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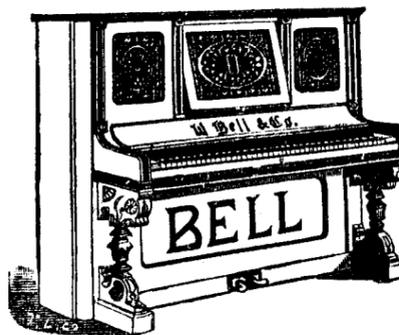
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CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

TOPICS—	PAGE
The Ontario Text-Book System.....	259
Price and Mode of Publication of Text-Books.....	259
The Bremner Investigation.....	259
The Citizen's Meeting.....	259
Mr. Craig's School Bill.....	260
Colonial Rights Under Old Treaties.....	260
The Proposed U. S. Tariff.....	260
The New British Title Bill.....	260
Madness or Method—Which?.....	260
The Relation of Penalty to Crime.....	261
A Question of Conflicting Rights.....	261
THE TRADE RELATIONS OF CANADA IN CONNECTION WITH RECIPROCI- TITY.....	J. B. 261
OPEN THE BAY (POEM).....	C. Mair. 263
THE EVOLUTION OF SOCIALISM.....	C. F. Newcombe. 263
PARIS LETTER.....	Z. 263
THE MURDER MICROBE.....	Fidelis. 264
ARSENIC AND SULPHUR.....	264
"TRE FILA D'ORO" (POEM).....	B. M. J. 266
LOOKING BACK.....	Louis Lloyd. 266
THE RAMBLER.....	266
AN INNOCENT PLAGIARIST.....	Hugh Cochrane. 267
NO ROOM FOR THE BABY (POEM).....	Fidelis. 268
ART NOTES.....	Templar. 268
MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.....	268
OUR LIBRARY TABLE.....	268
LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.....	269
READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.....	270
CHESS.....	271

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.

THOUGH there is not much that is new, there is a good deal that is true, in the criticisms of the Ontario school-book system which were made during the recent debate in the Legislature. Three aspects of this subject are worthy of more attention than they have as yet received, namely, quality, price, and mode of publication. First in importance is undoubtedly the question of the excellence or otherwise of the books themselves. In the Public Schools, and especially in the junior departments of those schools, it is of great moment that the text-books should be of the very best description. The importance of the quality and method of the text-book is always in inverse ratio with the education, experience, and other qualifications of the teacher. In the more advanced classes of the graded schools, and in the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes, the teacher is able to correct errors, supplement deficiencies, substitute new and improved methods, and, in many cases, even dispense, in a large measure, with the use of text-books, often to the great advantage of the pupils. But, in view of the mental immaturity and meagre acquirements of very many of the teachers employed in country districts, and in the lower grades of the town and city schools, it is clearly indispensable to even the most moderate degree of efficiency that the text-books be not only absolutely reliable, but most skilfully adapted to their purpose. Now, from the theoretical point of view it is simply absurd to suppose that the mode of prescribing text-books at present in vogue can afford any guarantee, or even any reasonable hope, that the best will be authorized. The time-honoured principle of competition is entirely, or almost entirely, eliminated. The ordinary stimulus to authorship is taken away. There is absolutely no inducement to any Canadian scholar or educator to give time and labour to the preparation of a text-book, and no one would be foolish enough to do so, no matter how confident he might be of his ability to produce a work very superior to any in use, unless he could, by some special influence, secure the ear of the Department and a virtual promise of authorization, before putting pen to paper. On the other hand, the folly and wrongfulness of promising authorization for a book not yet written are equally obvious. Even Homer nods sometimes, and neither scholastic acquirements, nor general skill in authorship, can afford any guarantee that a text-book written to order will not be decidedly inferior, or even utterly unfit

for class-room uses. Nor, were we to grant the Minister of Education himself possessed of the culture, versatility, and ability of a Gladstone, would it follow that he could at the same time discharge the varied political functions of his office, and successfully superintend the preparation or selection of the text-books required for all the various departments of the Public Schools. Coming to the test of fact, it is certainly not correct, as certain supporters of the Government in the House seemed to imply, that the text-books at present authorized are so satisfactory as to escape or defy criticism. Every one who knows anything of the matter knows that the contrary is the case in a marked degree in regard to some of them. It seems, moreover, impossible that any competent critic, who has opportunities for comparison with the books in various subjects which are constantly appearing in England and the United States, can doubt the inferiority of several of those now in use in our schools to the best productions of other lands. Nor is it altogether unworthy of consideration that the one-text-book system, itself, tends to deprive a teacher of the useful stimulus and educative influence that would result from the study and comparison of various treatises, were he to have, as every workman should have, some voice in the selection of the tools with which he has to do his work.

PRICE, though quite secondary in comparison with quality, is in itself a very important element in the school-book discussion. Whether the authorized text-books are, on the whole, furnished at as low a rate as they should be, under the system, is a question on which we shall not venture to pronounce an opinion. We say "under the system," for there can be no doubt that the one-text-book system, whatever its defects from the educational point of view, should at least have the merit of securing the maximum of cheapness. The comparisons which have been challenged with the prices of other books of similar size and mechanical quality are obviously futile. The element of certainty of sale must be taken into account. It is in fact one of the most potent factors in the calculation. What other book can be put upon the Canadian market with a guaranteed sale of so many hundreds of thousands of copies within one year or five years? This fact of certainty of demand, combined with absolute monopoly, should make the public school text-book cheap beyond comparison with any other books offered to the Canadian public. A net profit of even one cent a copy on a small book, whose authorization is equivalent to a guarantee of the sale of five hundred thousand, or even one hundred thousand copies, would be not a bad thing in itself. The simple fact that the drawing books, of which the total sales within a few years must approximate the millions, were reduced at a stroke from ten cents to six cents apiece, speaks volumes. We need not enlarge upon it. It ought to be the condemnation of the whole system. It suggests unanswerable objections from both the political and the politico-economical point of view. It is evident that the Minister who has in his hands the power of giving such a contract, under a close monopoly, has power to make the fortune of any publisher whom he may choose to favour. It is equally evident on the other hand, that the Minister is also in danger of putting himself, however unwillingly, and the public interests of which he is the guardian, into the power of the very publishers he may choose to favour. The incidents connected with the arbitration—and it cannot be denied that a secret arbitration in such a case is, what some member of the Opposition pronounced it, a sham—in the case of the drawing books themselves, and the fixing of the present selling price at six cents instead of five, illustrates this point. The ministerial defence of such a monopoly, by retorting that the Conservative Government at Ottawa is the parent of monopoly, is, as any school boy could see, no defence at all. It is open, also, to the ready rejoinder that a monopoly secured by Government is the worst of all monopolies. Trusts and combines are always more or less in danger of competition. The Ontario Education Department absolutely prohibits all competition in school-book making, once the contract has been given, save on conditions which have hitherto, so far as we are aware, proved unavailing. On the whole survey we should find it hard to retain our faith in the intelligence of the electors of Ontario if we

did not regard it as but a question of time when the Province will retrace its steps, so far at least as to place the control of public education largely in the hands of a board of competent educators, and abolish Government contracts and monopolies.

THE enquiry that is now being pursued by a special Committee of Parliament, touching the alleged confiscation or appropriation of the Bremner furs during the North-West Rebellion, is one that very intimately concerns the administration of the volunteer force of the Dominion, and the honour of its commanding officers. It would, of course, be highly improper to attempt to anticipate or to influence in any way the verdict of the Committee, while the matter is still *sub judice*. There can, however, be nothing wrong in calling attention to certain salient features of the case which are brought into distinct relief by the statements made on behalf of those directly concerned. It is very desirable that the Canadian public should realize more fully than it seems as yet to have done the importance of the case in its bearing upon military discipline and official morality. It is, it seems to us, unfortunate that charges, or even rumours, of such gravity as those now under consideration, touching an officer of the highest military rank in the Dominion, should have been permitted to go unchallenged for years, until the memory of particulars is obscured by lapse of time. A British officer is traditionally supposed to be peculiarly sensitive to any reflection upon his reputation. It is, moreover, matter for surprise and regret that, when at length a Committee of Investigation has been granted, in accordance, as was announced, with the special request of General Middleton, his counsel should not have urgently demanded that the investigation should take the widest range, and that anything in the parliamentary reference limiting the scope of inquiry should be at once amended. The friends of General Middleton and the Canadian people generally had surely a right to expect nothing less than this. The statement made on behalf of the General, that he believed himself to have power to confiscate the goods of rebels, is itself extraordinary, but is surpassed by the implied admission in his statement, and that of Mr. Hayter Reid, that he also believed the power of confiscation to carry with it the right to bestow the confiscated goods upon those asking for them, or even upon "the General and his staff." It may be hoped that the General and others implicated will yet see how desirable it is in their own interests, as well as in those of the Canadian volunteers, that no technicality should be permitted to stand in the way of the fullest inquiry into all the charges.

THERE can be no longer a doubt, we think, that the great majority of the citizens of Toronto, of all classes, are heartily in favour of the Viaduct scheme, as the only satisfactory settlement of the Esplanade difficulty. The public meeting on Friday evening seems to have been as thoroughly representative as it was unanimous and enthusiastic. The Citizen's Committee need not, and we presume will not, hesitate to stand firm in the position they have taken. It is to be hoped that the Municipal authorities may do the same. The opinion so heartily endorsed by the meeting, that it would be subversive of the best interests of Toronto to permit of the expropriation of the central and most important part of the water front, for railway purposes, on any terms whatever, seems so directly in accord with reason and common sense that the wonder is it should ever have become necessary to enunciate it in words. The right of the citizens of all classes, men, women and children, to "safe, free and direct access to the Bay," is, as Mr. Hugh Blain expressed it, the main feature of the scheme, and in this all are alike interested. Yet it is evident that this right, natural and inalienable as it appears to be, is not to be maintained and permanently secured without a serious and possibly prolonged struggle. The great battle will, no doubt, have to be fought before the Railway Committee of the Privy Council. Meanwhile every legitimate influence should be brought to bear to secure a just and satisfactory result. If it can but be made sufficiently clear that the people of the city, irrespective of party, are united and determined, the issue can hardly be doubtful.

LITTLE fault can be found with the Bill introduced in the Ontario Legislature by Mr. Craig, for the settlement of the language question in the schools. It is in the main reasonable, though marred, perhaps, with some indications of the weakness of a jealousy of the French. In our opinion there is no need of guarding with so much care against the use of the French as the language of instruction a moment longer than is absolutely necessary. The attempt to prove that there is serious danger of French encroachment has, so far as we are able to see, failed. It is clearly established that, as a rule, French parents are not only willing but anxious that their children should learn English. But it is undoubtedly true, as is claimed by the *Globe*, that the legislation proposed by Mr. Craig follows closely the lines recommended by the report of the Commissioners and laid down in the Regulations of the Education Department. That being so, it is obviously better that the principles on which all are agreed should be embodied in a statute, instead of being simply left to the operation of Departmental rules. It is to be hoped that the Minister of Education and the Government may be wise enough to adopt the proposed Bill, with such amendments as may be deemed necessary. They should have moral courage enough to do this, undeterred by dread of being taunted with having accepted the suggestions of their opponents and borrowed their legislation. They should take care however that the Bill provides for the use of the bi-lingual readers, which are one of the best of the recommendations of the Commissioners.

NEWFOUNDLAND is said to be in high dudgeon at the manner in which her alleged rights have been disposed of by the British Government, in the *modus vivendi* agreed on with France. The question, like all those arising out of the interpretation of old treaties, is a complicated one. It is very likely that the French may have received no more than justice in the light of the treaty; however, the result may conflict with the interests, or gall the *amour propre* of the Islanders. The dispassionate version of the British diplomatists is perhaps more reliable in such a matter than the interested judgment of the colonists. It is to be feared, however, that the none too prosperous condition of the Newfoundland fishermen will become seriously worse under the new arrangement. But the feature of the case which is most trying to the self-love, not to say self-respect, of the Government and people of the Island, is no doubt the fact that they were not consulted, even formally, in the arrangement. This course on the part of the British Government is unusual, and perhaps significant. There is reason to believe that a somewhat similar policy is being pursued at Washington, in the negotiations in which Canada is so deeply interested. True, it is altogether unlikely that Canada will be so completely ignored as Newfoundland appears to have been. (Can it be that the latter is being punished for its refractoriness in refusing to enter into the Confederation?) The formal consent of Canada will no doubt be required to whatever arrangement, if any, is finally reached at Washington, touching the Behring Sea and other Atlantic fisheries. But it is quite clear that a new line of policy is being pursued by the Home Government. Instead of giving a Canadian a leading place in the negotiations, as on former occasions, it is known from Mr. Tupper's own statements that he was present at Washington in no official capacity, but simply as a source of information. True, these negotiations are now being carried on directly through the British Minister, and not, as on former occasions, through commissioners or delegates. But this fact itself only emphasizes the point to which we are calling attention, viz.: that the Home Government has adopted a new method, or rather fallen back on an older one, in seeking to settle the disputes with foreign nations, in which two colonies are concerned. We do not wonder at this. It is very likely that Lord Salisbury is convinced by past experience of the impossibility of reaching any settlement with either France or the United States, to which representatives of Newfoundland and Canada respectively could assent, and all parties in England are alike resolved not to quarrel with either nation for the sake of the (in their eyes) trivial Colonial interests at stake. Should this view prove correct, the event will show the futility of relying upon British power to uphold the rights, real or fancied, of distant colonies against powerful nations whose friendship is of vastly greater value to her than the colonies concerned. When this is made clear by practical demonstrations a new movement will be given to the forces which are steadily making for Colonial independence.

THE draft report of the Ways and Means Committee of the American Congress, containing the proposed amendments to the tariff, goes to show that the arguments of those who favour an attempt to force Canada into the arms of the great Republic have prevailed with that Committee. It would be useless to deny that the passage of the tariff as proposed would be a serious blow to many Canadian interests, and, above all, to the agricultural industry, which is the backbone of all sound prosperity. Nevertheless, should the blow fall, there is nothing for our statesmen and people to do but to meet it like men. If, in these closing years of the nineteenth century, the great nation which boasts of its liberty and enlightenment deliberately piles higher and higher the barriers against a trade with its next door neighbour, which is no less profitable to its own citizens than to those of the country it would injure, there is, we suppose, no help for it. That it will have any political effect in the direction obviously intended we do not for a moment believe. On the contrary, nothing could more effectively harden into adamant the resolve of every high-spirited Canadian to preserve our own political institutions and carve out a destiny for ourselves, than an attempt at coercion of the kind contemplated. We are glad to perceive that our political leaders are not likely to permit themselves to be driven into the suicidal folly of attempting retaliation. That would be to follow a bad example. It would be to offset the injury inflicted by another with an additional injury wrought with our own hand. The path of true wisdom lies in the line of fixing our own tariff solely with a view to our own interests, meanwhile looking diligently abroad for markets to replace those withdrawn from us nearer home. It would be premature, however, to assume that the recommendations of the Committee in question are to become law. There will be a strong opposition in Congress. It will be strange if there should not be a still stronger one in the country. One of the greatest faults, or follies, of the people of the United States is that, owing partly to their defective political system, partly to their absorption in business pursuits, and partly to the disrepute into which their politics have fallen, the better classes of citizens hold themselves aloof from affairs of state, and give the rule of the country almost entirely into the hands of the professional politicians. Even the newspapers give comparatively little heed to what goes on in Congress. That is an evil against which Canadians have great need to be on their guard. But there must be a limit to the passivity of even the American people, and once they become fully aroused to a true view of the situation the national energy will quickly work the reformation needed. Meanwhile Canada has nothing to do but to preserve her dignity and equanimity, and summon all her energies to convert a threatened evil into good, by making it a bond of union, a stimulus to energy and enterprise and a spur to patriotic endeavour.

THE new tithe bill introduced by the British Government in the Commons aims at two things—putting an end to the resistance to the payment of tithe, and substituting a lump sum for an annual payment. The first object it proposes to reach, partly by substituting the County Court for a distress warrant as an agency for the recovery of the tithe-rent charge, and partly by the substitution of the owner for the occupier, as the person from whom it is to be collected. The *Spectator*, in a lengthy article, makes amongst others the two points that the non-payment of tithe "inflicts gross and wholly undeserved hardship on the clergy," and that it "puts in peril a very large fund in which the State has a reversionary interest." The force of the last consideration is admitted even by Mr. Gladstone, and other Liberals, who hold that the tithe as a national property should be preserved intact, whoever may have the usufruct of it. To abolish the tithe peremptorily would be simply to make a present of its value to the landlord, who would be sure to raise the tenant's rent in proportion, were the latter freed from the tithe-rent charge. But when we come to the first of the *Spectator's* two arguments, it is not so easy to assent to the view expressed, or to deny that the clergyman who consents to accept or collect the tithe under the circumstances that are widely prevalent in Wales, makes himself a party to an act of gross injustice, not to say dishonesty. Mr. George, the accepted Liberal Candidate for the Carnarvon boroughs, in a recent speech at Cardiff, made some astounding statements bearing upon this point. He affirmed that in the agricultural district where he resided there were thirty parishes, and the condition of these parishes was a very fair specimen of what it was in the rural districts gener-

ally in Wales. In only two of these parishes was there anything approaching a congregation, and even in these two parishes the majority of the parishioners were Non-conformists. Taking the remaining twenty-eight parishes of that district, he believed the average congregations came to about ten. There was one parish in that district with an especially large tithe. The rector who preceded the present rector was a married man, and his wife was the only member of the congregation. The next rector was a bachelor and he had no congregation at all. These thirty parishes are in West Carnarvonshire, and comprise nearly one-third of the parishes in the county, but are not worse off than a great number in the remaining two-thirds. Mr. George maintained that it is not an exaggeration to say that there is not a county in Wales where many more than thirty parishes may not be found exhibiting a state equally deplorable. But taking only this number, which constitutes a moderate average for the thirteen counties, and we have nearly 400 out of the 1,210 State churches of the Principality in this lamentable condition—nearly a third of the whole number. The tithe rent-charge, exclusive of glebe and parsonages attached to these almost empty churches, would amount to between £40,000 and £50,000 a year, assuming each parish living to average from £100 to \$125. It is admitted that there are many single parishes under £100, but there are many others very considerably above that figure, so that the average was thought reasonable. Whether the hardship inflicted on the married rector above described, or on his bachelor successor, by the abolition of the tithe, would be wholly undeserved, is at least open to question.

"WHAT can the man do that cometh after the King?" During many long and eventful years one of the gravest questions in European politics has been, "What will follow when Bismarck steps off the stage?" That event has happened. Bismarck no longer rules the destinies of Germany, and of Europe. An untried man sits in the seat of the great Chancellor, but the reins of empire are no doubt in the prentice hands of the young Emperor himself. Whether he is about to play the role of the young Phaëthon, and threaten all Europe with conflagration, time alone can tell. It is the fashion just now to presage all kinds of disasters from the unregulated self-will and impetuosity of this fiery son of the House of Hohenzollern, but is it not just possible that he may falsify those prognostications of evil after all? More depends upon the spirit and intention of even an Emperor than we are willing to admit. What the real motives of William III. of Germany are, no one knows, perhaps, but himself. He has generally been credited with nothing but imperious self-will and inordinate ambition. But just now he is being sneered at, by some of the sapient correspondents, as one whose brain is filled and muddled with vain dreams of something not unlike Christian Socialism. The two characters are about as incompatible as any that can be conceived. It is certainly difficult, as well as uncharitable, to believe that the impulse, or the deep design—call it which we please—which has led to the calling together of the Labour Convention now sitting in Berlin, is wholly selfish and unworthy. Is it not possible that the Emperor's nature may be, after all, just and generous at bottom, and that his eyes have been to some extent opened by the opportunities for knowledge and the sense of responsibility which have come to him in the course of eighteen months of intense bodily and mental activity? There can be no doubt that one of the causes of the hardness of heart and judicial blindness of monarchs, especially those who have a large measure of absolute power, is their ignorance of the real condition and the real feelings of their subjects, and of the great mass of humanity at large. If not absolutely shut up in a darkened cage, like the Czar of Russia, the only glimpses of the outside world they are suffered to get usually come to them through media which colour, refract, or distort every object. Emperor William, has, no doubt, more actively and persistently striven to make himself acquainted with the outside world, as it is, than any other monarch of modern times. Suppose, then, that his narrow and selfish ambitions are gradually giving place to broader and nobler ones; that not only is he sincerely in earnest in seeking to ameliorate the condition of the toiling masses, but that he even is beginning to cherish in reality the noble aspiration of which he is sneeringly accused, that he dreams of bringing about European disarmament, and permanent peace, even at the cost, if necessary, of erecting Alsace and Lorraine into neutral territories, who shall say that all such ideas are utterly vain, or that he must fail through lack of diplomatic skill? Such a dream would, of course, be enough to

drive a Bismarck to despair. But it is an inspiring one, nevertheless. Is it not just possible that the young Emperor is capable of honestly cherishing it? No one knows. But where all are alike in the dark, why may we not be optimistic just for once? Though the Labour Conference may not accomplish much for the working classes, it may pave the way for other Conferences in regard to subjects coming more immediately within the scope of Imperial legislation. If the Emperor of Germany really has the will to bring about peace through disarmament, who can say that he may not find the way?

THE New York Court of Appeal having unanimously affirmed the judgment of the lower courts, in declaring the Electrical Execution Act constitutional, and affirming the legality and correctness of the trial of the accused, it is probable that the long pending sentence against the convict Kemmler will at last be executed. Should the experiment, for as such it must, we suppose, be in some sense regarded, prove successful in establishing the simplicity and instantaneousness of this mode of execution, it will, no doubt, be speedily adopted elsewhere. Assuming the necessity of the death penalty for the protection of society, it is time some mode less revolting, less spectacular, and less liable to bungling were substituted for hanging. If the causes of the general revulsion against the latter method of inflicting the death penalty were closely inquired into it would probably be found to lie deeper than any mere feeling of pity for the supposed sufferings of the victim. Does not the demand for a change grow rather out of the feeling that there is something brutalizing to minds of a certain class in the very conception of a human being thus suspended between earth and heaven. It is a singular fact, but it seems to be pretty well established as a law in penology, that the effect of punishment as a deterrent from crime diminishes instead of increasing in proportion to its frequency and brutality. We suppose it would be hardly possible to find now a man of intelligence and respectability who doubts that the old system of public execution was demoralizing and degrading, and that the present system by which the death penalty is inflicted within prison walls and in the presence of none but official witnesses, is directly in the interests of public morality. Is it not, then, about time that another step were taken in the same direction, by excluding the public (all exceptions needful to secure the ends of justice being made) from criminal trials, especially from the precincts of the police courts? Judging from the descriptions of the frequenters of these courts, and the manner in which many of them seem to gloat over the details of the foulest crimes, it is impossible to doubt that such scenes are, to a certain class of natures, but schools in iniquity. The foul and reckless prisoner at the bar is exalted into bad eminence as a sort of hero. Familiarity with crime and its punishment banishes horror at the one and breeds contempt for the other. The object-lesson produces an effect just the opposite from that designed and intended, and the sooner it is screened from the gaze of vulgar curiosity, the better for all concerned.

A NICE question of conflicting rights and liberties is just now before the Legislature and people of the State of New Jersey. A deliverance of the recent Roman Catholic Council at Baltimore requires that parochial schools shall be established in every diocese, and the children of the Church must attend them. The action taken by the Catholic Bishops of New Jersey, in order to carry out this mandate of the Plenary Council, has led to the introduction in the Legislature of that State of a proposed amendment to the State Constitution, prohibiting any local power from compelling or preventing the attendance of children upon any particular school—the object being to prevent the Church authorities from commanding the children to attend parochial schools on pain of a denial of the sacraments. The question whether such a prohibition would be consistent with the liberty of the subject in a free State, or would trench upon the rights of conscience of Roman Catholic citizens, is being earnestly debated. There is much to be said on both sides. *Harper's Weekly* puts the argument in favour of such legislation very succinctly and forcibly as follows: "The members of the Roman Catholic Church, like other American citizens, are protected in their civil rights by the Government. One of these rights is the choice of schools for their children, and any other citizen, or combination of citizens, interfering with that right, whether they call themselves priests or churches, may be justly restrained." On the other hand, it is argued, not only by Catholic but by Protestant journals, that to put such a clause in the Constitution would be to deny

the right of the Catholic Church to administer its own government, as an ecclesiastical organization, in its own way; and so to set at naught the great principle of religious liberty. Now, it seems clear to us that the right of any voluntary society, religious or otherwise, to prescribe the terms on which membership may be granted and retained, and to enforce its rules by such penalties as it may choose, is indisputable, so long as membership in the society is purely voluntary, and its objects and acts not treasonable. The whole question resolves itself into this. Is there anything either in the mode of conferring membership, or in the nature of the penalties prescribed by the Catholic Church, which removes it from the category of voluntary societies, and justifies exceptional treatment? In the last analysis this question brings us to the point at which the nature of the penalty of denial of the sacraments, or excommunication as pronounced by the Catholic hierarchy, must be taken into the account. This, in fact, decides the question. Expulsion from other societies or churches involves simply the loss of certain privileges peculiar to members of that body. Excommunication, as taught by the Catholic Church, and believed by its devout adherents, carries with it not only temporal but eternal penalties of the most terrible kind. Hence the threat of excommunication becomes a mode of spiritual intimidation, vastly more fearful than the threat of bodily death. But no Government would permit a society to hold a threat of death *in terrorem* over its members for any purpose, most assuredly not to deter them from using public institutions which the State had established for their especial behoof. To put the question in a nutshell for Canadian readers, Is there any difference in principle between the proposed New Jersey enactment and that by which Canada forbids the Catholic clergy to use the same weapon of spiritual intimidation in order to control the votes of these members at elections?

BANKING LEGISLATION.

THE speech of the Hon. Minister of Finance, introducing the measure for the renewal of the Bank charters, foreshadows a Bill in substantial accord with the views expressed in these columns several weeks ago. The general principles upon which legislation is to proceed meet with approval from all quarters, except one. The Bank of Montreal is not satisfied; and Sir Donald Smith has given authentic expression to their views from his place in the House, already made known through other channels. The notice of amendment or addition to the Bill given by Mr. White, of Cardwell, is understood to be on their behalf.

This great institution, of which all Canadians ought to be proud, has occupied a traditional attitude of superiority to all other Banks, and however becoming this may have been in the past days, it is somewhat out of place now. Certainly, its recognition by other institutions would have been in better taste than the intrusion of claims to pre-eminence by themselves, at a time when a common danger threatened the craft as a whole.

Public sentiment demanded, and justly, immunity from immediate, as well as from ultimate, loss upon the circulation, in the event of a Bank failure; it also required that notes should be rendered interchangeable at par throughout the wide Dominion.

The Bank of Montreal declined to take part in the discussion with the other Bankers as to how these reasonable requirements could be met, with least injury to the Banks, the directors urging their position as Government Bankers as the ostensible reason for declining.

A scheme having been devised, which meets the case, without the assistance of the premier Bank, it is much to be regretted that it should have adopted a narrow view, open to the construction that it should be asked to make neither concession nor sacrifice for the common weal, but that such legislative enactments as may be found needful should recognize the financial attitude and power of the strong Bank, its humbler and weaker brethren being compelled to suffer in proportion to the difficulties they might encounter in doing what, with the aid of Government patronage and Government deposits, it was easy for the strong Bank to do.

An appeal is therefore made for the adoption of the United States system, under which the circulation is obtained by a deposit of U. S. bonds with the Government, or at least Sir Donald Smith contends a move in this direction should be made by compelling the Banks to hold Government bonds against one-third of their average circulation.

The Privy Council has evidently agreed with the opinion of the other Bankers, that the development of our own system, with such improvements as may periodically seem

desirable, is preferable to the adoption of the United States system, in the practical working of which many serious defects are conceded by its most enthusiastic admirers and advocates in that country.

We are apparently therefore in the way of having a circulating medium, of which it may be said that it is national, because of its being universally accepted everywhere, convertible, because of the reserves held against it, much more certain to be ample than when left to the necessities or caprice of a government, with the element of perfect elasticity, adapting itself automatically to the changing necessities of commerce, without any withdrawal of capital from the industries of the country. Its safety and stability are further assured by its being made a first charge upon all the assets of the Banks, including the double liability of the shareholders. In the course of the debate a notable admission was made by the Hon. Edward Blake, who approved generally of additional restrictions proposed to be placed upon the starting of new Bank industries, having in mind, no doubt, the history of the Central Bank, and possibly some others, which had not justified the opinion he formerly held that in the interest of smaller communities every facility should be afforded the establishment of local institutions. The system of Branch Banks which has grown up amongst us is calculated to effect this object much more satisfactorily than the multiplying of concerns weak in credit and inefficient in administration.

It is not at all probable that the proposal of Mr. White, "that any bank which deposits with the Finance Minister Dominion bonds to the amount of its maximum circulation shall thereupon be relieved from its obligation to contribute to the guarantee fund, and shall be entitled to print upon the face of its notes the words 'secured by the Deposit of Bonds with the Government of Canada,'" will be seriously entertained by the Finance Minister. This would involve a double standard of excellence in the currency of the country, or rather a triple standard if the legal tenders are included, and the certificate proposed would have to be extended to include—not the maximum circulation—but the entire circulation of the Bank, every bill emitted from its coffers, or printed by its authority, and liable to be issued. It is, indeed, doubtful in this view of it if the proposed amendment will be persisted in.

THE TRADE RELATIONS OF CANADA IN CONNECTION WITH RECIPROCITY.

IN entering upon any consideration of the trade relations of Canada in connection with the question of reciprocity with the United States, it is necessary first of all to inquire what our trade policy has been in the past, and if the conditions of the country have changed materially within recent years.

Prior to Confederation Canada consisted of two Provinces, contiguous to each other, and whose productions were practically the same. Their trade policy was known as revenue tariff, or, as Sir A. T. Galt styled it, incidental protection, the required revenue being raised by an inland revenue tax and an import duty on foreign manufactured goods of from five to seventeen and a half per cent.; raw material, like pig iron and coal, being allowed to come in free. In the Maritime Provinces the import duties before Confederation were not higher than ten per cent. There existed, however, from 1855 to 1866 a treaty which was negotiated between all the British Provinces then existing on this continent and the United States, which provided for the free interchange of all natural products such as fish, grain, cattle, lumber, etc.; and this treaty has been spoken of by all Canadian statesmen and publicists as having been of general benefit to the country. The United States Government for various reasons terminated the treaty in 1866, and this country reverted to its former policy.

In 1867 the aspect of affairs was changed by Confederation, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick becoming an integral part of Canada, and afterwards Prince Edward Island, Manitoba and British Columbia being all joined to the old Provinces of Canada proper and consolidated under one rule, becoming a country of enormous extent and vast possibilities. Development was sought by opening railway communication, first to the eastern seaboard and afterwards to the west, so that now the two oceans are united by the great Canadian railway. The trade policy of the country remained the same after Confederation, and the people lived under prosperous conditions from 1867 until 1875; but from the latter date until 1880 Canada, in common with the United States and other countries, suffered from a deep and continued depression of trade. In 1879 the policy of the country was changed from incidental to actual protection by increasing the tariff; and this still prevails, the tariff having been changed from time to time to make it still more protective in character.

At the present time considerable discussion is going on in Canada and the United States as to whether it would be an advantage to both countries, and how it would affect

their interests, to adopt a treaty with each other, including not only all natural products, as in the old treaty, but manufactured goods as well; and before offering an opinion, it would be desirable to analyse our circumstances, discuss present trade relations with other countries, and determine how our different productions would be affected, in short, enquire into the sum of our national life. That, to be done exhaustively, would require a volume larger than our trade and navigation returns, and could hardly come within the scope of a short paper; but it is necessary to look at some of the more salient points.

Canada, as a Dominion, holds a unique position, and cannot truly be compared with any other nation. With a small population, covering a very large area, and some of the Provinces separated from each other by hundreds of miles of sterile country, the necessities and interests of the Provinces differing from each other, and all having on their southern boundary a rich and progressive nation, with twelve times their population, geographically nearer to the different Provinces than they are to each other, we must look at the interests of the Provinces forming the Dominion in detail. Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island are nearer the New England States than they are to Quebec and Ontario, with easier and cheaper means of communication. Their chief productions, fish, oats, potatoes, lumber, coal and iron ore would all find their best market in New England; where these provinces in return could obtain their flour, corn meal and manufactured goods, together with such imports as tea, to better advantage than from either Ontario or Quebec. There would be an easy, natural and profitable exchange. Nova Scotia has coal and iron; Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island have none. They are all on the same coast line, and sooner or later must come to an understanding with each other.

In Ontario and Quebec the case is somewhat similar, the items only are changed. Cattle, wheat, flour, cheese, butter, etc., may be exchanged when convenient between the two countries, for both find their ultimate market for these things in Great Britain. It would benefit Ontario and Quebec, however, to have free entry into the United States for their lumber, barley, horses, sheep, fowl and minerals. As the United States buy those productions now, although a duty is charged by the United States at the port of entry, an equivalent could be offered by Ontario and Quebec by admitting free of duty pork and meats, corn, coal and any manufactured goods that might be agreed on. In the western part of Ontario there is a rocky stretch of country about one thousand miles long, very sparsely inhabited, which almost isolates, for trade purposes, Ontario from Manitoba, while immediately to the south of the latter Province and the North-West Territories lies a country with the same general features, soil and climate. Manitoba is pre-eminently an agricultural country, whose interests are to get as high a price as possible for their different crops, a cheap means of communication with outside markets, and to purchase all implements, tools and general manufactured goods at as low a price as possible. They need an alternative route and an alternative market. The distance is so great from the seaboard that it is a necessity of their position to have liberty of contract to buy and sell wherever they can to the best advantage. If at liberty to do so they would naturally sell their wheat to the Minneapolis millers and take back implements and other goods in exchange, paying less for them than under present circumstances. One notable example exists in the North-West of how an interchange of trade benefits both parties. Manitoba has abundance of fish in its large lakes and has very little fruit. To the south of them they have no fish and plenty of fruit. Why not make the exchange?

Passing over the Rocky Mountains we come to the Province of British Columbia, a most interesting part of the Dominion, whose products consist chiefly of timber, fish, coal and minerals. The timber is exported largely to Australia, South America and other countries. Under free trade a large additional market would be found in the United States. Fish, or their product in canned goods, could be sold largely in the United States. Coal, which is not used in the country and for coaling steamers, is sold wholly in the United States, British Columbia having almost the only available coal fields in the Northern Pacific coast. It is not an agricultural country and requires to buy a part of its food. Reciprocal trade relations would, therefore, seem to be in the interest of both countries, British Columbia sending coal, timber, fish and minerals to the United States; and receiving in return flour, grain and feed from Oregon and Washington, and general goods from San Francisco. The one country seems to be a complement of the other.

Having now considered some of the conditions obtaining in the different Provinces, and their relations with those parts of the United States lying nearest to them, the simple statement looks like a strong argument for free trade between the two countries. While the Dominion of Canada is a disjointed number of Provinces, of difficult access to each other, everyone of them has easy access to some part of the United States—indeed, in some sections, the territories of the two interlap each other, and the most direct routes of travel are across both countries—it would be a mutual benefit if all trammels and restrictions were thrown off and the railroads worked as if they belonged to the people.

At this stage of the inquiry it would be well to ask where and with whom Canadians transact the most of their business, and we find, by consulting the national returns, that it is pretty much confined to two countries, Great

Britain and the United States. Transactions with other countries are small. We do send some fish and lumber to the West Indies, and get back sugar and other tropical productions; but the total amounts form a very small part of the general trade. Now, although Canada forms part of the British Empire she is quite independent in her trade policy; and I would now speak of her trade relations apart from any obligation, moral or otherwise, that may rest on her as part of the Empire. Great Britain is the heaviest buyer of cereals in the world, also of cattle and their products, cheese and butter, and buys her food indiscriminately from the United States, Canada or any country in the world. Her ports are free and open to all, so that if any international trade took place between Canada and the United States in those commodities which both export to Britain it would only be for the mutual accommodation of each other. In some cases and at some points United States productions would take the place of Canadian and vice versa, saving extra handling and freightage.

In round figures Canada sells and buys about equal amounts from Great Britain and the United States:

1886.	
Total trade of the Dominion on the basis of goods intended for consumption and exported.....	\$184,854,008
Aggregate trade with Great Britain.....	82,143,828
United States.....	81,436,808
<i>Exports.</i>	
To Great Britain.....	41,542,629
“ United States.....	36,578,769
<i>Imports.</i>	
Great Britain.....	40,601,199
United States.....	44,858,039
France.....	1,975,218
Germany.....	2,155,123
West Indies.....	3,144,472
South America.....	1,100,995
China and Japan.....	2,432,585
Total exports.....	85,251,314
“ imports, entered for consumption.....	99,601,694

But there is a marked difference in the treatment received. One invites us to send what we have to spare to her free ports, while the other meets us with vexatious import duties. The attitude of one is that of invitation, the other says stand off. Were we to adopt a reciprocity treaty with the customers who now tell us to stand off, it would be an intimation to the others that while willing to take advantage of their liberality and send our surplus to their markets, we were not willing to accept of their wares in return, but preferred buying from their rival. It is an old axiom of trade that it cannot travel in one direction only. The United States, for instance, sends very few of her manufactures to South America, simply because she will not take South American productions in exchange. And so, Canada, by adopting a reciprocity treaty with the United States, would be obliged by force of circumstances to do nearly all her business with the United States, a condition of things which would hardly be favourable to Canadian aspirations.

England is desirous of sending us her manufactures in exchange for our exports; the United States wishes to send us her manufactures without taking any of our produce in return; while Canada by adopting a protective tariff has intimated her desire to manufacture her own goods as far as possible.

It is therefore around this question of manufacture that the discussion really turns. While England offers us a free market the United States will presumably only open the market for our exports on condition that we receive her manufactures to the exclusion of the English. In the event of our accepting this trade alliance we must consider what effect it would have on our own manufacturers and producers of exportable commodities.

Lumbermen, farmers and fishermen, with all those connected with their traffic, would certainly secure some advantage by having the United States market open to them, but the effect it would have on our manufacturers is a different problem. They would secure a much larger market for their goods no doubt, but in turn would be subject to the competition of United States manufacturers. This on the face of it would seem fair, and the only manufacturers to whom any damage could come would be those who by combination or otherwise enjoyed an undue advantage, or where the business was specialized by reason of the larger market in the United States which admits of a manufacturer confining himself to one article. Take for example agricultural implements; a maker in the United States might make ploughs only, while in Canada by reason of the limited market, the maker would require to spread his energies and make many implements; specializing and so cheapening the manufacture of anything is in the interest of the general public. Reciprocity can only come by treaty for a limited time or by concurrent legislation, so that there would always be the liability of a derangement occurring and breaking up the treaty, while a change of policy might be considered advisable by either party. The mere fact of this possibility would be a damage to Canada. Capitalists are exceedingly careful in making large investments in any locality where a change of policy might make their investment worthless. Suppose Canada could offer inducement to large manufacturers to build here, by cheap sites, cheap power, or cheap labour; the factory being built to produce goods with the continent for a market, and liable to have the market cut off, the investment would not be made; if the choice lay between building in the United States with sixty million customers assured and a probable sixty-five, or in Canada with sixty-five in the meantime with a risk of being reduced to five, it would require a very serious difference in the condition

to induce the investor to build in Canada and such serious difference does not exist. The tendency would be for all large factories and specialized businesses to gravitate to the United States, building up American towns and cities, and further depleting Canada of population. This phase of the matter then narrows itself down to whether the advantages of the markets of the United States for the article enumerated, the production of the different provinces would compensate for the probable loss to our manufacturers and for the strained relations it would without doubt create with our other customer, who has always been anxious to trade with us without any restriction. The conclusion I arrive at is that it would be advantageous to Canada to have reciprocity with the United States only on the condition that whatever articles we admitted free from the United States should be admitted free also from all other countries; this would avoid all semblance of partiality and would keep in our dealings with other people what is known as “the most favoured nation clause” in treaties intact. The United States and Canada being both protective countries, could only arrange a reciprocity treaty by including all natural products of both countries and such manufactured goods only as we import from the United States and they import from us—what may be styled American goods, articles of manufacture that this continent has special facilities for making, or that the genius of the people has invented, or made their own; for instance, harvesters, which both the United States and Canada export largely to Europe, a Canadian firm having taken prizes at Paris last year over all competitors; axes, sewing machines, stoves, organs, woodenware, furniture, hoes, forks, railway cars, carriages and many other articles—in a word, continental goods, in a special sense of the word. All productions of the farm, mine, forest and ocean, and such manufactured articles as could be naturally agreed upon would be put on the free list by Canada, and it would be a matter of no consequence whether the United States put them on their free list for other nations or not, provided it was done for us, while on woollens, cottons, silks, iron, steel, and all unenumerated articles the tariff of each country might remain as it is at present, or it would be quite optional with either country to change it, as they might from time to time determine. The working out of such a reciprocity treaty as here indicated would give to both countries all the advantages of a Commercial Union with none of its drawbacks; and it would enable those sections of the two countries which interlock each other to live together practically as one people, exchanging their commodities and saving freight. It would further have this good quality that it would not disarrange the business of either party to it with any other nation, and neither could the policy be spoken of by any other nation as unfriendly to them. It would appeal to free traders by giving them a large instalment of their favorite panacea and to protectionists because it would conserve to the continent all they have claimed, viz., protection against the cheap labour of Europe on those goods where protection was needed, and excite only a friendly competition between the two countries. A treaty of this kind would offend no sentiments of loyalty in Canada, it would give an immense impetus to all our truly natural occupations by widening our market, and it would offer to the American citizen an extended market for his wares and half a continent to push his enterprise. It would settle all fishing disputes in the east and all sealing difficulties in the west. It would stimulate the shipping business of the great lakes by enabling vessels to charter indiscriminately from the ports of one country to the other; and what is of great consequence, it is quite within the domain of practical politics. We have only to extend the present policy of the country a little further in the same direction and embrace certain manufactured goods. Chapter 15 of the Dominion Statutes, 1879, clause 6, provides that “any or all of the following goods, that is to say” and then goes on to enumerate animals and their products, grain, flour, hay, trees, shrubs, seeds, coal, lumber, etc., nearly all of which may be called natural products. What Canada may fairly do to show her good will and desire for closer trade relations with the United States is to include in her list a number of manufactured articles and also offer to open her ports free to the carrying trade; if this were done it would not only give evidence of her *bona fides*, but it would change the views of many United States manufacturers who are at present looking for a more extended market for their wares, and change them from the position of opponents of reciprocity to that of friends.

This simple extension of the list is in accordance with the views of both political parties in Canada, and there should be no difficulty in making it operative.

J. B.

THE “tercentenary of the invention of the compound microscope” will be celebrated by a Universal Exhibition of Botany and Microscopy, to be held at Antwerp during the present year, under the auspices of M. Ch. D. Bosschere (president), M. Gh. Van Geert (secretary), and Dr. Van Heurck (vice-president). It is proposed to organize a historical exhibition of microscopes, and an exhibition of the instruments of all makers, and of accessory apparatus and photomicrography. At the conference the following subjects will be discussed and illustrated:—The history of the microscope and photomicrography; the microscopical structure of plants; the microscopical structure of man and of animals; microbes; the adulteration of food-substances, etc. Communications are to be addressed to M. Ch. de Bosschere, Lierre, Belgium.—*Nature*.

OPEN THE BAY!

The navigation of Hudson's Straits is impracticable.
Enlightened Hudson's Bay Co. Trader from Ungava.
 The Hudson's Bay route is a chimera.
Patriotic Toronto Newspaper.

OPEN the Bay, which o'er the northland broods,
 Dumb, yet in labour with a mighty fate!
 Open the Bay! Humanity intrudes,
 And gropes, prophetic, round its solitudes,
 In eager thought, and will no longer wait!

Open the Bay which Cabot first espied,
 In days when tiny bark and pinnace bore
 Stout pilots and brave captains true and tried—
 Those dauntless souls who battled, far and wide,
 With wind and wave, in the great days of yore.

Open the Bay which Hudson—doubly crowned
 By fame—to science and to history gave.
 This was his limit, this his utmost bound—
 Here, all unwittingly, he sailed and found,
 At once, a path of empire and a grave!

Open the Bay! What cared that seaman grim
 For towering iceberg or the crashing floe?
 He sped at noonday or at midnight dim—
 A man!—and, hence, there was a way for him,
 And where he went a thousand ships can go.

Open the Bay! the myriad prairies call;
 Let homesteads rise and comforts multiply;
 Give to the world the shortest route of all—
 Let justice triumph though the heavens should fall!
 This is the voice of reason—manhood's cry.

Open the Bay! Who are they that say "No"?
 Who locks the portals? Nature? She resigned
 Her icy reign, her stubborn frost and snow,
 Her sovereign sway and sceptre, long ago,
 To sturdy manhood and the master, Mind!

Not these the foe! Not Nature, who is fair
 When earnest hearts an earnest end pursue;
 But man's old selfishness and greed of gain;
 These ancient breeders of earth's sin and pain—
 These are the thieves who steal the nation's due!

Such are the heirs of traders Gillam led—
 Such were they in the past, with souls obtuse
 When duty called—who, recreant and dead
 To England's honour, hung the craven head,
 And struck the British flag to La Perouse.

And such are they who, in their Eastern place,
 Say, "It is folly and the purpose vain!"
 The carrier and the shallow hucksters' race—
 Theirs are the hands, not Nature's, which efface
 And seal the public good for private gain.

Open the Bay! Let earth's poor people in!
 What though the selfish interests lie and flout—
 Open the Islet! Let them growl and grin,
 And Power still hobnob with them in their sin—
 Humanity, their master, is about!

It looks abroad, and with purged vision sees
 Man's wily nature bared, not overcast.
 It comes to scatter to the winds his pleas,
 His privilege and bland accessories,
 And with strong arm right the wronged land at last!
Prince Albert, N.-W.T. C. MAIR.

THE EVOLUTION OF SOCIALISM.

RECENTLY the movements of the Labour Conference at Berlin have been watched with a curious mixture of feeling by Socialists of varying divergence of opinion. The eight points of discussion to which the conference is confining its programme suggest the outcome of many years of conflicting thought on social questions. They recall the earlier ideas of enthusiastic thinkers and writers, as well as of those stronger minds whose keen depth of insight can hardly be described by the word enthusiasm.

The writings of Kingsley, or more recently the lectures on the Industrial Revolution in England, delivered to workingmen by the late Arnold Toynbee, show that the chief power which moves these men to write is that of strong human feeling, and to many of their readers this power is more effective in causing at least some action to be taken whereby evident wrongs may be remedied, than it would have been had they spoken with less warmth. And now to-day in our reviews and magazines we are confronted with articles bearing either directly or indirectly on those deep problems of our century centred in questions relating to labour. Among the numerous papers of this character in the March magazines is one in *Good Words*, by Prof. Flint, on "Socialism," being the first of a series dealing with this subject. The substance of these papers was given in the form of lectures at Edinburgh chiefly addressed to working men. Prof. Flint's style of treating his subject will illustrate the manner in which the thinker who has become more of a spectator surveys through calm unperturbed spectacles the position to which Socialism has now arrived. To the vehement temperament of many of our modern Socialists, these papers, we imagine, will hardly give very great satisfaction, and it is possible that they may give offence. The professor seems conscious of this, for he candidly informs his audience that he is speaking to them from the non-socialistic standpoint. The quiet,

thoughtful method which Prof. Flint adopts in dealing with a subject suggesting to the modern idea the reverse of quiet contemplations, makes us feel that the ideas he seems to hold are of very little use to-day. The armchair philosopher has small chance of being listened to by the men who are feeling so keenly the wrongs of their fellow-men, the men who are almost ready to sacrifice their lives for the principles that guide them. Professor Flint asserts that he is desirous of spreading what he considers are "the good and true elements of Socialism," but is still firmly convinced that the presence of "bad and false elements of Socialism" will prevent him from joining heartily with the Socialists. It is to be admitted that the unusual spirit of fairness which characterizes this article is worthy of the highest respect of all sections of Socialists, but as someone has recently remarked, in questions of this kind, at the present moment, "easy toleration is very much out of fashion." Such an article as Professor Flint's may have the effect of making those who are already apathetic on social questions more callous and indifferent than before. One of the best ways of getting rid of the bad and false elements of Socialism, it would appear to us, is to detect at once what are the good elements, the foremost elements of truth of which enthusiastic Socialists are possessed, and endeavour to test by practical working what they are convinced are the crucial necessities for immediate reform.

Will Professor Flint's arguments, or rather contemplative remarks, satisfy the English dock labourer, who has recently found out that in combination lies his strength? Do the miners of Lancashire and Yorkshire, who have recently succeeded in paralyzing so much industry, feel that their demands can be met by lengthy discussion and learned talk? It would seem not. One of the foremost scientists of our age, Prof. Huxley, finds his elaborate article on "Natural Rights and Political Rights" attacked by a pastry cook—a man whose soul is sometimes carried away from the material occupation of manufacturing jam tarts and sausage rolls, and who is ready to take up his pen on behalf of the workingman, and make himself heard in the March number of the *Nineteenth Century*. When Professor Huxley finds fault with Henry George's theory of the natural rights of man, this workingman asserts that "millions of thoughtful workingmen see a great deal in that doctrine, and it gives them great hopes for the future, and hope is one of the most effective safety valves or lightning conductors that society possesses at the present day." We are inclined to question the truth of the statement that there are millions of thoughtful workingmen who think thus; unfortunately, through no fault of their own, the generality of workingmen to-day are not as thoughtful as they might become if they had had the opportunities of education and the means of procuring it for their children. They have shown themselves capable of being led, but unless they have a leader—a man with firm convictions that the opinions he advocates are for the good of his followers—they are at sea, and become helpless as children, or brutally savage. Then the outcome is a wild display of anger, and chaotic results ensue.

But in looking at the second part of the workingman's sentence which we have quoted, there can be no doubt that he has repeated a great truth when he says that hope is one of the most effective safety valves or lightning conductors which society possesses at the present day, and it is very evident by the events of the past few weeks, that Socialists, and the toiling mass of suffering humanity have reasons for looking into the future with hopeful eyes.

Prof. Flint would tell us that all great changes in society are the slow process of evolution, and that therefore strong revolutionary measures are fatal in their results. He asserts that "all history is a process of incessant change, and so a continuous protest against the conservatism which would seek to perpetuate any present. But it is, also, not a series of revolutions but a process of evolution in which revolution is rare and exceptional."

The ideas of modern Socialists have become so vividly impressed on the public mind, the voices of their leaders, although differing in details, are on many vital points at once unanimous. The Fabian Society have recently published a volume of essays, in which they give to the world their expressions of collective opinion. Every day some new book dealing with the social problems of the age presents itself, and between the mass of thought and feeling put down in black and white, and the practical action of the toiling masses in using combination as their weapon, how can we prevent the outbreak of revolution? Men are moved to action by strong human sympathy, and underlying all the analytical criticisms of the thoughtful looker-on must be the deep moral feeling which impels a desire to exterminate injustice. To merely deal with questions which must naturally produce warmth of feeling in a cold, critical spirit, will not evoke much effort. The conference at Berlin may discuss, and it may talk very seriously of what are evidently questions of the deepest and most serious import, but unless their task results in wise action put into immediate test, it is likely that Prof. Flint's dreaded "revolution" will become a blessing rather than a curse.
 C. F. NEWCOMBE.

THE London *Lancet* reports these recent foot-ball casualties: In a game "played under Rugby rules, and conducted in a friendly manner," at Cheetham Hill, a soldier was injured in the spine, and died three weeks later. In an Association match at Birmingham, a young man slipped and another player fell upon him. The injuries thus received left the first-mentioned player in a paralyzed condition, and he now lies in the Birmingham General Hospital.

PARIS LETTER.

CLAIRVAUX is the chief of the twenty-five Central Prisons in France. It is the healthiest, best organized, and—best guarded. It occupies, as is well known, not the site, but the sites, of several abbeys, belonging to the Order of Benedictine monks. Of the first abbey, founded by St. Bernard, when twenty-five years of age, only the wine cellar remains, which forms the present refectory for the female prisoners. Clairvaux is on the line of railway from Paris to Mulhouse—one hundred and thirty-five miles. Prisoner Duc d'Orleans made the journey a few days ago in seven hours. It took St. Bernard two days and one night, in the twelfth century, to accomplish the same distance.

Within the vast penitentiary are lodged 1,400 male and 450 female prisoners, sentenced for all crimes, and for varying periods, from one year's imprisonment and upward. No juvenile offenders are there incarcerated, nor convict mothers with their children of tender age. There are four classes of *détenus*—those for above one year; those from five to ten years, deprived of all their civil rights, and condemned to hard labour; those above sixty years of age; and, lastly, women transported for life.

Like the Benedictines, the prison inmates have to observe a rigorous silence; they are not allowed tobacco, nor wine, nor any fermented drink; no fires are provided to warm the building; except on Sunday, the diet is vegetarian, and, like the ancient monks also, the costume is grey, only of a different shape. The prison is guarded by three companies of infantry, of one hundred men each: every week one of the companies is changed. There are ten vast pavilions, separated by extensive gardens. Each wing corresponds to a class of punishment, and a work-shop. The resident official staff consists of one director, salary 6,000frs.; two inspectors, 4,000frs.; chaplains for Catholics, Protestants, and Jews; two teachers; forty-three gaolers, 800 to 1,700frs. salary; sixteen nuns; an architect, a doctor, master weavers, gardeners, millers, etc., besides many minor employés: to assist the latter, is a reward held out to well-conducted convicts. All told, Clairvaux penitentiary represents a population of three thousand souls.

The establishment is self-supporting: it supplies not only its own wants, but the output of its twenty-two industries represents sales to the value of 563,000frs. annually. Weaving, spinning, carding wool and silk, tailoring, shoemaking, brush-ware, smith-work, etc., are the principal trades. The making of blue and black velvets is a specialty. Many hands are employed in gardening and agricultural work. The home minister regulates the tariff of trade sales, after consulting with the Chamber of Commerce. Prices are never below those of private industry; hence, no competition: an allowance of one-fifth is accorded to contractors' purchases, as a compensation for imperfect work or damaged materials.

The prisoners receive two meals daily; the first, white bread and soup; the second, mixed flour-bread and vegetables: on Sundays, five ounces of meat. The average cost of a prisoner is nineteen sous per day to the State. Against this is the write-off of the prisoner's earnings, about one-half being retained by the Government, the remainder belongs to the *détenu*; three-fifths of it is placed to his credit, and paid over to him on the expiration of his sentence, the remaining fifths the prisoner, if conduct be good, is allowed to draw, to purchase creature comforts in the prison canteen—save tobacco and drink. Smiths can earn thirty-two sous daily in making domestic articles in iron work; this is the highest wage gained, the lowest is for picking tow—five sous; brushmakers earn twenty-two sous, and basket and staymakers, twenty. The average wage for the whole twenty-two trades, per working day, is eighteen sous.

The average expenditure at the canteen per prisoner per day is less than three sous, and no prisoner must expend more than eight. The articles purchased are chiefly bread, milk, coffee, chocolate, and meat. The women can purchase certain articles of underclothing. On an average a male prisoner sends annually seven francs of his savings to help his family; a woman, twelve francs—she must pinch herself more. Evasions are next to unknown; the grounds are surrounded by walls sixty feet high, and an evader runs the risk of being instantly shot down by the sentinel. The average infraction of the prison rules is about one delinquent per day; the misconduct and punishment are read out in presence of the assembled prisoners. The punishment is diet on dry bread, or the cell. While the men do not violate the rule of enforced silence to one per cent., in the case of women the violation is as high as sixty-six per cent.

Of one hundred prisoners who entered the prison totally illiterate, thirty-six per cent. left in the same condition, while nineteen per cent. were taught to read, twenty-two to read and write, and nineteen per cent. knew the three *R's*. The average number of admissions daily to the infirmary is two; the average number of days in the hospital, four. Of one hundred admissions, seven simulated sickness: the chief maladies are indigestion and bronchitis. Of the deaths, fifty per cent. are from lung and larynx diseases. The death-rate is 2.72 per cent. When a *détenu* dies, the chaplain to whose creed the deceased belonged must perform the full funeral service; one of the inspectors is bound to be present, and to accompany the remains, with a selected number of prisoners, to the grave. No suicides ever occur at Clairvaux. The average number of prisoners pardoned yearly is forty-three, and one hundred and fifteen have their sentences reduced, on the recommendation of the prison authorities, or supplications from their families.

The life of the Benedictines of Clairvaux did not differ from that of other "monks of the West." They were artisans and agriculturists: they had to pray hard and to work hard. In its day, Clairvaux had as many as 900 monks, representatives of royal, as well as of plebeian families. In 1789, the number of monks was only 27, and the revenue of the monastery was 554,000 frs. Of the four anniversaries kept at Clairvaux, one was in honour of Richard Coeur de Lion. England was also remembered in the person of her king Henry II., who, for having given the necessary funds to cover the nave of one of the churches with lead, was presented with a finger of St. Bernard, as a relic.

Until the political atmosphere becomes calmer, the Duc d'Orleans need not count upon a free pardon. In the meantime his dynastic friends would do well to observe silence, and his fiancée and her mother, to continue to visit him daily, as they are to reside close to the prison, and so win involuntary public sympathy.

In making up her mind to go the Berlin Labour Conference, France has decided wisely. Opinion has made up its mind, too, that the proceedings of the Conference cannot be other than academic; and so long as the collectivist is not likely to replace the individualist basis of social organization, property has no reason to become alarmed. In labour legislation, Germany is far behind England, and not a little behind France. Now these two powers may be able to inoculate the idea-minds of Germany with the labour reforms they have long ago effected. To give a needful help to Emperor William in this respect, and to encourage his desire for the betterment of the wage-earning classes in Fatherland, are ends worthy of England and France.

M. Edouard Drumont has brought out his third and concluding volume, "La France Juive." No trumpets will be blown in Zion in its honour. It is a cry of war to the knife against the Israelites—not the old clo' brigade—but against the sections that possess millions, the "Rothschild clique." Nothing is denounced concerning Gentile money bags, though it is difficult to see the like wealth an abomination in the case of Jew, and a natural circumstance in the case of Christian. Neither one nor other gives the example of throwing their cash-boxes to the dogs. Those only who are not millionaires, condemn those who are. M. Drumont is about forty-six years of age, and the most perfect type of pure Semiticism; many who occupy the highest seats in the synagogues have a less Hebrew look. Apart from his mania against only the wealthy Israelites, he is a very powerful pamphleteer. But after all, he proposes no plan to prevent the Jews from making more money than the Christians; nor does he show that the latter are debarred from money making by any privileges accorded to the seed of Abraham.

M. Drumont is sincere in his Peter the Hermitism: he has had to defend his accusations at the sword's point, and has been nearly killed in a duel. He sees the Jew everywhere, as others profess to see the Jesuit, the Prussian spy, or the red spectre of anarchism. For M. Drumont the exhibition of 1889 was not the centennial of 1789, but the apotheosis of Semiticism. He attacks General Boulanger's father as being a life-long swindler, which explains that characteristic being the appanage of his son. So long as it was understood that Boulanger would, if made Dictator, order the massacre of the Jews, and the seizure of their savings for the "have-nots," M. Drumont patronized the "brav' gen'ral," but the latter had to disavow any contemplated rupture of the decalogue for the benefit of the Gentiles, hence the excommunication now pronounced against his "awful dad."

M. Jules Simon has adopted an idea which is likely to be imitated by other public men. Instead of founding a newspaper for himself, he has arranged with the *Temps* Journal to afford him half a column, in which he will daily ventilate his experienced opinions on passing events, totally independent of the journal. Hitherto he was a collaborator of a journal, which had a leading article once a week, from a representative of the seven political parties in the country—Communists included. To have the seven opinions daily must be the ideal of the French newspapers of the future.

Aix-les-Bains, where Queen Victoria is erecting a spring palace, is a thermal station farmed by the State. The annual expenses of the establishment—doctor's salaries included—amount to 105,000frs. The patients' fees are 228,571frs., and the total profit to the state 125,571frs.

Dr. Olavide of Madrid, in his brochure on leprosy, states that there are six to eight cases of leprosy permanently in the San Juan de Dios hospital of that capital; that never has the disease been communicated to any patients in the vicinity of the afflicted. He has treated five hundred cases of leprosy, where often a husband or a wife only were the sufferers, and never did they catch the malady from one another. He traced the contagion invariably to persons who had resided in Cuba, the Philippine and the Canary Islands: hence the *bacillus* or germ of leprosy, must have been contracted either in the food or the soil of these countries. Z.

In a recent pamphlet on petroleum-fields, Mr. Charles Marvin states that the oil-fields of Canada cover upward of a hundred thousand square miles. There are also extensive oil-fields, comparatively undeveloped, in South Africa, New Zealand, South Australia and Burmah. As the South African oil-fields underlie the diamond and gold mining districts, it would seem to be assured of a speedy development, fuel costing nearly a hundred dollars a ton there.

THE MURDER MICROBE.

THE rapidly increasing frequency of crimes against the person and life—more especially of the crime of murder—among what we are accustomed to call the "better classes," has been, of late, rather startling, and cannot but suggest some grave considerations. In those unsophisticated years, in which humanity was, to our youthful minds, roughly divided into two classes of "good people" and "bad people," we can all remember how the word "murdered," at once called up the image of some abnormal looking villain, after the pattern of the two typical "ruffians" who carried off the "babes in the wood" to die and be buried by the tender-hearted robins. This "villain" was brigand-like and ferocious in aspect—possibly with a masked or blackened visage—one of the branded wild beasts of humanity who could be recognized as such at a glance. Of course there was also the class of deep-designing and often polished and courtly villains, who stabbed in the dark, or dealt out death secretly with poison or stiletto. But these were chiefly historical personages who lived in what were called "very wicked times" and "dark ages." A murderer was, in any case, a creature standing by himself.

But now—under the prevalence of what we are beginning to regard, with all allowance for the more vivid impressions of the present, a sort of "epidemic" of murder—all this is changed. The "murderer" is no longer a conventional villain, a type by himself. The man who, at some unexpected moment, may cut short the thread of your life, may be quietly walking beside you, on terms of easy comradeship, chatting on the most indifferent subjects, without any grudge or cause of ill-will that you know of. An apparently agreeable and amiable woman, a professed friend, may be buying poison in order to put you quietly out of the way. An ostensibly harmless and inoffensive youth may break into your house, masked, in the dead of night, and try to rob and shoot you, while another who seems equally harmless, if a trifle eccentric, may be dispatching by mail, packages as deadly as any poisoned missive of fable or history. As there seems positively no limit to this sort of thing, the outlook is sufficiently alarming and calls for serious consideration, the more so since the motive, in so many cases, seems almost absurdly disproportionate to the atrocity of the crime. How is it that such heinous crimes should be on the increase in an age which seems especially favoured as to intellectual, social, moral and religious light; and that the taking of human life, the crime of crimes against society, seems to be generally accompanied by a reckless callousness worthy of the most savage barbarism?

When a physical epidemic sweeps over the world physicists eagerly study its origin and promoting causes, so that, if possible, these may be met by counteracting causes. May we not, in like manner, ascertain some of the promoting causes of this moral epidemic with a view to at least checking its fatal effects? The murder "microbe" to begin with, we may, without much error, set down as selfishness, combined with the determination to gratify it at all hazards, whether in the direction of acquisitiveness, self-indulgence, or passion, and without any regard to the welfare of others. This microbe takes different forms of development. In mild types it comes out in cheating, knavery, slander, assault, or crops out in a "combine," for the purpose of amassing riches at the expense of the privations of others. Or it assumes the more flagrantly malignant form of crimes against the person and life, becoming, in the end, the absolute triumph of a blind, brutal egoism over the altruism which has been slowly cooling through ages of immoral growth, and which is indispensable to the life of a community peaceful and prosperous.

And it is apparent to every candid and thoughtful observer that this malignant "nidus," to borrow a scientific phrase, is the shallow materialistic philosophy which runs through so much of the popular thinking and writing of our day,—the philosophy which refuses to take account of man's higher nature, but considers him simply as a bit of highly developed protoplasm, developed, in this view, only to act a brief role on the stage of life, and then to vanish as utterly as the shadow of a dream. This view is certainly not conducive to the nobler virtues,—to self-control, self-restraint, self-sacrifice for others. Why, indeed, on the supposition that man's moral sense is only a cumulative sense of expediency, and that he is under no responsibility for the future consequences of his actions, why should he sacrifice his own clearly seen good, as he regards it, to the much less clearly perceived good of another, when he does not see any expediency in so doing? Why, also, should he sacrifice his own individual sense of expediency to the collective sense of the race, which presses much less hardly on him? Is it not the natural result of this wretched and perverted view of man's position and destiny, that those at least in whom inherited and traditional high principles are not strongly predominant, should grow more unscrupulous in their selfishness, as well as more utterly regardless of what we have been accustomed to consider the sacredness of life, more utterly brutal, in short, in sweeping out of the way everything that opposes the gratification of their own selfish ends?

One of the fathers of the theory of evolution, Alfred Russel Wallace, has thus expressed the effect of the shallow materialistic theory referred to, on minds like his own. He has spoken of it as "the crushing mental burden imposed upon those who, maintaining that we, in common with the rest of nature, are but products of the blind eternal forces of the universe, and believing, also, that the time

must come when the sun will lose his heat, and all life on the earth cease, have to contemplate a not very far distant future, in which all the glorious earth, which, for untold millions of years has been slowly developing forms of life and beauty, to culminate at last in man, shall be as if it had never existed; who are compelled to suppose that all the slow growth of our race struggling towards a higher life—all the agony of martyrs, all the groans of victims, all the evil and misery and undeserved suffering of the ages, all the struggles for freedom, all the efforts towards justice, all the aspirations for virtue and the well-being of humanity, shall absolutely vanish, and 'like the baseless fabric of a vision leave not a wrack behind.' . . . " As contrasted with this hopeless and deadening belief, we, who accept the existence of a spiritual world, can look upon the universe as a grand consistent whole, adapted in all its parts to the development of spiritual beings, capable of indefinite life and perfect ability. Beings thus trained and strengthened by their surroundings, and possessing latent faculties capable of such noble developments, are surely destined for a higher and more permanent existence, and we may confidently believe, with our greatest living poet,—

That life is not as idle ore.

But the worst symptom of the results of this "gospel of despair" is, that to many it is not felt as a "crushing mental burden" at all! On the contrary, they seem very well pleased to accept it with its corollary, "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die!" And if the rights or lives of others seem to interpose any obstacles to the fulfilment of this simple plan, there is small scruple, in many cases, about disposing of these. It is the natural result of that great looseness of moral responsibility caused by the utilitarian school of philosophy of which Mr. Herbert Spencer is the leader, and which has so many jaunty and light-hearted popular exponents to sow it broadcast, in novels and magazines, among the thoughtless and unprincipled, with whom it surely works its deadly way.

Having such a favourable "nidus," may we not further say that the "murder microbe" finds most favourable and multiplying influences in the wide and detailed publicity now given to every particular of every crime, as well as to the most trivial items of the criminal's appearance and conduct. We all know that there is in human nature a strongly sympathetic or imitative principle which tends to make impulses for good or evil contagious. There is always, moreover, a large number of the unstable, only half reasonable natures out of which criminals are easily made, on whom the vivid recital of a crime will often act as a stimulus and temptation to "go and do likewise." We know how the proverbial "dime novel" and "penny dreadful" act in frequently producing juvenile crime. How, then, must these unstable, immoral minds be affected by having their attention rivetted for weeks on the sayings and doings and crimes, real and suspected, of such a morbid outgrowth of perverted humanity as the callous and heartless, but none the less unhappy young man now awaiting trial in Woodstock? It is not well to pronounce any one guilty till he has been fairly tried; but, surely, in the light of all that is known about him, it is painfully significant that letters of "sympathy"—even, it is said, from *ladies*—have already reached that prisoner? It might also be considered significant that, since the public attention has been focussed on this tragic murder, and on the wretched man who seems to figure as a sort of newspaper hero—his lightest sayings and doings chronicled for public edification—there have been some half dozen murderous assaults in Toronto and elsewhere. In case of a physical epidemic this coincidence would not be overlooked. Why, in a matter so grave, should we overlook the moral coincidence? In the interests of society, of life and property, it is certainly worth considering.

The remedy it is not so easy to discover. So long as a morbid taste demands morbid details, so long, it is to be feared, will newspapers supply them. The White Cross Society might take the matter up and see if it might not be possible to bring about a newspaper *combine*, which should restrict the publication of details about criminals to the barest outline. Lynch law is bad enough, but, at least, its rude demand for justice betokens a healthier morality, than does the morbid *sympathy* which would make a hero of the criminal, and which in turn breeds an excess of crime. Years ago, Mr. Goldwin Smith predicted a *mauvais quart d'heure* for society as the result of certain teachings and tendencies. Has it not already begun? And what can we do to check its progress?

FIDELIS.

ARSENIC AND SULPHUR.*

WE are all too well aware of the direful results on amalgamation caused by the presence in the ore operated on of arsenic and more especially sulphur, as their capacities for neutralizing the mercury, and thus rendering it useless to hold the gold or silver that pass over it, are very great. These troublesome elements are got rid of at the present time by roasting, but this causes expense, and metallurgists even hint at a loss of the precious metals by this treatment. I differ with them, inasmuch as to say, that if there is any loss, which there may be, that the same is so minute that we are not sensitive of it, so that practically there is none.

* "Arsenic and Sulphur as Metallurgical Agents in the Treatment of Canadian Auriferous and Argentiferous Ores." Read before the Geological and Mining Section of the Canadian Institute, by Mr. R. Dewar, Chemist and Metallurgist, March 13th, 1890.

The chlorination process, as it is variously applied according to the different patents granted for it, has a drawback in the treatment of these ores in its restriction to those only in which the metals are in a state of fine division, therefore in ores like some of ours in which the metals are in larger bodies it is rendered useless; but in any case the ores must first be roasted to get rid of the arsenic and sulphur, as they form troublesome salts with the chlorine. Now, it is quite apparent that if part of the treatment could be dispensed with, it would be the means of increasing the returns in a great many mines at present in operation. Why then could we not dispense with the chlorination and do the work with the roasting alone. It may seem impossible at first, as the roasting is merely a preliminary to the chlorination, which is the principal.

There is a law of metallurgy which has been greatly neglected, and I may say has not been paid the attention or given the research due to it. That law expressed is that when a metal is alloyed with one or more of the other metals, that the resultant alloy has a lower melting point than the mean of the several melting points of the constituents taken together. Let us take an example, for instance, an alloy of one part lead, one part tin and two of bismuth. The melting point of lead is 325°C ., tin 227.8°C ., bismuth 259°C ., their sum is 811, their mean 270°C . This will melt at 100°C ., which is just 170°C . below the mean. Is this not sufficient proof for this law? Let us take another example, that of an alloy of lead and platinum. Platinum does not melt even in the highest temperature obtainable in a blast furnace, but only in the flame of the oxyhydrogen blowpipe. Now the calorific intensity of oxygen burned in hydrogen = $3,154^{\circ}\text{C}$. Now if we take for granted that the heat absorbed by the nitrogen of the air is equal to the extra heat generated by the blast caused by the forcing of the gases through the nozzle, which consequently causes a more rapid combustion, hence a higher temperature, these figures represent the blowpipe-flame's temperature, hence the melting point of platinum. Those calculations of mine are not mathematically correct to the fraction of a degree or so, but are quite accurate for our purpose. Now the melting point of lead added to that of platinum = $3,476$; therefore the mean = $1,739^{\circ}\text{C}$. I have melted such an alloy at $1,000^{\circ}\text{C}$., that is 739°C . below the mean. Is this not a good example? This law is confined to no special one but holds good for all alloy.

Why, then, if this is a general law of alloys, is it not applicable in the case of arsenic, sulphur, silver, and gold? You will object, as arsenic and sulphur are not metals proper. That is quite true of the sulphur, but not so of the arsenic; but still that would not incapacitate them to form alloys with the metals. They may either be as a salt, such as a sulphide, or arsenide, or be in molecular proportion, to form chemical compounds, or in excess or deficient, for such and only form mechanical mixtures, or one contained in solution in another, or in an allotropic state; but still they are alloys, and in proof of this we have only to look at shot lead, which is an alloy of arsenic and lead. Copper also alloys with arsenic forming a greyish, brittle metal; and does not galena have the resemblance and properties of an alloy.

In consideration of this I hold that arsenic, sulphur, silver, or gold do alloy, and that therefore the temperature at which they melt is lowered in virtue of their being alloyed with the sulphur and arsenic.

In accordance with this, we will now consider the following data:

As. melts at 220°C .	We will say, although it oxidizes at that temperature, therefore its melting point must be lower.
S. " " 115°C .	
Au. " " 1102°C .	

Their sum is 1,437, their mean 479°C .; therefore this would seem to indicate the melting point of this alloy. This corresponds to a temperature below incipient red, as it is, according to Pouillet, 525°C .; dull red being 700°C . I do not mean to insinuate that gold alloyed with arsenic and sulphur will be reduced to such a ridiculously low melting point, but I do mean to say that it is lowered considerably, as I have melted them at about an incipient cherry red, corresponding to a temperature of about 800°C ., and perhaps a few degrees lower, so that I can vouch for it as being correct. If the melting point of silver be added—namely, $1,023^{\circ}$ —the sum will = $2,460$, the mean 615°C . I may say I have melted them at such a temperature, and below it.

Many of our ores carry sufficient S. and As. for this law to be taken advantage of in their treatment; but before we can see in what way it would be advantageous to us we must consider another law. That law is, namely, the spheroidal form given to small portions of metals, or alloys, under three different modes.

This is a law which none of the works as yet published on Metallurgy have mentioned, and I don't think that any of our profession have paid any attention to it, and that some are even ignorant of its existence. We shall consider the modes under which this form is given:

1st. When metals in a thin body or sheet, such as gold leaf, are exposed to certain temperatures the sheet breaks up and forms into globules. This may be proven by taking any gilded work—say, for instance, on wood—and place it on the lid of a furnace or common stove. When the wood begins to char the gold will be seen to form into globules. This is caused directly by the heat.

2nd. When certain metals are alloyed with others they cause a shrinkage concentrated to a certain spot, which acts as a nucleus around which another portion of the alloy forms a globule when cast upon a cold surface, into

water, or when pressed from under or through a crust of part of the alloy solidified. This is caused, first, by one of the constituents cooling quicker than the rest; second, when one of the constituents has a greater shrinkage power than the others.

We can, again, take shot lead into account. As I have said, it is an alloy of arsenic and lead: arsenic is by nature a great shrinker or contractor, and thus it is used to give the rotund form to the lead, as it causes it to contract when it touches any solid body, and form a ball. We may further prove this law by taking an alloy that is known to shrink, melt and cast into an open mould; let the top solidify, strike it two or three gentle taps with a hammer or die having a broad striking surface, when the metal will be seen to force its way up through the crust and form globules on the surface.

The third mode really belongs to the former two, but we will consider it as an independent one. It is the action of the atmospheric pressure in the promotion of a spherical form in molten metal, when in small quantities. It is the best known law of Hydrostatics that a fluid will flow until it finds its level; but pour water on any highly heated surface, and instead of flowing until it finds its level, and keeping in a body, it will break up into little globules, and either roll about or stand still until the atmosphere in its vicinity is cooled sufficiently, when it evaporates in steam.

The same may be said of the metals with a little modification, the surface will do as well if it is cold, and not so well if it is at too high a temperature, unless there be a good supply of cold air playing on the surface; but it all depends on the melting point of the metal and the rapidity with which it cools. On studying this, I have come to the conclusion that the heat radiated from the metal or alloy heats the air in its vicinity, that by the law of gravitation the heated air having expanded, and thus having a lower density than the cold air, ascends to make room for the same, that the rapidity with which it ascends partly breaks the equilibrium of the atmospheric pressure, that the pressure being less on the upper surface it is inclined to rise and thus partly kept from spreading or finding its level, that it is aided in this by a lateral pressure, if I may so express it, which is not disturbed by the ascension of the heated air. That this is true may be seen by a great many metals when cooled suddenly by artificial means, or not formed into the globules until on the point of solidifying; they will be seen to have their tops (the globules) very much flattened; this shows at once that it is the exertion of the atmospheric pressure, as if they had been hot or not cooled so suddenly their tops would not have been flattened.

Why then could not these laws be applied in the metallurgical treatment of our gold and silver ores? The sulphur and arsenic would assist to lower the temperature at which they melt, by alloying with them and any portion that did not combine with them would act as a flux. I need not extol the virtue of such a flux, it would collect any fine gold and bring it in conjunction with more forming a globule, while at the same time the sulphur would act as fuel and produce heat, the arsenic according to its nature would cause any body of metal it happened to be in to shrink and form a globule, thus all the fine and leaf gold would be collected into bodies large enough to be easily worked, and this could be done by roasting; but not roasting as it is practised at the present day as arsenic and sulphur are considered a disadvantage, and it is to get rid of them that it is practised. Allow me to quote a passage from Overman the late American metallurgist, as it will show us the object of roasting as it exists; he says, "Roasting means to heat a metallic ore or matte to at least a red heat or such a heat that the mineral does not melt but only the volatile or combustible substances are expelled, and as much oxygen becomes combined at the same time with the ore as it possibly can absorb." But we are aware of the weak affinity of the precious metals for oxygen, they are therefore reduced direct to the metals. In accordance with this he says further on that; "sulphuret of silver is easily liberated from its sulphur, and forms metal; the same is true of gold." Roasting was resorted to but very little in the treatment of ores of the precious metals until lately, and even where it is used the benefit that might accrue from it is lost by restraining the temperature from rising above a certain point, for fear of sintering and thus causing extra expense in the working of it.

Well, to go into details of how I intend to roast these ores. They must either be roasted in piles or kilns; I prefer the pile, as a larger portion of ore can be operated on at once and easier manipulated than if in kilns, and also very little outlay in preparing the bed to receive the same; but it all depends on the metallurgist who is considering the question, as one man can see an advantage where another could not. I shall go no further into details than to say that the pile will be merely the ordinary one with special attention paid to its draught canals which shall be two feet apart. We shall commence by building up the foundation from eighteen inches to two feet in height of hardwood, the height it is to be built depending on the amount of sulphur contained in the ore, the more sulphur the less fuel, and *vice versa* for the other extreme. The top should be easily reached so that the fines that form the covering can be easily manipulated. When the pile is all ready for lighting, we shall light it at one end only and not all round as is usually done, as the fire will spread soon enough for our purpose. When the end is well lighted, let it have the benefit of a full draught by opening four draught canals (two on each side) and clearing the fines of the top for four feet, when the ore having this great draught will sinter; when it has pretty

well sintered, turn three or four jets or streams of water on it, this will cause it to crack and crumble, then let men with long iron hooks pull the crumbling parts away so that the water may the better get at the other parts, and keep continually clearing away as it is possible to do so; when within one foot of that part of the pile, whose draught canals are not open, stop putting on water, open two on each side, pull fines of top as before, let sinter, put on water, and pull and clear away as ready, repeating this until the pile is finished.

The ore which has been done in the meantime is carried off to the mill and fed to the stamps; there may be sluices having hardwood riffles leading from the mill to settling tanks, or it may be stamped dry, and the work of cleansing left to the buddles, but the wet way is to be recommended as it will save a great deal of work in the buddles. The battery may be cleaned out every hour or a less period of time according to the amount of ore that has accumulated in it, and carried to the round buddles to be selected. All the gold and silver will be left in the battery, except perhaps those fine shots which may be ejected by the stroke of the stamps, and which will be intercepted by the hardwood riffles; as for the tailings, they will be found to contain practically nothing.

Naturally, you will have come to the conclusion that the arsenic and sulphur, which were alloyed with the gold and silver, will still remain with them, and be troublesome impurities, which can only be got rid of by refining, thus causing a further outlay of time and capital. This will depend principally on the temperature to which the ore has been exposed. If the temperature is only risen to that point at which the gold and silver melt, they certainly will contain these elements as an alloy, but if, on the other hand, they are risen to that temperature which is attainable in any roast pile, the gold and silver will be found free of even traces of these elements. In proof of this I shall make mention of an experiment by which I demonstrated it.

I took ore known to contain both arsenic and sulphur and divided it into two portions, which we shall call A and B. I rose A in temperature until the gold was seen to form on the surface in globules and no higher. B I rose in temperature until it sintered. I afterwards made analysis of several of the globules from each portion in A. I found both arsenic and sulphur, and in further proof of my statement that arsenic and gold alloy, I found it (the arsenic) in the metallic state. I do believe that this could not have been confirmed more conclusively than by the finding of the metallic arsenic present. In the several globules from B I found neither arsenic nor sulphur, thus showing that the high temperature to which the ore had been exposed had oxidized them.

The oxidization is accomplished as follows:—The extreme heat of the roast pile, when sintering, sets the sulphur and arsenic on fire, producing arsenical and sulphur fumes; that the arsenical fumes combine with the oxygen of the air forming arsenious acid, As_2O_3 of the old nomenclature, or arsenious anhydride of the new, As_2O_3 , and with the sulphur as sulphur dioxide, or sulphurous anhydride S_2O_2 , and also combine together to form the sulphides. The orange realgar As_2S_3 , and the yellow orpiment As_2S_3 , I found the former predominated. Also when the water is thrown on the ore it helps greatly the oxidization of these elements, and clears away almost all traces of them.

Now allow me to draw your attention to the advantages to be derived from this process. In the first place you must all be aware that the matrix of an ore, it matters not whether it be quartz, calc spar or any other mineral, when heated to redness and either suddenly immersed in water or water thrown over it, will be rendered quite brittle, and fall to pieces with the least concussion or blow, and even with some the disintegration is so great that they will break up during their immersion or while the water is thrown over them.

Now, this would be a source of great and general economy, the stamping expenses would be reduced; for instead of each stamp doing one ton per diem they would do five tons; five days' work would be done in one, consequently saving five days' tear and wear of plant, also five days' steam and fuel, besides five days' wages to the workmen and other items of which I shall make no mention, unless to say that the returns would be quicker, thus making it a point of great importance.

I am of the opinion that many men of our profession are ignorant of the cause of the loss of a portion, if not all of the gold and silver in an ore, by assay, when treated by the amalgamation process, and which they call free gold, and which appears so to the eye, but in reality is covered with a thin film of sulphur which renders it impervious to the mercury to form an amalgam. It seems strange this has never been discovered before, but my father and I have proved it to be true, and were intending to publish a paper on it, but were anticipated by Mr. Skey, analytical chemist for the New Zealand Geological Survey, who published a paper on this subject under the title of "The absorption of sulphur by gold and its effects in retarding amalgamation." Now, this sulphur can be got rid of by roasting at the proper temperature, and as to expenditure have I not shown the advantage in less labour and mechanical power being required in the further treatment of these ores?

Another cause of great loss is the carrying away by water of the float gold. The cause of its floating is that although it has the highest specific gravity or density of all the metals except platinum, iridium and osmium, which are 21.50, 21.15 and 21.4 respectively, gold being 19.50

and thus almost twenty times heavier than water, it has such a great surface in comparison to its weight that the water resists its sinking, and also the hydrodynamical force of the water in carrying it away, even was it inclined to sink, keeps it in suspension and prevents it from doing so; thus it is carried over the amalgamated raffle-plates and lost. Now had the ore containing this fine gold been treated according to the process I have described, the fine and leaf gold would have been converted into globules, and even were the globules only the size of a pin point they are bound to sink, as their surfaces are not to be compared with their density and the water cannot resist them, they will all either remain in the battery or on the raffles as they are too heavy to be carried away hydrodynamically.

Then there is the great loss of mercury by neutralization by the arsenic and sulphur, which I before mentioned, and also those ores the matrix of which consists of calcium carbonate cause enormous loss of mercury as it is absorbed by the mercury and causes it to be spongy and light, and to be carried away by the water more easily than even the fine gold itself. Now the amalgamation process can be dispensed with in this treatment thus avoiding the above-named loss.

As regards the presence of lead or any other of the baser metals in the ore to be treated, the lead would alloy and assist to collect the gold or silver; as to zinc, antimony or others they would be completely oxidized.

In conclusion, I would lay special stress on the point that all ores should be selected, and not as is at present done, all rushed through as they come and by the same process, but arranged systematically and treated accordingly.

Another thing for us to consider is that we must, in all research having for its object the solution of scientific problems, try to harmonize with Nature in all her laws. The laws of Nature I call them, as they are as much the production of our Creator as we ourselves or the laws that govern us are, and He would not have put the objects of His creation under disadvantages merely for the promotion of their mental cultivation. Although that may be one of the objects, there are others as we may see by the subject under discussion. The reducing to a state of fine division of the gold and silver by erosion and chemical solution in the indefinite geological ages that are past was taken into consideration by Him who rules all, and the result was the distribution and combining of sulphur and arsenic with them in order for the better working of them by an animal who was to have high mental powers and consequently a knowledge of their value, and who was created during the last of these ages which still exists. We must, therefore, go by these laws and not by those which are the creation of our own mental abilities, which are erroneous, and lead us an extended course in their application, which would be reduced by the proper application of those laws which were originally formed for us.

"TRE FILA D'ORO."

(From the French of Leconte de Lisle.)

Down by the sea, like swallow in her flight,
Fain would I fly, nay more, seek distant lands,—
A pretty wish indeed! for, cruel one,
My heart she's circled with three golden bands.

Her glance the first, the second is her smile,
The third her lips. And yet those glimmering strands
I love too well, 'tis martyrdom indeed,
She holds my heart with those three golden bands.

Ah, could I loose my chain I'd take my flight,
Farewell entreaties, torments, tears, demands,—
But no! 'twere better of Love's misery
To die, than break you, my three golden bands.

B. M. J.

LOOKING BACK.

HONG KONG is a confusion of money-making, dull warfare, native insolence and British repression. In the palatial shops and banks whose magnificence strikes one all the more magnificently after the bird-cages of Japan, the coin chinks a music to the step of the Parsee Merchant princes. In the street where Her Majesty's soldiers go swinging along on a wicker chair slung between two coolies, the coolies not unfrequently get a whack for their extortions. But Her Majesty's representatives with their deep knowledge of government leave all official infliction of authority to a company of Indians, tall, fiercely handsome, superb men, who form the police, and stand—mutely watchful, a hated fear.

China town—China town in China!—is a collection of tea-houses open to the street, and Joss-houses with curling roofs and a sickly perfume of Joss-sticks filtering down from them, shops where they sell all sorts of evil-looking 'good'; shops where they sell the vulgar Chinese art; and every now and again there comes the clang of the tam-tam, and flapping of dirty, ragged silk; it is the passage of a swell Chinaman, or a religious procession. Down from the main street to the sea there are dark, deep allies flecked with colour, the colour of Chinese wardrobes a-drying. Up from the main street towards the "Peak," the mountain that rises abruptly behind Hong Kong, the multitudinous sign-boards sparkle in the sunlight like a flight of monster butterflies.

In the day-time, when the British have need of them, the natives may move about where they please, but at

night they must not come out of their China-town. Far be it from us to criticise English rule in the East, only in spite of everything, or rather in view of everything, one cannot help thinking that for nations as well as for individuals, it is for each to work out his own salvation.

When it grows very hot in Hong Kong, (and it grows hot with a heat altogether peculiar to the place—wet, heavy, sickening)—those who are rich creep up to the houses they have built for themselves on the slopes of the "Peak." I once had an idea from a photograph that these houses were mausoleums. They look like mausoleums dotted here and there, only exceedingly handsome ones. You get up to the summit of the "Peak" by a little railroad. It is a disagreeably perilous little railroad which it requires all your faith in British work to venture on. The first thing that greets you when you arrive is—the British flag; and the second thing is the Chinese view, very vast, very stiff, very *bizarre*, just like an enormous enlargement of the tea-pot landscapes. Nothing is really natural except the bit of foreign town below, and the ships. The sea on the one hand, and the lakes among the mountains on the other, are coloured glass stuck over the scooped-out earth. The mountains are shaven and painted with Chinese green. Everything is cut out, carved, arranged, as if it were the work of a Chinese artist trying to imitate Nature. But Nature asserts herself in the clouds and the mists; they roll and they breathe, they soften and make rugged, till we half forget the Chinese artist when the sun silvers them, and they float about the mountains in their fantastic march towards the horizon.

After you have seen the "Peak," and a military review, and—a cricket match, oh, yes! and the magnificent botanical gardens, almost as inevitable a consequence of British rule as the latter, you have seen Hong Kong.

We had seen Hong Kong, and we got on board a P. and O. ship called the "Sutlej," another name for one of the nice consequences of British rule, and there we found our friend the "Compleat Angler," lost since the "Duke of Westminster," and Mr. Henry Norman. Then we sailed away over quiet seas, and under great quiet skies, and every day we seemed to be sailing further and further into the heart of the sun. Our dear old friend "The Compleat Angler" had bought six wonderful suits of white flannel, and one ephemeral costume of the lightest silk. "Guess it's all money wasted," he remarked. "They've lied so about the East, I shouldn't be a bit surprised if I had to wear a buffalo-robe when I got to Calcutta." In this particular instance, however, he discovered the guide-books and "travels" approached the truth, although he still insisted they had fibbed—on the other side. "No," he gasped, on one of his meteoric appearances between a bath and a bath, eyeing the burning horizon, and looking under his monster green-lined topee, and in his garment of pongee, very like something hot and fluffy, and unhappy under a mushroom. "No, they *may* have said it was warm, but they never said it was *this*," and he disappeared.

For our part, Garth and I revelled in this impression. Nature doesn't often give such full and absolute sanction to laziness, and laziness isn't often made as seductive as on a P. and O. steamer. When we weren't disporting ourselves in a marble bath, we were toying with delicious iced things in the "Sutlej's" saloon, or dreaming Eastern dreams in the sleepy afternoon stillness or burning incense to the solemn stars.

One morning we came on deck and found ourselves moored to a place just like the pictures on the Sunday school prize cards. There was the same colouring in such clothes as were worn, the same stiff palm-tree, and the people had a sort of Biblical physiognomy. This was Singapore, a town whose only claim to fame rests in the fact that in point of heat it rivals Hades. Half of Singapore is British, the other half is Chinese, and what is left is Malay. The British part has a very big post office of course, and other big imposing buildings, but it looks, nevertheless, like a suburb of some English city, which likeness is strengthened by its abnormally wide streets, and its private houses that stand off away from each other, with as distinct an aspect of cool reserve as the climate will permit. The Chinese part resembles all Chinese parts, only the Chinaman has doffed a good many of the garments in which we are accustomed to see him, and goes about smooth and yellow, and altogether unlovely. He still aggravates us with his air of tacit superiority, an air which is as marked in the coolie as in the capitalist.

The only nice thing about Singapore is that you can get mangastines there. It is a part of the eternal incomprehensible incongruity of things that the mangastine should be better in Singapore than anywhere else. The fruit seems to have dropped from the skies; it seems too fine even for the delicate Malay, let alone the carnivorous British tooth, and the hideous blackened one of the Mongol. It is about the size of a peach, and has a skin like a pomegranate, but the exquisite, pale, juicy meat that clings round the stones inside is like nothing else anywhere. To eat mangastines is as if you dreamed you were eating—you have the Epicurean's pleasure with none of his satiety.

Again the "Sutlej" moved away into the mystery of Southern Seas.

Time in the East has no rigid divisions into night and day as we understand them in the West. It is a passing from a darkened room into a light one, and back again into a darkened one. People sleep at noon-tide and watch far through the night. We had watched five times before the Southern Cross, flaming softly in its setting of stars like a cross set among altar lights, when the ship stopped at another new, strange shore.

The wharf was ablaze with the colour of piled-up fruit, and the confusion of natives was a very seductive confusion. I tried hard to be still true to the Japanese ideal acquired with so much care, but the Parsees of Hong Kong had given it a rude shake. The fine-featured Malay of Singapore did nothing to rekindle my enthusiasm for it, and now, surrounded by the boatmen of Penang, the almond-eyed one, despite all my efforts, was snatched away by two dragons from the shelf where I had placed him, and transposed forever upon a Satsuma jar.

We had only time in Penang to imperil our future happiness by a too hasty taste of native life in the shape of green nuts; carry on an animated discussion with eight natives, that is to say everyone who did anything for us; and take a two-mile drive along a palm-lined road to see some famous waterfalls. When we got there, however, we discovered—the "Compleat Angler" in the middle of the way, hotter, fluffier, unhappier than ever, encompassed by a group of dark faces filled with mock dismay, and letting forth a superb torrent of Anglo-Saxon expletives. It was the only torrent we were likely to hear. "Oh, you needn't get down," said the "Compleat Angler," "you needn't get down, the waterworks are not playing to-day. I didn't expect the water-works *would* be playing to-day. If I had thought, I might have known there weren't any water-works at all. It's the one hundred and fourth pure lie about the East. I'm keeping a record of them." Then he turned again to the dark faces, and we turned away.

Passing through Penang and Singapore you pass through merely two gate-ways to India, two outer ones; the grand entrance is Ceylon.

Outside the grand entrance we waited in the darkness; waited for the dawn to give us a key. But the strange perfumes that filtered through the night, and the intent stars, and wearily heaving sea told more of India than the light.

LOUIS LLOYD.

THE RAMBLER.

INCREASED complaints as to matrimonial differences reach us continually. Divorce is only too often agitated for. Despite the gradual amelioration of most things in our modern world the connubial relation gets steadily worse instead of better. Where shall we look for the causes? I know of one at least, and am persuaded that the Higher Education is partly to blame for the indifference to the marriage responsibilities on the part of the woman, and perfunctoriness on the part of the man.

A great deal of rubbish is talked and written as to the improvement of the condition of woman. One plea has ever been that so shall she be lifted up to the brain stature of the man. And all the time the man does not care about its consummation at all, but in fact disapproves of it. Why? Because just as you educate and improve the mental status of an individual of either sex, you make this individual critical. You evolve the critical faculty, and once awake and alive, the individual would be a fool who did not make use of it. And when the individual is a woman the matter stands thus. We will say that the husband, the average man, is a busy man. Life means desk or office work of some kind from nine till six. A city man knows what it is to be buffeted and worried and discouraged and canvassed and victimized in a hundred trying ways. He does not ask what his wife does with herself all day, but he does ask (perhaps fairly) that when he stays at home he has a right to expect to be honoured and nourished and waited upon, flattered and caressed. And I assert that the ordinary women, nice neat housekeepers, careful managers, homely kind women, do this sort of thing best. They can really forget themselves. Now the Higher Education does not make for self-forgetting, unless indeed, it be in the form of abstraction in a favourite author, or worse still in the practice of some instrument. The only education that makes us forget ourselves is that of Christ's teaching, and when women combine the two, then indeed happy results may be expected to flow, but I wish to be understood as referring simply to literary education and its influence on domestic life.

When the man is a professional man, the case may easily be worse. His wife may be critically disposed towards his forensic ability, or his power in the pulpit, or his manner towards his patients. And to be *believed in*—that is the *sine qua non* of all matrimonial felicity for a man. There are, no doubt, rare masculine natures to be occasionally found who would prefer, if anything, that their short-comings and failures should be known to their partners in order that they might benefit thereby. But as a rule the man whose wife believes in him, thinks him the ablest lawyer, the most skilful surgeon, the most earnest preacher, the most gifted statesman or accountant or auctioneer or editor or broker or politician or bank director or highway robber or policeman—that man is the happiest, the sunniest, the most good-tempered, contented man in town.

Then, too, there is another side to this complication. I have used the word "indifference" with regard to the women, and the word "perfunctoriness" with regard to men. As women's interests widen, men are not going to be so much to them in future as they have been in the past, this constituting another plea, let me recollect in time, in favour of the Higher Education. And when a man sees that his artistic or intellectual partner's emotion and sympathy can be roused by books, or pictures, or revivalists, or actors, or a hundred things outside himself,

he grows perfunctory as she grows indifferent. In the case of mighty brains, where genius comes into play, and the female role is that of help meet *par excellence*, all this is right, natural and works for good. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Lord Beaconsfield and his wife, Richard Wagner and the daughter of Liszt—the Cosima first of Von Bülow, now the Madame Wagner of Baireuth—these names come of themselves to the mind, but they are the glittering exceptions.

Of course, this sensitiveness on the part of men is confined to the gentler types. Yet even Bill Sykes, you may remember, was proud of Nancy's belief in him. If she had dared to criticise his prowess for one moment, where had she been? And as you come down into the rank and file of life, you will find that most men, gentle or not, are content to have wives who reflect themselves. They would be vaguely troubled, uneasy, suspicious, if they discerned that the women knew more than they did, that is, of general subjects, business matters and the human sciences.

One cannot but admire the mien and address of the Heir to the Crown as signally displayed at such a ceremony as the opening of the great Forth Bridge. There has always been a manliness about the Prince of Wales, which long ago, even in earlier and wilder days, (*pace* the newspapers), won the liking of all classes, but this frankness and directness has borne surprisingly excellent fruit within the last ten years. The day was a most inclement one, as "all in the wild March morning" the Prince and his suite proceeded to the scene of England's latest and, some say, greatest engineering achievement. The wind blew so strongly that the Prince with the utmost difficulty ascended that portion of the colossal bridge in which he was pleased to insert the last of eight million rivets. The guests included M. Eiffel, who was heard to confess that the bridge fairly put his noted erection of last year in the shade. The whole occasion was one of great interest, and it is to be hoped that his Royal Highness has not incurred too serious and prolonged exposure to the rough weather, his health not being any too secure at present.

One phase of the Forth Bridge is significant. Had it been projected and built in France or the United States, it would have been doubtless called after the engineer in chief, whose name would thus have gone down grandly to posterity. The *Pont Fowlair* would have furnished a pendant for the *Tour Eiffel*. As it is, the modest Briton, Mr. James Fowler, assisted by Mr. Benjamin Baker and Mr. Arroll, is made a baronet and then disappears instantly from view. Sir James Fowler—let us not forget the name of probably the greatest English engineer living.

Should the Heir apparent become King while he is yet a comparatively young man, he will be the first Englishman who has sat on the throne since Elizabeth—she being the last Englishman worthy the name. The Stuarts were not Englishmen. What virtues they may have had were not English virtues, and assuredly their vices were not English vices. William III. was not an Englishman. Neither was Anne. And it is certain none of the Georges were, while the reign of the "Sailor King" scarcely lasted long enough to entitle him to any very prominent place in history. Therefore Albert Edward should have an unusual opportunity for glory. Cromwell will stand in his light a little, perhaps, but the modern frankness and charm of the living Prince will soon obliterate visions of the dead Commoner.

The projected bridge over the St. Lawrence (bridges are in the air just now) is not meeting with great success in Ottawa, nor in Montreal either. But the most visionary scheme recently presented to Canadians has been that of the Labrador Railway. Think of it! A line of railway is depicted as extending north-east from the Sault to the western extremity of Hamilton Inlet. No doubt it may be built in the future, but if you look at that part of the map to-day you will shiver at the very thought. Even the glowing utterances of a member for Regina would fail to present this railway in anything like picturesque detail to a cold and sleepy House. As it was, I understand somebody's pleasantries about the herds of buffalo that were waiting for the appreciative Nimrods of the south to come and kill them were not received affably by the promoters of the scheme.

Of course, the "Canuck" was played to poor houses. No very important personages witnessed the impersonation. Poor McKee Rankin! I suppose, nay, I know he expected at least a little ripple of interest in the production in Toronto, Canada, of "Jean Baptiste Cadeaux, an old French-Canadian *habitant*, a character new to the stage," and he was doomed to disappointment. They are a useless, wretched lot, those *habitants*, whether on the stage or off. You could not expect a city absorbed in the study of equal rights to go and witness a play turning upon the changing fortunes of so miserable, priest-ridden, perverted, illiterate and good-for-nothing a specimen as Jean Baptiste, whatever his surname may be.

As a matter of fact, *nous autres*, who are not so stiffly constituted, went and enjoyed the little play very heartily. The character-study of Cadeaux was a good piece of work. The actor's rock ahead would be the stage Frenchman of such contemporaneous stars as Felix Morris and others.

But here he showed that he had studied and watched the Franco-Canadian at home, and managed to retail shades of accent, feeling and expression which stamped the character as genuine. I will go further and say that in the emotional parts, McKee Rankin scored a distinct and remarkable success, for his emotion was under control, natural and never mawkish. The construction of the piece may be faulty, and it resembles in many points the "Old Homestead," but it presents several pretty domestic pictures, the best and truest of which portrays the cheery, simple, generous old French-Canadian as the life and centre. As in fiction, so in the drama, the *habitant* is an important factor for the future.

AN INNOCENT PLAGIARIST.

IT was in Paris, and I, Carteret Vaughan, was a young "medico," having for companions some of the most skilful young fellows in that city of skilful men. Of these however I shall not say much. My story is of Gontran, who was perhaps as talented a fellow as ever wore a natural white wig at twenty-three years of age. He was agreeable too, and I did not have so much of his company as I wished.

It was after dissecting hours one night, that the "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin" came between us and Gontran asked me to come to his chambers for a talk before bed-time. Confidences passed. Each was in a phase of reflection over the past and dreamy forgetfulness of the present and future; home tales were told and incidents retailed which had been better, perhaps, not discussed. Perhaps it was the weather, perhaps a rarely occurring turn of mind that loosed our tongues. It was I who introduced the subject of literature. Others of our clique had been urging Gontran to take the editorial chair of the *Revue*, a small paper published by the medical students in the interest of themselves, each other, and the world at large. Gontran had as steadily refused and I asked him for the reasons he had not seemed inclined to give. A noise in the courtyard seemed to attract his attention and he went to the window. Almost immediately, however, he came back. "To you," said he, "and to no other under heaven who does not already know my pitiful tale, will I explain." Of course I at once assured him that his confidence would not be misplaced and he continued:

"It is about ten years since I commenced writing for the press. I was very young, only thirteen or fourteen years old, and at school in London, so it will not surprise you to learn that my early productions were worthless to the editors whom I deluged with my works. However, I persevered and at last happened to strike a chord in the heart of a metropolitan editor, with a neat verse, touching upon some timely topic. Encouraged by a small check he sent me I now wrote more than ever. Manuscripts still came back, but there were also acceptances here and there for some short article. Not much fame attended my efforts. My stories were printed anonymously and my poems appeared unsigned as I wished my name only to be connected with my best work, which, I hoped would be a consummation of the near future. When I could write what I considered to be the best article of my lifetime, I would sign my name to it and acquire a reputation, thought I.

"So, about five years ago, I had been a successful writer, in a more or less degree for a year and a half. I had left school and now devoted my time to studying in the great public libraries, where I also did a great deal of writing. It was in one of these libraries on the ninth of May, 1850 that the chain of circumstances began to form which gave me that repugnance to literature which forbids me to take a position even as editor of our *Revue*. I was poring over an old manuscript, faded, and worn at all sides, and wondering for what reason it had been so long saved, when I was struck by an interlineation, evidently made long after the original was written. It was in different hand-writing, also, and, as I remember, the words were these: 'Confer "Songs of Days," page 13; vol. 908., — Library.' When I had deciphered this I wondered what connection there could be between the musty sheets and the book, and finally made my way to the librarian to see if the volume could be obtained. He could not find the work for some time, but after a vigorous hunt through the shelves allotted to the less called-for books, he fished it out, a small volume bound in old leather, and yellow-paged with age. Thanking the guardian for his courtesy I went again to my seat and consulted the reference noted. It seemed to throw a little light on an abstruse phrase, and helped me in making out a portion lower down.

"The 'Songs of Days' were poems, at least they claimed to be. The book looked as if it had been published for private circulation, and it was only a half-hearted interest that moved me to give more than a rapid glance at other pages than the one which contained the reference. On one of the pages, however, I noticed a curious-looking verse and on studying it out, found it to be in a most brilliant form, with the charm of the *Ballade* and a system approaching that of the *Sestina*. The writer had not polished it, nor had he graced the vehicle with good diction, but the rhythm was fair and the poem charmed me. I was delighted with the new form and gloated over it for, perhaps, an hour; and then, picking up my portfolio, I made a neat copy. I returned the book and went back to the manuscript I had been reading, but I could think of nothing except the new form. I had, until now, prided myself upon knowing the mediæval and modern forms of

verse pretty well but I had never seen this one, nor could I remember one of more beauty and grace than this. A theme had been lingering in my mind for some days past, and this form, I thought, was a vehicle which would well carry my lines. I tried several lines. Admirable! I could not have chosen a more suitable form, and ere I left the library that afternoon I had my poem finished and ready for publication. On reaching the house of my guardian I went at once to the study and enclosed the poem to a friendly editor, asking him to publish my name with the verses, as I believed I had written what ought to prove a most popular production.

"The letter was posted and dinner was discussed, after which I tried to bury myself in a novel. All useless. I walked up and down. A telegram was brought to me telling of the sickness of an aged and wealthy aunt, and urging me to come. I had "expectations" and it would have been poor grace not to go and ease the good old lady in her last hours. So off to Mentone I packed in as little time as possible, and I may truthfully say that in the twelve days following no thought of that marvellous verse entered my mind. On my desk, when I returned from following my good aunt to the grave, I found a collection of accumulated mail matter, letters in one pile, periodicals and other publications in another.

"The first letter I opened was addressed in an unfamiliar hand, and I was astounded by its contents. I have since mislaid it; but it accused me of plagiarism, in very mild terms indeed, but, nevertheless, of plagiarism! I did not know the name signed to the communication. Was it an attempt to blackmail me? For a few seconds I wondered what the thing meant. Then I looked hurriedly through the pile of periodicals for the weekly literary sheet to which I had sent the poem. I was willing to sign. It was strange, indeed, if the poem had been printed so soon as the accuser intimated it had been. Yet, there it was, on the page devoted to original poetry; and there was also a very flattering introduction which gave me no little pleasure, and which, I felt sure, would give me a footing in the upper literary circles.

"But there was something strange about the poetry. A horrible thought fixed me for a moment to the spot, and I fairly ran to the table on which lay my portfolio. As I am a living man," said Gontran at this juncture, "I never had such an experience in my life. For, on looking through my portfolio, I found that I had accidentally posted to the editor the verses from the 'Songs of Days,' and had retained my own poem. I turned pale and crimson alternately. I know not what I thought save that I was a plagiarist, however innocently I had become such. It is enough to say that, what with the experiences of the past fortnight, and this new shock, my brain was unsettled, and for weeks I tossed in the delirium of a brain fever. Dimly I seem to remember dreaming horrible things. Of a gaunt spectre who kept repeating, 'You thief! you who steal another's rhymes;' and of great shapes that pointed scornfully at me, muttering, 'Wretched thief! plagiarist!' Even when the doctor came I mistook him several times for a wrathful editor accusing me of copying untold numbers of poems, and giving them as my own.

"Thus for a long time I dreamed, with few lucid intervals, and the middle of August had come before I was sufficiently convalescent to see any visitor or to begin to enjoy life in any way. I looked over the cards of a few friends who had called to ascertain how my health had been improving, and was scarcely surprised to see that of my accusing friend amongst them. 'If this man calls,' said I to a servant, 'be sure to invite him to wait for me as I wish to see him.' It was about a week later, a week of rapid improvement in health, and of curiosity as to what the literary cult were saying of my plagiarism, that I was handed the man's card and was told that he waited.

"A kindly-looking man, with an extremely bookish appearance, was seated in the parlour. He seemed to regard me with suspicion, but said he regretted my illness. At once I brought the conversation to the real subject of his visit. 'Is the literary world talking about the—the—plagiarism?' I asked. 'No!' said he. 'Not a rumour has reached them of the fact that the poem is not original. Indeed, they speak very highly of the production.' 'But you will pardon me if I enquire how you know the poem to be a plagiarism?' 'Assuredly. About fifteen years ago in reading over some manuscripts at one of the city libraries I happened upon a passage which reminded me of a similar phrase in a book at my home. Eventually I gave the book to the librarian, and marked upon the old manuscript the page and name of the book as a reference. I believe the book to be the only copy extant of a very small edition, and it was in this book that what your editor calls the *marvellous production of a young genius* first appeared. The way of the plagiaristic transgressor is generally much harder than it has been or is likely to be in your case.'

"I did not wish to hear more of this, and at once showed him the verses I had suited to the unique form found in the old book, and explained my mistake. 'You do not judge me so harshly, now!' I exclaimed, and he answered, 'No! I trust you will excuse my intrusion when you consider the circumstances. My mind had alternated between exposing you publicly and merely warning you against a repetition, as I was in this case the sole guardian of the honour belonging to a dead man.' 'It will be useless to say more about repetition,' I said, 'I could not write now even under the most tempting circumstances. Since I discovered my mistake, even through my fever, and since, I have had an extreme repugnance to

all literature, and to writing I cannot explain the dislike, except perhaps by the theory of reaction in taste. The idea of plagiarism has been so completely with me, in my fever, that my hair which was before a brown colour is now perfectly white.

"My visitor presently left me, apologizing, and praising the poem I had shown him. But I never had it printed, and I have never written a line for publication since. I got scores of congratulations on the poem I had unwittingly stolen, but what good were they? Sick of it all, I came to Paris, and have made these chambers my home for several years."

Gontran yawned. Though the hour was late I could not yawn, so impressed was I at the tale. "And now, Vaughan," continued he, smiling, "perhaps you can see my reason for refusing to undertake the editorship of the *Revue*."

And then I began to feel drowsy too, for some reason, and yawned a most cavernous yawn, out of which I presently started up to see my friend waiting for me to awake! "I was of a good mind," said he, "to wake you up half-an-hour ago, but you looked so tired that I let you alone. You have had a good sleep." "Yes," said I, dreamily, "but why will you not edit the *Revue*?" "Ha-ha-ha!" laughed Gontran, "Don't tell the boys. I am already editor of the *Journal-Comique*, that is my only reason. I have liked, sometimes, to mystify the fellows as they seem so easy to fool, and think me rather mysterious already on account of my white hair." "How did you get that?" I asked, "didn't it come after your brain-fever?" "Brain-fever? Are you dreaming still? I was born with silvery hair; but come, explain what you mean by fever."

Then I told him my dream as I have written it. "Vaughan," said he, "you should write that out." Then we laughed long and heartily. HUGH COCHRANE.

Montreal, P. Q.

NO ROOM FOR THE BABY.

"There was no room . . . in the inn."

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

A TINY mite of a creature, just like a doll—so small;
A little human parcel, done up in an old grey shawl;
An' yet there ain't no room for it within the city's pale—
At least, they says to me there ain't—outside the County gaol!

There's room enough for the mother, if the baby was away;
Poor thing; she's not to say that strong, but she's willing
to work her way;
But she can't forsake the baby—that nobody seems to want,
For a baby's always a nuisance—unless to a mother or aunt.

Board it out?—well, yes, she might, but as yet she's got
nothin' to give;
An' it's hardly likely, in stranger hands, that the little
thing would live.

It wouldn't matter much?—well, no, it wouldn't, perhaps,
to you;
But a mother's a mother still, whatever she may come
through!

Yes, sir, when they're put to nurse, they mostly always
dies;
Do you think she could bear to think of that when it turns
to her and cries?
The river runs dank and cold below, but if you despise her
prayer,
May be she might think it best for both to seek a shelter
there!

There's many a happy mother, with her baby on her breast,
And a husband's love to guard her, in home so safe and
blest;
Ah! think, if times was changed with *her*, how would her
cheek grow pale
To hear the only place for them was in the County gaol!

May be, she ain't been all she *might*—but *that's* true of us
all,
An' it isn't by any means the *best* that's hardest on slip or
fall;
But the little innocent baby, that never harmed a soul—
Why should it be shut up with them as fought an' drunk
an' stole!

An' they'd call her "gaol-bird" fast enough, an' think
she's all to blame,
For there's many a cruel tongue about would tell it to her
shame;
But a poor girl's character's as much to *her* as to you or me,
So, why should they be sent to gaol—that tiny babe and
she!

You say that hard things *must* be—but I'll not give in, for
one,
That, in a Christian country, such wrong as this be done;
For sure, there's One above us all, and *He* has said, you
see,

"If you do it to the least of these, ye do it unto Me!"

FIDELIS.

ART NOTES.

CARL BLOCH, the well-known Danish artist, is dead. Besides other honours he received a first-class medal at the Paris Exhibition of 1878, and the Legion of Honour the same year.

NEXT week we shall have something to say on art in the schools of Ontario in connection with the "Art for Schools" association lately started in England to assist in cultivating a sense of the beautiful in children.

IN the death of Thomas O. Barlow, at the age of 66, the Royal Academy loses one of its best known engravers, who produced some of the finest engravings of the mixed etching and mezzotint manner, after pictures by Millais, Phillip, and other well known British artists.

MORTIMER MENPES, the great advocate of dry paint etching has brought out a plate of "Rembrandt's Model" which is said to be one of the most notable plates issued for some time past, and a true translation in black and white of the drawing and light and shade of the great master.

THE new *Société National des Beaux Arts* in France, whose forthcoming exhibition is expected to rival that of the old Salon, will have no jury, no medals, and no exemptions. It remains to be seen whether French artists of repute will be content to live without the delight of being *hors concours* and *medaillé* or whether they leave the discerning public to find out which are really the best works on exhibition without the assistance of a jury of awards.

MR. REGINALD WINSLOW'S new book, "The Law of Artistic Copyright," is creating some stir in England, and an article in the *Magazine of Art* contains the following remarks anent this subject: "That the law should remain in the condition in which it now is is simply scandalous, not solely on account of its ambiguity and its consequent unfairness to different sections of artists, but because the recommendations of the recent Royal Commission (which would have codified and remedied the law at one and the same time) have been ignored from the time of the Report to the present day." The question is one of considerable importance both to artists and art patrons, and it is hoped that an end will be put to the present unsatisfactory state of affairs.

THERE is to be an attempt made to revive the "Association of Canadian Etchers" that some years ago held such a successful exhibition of American and English etchings in the rooms of the Ontario Society of Artists. The reason that we have had no repetition of this exhibition has been the great expense of importing specimens and the difficulty of getting proofs of plates produced in Canada. The old members are as enthusiastic as ever, but the heavy duty payable on etchings coming into Canada, even when by Canadian artists, hampers the business of production, and our artists find it more satisfactory to carry their plates over to New York and dispose of them to publishers there, than to attempt to publish them in Canada. The newly revived association will, if possible, have the printing done in Toronto and so save expense and duty.

TEMPLAR.

MR. G. BRUNCOH, on Saturday next, 29th instant, will offer for sale a fine lot of original signed water-colour sketches and paintings. The collection contains views, over eighty in all, in Muskoka, Gulf of St. Lawrence, Scotland, The Channel Islands, France, Sweden and Norway, the artist having spent a couple of years in visiting the most attractive localities in Northern Europe. The sale will doubtless attract a large attendance.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

MR. THOMAS P. CURRIER will succeed Mr. Louis C. Elson as musical critic of the *Boston Courier*. Mr. Currier is well-known as an intelligent and successful teacher of the piano and the writer of many thoughtful and analytical criticisms of concerts of this season.

THE annual masked balls at the Grand Opera, Paris, formerly under the leadership of Arban, the noted cornetist, are to be conducted this season by M. Waldteufel, the most gifted waltz writer of the age. No better selection could have possibly been made, and the gay throng that attend those, to say the least, lively affairs, will surely find the music to their taste.

A "NEW ENGLAND SUPPER" given by Mrs. Ferdinand Emerson last week, at the Ilkley, was as primitive as any ever enjoyed by the Puritan forefathers. The table was spread with a coarse cloth, dressed with old fashioned blue stone china, lighted with tallow dips and groaned beneath the streaming platters of baked beans, huge loaves of brown bread, boiled shoulder of pork, twisted molasses doughnuts, ginger bread, cheese, pitchers of cider, etc. There were none of the modern conveniences of the table. When the ten guests were seated the hostess told them to "make a long arm and take right hold and help themselves." It was a very jolly supper. Mr. Pope from London, in whose honour it was given, made a sketch of the table to transfer to canvas for the edification of his English friends.

THE preparations for the Handel and Haydn Society's festival in Boston, Easter week, are on a grand scale. The solo singers are the best that could possibly be secured for

the various parts, the chorus is in excellent condition and the orchestra could not be equalled by any other organization in the country. There is great eagerness to hear Mr. Lloyd, the famous English tenor. Mme. Lilia Kalisch-Lehmann is one of the truly great artists by whom superb gifts have been trained to the competent illustration of all that is noble and good. She has repeatedly proved herself the mistress of fine declamation and elegant style. Each character which she has assumed in opera, and each selection for the concert room which she has sung has appeared, in its turn, as if it were the best thing for her. In a short time she will exhibit her powers in a new field, when she sings the exacting soprano music in "Elijah," which will be the first oratorio of the Handel and Haydn Society festival in April.

A RECENT Sunday concert in Paris contained selections from Wagner's "Rienzi," and "Siegfried," and at the Cirque des Champs Elysee selections from Wagner's "Lohengrin," "Siegfried," and "Götterdämmerung." One surely cannot say that the music of Wagner is not heard in Paris. The following programme was performed at the 17th Lamoureux concert, February 23: *Symphonie en fa*, Beethoven; *Ballade symphonique* (1st time), C. Chevillard; Concerto for piano, Liszt, Mme. Sophie Menter. The celebrated pianist received an ovation at the end of her performance of the Liszt Concerto. However much opinions may differ as to the merit of the composition there could be but one opinion as to her marvellous technique and taste, which place her among the greatest lady pianists. At the 18th and 19th concerts Mme. Materna of the Imperial Opera at Vienna is to appear. Although past her prime, and not considered as a star now in Vienna, she is one of the best drawing cards that can be obtained in Paris, and is sure to draw large audiences in spite of the increased prices.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY. Edited by Leslie Stephen, Vol. 21. Garnett—Gloucester. Price \$3.50. New York: Macmillan; London: Smith, Elder and Company; Toronto: Williamson. 1890.

It is now a matter of course to receive the successive volumes of this great work with appreciation and gratitude; and the present volume proves no exception to the general excellence of the whole. Passing by a number of quite readable and interesting short articles on the Garnetts and others, we come to an admirable article on David Garrick. David was not only one of the greatest English actors that ever lived, but he must have been one of the pleasantest of that not always agreeable race. We can imagine Garrick "starring in the provinces" without exciting the rage of local players by domineering insolence. We should like to quote several of the estimates contained in the paper, but we must content ourselves with giving an epigram by the Rev. Richard Kendal on the respective Lears of Barry and Garrick.

The town has found out different ways
To praise its different Lears;
To Barry it gives loud huzzas,
To Garrick only tears.

A king! Ay, every inch a king,
Such Barry doth appear;
But Garrick's quite another thing,
He's every inch King Lear.

A short but excellent article on Mrs. Gaskell is from the pen of Professor Ward. Mr. Ward speaks of "those inimitable pictures of society in a little country town," originally contributed to *Household Words*, "which were republished in June, 1853, under the title of 'Crawford.'" A brief account is given of the friendship which sprang up between her and Charlotte Brontë, "a friendship as warm and as free from the faintest shade of jealousy as any that is recorded in literary biography."

Mrs. Gatty receives a brief, but appreciative notice. The unpleasant story of Piers Gaveston is well told by Mr. Maurice Thompson. Mr. Austin Dobson gives a charming account of John Gay, "poet and dramatist," a writer whose works, fables and dramas, may perhaps be forgotten as a whole, but who has written some lines which are not likely to be forgotten; for example,

How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other fair charmer away.

Geoffrey of Monmouth receives a careful and elaborate memorial, bristling, as is proper, with learned authorities. Few questions on this subject remain unsettled, so far as they can be settled.

Naturally we come to the four Georges, who have recently received so much notice, from the supreme work of Thackeray to the inferior achievement of Mr. Justin McCarthy. The first George falls to Professor Ward, who gives an excellent sketch of the history of a not very interesting person. George II., if not himself interesting, was the husband of a very interesting wife. Mr. Rigg, the author, we are glad to say, spares us the Queen's parting words to the King, and gives two lines not so well known:

You may strut, dapper George, but 'twill all be in vain;
We know 'tis Queen Caroline, not you that reign;

And a very good thing too, seeing that she was a lady who appreciated and promoted Bishop Butler.

Mr. Hunt gives a lengthy and perfectly satisfactory article on the long sixty years' reign of George III., and Mr. J. A. Hamilton, writing on George IV., says in sad truth, not in bitterness, "that he was a dissolute and drunken fop, a spendthrift and a gamester, 'a bad son, a bad husband, a bad father, and a bad subject'; that his

word was worthless and his courage doubtful, are facts which cannot be denied." And yet the English monarchy survived. The editor has an admirable article on Gibbon, the historian, and reminds us of the manner in which royalty recognized the value of his work. "The Duke of Gloucester on accepting a volume said affably, 'Another damned thick book! Always, scribble, scribble, scribble! eh, Mr. Gibbon.'"

We should like to say something of the numerous Gibsons, among whom are bishops and painters and other professional men and artists, of the Giffards and Giffords, among whom are many eminent names, of the Gilberts also not without distinction in various ways, but we must not. We are glad to see a kindly article on George Gilfillan, who has not always been treated quite fairly by literary men. The article on Giroldus Cambrensis is full of accurate learning. But we have said enough to satisfy our readers that they will receive instruction and amusement from every page of this volume.

THREE MEN IN A BOAT (TO SAY NOTHING OF THE DOG). By Jerome K. Jerome. Illustrations by A. Frederics. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

The author of this book intended it to be convulsingly funny from the title to the tail-piece at the end. The preface is laboriously and painfully funny. The whole book is loaded with explosive mirthfulness. There is condensed merriment in every sentence, inextinguishable laughter in every page. The author has not been nearly so considerate as

" . . . The chap who told one day,
The tale of the wonderful one-hoss shay."

He has evidently been just as funny as he could be, and we cry, "Hold, enough." We understand he has another book in press. We say at once we wont venture to read it. We fear the effects of another volume such as the one we have just laid down would be disastrous.

JACQUES CARTIER: HIS LIFE AND VOYAGES. By Joseph Pope. Ottawa: Press of A. S. Woodburn.

Some time last year the Lieut.-Governor of Quebec offered a silver and a bronze medal for the first and second best essays on "Jacques Cartier, his Life and Voyages." The essays were to be written in either French or English, and the competition to be open to home and foreign writers. Mr. Pope's essay was awarded the first prize in the English section, and he now submits it to the wider criticism of the public. Mr. Pope has carefully studied the original records, and from this material, much of it no doubt obscure and difficult to unravel, he has woven an interesting and trustworthy narrative of the life and voyages of the bold Pilot of St. Malo. The numerous notes and appendices give further evidence of the laborious and conscientious research he undertook to make his work as perfect as possible. We trust this little volume will be received with the favour it deserves, and that it may encourage other students to undertake similar works, and thus help to remove, in some degree, that ignorance about the early history of our own country with which we are deservedly reproached.

SPENCE'S "ANECDOTES, OBSERVATIONS AND CHARACTER OF BOOKS AND MEN." A selection edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by John Underhill. "The Camelot Series." London: Walter Scott; Toronto: W. J. Gage and Company.

In 1726 Joseph Spence, a young clergyman and Fellow of New College, Oxford, published a critical essay on Pope's "Odyssey." This led to an acquaintance with the poet which ripened into a life-long friendship. Spence was one of the few friends with whom Pope did not quarrel, and this intimacy brought the gentle scholar into familiar intercourse with the distinguished men and women who sought the poet's company. Mingling with the brilliant leaders of a brilliant age, he was enabled to collect the anecdotes, table-talk and scraps of literary gossip contained in this volume. Spence died in 1768. His life was uneventful but happy. It was a life of "learned leisure," undisturbed by financial cares, and spent in agreeable occupations and in the society of congenial friends. Although he wrote several works that had considerable success, he is now principally remembered by his "Anecdotes," which were first published in 1820, though the MS. had been used by Warburton and Warton in the author's lifetime, and subsequently by Johnson and Malone. This is the fourth edition that has been published since that of 1820. In addition to the introduction, which deals chiefly with Spence and Pope, there are brief biographical notices of the literary personages of whom the anecdotes are related.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. By John F. Morse, Jr. "American Statesman." New York and Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

Of the many biographies of Franklin that have been written Parton's is so completely satisfactory that Mr. Morse feels called upon to "give something between a reason and an apology for the existence of this volume." The series of "American Statesmen" would not be complete without a life of Franklin, and since Mr. Parton's work would not fit the space this book had to be written. Mr. Morse passes lightly and rapidly over Franklin's early life, giving only two chapters to the whole of his career up

to 1757, when he was appointed by the Pennsylvania Assembly a representative of that province in England. Franklin was then fifty-one years of age, but he had already acquired a reputation that extended far beyond the colonies. "In respect of influence and prestige among his fellow-colonists none other came near to him. He had flown his famous kite; had entrapped the lightning of the clouds; had written treatises, which, having been collected into a volume, were much taken notice of in England; made no small stir in France, and were translated into the Italian, German and Latin languages. . . . Kant called him the Prometheus of modern times. Thus, in one way and another, his name had probably already come to be more widely known than that of any other living man who had been born on this side of the Atlantic." The bulk of the book is devoted to his political and diplomatic missions in England and France. He was an old man of seventy when he signed the Declaration of Independence in 1776, yet in the same year he was elected envoy to France, and continued for nine years in that laborious and exacting office. After his return, though nearly four-score, further public services were demanded of him, and cheerfully given. Yet he was never able to get his accounts with the Government audited and settled, and when he died in 1790, "the United States appeared his debtor, and never extricated itself from that painful position." Mr. Morse's estimate of the mental and moral qualities of the Sage of Philadelphia is very high, but perhaps it is not too high. "By the instruction which he gave, by his discoveries, by his inventions, and by his achievements in public life, he earns the distinction of having rendered to men varied and useful services excelled by no other one man; and thus he has established a claim upon the gratitude of mankind so broad that history holds few who can be his rivals."

DR. MUHLENBERG. By William Wilberforce Newton, D.D. "American Religious Leaders." Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

This is not a biography of Dr. Muhlenberg, but a study of his life and character, and the influence he exercised on Christian work and religious thought during his long ministry of nearly sixty years. We have found the work one of much greater interest than we anticipated. It touches upon movements and tendencies of great importance to Protestant Christians of all denominations, and will be found suggestive and helpful to Protestants outside of the communion to which Dr. Muhlenberg belonged. Born at Philadelphia in 1796, of Lutheran parents, William Augustus Muhlenberg was educated as an Episcopalian, and ordained in 1820. Early in his ministry he developed two great qualities that distinguished him throughout his life,—the faculty for leadership and the genius for organization. He was an early advocate of Protestant union, and suggested the first step towards its consummation. As long ago as 1835, in a little work entitled "Hints on Catholic Union," he urged the expediency of an inter-ecclesiastical congress as a means of arriving at a due understanding of differences and a practical adjustment of difficulties; and eighteen years later he was the leader of the "Memorial Movement," to the history of which a chapter in this volume is devoted. In the "Memorial" which he and other like-minded clergymen presented to the House of Bishops in New York in 1853, he pointed out the divisions in American Protestant Christianity, the consolidated forces of Romanism skilfully and actively directed against it, and the inadequacy of the Episcopal Church, "with her fixed and invariable modes of public worship and her traditional customs and usages," for the evangelical work lying before her to do; suggested the opening of a wider door for admission to the ministry; and prayed for the appointment of a Commission with a view of bringing about a greater concert of action among Protestant Christians than then existed. The immediate results of the movement were few and disappointing. Three years later a Commission on Church Unity was appointed, but as it could find nothing practical to do it was soon discharged. But all the liturgical freedom asked for in the memorial is now virtually allowed; and the unification of Protestant Christendom is now engaging the attention of Protestant churches throughout the world. According to Dr. Newton, Dr. Muhlenberg was the unquestioned reviver of the genuine Catholic temper in the American Church; and whatever advances have been made in the direction of Catholic freedom, tolerance and charity in the last fifty years have been due to him more than to any other person or influence.

LIFE OF GEORGE ELIOT. By Oscar Browning. "Great Writers." London: Walter Scott; Toronto: W. J. Gage and Company.

In this, as in the other volumes of this series, criticism is combined with biography. The author enjoyed an intimate friendship of fifteen years with George Eliot, but he has made no attempt to relate new facts in her life. "The life written by her husband must remain for a long time the received and invariable account. To relate new facts, imperfectly verified, and unconnected with the whole story of her life, might gratify an unhealthy curiosity, but would conduce to misconception. Some day, perhaps, George Eliot will undergo the fate of Goethe. We shall know how she spent every week of her existence, and how far the scenes of her novels, even the most sensational, are accounts of her own trials and experiences. But Mr. Cross has attempted very little of literary criticism, and

the field is still open for a work which, while respecting his reticence and good taste aims at describing at once the woman and the author." The information about the localities described by George Eliot has been drawn chiefly from Parkinson's "George Eliot's Country," and partly from the author's personal knowledge. In the last chapter, which originally appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*, nearly in its present form, the author sums up "the principal characteristics of George Eliot's art, the lines of development she followed, and the aims she set herself in working it out." "Adam Bede," as the publishers' account books show, has been her most popular work; men of letters give the palm to "Silas Warner" on account of "the exquisite workmanship of the story;" Mr. Browning pronounces "Daniel Deronda" to be "the sum and glory" of her art and "one of the great masterpieces of our literature."

We have space only for a short extract illustrating George Eliot's attitude towards religion and religious belief. It shows the tenderness of her nature, and is a rebuke to the aggressiveness, the eagerness to proselytize, so characteristic of those who fancy themselves emancipated, and who thrust their opinions on all who will listen or read. "Her nature was intensely religious; she had been brought up in surroundings of the most earnest piety, even if accompanied by a narrow dogmatism. The tenderness and delicacy of her nature would have forbidden her to write a word that could have weakened the faith of a single believing soul. I once heard George Lewes urging her to declare herself, to take a side in religious thought, to bear a part in the conflict against current belief, for which many were enduring unpopularity and ostracism. It was, if I remember, between the publication of 'Middlemarch' and 'Deronda.' Why should she hurt the number who loved and trusted her through her writings? Why, if she deeply sympathized with their faith, even if she had ceased to hold it, should she carry the weapons of scorn and refutation against the host of ideas which were had of purity and virtue? The first thing to teach, she had written to me, is reverence, reverence for the hard-won belief of many struggling ages. The answer to her husband's appeal was given in 'Deronda,' a book in which there is not a word of reproach against the most childlike faith, but where the great mysteries of revelation, from which Christianity derives its origin, are held up to admiration, preserved throughout the centuries by the joint guardianship of obedience and race."

THE *Nineteenth Century* for March opens with a review of "The Report of the Parnell Commission," by Michael Davitt. Mr. Gladstone writes "On Books and the Housing of them." Arthur V. Palmer, "late Sergeant 79th Highlanders," gives in "A Battle described from the Ranks," an interesting account of Tel-el-Kebir. The Bishop of Carlisle contributes an article on "Wallace on Darwinism." In "A Seventeenth Century Prelate," Rev. J. Jessopp Teague gives a sketch of Bishop Ken, whose moral character, Macaulay says, "seems to approach, as near as human infirmity permits, to the ideal perfection of Christian virtue." Herbert Spencer contributes an article on "Justice," and Lord Bramwell one on "Property." Prince Krapotkin writes on "Brain Work and Manual Work," and Lord Brassey on "Our Merchant Service." Mr. J. D. Christie, "a pastry cook," gives "A Working Man's Reply" to a former article of Prof. Huxley, and the Professor in "Capital, the Mother of Labour," renews his attack on the teachings of Henry George.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

JEAN INGELOW is writing her reminiscences for *Longman's Magazine*.

M. M. BALLOU, of Boston, who has already written an instructive book on Alaska, is now bound for Mexico with a similar purpose.

THE way to make money in literature is not to be a literary man. First make yourself notorious, no matter how, and then write your book.

ANDREW CARNEGIE recently said that the most fearful apparition of modern times is the man who, not coming to a meeting with a finished speech, does not know when to stop.

WILLIAM SHARP has finished his "Life of Browning," in writing which he has received assistance from the poet's family, and which is to be published as the April volume of the "Great Writers" series.

Trinity College Review comes to us well edited and decidedly bright and interesting. Mr. Carter Troop deserves great commendation for his energy in conducting so ably this representative little periodical.

W. A. LINN's notable article on "Co-operative Home-Winning," through Building Associations, will appear in the May *Scribner's*, with illustrations gathered from New York to San Francisco, showing actual houses built by this method.

A "DEADLY PARALLEL."—*Question*: If you were to descend into the lowest depths of Hades, whom would you expect to find in the very hottest pit? *Post*: Editors who have no appreciation of true poetry. *Editor*: Poets who have no appreciation of true poetry.

FIVE heads of families, residing in Dorchester, have sent in their claims for one hundred acres promised by the Quebec Local government to families having twelve child-

ren. Mr. Jean Alain, resident of St. Sauveur, the father of fifteen children, has also filed his claim for the one hundred acres.

JUDGING from large audiences at Steinway Hall, London, quite recently, and from the long string of carriages outside, theosophy is, at least, fashionable just now. That "wave of Orientalism" which Emerson prophesied should sweep over Europe has evidently come, and, playing at being Buddhists is quite the correct thing in certain sets.

"GYP," the racy French writer, is said to be the Countess of Marter in real life. She is a niece of Mirabeau. She has just brought out a book for limited circulation only, called "Une Election a Tigre-sur-Mer," in which she tells her experience last summer at the election at Lyon-sur-Mer, and caricatures several well-known public men. It is expected to create a sensation.

MR. JAMES RUNCIMAN, in the *Fortnightly Review*, has smitten Mr. Rider Haggard hip and thigh in the matter of plagiarism. A more damaging indictment never was laid against a novelist, and the proof that Mr. Haggard has used the scissors quite lavishly in his literary work is complete. It will now be in order for Mr. Haggard to explain, or rest on his laurels as the Prince of Plagiarists.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD, poet, clubman, *littérateur* and first nighter, has become so feeble as to require the services of some one to assist him in going from place to place at night. He is one of the oldest and most valued members of the very exclusive Century club, and can always be found in his favourite corner after dinner. He is no longer young; his shoulders are stooped; he is very thin and his clothes fit him far from snugly.

SOME time ago it was rumoured that in all probability General Sir Daniel Lysons would succeed Lord Napier, of Magdala, as Constable of the Tower. The appointment has now been approved. Sir Daniel's military career extends from 1834, and his progress was fairly rapid, though he was not gazetted General until July, 1879. He served in Canada during the events of 1838-39, being mentioned in despatches; was present at Alma, Inkerman, and throughout the siege of Sebastopol, and has since held serious important commands. He will be best remembered in connection with the attacks on the Redan, having led the main column of the Light Division on June 18th, and commanded a brigade in the assault of September 8th, on the latter occasion being severely wounded.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE HEALTH OF OUR WOMEN.

No woman admits that tight-lacing injures her; it is some other woman. The worship of fashion has become so intense, and the appearance of a rival's shape arouses such a spirit of emulation, that our women continue to squeeze themselves in steel bands to such a degree that the functions of the body cannot go on normally, and the long train of ills tight-lacers know so well, but the warnings of which they will not heed, follows, ending in slow disease and final wreck. Experience seems to teach the sufferers but little, and the mothers are as ignorant as the daughters. Health is sacrificed for a spider waist. Scientific doctors have been preaching against these evils time out of mind, but the headway against them is slow. The academies and colleges for women, however, are getting to be more alive to the importance of the pupil's health. The better class of institutions are equipped with gymnasiums, and provided with swimming pools and other means for developing the body and preventing the health from breaking down. Tennis and out-door games are growing in favour. For a girl nothing can take the place of exercise in the open air; not merely a walk of a few blocks, but a good "constitutional" at a swinging gait, and that, too, without much reference to the weather. The girls of to-day will in a few years be mothers. The law of heredity is inexorable. Strong healthy men and finely developed, handsome women are not born of sickly, weak parents, whose blood, perhaps, suffers from the poison that can be traced back generations. Health is beauty, said the old Greeks, who lived in the open air, and beauty is health.—*Baltimore American*.

MR. SIMS' REEVES ON THE ENCORE NUISANCE.

MR. SIMS REEVES in a letter to the *Daily Graphic*, strongly denounces "the vicious encore system." He says:—"As to the dishonesty of the proceeding, that goes without saying. The *entrepreneur* engages the singer or player, say, to sing or play twice for a certain fee. Why should the performer do more work than he contracted for? Do bakers, grocers, or butchers give us free more food just because we declare their goods are most excellent? Or do tailors or linendrapers send us in gratis more clothes because we have expressed warm approval of their goods, or literary men supply us with new books free because we admire their last work? Nor do doctors, lawyers, architects, nor professional artists or painters or sculptors give us freely more of their time or their artistic productions just because we bestow on them noisy but costless compliments. And yet such gratis service seems to be expected from musicians. It is a preposterous piece of dishonesty, of which all honest persons should be ashamed. It gratifies the mean man, but in no way exalts the art, and on the whole it does not permanently benefit the artist who yields to the deliberate clamour of a greedy mob. The encore nuisance seeks to take a shabby advantage of the suffering professional; it is to be regretted that few of our performers possess sufficient courage to

return to the platform, bow politely, but to indicate firmly, No! If managers, artists, and the musical public would but think the matter out and determine to stamp out this nuisance, this blot on our English musical performances might be effaced. Programmes could contain an announcement, 'No encores will be permitted.'

BROWNING.

No carven stone, no monumental fane,
Can equal this, that he hath builded deep
A cenotaph beyond the assailing reign
Of her whose eyes are dusk with Night and Sleep,
Queenly Oblivion: no Pyramid,
No vast, gigantic Tomb, no Sepulchre
Made awful with the imag'ries of doom,
Evade her hand who one day shall inter
Man's proudest monuments, as she hath hid
The immemorial past within her womb.

For he hath built his lasting monument
Within the hearts and in the minds of men:
The Powers of Life around its base have bent
The Stream of Memory, our furthest ken
Beholds no reach, no limit to its rise:
It hath foundations sure: it shall not pass:
The ruin of Time upon it none shall see,
Till the last wind shall wither the last grass,
Nay, while man's Hopes, Fears, Dreams, and Agonies
Uplift his soul to Immortality.

WILLIAM SHARP.

HIMALAYAN BEARS.

IN localities where oak forests abound, says Gen. Macintyre, perhaps the pleasantest if not the best time for shooting bears is in the month of December, when they are fed on acorns, which are then ripe. They generally commence feeding about sunset, when they climb up the oak trees and gorge themselves with acorns all night, often not betaking themselves to their lairs—which are generally either caves or thickets near their feeding ground—until sometime after sunrise. Their whereabouts is easily discovered from the broken branches showing distinctly against the dark foliage of the trees, the back of the leaf of the Himalayan oak being white. At the commencement of the acorn season their attention is so much engaged with their feast that usually they are easily approached. But on suddenly finding themselves "treed," their astonishment is ludicrous to behold. A bear, he adds, when up a tree, even if only slightly wounded, never attempts to clamber down. It invariably flops straight on to the ground from any height whatsoever. I once saw a bear I had shot at roll over and over like a ball down an almost perpendicular declivity for several hundred feet, and seemingly without much inconvenience from its tumble, as it was nowhere to be found at the bottom.

An odd peculiarity of bears is that when two or more of them are found together, and one of them happens to get wounded, the wounded one will sometimes manifest its resentment by savagely attacking one of its companions. A good story in this connection is told of another sportsman. He had stalked a large she bear feeding in some open ground, with a half-grown cub at its side. From the bear's position he could not get a shot at a vital place, and so, instead of waiting as he ought to have done, he fired and hit it behind. He might just as well have hit her with a lady's riding whip. The animal on being struck turned round to see what was the matter, and perceiving nothing but her own cub feeding quietly by her side came to the conclusion apparently that the cub had bitten her. Consequently, she at once rushed at the cub to punish it for its presumption, and the two rolled over and over and disappeared in the jungle. The sportsman was too much amused to get another shot. Another remarkable peculiarity of bears noted by Gen. Macintyre is that when a bear attacks a man it invariably goes for the face, whereas a tiger or leopard usually seizes a limb first. Hence it is that in the Himalayas native villagers are not unfrequently to be seen with their faces fearfully disfigured by bears' claws. This they are liable to when protecting their crops from destruction by the bears.—*Chambers' Journal*.

SPORT WITH WILD ELEPHANTS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Pioneer Mail* describes the capture last Christmastide of a large herd of wild elephants at Basan, in Central India. It appears that for years a great district had been in sole possession of the wild elephants, who had frightened off all the inhabitants. The writer says that Maharajah Raghonath Saran Singh Deo Bahadur, of Sirguja, had applied for permission to capture the elephants of Mahtin and Uprora under the Government's rules, and the permission had been accorded. He had found two herds, in all about thirty-five wild elephants, at the Bahmani nuddi, about fifteen or twenty miles off. He ran up a light fence about six miles in circumference inclosing a valley and part of two hills below Setgarh. Round this he had posted at intervals eight or nine hundred men, mostly armed with matchlocks and provided with blank cartridges. Into this enclosure he had quietly driven all these elephants through fifteen miles of glen; and there they were surrounded by watchfires and sentries constantly on duty. The wild elephants wandered about unmolested within the large inclosure, but were not allowed to pass the guards. The Maharajah told us that one very large male elephant had been decoyed into the stockade,

and was there tied up and ready to be taken out. We seated ourselves on the top of the stockade and saw the huge tusker. His fore-quarters were much heavier than in the tame elephant; and his figure was so massive that we did not think he was so tall as we afterwards found him to be—namely, 9 feet 10 inches. They tied five cables round his neck, fastening the other end of each cable round the body of one tame elephant. There were thus five elephants in front. Similarly they fastened each hind-leg to two elephants. The hind-legs were also tied together by a short rope. Having thus securely bound him, they prepared to lead this forest freebooter away. When he found that he was not to be allowed to choose his own course he began to show fight. He halted. The five elephants in front put forth all their strength, but could not move him. Suddenly he swung his great body round and dragged back all five, roaring as they came, with rage and perhaps fear. Then they recovered, and the tug-of-war began again. A sharp discharge of blank cartridge behind him drove him on a little way. This scene was repeated several times. Occasionally the blank cartridge had to give way to a specially prepared cartridge with about a dozen snipe shot, which acted as an unaccustomed spur in his fat flanks and sent him gaily along for a time. At last he was tied up to trees near the Maharajah's tents, about 500 yards from the stockade. Next day, as there was nothing doing at the stockade, we determined to have a look at the elephants in their jungle haunts. We went on along the elephants' tracks for a considerable distance. Suddenly we came to a glade, and as we looked across it we saw the tusks of a great monarch of the herd gleaming through the trees. We were on our elephant: and as we saw the direction the herd seemed to be taking we pushed across the glade to cut them off and get a nearer view. As we got to the centre of the glade, where stood a large solitary tree, we saw the monarch come out and have a look at us. We halted in the shadow of a tree. He came along towards us, followed by fifteen elephants of all sizes. As he got near us he turned round and slowly crossed the glade to the other side, followed by the herd. Then, as they were about to disappear in the jungle, he suddenly changed his mind again. He turned, and slowly and solemnly marched past us with the herd. The herd thus passed twice across the open glade within about eighty yards of us: a splendid spectacle. We shall not readily forget that majestic procession witnessed among the wild scenery of the forest-clad hills. One day we saw a bear which, though unsuccessful, was very exciting. We could hear the elephants crashing slowly through the jungle. Then matchlocks were fired, shouting began, and ten or twelve wild elephants rushed into view with as many trained ones behind them. They came on at the pace of racing ponies. They dashed towards one wing, then across to the other again and again. Two tame elephants near the stockade gate then ran in, but apparently the wild elephants had not seen them. They did not follow. The tame elephants came out again. The wild elephants apparently thought it was an attack in front. They faced about and made a dashing charge through their pursuers and rushed into the jungle.

Henry M. Stanley,

perhaps the foremost living man in pluck, endurance and achievement, has just completed successfully his last and greatest undertaking, the rescue of Emin. The story of his adventures and discoveries, "In Darkest Africa," will be published shortly by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. It will be a thrilling and instructive narrative. Stanley is entitled to the fruit of his labors, and this the Anglo-Saxon sense of justice will secure to him by purchasing

"In Darkest Africa"

the only book in which he will have a personal interest. Intelligent and well-meaning people will not buy the bogus "Stanley books" offered under false and misleading representations, to no one of which has Stanley contributed a line. They will wait for the only authentic book on this subject, written by Stanley himself, and in buying it they will put into his pocket a share of the proceeds of its sale. "In Darkest Africa" will be in two octavo volumes, replete with maps and amply illustrated from Mr. Stanley's own photographs and sketches. Price \$3.75 per volume in cloth. Sold only by subscription. Look on the title page for the imprint of

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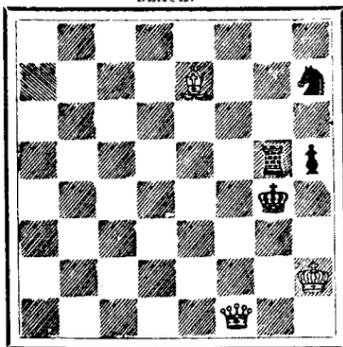
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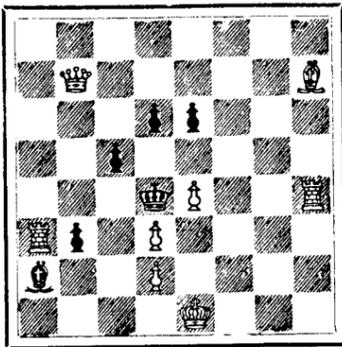
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R-K R 7

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3. Q mates
Black. K x B
K moves
If 1. K x Kt
K moves
With other variations.

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2. P-Q B 4	P-K 3	26. P x Kt	R x Kt
3. P x P	P x P	27. R-Kt 7	R-K 2
4. Kt-Q B 3	P-K 3	28. P-Kt 4	Kt-Kt 3
5. P-Q R 3	P-Q B 4	29. R x R	B x R
6. P-K 3	P-B 5	30. R-Q 1	R-Q 1
7. P-K 4	B-K 2	31. B-K 3	R x P
8. B-K 3	P x P	32. R x R	Kt x R
9. B x P (a)	B x B	33. B x P	Kt-B 2
10. Q-R 4 +	P-Q Kt 4	34. B-Q 4	Kt-Kt 4
11. Kt x P	B x Kt	35. B-Kt 2	Kt-R 2 (b)
12. Q x B +	Q-Q 2	36. B-B 3	K-B 2
13. Q-K 5	Kt-K B 3	37. P-Q-R 4	Kt-B 3
14. Kt-K 2	Castles	38. P-Kt 5	B-B 4 +
15. Castles	B-Q 3	39. K-B 1	Kt-Kt 1
16. Q-K Kt 5	Q-Kt 5	40. B-K 5	Kt-Q 2
17. P-B 3	Q x Q	41. B-B 7	B-Kt 3
18. B x Q	P x P	42. B-Q 6	B-R 4
19. R x P	Kt-K 5	43. K-K 2	Kt-Kt 3
20. B-K 3	P-B 4	44. B-B 7	K-K 3
21. P-Q 5	Kt-Q 2	45. K-Q 3	K-Q 2
22. Q R-Kt 1	P-Kt 3	46. B x Kt	B x B
23. B-K R 6	K R-K 1		
24. P-K R 3	Kt-Kt 4		

NOTES.

(a) A blunder. (b) Kt-B 2 better.

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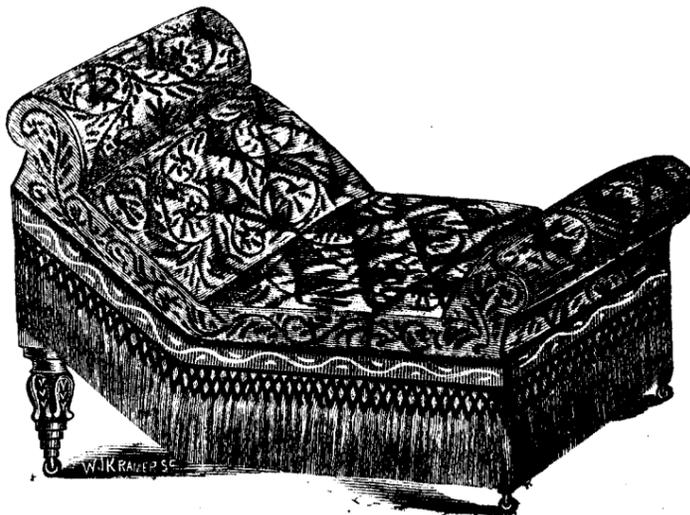
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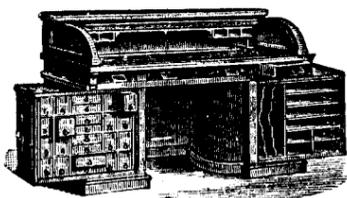
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