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The Week,

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY AND LITERATURE.

Edited by W. PHILIP ROBINSON.

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TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

It would be doubly wrong in communistic days to countenance any unwarrantable invasion of private property by the State. But if ever there can be a fair case for expropriation—a widely different thing from confiscation—that of the land adjacent to the Falls of Niagara would seem to be one. This land has no special value in itself, either naturally or by virtue of improvements; nor can it be fairly compared to that of which the value is enhanced by the common influences of commerce or population, as that of all land in a growing and thriving community must be. The revenues derived from it depend wholly on the power accidentally possessed by its owners of excluding the people from the full enjoyment of a natural spectacle which is the public property of two communities, and to which if those communities chose to-morrow to put an end, say by diverting the course of the river, the landowners would lose their revenues without having the slightest ground for complaint. In this instance then, if in any, it would seem not unjust to expropriate, paying such compensation as may be reasonable, regard being had to the fact that the Falls belong to the public; and thus to relieve the people of extortion by which not only hundreds of thousands have been fleeced, but other hundreds of thousands have been turned away from one of the most august and impressive of the schools of nature.

THE sense of humour, like other human faculties, is not equally distributed, and this probably accounts for the fact that the *Mail* and a few other organs fail to perceive anything ludicrous in the conferring of knighthood upon Canadians. Nor can our contemporary understand that a sense of self-respect compelled Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Blake to refuse titular distinctions. It is nevertheless the fact that the sight of an obese gentleman with difficulty rising from his knees after receiving the magic sword-touch which forever after classes him with the flower of chivalry, is sufficiently incongruous to make most people laugh. And apart from the absurdity of gentlemen who do not pretend to know a rapier from a broadsword accepting the title "Sir Knight," politicians like Mr. Blake and Mr. Mackenzie could not afford to imperil their reputations by wearing an honour often used as a "gag," and which is not in the direct giving of the country they delight to serve. Nor is it easy to

understand the motive which impelled a gentleman with such a record as Dr. Dawson to accept an empty title, excepting it were that he desired to patriotically contribute to its dignity. It is too late in the day to assert the value of an obsolete decoration, or to pretend that it is respected by the people. Canada is practically a democracy, the *Mail's* protest to the contrary notwithstanding, and she requires in her evolution into national life that her best men's sympathies be kept within her institutions—a result that is not likely to accrue so long as the rewards for public work are looked for by politicians and *litterateurs* outside the country. Honour and power, to be appreciated by the people, must come from them—must be such as they can themselves bestow upon their leaders—must be in keeping with the spirit of the age and the genius of a young country. These, again, are weighty reasons which may probably have convinced the best public men of this and other countries that it is more consistent with their self-respect, more patriotic, and better for their political position to refuse knighthood.

THE Irish Convention at Boston is simply one long shriek of hatred against England, her government, her people, and everything connected with her. It is wonderful that the Irish themselves do not get tired of the monotony of vituperation; the Americans certainly must. In one respect, however, the convention is noteworthy. If the opinions of the Irish leaders are truly represented, as no doubt they are, the policy of conciliation has totally failed to make any impression on their minds, or to divert them in any way from their aim. Neither the Land Act and the other measures of relief, nor anything that has been said or done by Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal Government, has propitiated them in the slightest degree. Their declarations of enmity envelop Liberals as well as Tories, and their object is still clearly avowed to be, not Home Rule, but Separation. The Irish, by the way, are exhorted by the Convention not to buy any English goods. Perhaps those who tender this advice have forgotten that multitudes of Irish men and Irish women are employed in English factories. The number of Irish in England and Scotland can hardly be less than two millions. That the organ of Mr. Mowat's Government should support an attempt to dismember the United Kingdom might seem strange, as Mr. Mowat has always professed himself extremely loyal; but we all understand the exigencies of an Administration which requires the support of the Catholic vote.

FROM all quarters come indications of the increasing unpopularity of the Salvation Army. Whatever be the causes, the prognostications of those who long ago foretold its failure seem about to be realized, and the process of disintegration to have begun. It was not probable from the first that an emotional—if not hysterical—religion, using that term in its broadest sense, would stand wear and tear, and it was evident that the Salvation Army contained within itself all the elements of early dissolution. It has come to be seen that the good done by the Army is both problematic and entirely overshadowed by the evils which result from its operations. Experience teaches that the "reformation" effected under excitement—mental or alcoholic—is neither healthy nor enduring; and the indisputable fact that questionable benefits are obtained in such manner and at the cost of considerable annoyance to the public, seems to be evidence of failure. When to this is added the contempt that is brought upon true religion by the Army's puerile travesty, and when it is remembered that a lax discipline has admitted as officers men and women who have not hesitated to gratify unlawful passion, who are insolent in their street parades, who are utterly reckless of the feelings of others, it is not a surprising matter to find the Army often in the police courts, and to read of its being rotten-egged in the streets. There can be no question as to the earnestness of some "soldiers"; but any unprejudiced observer who has attended the meetings of the Army—from the "General's" headquarters in Regent Hall to the village "drill-shed"—must admit that they are the small minority, and that Carlyle's savage and sweeping generality applied to the population of Great Britain might with equal truth be uttered of the Salvation Army.

“BYSTANDER” ON CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS.

It was decided, with the general approbation of the country, that the Canadian Pacific Railway should be constructed by a Company; and the leaders of the Opposition, who themselves had attempted, when in office, to form a Company, and afterwards supported the application of Sir W. Howland's Syndicate, are precluded by their own actions from protesting against the decision. That a great national work should be done by the nation itself would, no doubt, have been the more natural and, in the abstract, the better course. But this was rendered impossible by the infirmities of Party Government. Every one felt sure, indeed there had already been fatally conclusive proof, that if the undertaking, with its immense expenditure and all its contracts, were left in the hands of Government, a reign of boundless corruption would ensue. Besides, a Government would have been hampered at every step by the factious criticism of the Opposition, and would have been unable to operate with the freedom, vigour and forecast essential to the success of this vast enterprise. It would hardly even have ventured to pay a salary high enough to secure the indispensable services of a first-rate manager. At the same time it was most unlikely that a body of private capitalists would be found wealthy enough, or commanding sufficient resources, to carry out so colossal an enterprise entirely without the help or support of the State. That assistance in some form would be required was morally certain from the first, and the hostility of the Grand Trunk, by closing the English money market against the Syndicate, rendered the certainty doubly sure. That the measure of aid granted was not excessive must at least be allowed by those who are exulting in the belief that the Company is already in fresh difficulties and again a clandestine applicant for relief. The creation of a lien on the whole property of the Company was a mistake, and greatly impaired the assistance given; but the Government in insisting on it was moved by regard for the opinion of the country. It was a most unfortunate necessity, as all allowed, which brought the Government again into close relations with the railway. A necessity, however, it was, and the choice manifestly lay between the grant of temporary assistance and the abandonment of the national undertaking. As yet we have had no reason to complain. The behaviour of the Company in relation to the political parties has been closely watched by jealous eyes; yet there has been so far no proof whatever, nor even any definite charge, of interference in elections or of political intrigue of any kind. The neutrality which wisdom as well as rectitude prescribed as the proper attitude of a commercial interest, seems throughout to have been scrupulously observed. Other imputations have been thrown out in Parliament by the Opposition, which, committed by its own irresolution to the policy of constructing the road, and debarred from assailing the Government on that side, yet bent on a party attack, had no alternative but to turn its guns against the Company. Even the commercial honour of the president was not spared, though the stories circulated against him proved to be absolutely baseless. But it can hardly be said that the charges were distinctly formulated, much less that they were sustained, nor was any adverse impression of a serious kind left on the minds of impartial men who made due allowance for the desperate conflict with rival interests to which, in the British money market and elsewhere, the Company had been exposed. That the work has been done with extraordinary rapidity, and at the same substantially and well, is admitted on all hands: the difficulties are immense, but they have been so far encountered with skill, energy and success. The commercial prospects of the stockholders are their own affair; but it is impossible that the Company can at once have shamefully overreached the public and made a bad bargain for itself: that its coffers can be empty and at the same time filled with the money of the plundered State. At the hands of independent men, and men who are opposed to the whole policy of which the Canadian Pacific Railway is the embodiment, the Company, as a faithful and efficient contractor for a national work, has received justice—at the hands of the political opposition it has not.

THE full report of the London meeting of Imperial Federationists having now arrived, it appears that the resolution affirming Confederation to be indispensable in order to avert the disintegration of the Empire was, on the politic advice of Sir Charles Tupper, withdrawn. It remains, nevertheless, the recorded opinion of the conveners of that important meeting. The resolution is true and it is not true. It is not true, inasmuch as the mutual citizenship, which is our chief political bond, is in no way threatened, any more than are the moral ties of blood, language, history, and sympathy which for ever unite the members of the English-speaking race. It is true, inasmuch as in the case of the most advanced colonies, and notably of Canada, the tie of dependence is now worn to so slender a thread, and would need so little to snap it, that, to those who regard depen-

dence as the only unity, disintegration may well seem near. Space suffices not to follow the speakers through all the mazes of the Colonial question; to insist again that “a family union” may exist in full intensity without dependence, and may include not only the dependent colonies, but the fifty millions of English-speaking people in the United States, whom Imperial Federation would exclude; or to protest anew against the unreasonableness of treating the cases of Canada, Australia, South Africa and the West Indies, with their widely-differing circumstances, as though they were the same. One speaker averred that if the present political connection with the colonies ceased to exist the necessary consequence must be that the teeming population of Great Britain and Ireland would be shut up in the two islands; the English, Irish, German and Italian emigration to the United States apparently not having fallen under his notice. It is disappointing to find that the Federationists after all decline either to give us the details of their scheme, or to name a time for its introduction; their visionary project remains a formless cloud. They only propose that we shall set to work to “cultivate the federal sentiment,” as though it were possible to cultivate among the people at large the sentiment connected with an institution while the institution itself does not exist. In the meantime events march, and Sir Charles Tupper himself represents a Canadian Government which has formally and finally broken the commercial unity of the Empire by giving Canada a national tariff. All the English journals applaud, as in duty bound, the generous aspiration. A generous aspiration it will remain.

It is curious, however, in connection with the Imperial question, to note the violent oscillations of sentiment in England. Some change seems of late to have come over the national character, and, instead of the staid and deliberate march of British opinion, we see a volatility which used to be thought peculiar to the French. Only a few years ago moderation was the policy of the whole Liberal party, as it is still that of Bright and probably also of Gladstone. But now the Radicals have all at once enthusiastically embraced Drab Imperialism, as we may perhaps call it, in contradistinction to the ordinary variety, of which military scarlet is the native hue. So sudden is the revolution that the Radical *Pall Mall Gazette* holds up to derision as fossil Anti-Imperialist doctrines, which its own editor, Mr. John Morley, was advocating a few months ago in *Macmillan*. Scorn is poured upon the Liberals of yesterday, who, however, are at least able to say for themselves that their achievements were not confined, as those of their successors have hitherto been, to misty speculation or talk, since they brought about large concessions of self-government to the colonies, the withdrawal of the troops, and the termination of those petty colonial wars which had ingloriously consumed so many millions and so many gallant lives. Some of them might also with truth aver, when taunted by their quondam friends with want of patriotism, that they are at all events showing their patriotism in their own misguided way by standing up for the integrity of the United Kingdom, which their Radical vituperators are willing to barter for the Irish vote. The Drab Imperialists think it due to their consistency to keep up their abuse of the Scarlet Imperialists, whom they designate as swash bucklers and brigands. The Scarlet Imperialists may reply that at any rate they are not dreamers; they do not imagine that Quakerism is compatible with Empire; they know that, in a world full of war-powers armed to the teeth, distant dependencies require military force for their protection. They do not build a policy on the fancy that oceans which may any day be covered with an enemy's cruisers are “water streets of a world-wide Venice.” We are called upon to note that the advent of Drab Imperialism coincides with the triumph of Democracy in England. Let Democracy first make its triumph sure, and provide itself with a stable constitution on its own principles; then let it think of turning oceans into the water-streets of a British Venice.

THE national development of New France and the renewal of her connection with her Mother Country are now beyond question as facts, and are, perhaps, at this moment the most important features of our political situation. One of the many symptoms of this is the appearance of a “History of Canada and the French Canadians,” by M. Reveillaud, a citizen of Old France, whose aim is to turn the eyes and hearts of his countrymen from colonies to be founded in far distant lands to “one already founded, full in face of their own coast, in a land which appeals to their affection, which is theirs by blood, by language, by attachment, and where French emigrants might be a happy reinforcement to French nationality in its struggle against the ascendancy of the Anglo-Saxon.” This design and the significance attaching to it constitute the chief importance of the book, of which otherwise the principal merits are the clearness and neatness which never desert a French writer, whether his

subject be history, cookery, or metaphysics. The tone, as might be expected, is Anti-British, and the political history of the French Canadians subsequently to the Conquest is represented as a struggle for the recovery of their liberties, as though they had possessed any liberties under the despotic government of the Bourbons, which more than once positively refused to them even the shadow of a representative assembly. M. Reveillaud deplors the error which, as he thinks, the French Canadians committed in not responding to the call of the American Revolutionists, and with them casting off the yoke of England. But here he is greatly mistaken, supposing his object to be the development of a French nationality on this Continent; for the population of New France, which then barely amounted to 70,000, would most certainly have been absorbed by the Anglo-American Republic. The nationality of New France has been preserved only by her isolation, and her isolation has depended on her continuance under the separate rule of England, which has thus produced an effect precisely the opposite of that which it was expected to produce when Canada was wrested from the Bourbons. To the influence of the Roman Catholic priesthood, no doubt, is due the singular character which the Province retains as a survival of the France anterior to the Revolution; but exposed without shelter to the progressive activities of the Great Republic, the influence of the priesthood would unquestionably have succumbed. M. Reveillaud is aware and frankly proclaims that by this same agency the country has been kept industrially and commercially in a state of comparative torpor, so as to present an unfavourable contrast to the energy of the Protestant Anglo-Saxon. He thinks, however, that Liberalism is stirring. French Canadians who return to their parishes from the States bring, he says, the seeds of mental rebellion with them. He might add that the Jesuits, though their aim is as reactionary as possible, have acted as a disturbing force in breaking up the ice of the old ecclesiastical regime. The political horoscope of Quebec, M. Reveillaud declines precisely to cast. The one thing on which his heart is set, and which he insists that destiny shall in one way or other bring to pass, is the creation of a great French nationality on this Continent. Annexation to the United States he seems to contemplate as the most probable turn of events in the immediate future, but he thinks that this may be only a transient phase. The centrifugal force, he thinks, may prevail over the centripetal, and the vast federation may break up into fragments, one of which may be a great French nation. But here he appears to be the victim of a fallacy. Extension of territory beyond certain limits may be fatal to the unity of a centralized nation, though nobody seems to expect Russia to fall to pieces; but it has no tendency to break up a federation which remains true to the principle of local liberty, provided that the territory is still in a ring-fence and the population free from strong lines of cleavage, economical or social. Setting aside any danger of social disruption which Slavery may have left, the American Union, in spite of its enormous extension, is a good deal firmer now than it was on the morrow of the Revolution.

THE destiny which links the control of Egypt to the possession of India is apparently about to be fulfilled. The stars have been kinder to the Gladstone Government than, in the estimation of the British people at least, the Gladstone Government has been to itself. France having once more happily declined a partnership which would have been an organized discord, England is left to do the work alone; and alone she will have to do it. The call of fate comes unseasonably, when Ireland is in a state of moral insurrection, when Europe is jealous and unquiet, and when strenuous efforts are being made both by the Irish and by the Protectionists in the United States to bring about a quarrel with England; but to necessity seasons cannot be prescribed. The ship has weathered many gales and may weather this if her crew will only be united, and cease to pay to faction the allegiance which is due to the country. Vacillation, though it has wrought mischief not without disgrace, has at least proved to the world that England is not intent on aggrandizement but only on guarding her indispensable high-way to the East. Unhappily it has also proved, or at least strongly indicated, the unfitness of such a body as the House of Commons for the conduct of diplomacy and war. Military force will no doubt be now put forth sufficient to repress the devastating horde of El Madhi, who it must be remembered is not a patriot chief, or an aspirant to local sovereignty, but a petty Mahomet, claiming the religious lordship of the world, and asserting his claim with the destroyer's sword. Another task will be that of restoring order to a weltering chaos in Egypt herself, that land as unhappy in its gift of fertility as, according to the poet, Italy was in its gift of beauty. But the only way of restoring order is to accept the universal form of Oriental government, discarding its abuses, and to rule righteously with a strong hand. There is absolutely nothing

in the ideas, character or tradition of his Fellaheen on which free institutions can be founded. The Dufferin constitution collapsed at once.

It is surely strange that Canadian experience should still be pressed by men of sense upon England as a key to the solution of the Irish question. Is it the Dominion that is to be taken as the model, or the Province? The Dominion enjoys legislative independence, and to concede legislative independence to Ireland would be simply to repeal the Union in the worst conceivable manner, since everybody must see that a collision between the British and Irish Parliaments would infallibly ensue. To bring one about would be the first object of the Disunionists. It would be far better to cut Ireland adrift at once. The Province is a member of a Federation; but the United Kingdom is not a Federation, nor can it be made one, the condition of a Federal Union, which is the existence of a number of States pretty equally balanced, not being present. Is not the life of discord led by Sweden and Norway enough to prove that the federal principle is not capable of indiscriminate application to all cases? Great Britain is not in a hemisphere apart where she might take herself to pieces with impunity: she is surrounded and confronted by great centralized nations, of which the most powerful, France and Germany, are in a menacing attitude at this moment. For her the loss of unity would be a descent to utter weakness; and it is singular that acquiescence in her own dissolution should be commended to her by advisers who tell her, at the same time, that the relinquishment of a nominal sway over a distant colony would be a thought of unutterable shame. Who is to rule India and all the other dependencies when the legislative unity of the Imperial power shall have been dissolved? If the Irish members of the House of Commons would only act together on Irish questions as the Scotch do on Scotch questions, instead of trying to wreck the Legislature, they would have, as it is, under the roof of a united Parliament a virtual power of Home Legislation. In addition to this the head of Parliament was actually held out to them, with a measure of increased local self-government, when they burst into this rebellion. The leaders would not accept a measure of Home Rule. What they want, as they frankly and persistently avow, is the dismemberment of the United Kingdom, and that question, unhappily, will have first to be tried.

IN the British House of Commons the Session closes in barrenness. It is not the first that has ended in this way, nor is it likely to be the last. The new rules of procedure, on which Mr. Gladstone relied for the reorganization of the distracted House and the restoration of its working power, have only served to prove once more the inefficiency of legislative enactments without a change of character. The House remains the scene of unbridled faction, which, even under the powerful leadership of Mr. Gladstone, tramples on the claims of public business, and which, when Mr. Gladstone is gone, seems likely to convert Parliament into a venomous Babel. The new leader who, backed by the Tory rowdiness of the cities, has succeeded in imposing himself on the weakness of the Conservative party, openly avows faction as his guiding principle, and proclaims in language which would shock the lowest of American Demagogues that party victory is the thing to be sought, no matter by what means, and let moralists say what they may. "The Bystander" begins to find himself not alone in his opinion about party government. "The growing complaint of serious persons belonging to all political sections, based on the notorious block of urgently needed legislation, especially during the last two Sessions, is that the Lower House has become degraded into an arena in which the public good is openly sacrificed to chronic party aims and lust of office. As a rule measures are not debated or decided on their merits, and the art of embarrassing and defaming the Government, regardless of the supreme object which alone justifies the existence of the Legislature, is cultivated by the Opposition with a zeal as methodical as it is perverse. Conservatives, in combination with Home Rulers, have recently shown a rancour rarely, if ever, equalled in party attempts to prevent the Government programme from being carried out. At the same time it is by no means to be understood that Liberals, when out of office, have not too often been guilty also of resisting the progress of good bills merely because they did not happen to be brought forward by themselves." So writes Mr. Macfie, the author of an article on party government in the contemporary Review. Here lies the root of the evil; and it is not to be plucked up by new rules of procedure, much less by patriotic exhortations which, addressed to men excited to frenzy by the contest for place and power, are about as effective as a moral admonition to a gambler at the side of the table at Monte Carlo. The Session of Congress was as sterile as that of the British Parliament, and from the same cause; the time and energies of men styled legislators and of an assembly styled deliberative were entirely consumed in the faction-fight

and in the manœuvres of parties to secure a vantage ground for the coming Presidential Election. Nothing passed but prodigate grants of public money in pensions, the real object of which was electoral corruption. Nations will have to face this problem, and to face it soon; if they fail to solve it, the disorganization of Parliamentary Government and the fall of Parliamentary Institutions are apparently only questions of time.

WITH the "mending or ending" of the House of Lords is likely to come the ending of the State Church of England. The threads of the two lives are closely entwined with each other. Leading Churchmen are not all blind to the approach of Disestablishment, nor do they all see it with dismay. Ritualists long to be free from the Act of Uniformity and from the lay authorities which enforce it. Bishop Abraham in a published sermon deprecates any present dealings with the organization of the Church courts on the ground that "Disestablishment is, as he in common with many others thinks, within measureable distance," and that it will be better to leave the Church when disestablished to deal freely with the whole question. He cites "one of the highest prelates in the land, and one who is better acquainted with the mind and feelings of the working classes in the mining and manufacturing counties than any of his brethren," as an authority for the statement that the classes about to be enfranchised, though not hostile to the Church as a Church, are hostile to the Establishment. Not the Radical artisans only, but the whole spirit of the age is plainly adverse to the interference of the State in matters of opinion either in the way of repression or support, and in favour of free and unbiassed conviction as our only guarantee for truth. Moreover, the differences between parties within the Church are fundamental, while their contentions are scandalous and disastrous. Still the statesman who, as the elect of the new constituency, may be called upon to carry out Disestablishment will have to use tenderness and caution. The manufacturing and mining districts are not England. Their population, with its activity of mind and its radicalism, is comparatively a recent growth. In the time of Charles I. those moorlands were thinly peopled, while such population as there was, instead of being Radical, had remained feudal and Royalist; only in a few towns, such as Bradford, Leeds and Manchester, where the germs of manufactures had appeared, did the Parliamentary leader find support. The ancient churches are few, the ancient endowments scanty in proportion to the vast masses of population now gathered in the manufacturing centres; the religious life of the people is largely organized in Nonconformity, while the Church of England may be said to be already almost on a voluntary footing, depending on the zeal and munificence of her own members far more than on State aid for the multiplication of her edifices and the extension of her efforts, both of which, during a recent period, have been great. In those districts, therefore, the shock would be comparatively slight; little would be affected beyond the political dignity of the prelates and clergy of the Establishment. But it would be far otherwise in the south of England and in the rural districts generally, where society has its immemorial centres in the cathedral and the parish church. There, Disestablishment would be a revolution indeed, social as well as ecclesiastical; while the religious life of the people, unless the transaction were wisely regulated, might be thrown for a time into confusion. Why did not Destiny assign the Disestablishment to Mr. Gladstone, instead of setting him to deal with such questions as those of Ireland and Egypt? No statesman was ever so fitted by genius and character for a work which would have gloriously crowned his illustrious career.

MARK PATTISON, who died the other day, besides being a man of singular erudition, a writer of great excellence, and a social figure of importance, was notable in the history of opinion. As an educationist he was the arch enemy of the examination system, and waged against it a somewhat indiscriminate war, forgetting that the bulk of students at a University not having, like himself, special gifts and tastes, needed something to supply them with a definite aim, a stimulus and a test, while the instrument, however coarse and defective, was the only one yet devised. In truth, he not only hated examinations, but regarded the educational functions of the University altogether with exceedingly little love. University revenues he desired to see devoted above all things to the Endowment of Research. The history of endowments was against him, and seemed to show that assured income and dignity were not usually spurs to intellectual toil; nor did his own example strengthen his case: though installed in a rich Headship, with nominal work and abundant leisure for research, he produced no book at all worthy of his learning. His "Life of Casaubon," though published after his appointment, had been written before it. Those who saw him or read his writings only in his later years would

hardly have believed that in the days of Newman's ascendancy at Oxford he had been one of the most ardent of the great Tractarian's disciples, and was supposed to have gone with him very near the brink of secession to Rome. He recoiled, however, and with a vengeance, as did others not a few; and having been swept by Tractarianism from his original moorings, it is doubtful whether he ever found another haven. He, however, defended Theism against Agnosticism. That anchor held.

A BYSTANDER.

HERE AND THERE.

THANKS, probably, in some measure to the cholera scare, the insanitary condition of Toronto Bay, which was pointed out in THE WEEK two months ago, has awakened the public mind to a sense of danger. The local prints contain almost daily reference to the nuisance caused by the discharge of sewage into the several slips—a primitive mode of drainage scarcely creditable to a city of over a hundred thousand of population. A moment's reflection on the varied purposes for which the Bay is used will suffice to show the importance of this matter. In the summer months it is continually covered by boats and vessels used in pursuit of pleasure or business, and the effluvia thrown off when a tropical sun beats down upon its still waters is inconceivably offensive and dangerous, rivalling even those of Cologne of odorous memory. It is the daily resort of bathers and amateur fishers, and the prey which falls to the lines of the latter can hardly be improved by the infusion of sewage which the water contains. In winter the Bay is an *el dorado* to the city ice-dealers, and to say the least it is not pleasant to think the iced-water one uses in the dog-days is flavoured with last year's sewage. And we may add to this, that the popular Island—one of Toronto's most valuable lungs—will rapidly depreciate if the waters which wash its shores are permitted to carry seeds of pestilence in solution. The matter is one that must eventually receive attention, and the sooner the better. There is no necessity to seriously disturb the existing system of drainage. An intercepting sewer might be run along the Esplanade to collect the refuse and carry it out to some central spot to be deodorized and discharged into the Lake or to adapt it for fertilizing purposes.

THERE is a decided impression in the popular mind of Toronto that electricity as a street illuminator is a failure. It may be that, in the near future, the electric light will generally supersede gas, but the hour is not yet. The light itself is not pleasant to look upon, and it gives a ghastly appearance to many objects, notably the human countenance. It is, moreover, cold, and does not throw so genial a glow upon the thoroughfares—a not unimportant feature in winter. Perched at the top of hideous poles, whose attaching wires swing about in ungraceful confusion, the electric candle wastes its sweetness and light in illuminating upper storeys, whilst when brought to a lower level, it is unpleasant to the eyes. Moreover, it casts a very black shadow, which the unsteadiness of the light makes exceedingly irritating. And, further, the slightest hitch in the machinery, or the merest tampering by a small boy, breaks the circuit and leaves whole districts in Egyptian darkness. In London, England, it was tried in the city, and was found wanting—three systems being under experiment at once. The authorities were glad to go back to the old familiar coal-gas—the more readily because the gas companies, put on their mettle by the competition, had purified their gas, put in additional and improved burners in the street lamps, and placed the pillars closer together. The consequence is that the "city" is to-day better and more cheaply lighted by gas than it ever was by electricity. If the Toronto gas company were to bestir itself in like manner—were to increase the number of lamps, put in from three to five patent burners to each pillar, and surmount each lamp by a reflector—it would be safe to predict that both authorities and citizens would gladly go back to illumination by gas.

THAT Hanlan, the idolized Canadian oarsman, has really been defeated on his merits by an unknown Australian sculler, no "Canuck" can yet be brought to believe. Many admirers declare that climatic influences must have contributed to his defeat; others openly say he must have sold the race. It is significant of the moral tone of the sporting world that the followers of an international champion should readily entertain so damaging a conjecture, and, reversing the old consolatory cry, swear that he is not beaten, though he may be dishonoured. This is the unfortunate tendency of sport now-a-days. Manly sports are productive of much good, and when engaged in by gentlemen in a rational manner, are free from objection. But the moment they are made a business of by professionals, and are made the medium of betting, honour and they part company, and the

whole concern becomes a scandal and a swindle. This has been the case the world over, in horse-racing, pedestrianism, rowing and the rest—professional competitions in any of these bring together the betting element, and in its train come the greatest blackguards in the community. It is impossible as yet to say what is the key to Hanlan's reverse—whether he has indeed met a better sculler, or whether, tiring of winning mere stakes which do not pay his expenses, he has sold himself to the pool-ring. Be the upshot what it may, his glory is departed, and the people who made a demi-god of a man of no calibre and questionable antecedents merely because he had the knack of using his knees better than other scullers he had met, may well profit by the lesson, and be more discriminating in conferring future honours.

THE gentleman who perpetrates the "Editorial Notes" of the *Mail* may some day develop into a writer, but his knowledge of business is exceedingly crude. He quotes a remark made in *Fun* referring to a pictorial satire on the depression of trade in England. "I assure you, miss," a merchant is made to say to a customer, "business is so bad that I have been compelled to enlarge my establishment and put in larger plate-glass throughout." This the *Mail* writer thinks is an "unconscious hit-off of Canadian calamity-hunters"—meaning by that, those who claim that the N. P. has produced rotten trade. His ignorance of the elements of commercial affairs, however, causes him to miss the point of the satire. Experience has taught that when trade is booming the retailer has no need to push his business; purchasers with full purses go right to the store they have been accustomed to patronize, without any extraneous inducements such as puffing or structural attractions. But it is when trade is depressed—when money is scarce, and customers buy cautiously, comparing quotations and qualities—that the man with true business instinct keeps his name and occupation constantly before the public, makes his warehouse more attractive, and even extends it, to induce customers to buy his goods. Indeed, the first thing a retail business man has to learn when "things are bad" is: If you cannot any longer sell small quantities at a large margin of profit, purchase more extensively and be content with a reduced margin. In a word, go in for small profits and quick returns. This is precisely what is going on in England. The cotton trade has gone through a period of terrible depression. On every hand failure and loss have been experienced. Goods made on this continent are sold in the Manchester market. Yet there are new factories springing up every day, especially in the Oldham district. And the investors expect to make money—why? Business being so bad, they have "enlarged their establishments," and the distributors of the goods they manufacture will probably put into their shops "larger plate-glass windows" to show them off and tempt new purchasers.

It has come to this: That the insane attempts to discover the North Pole which originated in research and were continued in foolish emulation, have now ended in horror. There seems no escape from the conclusion that the survivors of the Greely Expedition were compelled to eat their dead comrades to preserve their own lives. Conceding the truth of the report, it is difficult to read with patience the screeds of writers who stay at home in ease, glibly express abhorrence for cannibalism under any circumstances, and declare they would perish rather than prolong existence by eating human flesh. It is very doubtful whether most men similarly situated would not have done the same thing, slow starvation being by consent one of the most horrible of deaths. But the fact that the expedition cost near a score of lives, and brought the survivors to cannibalism and the verge of death once more brings the question to the fore: Is the game worth the candle—ought Arctic Expeditions to be encouraged? Absolutely nothing of great value has been added to the world's knowledge by later attempts to fathom the secrets of the polar seas, and from the time of the *Hector* and the *Fury* down to the present the records of "polar expeditions" are also the chronicles of fearful sufferings and agonizing death.

AN enthusiastic writer in the *Philadelphia Progress* claims that New York provides its visitors with an unceasing and varied round of public amusements. It talks of doing very much more in this direction than it accomplishes, but he questions if there is any city in the world where the attractions, so-called, are so many and so much worth spending money to enjoy. Its latest project is an establishment which it is hoped to open early in the fall, and which will include under one roof a great roller skating rink, archery courts, bowling alleys, gymnasium, etc., with a grand hotel for balls and carnivals. The company is called "The Elite Roller Skating Rink Company," and they have secured the estate of Peter A. Hegeman, covering half a block on the west side of Eighth Avenue,

between Fifty-sixth and Fifty-seventh Streets. The decorations of the hall are to be of the most elaborate and magnificent description.

PROF. THOROLD ROGERS' article in the *Fortnightly Review*, which more fully traverses the same ground as that written for *Bradstreet's* on the House of Lords, is causing quite a furore in England. One distinguished writer says that "six months ago no editor would have published it." Now it is copied all over the country. The general impression seems to be that the paper must be taken *cum grano*. Mr. Rogers finds there is neither law nor precedent for some of the Lords' most cherished privileges. Having demonstrated that the House of Lords has no legal existence, he points out that its peerages are nearly all modern. He writes in an amusing manner of the House of Cecil. It was the most distinguished created in the days of the Stuarts. The family had become opulent by the plunder of the church. The first noble of the younger stock was the adviser of that arbitrary taxation which led to the fall of the monarchy. His son was a parliamentarian and a regicide. The fourth earl was a Papist.

Thenceforward the family became obscure, was duly raised to the marquise, and is now represented by the reputed leader of the Opposition, who has been educated in the House of Commons and by the *Saturday Review*, from the latter of which teachers he has probably derived his incessant and startling inaccuracy, his habitual recklessness, and his lofty contempt for anybody but himself.

The Duke of Argyll is accused of being wanting in human sympathy. Lord Rosebery, even, receives a passing shot. In fact, the whole house is bad and superfluous. The Cabinet is the only second chamber necessary.

THE *Fortnightly* has yet another paper in which Lord Salisbury is handled without gloves. The writer concludes by proposing that Lord Salisbury should retire from a political career in which he is damaging his reputation as a great nobleman, a scholar, an exemplary head of a household, a generous landlord, and a fine gentleman.

DR. CHARLES MACKAY is an English gentleman who usually has some "theory" in hand. His latest theory is that Shakespeare's sonnets are not Shakespeare's—or, at any rate some of them are Marlowe's. In an interesting article in the *Nineteenth Century* he explains all this—to his own satisfaction—his chief reason for the new departure being that the sonnets are wanting in unity of thought and expression. It is not at all probable that Dr. Mackay's latest theory will be generally accepted, his reasons for scepticism not being deep enough. All the same, the paper is well worth reading.

THE English Civil List, just published, once more shows that the State recognizes merit, other than military merit, very cheaply. Eight pensions were granted during 1884. Mr. Matthew Arnold and Dr. Murray, editor of the "New English Dictionary," are down for \$1,250 a year—not a fabulous recognition when compared with \$135,000 awarded to the winner of Tel-el-Kebir. Mr. Furnivall, Shakespearian scholar and literary critic, gets \$750; Sir Richard Owen, comparative anatomist, \$500; and Mr. Edward Edwards, \$400. Rev. Charles Southey, because he is the son of the poet Southey, Mrs. Moncrieff, because her husband, the commander, was killed at Suakim, get \$500 a year each.

AN English "society" journal is responsible for the *on dit* that a new club has been opened in London, and it is attended, it appears, by some of the most elegant idiots to be found. The young gentlemen are instructed in the mystic arts of chaffing a cad, bonneting a bobby, and drinking B. and S. All the slang of Piccadilly and Brighton is poured into their willing ears. Instruction is also imparted upon the "Darby," the "h'Ascot," and the "h'Oaks." They are posted on the rowing gossip of Oxford and Cambridge, and are also initiated into third-rate club scandal concerning the aristocracy. "Burke's Peerage" and a sporting paper are the text-books used. Clubites are posted on the latest London swell fashions in canes and dogs. If a good strong hose could be played upon the intellects of the creatures every morning it might save them from an early grave.

WHEN the late Mr. Solomon's remarkable picture, "Waiting for the Verdict," was exhibited at the Royal Academy, it took the world by surprise. Amongst the spectators was Thomas Landseer the engraver, brother to Sir Edwin, and a few congenial spirits. "Waiting for the Verdict" was hung above the line, but the Royal Academicians had their own pictures exhibited on the approved level. Thomas Landseer was in ecstasies with the young, and up to that time undistinguished, artist's work, and waving his hand towards it, exclaimed: "There is Solomon in all his glory, but he was not R. A. 'd (arrayed) like one of these," pointing to the paintings of the favoured Academicians.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

THE arrival of the first detachment of the members of the British Association reminds us that no time must be lost if we are to offer a hearty welcome to the distinguished body of men who are about to visit our shores. It is certainly not necessary to stir up Canadians to exercise hospitality towards visitors from the old country. There is, no doubt, a good deal of superficial jealousy of Englishmen among us. We sometimes grumble when Englishmen are appointed to posts which, we think, might be filled by Canadians. Such feelings are, however, of the most superficial character. The line which is drawn between the Englishman and the Canadian is quite arbitrary and very indistinct. Many born Canadians refuse to be called anything but English; many imported Englishmen are recognized as Canadians. The truth of the remark, that "all Canadians are English, and every Englishman who sets his foot on Canadian soil is a Canadian," is generally recognized. We are not only proud of the cradle of our race, but we are proud when the noblest children of our common mother come to visit us, to learn something from us, and to impart something to us.

Many are the occasions on which English visitors, official and unofficial, have been welcomed and hospitably entertained in Canada; but we question whether any previous occasion has been of as great interest as the meeting of the British Association at Montreal. It is the first time that this distinguished society has assembled outside the United Kingdom, and, if we remember rightly, many doubts were expressed as to the expediency of the proposed visit to Canada. It was not that these distinguished men had any doubt of their being able to learn something in a land which few of them had seen. It was not that Canada had not on many grounds the first claim to their notice, if they should resolve to pitch their camp in any portion of the new world. Any reason connected with the accumulation of new facts could have little influence with a society the object of which was mainly the discussion of ascertained facts. The principal objection arose from the fear that Montreal or any other place so far from England would prove an unsuitable centre for such an assembly. It is pleasant to find that there was no ground for these apprehensions. As far as we can at present judge, the numbers present at the meeting will compare favourably with most of the previous gatherings.

The importance of the visit of these "men of science" is in many respects very great. It is great in announcing the proud position which science has now attained, and therefore, as showing the progress of common sense and rationality in the world. There actually was a time—not yet very remote—when human beings who were not destitute of education, nor yet of intelligence in some senses of that word, professed to treat science with contempt, who certainly did treat it with entire neglect. A dignitary of the Church, a first classman of the University of Oxford, has been heard in this generation to declare that he hated science. It is possible that the dignitary in question might still give utterance to the same sentiments, for he is still alive, and it is a point of honour in some people to stick to anything they have said. But he could now be answered by a very moderately educated opponent, and such sentiments as his would now be received with derision by any assembly of adult men, and by most women.

Indeed, it is the glory of our age that science has invaded every province of thought, even those from which it might have seemed to be, by its nature, excluded, and this has resulted from a clearer perception of the nature of science. For what do we mean by this term in its most general sense? We mean knowledge that is systematic, comprehensive, complete, exact. In other words, we mean knowledge which is true knowledge. We now determine to withhold that title from mere impressions or traditional beliefs, or detached scraps of information. We hold it necessary to test all our mental possessions by careful observation, comparison, criticism, and the like. And this is science.

Science, we say, invades every province of thought. History must now be scientific or it is worthless. Historical judgments must be formed upon principles as definite, and upon investigations as exhaustive, as those which are demanded by the most exact sciences. Theology itself has had to receive science as an auxiliary. There was a time when the theologian would have shuddered at the idea of forming an alliance with what he regarded as a cold, rigid form which would have no affinity with his own living subject; but now it is only upon condition of his being strictly scientific that the theologian can claim or can obtain a hearing. Of course there are many so-called theologians who will demur to these statements, just as there are people, and very clever people, who will speak nonsense on any subject, who will use language to which they attach no meaning, who will contradict statements which they do not understand. We are

now speaking of thoughtful men, acquainted with the literature of their age, and addressing men as thoughtful as themselves: with such speakers and such hearers science has become a universal necessity.

The members of the British Association have been good enough to say that they have come to Canada as much to learn as to teach. No doubt this is very proper and very courteous on their part, and we quite believe that even these learned persons have a good deal of knowledge to acquire on the state of this Dominion.

The Bishop of Algoma has recently amused Canadian audiences by an account of the ignorance of educated Englishmen as to many localities with which they might have been supposed to be acquainted. There is no doubt that much useful knowledge will be carried back to England by the members of the Association, and that it will gradually become the property of the English people through speeches, reports, newspapers and the like. All this will be very useful not only to Englishmen but to Canadians. For one thing, it will help our relatives in the old country to know a little better the kind of men who will find it worth their while to emigrate. It will enable them already to understand that idle and incapable men and women are of no use whatever here, that an incompetent person will not be less carefully scrutinized, but more carefully and critically examined, because he is an Englishman. We believe that those persons are quite wrong who say that we want no more men from the old country. They are quite right when they say that a great many come who are not wanted. It will be something if the meeting of the British Association shall help English people to know better what prospects there are in Canada for intending emigrants. Lord Lorne, when asked whether he should advise Englishmen to emigrate to Canada, said very seriously that he should decline to give advice, because every man knew his own business best. Before a man can, in this matter, know "his own business," he must know something of the needs and circumstances of the country to which he thinks of removing.

But it is not so much of what the British Association and the English people will receive from this meeting that we ought to think; but far more of what they can give us. It is a mere truism and platitude to say that a country is ruled by its knowledge and intelligence; and it would be unreasonable to doubt that the highest class of English scholars and scientific men (we cannot bring ourselves to write that odious word "scientists") can teach us something. Much as we appreciate the solid reality of the general Canadian character, the industry and devotion to work by which all classes are distinguished, it would be sheer nonsense to flatter Canadians by ascribing to them a pre-eminence in learning, in literary or scientific attainments, or in any of their departments which require leisure for study and research. It is not reasonable to expect such pre-eminence; and for this reason we should hail with thankfulness the advent of a body of men whose circumstances have allowed of those pursuits from which most men among ourselves are debarred. It is only as this class of scholars and thinkers can be increased among us that we can take that place in the advancement of knowledge which must be desired by all who have the real interests of the country at heart. We have no inclination to disparage the men who are toiling for the needful daily bread. They are doing honest, necessary work. The intellectual and moral progress of a nation will make little way if its natural progress is impeded. But there are higher interests than those which are material, and we cannot hope that these will be permanently maintained among a people who do not cherish a love of knowledge and an enthusiasm for truth. Such sentiments cannot fail to be strengthened by contact with minds so eminent as those which will take the lead in the discussions of the British Association.

We shall not suspect ourselves of a flattery which would be even more offensive to the object of it than to our readers when we point to the distinguished President of the Association as an example of that simple, high-minded devotion to science which is characteristic of not a few of those who hold the highest places in the English world of science. Lord Rayleigh is a man who does the highest honour to the English aristocracy and to the men of science. He obtained the highest mathematical honours in the University of Cambridge. We believe he is the only English Peer who has been at once Senior Wrangler and first Smith's Prizeman. But this is not all. Since the time when he took his degree he has prosecuted the studies by which he gained distinction, and has published a work on "Acoustics," to which the highest place has been conceded by scientific men like Helmholtz; and, more recently, from pure love of science, he has accepted a Premiership in his own University, a position of no financial importance, and which necessitates his abandoning to a great degree the life of leisure enjoyed by an English country gentleman. It is by acts like these that the enthusiastic students of science do honour to their own studies, and kindle enthusiasm in others. We are far from thinking that Lord

Rayleigh stands alone in this respect; but he is a conspicuous example of that devotion which is worthy of imitation in Canada as in England, and we adduce his example as that of the man who will preside over the deliberations of the British Association at Montreal. C.

FRENCH CANADIAN POETS AND NOVELISTS.

I.

THE education of the French Canadian is much more literary than scientific. His taste for letters is cultivated at quite an early age, and oratory, *belles lettres* and the classics, form by far the stronger part of his mental outfit on leaving college. Higher thought and scientific research have few charms for him which he cannot withstand, and he turns with passion almost to poetry, romance, light philosophy, and history. He is a copious reader, but his taste is circumscribed and narrowed, and following the bent of his inclinations he eschews all the troublesome paradoxes of literature, avoids speculative authors, and reads with delight and appreciation the books which furnish him with the most amusement. He seeks recreation in his reading matter, and, sympathizing with Emerson, makes it a point to read only the books which please him the best. He likes clever verses and a good novel, and as the printing-press of France furnishes exemplars of these in abundance, he is never put to straits for supplies. Naturally enough, when the French Canadian attempts authorship, he writes poetry, romance, chroniques—a delicate, spirituelle variety of essay which finds a counterpart in such writings as Mr. Sala gives his *clientele*, and history. The latter he does very well, and exhibits great industry and skill in the arrangement of his materials and the grouping of his facts. His work rarely fails in artistic merit, and its strength lies in the easy flow of its diction and the spirit in which the author approaches his subject. Quebec's list of poets is a long one. Almost every fairly-educated young man can, at will, produce a copy of well-turned verse, but fortunately all do not exercise their power, nor do those who print poems in the newspapers always make volumes of their lays afterwards. Strange to say, Quebec is singularly badly off for female poets. I know of but one or two ladies who have courted the muse and printed their verses. We must not forget, however, that a poem is often emphasized in the tying of a ribbon, in the arrangement of the hair, and in the fashioning of a bow, and it would be unfair to describe Quebec's young women as unpoetic merely because they have not seen fit to put their thoughts into song. There are many male poets in the Province, but it will scarcely be necessary to concern ourselves, at this time, with more than half a dozen of the best known ones. These are Crémazie, Fréchette, Le May, Garneau, Routhier, and Sulte, each distinct from the other in style, touch, and motive. Joseph Octave Crémazie deserves, perhaps, the title of national poet of French Canada more than any of his fellow-bards. He was a strong singer. He selected lofty themes, surrounded them with an imagery as forceful as it was appropriate, and filled his lines with patriotic fire and flame. His "Drapeau de Carillon" is an impassioned burst of song which finds an echo in every French Canadian heart. It tells the story of the famous fight in bold, nervous stanzas, and though the canons of true art are sometimes sacrificed in the treatment, there is no falling off on the score of spirit, and dash, and vigour. Witness this stirring appeal, which no French Canadian can read unmoved. Every line is a war-note:—

Ah, bientôt puissions nous, ô drapeau de nos pères !
Voir tous les Canadiens unis, comme des frères,
Comme au jour du combat se serrer près de toi !
Puisse des souvenirs la tradition sainte
En régnant dans leur cœur, garder de toute atteinte,
Et leur langue et leur foi !

Crémazie had wonderful talent for versifying. He wrote some good odes, a few very fair descriptive pieces, and a threnody of great beauty and feeling. The first complete edition of his poems appeared early during the present year. The editor has been, perhaps, too prodigal in making his selection, but Crémazie is held in such high repute among his fellow-countrymen that the volume will not be rejected on that account. The first of Canadian poets had an eventful, unfortunate career. A crime drove him away from Quebec, and remorse and sorrow embittered his declining days. In Paris he died, an exile from home and from friends.

In time, Canada will rank as her foremost singer Louis Honore Fréchette. With some he holds that place now, but Crémazie's martial songs have so fired the national heart that Canadians are loth to transfer their allegiance to the *laureate* of the French Academy. A poet of undoubted merit Fréchette unquestionably is. He is more versatile than Crémazie, more polished and more correct. His rhythm is perfect and his manner is graceful, but his fancy is often riotous and extravagant. He is

artistic to a degree, and shows himself a complete master of the lyric. Papineau afforded him ample scope for a pictorial and dramatic poem, and if he had written nothing else it would have been sufficient to entitle him to a place in Canadian poesy. Fréchette is often at his best in his dedicatory verses, his lines for instance to H. W. Longfellow, to Pamphile Le May, Winnie Howells, to Théodore Vibert, and to his wife—the latter especially being tenderly wrought—are all striking and melodious. He can summon his muse at any time to do his bidding, and though his impromptu pieces and occasional verses lack finish and completeness, they are not devoid of merit. One sonnet of his on the *Saguenay* is so finely descriptive of that profound river of death, and its wild and awful scenery, that it may be given here, as an illustration of this poet's manner:—

LE SAGUENAY.

Cela forme deux rangs de massifs promontoires,
Gigantesque crevasse ouverte, aux premiers jours,
Par quelque cataclysme, et qu'on croirait toujours
Prête à se refermer, ainsi que des mâchoires.

Au pied de caps à pic dressés comme des tours,
Le Saguenay profond roule ses ondes noires ;
Parages, désolés pleins de mornes histoires !
Fleuve mystérieux pleins de sombres détours !

Rocs foudroyés, sommets aux pentes infécondes,
Sinistres profondeurs qui défont les sondes,
Vaste mur de granit qu'on nomme *Eternité*,

Comme on se sent vraiment chétif, quand on compare
A vos siècles les ans dont notre orgueil se pare,
Et notre petitesse à votre immensité !

Of course, "Les Oiseaux de Neige"—a delicious group of four poems in true French classical form, and in the best school—will always be associated with Fréchette's name in this country, for it was with those that he won the hearts of the "Forty Immortals," and carried off their prize. "Les Oiseaux Blancs," the second of the collection, has this refrain, which is almost a poem of itself:—

Du froid, de la neige,
Des vents et des eaux,
Que Dieu vous protège,
Petits Oiseaux !

But Fréchette does not devote his mind to pretty fancies altogether. He has written many bold and patriotic verses, a drama of power and incident based on the story of the rebellion of 1837-38—which traces the career of that remarkable leader, the great Papineau, with subtlety and grasp—and not a few political ballads and historical poems which possess both interest and value. When the poet relinquishes politics, and devotes the whole of his attention to literature, the country will be less divided than it is now as to his proper rank in letters. In any event, his is, certainly to-day the strongest lyrical voice possessed by the Dominion.

Pamphile Le May is a narrative and descriptive poet. His subjects are chiefly pastoral, and he seldom rises to the dignity of the dramatic form of composition. His style is simple, and, though his verses often lack grace and polish, he tells his stories well, and with so much care and truthfulness, that one can get a good idea from his books of French-Canadian village and farm life. His poems have individuality and character, and owing to the early theological training of the author—for twice he essayed to study for the priesthood—many of them are deeply religious. All of Le May's domestic pieces have a charm of their own, tenderness and sympathy being their chief characteristic. "La Découverte du Canada," the National Hymn, and the lines to Crémazie are among the better efforts of his muse. A long poem, "Les Vengeances," is rather tedious, but many of the verses are good, and, if the humour is strained and coarse-fibred, the narrative is not forced or out of harmony with truth. Pruning and revision might accomplish much for this work. Le May's translation of Longfellow's "Evangeline" is the best which has appeared of that lovely Acadian pastoral, though De Chatelain, in 1856, and Charles Brunel, in 1864, both translated it exceedingly well. Le May's copy appeared in 1865, and a second edition was published in 1870. This book helped to make Longfellow known to the French-Canadians, and induced many of them to learn English in order to appreciate the beauty and sweetness of the poem in the tongue in which it was originally written.

F. X. Garneau's chief claim to consideration rests upon his *History of Canada*, which treats the subject from a partisan point of view, and presents the national or French aspect of the question. He has, however, written a number of spirited and patriotic poems which entitle him to a place among the poets. Of these the more prominent are "Les Oiseaux Blancs," "L'hiver," and "Le Dernier Huron," all of them highly imaginative and intimately interwoven with Canadian sentiment and thought. The latter poem is deeply pathetic and suggestive. The poet, inspired by Plam-

ondon's fine picture of the last full-blooded Indian of Lorette, constructed a legend which few can read unmoved.

Judge Routhier has printed but one slender volume of verse, entitled "Les Échos," but it is good enough to have a more ambitious name. One half of the collection is comprised of purely domestic pieces, occasional verses and complimentary fragments, each in its way tender and sweet and graceful, according to the poet's mood and the character of his subject. Patriotic songs and religious hymns, or perhaps evangelical poems would be the better term to apply to them, compose the other half. The book is prefaced by a scholarly introduction in prose, which is written in the picturesque style of the Judge's "Causeries du Dimanche." Of the verses a good deal may be said in the way of praise; the verisimilitude is correct, and the sentiment, in all cases, is wholesome, bright and sympathetic. There are poems, here and there, of the heart, but they are more tender and gentle than warm or sensuous, Judge Routhier being nowise Swinburnian in his conceptions. Of course, a sensitive, Christian glow, full of life and delicacy and hope is everywhere throughout this book, and this fervent, pious grace illumines the evangelical pieces throughout. The sweetest poem in the series is, beyond doubt, the pathetic and beautiful "Death of Christ," which is modelled on a plane of true art. The story of the crucifixion is devoutly told, and like the companion piece, "Le Christ Vivant," is high in motive and lofty in strain and manner. The patriotic poems possess strength and a ringing measure. "Nos Martyrs" deals with incidents in the lives of those early Christians who made such heroic sacrifices for their country, and church, in planting the seeds of their missions on uncongenial soil more than two centuries ago. Those who have read the three large volumes of the "Relations des Jésuites," will remember the fate of De Brebœuf and Lallemand. Judge Routhier's facts come from that source, but the rich presentation of feeling, deep sympathy with the spirit of our early annals, and impassioned energy of description, are distinctively outpourings from his own breast. Of the "Échos Domestiques" the best are "Nos Petits Cercueils," the legend of "Stella Maris," "Une Fleur du Ciel," "La Nuit," "L'Académie des Femmes," and "Le Pantheon," the latter written in Rome in 1875. "Deux Vertus de la Femme" exhibits much delicacy of treatment, and is in a pleasant vein.

I have left myself little space in which to speak of the last poet on my list of representative singers of French Canada. Benjamin Sulte is better known to the English reader by his prose writings than by his poetry. Early in his career he wrote many songs and lyrics, but of late his copious studies and investigations into the history of New France, have compelled him to neglect the muse for a time. His songs are strongly imbued with the impulse of patriotism. The common people are his heroes, and, like Beranger, he has sought to give colour and beauty, and sometimes romance, to the every-day lives of his fellow-men. Excellent and artistic work may be found in "Les Laurentiennes," "Les Fondateurs" and "La Cloche," these being the best examples of his manner and motive.

II.

There are few good novels written by Canadians of either French or English origin. The French are, perhaps, more successful, but even their work is stilted and often commonplace. I know of but four novelists who have produced anything like fair average work. They are P. J. O. Chauveau, Joseph Marmette, Napoleon Bourassa, and Pamphile Le May. The first of these published his only novel, "Charles Guérin," some thirty-two years ago, in Montreal. It is a tale of habitant life, has the air of being founded on fact, and the character-drawing and incident are extremely clever. The plot is not intricate, and the bits of description are tolerably well managed, but the conversations drag and the story lacks "go." In its day it held a place in French-Canadian literature which is difficult to accord to it now, but as a picture of country life it will long retain an assured rank. Joseph Marmette has written about half-a-dozen novels, all in the historical vein, the incidents connected with the life of the heroine of Verchères, Count Frontenac's exploits while Governor of New France, and the trying times under Intendant Bigot, affording him themes exciting and dramatic enough. Marmette is a good historical painter. He uses plenty of colour and covers his canvass with considerable art, but he manages his plots rather carelessly and his people have little vivacity. His women are worse than his men in that respect. "L'Intendant Bigot" is the best story that he has given us. It possesses a good deal of fire and character, and the various episodes described have the merit of truthfulness. Those who love the story of Frontenac's administration will like to read the romantic incidents in his career as they will find them depicted in Marmette's "François de Bienville." In this romance the love story is very prettily told, and the glimpses of social life in the seventeenth century are cleverly revealed. In power, however, it is not so strong a book as the "Bigot." In all of Marmette's novels there is room for revision, and

as they are immeasurably superior to most of the stories we have, the author ought to recast and improve them. Napoleon Bourassa is an artist, but twenty years ago he published a novel entitled "Jacques et Marie," which enjoyed considerable popularity in the country. It is good reading to-day, the style of the author being quaint but amusing. The scene of the story is laid in Acadia, and it treats of the expulsion of the Acadians in a touching and sympathetic way. The book has power, but the arrangement of details is bad, and the workmanship is too hurried to be good. The book has its readers, however, the subject being dear to Canadians, and the love story is, on the whole, not badly done.

Le May has been spoken of in this paper as a poet. He is also a novelist of fair abilities. Perhaps his best book is his last, "L'Affaire Sougraine," founded on fact, and published only a few months since. It treats of a dramatic tragedy which occurred in Quebec a year or two ago. An Indian's wife was discovered dead by the roadside. She had been last seen alive in company with her husband, with whom she was not on friendly terms. It was found that she had met her death by violence, and suspicion was at once fastened on Sougraine, who was arrested and tried for the murder of his wife. While the case was pending in court Le May printed his novel, and the first edition was barely disposed of before the prisoner was acquitted by the jury and discharged. The story has considerable merit, and some humour and satire, the latter being levelled with keen spirit against an objectionable member of a former local Government.

The outlook in fiction literature in French Canada is not highly encouraging. Poetry has a better chance to succeed, but the novelist is yet to come.

GEORGE STEWART, JR.

NATIONAL LITERATURE.

AN article in a recent number of THE WEEK, entitled, "A Field for Canadian Achievements," contains a phrase that recalls to my mind a paper I read before the *κύκλος* club in Montreal, seven or eight years ago. The words that turned my memory back were "a distinctive national literature," and as well as I remember, the title of my paper was the question, "Can we have a distinctive Canadian Literature?" I shall not forget the storm of indignant denials that arose as I answered that question in the negative, and many were the patriotic sentiments uttered during the discussion that took place. Though somewhat roughly handled by my critics, I still held my answer to be just; and looking back to-day upon the position I then held, I see but little cause to change my ground.

The writer of the article in question says, "a large and appreciative audience is ready-made in Canada, waiting to welcome, to honour and immortalize, the right man in the walks of literature." I cannot say if this be true or otherwise; but I do know Canadian works have been issued from Canadian publishing houses, some wrought by the hand of genius, some polished by the touch of the scholar, that have not paid the cost of publication, while inferior compilations and unreadable literary "bosh" have, I am informed, put satisfactory shekels in the pockets of the compilers or authors. True it is, that newspaper puffs and never-be-tired book hawkers are to a great extent responsible for the latter; but, I ask, would the London drawing-rooms, that recognize and applaud genius, be influenced by the most persistent book-agents or the most fulsome newspaper puffs. Surely Macaulay dealt a death-blow to the latter system. If Canada is ready to welcome, honour and immortalize the right man in the walks of literature, which I take to mean a really transcendent genius among men, why does she not grant a just meed of praise and profit to her present best workers? In how many Canadian homes will one find the current literature of the day, of England and the United States, where even the names of Canadian authors of merit are unknown?

Though part of my life associating with literary men, I cannot claim to be one to any greater extent than Mr. Silas Wegg, in that I have occasionally "dropped into verse," so I cannot speak with the knowledge and authority of one, yet the opinions of a very interested spectator, whose friends are in the thick of the fight, may be of sufficient concern to claim the attention of your readers.

From my unscholarly point of view let me try to answer the question, "Can we have a distinctive Canadian literature?" Yes, most probably we can, and will, when all the unknown and undreamt changes and influences of centuries have wrought their impress on the people; when revolutions have marked eras in our history, and history, itself grown old, is phosphorescent with the halo of romance; when to our descendants eighty-ton guns and turret vessels are as javelins and Athenian galleys to us; when our railways are as Roman roads, and our present manners and

customs are uncouth to the refinement of twenty-five hundred and eighty-four. That we will have a literature long before such things happen I do not question; but he is doomed to awake unsatisfied who dreams of a *distinctive* literature from the hands of a genius, who, at a single bound, has leaped from chaos to cosmos across the evolution of ages.

Your contributor points out the want of "A common centre, political, literary, social, and commercial," as the great gulf fixed in the way of achieving a national literature, and he is right as far as he goes; but does he not overlook the fact, that the centralization he speaks of would only be a means, a method or process of development that would fail of its end without the material to work upon? It would encourage literature; but how a "distinctive literature," without the protoplasm of a remote national infancy? Had the Normans overrun England, obliterating almost every trace of the Saxon, as we have the North American Indian, the England of to-day might be but a differing branch of a Continental race and language.

The Saxon, though overpowered in war, had an intellectual vitality that in time equalled and overpowered the conqueror, so that, as centuries passed, the two were knit into an indissoluble whole, forming a distinctive nationality with, finally, a distinctive literature.

Such, I think, has been the history of nations with distinctive literatures; if subjugated, their conquerors have not been so far superior as to utterly destroy all traces of the original race, and have merely left an ineffaceable impress, or have amalgamated to form a new race and language from the fittest part of both.

Take such a land. It has grown in the lapse of ages from an infancy of barbarism to a manhood of civilization. A history abounding with tradition; a religion whose precursor was a mythology; whose mountains, rivers and forests were the homes of gods and heroes, to whom thunder was the voice and lightning the "red right hand" of offended and avenging deity. Such an origin will develop a national literature.

It is different with us in Canada. We have had no barbarous infancy moulded by the natural features of our land. No divinities have sanctified to us our mountains and streams. No fabled heroes have left us immortal memories. We have not amalgamated with the native and woven the woof of our refinement in the strong sinuous web of an aboriginal tradition and religion. In our civilized arrogance we swept away that coarser fabric, knowing not that we destroyed that which we would now, as a garment, be proud to wear. We have come almost full grown into the world, not unlike some unbred specimens of the canine race. We are hardly healthier for that. A strain of native blood, though seemingly retarding us at first, might have proved a blessing in the future. But we are here now and they are gone.

An ever increasing difficulty in forming a distinctive literature is the facility of communication between the utmost ends of the earth. We are more familiar with and probably more influenced by the doings in Australia to-day than neighbouring states in Europe were by each other a thousand years ago. We are gaining the whole world and losing our own soul. Individuality, almost nationality, is being lost, and could one of us be granted the days of a Methuselah his aged blood might fire and his heart beat stronger, listening, in a later civilization, not to a patriot, but to a *terraot* launching his philippics against the overbearing and belligerent inhabitants of the moon. But jesting aside, is not this the course of things?

Yet again there is an influence on this very continent from which we cannot escape, and which must mould our features to a family likeness. I doubt not but the day will come when there shall arise the right man in the walks of literature. That is to say, we will produce a great writer, or even great writers; but will they be founders of a "distinctive literature?" I think not, unless they write in Anglo-Ojibbeway, and educate a nation to look upon Nana-bo-johu as a Launcelot or a Guy of Warwick.

BARRY DANE.

THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNORSHIP OF QUEBEC.

NEWSPAPERS which may be looked upon as fairly representing the opinions of the English-speaking population of the Province of Quebec are considerably agitated just now over the question of the Lieutenant-Governorship of that Province. The present position of these journalists is not unlike a very little dog watching a very big one gnawing a bone, and when the latter has almost picked it bare, then the little one says "please give me the bone." The attitude of the English journalists doubtless affords the true interpretation of the *Chein D'or* which flourishes in Quebec history. But whether or not, while we can enter into the feelings of the English-speaking people, we are very far from sharing the enthusiasm of their confrères in the press, and that for reasons which we shall presently

explain. We are clearly of opinion that Confederation on the existing lines of "Provincial Autonomy," as it is termed, is doomed to an early and possibly ignominious death. Assuming that we are correct in this surmise, and we are prepared to say in advance that the party organs will denounce it in every mood and tense—what then? Why it follows inevitably that the really important question which the English-speaking people of the Province of Quebec have got to decide is this: Are we justified in making any effort to stay dissolution? To obtain sufficient data for a satisfactory answer they have but to cast their eyes around them and see what is transpiring now, and what has taken place since "Confederation." It is sheer folly, or downright dishonesty, to talk of anything like real community of interest or feeling as existing between the French and English-speaking portion of the population. It does not exist. Still worse, it can not exist, and the French Canadians of the Province of Quebec have never lost an opportunity of declaring their determined antipathy to the idea of amalgamation in any shape or form. We don't blame them for this, but we strongly condemn the political charlatanism which has given birth to this hybrid thing called Confederation, and enthroned it as the highest effort of political sagacity. Do the Canadians of Montreal, Three Rivers, or Quebec take any interest in "Dominion Day"? Not the slightest; and possibly there is not one *habitant* in every five thousand who knows "Dominion Day" even by name, and not one in twenty who feels the slightest interest in it under any circumstances. Those few who, in one or at most two places, make a pretence of enthusiasm for English connection are political hangers-on whose prejudices are, for the moment, made subservient to their interests, but even in their case the veneer is too thin to deceive. Real political cohesion there is none, and the intervention of religion and language at all points would effectually check such tendencies even if they did exist. But it is only doing the French Canadians of the Province of Quebec, an act of bare justice to say that so far as they are concerned such tendencies are absolutely non-existent. Is it wise then or patriotic for the English-speaking population to act and speak as if the two nationalities were in process of fusion? We think not. Moreover, we are of opinion that such a course is eminently prejudicial to their best political interests, inasmuch as it diverts their attention from their true natural allies, and therefore the sooner these political illusions are dispelled the better hope is there for the progress of the country.

The position of the French Canadian in our political system may be stated in familiar language: he looks out upon the inviting field of Dominion patronage, and he says to the English-speaking tax-payers, and says with delightful effusiveness, "We are one grand confederation, and therefore 'what's yours is mine.' but in the Province of Quebec what's mine is my own." Who will pretend to say that this does not fairly represent the situation at the present. "Jean Baptiste" has a well-founded dislike against paying taxes, but he has not, it must be admitted, any objection to other people paying them so long as he is accorded the privilege of spending them. Confederation was heralded with so many promises that the English-speaking people were quite content to accept the situation on these terms, and with commendable generosity they have hitherto permitted their ill-assorted ally to spend their money. Well, what is the result? Look at the Province of Quebec itself, and there you see the English-speaking population being steadily and persistently driven out. No English man need apply for any office under the Provincial Government at the present moment, and as a matter of fact they get none. Of the few offices held by English-speaking persons some have been forced to resign to make way for French Canadians, and the few who remain are there upon sufferance. The whole business life of the Province of Quebec centres to-day chiefly in the English-speaking population of Montreal, who contribute perhaps three-fourths of the municipal taxes, as they unquestionably do the greater part of the funds necessary to keep the Provincial machinery going, and yet observe how they have been treated in the matter of the mayoralty. Again and again their wishes have been set at nought and good faith violated in the interests of French national prejudice; and the same state of things will occur in every instance where the French Canadian can freely exercise his will. The only privilege he will allow his English-speaking co-resident in the Province is the privilege of paying the taxes. Precisely the same thing has occurred as to the lieutenant-governorship of Quebec. Since Confederation the position of Lieutenant-Governor has been held by needy politicians, and the present occupant is no exception to the rule. This disposition on the part of the French Canadian to grasp everything, and having got it to hold it with obstinate tenacity, is easily understood. It is carrying out the idea, absurd if you will, of creating a French nationality upon this continent. Besides, it is a good thing to exclude the hated, and to the average French Canadian, easy-going conqueror, who threw away his blood and treasure apparently

for the fun of the thing. And lastly, the French Canadian is exclusively needy. Other reasons will suggest themselves; but having regard to all the circumstances it is absurd on the part of the English-speaking people to seek to perpetuate the existing state of things, in which they give everything and receive nothing in return. On the strength of Confederation theories and the supposed fusion of the two nationalities, the Dominion Government is gradually passing into the hands of the French, and when they have attained supreme power they will exercise it after the present fashion in the interests of the most retrogressive state on this continent. Our party politicians are bidding—or perhaps we should say out-bidding—each other for French Canadian support, and it will presently become a serious question for Ontario to answer how far she is justified in carrying the dead weight imposed upon her by being connected with the Province of Quebec. Mr. Alonzo Wright, whose name is mentioned as a successor to the present occupant of Spenser Wood, is in himself an exceedingly strong candidate, and, beyond all comparison, the most highly as well as the most generally esteemed political man in the Province. If he accepted the office at all, it would be from a sense of public duty, for, unlike many politicians, he is no needy adventurer, seeking to make ends meet, and not over scrupulous as to the methods employed. With the French Canadians of the Ottawa Valley no man stands higher than Alonzo Wright; he is the poor man's friend, ever ready to lend a helping hand to those who need help, and besides having a strong predilection in favour of his French Canadian fellow-countrymen. In addition to his other qualifications, Mr. Wright makes an admirable speech of the good old-fashioned style, rich in playful humour, and abounding in apt illustrations. For the acrid passages of debate and the personalities which do so much to lower the tone of our deliberative assemblies, Mr. Wright has never evinced the slightest liking, and, in consequence of this, he holds a positively unique position at Ottawa, being equally esteemed by both political parties. If anything could restore confidence in the present order of things, such an appointment would unquestionably have that effect, and Sir John is far too shrewd a politician not to appreciate its advantages fully; but it is highly probable that even Sir John will find himself powerless to resist the deep-seated selfishness and national antipathies of the French Canadians of the Lower Province. They are sufficiently powerful now to command the situation, and the fiat has gone forth that, so far as the Province of Quebec is concerned, "no English need apply." If we wished the present state of things perpetuated, we should like to see Mr. Wright appointed. We think, however, that disruption is bound to come, and, in the interests of the other Provinces, it is not desirable to contribute to its delay. We have such a strong conviction in the anti-English policy of the Lower Canadians that we have no hesitation in predicting that no *bona fide* offer of the position will be made to Mr. Wright. French Canadian politicians are too needy to be generous, too bigoted to be liberal.

OBSERVER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"DOMINION QUARANTINE REGULATIONS."

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—My attention has been called to a paragraph in the *Sanitary Journal*, in which the writer is good enough to speak of my article on "Dominion Quarantine Regulations" as *very erroneous and misleading*. Now, assuming that the editor of the *Sanitary Journal* attaches some value to the words he employs, I ask him in a spirit of fair play to point out specifically the errors and misleading statements contained in my article. He will not, I am sure, pretend to mistake my meaning, and enter upon topics entirely outside the article. I beg to assure the editor of the *Sanitary Journal* that the article was not written to serve any political interest or party, and that I made no accusation against the Minister of Agriculture—in whose favour he is so anxious to break a lance. The Quarantine Regulations recently issued are a sufficient refutation of the *Sanitary Journal*, but I can promise the editor to make the answer far more complete. Zealous friends are occasionally far more dangerous than enemies—*vir sapit qui pauca loquitur*.

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

THE Philadelphia *Progress* has published, in the form of a supplement, a long account of Mr. Edwin E. Booth's reminiscences of men and things, both North and South, during and just previous to the War.

WE do not suppose it will come to anything, but one cannot help being interested in a bill which has just been introduced into the French Senate for replacing the guillotine by prussic acid. The guillotine is probably more expeditious than the gallows; but according to M. Charton, the author of the bill, the head lives for a short space of time after its severance from the body, and in any case an execution in France is a very ghastly spectacle. M. Charton does not bind himself to prussic acid, and suggests the discharge of a powerful electric battery as an alternative. It certainly is time that the resources of science were brought to bear on capital punishment, and the French, if any people, with their "accessibility to ideas," might show the way.

FAME'S SYNONYM.

THE wind made moan about the poet's home,
And sought to enter by each crevice gate,
As if the soul of brooding Melancholy
Had her affinities through earth and air.
His head was bowed in abject sorrowing thought,
And this the wording of his reverie:

"The breath of fame is breath of scorn:
Why deem it praise and blessing?
Was ever yet that poet born
Who has not felt his crown of thorn
On bleeding temples pressing?"

"When hearts of men are polished steel,
How vain the gift of numbers!
For souls self-bound to Ixion's wheel,
No height, no depth, no power to feel;
The lyre of Amphion slumbers!"

"So chilled are all the flowers of song,
A grave above them closes.
What charm can such crushed petals show?
And yet some darling hope may glow
Beneath life's trampled roses."

Years fleetly passed. The crown he wore
Grew bright within the mart of thought,
For every cruel wound he bore
Came balm, by tears too dearly bought.
The harp once swept vibrates again
Through widest range of joy or pain;
Heaven taught the strains that seek the sky,
Earth wrought the low antiphony;
And his the poet's power to show
How fires neath "polished steel" may glow,
And His the poet's soul to prove
That still no fame
Is worth the name
Which is not synonym for Love.

JEANIE OLIVER SMITH.

Johnstown, N. Y.

GAMES AND GAMESTERS.

THOSE grand old gamblers of the last century, John Law of Lauriston, and Casarova, were shrewd arithmeticians, and when they held a bank at Aix, Paris, or Venice knew what they were about perfectly well. Public tables at watering-places appear to have grown out of the custom of dining at an ordinary, after which the person who was prepared to make the biggest bank dealt at faro, then as popular in Europe as it afterwards became in America. In Europe it died out before the period of Crockfords, where only hazard, roulette, and trente-et-quarante were played. It is said that the famous Lord Chesterfield of that period broke all three banks in one night, just as the too-notorious Lord de Ros cleaned out the German tables in a successful tour. There is, however, always a little doubt about these stories, for the tables go on, like the book-makers on the turf, while noble-men and gentlemen die beggared and in exile.

Popular games of cards separate themselves distinctly into classes. There are the games in which a certain number is sought to be attained by the colours, red and black, as at trente-et-quarante; by the dealer and the punters, as at ving-et-un, at quinzio, and at baccarat, now more in vogue than all the others put together. Another class of game is that in which the order of cards coming up decides the battle. To this belongs faro, Horace Walpole's favourite game, at which John Law, Casarova, and other renowned adventurers made immense sums of money by keeping the banks, and which has long been the popular gambling game from New York to San Francisco. Lansquenet is another game of this kind, and, like faro, has somewhat of hazard about its structure. Poker, bluff, and brag are very distinct from these, mainly in being played, like whist, nap and loo, without a banker, and simple as round games. The three first are also games depending not entirely on good cards, but on the skill, coolness, courage, and luck of the player in betting heavily at the right moment. A champion hand by no means insures large gains at poker, as a player may hold four aces and yet be so unfortunate as to find nobody to bet against him. Nearly all games of hazard, as opposed to those of skill, will be bound to come under one of these heads, as games depending on the attaining or approaching of a certain number, or the order of cards in the pack, or on the luck and spirit of the player in betting or in "standing," as at loo (Horace Walpole's weakness), sometimes on a hand which he would reject at others.

In all games played either with a professional or amateur banker, there is a distinct advantage to the banker, as the lovers of Monte Carlo can establish. It is said that there is no doubt about the fairness of the game played at Monte Carlo. This may be. It is argued that the eyes of the greatest scoundrels in Europe are bent upon the dealers, and that is sufficient to guarantee the fairness of the game. I am not at all sure that this

is exact. One knows the power of professors of ledgerdom, and knowing this, any person would be childish to guarantee the integrity of any professional gambler. That cards can be changed—that the “cut” can be reversed or cancelled by the quick manipulation of the dealer, is perfectly well known, as that the dealing of “Chemin de fer,” as he is called at Monte Carlo, empties the table. Large banks of roulette and trente-et-quarante are, however, guaranteed against loss by a variety of chances not always suspected or appreciated at their just value by the better or punter. It was to provide punters with a safeguard against heavy and sudden loss that M. Blanc invented the system of insurance against the percentage of the table. The rate charged is one per cent. per coup. Thus, if one stakes a rouleau of fifty louis or a thousand franc note, one pays half a louis or ten francs to the bank as insurance. During a brisk day's play at Monte Carlo, the amount of insurance paid to the bank is very great. The system of insurance is excellent in one way, that it tells the player exactly what he is doing. He is paying one per cent. on all the money he stakes for the privilege of playing a game at which the chances are precisely equal. In fact, he hires the bank to play against him, just as if he were to give a man a sovereign to toss him for a hundred. There are undoubtedly many advantages over private play in punting at a bank like that of Monte Carlo. The punter can stake as much or as little as he pleases, can begin and leave off when he likes, is never asked to give a “revenge.” In short, he has no compunction in suiting his own convenience. Added to this is what must be estimated as another great advantage; the punter can only lose the money he has about him; there is no cashing of cheques, and consequently he can neither make bad debts nor himself become a defaulter. Whether all this is worth one per cent. or not depends on the taste and fancy of the punter. The great interest of trente-et-quarante consists in the run of the game. Each time the banker deals, the player, who is supplied with a card and pin for that purpose, marks with a puncture the colour which has won. It is on the run of the game, not on the run of the cards, that systems as they are called, are constructed by industrious gamblers. Profound study has revealed to adepts that what are called “series” occur in a fixed proportion; that when thousands of deals are counted over it is seen that not only does red win as often as black, but that an exact proportion is maintained as to the number of times either colour wins consecutively, in what is called in English a “run,” in French a *serie*. Thus the frequency of every run on a colour is in inverse proportion to its length. There are as many “singles” or “intermittants” as they are called, as of all the runs of two, three, four, five, etc., put together. Hence it is that large gamblers, who know this, rarely tempt fortune by backing a long run, so seductive and so profitable to smaller players if they retire their stake before the inevitable change comes, and it is raked up by the croupier.

At Monte Carlo, as was the case at Baden, Wiesbaden, Homburg, Spa, and other places, roulette is still publicly played. It is a very unfavourable game for the punter as compared with trente-et-quarante. Of old it was played with two zeros and thirty-six numbers; that is to say, that the bank reserved for itself two chances out of thirty-eight. With the administration of the late M. Blanc, at Homburg, a more liberal policy was inaugurated, roulette being played with one zero, as it is now played at Monte Carlo. This, whether the player stake on numbers or colours, gives the bank an advantage very easy to compute.

When the ball is thrown into the whizzing wheel the excitement of those within range of eyesight becomes very great. For, insane as it may seem, there are “systems” of play at roulette as carefully thought out as those at trente-et-quarante. Without discussing the more complicated of those, which require a clerk or two to sit at the table and play from morning till night—there is the well-known plan of playing for what are called the numerous *voisins*. To make this clear it should be remembered that on the roulette, with its receptacles for the ivory ball, although the blacks and reds are arranged alternately, the numbers are irregularly placed. Thus 32 is next to zero, 20 and 32 on either side of 1. This peculiarity in the construction of the roulette explains the apparently wild manner in which players are seen to plant their pieces all over the table. There is a method in their madness. They are playing for the *voisins* or neighbouring numbers. There is one peculiarity, however, in all gambling places of the kind, to wit, the gradual imbecility which comes over people who play every day for hours together at the tables. Roulette is entirely too complicated to permit a looker-on to follow the murky mind of the player. But at baccarat, or trente-et-quarante it is easy to follow him or to play against him. It is essential, however, in working this system that the “ponte,” whose hand one is backing “in” or “out,” should not know anything about what is going on, for he would probably be furious, thinking that interference crossed his luck. Among the writer's small circle of friends, one lost the last house, grounds, and paddock he had left by betting against a singularly unlucky duke, recently deceased. When the peer took up the box at Morris's, at Newmarket, the man who had come, like the duke, to his last pence, backed him “out” for a heavy stake. But the duke threw seven mains, and the other gentleman went to Australia. Another friend of mine once landed himself, as he would have said, in comparative affluence by noticing that Signor Tamberlik had a diabolical *deveine* at Spa. It was a wet morning, as mornings are sometimes wet at Spa; the mists went up and the rain came down. There was nothing to do but to go into the rooms and see Meyerbeer play—pretty badly—at chess. As this pleasure palled upon my friend, he went into the other room and saw Tamberlik sitting down to play. The Briton had the lucky inspiration to play *la tete du ponte*, but *a l'envers*, Tamberlik, who was at that

time at the height of his reputation, had a dreadful day of it, and my friend won pocketfuls of louis and notes of Banque de France.

The game of which one heard the most previous to the agitations now assuming formidable proportions to put down Monte Carlo, is baccarat. Since the invention, or rather the vogue, of baccarat, it has been an Aaron's rod to other games, for it has devoured them all. There is very good reason for the popularity of baccarat. The percentage in favour of the banker for the time-being is not enormous. There are so many ways of playing baccarat that the game is a little difficult to describe. It is of the class of games in which anybody takes the bank. Sometimes it is sold to the highest bidder, or the man who will make the biggest bank, a plan which, as has already been observed, favours professional or quasi-professional gamblers, like the well-known Englishman in Paris, who, on “working days” dines early in the evening, goes to bed, is roused by his servant at midnight, rises, bathes, puts on his evening clothes, and goes to the cercle, where he has an immense advantage over opponents who have been dining, supping, theatre-going, and otherwise fatiguing themselves. Baccarat is played with two or more packs of cards, generally four packs. The game is supposed, although any number of persons may play, to be between the banker or dealer and two opponents or punters. The banker sits in the middle of a long table, and the people on his right and left are classed as the two *tableaux*. He then, the packs of cards having been shuffled and cut, deals two to each *tableaux* and two to himself. The object of the game is to hold the number nine, or as near to it as possible. Tens and court cards, of which there are sixteen in every pack, do not count, thus, if the dealer or either tableau holds two tens, it is as if they held nothing. If the dealer or the tableau holds what are called baccarat cards, eight or nine, they are bound to show them, and the game is decided at once. Ties do not in this game, as at vingt-et-un, pay the dealer, they make only a dead-heat, and stakes are withdrawn.—*Condensed from Bernard H. Becker in the Fortnightly Review.*

THE SCRAP BOOK.

SOME STORIES FROM HAYWARD'S ESSAYS.

A PAPER on the late Mr. Abraham Hayward's Essays, which appears in *Temple Bar*, contains a number of amusing stories, some of which we reproduce:—

A Doubtful Joke of Doubtful Origin.

Any one, says the writer, who has read “The Pearls and Mock Pearls of History” must see how difficult it is to apportion correctly the reported sayings of great men. One of the most difficult cases we ever met with is the following. James Smith writes: “Our dinner party yesterday at H——'s chambers was very lively. Mrs.—— was dressed in pink, with a black lace veil, her hair smooth. H—— was the lion of the dinner-table, whereupon I, like Addison, did ‘maintain my dignity by a stiff silence.’ An opportunity for a *bon mot* occurred which I had not virtue sufficient to resist. Lord L—— mentioned that an old lady, an acquaintance of his, kept her books in detached bookcases, the male authors in one, and the female in another. I said, ‘I suppose her reason was, she did not wish to increase her library.’ Altogether the conversation, considering the presence of ladies, was too mannish, as Pepys says, in his *Memoirs*, ‘Pleasant, but Wrong.’ The party at Mr. Hayward's consisted of Mrs. Norton, Lord Lyndhurst, Theodore Hook, and James Smith. James Smith was a man of undoubted truth and honour, and the last man in the world to claim other people's property; yet Mr. Hayward states the *bon mot* was Lord Lyndhurst's.”

Sporting Parsons.

It is impossible (writes Mr. Hayward) not to be struck by the place accorded to the clergy of the Established Church in the annals of fox-hunting. In olden times hunting was an episcopal amusement. The grandfather of our present Home Secretary, the Archbishop of York, before his elevation to the bench, kept a pack of foxhounds. After his elevation, taking a ride in the country where he thought it not unlikely he might see something of the hounds, he met the fox. His lordship put his finger under his wig and gave one of his beautiful view halloos. “Hark! halloo!” said some of the field. The huntsman listened, and the halloo was repeated. “That will do,” said he, listening to his old master's voice: “that's gospel, by G—d!”

Here is an anecdote of a sporting parson given by Mr. Hayward:—“A bishop in Dorsetshire drove over one Sunday morning from a neighbouring seat to attend divine service at a parish church. Seeing a gentleman in black entering the vestry door, he requested to know at what hour the service commenced: ‘We throw off at eleven,’ was the reply. Rather taken aback, his lordship asked, ‘Pray, sir, are you the officiating clergyman?’ ‘Why, yes, I tip them the word.’”

Whist out of Season.

The clergy in the west of England were formerly devoted to whist! About the beginning of the century there was a whist club in a country town of Somersetshire composed mostly of clergymen that met every Sunday evening in the back parlour of a barber's. Four of these were acting as pall-bearers at the funeral of a reverend brother, when a delay occurred from the grave not being ready, and the coffin was put down in the chancel. By way of wiling away their time one of them produced a pack of cards from his pocket and proposed a rubber. When the sexton came to announce the preparations were complete, he found these clerical worthies

deep in their game, using the coffin as their table. We hope the sexton surprised them as much as another sexton did a curate at his first funeral, when he walked up to him with the appalling announcement, "Please, sir, the corpse's father wishes to speak to you."

A Formidable Bishop.

We have seen short whist played (says Mr. Hayward) by a member of the episcopal body, and a very eminent one, the venerable Bishop of Exeter, (Phillpotts), his adversary being the late Dean of St. Paul's (Millman); the other an American diplomatist (Mason), and his partner, a distinguished foreigner (Strzelecki), whose whist was hardly on a par with his scientific acquirements and social popularity. The two church dignitaries played a steady, sound, orthodox game. The bishop bore a run of ill-luck like a Christian and a bishop, but when (after the diplomatist had puzzled him by a false card) the count lost the game by not returning his trump, the excellent prelate looked as if about to bring the rubber to a conclusion as he once brought a controversy with an archbishop—namely, by the bestowal of his blessing, which the archbishop, apparently apprehensive of its acting by the rule of contraries, earnestly entreated him to take back.

The bishop was sometimes apt not only to bless but to pray for his adversaries, and the boldest of his enemies trembled when he went metaphorically on his knees with "Let us pray for our erring brother." The bishop was rather formidable. Once, after dinner, he kept glancing at Mrs. Phillpotts as a signal for retiring, but the moment she saw and began to move, the bishop gallantly rushed to the door, and opened it, with a tender remonstrance, "What, so soon, love?"

Bishops as Clubmen.

The Athenæum (says the writer in *Temple Bar*) is thought, by some of its irreverent members, to be rather too full of the episcopal element. Some philosopher had a theory that night is occasioned, not by the absence of light, but by the presence of certain black stars. So the ecclesiastical element imparts a rather sombre atmosphere to the club. When the United Service Club is under repair, its members sometime seek refuge in the Athenæum, and then, we are told, the club is filled with hirsute warriors cursing short service, and speaking most irreverently of the "Grand Old Man." When the Athenæum visits the United Service, it imparts an ecclesiastical character to the club. Once, the first night that the Athenæum members arrived there, an aged warrior descended the stairs at midnight and went to the stand for his umbrella. It had vanished, and a thunderstorm was going on. "Gone," roared out the ferocious veteran, "of course it is gone; this comes of letting in those d—d bishops."

No doubt the day is fast coming when Britain will dispense with hereditary legislators. But we doubt that it has yet come. It is better that revolutions should go too slowly than too swiftly. The French people could not wait for slow and safe relief from tyrannical government, and they rushed into the reign of terror. The English people made haste more slowly. They retain the Crown and the hereditary chamber, but they are a thousand times freer than the French.—*Hamilton Spectator*.

IN England a landed aristocracy having a veto power over legislation is bad enough, but it is infinitely better than a shoddy plutocracy endowed with a similar function. But if we want to see the upper house system fairly run into the gutter we must come home to Canada. Our senate represents neither wisdom nor wealth; therefore it is neither respected nor respectable. Its legislative conduct is worse than farcical. Indeed it would be very difficult to imagine a greater absurdity than the Canadian Senate.—*Ottawa Sun*.

Was there ever such an exhilarating platform as that which the National Prohibition Convention has just adopted after two days' deliberation at Pittsburg, and which consists of "cold water and female suffrage?" There will be something ominous in this conjunction to those who remember how often female suffrage has had cold water thrown on it by its professed friends; but the advocates of female suffrage will not retaliate. On the contrary, they may be trusted to put a good deal of warmth into the cold water.—*Pall Mall Budget*.

BUT there is another important point in connection with this question, which the opponents of protection overlook, namely that the purchasing power of the country is now vastly greater than ten years ago. Population has steadily increased, the North-West has been opened, railway construction absorbs a large portion of imports, and yet the quantity of goods brought in is nothing like so large as in prosperous years under a low tariff. And the reason of this is the growth of home manufactures, taking the place of foreign wares.—*Montreal Gazette*.

THE railway corporations have yet to learn, by thorough and systematic trial, how low they can reduce their passenger fares so as to produce the greatest net earnings. Almost all roads issue "season tickets" of some sort, reducing the fare to the passenger who makes daily trips. But on each trip the railway makes a profit, or else the more such tickets issued the more it would lose. And if it pays to take some persons at reduced rates between two points, why would it not pay to reduce the rate to everybody, whether making one trip per day or one trip per month?—*St. John's Telegraph*.

THE general supposition about Sable Island is that the inhabitants are as honest as people in general and that Canada maintains a body of men there to keep lighthouses in order to save life and property when shipwrecks occur. According to some of the Amsterdam's passengers, however, the islanders combine the bad qualities of wreckers and pirates, while the government officials are as bad as their neighbours. Charges so grave should be speedily investigated; better a desolate sandbar, as the

island used to be, than a den of thieves so near the track of all passenger steamers.—*New York Herald*.

LONDON must have its hobby, and at present the "Healtheries" and vegetarianism are claiming attention. The difficulty with this school of propagandism is that its converts don't stay converted. About the time of Christmas holidays they are very likely to drift back from brown bread and fruit to roast beef and pheasant. Professor Lewes, the husband of George Eliot, once tried vegetarianism for six months, out of curiosity, and said that the only difference he could see was that he could study directly after his dinner. Yet this advantage did not incline him to stick to barley and oatmeal. Despite all argument, the vast majority of men will persist in regarding vegetarianism as a harmless dietary freak.—*Philadelphia Record*.

PERHAPS inspired by Mr. Louis Stevenson's Suicide Club, an ingenious American (Americans are always either ingenious or enterprising) recently conceived the idea of opening a hotel for suicides. He proposed to let rooms and furnish board to gentlemen and ladies, who contemplated self-destruction, and to furnish all modern conveniences. Each room has to be supplied with a finely ornamented brass hook upon which the guest could get up and hang himself at any hour. And so on. There is no need to enter into detail. Americans are unfortunately possessed of great recuperative powers, and after carefully examining the statistics of suicide it was found that the speculation was not likely to be prosperous. English capitalists with a turn for the eccentric might take the hint. It might indeed be said that our own hotels required no special apparatus.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

A SMALL stock of medicines will prove useful in preventing illness: seidlitz powders, cathartic pills, brandy, cholera-mixture, paregoric, aromatic spirit of ammonia, soda-mint, ginger, a few opium suppositories, quinine pills, and prepared mustard-leaves, will often be of inestimable value in emergencies. If, with these at hand, due regard be paid to regularity of habits, maintaining, as nearly as possible, the hours for eating and sleeping to which one has been accustomed at home, and due attention to nature's needs, avoiding too much fatigue, and paying proper attention to clothing, the traveller may indulge the promptings of the Berserker spirit that lingers in his blood, and may wander far in quest of health and pleasure, to return, when the summer solstice is past, with renewed vigour to resume his daily tasks, often to find them lightened, since to his increased physical strength they are less burdensome.—*Sanitary Journal*.

Is it a fair deal to say that we shall never "elevate the schooner" because you, Mr. Coldwater, elevate it too frequently? We admire your enthusiasm, Mr. Coldwater, and we admit your right to enthuse, but we question the sweet spring-tide logic of your youth. You want to sit heavy upon all mankind because a few, a very few, of them are weak enough to become the victims of strong drink, and you come around and ask us to help you. We won't do anything of the sort, Mr. Coldwater. Oh, yes, we've heard your arguments several times. We know all about the prohibition of theft, and murder, and arson, and other crimes, but you are too sensible a man, Mr. Coldwater, to honestly believe that there is any analogy between prohibiting them by law and prohibiting the use of liquor by law. You know perfectly well, just as well as you know or want to know anything, that elevating the schooner is not a crime; it is not even an immoral act, and when you try and make that a legal crime which is not immoral in itself you commit a very serious piece of folly.—*Winnipeg Siftings*.

THE only safe rule for English investors to follow, is to hold aloof from American railroad shares altogether. They cannot possibly be behind the scenes to know what is going on, nor can they tell when the *saucy qui peut* is about to begin, and when the millionaires are going to make a hearty meal on the smaller fry. All "information," whether imparted through the newspapers, or in a more confidential manner, is delusive. The greatest of financiers may, no doubt, be able to tell now and then when a rise in a particular property is likely to occur, provided he has taken the precaution to get the greater part of it under his own control. Some years ago, one of the Wall street kings saw a celebrated railroad going begging. It had been costly to construct, the traffic had developed slowly, there had been great mismanagement, altogether the line was in a miserable plight. The keen-eyed financier determined to make this wreck his own. But first of all he opened an attack upon it, and sent its price down to a nominal sum—to five or six dollars in the hundred. At this rate it was not difficult for a man with a few millions lying idle to pick it up.—*London Quarterly Review*.

MR. GLADSTONE, while reserving his own opinion, has been heard to say that in the discussion the opponents of Women's Franchise seemed to have the best of it. Most of the influential men, such as Lord Hartington, Mr. Goschen, and Mr. Chamberlain, are known to be hostile. If the working classes were in favour of it, its success would be assured; but they seem so far indifferent. Many of their clubs have passed resolutions in favour of it, probably from a sentiment in favour of all extensions of the franchise; but there is no real warmth of interest in the matter among them. One meets in private society a good many men reckoned as supporters who intimate that they feel more doubtful now about the proposal than they did some years back. Moreover the success of the experiment tried in giving women seats upon the school boards of the country has been very problematical. In London, at least, they have not added to the reputation or usefulness of our educational parliament. The protest recently made by a spirited lady who has allowed her furniture to be seized and sold rather than pay taxes, because she has no share in electing the House which imposes taxes, has excited far more amusement than sympathy; nor have people found the parallel which she draws between her position and that of John Hampden, when he refused to pay ship-money, a very close one.—*N. Y. Nation*.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

MODERN CHURCH MUSIC.

THE era of the Reformation gave rise to a variety of sects. The first great divisions were the Episcopal Church of England, the Lutheran Church of Germany, and the Presbyterians or Calvinists, of France and Scotland. The former gave birth to the Choral Service as still preserved in the cathedrals of England; the Lutherans developed a plain though impressive style of church music; while the Calvinists forbade all attempts at an artistic musical service, even to the extent of excluding part singing of any description. From these three great divisions again sprang a number of sects known under the general name of Dissenters, each of whom adopted in some form, or discarded altogether, the art of music in their services. Thus in the Episcopal Church, when some intelligent rector, acting in conformity with the Rubric of the Church to which he belongs, makes the laudable endeavour to place the musical service on a footing worthy its position in the ceremony of the Church, a cry of "no Popery" is at once raised by a number of the congregation, who, if they were not entirely ignorant of the fact, would see that the Choral Service of the Church of England had its birth in, and is a direct out-growth of, the Reformation, as contradistinct to Romanism.

But there is another thing much more to be regretted on the part of many of the clergy, and that is their total ignorance of music as an art. They may possibly have read something of the grand old services of the Roman Church before they became vitiated, or of the noble cathedral services of the Church of England, as still maintained in London, Exeter, Winchester, Canterbury, and other cathedral cities and towns of England. Desirous of emulating them, they incontinently get together a number of boys, undisciplined, and musically untrained, put them in surplices, and attempt a choral service. Of course the effect is absurd to every one who has ever heard a full choral service properly performed, while to those who have not, the whole performance has the appearance of a farce. There can be no doubt that the choral service, when properly performed, is most solemn and impressive, but it must be remembered that the service had its origin in thoroughly trained and gifted musicians, men versed in the traditions and practices of their art; that these services call into play executive ability of a highly trained order, and that, therefore, the baker's assistant, or the grocer's clerk who as amateurs have amused themselves in the leisure of their evenings on the melodcon, are not fitted to instruct and lead a choir, any more than is a choir so instructed and led fitted to perform the beautiful choral service of the Church of England. In olden times men of ability were sought to fill the positions of importance in the church, but now it not infrequently happens that a man's ability is a bar to his preference. Churchwardens of narrow and presumptuous minds, ignorant of all musical traditions of the Church, know full well that such men will not debase either themselves or their art at dictation, so pass them by and appoint more pliant tools. Thus some ambitious amateur rushes in "where angels fear to tread," and the results we well know. The rector, if he be able, may render some valuable assistance as a check to extravagance, in which case he becomes virtually the choir-master; but, if he have not the executive ability or the requisite knowledge to train and instruct the choir, he does one of two things: he either ignorantly meddles, or else he takes not the slightest interest at all, holding the musical part of the service as something he is obliged to tolerate, but not regard with favour—either of which is equally ruinous to all hopes of good results from the choir.

The cry of the many is "congregational singing." By all means congregational; but if music be an art, if there is good and bad music, solemn and sacred, giddy and frivolous, let us at least choose the good, the solemn and sacred, and eschew the trashy and frivolous. There can be no question as to the relative merits for sacred purposes, for instance, of the noble hymn known as "Martin Luther's Hymn" and "Hold the Fort." The one is quite as easily learnt as the other; why then choose the trash? The study of grammar, rhetoric, and logic, are considered necessary to prepare men for the ministry. The art of architecture and church decoration is considered of importance in places of worship. The churches are not built as play-houses, nor decorated as circuses. Why, then, should music, alone of all the arts which are employed in the service of God, be so neglected and abused as to have the rules of her art ignored? Ah! says the advocate of congregational singing, "We do not want our church music like that of a concert or a play-house." Alas! that is just what they are getting. Tunes of the Moody and Sankey type have not the first element of sacredness in them. They bear about the same relation to the art of sacred music as a sermon in doggerel rhyme would to serious prose. The difficult art of music was not given to man to remain uncultivated, nor is it proper to offer to God the gleanings of the vineyard, but the first, full, ripe fruit thereof. As early as the fourth century St. Ambrose found it necessary to cull out the weeds which even then threatened to choke to death the true sacred music of the Church. Two hundred years later St. Gregory found it necessary to repeat the operation. Again at the Council of Trent (1562) Church music underwent a reform. The Reformation, as we have seen, affected Church music in various ways for good and for evil. On account of the number of sects, and the great diversity of opinion which is entertained by them as to what constitutes sacred music, it is not probable that there will ever again be any marked reform in Church music. We have the models always before us as standards, and our approach to, or recedence from, them will, in a measure, depend upon the musical advancement of the nation at large and the individual congregations in particular. To a large number, anything with sound or tune is music, just as with a great many "a picture is a picture," whether it be a print off

a tea-chest or a Turner. An intelligent understanding of art of any kind can only be acquired by education, and while self-sufficient and ignorant amateurs are appointed to the positions of organists and choir-masters, and while the education of young men for the ministry of all sects provides no means of acquiring the necessary musical knowledge, we cannot hope for a better state of things. Water will not rise higher than its source. Nor will the music as performed in so many of our modern churches ever rise above the intelligence of the congregation which appoints and permits the services of the untrained amateur. J. DAVENPORT KERRISON.

BOOK NOTICES.

WAIFS IN VERSE. By G. W. Wicksteed, Q.C., Law Clerk, House of Commons of Canada.

The author of this collection has pleasantly relieved the dryness of his official work as Law Clerk of the House of Commons by the occasional composition of poetry, mainly social or playful. He is eighty-four years old, and in the course of his long life has seen file before him a long train of public characters, whose names and the events connected with them are often recalled in these pages. The following lines, for example, from a New Year's Address for 1849, revive many memories of the past:—

The Session that's coming shall ever be blest,
As the longest, the wisest, the greatest, the best:
Mr. Baldwin shall make all our Colleges flourish,—
LaFontaine shall justice and equity nourish,—
Mr. Drummond all crimes shall detect and repress,—
Mr. Blake all abuses expose and redress,—
Mr. Morin shall charm us with eloquent words,—
Mr. Caron shall do the same thing in the Lords,—
Mr. Leslie shall answer all questions and calls,—
Mr. Merritt shall give all kinds of canawls,—
Messrs. Cameron and Taché make bridges and roads,
In all sorts of places, and all sorts of modes,—
Mr. Viger shall lessen our national debt—
A thing that no Tory has ever done yet,—
Mr. Hincks shall make perfect our Representation,
Shall get us Free Trade, too, and Free Navigation,—
Shall the duties impose in so charming a way,
'Twill be bliss to receive them and pleasure to pay,—
With such exquisite tact he the tariff shall fill,
It shall gladden John Glass and please Peter M'Gill;—
He shall issue Debentures (a marvellous thing)
That shall pay themselves off with the profit they bring;—
Libel law shall amend that the Press may be free,—
And that men may write truth without fear of Gugee:—
He shall make us all rich:—but, if thus we run on
In fortelling his deeds, we shall never have done.
If you know what is good for our country, you know
What he'll think, say, and do, and—Amen, be it so!

AN INLAND VOYAGE. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Boston: Roberts Bros. Toronto: William Briggs.

A charmingly-written account of what two canoeists saw in a paddle from Antwerp down the Ouse to Havre. Mr. Stevenson is possessed of a conversational style which is infinitely refreshing when applied to an interesting jaunt such as is described in "An Inland Voyage." The book is admirably calculated for holiday reading.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

J. B. ALDEN has now ready for delivery complete sets of Guizot's "France," in eight volumes.

MR. SWINBURNE has written an essay on Charles Reade's novels, which will appear in one of the magazines. Mr. Swinburne's wide knowledge of English and French fiction ought to make the essay specially interesting.

THE use of the editorial "we" still largely prevails in the Southern States of America, as will be seen by a remark in a Tennessee paper: "If we escape the hog cholera this year, there will be a large surplus of pork this winter."

MR. MILLAIS is engaged upon a new portrait of Mr. Gladstone, this time painting him in his robes. It is said to be an excellent likeness, even better than that in the possession of the Duke of Westminster, from which the well-known engraving is taken.

A PAPER descriptive of a cooking school for young girls in New York City has been prepared by Charles Barnard for the September *St. Nicholas*. It is written in the form of a story and is fully illustrated from designs by Mrs. Jessie Curtis Shepherd.

THE REV. NEWMAN SMITH will contribute an article to the forthcoming *Century* on "The Late Dr. Dorner and the 'New Theology.'" It will give a sketch of his life and of his theological method, and will contain some personal reminiscences by the writer.

A CONVENTION of the St. Georges' Societies of the United States and Canada is being held at Chicago. The Toronto Society is represented by the President, Mr. R. W. Elliot, and a deputation including Mr. Goldwin Smith, who, after the convention, goes on to the North-West.

"THE ARNOLD BIRTHDAY BOOK" is announced by D. Lothrop & Co. It is to consist of excerpts from the verses of Edwin Arnold, edited by his daughter, together with new introductory poems for each month. The same house advertises the first account of the rescue of the Greely party.

A NEW biography of Samuel Johnson, under the title, "Dr. Johnson : His Life, Works, and Table Talk," by Dr. Macaulay, editor of the *Leisure Hour*, is announced by T. Fisher Unwin, London. It will be one hundred years in December since the great lexicographer died.

F. MARION CRAWFORD, the novelist and nephew of the late Sam Ward, is understood to have come in possession of many of that veteran epicure's papers, trinkets and souvenirs, including the famous scrap-book of menus of all countries. Mr. Crawford is considerable of an epicure himself, certainly a close student of gastronomy, and is reputed very fastidious as to his dinners and wines.

"THE Intellectual Life," by Philip Gilbert Hamerton, author of "A Painter's Camp," "The Unknown River," etc., is a charming volume. It is a book that well exemplifies the author's own words: "Whoever reads English is richer in the aids to culture than Plato was." The volume is now issued in the dainty and convenient Elziver edition, neatly bound in cloth for a nominal cost.

PROFESSOR LANGLEY, of Alleghany Observatory, will contribute to the September *Century* an article describing the spots on the sun, with twenty-five illustrations, many of them from drawings by the author. This will be the first paper in a series, entitled "The New Astronomy," of several untechnical articles, fully illustrated, summarizing in popular and graphic language the most interesting of recent discoveries in the heavens.

THE *Century* Co. have in hand for immediate publication a new book of stories, rhymes, and pictures for little folks, to be called "Baby World." It has been edited by Mary Mapes Dodge, and, like "Baby Days," will consist of selections from *St. Nicholas Magazine*. "Baby World" will be larger and finer than "Baby Days," and the editor and publishers intend it to be the most beautiful children's book that has yet been made.

A GENTLEMAN who had been following a lady through Regent-Street the other day lifted his hat as he passed her, and observed: "Haven't I met you before?" "Once, I think," answered the lady. "I knew it," said the gentleman, with a self-satisfied smile, "and you've been in my thoughts ever since." "I thought you had not noticed me particularly," said the lady: "I met you three weeks ago at your wedding. Your wife is my cousin."

THE numbers of *The Living Age* for August 9th and 16th, contain Bossuet; Roman Life in the Last Century, and The Liberal Movement in English Literature; The Life of St. Margaret; Newspapers; Wren's Work and its Lessons, and Contemporary Life and Thought in France; Easter Week in Amorgos; Among the Teutons; A Peasant Home in Breton; "The Boy Jones;" The Inner Circle Railway Completion; with instalments of "Beauty and the Beast," "Mitchelhurst Place," and "The Baby's Grandmother," and Poetry.

MR. LONGFELLOW'S diary was continued for many years, and kept with great minuteness. It will be invaluable in the preparation of his biography. Some one recently referred to the fact that the diaries of literary men contain, as a general thing, less about letters than would be expected, and more about dinings, friends, gossip and short journeys. Southey did not forget to record, in his commonplace book, how a physician of his acquaintance "had treated more than 40,000 cases of small-pox, and never met with the malady in a person with red or flaxen hair."

HERE is a poetical recipe for the cure of insomnia:—

If you'd like to sleep like several tops,
Go buy a pillow stuffed with hops;
The cats may howl, the cats may play,
Your rest will be sweet as the new-mown hay;
And you'll wake each morn as fresh and free
As the reader of a journal like THE WEEK should be;
And you'll bless the advice in this par on insomnia,
And ungratefully murmur, "O si sic omnia."

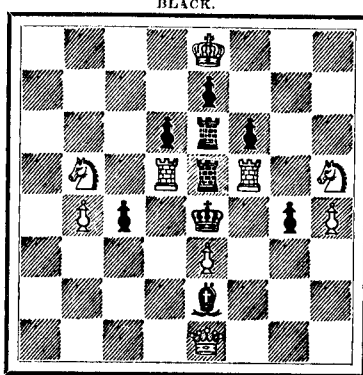
THE September issue of *Outing* concludes the fourth volume of this popular out-door magazine. It is a number of substantial excellence, both in literary matter and illustration. The leading article is a fully illustrated description of the new building of the New York Athletic Club, from the pen of S. Conant Foster. "With the L. A. W. at Washington" is a comprehensive discussion of the recent League Meet, and is handsomely illustrated by Joseph Pennell and other artists. William H. Rideing contributes an exciting pilot-boat sketch entitled "A Cruise in the Petrel," and A. N. Everett a bright story based on the amateur photographic camera. "The Shaybacks in Camp" and "A Strange Idyl" are concluded, and one of President Bates's unique bicycle club sketches is given under the title of "The Perker Hunt." The editorial departments are full of matter of great interest and value to people interested in out-door recreations.

THE publishers of *Lippincott's Magazine* have indeed taken time by the forelock, advance copies of the September number being already to hand. An interesting feature is John Coleman's second instalment of "Personal Reminiscences of Charles Reade," containing many details of his career as a dramatist. The paper entitled, "The American of the Future," is sure to attract attention, and is a well-digested speculative study. "A Summer Trip to Alaska," and "Gossip from the English Lakes" are seasonable and good reading. Theodore Child shows in his article, "Delacroix and Shakespeare," how the great French painter drew constant inspiration from the works of the English dramatist. Two contrasted social gatherings—in London and Paris—form the basis of Margaret Bertha Wright's "Bohemian Antipodes." Complete and serial stories, poems, and editorial comments fill up a very good number.

CHESS.

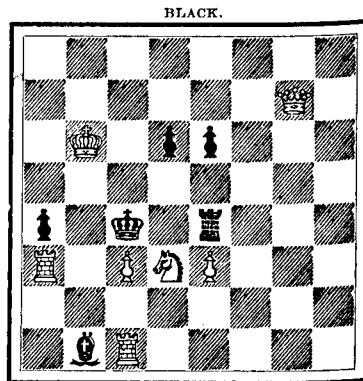
All communications intended for this department should be addressed "Chess Editor office of THE WEEK, Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 36.
By J. McGregor and C. W. Phillips.
"Cross purposes."



WHITE.
White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 37.
By Dr. S. Gold, Vienna, Austria.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME No. 20.

CHESS IN SCOTLAND.

(The correspondence match between Edinburgh and Glasgow.)

One of the two games played by correspondence lately between the clubs of Edinburgh and Glasgow. Time taken about six months, a move in both games being recorded by each club during each week.

CENTRE GAMBIT.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
Glasgow.	Edinburgh.	Glasgow.	Edinburgh.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	13. Q x B	K Kt to K 2 (d)
2. P to Q 4	P x P	14. B to Q B 4	P to Q R 3
3. Q x P	Kt to Q B 3	15. Kt to K R 3	Q to K sq (e)
4. Q to K 3	Kt to K B 3	16. B to Kt 3 (f)	Kt to K Kt sq
5. P to K 5	Kt to Q 4	17. P to K Kt 4 (g)	P x P
6. Q to K 4	K Kt to K 2	18. Kt to K 5	Kt to R 3
7. Kt to Q B 3	Kt to Kt 3	19. P to R 5	R to K B 4 (h)
8. P to K B 4	B to Q Kt 5	20. K R to K sq	Q x R P (i)
9. B to Q 2	Castles	21. R to R sq	Q to Kt 3
10. Castles	P to K B 4 (a)	22. R to K	P x R
11. Q to B 4 ch	K to R sq	23. P to K 6 ch	R to B 3
12. P to K R 4 (b)	B x Kt (c)	24. Kt to B 7 ch (j)	Resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) After White's move of 6. Q to K 4, we do not know that Black, up to this point, had any better move at command. The move in the text, however, seems unquestionably bad, opening up as it does Black's position to attack. Probably Black's move was made in the hope that White would take the P en passant, which would have relieved the cramped position of Black's right flank.
- (b) This we believe to be a strong move. The Pawn obviously can not safely be taken.
- (c) The White players thought this move bad. It was of importance to White in the position to command the Black diagonal, and this exchange facilitated the object indicated. It seems, however, necessary to take B with Q, because if 13. B x B, 13. P to Q Kt 4, followed by Kt x K B P, gives Black as good, if not a better, game than White.
- (d) Afraid of the advance of the R Pawn.
- (e) At this stage we think the advance of the Q Kt P might have been effected. P to Q R 4 is also worthy of attention, both at this and the previous move.
- (f) It is necessary to preserve the Bishop on the diagonal, where it exercises a powerful influence, and the move in the text seems almost requisite for the purpose indicated.
- (g) This, we rather think, was the winning move. It seems dangerous either to take or leave the pawn.
- (h) Q to Q 3 was threatened, and at this point Black had probably no better reply than the move in the text.
- (i) This move was playing into the hands of White. The only conjecture which the White players could form as to what they felt certain was a miscalculation, was that Black had omitted to notice the smothered mate in the variation given below, relying upon the Rook's retiring to B sq, as affording security from attack. Thus 1. R to R sq, 2. Q to Kt 3; 22. R x Kt, 22. Q x R; 23. Q to B 4, 23. R to B sq; 24. Q to Kt 8 ch, 24. R x Q; 25. Kt mates. If in answer to 21. R to R sq, the Q play to K sq, 22. R x Kt and wins. The following moves are practically now all forced.
- (j) The White players forwarded at this point the following hypothetical moves:—If K to Kt 2 (a); 25. P to B 5, 25. Q x P (b); 26. B x R P ch, 26. K to Kt 3 (c); 27. R to K sq. If (a) 24. K to Kt sq; 25. P to K 7, 25. Kt x P; 26. Kt to K 5, dis ch. If (b) 25. Q to R 4; 26. B x P ch, etc. If (c) 26. K to Kt sq; 27. P to K 7, etc. On this Black resigned. The notes are from the *Southern Weekly News*, condensed from the copious notes of the *Glasgow Herald*.

MONTREAL CITY CHESS CLUB HANDICAP TOURNAMENT.

THIS Tourney is now completed. For months past the conflict has been raging at the "Tunnel," St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal, and now that the smoke of the battle has cleared away, the victor stands revealed in the person of Mr. J. G. Ascher. We congratulate Mr. Ascher on the success which his splendid score of 29 out of a possible 30 clearly shows to have been merited. The scores of the leaders were: 1st, J. G. Ascher, 29 won; 2nd, G. F. Wildman, 25 won; 3rd, J. W. Shaw, 24 won; 4th, J. Wright, 23 won. There is one remarkable point in this Tourney. The prizes have all fallen to players in the first class, and no member of the first class failed to win a prize. This is very extraordinary in a handicap struggle, where odds as high as the Q are given.

NEWS ITEMS.

MISS JULIA EASTMAN, of South Hadley Falls, Mass., carried off the first prize for solutions in the late tourney of the *Commercial Gazette*. Her score was a perfect one. She solved every problem, and found every flaw, making the highest possible score. She had fifty-five competitors—among them some of the best solvers of the country. Four chess editors competed, Hodges, Peterson and Stubbs—never mind who the other fellow was—either of these three can tell you. And yet there are some people who think ladies have no aptness for chess.—*Southern Trade Gazette*.

MR. FREDERICK PERRIN writes for the *Hartford Times* some reminiscences of Paul Morphy's first visit to New York, just before the first American Chess Congress assembled in 1857. Mr. Perri n says Morphy impressed all by his modesty, courtesy and amiability. Mr. Schulten met him at the club-room in the evening, and the score made was: Morphy, 7; Schulten, 1. At breakfast the next morning, Professor D. W. Fisk expressed his regret that the beautiful games played with Schulten had not been recorded. Morphy's reply was: "Please take them down yourself; I will dictate them;" which he did correctly. At the Congress, Morphy lost but one game, on which occasion he said to his antagonist: "Mr. Paulsen, you outplayed me." Morphy presented the tournament prize to Mr. Paulsen for playing blindfold, though he was able himself to play many more games blindfold simultaneously than Mr. Paulsen, as was disclosed in Europe the following year.

WHAT IS CATARRH ?

From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15.

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

Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distressing disease by the use of inhalents and other ingenious devices, but none of these treatments can do a particle of good until the parasites are either destroyed or removed from the mucus tissue.

Some time since a well-known physician of forty years' standing, after much experimenting, succeeded in discovering the necessary combination of ingredients which never fail in absolutely and permanently eradicating this horrible disease, whether standing for one year or forty years. Those who may be suffering from the above disease, should, without delay, communicate with the business managers,

Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON,
305 King St. West, Toronto, Canada,

and inclose stamp for their treatise on Catarrh

What the Rev. E. B. Stevenson, B.A., a Clergyman of the London Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, has to say in regard to A. H. Dixon & Son's New Treatment for Catarrh.

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

Messrs. A. H. Dixon & Son:
DEAR SIRS,—Yours of the 13th instant to hand. It seems almost too good to be true that I am cured of Catarrh, but I know that I am. I have had no return of the disease, and never felt better in my life. I have tried so many things for Catarrh, suffered so much and for so many years, that it is hard for me to realize that I am really better.

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

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

Yours, with many thanks,

REV. E. B. STEVENSON.

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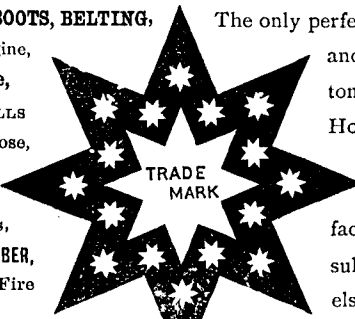
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CHARLES DRINKWATER,
Secretary.

Montreal, January, 1884.



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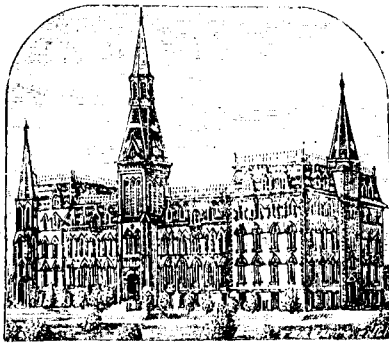
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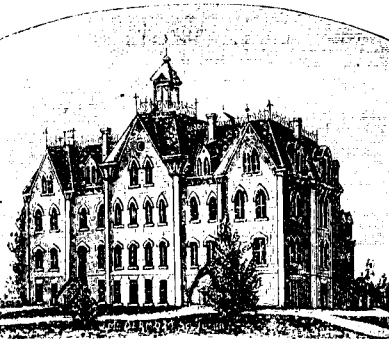
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