

# THE WEEK:

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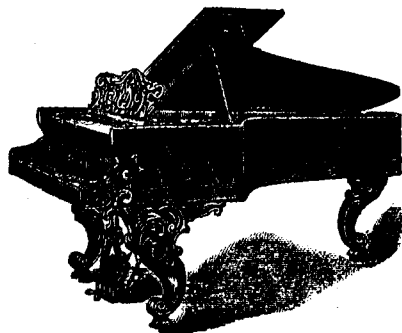
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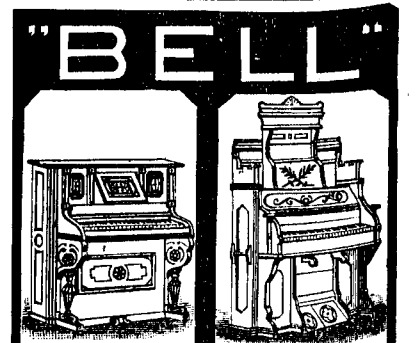
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

It surely cannot be with the approval of the Dominion Government that certain of the newspapers which are supposed to speak for it are assiduously striving to create ill feeling between the people of Canada and those of the United States. There is nothing in the present situation to warrant a policy of abuse. Canada has received neither injury nor insult to justify, if anything could justify, such a policy. Certain politicians have, it is true, for purposes transparently partisan, spoken offensively and even menacingly, but there is no reason whatever to regard these ebullitions as representing the feeling of the nation. Quite the contrary. That feeling, as expressed in words by the better class of United States speakers and writers, and in actions by the people at large, is by no means unfriendly. In spite of the great political excitement there has been little to complain of in the tone of the more influential of their journals. Most of the latter, naturally enough, espouse their own side of the Fisheries dispute and do not hesitate to characterize the Canadian refusal of what they regard as the right of trans-shipment, as narrow and unfair. Our own papers, in their turn, describe the policy of their neighbours in terms equally uncompromising. But these differences of opinion are by no means incompatible with the continuance of friendly intercourse between the two nations, and of mutual respect and good will on the part of their citizens. There can be little doubt that an influential New York weekly voiced the strongest as well as the best sentiment of both peoples, when it said, the other day, "the whole scheme of settling this petty quarrel, which even the greatness of the contestants cannot dignify, first, by a resort to foul words, then to wry faces, finally to blows—whether with gloves or without them—is unworthy of two Christian peoples."

THE latest and worst offence alleged as justification for a good deal of incendiary writing, and some laborious attempts to revive old issues which have been buried so long that they might have been hoped to be now past, resurrection, is the offer of annexation, said to be under consideration by the Foreign Relations Committee of the United States Senate. We expressed, in a previous issue, our astonishment and incredulity in regard to this alleged action. It is now pretty certain that no such ill-advised

course was even seriously considered, much less resolved on, by the Committee on Foreign Relations, or any other. But, had it been otherwise would there have been anything in such action to warrant a furious outburst of Canadian wrath? The chagrin and loss of dignity, as well as the stupidity, would have been all on the part of our neighbours. Both Great Britain and Canada could have afforded to dismiss the matter with a sarcastic but good-natured laugh at so conspicuous a display of the lack of political knowledge and statesmanlike sagacity. Had there been the slightest hint of attempted coercion, either commercial or military, the case would have been radically different, and righteous resentment in order. But how unjustifiable is such resentment, verging on the abusive, after it has become abundantly evident that the alleged affront never existed save in some fertile imagination; and after the Senatorial leaders whose names are connected with it, have disavowed in the most unequivocal terms any wish to interfere in the slightest with Canadian autonomy, or freedom of choice!

THERE is yet another consideration that should carry great weight with any journals disposed to chime in with the note of hostility to the United States which is being sounded in certain quarters. It is, of course, needless to point out that the first effect of such newspaper articles as those referred to must be to stir up, to the extent of their influence, be that little or much, ill-feeling in Canada against our neighbours, and that the second and reflex effect must be to cause that ill-feeling to be returned with interest by those against whom it is directed. It would surely be superfluous to ask any thoughtful reader to consider whether anything could be more deplorable in itself, or more detrimental to the best interests of Canada, than to have the cordial good will which has so long prevailed between us and the people of the United States supplanted by mutual distrust and enmity. He can be no true friend to Canada who would not exert his influence to avert such a calamity. But how about the Mother Country? It so happens that Canadian diatribes against the United States are generally associated with professions of deepest loyalty to Great Britain. The chief, almost the only, source of possible misunderstanding between England and the Great Republic is Canada. Whoever or whatever causes a quarrel between Canada and the United States involves England in the hostilities. But what could be more disastrous to the world's peace and civilization than a war, such as has been so flippantly spoken of of late on both sides the Lakes, between the two great English-speaking nations? Still further. It does not need the eyes of a pessimist to see the indications of a great combination of European Powers, which, be its immediate objects what they may, bodes no good to England. In view of a crisis, which is but too probably drawing near, what can be more desirable in the interests not only of England but of the world-wide freedom of which her banner and that of the United States are the best symbols and safeguards, than that the great Anglo-Saxon communities should be drawn together in the bonds of the closest sympathy and good will, if by no more tangible tie? Canada, if true to herself and to the great advantages conferred by her position, may become a most potent factor in working out a result so grand.

WE suppose such a thing would be contrary to all judicial etiquette, else one might wish that Chief Justice Galt would take the public into his confidence and explain the processes of reasoning by which he reached the conclusion that justice would be satisfied and the safety of the community best secured, by a sentence of five years' penal servitude for the man Buckley. There surely must have been some peculiarities in the case, some mitigating circumstances, or some judicial principles, which the lay reader of the evidence is utterly unable to discover, but which impressed themselves clearly and powerfully upon the trained mind of the judge. Meanwhile it is not to be wondered at if, in consequence of the sheer inability of the common mind to detect or appreciate any such considerations, the result of the trial is a great surprise, and little less than a painful shock, to the public. The distinction between murder and manslaughter, so clearly pointed out by the learned judge, is obvious to the simplest comprehension. The only remaining question on that score is one of fact, or rather of opinion. Many, we doubt not, will still find it extremely difficult to believe that the man who could do his helpless victim to death by brutal blows and kicks, repeated in spite of her touching appeals for mercy, did not mean her death. This would

perhaps raise another nice question as to the length of time which must intervene between the disposition or resolve to kill and the doing the deed, in order to make the former "malice aforethought."

BUT accepting, as did the jury, the view that the crime was manslaughter, not murder, it is still difficult to doubt that it was manslaughter in its most aggravated and unprovoked form. To most minds the deed, as described in evidence, differs widely, almost *toto coelo* from the case in which, for instance, two men of nearly equal strength quarrel, and one, in the heat of ungovernable rage, deals the other a death blow. Yet in the latter case, the culprit would ordinarily think himself fortunate if he escaped with a five-years sentence. The great end of punishment, the protection of society, could hardly be gained by a slighter punishment—one that would impress less deeply upon the minds of other passionate men the necessity of self-control. Few things certainly could be more undesirable than that the terrors of the law should be in any degree lessened for unfeeling wretches of the class to which the convict in the case in question belongs. In so saying, nothing is farther from our intentions than to criticise in any unfriendly spirit the action of the court. The responsibilities of the judge in such cases are tremendous. No one, so far as we are aware, has the slightest doubt that the judge in this case acted most conscientiously and under a solemn sense of responsibility. Nevertheless, it is not only conceivable, but highly probable—may we not say morally certain—that many another judge in his place would have felt bound to inflict a penalty twice or four times as severe. In England, with its unimpeachable judiciary, it is not unusual to read of sentences imposed by different judges, or by the same judge in different cases, in which the disproportion between crimes and punishments strikes the common sense of the public as glaring and sometimes astounding. The fact that such discrepancies can occur under the best judicial system in the world shows how far civilization is yet from having attained an ideal perfection in the administration of justice. It also suggests the query whether it would not be possible, and if so, in the interests of even-handed justice, to have the proportions between crime and punishment more closely defined, and less margin left for the discretion of magistrates and judges. The question would be a good one for a jurist to discuss.

AFTER the above notes were sent to press, the papers brought the intelligence that the convict Buckley had been recalled into court, and the period of his sentence extended from five to fifteen years. The ground of this revision was the previous bad record of the prisoner. This had not been inquired into on the trial, inasmuch as the indictment was for murder, the penalty for which—death—could not be affected by any such consideration. But under the verdict of "manslaughter," the question of previous conduct became an important factor in determining the severity of the sentence. The extended sentence will much better accord with the ordinary sense of justice in the case, and it is to be presumed that the learned judges knew what was lawful for them in the premises. Meanwhile the above observations with regard to the element of uncertainty in the administration of justice, produced by the introduction of the fluctuating factors of individual judgment and feeling into the equation of punishment and crime, are still pertinent. It is obvious that, apart from the question of past record, another judge, equally able and conscientious, might have in the first instance made the sentence fifteen or twenty-five years instead of five. If we add one other reflection which suggests itself, it is in no captious mood. It seems, at first thought, somewhat illogical that if five years' penal servitude was sufficient punishment for the crime before the court, ten years more should be added in view of previous offences, which were not properly before the court, but for which adequate punishment had, presumably, been previously inflicted. This may simply show, however, that the protection of the public from a dangerous character is a consideration of more weight with the learned judge than any idea of retribution. Nor are we prepared to say that this is not a sound view of criminal jurisprudence. Is it the view that usually prevails?

"THE question has constantly recurred to all thoughtful men, can all this vast army of over a million of inebriates on this continent be merely an outburst of a vice element in human nature?" To the question thus stated by Dr. Crothers, of Hartford, in his admirable lecture delivered in Toronto a week or two since, medical science returns a definite answer. That confirmed inebriety is a disease, and, to be intelligently dealt with, must be treated as such, now scarcely admits of a doubt, we believe, in the minds of any who have made it a study and thus rendered themselves competent to form an opinion. No doubt the origin of the disease is very

various. In some cases it is inherited like other forms of insanity. In others it is due to the peculiar action of stimulants upon peculiarly susceptible nervous organizations. A vast number of cases, in this age of intense activity and struggle, are, no doubt, of the kinds described by Dr. Crothers as "the nerve and brain exhausted men and women, the large and ever-increasing class of business and professional men, who have broken down from over-work, worry, and irregularity of life and living, and who find alcohol a narcotic of most seductive nature," and the "still larger class seen in every city of the land who, from brain strains and drains incident to the rushing, grinding civilization of to-day, also to the struggle for position, wealth, and power, and the effort to adapt themselves to the new conditions of life, to the new demands, prepare the soil by exhaustion and encourage the growth of insobriety and its allied diseases." Of this latter class it is but too true that it often "represents the highest talent and genius," and, as a rule, is composed of the brain-workers of the times. The fact that these latter cases, in particular, are amongst those pronounced "curable" by medical science, affords, in itself, the strongest argument for giving science every opportunity to do its best. It is, therefore, to be earnestly hoped that the impulse imparted by Dr. Crothers' visit to the movement for the establishment of an inebriate asylum in Ontario may not prove transient, but that so laudable an enterprise may be pushed to a speedy and successful issue.

AND now Canada has its mystery of crime scarcely less appalling than that of London's Whitechapel. The atrocity of the attempt at the wholesale murder of three families in Galt by means of poisoned candies sent through the mails, is equalled only by its unaccountableness. When we have succeeded in tracing a crime, however revolting, to its origin in some morbid sense of real or imaginary injury, some deep-rooted jealousy, or other overmastering evil passion, we feel that the mystery of it is solved though the wickedness remains. But in this case, so far as has yet been discovered, there is an utter absence of any motive that could be thought sufficient, even in the bosom of the most depraved. There seems to be no connection between the three families to explain why they should be involved in a common attempt at destruction. So far as has been made public, they are unable to discover the existence of any common enemy. Hence in this, as in the Whitechapel affair, it is absolutely impossible so far to detect the personal element which usually affords the first and surest clue for the detection of crime. It would not be very surprising to those who have studied some of the phases of monomania, should it eventually appear that there exists a psychological connection between the two cases. It is by no means inconceivable that some diseased and vindictive mind has dwelt upon the London horror until it has been seized with an irresistible impulse to achieve similar notoriety in Canada.

A FEEBLE and transient interest in a constitutional question was awakened by a statement made by the Hon. William Macdougall a few weeks since. Mr. Macdougall, who was one of the founders of Confederation, and a member of the delegation sent to London to secure the passage of the British North America Act, says there was a distinct understanding between the political leaders to the effect that appointments to the Senate should be of such a character as to secure permanently the equal representation of the two parties. That such an understanding existed, and was for a little time observed, is beyond question. That it was long since forgotten anyone may see by a glance at the present *personnel* of the Senate. But the wonder is that the sagacious founders of the Confederation could have anticipated any satisfactory results from such a system, so long as the appointments were made by the Government of the day. Even had the letter of the compact been observed, it would have been sure to be violated in the spirit, so long as the party in opposition had no voice in the nominations. Few party leaders would, we fancy, set a very high value on the selections likely to be made for them by their political opponents. The chief reliance was no doubt on the chances of a somewhat even distribution of the periods of office. Had such a thing been supposed possible as that the Government should be in the hands of a single party and a single leader four-fifths of the whole time during the first twenty years, a very different mode of appointment to the House supposed to represent the constitutional balance wheel, would have been devised.

LATE English papers describe the most wonderful application of electricity for lighting purposes which has yet been made. The new St. Catharine's Lighthouse, at the southern extremity of the Isle of Wight, has been fitted up with an electric light of seven-hundred-thousand-candle illuminating power! The reader will be able to form a better concep-

tion of the intensity of the brilliance of such a light when he is told that the light it replaces, which was formerly considered a powerful one, was of seven hundred and thirty candle power. That is to say, the new light is nearly one thousand times more brilliant than the old one, or nearly as powerful as the concentrated light of one thousand such as the old would have been. And yet, as the *Spectator* says, this mighty danger-signal is the legitimate descendant of the beacon on the hill-top, developed through the different stages of the "tallow candles, three to the pound," of Winstanley's Eddystone, the flat wick-lamp, the concentric wick-lamps, and the lenses and paraboloidal reflectors. "We wonder to-day," adds the *Spectator*, in a fine prophetic vein, "at such achievements as the new St. Catharine's light. Perhaps, however, our descendants will illuminate the more frequented sea-routes as we light our streets—great buoys, bearing powerful electric lights upon them, might be sown broadcast round the coasts, with the electricity they need generated by the action of the tides—and will marvel that we could have been content to let the great ships blunder on to the rocks, or against each other, for lack of so simple a precaution."

THE proceedings of the recent Church Congress in Manchester afford another striking indication of the iconoclastic tendencies of much of the religious thinking of the day. It is unfair, almost absurd, to class such views as those to which Archdeacon Farrar and Canon Luckock gave expression, with those of unbelievers in "things spiritual," as the author of the cable despatches seems to do, the fact being that the appeal of these learned theologians is to Scripture, just as is that of the most tenacious holders of the generally-received dogmas they are striving to overthrow. The case of Rev. Sir George Cox would seem to belong to a different category if, as reported, he openly questioned the authority and even the authenticity of some portions of the sacred volume. The characteristics of the religious thought of the day are not so much tendency to unbelief, or even to indifference, as impatience of old creeds, originality in research, and independence of judgment. The stereotyped confessions of faith are being fearlessly overhauled, criticised, and discarded or remodelled. No dogma is too sacred, no sanction either of age or universality too solemn, to save the old faiths and interpretations from being dragged remorselessly to the light, and tried by the tests of modern rational and critical methods. But it might be hard, notwithstanding all this, to show that present-day theological criticism is, on the whole, less honest, less reverent, less earnest in its search for truth, or in any respect less competent than that of preceding centuries, while its appliances for research and its means of accurate knowledge are incomparably greater. On the other hand, it is no slight gain to the cause of religious truth that the spirit of modern scepticism is, and is constantly becoming, moderate, reverent, and serious to an extent unknown in any former age. Truth can scarcely lose anything, and may gain much, by the decay of bigotry on both sides of the controversy.

It would, we suppose, have been too much to expect of human nature that a physician could submit in silence to such attacks as those which have called forth Sir Morell Mackenzie's book on "The Fatal Illness of Frederick the Noble." As a retort the work is no doubt effective. At the very least it forcibly illustrates the truth of the old saw about stone throwing in glass houses, showing that professional disparagement of the kind to which Dr. Mackenzie has been subjected is a game at which both parties can play. The whole business is, however, unsatisfactory, painful, and full of disquieting suggestiveness. It is unsatisfactory in the extreme because the assertions and counter assertions which make up the bulk of the writing relate mainly to professional questions in regard to which expert testimony alone could at any time have been of value, while even that would have been sure to be largely coloured by personal predilections and prejudices, and because these assertions have now passed forever beyond all possibility of verification. The business is painful because in any case the mind revolts against the idea of a professional squabble over the closed grave of one whose doom professional skill proved powerless to avert, while such a squabble must re-open wounds in the hearts of the bereaved which time can only have begun as yet to heal. The business is, too, disquietingly suggestive of the extent to which medicine and surgery, notwithstanding all advances, fall short of being exact sciences. The details given by Dr. Mackenzie of consultations and operations must be far from favourable to the production of that implicit trust in professional skill which is in itself a most potent factor in promoting the cure of patients afflicted with similarly obscure diseases. The one compensating and redeeming quality of Dr. Mackenzie's book is the strong confirmation it incidentally affords of the fortitude and magnanimity which were so conspicuous traits

in the character of the deceased monarch, constituting a patent of nobility such as even the coronet of the great German Empire has no power to bestow.

THE course of German colonization in Africa is not running smoothly, but it is to be hoped, in the interests of civilization, that both the German and the English companies may find means of conciliating the natives. It would be wonderful, it is true, if the millions of aborigines who occupy the interior of the vast regions appropriated should be found content to have their claims to ownership coolly ignored, and themselves unceremoniously transformed into subjects of Germany and Great Britain. Yet, in view of the wretched condition of these barbarians, subjected to all the miseries of the slave trade, and liable at any time to be carried off in chains to be disposed of as human chattels, it ought not to be difficult for the Christian powers to convince them that they come as friends and protectors. Indeed, so far as appears, the British have thus far been so received by the inhabitants of the coast, to whom they are already favourably known, but a different reception may await them in the interior. Should the report prove true that the hostility to the Germans was brought about by the overbearing and contemptuous conduct of German officials, it will be by no means the first occasion on which the innocent have had to pay dearly in blood and treasure for the egotism and stupidity of such subordinates, "drest in a little brief authority." The future of these African colonies for a century to come may be largely determined for peace or chronic hostility, according as the occupation is now effected by conciliation or by conquest.

WHAT does it all mean? The Emperor William of Germany is rushing from court to court, effusively embracing kings and princes, conferring with cardinals and ministers of state, above all and everywhere reviewing armies and showing the keenest interest in military matters. It is not wonderful that the world is beginning to think there must be something in it more than meets the eye, and that rumours are afloat with regard to coming combinations and antagonisms amongst the great powers, and coming absorptions and consolidations affecting the lesser peoples. All these demonstrations may mean nothing more than that the ambitious young Emperor is profoundly impressed with the greatness of his position as the Ruler of the most powerful nation in Europe, and wishes all the world to be similarly impressed. They may mean, and there is at least some reason to think they do mean, much more. It is pretty evident that William, however intoxicated, is not satisfied, with the greatness handed down to him; that he is burning with anxiety to achieve some added greatness for himself, and that he can hardly appreciate a form of greatness not connected with the military profession to which he is so ardently attached. It is true that the most formidable combinations have been generally concocted in secret, not preluded with blare of trumpets, but it is quite conceivable that with a monarch who is evidently disposed to accentuate the personal factor in Government, personal acquaintance might be deemed an essential preliminary. At any rate there can be little doubt that William's present round of kingly visiting is likely to be fruitful of jealousies and suspicions, as well as of friendships and alliances. What changes may be made in the map of Europe during the next decade is a question which may well be fraught with great anxiety for more than one of the existing Powers.

EMPEROR WILLIAM'S visit to Rome can scarcely fail to have a serious effect upon the political campaign now in progress in France. The average French politician, not without some cause, regards Germany and Italy as the two great enemies of his country. When he sees evidences of good fellowship, and indications of possible alliance, between the monarchs of these two nations, he will almost surely feel that the omen bodes ill for France. The enemies of the Republic may find in such a mood a ground only too well prepared for the seeds of distrust of the form of government which in seventeen years has "recovered nothing" of either lost territory or lost prestige. The situation is favourable for revolutionary schemes. Should the forces of reaction represented by the Royalists, join hands with the forces of revolution represented by the Boulangists, the result would be almost surely the overthrow of the present ministry. This is perhaps inevitable in any case. What the further result would be it would be folly to attempt to predict. In fact, about the only thing that can in these days be predicted with any certainty in respect to France is change. How radical the coming change will be time alone will tell. But for the tremendous conservative pressure wrought by dread of Germany, nothing would seem more probable than that the people should pull up the Republic by the roots in order to prove that it is not growing healthfully. Whether it would fall to pieces in the process would remain to be seen.

## OUR CRIMINAL CLASSES.

THE trial of Thomas Buckley for killing his mistress adds new force to recent remarks of THE WEEK on the manner of dealing with violators of Canadian law. The fact that an able and experienced judge—but not properly instructed in the circumstances of the case—sentenced a murderer in fact, though possibly not in intent, to only a short term of imprisonment, shows a necessity for thoroughly revising the system of punishing criminals. Even the longer term afterwards imposed does not meet the necessities of the case. The cheer which in court greeted the delivery of the first sentence shows with what kind of people the law is called upon to deal. There is a class amongst us so degraded as to rejoice that a brutal ruffian, a criminal from boyhood and a murderer at last, was about to escape the punishment due to his crimes. They were glad that the brute would in five years be able to resume his infamous career. This is the natural result of the too great clemency shown to habitual offenders, and points the moral which THE WEEK has already drawn. After one sentence has been incurred and the criminal has returned to his evil ways, there should be root and branch work with him. Reform is so improbable as to be unworthy of consideration. Suppression is the only effective remedy.

It is questionable whether discretion should be left to the judge of measuring the sentence, whether parliament should not provide a more exact sliding scale of punishment in proportion to the number and enormity of offences than now exists. The judge is apt to be swayed by his feelings and fails to do his duty. But beyond this a better method of punishment should be adopted than imprisonment in gaols and penitentiaries—unhealthy, expensive and offering little hope either of intimidating or reforming the culprit. The *Kingston Whig* intelligently discusses the proposition of THE WEEK that criminals be transported to penal settlements in the far North west, but, while agreeing with us in the need for a change of system, proposes a different method: "They must adopt some heroic method of reforming man. Prison life is too luxurious. It is too easy. It is not humiliating enough. The habitually criminal are the habitually lazy. They must be made to work. They must be taken out on the by-ways and high-ways and made, by hard, persistent labour, to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brows. They must be made to feel that prison life and discipline is irksome, disgraceful, and disheartening. The people who support the rascals should get some return for their money, and this return can only be fairly made through local and public improvements."

One objection to this system comes from labouring men who dislike to be deprived of employment. Another is, the danger of escape in cities and the cost of providing numerous guards. The *Whig* contends that it would be an injury to settled parts of the North-West to make them the home of a criminal class, and that it would be cruel to send convicts to the colder regions of the north. As to the latter argument it may be said that if people desire to keep away from Hudson Bay or the Mackenzie River they can accomplish their purpose by keeping their hands from crime. Imprisonment in gaols does not act as a deterrent—why not try another remedy? No one would advocate the creation of penal settlements in parts of the North-West likely to be otherwise occupied at an early date. Instead of objecting it seems probable that North-Westerners would hail as a boon the establishment by the Government of a colony which would open up the far Northern regions in the most speedy and effective way. Every one knows the difficulty of procuring labourers in territories far from civilization. The trader, the miner, the lumberman, form the advance guard. They find it difficult to induce the labourer to follow. The man who works for daily wages prefers the city, where he enjoys the comforts and pleasures of civilization, and secures fair wages by combination with his fellows. In the far North, fishing, mining, and timber cutting will speedily be commenced—why should not the labour of convicts be used in their development? Roads will be needed and the removal of interruptions to navigation—what better could the Government do than employ, in these works, labour which is now in great part wasted. The experience of Australia does not show that the presence of a criminal class in the early settlement of a country injures the surrounding population. At first it could harm no one, and as population increased new penal settlements might be opened up or the system abandoned after it had served its immediate purpose. While the criminal would unquestionably dread banishment for a long period and might lead an honest life rather than encounter it, there can be little doubt that manly labour in a new country far from old associates would have a beneficial effect upon him. If he showed signs of reform he might be suffered—and even be provided with means—to establish himself as a free man in the new territory into which liquor, the parent of crime, should not be allowed to penetrate.

## THE LAMBETH CONFERENCE: CARE OF EMIGRANTS.

IN some respects the subject of the care of emigrants might seem the most interesting to ourselves of all those discussed at the Lambeth Conference. It will be found, however, that the Committee appointed for the consideration of the subject, consisting largely of Colonial and American bishops, of necessity limited their consideration to what we might call the more clerical or ecclesiastical aspect of the question. The wider subject of encouraging and assisting emigration, they remark, is outside the scope of their deliberations, and even were this not the case, they say, it is too large a question to be adequately dealt with in the time at their disposal.

There is one department of the question, and that by no means the least important, which might have been usefully considered at greater length. We refer to the care which might be taken to encourage the right class of people to emigrate, and, as far as possible, to discourage the wrong kind. Two facts stare us in the face here in Canada, first, that there is more work ready to be done than there are hands ready to do it, and secondly, that there are a good many hands unemployed and unable to find work. The simple reason is that these people cannot do the work which is waiting to be done. It is very desirable that some committee or board should draw up information on the colonies and the kind of immigrants that they want and are ready to welcome, and send it to the English clergy and ministers of other denominations, who are not only most closely connected with all classes of the community, but who are very generally consulted by intending emigrants. We are not forgetting that handbooks, etc., exist, and these are referred to by the Committee, but too frequently these are put forth by persons and companies which are not wholly disinterested.

The want of the kind of knowledge to which we refer is attended by two evils. Many unsuitable persons are continually arriving in the colonies, meeting failure and disappointment, while many who might make successful emigrants are deterred from leaving England by hearing of the bad success of others. A thorough knowledge of the circumstances and needs of the country would do much to avert those evils. Men are wanted here, and will be wanted for many a year to come. It may be that we cannot promise them sudden wealth, or the means of living without hard working, but there can be no doubt that large classes of men can make a better living here than they can in the Old Country.

The Lambeth Committee have collected a good deal of useful information with respect to the number of emigrants who have left the United Kingdom since the battle of Waterloo in 1815. They amount to nearly twelve millions. But even this gives no true idea of the present rate of emigration, since we find that, of the whole number who have left Great Britain and Ireland during that period of more than seventy years, about one-fourth have left during the last ten years, and the ratio goes on increasing year by year. It should be added that a very considerable proportion of the emigrants from Great Britain are foreigners. Thus, of the 396,494 persons who left British ports in 1887, only 281,487 were English, Scotch or Irish. There may be some slight consolation in this fact for those Englishmen who are lamenting over the influx of foreigners into London.

Another interesting fact has been brought out by the Committee. By far the largest proportion of emigrants go to the United States. The percentage, in 1887, to the three chief fields of emigration was as follows:—To the United States, 72 per cent.; to British North America, 11 per cent.; to the Australasian Colonies, 12 per cent.; to all other parts, 5 per cent. Another interesting fact comes out, that the proportion of foreign emigrants who leave British ports for the United States is larger than the proportion of British subjects. Thus, taking the 396,494 emigrants in 1887, we find that of those who went to the United States about one-third were foreigners, of those who came to Canada about one-fifth, while the percentage of foreigners who emigrated to Australia is hardly appreciable.

The Committee have taken great care to ascertain the dangers and difficulties which lie before emigrants in so far as these may be obviated by philanthropic and Christian effort. Among these dangers they refer particularly to the mingling of all classes of characters who are carried in one vessel, so that the better disposed are liable to be contaminated by the careless and the vicious into whose company they are cast. So, again, they refer to the no less great dangers to which young persons, and especially young women, are exposed at the port of arrival; and they truly add that "perhaps the greatest danger of all arises from the temptation to intemperance and other vices to which the emigrants are exposed on arrival at their new settlement."

The Report goes on to show that the philanthropic persons who have interested themselves in the emigrants have not confined themselves to the discovery of their dangers and difficulties, or even to issuing warnings against them, but have actually undertaken and accomplished a good deal of useful work. The Committee testify to the effects of various societies, especially at the port of London, particularly the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge and the St. Andrew's Waterside Missions. It may be interesting to mention here some of the chief agencies now being employed for the assistance and protection of emigrants.

Chaplains have been appointed at all the ports of departure in the United Kingdom, who arrange services for them before leaving and while on the voyage, and also arrange for their reception and oversight by the Church in their new home. The Episcopal Church in the United States has appointed chaplains at New York, Baltimore and Philadelphia, who give such spiritual aid as is possible to arriving emigrants, and see that they are made known to the clergy of the locality when they settle. In some cases, vessels carrying emigrants to America, Australasia, and the Cape, have been provided with chaplains who minister to the passengers during the voyage. These are, of course, more necessary and more commonly provided for the "long-voyage ships to Australia and the Cape."

An excellent feature in these provisions is the appointment of matrons who have charge of girls and young unmarried woman, and look after them during the voyage and on arrival at their destination. Valuable services in this respect have been rendered by the Girls' Friendly Society. It need hardly be added that this kind of work is of the highest necessity and utility, and should in every possible manner be helped forward.

Reference is made to the "Emigrants' Information Office," where books, leaflets, and information may be obtained. This, as we have said, is all very well; but the persons who need these books will seldom read them. If only the clergy could be provided with the information contained in those books, and would convey it to intending emigrants among their parishioners and congregations, it would be rendered far more effectual.

One useful suggestion is offered for the benefit of persons of really good character who are emigrating. Forms of Letters of Commendation for their use have been issued, and the Committee remark that it is most desirable that clergymen should provide themselves with those letters, that they should fill them up, sign them, and direct them to the clergyman or bishop of the district in which the emigrant intends to settle. A great deal of good is effected in this manner. We are informed that a large number of young men of high character have been welcomed in this city by the members of the Young Men's Christian Association, who have, in many cases, provided them with a home until they could find employment.

The report concludes by enumerating a series of provisions which it is desirable, in various ways, to make for the protection and assistance of emigrants. They are chiefly in the same line as those already mentioned, and consist more in the development of agencies already in operation, than in the devising of any new methods. The principal suggestions refer to the need of more adequate spiritual ministrations and of homes for emigrants at the ports of departure and arrival, where those needing protection or care may be received.

As to this last provision there can certainly be no room for difference of opinion, although it may be open to question whether such provision should be made by the State or by private organization. We are not aware that any one regards our present arrangements as anything like satisfactory or adequate. Suggestions and attempts have been made to provide better accommodation for the more indigent of the incomers, but it is still far from satisfactory. We believe that it is the duty of the Government to see to this matter. Immigrants of a right kind are of actual value to the country. If we had a consignment of horses or oxen, we should do our best to see that they came to no harm on the way to their work. Political economists tell us that a man is worth more to a country than a horse. Some talented gentleman has computed the exact value to the United States of the thousands who pass over thither from this side. On grounds of political economy, therefore, we should take care of our human property. On grounds of humanity and Christianity we should protect and help our brothers and sisters.

Of the author of "Robert Elsmere" an exchange says: "Though it is generally known that Mrs. Humphrey Ward is the granddaughter of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, it is not so well known that she is by birth an Australian. Her father, Mr. Thomas Arnold, now at Oxford, held an educational position in Tasmania, where he married the daughter of Governor Sorell. Two at least of his children were born at Hobart, and Mrs. Humphrey Ward is one. A brother, Theodore, is a schoolmaster in New Zealand, while a sister was married a few years ago to Mr. Leonard Huxley, the son of Professor Huxley."

### MY LOVE.

The light of my eyes—I have seen her,  
For she passed through the meadow at dawn;  
The clover bent low at her coming,  
While the long grass swayed sobbing forlorn.

She was humming a tune as she wandered,  
And up borne on the glad breeze it came,  
The thrush, who was trilling his love lay,  
Nestled low in yon thicket for shame.

Her voice sounded clear as the tinkling  
Of the bells that low echo in spring,  
As the carol of angels celestial,  
As the stars when together they sing.

MINNIE G. FRASER.

### THE NORTH-WEST FARMER.

I PROMISED the readers of THE WEEK an article on "The Bachelor Farmers." On Friday the 5th inst. I was lucky enough to visit a bachelor farmer under the most interesting conditions, yet I cannot find it in my heart to say a word about him until I complete the picture of the North-West married farmer.

On Wednesday the 22nd August, I found myself early in the forenoon behind a fine pair of horses. Besides myself in the trap were a photographer, a merchant, and Mr. Barton the proprietor of the farm whither we were bound. I will not again essay the vain attempt to give your readers an idea of the rapture of our autumn air, the splendour of our skies. It was the anniversary of the Battle of Bosworth Field, fought four centuries ago, and the course of the world and of the English and Celtic races since so occupied my thoughts that I fear I was but a dull companion as we spun over the prairie.

After traversing about fifteen miles we reach the "bluff country," and henceforth, until the pretty cottage of Mr. Barton glared amid the dark clumps of trees and bright gold of corn-fields and red and yellow and blue and pink of flowers, our way lay through a beautiful, park-like country, here and there the cottage of the pioneer showing its roof above the bush, sometimes the indication of life and residence being confined to "the smoke that so gracefully curled" in the bright sunlit air.

The cottage and its surroundings is a bit of Staffordshire beauty in the North-West. Everything has the wholesome English air about it. The cottage neat within; in front a hot house; around, a garden containing all sorts of flowers and vegetables, the sun flowers being very tall and splendid. Everything from a pumpkin to a gooseberry is here; from a melon to a currant—tomatoes, cabbages, turnips, radishes, celery, rhubarb, Scotch kail. Mrs. Barton and her daughter—sweet sixteen—received us with pleasant English hospitality, and at dinner, though it was not the roast beef of Old England it was roast beef as fine as ever Old England could boast of, fattened on rich prairie grasses and tender from generous food and balmy unpolluted air. Here were fields of as fine oats and wheat as man would like to see. After dinner we went and saw three horses and a Massey reaper make all that sea of golden oats into stooks, and then we formed a group and were photographed. At four the horses were "put to," and we were in Regina in time for dinner, very much burned—we, not the dinner.

On Saturday, the 29th September, I visited Moosejaw, about forty miles west of Regina. Moosejaw is a beautiful little place. It is on the Moosejaw Creek, and a fine rising ground on the north is balanced by a like elevation on the south, while away to the southwest by west you see the purple outlines of the Dirt Hills. Round Moosejaw, as round Regina, there has not been anything touched by frost this year. I determined to drive north, and my friend, the postmaster, said to me, "you will probably stop at Mrs. — for dinner, and you may as well carry her mail," therewith putting his hand into the lady's box and crying, "There is none." Mr. Dawson, of Toronto, was sitting near me and much he enjoyed the air, indescribably exhilarating, and many a time he exclaimed on the beauty of the country: one farm after another,—bright gold stubble, golden stocks of deeper hue—shone out from the gray green prairie. At last we turn on to the trail going on to a bachelor's farm—and yet it will not give the idea of the bachelor farmer I mean to convey later on. Some fourteen stacks of corn are round the cottage, to the front of which a young Englishman of energy and character comes and welcomes us. His mother, a stately English lady, with the unmistakable stamp of good society, also comes and welcomes us, and the young lady, the only daughter now unmarried, smiles a welcome from the door. "Where's my mail?" I am asked, and I reply, "Here's the only male I could bring out," and the momentary disappointment at getting no letters is lost in the evident pleasure found in extending to us North-West hospitality. Of course the inside of the house shows the presence of ladies, and although the two young men who own the large farm are bachelors, the grace of woman's thoughtfulness and taste is around them. The sons of a banker, these young men came out to farm in the North-West without knowing anything about farming. Yet, owing to energy and pluck, they have kept afloat, and this year they will make a large sum of money. As I write, wheat is being sold at \$1.11 cents a bushel.

After dinner we drove to Mr. McCartney's farm. A fine spacious house in the midst of a magnificent reach of cultivation. Mrs. McCartney received us with much kindness, inquired if we had had dinner, and soon Mr. McCartney and his son had left the field and joined us. A pleasant chat about the crop, the abounding crop, the North-West generally, the air, the opportunities. Nothing, Mr. McCartney assured us, would persuade him to go back to Ontario again. When he did visit it he felt a want of elbow room.

Thence we drove to the school and saw the children of the farmers at school with better desks, better books, better maps than the children of rich men in England and Ireland had thirty-five years ago.

Thence to visit the farm of Mr. Charles Gass, a prominent man in Moosejaw. He had an abundant crop, and Mrs. Gass told us they were well satisfied. Here, as at Mr. Barton's, a conservatory was attached to the house. A day or two ago I drove out from Moosejaw to see some threshing. Long before I arrived at the farm I saw the smoke of the engine and heard, or thought I heard the throb and hurry of the separator. Arrived on the spot the sight was a gratifying one—a thoroughly North-West scene, nor need you glance towards the door for any *cara sposa* to greet you, for the farm is a bachelor's farm. Some ten or twelve men were engaged in the work. One fed the engine with straw; two or three guided the sheaves into the separator; four Sioux Indians with their picturesque eclectic garb were lifting the sheaves to the grinders and the farmer himself was receiving the grain in pails and bearing it away. A magnificent full-bodied specimen of red fye wheat. Two other men on a vast heap were receiving the straw as it was hurried out of the maw of the separator. The agile Indians occasionally leaped over the belts which conveyed the power of the engine to the separator, according as they were required on one side or the other. The man's face who is feeding the engine is black with smoke. The air is clear and bright with that peculiar sense of freshness which belongs to the evenings of the North-West, but of which no description would give any idea. Machinery, Indians, Saxons, Celts, vast heap of deep red wheat, great heaps of straw, all aglow in the light of the sun who is setting in great splendour over the blue-purple backs of the Dirt Hills.

The proprietor of the farm has gone. I ask why? Where? He has gone to get supper for the men. I follow him to the house. It is clean, but bare. Here he is his own cook. He prepares the tea; he cooks the bacon; he boils the eggs. The meal is a wholesome one and much engaged, but there is something wanting, as there is something wanting everywhere in the house—that something only a woman's deft hand can impart. Well may the poet say that nature made her to temper man—to temper him! Her presence and pervading influence are indispensable conditions to comfort, refinement, the highest mental activity, progress, success. In a bachelor's farm-house you feel as if you must be cold on the warmest day—all is bare, hard, amorphous.

This harvest will leave few bachelor farm-houses in the West. Already there is a regular crop of marriages in and around Moosejaw.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

### PARIS LETTER.

FRENCH society, since I last wrote to you, has been deeply affected by the death of Octave Feuillet's eldest son, a young married man of thirty. M. Feuillet has been so stricken down with grief that he announced his intention of giving up all authorship. A comedy for the *Gymnase* which was nearly finished is to be withdrawn, and the author of the *Roman d'un jeune homme pauvre*, and of so many charming romances, says that he will write no more. M. Feuillet's work, though not invariably what would be put into the hands of a young girl, is marked by singular purity and grace, and if he keeps the resolution made in the first shock of his sorrow, it will indeed be a loss to letters and to the wholesome literature of France.

President Carnot has been touring in Normandy, and in particular, assisting at a naval combat by night in the port of Cherbourg. Torpedo boats coming in from the open sea attacked a squadron at anchor; the electric light shot out from the forts and men of war, and the big guns thundered from every side upon the little assailants; a splendid sight and a deafening din. Unfortunately for all the nations of the world the real results of naval combat with modern engines of war is the secret of the future. We happened to be at Yarmouth in the Isle of Wight during the autumn of 1870, and saw the melancholy return of the Channel squadron after the loss of the ship *Captain*. Nothing more lugubrious can be imagined than the silent filing of the six monsters, black, flagless, as if ashamed. Their companion the *Captain* had sunk unseen by any of the others; sunk like a child's toy launched upon the waters of a pond. We knew a sailor, now employed at Teddington Lock on the upper Thames; that night he was on the Admiral's flagship, the *Monarch*, and had seen the fleet of seven, more or less distant. An hour after, happening to count them again, there were but six, and it was not till a handful of men who had scrambled into a boat on deck were picked up that any thing was known of the mighty lurch with which the *Captain* settled to the bottom of the sea. And so who can tell what will be the "behaviour" of an iron-clad under the bite of a torpedo?

The newspapers have been full of the memoirs of Frederick III., which chiefly, so far as published, concern his degree of responsibility for the proclamation of the German Empire. Neither to the old Emperor nor to Bismarck, it seems, was due this idea. William loved and regretted "Old Prussia"; Bismarck was afraid of the expense! It was the Crown Prince who prevailed.

Very funny are the English words which are gradually creeping into French journalism. We are told of the exploits of the "joyous Crack-Winner," M. Paul D—, and of the *Highliferies* of the Parisian world. The latter word deserves permanent adoption; it delightfully replaces the worn out old phrase of *haut ton, crème de la crème*, and so on, being active in signification, and expressive of the greatest excitement of fashionable frivolity, with a *souppçon* of zig!

The aged M. Chreveil is slightly failing at last. He is still driven out daily to inspect the progress of the *Tour Eiffel* (which, by the way, is to be painted of a dull red, rust colour), but he becomes too feeble to receive visitors at his home. *Gil Blas* observes that when a man has seen Marie Antoinette in his childhood, and Mrs. Langtry in his old age, he has not been misused by fate.

An interesting circus, or rather hippodrome, is about to be opened at Neuilly, where the horses are to be trained and exhibited in the view of procuring solid beasts for carriages and carts. Races are to be run by trotting horses in double harness. Mazeppa's nose will be out of joint, and the fleet Arabian will yield the *pas* to democracy in horse flesh!

In a different order of ideas the Canadian visitors to Paris will henceforth see upon the house numbered 144 *Rue de Rivoli* a marble slab inscribed thus, "Here was the hotel where Admiral Coligny died by assassination in the night of St. Bartholomew, on the 24th of August, 1572." Another and very dissimilar French hero has got his statue. Danton the Revolutionist, the man of "audacity and always audacity," has this week set his native town of Arcis-sur-Aube in lively commotion. The Mayor and Municipality, a Senator and two Deputies, the President of the Municipality of Paris and two Delegates from the same, with a local *Préfet* and *sous Préfet*, and a *judge de paix*, who is Danton's great nephew, went with M. Lockroy, a member of the Government, who came by train to inaugurate the monument. The sun was of blinding heat, the dust rose in clouds, but nought did they mind, while the excellent local band played the "Marseillaise," and the company made speeches; after which they dined, having on the table a fine statuette of Danton modelled in lard!

The death of Marshal Bazaine has elicited a curious and painful account of his old age from a neighbour in Madrid. His wife quitted him some time ago, at least she went to her native Mexico on pecuniary business with her younger children, leaving the Marshal with his eldest son. While in Madrid Madame Bazaine saw much company, but the old man chiefly sat alone in a room apart, and was never visible at his wife's five o'clock teas. The family went from one house to another, always changing for the worse, and seemed at last to be reduced to great poverty. Bazaine did his own marketing, returning home with a chicken under one arm and a cauliflower under another. He was devoted to the memory of the Empire, and in his old age allowed himself to speak with much acrimony of the French army. We were present at one of the series of days on which he was tried for treason at Versailles. The trial took place in the hall of the *Grand Trianon*, and was most painful and impressive. The presiding judge, of what we should call a court-martial, was the Duc d'Aumale, and his fine intellectual head, so strongly resembling that of his great ancestor Henri Quatre, contrasted with the bull dog head of the unhappy Marshal of France, who sat at a table on the left of the Duc. He bore the miserable scene with a certain heavy dignity, he the hero of a hundred fights, who had yet so mistaken his duty as to allow 173,000 men, the flower of the French army, to be led away into Germany like a flock of sheep.

Curiously enough Bazaine was one of the few officers who rose from the ranks during the second Empire. Born in 1811 he was the son of a grocer at Versailles. The Radicals who have taken the opportunity to vilify his memory might remember that at least he could have no pretensions to being an aristocrat.

Although we are said to be on the eve of a war, or at any rate of a revolution, social life in Paris goes on as gayly as ever notwithstanding the want of a Court. French women are certainly more various in faculty than those of other nations. A *parisienne* gets through an astonishing amount of work in a day; when the *Maréchale* MacMahon was in residence at Algiers during her husband's vice-royalty, she rose at six, went to mass and visited the poor till eight, interviewed all the members of her household and gave her orders till lunch time, devoted hours of her time to painting in an English studio, and through it all was known as the best dressed and prettiest woman in the colony, whilst the *fêtes* and receptions which she gave during that time vied with those given by the Empress Eugenie at the *Tuileries*.  
M. A. B.

THE modern practice of dental surgery, requiring as it does so extensive a use of the dental engine, and that often in a cramped position, is much more laborious than formerly, when the forceps had almost unlimited sway, and any labour-saving appliances are welcomed. Mr. Coxeter has invented an electric dental engine. The whole apparatus weighs but a few ounces, and is held in the hand when in use, like the electric mallet, which it resembles in shape. The electric current is generated by a large primary battery, or the engine can be worked by means of accumulators or a dynamo. It is spoken highly of by some dentists who have used it, but seems to be rather deficient in power for heavy work. Another invention for a similar purpose is Hastie's water motor, which was introduced by Mr. Walter Campbell, of Dundee, and, as its name implies, is worked by hydraulic pressure. As it is now fitted it is almost perfect as a dental motor, but it requires a considerable force of water, and is hardly practicable unless supplied direct from the main.—*Lancet*.



## AUTUMN DAYS.

THE robin's note again ;  
 The soft green of the year's spring-time  
 Blended with gold ; the scarlet stain  
 Of summer's richer colourings  
 On foliage seen ; and over all  
 The sunbeams from the same sun fall.  
 Thus, in the year's maturer life,  
 Are carried days of May ;  
 And painted with the summer's glow  
 The leaves about our way.

A misty greyness fills and veils the skies,  
 Like unshed tears in brightest eyes,  
 And 'gainst the shore Ontario's waves do sigh,  
 Hushing my heart with their soft lullaby.  
 And yet there is a glory in the air,  
 A halo falling softly everywhere.

Ontario, with a sullen roar,  
 Throws her mad waves against the shore ;  
 The clouds pour down their tears,  
 The winds bring gusts of sobbing rain,  
 The trees bend down as if in pain,  
 The leaves die of their fears.  
 The flowers, ah, me ! still sweet in death,  
 They yield in faith their perfumed breath.

Burlington.

A. LAURENCE THOMSON.

## LOUIS LLOYD'S LETTERS.

THE little rift of inconsistency must come in somewhere, so that despite funereal streets, deserted tramways and cold dinners, Sunday is the most noisy day at the Winnipeg railway station. Everybody going east prefers starting on Sunday evening, and even around the western-bound train before nine a. m. the quantity of broadcloth and fine linen displayed by the good people who have come to bid their friends adieu will, in two hours, do the centre aisle credit. This is only a part of the consistent inconsistency of the whole. All cities are alike, I suppose, only all cities are not as frank and fresh-hearted as Winnipeg. There lies the difference and the charm.

Notwithstanding the maternal argument that "they was babies too, so they needn't shun the car as if the children had the plague," existence anywhere else except on the platform during our journey from Winnipeg to Moosomin was made unbearable by a contingent of infants. I never could understand why the small child and its guardian were not relegated to some nursery car. The orange and biscuit make havoc of the beautiful blue plush seats, and incautious little feet climb with disastrous effect over valise and shawls. But the worst has not come till the big-eyed travelling infant has conceived in its innocent brain the unhappy idea of staring at you. Then sleeping, writing or eating is as unquestionably an impossibility as painting outside under the riveted gaze of a cow. However, I feel perfectly confident that once the C.P.R.'s attention has been drawn to this state of affairs no effort will be spared to satisfy a very positive want, for with so particularly obliging a company *poser une question c'est la résoudre*.

Until you are cast adrift on the prairies, away from even the villages and the solitary homesteads here and there that look as if they had lost their way, you can never realize how glorious a legacy of sky we own. After all it is the only possession men may hold in common, the only one free from price, free from confiscation, that laughs at monopoly, and merely demands for its most exquisite enjoyment breadth of vision and an honest soul ! Blessed thought ! rain will not sodden the crops of stars, nor will the cold freeze them. Here they are with us always, even unto the end of the last ill-gotten allowance from home. Better than pecuniary aid, better than his oxen or his acres is the freehold of sky we give the immigrant.

Beyond Brandon, past miles of prairie, and where the lonely little stations and houses make one cry for very sympathy, past an indefinite number of Ogilvie's monster grain elevators, we found Moosomin. It was quite dark when they dumped us down at a nondescript station, enlivened by the rough-booted, gruff-voiced sensation hunters of the district. They were, however, very circumspect sensation hunters, and in any case the red coat of a mounted policeman here and there was reassuring enough. I don't know whether it is lack of enterprise, or merely the supposition that the house he represents has more chance of success if its votary doesn't try to outshriek every other hotel crier, but out west the nonchalance of the hotel employé proves most calming. You may go off shouldering your own valise, unaccompanied by the anathemas of the porter population, or should time be no object, you may await Peter's good pleasure. As for any priority among Moosomin inns, the inhabitants will all tell you—"They're just most one's as good as the other." We put up at "the other," a frame house of respectable but unpretending appearance, an unvarnished edifice, with its name printed in black and white right across the front, like an address on a wooden case. Garth Grafton had been very earnest and very enthusiastic about spending some days at a North-West farm ; I don't know whether her enthusiasm cooled, but after our sojourn in "the other" the scheme was no more mentioned between us.

What with "a bit o' moon risin' over Ogilvie's No. 22," and a bobbing

lantern, we managed to stumble up from the station to the hotel. There were no loungers about the front door, which was on the latch. We entered, and found ourselves in a hall of the dimensions of a passage in the Catacombs, flanked by steps that shot up hurriedly to the next flat. Between the entrance and these opened the dining room, a rough-and-ready, white-plastered chamber, boasting several fly-blown "prize" coloured prints and a superfluity of cruet-stands. The space in our private apartments not occupied by the bed and washstand is scarcely worth mentioning. But for all this we were not unhappy—you never need be if your digestion will permit you to look upon everything in the light of "an experience."

Though Moosomin's many frame houses give it a sketchy, skeleton appearance, don't for an instant imagine the supply of *hautes nouveautés* in its shop windows yields in anyway to that of Eastern emporiums. And as for competition, why, one gentleman whom we interviewed was despair visible over the superior position and stock of his rival. This rival's shop does Moosomin credit. It is a "general store," if you like, but a "general store" à la Macy, with the advantage of having a decidedly "long-established" look. Glancing about superficially, the announcement which everybody makes concerning the town's rapid commercial progress savours of irony. A solitary spurred and booted policeman strides loftily across the street, carrying under his arm—no, not any budget of despatches, but a home-made loaf ; and shopkeepers smoke the pipe of peace with the same equanimity at noon that they do at eventide. However, this only proves, I think, the superior business capacity of the Moosomin fair one, who doubtless makes all her purchases before nine a. m. Then, again, you will remember the imperative necessity the merchants feel, down East, to appeal to their neighbours "round the corner" before any and every transaction is not experienced in this prohibition country.

As long as we have our prairies, we need never grudge the Frenchman his gardens or the Englishman his parks. It was perfectly intoxicating to drive across that glorious rolling country, in a keen wind, behind two hot-blooded bronchos, across the soft, multicoloured ground, through the long grass, up and over the farm-dotted bluffs, and away and away under an immeasurable canopy of swirling clouds. We could see whole cities outlined against the sky—towers and minarets in oriental profusion and delicate splendour—pine-cities they were, yet the illusion was complete. I should have been content to forget everything, everything but the free, wild, passionate, deep-toned earth and heaven ; to drink long draughts of the air that tasted like strange wine, till every vein throbbled again with a newly-found freedom. The object we had in view, however, was of quite a different nature. If noisome weeds could shoot up suddenly from a heather wilderness, it would give you an idea of how some of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts' East-end Londoners appear, planted on our prairies. Fancy effete cockneyism with its hand guiding a Western plough ! Fancy a breath from *Seven Dials* blown through your flower garden ! But of course all the twenty families that were quartered upon us four years ago have not proved equally misplaced. So far, twelve have been successful farmers—successful, that is, for East-end Londoners. You will remember that the Baroness gave each family £50 to start with, and the North-West Land Company supplied the other £50. Practical men taught these people their work and the names of their implements, and then the quondam denizen of Whitechapel began life anew on one hundred and sixty acres of Government ground, with one ox and, naturally, a rapidly growing family.

The first Londoner whom we visited had long enjoyed the reputation of being "a character." He abandoned this rôle for farming ; I regretted the change. Mr. — came out to meet us with a lively countenance, begging that we should walk in. I am sorry now an over-delicate sensitiveness with regard to our olfactory nerves prompted a refusal, for from what Mr. — called forth from the house the interior must have been unique. Mrs. — appeared, smiling over an infant of very tender days. The Messrs. and Misses — stood a slyly, grinning, preposterously dirty, ragged crowd.

Well, yes, their father liked it well enough out 'ere ; but it *was* hawful hard at first. "Ye see," continued Mr. —, "me and me neighbour 'ad only one ox apiece, and by this we'd lose every other day, like. Ye cahnt work one ox alone, so I'd 'ave to go down and 'elp me neighbour, and 'eed 'ave to come up and 'elp me. Now, of course, each 'ave got two oxen, so its a good bit easier. Then, there's them sod sheds for the 'ens, as snug as ye please." I don't know whether you have ever remarked it, but the English in general, and the pauper English in particular, judge every corner of agricultural land from its adaptability or inadaptability to a crop of small children. Mr. — thought far less about his one hundred and sixty acres, and the fifty already under cultivation, than he did of the superiority of prairie air over East-end exhalations for the Misses —'s complexions.

"Hit's a good sight better bringin' hup chilren 'ere than in London, but we *do* lack a school for 'em. Ye see hit's four miles into Moosomin, and in winter time hit's *impossible* to send 'em there. Now, me and me neighbour's got quite enough to fill a school—just ourselves. However, I've applied for one."

The old British habit of "applying for it" has not left Mr. —, you see. A thrifty German would supply his own wants ten times over in the time an Englishman spends awaiting an answer to his eternal applications.

Mr. —'s reasons for liking Canada better than England were frank, if unpromising.

"First, there ha'nt no neighbour near enough to come hover to me to say, 'Your chil's been throwin' a stone through my front window, Mr. —.' Then there ha'nt no School Board, and there ha'nt no landlord comin' swoopin' down on Monday mornin'."

Perhaps not, but the £50 from the North-West Land Company is only a loan, and Mr. — has, therefore, to mortgage all his goods and chattels and the N.-W. L. C. entertains serious hopes of reimbursement.

The neighbour's house was a decided improvement on the first homestead, and the neighbour's wife and children were as blooming as one could wish. We alighted without hesitation, and entered a sort of living-room, quite cheery to behold. An enormous patch-work covered bed stood in one corner, a table and chairs in the middle, while a flattering tribute was paid the *Illustrated London News* in its employment as wall-paper for the entire apartment. Another object, especially worthy of mention, was some framed cardboard on which were worked lines of adieu, composed by the neighbour's sister when she left him for Australia. This ornament seemed the only one that survived the melancholy sale of personal effects before the emigrants left London, for a very strict rule prohibited their taking any household god across the sea. Poor Mrs. Neighbour deplored quite pathetically her having to leave behind "every bit o' china, and the like, that would 'ave given this 'ere place *such a 'ome look.*"

The neighbour's wife had, of course, the British matron's share of complaints:—

"Me 'usband is that bad with the indigestion, I sometimes think 'ee won't last the winter. Yes, I was wantin' to buy a pony this 'ear, but the frost has done sich harm I don't know how we're to manage it."

"But, come," said our cicerone, "you know, Mrs. —, that as for the frozen crops you won't really have to suffer. See here, unfrozen grain will fetch far more this year than last, and the frozen will sell nothing below the ordinary price."

Mrs. Neighbour, however, is inconsolable. These people are all the same, we are told. The poor, dark, shrivelled-up wheat can be called nothing but a calamity, even though you should pay its value ten times over. But, after all, I don't know exactly what the farmer would do without his stock of calamities.

The third and last East Londoner we visited was a widow, a deft-fingered creature, whose children, in clean, blue blouses, did her credit, but one of those painfully comfortless beings, super-sensitive to slights and the destitution of her situation. However, despite a certain chronic uncertainty about the eyelids, and woeful down turning of the mouth- corners, she promised well, very well, aided by a strapping son of fourteen, who managed the farm most creditably.

Out of the twelve successful farmers we had seen three typical ones. Five East Londoners abandoned the soil for trade, and the remaining three proved failures. From these facts and the sketch I have given you, England's surplus population must certainly seem as unwelcome here as it is at home. In my next I hope to give some account of the ideal farmer—the Scotchman from Ontario, whose horizon is bounded by his acres, and whose wife has that cool, fresh, heartlessly healthy look about her that only a life-long intimacy with butter and eggs can produce.

### "THE SILENCE OF DEAN MAITLAND."

SUCH is the curious title of a novel, exciting curiosity which is gratified on reading it. It is a work that has made its mark. Artificially constructed, with little originality except in the character of the Dean, packed with coincidences, not wanting in improbabilities, it has the supreme merit of riveting one's interest. The situations are very strong, making heavy demands on the author, who is equal to their weight. The story may be told in brief. Cyril Maitland, a young clergyman, meets by appointment in a secluded spot, a very handsome young girl of station beneath his own, Alma Lee. He brings with him a sum of money to provide for her immediate pressing necessities, for which he is accountable. It is the old story. Her father, who has discovered their intention, breaks upon them and orders Alma off. An encounter takes place, and Maitland delivers a blow which kills Lee on the spot. He rushes away and, seeing Alma, cries out, "Oh! Alma, Alma, save me, save me! You know I never meant it!" The body of poor Lee, a respectable, inoffensive man, without known enemies, is found, not rifled of his watch or money, with the remarkable addition that a bag containing fifty pounds in gold, trampled under foot, lies near. Natural wonderment ensues. A disastrous combination of facts, events and mistakes in identity throws suspicion on Henry Everard, a young doctor, a very close intimate friend of Maitland and an inmate of the same house with him at the time. A very strong chain of circumstantial evidence is worked up against him. The usual proceedings follow, and he is committed for trial. Here Alma Lee, who for very sufficient reasons has not previously appeared is called as a principal witness. She looks very beautiful and is very defiant in demeanour, all the more, no doubt, that there are "a few ladies of lovely feature and rich attire in court." The belief is universal that Everard is the father of her child, and this makes a situation of great interest for the spectators. Alma gives her evidence with great reluctance, but, of course, it is dragged from her, and this monster in petticoats swears that the double guilt rests on the head of the prisoner at the bar, an innocent man, her friend and benefactor—and hence one chief source of suspicion—to whom she is under great obligations and who has never wronged her in word or deed. If this is true to human nature, such are the lengths to which the desire to screen the man she loves, however unworthy of even her, will drive a woman. This settles the matter. There is no more to be done or said. Everard is convicted of manslaughter and sentenced, after an address by the judge of great severity, to the heaviest penalty the law permits, twenty years penal servitude. Frightful fate! By this time he is perfectly certain that Cyril

is the true culprit, but he has no proof, he is condemned and helpless. Maitland looks on. Horrible as is the alternative presented to him, his dastard and craven soul shrinks from the ordeal, and from this hour dates "The Silence of Dean Maitland." To do him common justice, the struggle is intense and terrible, and he sinks under it into serious illness. He carries about with him the haggard, scared look of a haunted man. But, hypocrisy of hypocrisies, he salves his torn and bleeding conscience with the assurance (and he has great powers) of the benefit that his sacred calling shall confer on his fellow creatures, "I would have atoned," he murmured, "I would have atoned at any price, but it was not possible, the wrong is irreparable. Take Thou the will and the broken heart of contrition." What does the reader think of *that*? For our own part, we cannot set it down without repugnance. Well may men pray not to be led into temptation, lest the strongest and best of them fall in such a conflict. Meanwhile the wretched Everard serves out his term except being granted a ticket of leave for the last two years. He has escaped, been retaken, and has worn irons. He comes out from Portland prison an utterly broken man, to find Maitland become a shining light in the church, an extraordinarily fine preacher, a dean and bishop-elect—if there be such a dignity—courted by the great, now a widower looking to a marriage in high life, and "commanded" to dine with the Queen. But the writing on the wall has been traced; his time is come. Everard is present in the cathedral where Dean Maitland is holding forth to a vast congregation spell-bound by his eloquence. Everard has chosen his place behind a column, but, entranced like the rest, he involuntarily leans forward, brings his face into strong light, the eyes of the two men meet, with instant recognition, and they are once more face to face. The Dean abruptly ceased speaking. "I am not well," he said, and sat down. Alma reappears with her son and his, who presents himself to his father and demands his paternal acknowledgment. Alma is dying; she sends for Maitland, but he lingers in complying with her summons; she makes a death-bed confession, and dies. Last of all, the last stroke that makes a reality of his "contrition" and his broken "heart," Everard writes him a letter calling him "Dear Cyril," and giving him "full and free forgiveness." He makes public confession of all from the pulpit in the cathedral, but that puts on him a greater strain than he has any strength left for, a sudden stroke seizes him and he drops dead. That he had been a consummate actor and hypocrite need not be said, but though bad he was not all bad, perpetual remorse had been gnawing at his heart; "I shall be happier," he said to his last hearers, "in a felon's cell than I have ever been in the highest moments of my prosperity." To Henry Everard the reader's whole heart goes out from beginning to end; he is a very fine fellow; but all hope of active life or distinction in his profession has been crushed out of him. What happiness he can any longer enjoy falls to his lot; he marries the girl to whom he was engaged before his long imprisonment, and who, with true feminine fidelity, has never doubted him, and in her dear company he passes what should not have been but was the evening of his life.

The book is not without defects. The chorus of rustics reminds one of Mr. Hardy to its great disadvantage. To attain to anything like his raciness, even with "grandpa" and all, was hopeless.

There are the common blunders in legal procedure. The judge is made to ask Everard what he has to say *after* sentence has been pronounced. The clue of the bag of gold, if properly followed up, as it inevitably would have been, would have given an entirely new complexion to the case, and must have brought the guilt home to Maitland. He had changed more than one cheque for gold, and had drawn other sovereigns at the local bank in the very town where the examination before the magistrate occurred, and this was matter of common conversation in a public inn-parlour, an articulated clerk of the solicitor who was entrusted with the management of Everard's defence joining in it. All this *must* have come under the notice of his legal adviser. A farther insight into Maitland's character is obtained from the fact that at least two of the cheques were given to him for charity purposes in the parish, and on this very plea he induced the tradesmen who changed them to give him each an extra coin, and this money he was gathering together to, so to speak, pay off his paramour. And more yet. He afterward asked his sister to "lend him a couple of sovereigns." In answer to which she coolly says, "Why, you extravagant boy! Have you spent all that we gave you for your parish?" "Cyril shrugged his shoulders, "You know the fellow of old, Lill, and how he scatters his coins. Only three guineas, all told, you know." One really wonders whether such things can be written seriously. It is devoutly to be hoped that a clergyman like Cyril Maitland, Dean of Delminster and "bishop-elect," is a very *rara avis* indeed in the Anglican or any other Church. There are some nice women as a set-off to Alma Lee. There are a few little spiteful touches against men, which savour of an authoress, but they are only a few. The question of sex in the writer may perhaps be a moot point. The scene is Hampshire. Delminster is Winchester. Bishop Oliver is a full length portrait of the late Bishop Wilberforce and a very good likeness.

D. FOWLER.

A GOOD story is told of an order seeker—one of "the pestilential nuisances who sigh for autographs," when the autographs are those of acting-managers. It was at some Dublin sports that this particular one met with Mr. J. F. Warden, and, on the slightest acquaintance, dunned him for a free pass for the theatre. Pretending not to have a card, Mr. Warden wrote an order on the shirt-front of the victim, and told him to show it to the box-keeper and it would be all right. But the box-keeper had received his instructions, and, when the individual presented himself and asked for admission, the official said politely, "Certainly, sir; but you must give up the order!" Tableau!

## VAIN REGRETS.

WHEN I recall the days misspent,  
The unabiding hours of youth,  
The erring thoughts with pleasure blent,  
The poor and shallow search for truth,  
Then vain regrets take hold of me  
That, sailing on the summer's sea,  
I dreamt not of a wintry flood  
Which I must cross in solitude.

Had I but thought of this—descried  
The stormy winds, the tempest strong,  
The heaving wave, the darkling tide—  
Discretion then had found a tongue.  
I should have studied well the art  
Of seamanship—the pilot's part—  
Re-rigged my craft, without, within,  
And laid my soul's provision in.

Repining! 'Tis the way with man:  
Repine not; rest, O heart, secure!  
Affections lie within thy span  
Of thoughtlessness which must endure.  
There friendship had its steadfast root,  
There true love bore its fadeless fruit.  
If these condemn, then let me be  
Wrecked on the future's stormy sea!

Call back the past, and let us hear  
Its tender voices as of yore.  
Let the old welcomes greet the ear,  
The old friends meet us as before.  
And, ah! let memory fulfil  
Her perfect task—bring back the thrill  
Of chords long hushed, of loving sighs,  
And eyeliads from vanished eyes!

They are not dead, they do but sleep;  
They come! I see, I feel them all.  
By recollection touched, they leap  
Responsive to the spirit's call.  
Depart from me, ye vain regrets,  
Ye selfish fears which time begets!  
The future, like the past, is mine,  
For memory's light is light divine.

Then courage! to the helm, the sail,  
And let the roaring tempest frown.  
What though the billows should prevail,  
What though the whelming waters drown?  
They cast us on the further shore:  
Think not they change what nature bore—  
Fond, unreflecting souls, yet true  
To friendship, love, and Heaven too?

Prince Albert, N. W. T.

C. MAIR.

## THE WORLD'S APPLE ORCHARD.

ALTHOUGH the prairies of Canada and the United States may possess the richest and deepest soil to be found on the North American continent, it does not by any means follow that prairie land is in every respect unrivalled. There are many purposes of agriculture for which the heavy black loam is totally unadapted. In localities where the season is of sufficient length, the great west is imperial for the growth of Indian corn, and many other crops that require ground food in lavish supply. But an equally large number of productions, fully as important as this valuable staple, do much better, when produced from a lighter, and consequently quicker soil. Even cereals yield a much better average return when grown upon farms where the soil is comparatively shallow and not remarkable for its richness. Potatoes, with many other kinds of garden plants usually accomplish the most, in the way of multiplication and development, in fields that a western planter would pronounce well nigh barren and useless. With apples, such is the case to a much greater extent. On the vast extents of almost dead level, where the soil has a surprising depth and richness, almost any kind of fruit culture is apt to be very unsuccessful.

The writer, while travelling in the Mississippi valley, has often observed large groves of apple trees, so tall, broad, and luxuriant that they gave every indication of remarkable thrift. But the fruit was always inferior both in appearance and flavour, and not to be compared with that grown on the southward slopes of eastern hills; where the best yield of maize that the farmer could possibly wring from the soil would hardly repay the cost of tillage.

These characteristics of different sections are mutually beneficial. The fact that no one part of a country can furnish all the necessaries of life prevents an entire exodus of the rural population from the older districts;

and when there shall be no more wild land to take up, and the struggle for existence begins in earnest, it will have a tendency to attract to the Atlantic Coast country some goodly rills from the great emigration streams that flow toward the plains extending from the frozen North to the Gulf of Mexico.

When we consider what a generous proportion of the human family annually require several barrels of this excellent fruit for each person, it is a pretty large statement to say that any region can rightly be called the world's apple orchard. Still, upon certain sections of Nova Scotia this title is apparently bestowed by the unanswerable argument of figures. There is scarcely a district of this peninsula which does not produce splendid fruit in quantities far exceeding the local requirement. Along the entire fifteen hundred miles of sea-coast which the Province is said to possess, it would be difficult to name a navigable inlet from which apples are not regularly exported. But the most extensive and productive orchards are those found in the Annapolis valley. The beauties of natural scenery to be observed at almost any point between the mouth of the Annapolis River and its headquarters have been so often described by poets, novelists, newspaper correspondents and tourists, that we will confine our present study to a single aspect, which, from a material point of view, is by far the most important of all that may be observed in this delightful region.

In Nova Scotia the present is the great apple bearing season! Last year most of the trees had a good rest; the best of them only yielding small harvests, and many of them almost nothing. Now, after twelve months of repose and recreation, and an especially favourable spring and summer, the grand Acadian orchards are bending beneath a weight of ripening fruit, which for quality and probable market value has seldom been equalled.

In all this wonderful fruit raising land, the narrow strip of fertile country extending along between North Mountain and the Annapolis River, is, without doubt, the most wonderful. The rugged highland that extends all the way from Digby Gut to Cape Split, is of sufficient height and abruptness to form an almost perfect protection from the fiercest northern winds, and as the farms generally incline toward the south, its situation is the very best for receiving the utilizing influence of sunlight in spring and early summer, when the orchards should receive their best impetus for a fine season's work.

At any time between May and October a bird's eye view of these plantations, which may be obtained from many localities along the summit of the mountain, is beautiful beyond description and sweetly inspiring to any one who has the capacity of feeling the purest emotions. In the spring, while the blossoms are fully open and the foliage as yet but half developed, one may take his position upon some towering rock and gaze through the green avenues between the long apple tree lines extending down the gentle declivities, almost to the fair river's brink. The flowers duplicate nearly every shade of the rainbow, and the entire region seems like a huge flower garden.

In the autumn the same trees present an entirely different aspect, while the leaves are beginning to grow yellow and sere, the fruit attains perfection and takes on colours almost as brilliant and varied as those of the fragrant blossoms.

Formerly Annapolis county took the lead in this branch of Agriculture, and annually produced far more apples than any other region of equal extent on the globe. But in later years the fruit growers of King's county, residing farther up the same valley, have made a determined effort to gain the supremacy, and while this healthy rivalry is still kept up, it is difficult to say which county holds the lead. As the orchards in King's county are generally composed of younger trees, the fruit is apt to be larger and of finer appearance. But the older trees in the lower valley yield an apple of much denser fibre, and therefore more likely to keep well, which tends to make it the best for exportation, especially when intended for the European market.

As early apples are so uncertain and perishable the chief attention is now given to fall and winter fruit. Among the varieties that endure through cold weather and spring, and, if properly kept, until the first summer fruit has ripened, the Nonpareil is held in the highest esteem, and the Gravestiene is commonly considered the finest autumn apple.

Many farmers have tried to make their orchards bear on the off year, and thus yield good crops when the fruit is generally scarce and prices rule the highest. Among the means adopted to produce this result, careful picking has accomplished the most, the theory being that when this operation is performed with such skill that the twig remains uninjured the tree retains its full strength and may produce a full crop every year. But thus far even this method has only achieved a partial success, and a majority of trees still insist on producing hardly anything, or such a load that they almost break down. Some varieties are outside of this rule. The Gravestienes, in particular, yield bountifully nearly every year. With a few such exceptions the apple tree nature seems to require a rest every other summer. But they persist in choosing the year themselves, and in this respect they all choose alike.

Halifax.

ADDISON F. BROWNE.

IN China, Japan, the East Indies, and the adjacent islands the annual product of rice is estimated to be 250,000,000,000 pounds, of which 2,000,000,000 pounds are annually exported. The annual product in the United States is set at 156,000,000 pounds, which is about 63 per cent. of the annual consumption. Compared with Great Britain, the average annual consumption in this country is very low, the figures showing a little over 4 pounds here, against 7.64 pounds in the older country.

## HAS AMERICA PRODUCED A POET.

THERE was never a time, in my opinion, when America possessed among her citizens so various and so accomplished singers, gifted in so many provinces of song, as at the present moment. But the time has not arrived, and long may it delay, when we shall be called upon to discuss the ultimate status of the now living poets of America. From the most aged of them we have not yet, we hope, received "sad autumn's last chrysanthemum." Those who have departed will alone be glanced at in these few words. Death is the great solution of critical continuity, and the bard whom we knew so well, and who died last night, is nearer already to Chaucer than to us. I shall endeavour to state quite candidly what my own poor opinion is with regard to the claim of any dead American to be classed with those twelve or fourteen English inheritors of unassailed renown. If we take away our living Tennyson and Browning there are just twelve left. What dead American is worthy to join the twelve and make an Anglo-Saxon baker's dozen? If we admit into our criticism any patriotic or political prejudice we may as well cease to wrangle on the threshold of our discussion. Patriotism is a meaningless term in literary criticism. To prefer what has been written in our own city, or state, or country, for that reason alone, is simply to drop the balance and to relinquish all claims to form a judgment. The true and reasonable lover of literature refuses to be constrained by any meaner or homelier bond than that of good writing. His brain and his taste persist in being independent of his heart, like those of the German soldier who fought through the campaign before Paris, and who was shot at last with an Alfred De Musset, thumbed and scored, in his pocket. It is not likely to be seriously contended that there are more than four of the deceased poets of America who need to have their claims discussed in connection with the highest honours in the art. These are Longfellow, Bryant, Emerson, Poe. What are we to say of Longfellow? I am very far from being one of those who reject the accomplished and delicate work of this highly-trained artist. In the face of those impatient youngsters who dare to speak of Longfellow and of Tupper in a breath I assert that the former was, within his limitations, as true a poet as ever breathed. His skill in narrative was second only to that of Prior and Lafontaine. His sonnets, the best of them, are among the most pleasing objective sonnets in the language. Although his early and comparatively poor work was exaggeratedly praised, his head was not turned, but, like a conscientious artist, he rose to better and better things, even at the risk of sacrificing his popularity. It is a pleasure to say this at the present day, when Longfellow's fame has unduly declined; but it is needless, of course, to dwell on the reverse of the medal, and disprove what nobody now advances, that he was a great or original poet. Bryant appears to me to be a poet of a less attractive but somewhat higher class than Longfellow. His versification is mannered, and his expressions are directly formed on European models, but his sense of style was so consistent that his careful work came to be recognizable. His poetry is a hybrid of two English stocks closely related; he belongs partly to the Wordsworth of "Tintern Abbey," partly to the Coleridge of "Mount Blanc." The imaginative formula is Wordsworth's, the verse is the verse of Coleridge, and having in very early youth produced this dignified and novel flower, Bryant did not try to blossom into anything different. If Emerson had been frequently sustained at the heights he was capable of reaching he would unquestionably have been one of the sovereign poets of the world. At its very best his phrase is so new and so magical, includes in its easy felicity such a wealth of fresh suggestion and flashes with such a multitude of side lights, that we cannot suppose that it will ever be superseded or will lose its charm. Emerson as a verse-writer is so fragmentary and uncertain that we cannot place him among the great poets, and yet his best lines and stanzas seem as good as theirs. It is understood that Edgar Allen Poe is still unforgiven in New England. The intellectual weight of the man, though unduly minimized in New England, was inconsiderable by the side of that of Emerson. But in poetry, as one has to be always insisting, the battle is not to the strong; and apart from all faults, weaknesses, and shortcomings of Poe, we feel more and more clearly, or we ought to feel, the perennial charm of his verses. The posy of his still fresh and fragrant poems is larger than those of any deceased American writer, although Emerson may have one or two single blossoms to show which are more brilliant than any of his. If the range of the Baltimore poet had been wider, if Poe had not harped so persistently on his one theme of remorseful passion for the irrecoverable dead, if he had employed his extraordinary, his unparalleled gifts and melodious invention with equal skill in illustrating a variety of human themes, he must have been with the greatest poets. For in Poe, in pieces like "The Haunted Palace," "The Conqueror Worm," "The City in the Sea," and "For Annie," we find two qualities which are as rare as they are invaluable, a new and haunted music, which constrains the hearer to follow and imitate, and a command of evolution in lyrical work so absolute that the poet is able to do what hardly any other lyricist has dared to attempt, namely, as in "To One in Paradise," to take a normal stanza form and play with it as a great pianist plays with an air. So far as the first of these attributes is concerned, Poe has proved himself to be the Piper of Hamelin to all later English poets. From Tennyson to Austin Dobson there is hardly one whose verse-music does not show traces of Poe's influence.

To impress the stamp of one's personality on a generation of succeeding artists, to be an almost (although not wholly) flawless technical artist one's self, to charm within a narrow circle to a degree that shows no sign, after forty years, of lessening, is this to prove a claim to rank with the Great Poets? No, perhaps not quite; but at all events it is surely to have deserved great honour from the country of one's birthright.—*Forum.*

## READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

EDGAR A. POE.

He dwelt within the charnel-house of time,  
A kindred spirit of the rayless gloom—  
A lynx within the shadow of a tomb,  
Where slept unnumbered centuries of crimes;  
And loathsome passions, in their evil prime,  
Writhed in his bosom, stinging to its doom  
That sombre, solitary soul, for whom  
No bells of mortal cheer were heard to chime.

No common lot was his! what songs he sang  
Were but the echoes of abysmal seas  
That broke upon the shores of his despair;  
Or but the thunder of the spheres that rang  
Against his heart in rhythmic agonies,  
And roused the drowsy demons lurking there.

No love, no hope, no image of delight,  
No lip to kiss, no joy in any guise,—  
Naught but the ashen lustre of the skies,  
And the mute torment of eternal night  
Were his—and the wan spirit's hideous plight!  
He looked upon the worm that never dies,  
And in the crimson riddle of its eyes,  
He read the augury of endless blight.

A Titan genius of seraphic power,  
Madly he swept the joyous lute, and wove  
Fantastic melodies of untamed love  
'Round every soul, like starlight round a tower,—  
Then perished of his passions, ere the dove  
From o'er the foam, brought in the olive-flower.—*Current.*

## THE "ETRURIA'S" ATLANTIC RECORD.

THE Cunard steamer *Etruria* has again beaten the Atlantic steamship record. She arrived at Sandy Hook bar, New York, at half-past ten on Saturday morning, having made the voyage from Queenstown in six days one hour and fifty minutes. The best previous record was made by the same ship last June in six days one hour and fifty-five minutes. She has thus beaten herself by five minutes. Her best day's run this trip was four hundred knots, which were made on two successive days. On her trip in June the *Etruria* made on one day five hundred and three knots; but at that time she had a fine breeze from the east, and put up sail. On the present voyage the weather generally was fair, except on one day, when westwardly winds and seas retarded her progress. She was also delayed thirty minutes in taking a pilot on board. Experts on ocean speed believe that the *Etruria* will before long cross the Atlantic in an even six days.

## USES OF MINERAL WATERS.

MINERAL waters, as to their sources, are of two classes, the imported and the domestic. As to their nature, they are artificial or natural. Not all of the best waters will bear exportation, or even long keeping in stock. Many of them throw down their mineral constituents and decompose when exported in wood; and even in glass not a few of them become inert by keeping. The waters that are the most strongly mineralized, especially those that are the most fully charged with carbonic acid gas, bear exportation the best. Those of weaker constitution, like some delicate individuals and some delicate wines, do not stand a sea voyage. "Old books to read, old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to talk to;" but no old mineral waters for a cure. Some physicians hold, indeed, that all mineral waters begin to lose their virtues as soon as they leave the spring. This is an extreme view; it is quite unproven of some of the best waters, yet most of them are effective in proportion to their freshness. The best importing houses aim, very properly, to keep little stock on hand, in order that it may be fresh. We have a full list of excellent mineral waters to choose from, whether native or imported, whether natural or manufactured, whether medicinal waters or table waters. I can not say too much for a good table water, meaning by this a drinking water that is (1) but slightly mineralized, that is (2) charged more or less freely with carbonic acid gas, and (3) that is absolutely pure, hygienically speaking. Such waters are the Apollinaris, the Clysmic, the Geissshubel, the Poland Silica, the Underwood Spring Water, and many others. The Vichy, Seltzer, and Saratoga waters, though more strongly medicinal, are used as table waters by many. The appetizing and digestive qualities of all the waters just named are well known, and their pleasant flavor and sparkle; in many cases of impaired digestion I have found nothing more useful than they, and I regard them as useful in chronic diseases when impaired nutrition is a main feature. Pure soda water (more properly called carbonated water), whether natural or manufactured, is a powerful aid to digestion by stimulating the stomach, and also, probably, by aiding to dissolve the mineral ingredients of the food. It is very appetizing; it corrects acidity in the stomach, checks the disposition to nausea, and cools the system in febrile complaints; it lessens the desire for spirituous liquors, and is indeed the ideal beverage for the water-drinker, provided always that pure water is used in its preparation. The consumption of table waters in this country increases probably about 10 per cent. per year; that of medicinal waters has nearly doubled since 1880. Table waters prepared from distilled waters, as they should be, have the great advantage that they can not carry the germs of disease.—*Dr. Titus Munson Coan, in Harper's Magazine for October.*

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Temple Bar for October has liberal instalments of the serials "From Moor Isles" and "The Rogue," and the first part of a story in the form of a diary, entitled "The Ugly Miss Lorimer." A second paper on "Montaigne," a "Memoir of Alexander Cruden," who compiled the great "Concordance;" "On Diplomats," an interesting account of some of Britain's principal ambassadors and ministers abroad; "Why We Men Do Not Marry," and "Good Night to the Season, 'Tis Over," and other articles in the number.

The *Andover Review* for October is a strong number. Professor Moore discusses the influence of modern historical investigations and methods on men's views of Christianity and the Bible, and the positions which the Church should take towards such studies. Mr. Samuel V. Cole, writing of "The Development of Form in the Latin Hymns," traces and explains very clearly the changes introduced into Latin versification by the Christian Hymn writers. Professor Stoddard, of the University of California, draws a comparison between two opposing tendencies of literature represented by Tolstoi and Matthew Arnold. Professor James, of the University of Pennsylvania, considers "Manual Training in the Public Schools in its Economic Aspect." Rev. John Tunis's article in the September number, on "The Practical Treatment of the Problem of the Country Church," is commented upon in the present number by Mr. Dyke and three other clergymen, Messrs. C. M. Sheldon, M. J. Allen, and C. L. Merriam. The discussion is fresh, practical, interesting, and cannot fail to command wide attention. In the other departments there are interesting sociological notes, book reviews, and a continuation of Rev. Mr. Starbuck's reviews of the progress of modern missions. The number closes with Rev. Mr. Curtis's article on current German Theological Literature.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

ANDREW LANG is to publish his new volume of verses under the attractive title of *Grasses of Parnassus*.

WILKIE COLLINS is ill. Walter Besant has writer's cramp. Cramp in the brain afflicts few novelists.

WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE is arranging and tabulating his extensive and varied correspondence in chronological order.

THE *Memoirs of Grenville Murray*, prepared by his widow, are to be published early next year by Samson Low and Co.

ROBERT BROWNING is quite restored to health. He passed the summer in a retired part of the Austrian Tyrol. He will live in Venice hereafter.

ONE of the oldest hostleries in the city of London, the "Three Nuns," Aldgate, mentioned by Defoe in the *History of the Plague*, has been offered for sale.

THE new edition of *Whittier*, to be issued by Houghton, Mifflin and Co., and edited by the poet himself, will contain five steel portraits of the famous writer.

MR. JAMES HUNTER, editor of *Ogilvie's Imperial Dictionary* and of the *Supplement to Worcester's Dictionary*, has become editor of *American Notes and Queries*.

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES once said: "You may set it down as a truth, which admits of few exceptions, that those who ask your opinion really want your praise."

PROFESSOR SALISBURY, of Yale, one of the very few millionaire college professors, secured his fortune by judicious investments in real estate near Boston many years ago.

REV. JOSEPH PARKER, of fame as a London preacher, has written a rhapsodical letter to the *London Chronicle*, in which he compares himself to Robert Elsmere. The general opinion is said to be that Mr. Parker is *non compos mentis*.

MR. HURLBERT'S *Ireland Under Coercion*, which has been so much discussed in Great Britain, will be republished here immediately by Houghton, Mifflin and Co. As Mr. Hurlbert is an American citizen, his copyright in his book is secure in this country.

THE two leading holiday publications which the Harpers will issue are the *Old Songs*, illustrated with the drawings by E. A. Abbey and Alfred Parsons, and Gen. Lew Wallace's *Boyhood of Christ*, also richly illustrated. A large illustrated volume on *English Cathedrals*, will also appear soon from the Franklin Square press.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL has written an essay on Matthew Arnold for the November *Scribner*. In the same number Stevenson's *Master of Ballantrae* will begin. The story has for its central figures a Scotch laird and his two sons, one loyal to King James, the other a follower of King George. The time, of course, is the eighteenth century, and the scene is laid in many lands.

MESSRS. TRUBNER will shortly publish a new volume of poetry by Sir Edward Arnold, entitled *With Sa'di in the Garden*, being the *Ishk* or third chapter of the *Bostan* of the Persian poet Sa'di, embodied in a dialogue held in the garden of the Taj Mahal, at Agra. The larger portion is original, and it comprises, besides translations from Sa'di, lyrical pieces in the Persian manner sung by the musicians, and also Oriental tales illustrating the dialogue. The volume is dedicated to the Earl of Dufferin.

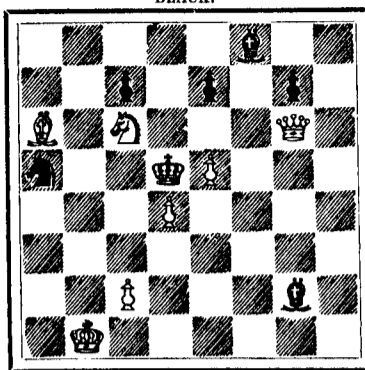
THE *Athenæum* thinks the admirers of Carlyle will be interested to learn that in a house in Spey Street, Leith Walk, Edinburgh, there are still to be seen the following lines, said to have been cut on a window pane by the philosopher:

Little did my mother think,  
That night she cradled me,  
What land I was to travel to,  
Or what death I should die.  
Oh, foolish Thee.

MR. ANDREW LANG writes to the *Nottingham Daily Guardian*: "Someone has forwarded me an extract (undated) from your valued paper, which contains a series of interesting myths about my 'splendid income.' On adding the items together, with a copious margin, I find that my glittering gains may amount to nearly £2,000 per annum. Wealth of this kind would attract the notice of Anarchists and of the Income-Tax Commissioners, while the bright fable might allure the young, or tempt the avaricious, into the profession of Letters. Of that profession, sir, as of ancient Greece, 'penury hath ever been the housemate,' and your correspondent's legends are baseless. The 'splendour' is all in his poetic eye, the items have to be divided by a considerable figure, and it is quite untrue that I 'contribute London letters' to American journals. Would that I possessed the necessary fancy, then I might aspire to be Poet Laureate. But no such luck! In the craft of Letters, as far as my experience goes, the labourer is not paid such luck! In the craft of Letters, as far as my experience goes, the labourer is not paid as he is in medicine, law, or what you please. Of this he does not complain. But he does object to be credited with apocryphal splendours, and opulence of which he has only read in Ouida's novels."

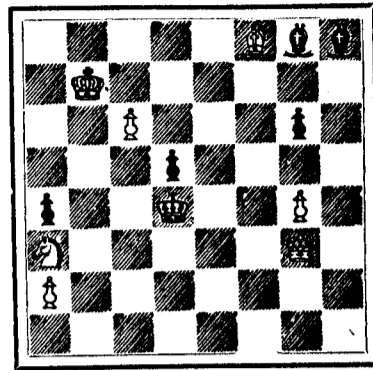
CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 297.  
By B. A. LAWS.  
From *Columbia Chess Chronicle*.  
BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 298.  
By CECIL A. L. BULL.  
From *Columbia Chess Chronicle*.  
BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 291.  
White. 1. B-R 3  
2. Kt-Q 5  
3. R-R 8 mate.  
If 1. K-Q 3  
2. P-Q 8 becoming a Kt. 2. K-K 4  
3. Kt-B 7 mate.  
With other variations.

No. 292.  
White. 1. Kt-Kt 4  
2. Kt-K 3  
3. R-Q 7 mate.  
Black. 1. K-Q 5  
2. K-K 6

PLAYED AT NUREMBERG, AUGUST 6th, 1888.

[From *Columbia Chess Chronicle*.]

FRENCH DEFENCE.

MR. L. PAULSEN.	MR. J. METGER.	MR. L. PAULSEN.	MR. J. METGER.
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P-K 4	P-K 3	16. P-Q Kt 4	B x Kt
2. P-Q 4	P-Q 4	17. Kt x B	Q R-Kt 1
3. P-K 5	P-Q B 4	18. P-Kt 5	Kt x Kt
4. P-B 3	Kt-Q B 3	19. P x Kt	P x P
5. Kt-B 3 (a)	Q-Kt 3	20. KR-B 1	B-B 3
6. B-K 2	B-Q 2	21. B x Kt P	P-Kt 4
7. Castles	P-B 3	22. B-Q 2	P-B 5
8. B-Q 3	P-B 4	23. B-Kt 4	Kt-B 4
9. P x P (b)	B x P	24. B x B	P x B
10. Q Kt-Q 2	Q-B 2	25. B-Q 6 (d)	Kt x B
11. Kt-Kt 3	B-Kt 3	26. P x Kt	Q x P
12. B-K B 4	K Kt-K 2	27. Q R-Kt 1	P-B 4
13. P-K R 4	Castles Q R	28. P x P	Q-B 2
14. Q-K 2	P-K R 3	29. Q-R 6 +	K-Q 1
15. Q Kt-Q 4	P-R 3 (c)	30. R-Kt 7, and Black resigns.	

NOTES.

- (a) P-K B 3, as introduced by Steinitz, seems better.
- (b) This exchange with the view of planting a Kt at Q 4, was first adopted by Steinitz against Sellman in 1885.
- (c) This weakens his position; much better to exchange both of White's Knights at once, which he was compelled to do afterwards.
- (d) Mr. Paulsen plays the game throughout in the style of his best days.

THE annual meeting of the Toronto Chess Club was held at the Athenæum Club on Monday evening, the 11th inst., and the following gentlemen were elected to office:—W. H. Cross, President; R. S. Neville, 1st Vice-President; E. G. Muntz, 2nd Vice-President; J. McGregor, Secretary-Treasurer; T. F. Gimson, Auditor; A. T. Davison, J. McGregor, Wm. Boulthée, Match Committee.

It is very hard to describe the midnight sun. "Mind you write and tell us exactly what it does," many of our friends had urged upon us, as if on the stroke of twelve o'clock they expected the sun to spin rapidly round, or turn a somersault, or do something equally queer. Well, the sun does nothing very peculiar; it is what it refrains from doing—i. e., that it does not set—that is the extraordinary part. Imagine yourself on a ship at anchor looking west or straight in front of you; there is a broad expanse of sea a little to your right hand, behind you will be the rugged coast, and to your left the long, narrow fiord between the islands and the mainland that the steamer has just traversed. You watch the sun as it slowly, slowly sets; the island and the coasts look like a rich, dark purple, and the shadows cast by the ship's mast, etc., grow longer and longer. After a bit, when the sun has sunk apparently twelve feet from the horizon, it stops, and seems to remain stationary for about twenty minutes; then the very seagulls hide away, while the air all on a sudden strikes chilly; each one has an awed, expectant feeling, and surrounding even the tourist steamer broods a silence that may be felt. Soon the sun rises very slowly once again, and the yellow clouds change with his uprising to even greater beauty, first to the palest primrose, and then to a bluish pink. The sky, which was just now rose colour, becomes grey, then pale emerald green, and lastly blue; rock after rock stands out, caught by the sun's bright rays, and the reign of day has begun once more.—*From a Jubilee Jaunt to Norway, by Three Girls.*

# THE MOLSONS BANK.

## Annual Meeting of Shareholders — A Satisfactory Showing as a Result of the Year's Operations — The Rest amounts to Fifty Per Cent. of the Capital.

The annual meeting of the shareholders of the Molsons Bank was held at the Banking House, St. James Street, at three o'clock. The President, Mr. Thomas Workman, occupied the chair; and among those present were Sir David L. Macpherson, Messrs. S. H. Ewing, John H. R. Molson, Alex. W. Morris, R. W. Shepherd, Henry Hogan, E. J. Barbeau, W. M. Ramsay, John Crawford, D. McCarthy (Sorel), W. J. Withall, M. Cuvillier, J. Try Davies, J. T. Molson, Samuel E. Molson, W. M. Macpherson, and Henry Archbald.

The President, having declared the meeting opened, asked Mr. James Elliott, manager of the Montreal branch, to act as secretary, and Messrs. J. T. Molson and J. Try Davies to act as scrutineers.

### THE ANNUAL REPORT.

The General Manager, Mr. F. Wolferstan Thomas, then read the annual report, which was as follows:

GENTLEMEN,—Our past financial year has witnessed a somewhat spasmodic demand for money. In its early part rates ruled high, succeeded by a sharp decline, which continued to the beginning of last month, when a reaction set in, and we are disposed to think there will be an active enquiry for money throughout the winter. We have followed the market more or less closely, and on the whole have been enabled to keep our funds well employed at fairly remunerative rates. The results of the twelve months' operations sufficiently establish this fact, as after making a liberal provision for bad and doubtful debts we have added \$125,000 to the Rest account, and carried forward \$12,395.26 to credit of Profit and Loss account.

The net earnings of the bank have been slightly in excess of 14½ per cent. on the capital. We are assured you will share the satisfaction we enjoy in announcing to you that we have at length reached the goal, which we consider all prudent bank managers should aim at, in the creation of a reserve of 50 per cent. of our capital, our Rest account being now \$1,000,000.

While we regard the bank's present position with not unjustifiable pride, we shall not slacken the vigilance and persistent effort which have achieved such success, our aim being to strengthen and conserve the extended and diversified interests of the bank.

At the beginning of our financial year a new manager was appointed to the London branch. This is regarded as tantamount to an inspection. With that exception all branches of the bank, including the Montreal office, have been inspected. By the resignation of Mr. A. F. Gault, whose business required more of his personal attention, the bank lost an able and energetic director, one who evinced much interest and zeal in extending the bank's relations. A vacancy has been created in the directorate which we thought it advisable to defer filling until the annual meeting.

Though reluctant to add to the number of our branches, we have deemed it expedient to secure premises at West Toronto Junction, a suburb of that city, about six miles from its centre. The locality is rapidly growing, and bids fair at an early date to become the seat of many and important industries. We do not anticipate large results from the first year's business, but believe the branch will eventually be a paying one.

We are pleased to testify to the general efficiency and good conduct of our officers.

(Signed), THOMAS WORKMAN, *President.*

### PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

Balance at profit and loss on 30th September, 1887 .....	\$5,094 02
Net profits of the year after deducting expenses of management, reservation for interest accrued on deposits, exchange, and also making ample provisions for bad and doubtful debts ...	\$292,301 24
From which has been paid:	
Sixty-fifth dividend, 4 per cent., 1st of April, 1888..	\$80,000
Sixth-sixth " " " 1st of Oct., " ..	80,000
	160,000 00
	132,301 24
Leaving a surplus of .....	\$137,395 26
From which deduct amount transferred to Rest account.....	125,000 00
Leaving at credit of profit and loss on Sept. 29th, 1888 .....	\$12,395 26

The President, in moving the adoption of the report, said:

GENTLEMEN,—I now move the adoption of the report just read, and beg to say it is a most pleasing duty for me to do so. The results of our year's business are highly satisfactory, and I doubt not they will meet with your approval. In my annual report for 1884 I stated, "It will be our steady and persistent aim to add to our Rest till it shall attain \$1,000,000, or 50 per cent. on the capital of the bank." This has now been accomplished, also a balance of \$12,395 has been carried to the credit of Profit and Loss. Within eight years we have added \$860,000 to our Rest, and paid our customary dividends. This, I trust, you will admit is a most favourable showing. You must not suppose, however, that we made no bad debts during the past year. The fact is, our losses have been in excess of our anticipations, yet I am pleased to state they have all been amply provided for, or written off in full. With such favourable results in view it is reasonable on the part of our stockholders to enquire what is likely to be the future policy of the directors. In the event of the current year's profits being equal to those of the past year, I believe I am justified in stating they propose paying the customary dividend of 8 per cent., adding a moderate sum to the Rest, paying a bonus to stockholders, and presenting a gratuity to the officers of the bank. We hope thereby to prove to them that their valuable services are fully appreciated by the directors. The business of the bank is active and gradually increasing. Our circulation is again going up rapidly, and will probably reach its legal limits this month. The results of the year's business amply prove the large earning capacity of the bank, as well as the conservative management. Should I have the honour to occupy my present position next annual meeting, I hope I shall be able to present you with a statement equally satisfactory to the present one, if not more so. Gentlemen, this report is now before you for discussion, and if you have any remarks to make we shall be happy to hear them.

Mr. J. H. R. Molson, Vice-President, seconded the motion.

Mr. John Crawford said he believed it was the desire of the directors that the shareholders should give a frank, fair and legitimate criticism of their statements. He alluded to the statement that ample provision had been made for bad and doubtful debts, and asked what was the appropriation for this purpose.

The President—I do not think it is customary to give the exact amount.

Mr. Crawford said it would be idle then for the shareholders to speculate as to the adequacy or inadequacy of that appropriation.

In answer to Mr. Crawford, Mr. F. Wolferstan Thomas said that a good deal of the sum loaned to corporations was advanced upon loan and debenture stocks, which he conceived to be the safest investment in Canada, not excluding the banks, loan to debenture companies in Ontario, and on their stocks in a measure to private parties, secured by the stocks. They were time loans, running three, four or five months or threabouts, and some of them were agricultural accounts.

Mr. Crawford said he would suggest the policy of making short loans which could be called in at a moment's notice to meet any unexpected demand or any case of emergency. While he was glad to see the President announce the policy for the future, he would also suggest that any bonus be withheld for the present until a contingency fund of \$250,000 was raised for the purpose of equalizing the dividends.

The President replied that the bonus would not be declared until next year. They had really intended to present the officers of the bank with a gratuity this year, but the directors found that their surplus did not authorize their doing so until next year. They well deserved it.

Mr. Crawford said the fact that an eight per cent. dividend had been paid for many years past spoke well for the management of the bank, and he did not think there was any desire to increase it for the present. It had been suggested, however, that they should invest their Rest in Government and other first-class securities, with foreign agents, for instance.

Mr. E. J. Barbeau concurred with Mr. Crawford that every bank should be as strong as possible for any emergency. Everything was now *couleur de rose*, and they were sailing plainly along, but a bank should be prepared at any moment to weather any storm that might overtake it. A bank might have a very strong Rest and yet be very weak. The immediate convertibility of a security in a bank was everything, and he believed it would be a sound policy to have certain securities which at a moment's notice could be used as being immediately convertible in a foreign market. When in difficulty here they could not trust in their neighbour, and with securities upon which they could realize either in England or in New York, they would be in a position to feel that they could weather the storm or any difficulties which might arise. He believed there were no safer loans than the Personal Security, and the Western Loan Companies mentioned by the General Manager, but they would find it difficult to realize upon them in a time of emergency, and a bank's credit was often a question of twenty-four hours. A bank's credit was a primary thing, and were he fifty times a larger shareholder he would speak in the same sense. He also thought it would be plenty of time to pay a bonus when their Rest was equal to their capital. He thought, however, that the directors were to be congratulated upon their very efficient administration.

Mr. Thomas—You will find as available an asset as you can generally find in the \$1,000,000 of specie and Dominion notes, and some \$300,000 of notes and checks of other banks, a total of \$1,400,000. Besides this there are the short loans that we have at various times, and it does seem to me that when the bank has been carried on over a long series of years—some thirty-seven years—and we have had a great many difficulties, and had to contend with as hard times as we will have to contend with again, and now have a Rest which we had not in those times—it does seem to me reasonable to suppose that we can weather any palpable storm occurring. It seems to me that if you make little of our Rest we might as well get rid of it altogether. There are also other things that we do not consider at all, and upon which we could realize. Another thing that is never taken into account is that we have a very large circulation, larger than any other bank in the country in comparison with our capital. Then, again, the larger banks are placed in a different position. The Bank of Montreal, for instance, have not the same necessity to use their active assets that we have. They have large amounts left there by the Government and amounts received from other sources drawing no interest at all, while we have to make a return to the depositors for most of our money. The Bank of British North America can also create money in an emergency—advantages which we have not. They are in a position to have great money centres, such as New York, where they can loan out their money and draw it in again at twenty-four hours' notice. So far as I have had any influence with the Board, I have been opposed to loaning on stocks in the city at all. The matter has not been lost sight of however; we have put some of our reserve in bonds which could be easily realized, though not to a very large extent it is true. We acquired Pennsylvania railway bonds, as good as anything you can get, in addition to \$100,000 of Dominion Government debentures.

After some further remarks from Mr. Crawford, the motion to adopt the report was carried unanimously.

Mr. W. J. Withall moved:

"That the thanks of the shareholders are due and are hereby tendered to the President, Vice-President and Directors, for their attention to the interests of the bank during the year."

He said:—We can all congratulate ourselves on the good results of the operations of the bank for the past year. It is certainly most surprising to me to see the dividends they have been paying and to see that the accumulations have risen now up to \$1,000,000. I think it speaks very well for the management, and as to what has been said just now about looking forward to meet any emergency, for myself I am perfectly satisfied to leave that question with the directors. I feel quite safe in leaving the matter to their discretion as to whether it is better to invest in foreign countries. Certainly if they had invested four or five years ago in four per cent. bonds there would not be \$1,000,000 of a Rest to-day. They had to pay four per cent. to their depositors, and how could they have made any money out of it? I beg to move this resolution placed in my hands, and to say that I heartily approve of what has been done, and I only hope that they will continue to make the same progress as in the past.

Mr. Barbeau—Bank directors have for some time back, perhaps, been a little ill-used. We may be very severe in our criticism without giving due consideration to those who sacrifice so much of their time. Their pay is inadequate, and we should offer them sincere thanks for the time they give for the management of the bank's affairs. Certainly Molsons Bank has been a great success. There was a time when the public thought their dividends were a little large, but they have carried on the bank with great success, and deserve our heartiest thanks.

The President—I thank you very sincerely for passing this resolution unanimously, and I trust that the future President and Directors will be able to manage the bank's affairs so that it will at any rate be as profitable and as conservative as it has been during the last eight years.

The scrutineers then presented the following report:

MONTREAL, 8th October, 1888.

To the General Manager of the Molsons Bank:

SIR,—We, the undersigned, acting as scrutineers at the annual meeting of the shareholders of the Molsons Bank this day, beg to report the following gentlemen elected to act as Directors for the coming year:—Sir D. L. Macpherson, S. H. Ewing, John H. R. Molson, Alex. W. Morris, R. W. Shepherd, Thomas Workman, W. M. Ramsay.

JOHN THOMAS MOLSON, } Scrutineers.  
J. TRY DAVIES, }

The meeting then adjourned.

A meeting of the Board of Directors was held immediately afterwards, when Mr. Thomas Workman was re-elected President and Mr. J. H. R. Molson Vice-President for the ensuing year.

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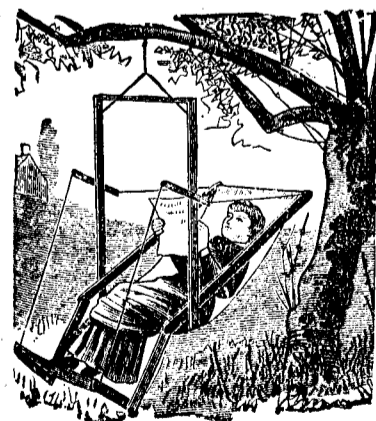
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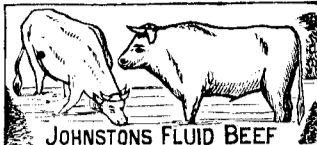
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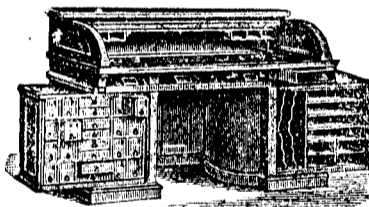
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The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

**Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription** is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequalled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nerve, "Favorite Prescription" is unequalled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

**Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription** is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. For morning sickness, or nausea, from whatever cause arising, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred symptoms, its use, in small doses, will prove very beneficial.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhoea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at that critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It is equally efficacious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and derangements incident to that later and most critical period, known as "The Change of Life."

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