropolis. We find no trace of it in Cornwall or Wales; very little in Cumberland, Northumberland, and Yorkshire. In the midland counties it is less common than in the southern. It is at its maximum in the heart of London. In this respect it is like the *v*-and-*w* malady, which, even when at its height (it has now nearly died out), was never so badly felt in the provinces as in the metropolis; though of course, like all metropolitan defects, it spread in greater or less degree over the whole country.

This being the case, we are justified in assuming that the disease had at first that form which is characteristic of the faults of language found at great centres of population, and especially in the chief city of the nation. If you wish to hear French clipped and slurred you should go to Paris, and German suffers like treatment in Vienna and Berlin. It is the same with English in London. In a great and busy city, men shorten their words and sentences as much as possible, being assured that what they say will be understood, because all speak the same language and adopt the same convenient abbreviations. Thus, just as in Paris *cette femme* becomes *c'te f'me*, and *Voilà ce que c'est* becomes *V'la c' q' c'est*, so in London *City Bank* becomes *C'ty B'ak*; *halfpenny* is abridged first to *ha'penny*, and then to *hapny* or *'apny*; *omnibus* is shortened into *'bus*; every one in it addresses the conductor as *'ductor*; the conductor shortens the cry of *all right* into *ry*, announces the threepenny fare as *thripns*, and so forth. In fact it may be laid down as a general proposition that, although a language becomes modified in provincial places and in colonies, it is only in busy cities, and chiefly in capital cities, that a language is modified by clipping and slurring.—*May Atlantic*.

"CARDINAL NEWMAN," says the *World* (London), "has just celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday at the Birmingham Oratory. His Eminence, who is enjoying a second youth, rather than a second childhood, shows an amount of vitality quite surprising to those who, some little time ago, were anxious about his health."

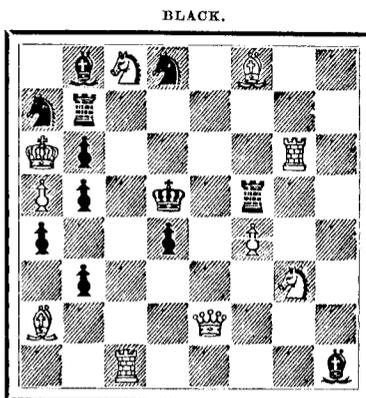
CHESS.

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

PROBLEM No. 95.

By W. Atkinson, Montreal.

Awarded first prize in the recent Two-move Tourney of the Ottawa (Can.) Citizen.

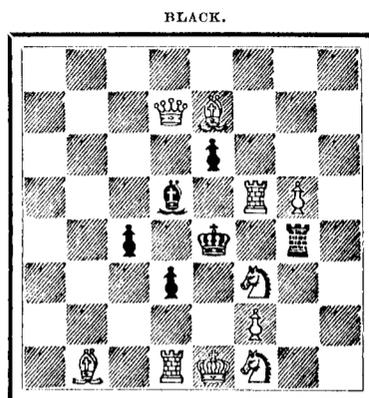


White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 96.

By F. B. Phelps, Sandwich, Ill.

Awarded second prize in the same tourney.



White to play and mate in two moves.

"THE WEEK" PROBLEM TOURNEY.

The award will be published next week.

A GEM BY MASON.

Played at Simpson's Divan, between James Mason (giving the odds of Q Kt) and Herbert Jacobs. From the *Chess Monthly*.

(King's Gambit Declined.)

White. Mason.	Black. Jacobs.	White. Mason.	Black. Jacobs.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	4. B to B 4	B to K 3
2. P to K B 4	B to B 4	5. B to K 2	Kt to K B 3
3. Kt to B 3	P to Q 3	6. P to Q 3	
We would prefer P to B 3.			
7. P to B 5	Kt to Kt 5	11. Kt x Kt	B x Kt
8. P to Q 4	B to Q 2	12. B to Q 3	Q to K 2
9. Kt x P	P x P	13. Q to K 2	B to Q 5?
10. B to K Kt 5	Kt to K B 3	14. P to B 3	B to Kt 3
	Kt to B 3	15. Castles.	Castles (K R)
Castles (Q B) would have left hardly any chance of attack for White.			
16. P to K R 4	Q to K 4	20. P to R 5	Q to B 5 ch
17. B x Kt	Q x B	21. K to Kt sq	Q R to K sq
18. P to K R 4	Q to K 4	22. P to R 6	
19. P to Kt 5	P to B 3		

Attack only offers chances of success. Defensive measures must lead to certain defeat.

22. B x P
 23. K x P

Black ventured out of his depth, and he fails now in cool judgment, as a young player naturally would. He should proceed with 23. B x R; 24. P x R, Q ch, K x Q.

24. R x P ch.

Mr. Mason's play is from this point beyond praise, grand in conception, and executed with the judgment and precision of a veteran.

24. K x R
 25. K to Kt sq
 26. K to R sq
 27. R x P

There is no defence. After 27. B x P ch; 28. K to R sq, White threatens mate at R sq and at Kt 7.

28. Q x Q R ch
 29. B x B

To no purpose, but Black has no satisfactory defense.

30. Q to Kt 6 ch, and Black resigns.

CHESS ITEMS.

MR. J. E. NARROWAY has won the St. John Chess Club championship.

THE Editorial Picture had a narrow escape from destruction a short time ago, the building in which the artist's studio is having been burnt. There will be some delay, but the group will soon be ready in spite of the elements.

MR. SAMUEL LOYD is editor of the first daily chess column in the N. Y. *Evening Telegram*. He predicts an immense chess boom.

THE annual meeting of the Quebec Chess Club was held on the 25th of March, and the following officers elected:—Honorary President—Mr. T. LeDroit; President—Mr. F. H. Andrews; 1st Vice-President—Mr. E. Pope; 2nd Vice-President—Mr. R. Blakiston; Secretary—Mr. M. J. Murphy; Treasurer—Mr. A. Brodie; Committee of Management—Messrs. E. T. Fletcher, Edwin Jones, C. P. Champion, D. R. MacLeod and E. Burke.

A NEW chess club has been established in Milan, with the Count Alessandro Castelbarco as president.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Glasgow Herald* writes: "A novelty is being prepared for select circulation in the shape of a compound chess board, which is to contain sixty-four problems and table of solutions, beautifully illuminated and strongly mounted, constituting at once a work of utility and ornament. Contributions of one original problem and 2s. 6d. in stamps will be entitled to proof copy. Address R. H., 31 Cheltenham Street, Barrow-in-Furness."

MR. ZUKERTORT played twelve simultaneous blindfold games in Sheffield recently, winning all but one. He remarks in the *Chess Monthly* that the leading London clubs in skill are not in advance of those of New Orleans, Berlin, New York, Philadelphia and Vienna. We are sorry that all these towns are two seasons behind the English provinces in chess. But possibly Mr. Zukertort's postprandial assertions in the English provinces are not as weighty and well-digested as his editorial utterances.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

WHAT IS CATARRH ?

From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15.

Catarrh is a mucous-purulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite ameba in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favourable circumstances, and these are:—Morbidity of the blood, as the blighted corpuscle of urberole, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxemia, 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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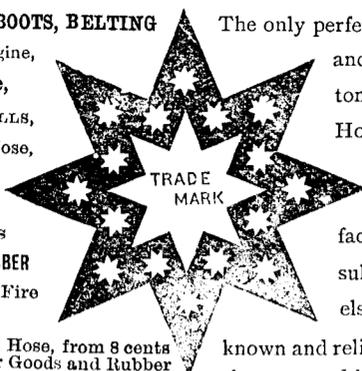
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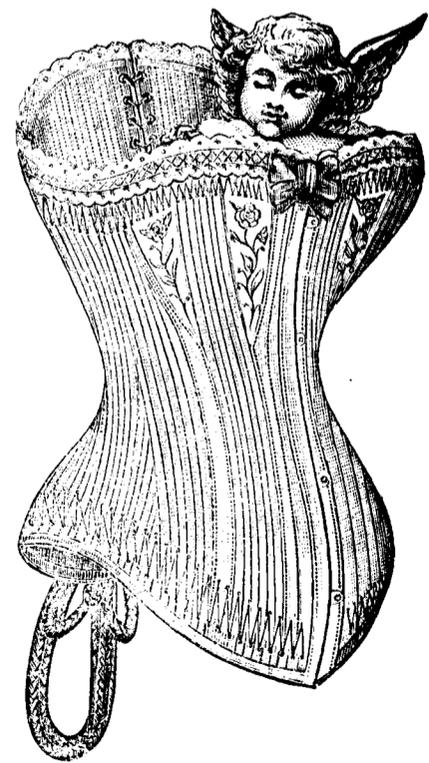
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NUMBER 2 was issued April 11th, and contains the following illustrations:—

Indian Teepee and Rebel Half-breed, Fort Qu'Appelle, N.W.T., Prince Albert Settlement, Humboldt, Clarke's Crossing, Ups and Downs, A Welcome Call, Scene on the Cars en route to the Front, Presentation of Flag to the Toronto Volunteers at Carleton Place by Mrs. Edward Blake, Arrival of the Tenth Royal Grenadiers at Winnipeg, the 90th Battalion of Rifles leaving Winnipeg for the Front, also a two-page supplement showing Departure of the Governor-General's Body Guard and the 65th Battalion (French Canadians) leaving Bonaventure Station, Montreal.

NUMBER 3 was issued April 13th, and is the best number of all. It contains the following illustrations:—

A Battery in the Touchwood Hills, Stuck in a Snow Bank, Midnight Tramp of the Royal Grenadiers, a Parade of Major Crozier's command at Battleford, Lord Melgund, Major Crozier, Col. Miller, Q.O.R., quelling Mutiny of the Tomsters; Arrival of the Royal Grenadiers at Camp Desolation, Marching into Quarters at Port Monroe, an Occasional Spill, Cold Comfort in a Flat Car. Besides the above numerous illustrations—a large two page cartoon by Canada's Cartoonist, J. W. Bengough, deals with the question, "Who is Responsible?" It is without doubt one of the best efforts of this clever artist. This number is having a tremendous sale.

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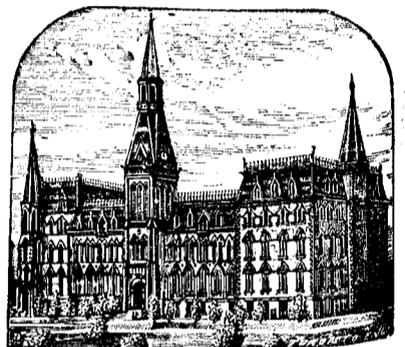
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