

NIAGARA A NAVIGATION COMPY'S
PALACE STEAMER
CHICORA, 9/13

In connection with New York Central and Michigan Central Railways.

On and after Monday, June 7th, steamer Chicora will leave Yonge Street Wharf at 7 a.m. and 2 p.m., for Niagara and Lewiston, connecting with express trains for Falls, Buffalo, New York, and all points east and west. No missing connections by this line, as trains wait arrival of steamer. Choice of all-rail or boat from Albany to New York.

PALACE STEAMER
EMPRESS OF INDIA

Leaves Geddes' wharf, foot of Yonge Street, daily at 3.40 p.m., for St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York, Boston, and all points east and west. Direct connections with fast express trains on Grand Trunk, New York Central, West Shore and Erie Railways. **LOWEST RATES, QUICK TIME,** and no unpleasant transfers. Leaving Toronto at 3.40, arrive at Niagara Falls at 7.05. Tickets on sale at all Grand Trunk Ticket offices; M. D. Murdoch & Co., 69 Yonge Street; Haggerty & Co., 56 King Street East; W. Moody, Rossin House; W. A. Geddes, on the wharf. A few more open dates for charter to society and Sunday Schools, leaving Toronto in the morning. 9/13

DOMINION LINE,
PASSENGER SERVICE.
ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS.

LIVERPOOL SERVICE.—DATES OF SAILING.—Toronto, 16th July, Friday; Vancouver, 22nd July, Thursday; *Sarnia, 30th July, Friday; Montreal, 6th Aug., Friday; *Oregon, 13th Aug., Thursday.
BRISTOL SERVICE.—DATES OF SAILING.—Ontario, 16th July, Friday; Dominion, 30th July, Friday; Quebec, 13th Aug., Friday.

These steamers are of the highest class, and are commended by men of large experience. The saloons are midships, where but little motion is felt, and they carry neither cattle nor sheep.

Passengers by this route have three days of comparatively smooth water in the river and gulf, and scenery of the finest kind.

RATES OF PASSAGE FROM QUEBEC:—Cabin, \$50 to \$80, according to stowage and accommodation; second cabin, \$30; stowage at lowest rates.

M. D. MURDOCK & CO., 69 Yonge St.
GEO. W. TORRANCE, 15 Front St.
DAVID TORRANCE & CO.,
Gen. Agents, Montreal.

FALL RIVER LINE

THE GREAT PLEASURE ROUTE

BETWEEN

NEW YORK, NEWPORT, Fall River, TAUNTON, LOWELL, FITCHBURG, NEW BEDFORD, BOSTON.

The Best Route to and from all Points in New England and the British Provinces.

STEAMERS:

PILGRIM, BRISTOL, PROVIDENCE & OLD COLONY.

The Finest Fleet of Passenger Steamers (of their class) in the world.

Steamers leave New York, from Pier 28 North River, every day in the week (Sunday trips are omitted January to March inclusive). Music on each boat by splendid bands and orchestras during summer months. From Boston trains connecting with steamer at Fall River (49 miles) leave from Old Colony Railroad Station, daily (Sundays excepted as above).

J. R. KENDRICK, Gen. Manager, Boston.
GEO. L. CONNOR, Gen. Pass. Agent, New York.

French, German, Spanish, Italian.

You can, by ten weeks' study, master either of these languages sufficiently for every-day and business conversation, by Dr. RICH. S. ROSENTHAL'S celebrated MEISTERSCHAFT SYSTEM. Terms, \$5.00 for books of each language, with privilege of answers to all questions, and correction of exercises. Sample copy, Part I., 25 cents. Liberal terms to Teachers.
MEISTERSCHAFT PUBLISHING CO.,
Herald Building, Boston, Mass.



Worthington's New Artistic Juveniles

FOR THE SEASON OF 1886-87.

New Book by Miss Lathbury.

FROM MEADOW SWEET TO MISTLE-TOE. By Miss M. A. LATHBURY, artist-author of the "Seven Little Maids," "Ring-a-Round-a-Rosy," etc., etc. Consisting of 40 original designs printed in photogravure, from the original Sepia drawings; printed on extra size, heavy drawing paper, with illustrative verses by the author. Inclosed in a cover of unique design printed in colours and gold. 4to, boards, \$2.50.

New Book in Water-Colour. By Mrs. S. J. Brigham.

UNDER BLUE SKIES. Verses and Pictures by Mrs. S. J. BRIGHAM. Consisting of 48 original water-colour and monotone illustrations of incidents of American child-life, accompanied by illustrative verses by the artist. In a charming double cover, printed in 10 colours and gold. 4to, board, \$2.00.

Entirely New Volume of the Most Popular Book for Boys and Girls.

WORTHINGTON'S ANNUAL FOR 1887. A Series of interesting Stories, Biographies, Papers on Natural History, etc., etc., for the young. Illustrated with upward of 500 original engravings, and fine coloured illustrations, inclosed in a fine original cover of unique design, printed in rich colours. 4to, boards, \$1.50.

4to, cloth, gift extra, \$2.50.

WORTHINGTON'S NATURAL HISTORY. Stories and History of Animals of all kinds at Home and Abroad. Illustrating Beast, Bird, and other Animal Life, in Prose and Poetry, with an alphabet of Natural History. Choice illustrated with numerous engravings and coloured illustrations. In a fine cover printed in many colours. 4to, boards, \$1.50.

We would advise the Trade to see these Books before placing their orders elsewhere. The above are a few of our new books.

Worthington & Co., 747 Broadway, New York.



ILLUMINATED ADDRESSES SPECIALTY.

COAL AND WOOD.

During the next ten days I have to arrive ex Cars, 2,000 Cords good Dry Summer Wood, Beech and Maple, which will sell, delivered to any part of the City, at

SPECIAL LOW RATES.

ORDERS WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

OFFICES AND YARDS:

Corner Bathurst and Front Streets.

Yonge Street Wharf.

BRANCH OFFICES:

51 King Street East.

334 Queen Street West.

390 Yonge Street.

Telephone communication between all offices.

P. BURNS.

I CURE FITS!

When any cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving mine. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my medicine. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT, Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; b. Its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address to DR. T. A. STOUT, Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

MADRE E' HIJO

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

MADRE E' HIJO,

SPANISH FOR MOTHER AND SON.

CIGARS.

Exceptionally fine. For sale everywhere Try them.

S. DAVIS & SONS,

SOLE MANUFACTURERS.

Bishop Strachan School

FOR YOUNG LADIES.

PRINCIPAL—THE LORD BISHOP OF TORONTO.

The School will RE-OPEN ON TUESDAY, EIGHTH SEPTEMBER. Boarders to arrive the previous day. Application may be made to the Lady Principal, Wykeham Hall, College Avenue.

TENTS, AWNINGS, FLAGS,

Camping Outfits the Best in the World.

FOR SALE OR RENT.

Send stamp for Catalogue. Special discount to large buyers.

National Manufacturing Co'y.,
70 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS
Are The Best

English make. Established 1860. USED BY THE BEST PENMEN. Noted for superiority of metal, uniformity and durability. Sold by all stationers in United States and Canada.

ALWAYS ASK FOR **ESTERBROOK STEEL PENS**

Superior, Standard, Reliable. Popular Nos.: 048, 14, 130, 135, 161. For Sale by all Stationers.



For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, seamstresses, housekeepers, and over-worked women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is not a "Cure-all," but admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most potent specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to women. It is a powerful, general as well as uterine, tonic and nervine, and imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness, in either sex. Favorable Prescription is sold by druggists under our positive guarantee. See wrapper around bottle. Price \$1.00, or six bottles for \$5.00. A large treatise on Diseases of Women, profusely illustrated with colored plates and numerous wood-cuts, sent for 30 cents in stamps. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 683 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y. SICK HEADACHE, Bilious Headache, and Constipation, promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pellets. 25c. a vial, by druggists.

THE WEEK.

Third Year.
Vol. III., No. 34.

Toronto, Thursday, July 22nd, 1886.

\$3 00 per Annum.
Single Copies, 10 Cents.

CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES—	PAGE
Lotze.....	Prof. W. Clark. 539
A July Day.....	A. Stevenson. 540
Quebec Affairs.....	Nemo. 541
Jottings along the C. P. R.....	E. S. 542
Our Paris Letter.....	L. L. 542
ETERNITY (POEM).....	543
MODERN HERO-WORSHIP.....	543
TOPICS OF THE WEEK—	
Visit of the Knights of Pythias.....	544
The Fisheries Question.....	544
The Alleged Right to Buy Bait.....	544
American Discussion of Home Rule.....	544
Mr. Parnell and Lord Carnarvon.....	545
Mr. Parnell's Repudiation of Fenianism.....	545
Mr. Gladstone's Foreign Supporters.....	545
Mr. Gladstone's Foreign Colleagues.....	545
Mr. Bright on Egypt.....	545
The Irish Trouble Economical not Political.....	545
NOTES.....	545
POETRY—	
Requiescant.....	Selected. 547
THE MAORI.....	Sara Jeannette Duncan. 547
THREE PRESIDENTS.....	548
OUR LIBRARY TABLE.....	549
CORRESPONDENCE.....	549

LOTZE.

WHEN we remark that Lotze is the principal figure in philosophy that has appeared in Germany, in Europe, in the world, since the death of Hegel, it is evident that we are speaking of a man of whom not only professed students of philosophy, but literary men and readers in general, will wish to know something.

Premising that it is impossible here to give even an outline of his system or any account of the contents of the books mentioned at the foot of this page, we propose simply to say who he was, what was his general position as a philosopher, and which of his books may be recommended for study to the different classes of readers who may be attracted to them.

Hermann Lotze was born at Bautzen, the capital of Upper Lusatia, on the 21st of May, 1817. He studied at Leipzig, and became there Extraordinary Professor of Philosophy in 1842. In 1844 he removed to Göttingen, where he laboured as Professor of Philosophy until 1881, when he removed to Berlin. It seemed to many that he was now, in the maturity of his powers, to exercise, for the first time, the influence to which he was entitled in the philosophical world; but this hope was disappointed. He died within three months of his removal to Berlin, July 1, 1881.

Lotze's scientific position is significant of the age in which he lived. While holding fast to the spiritual conception of human nature, he gave the fullest attention to the physiological side. Some of his earliest writings were devoted to these subjects. Thus in 1842 he published a work on "General Pathology and Therapeutics as Mechanical Natural Sciences," on "Physiology" in 1851, and on "Medical Physiology" in 1852. During this, the first period of his literary activity, he did not neglect the other side of his science: he published a volume on Metaphysic and one on Logic.

To the second period belongs the "Microcosmus," perhaps his most important work, which was published in three volumes in 1856-64, and of which a third edition appeared in 1876-80. From this last edition the English translation has been made. What we may call the third period of his writings was employed in setting his opinions before the world in a more exact, scientific form. Some of the earlier works were rewritten. The "Logic" appeared in 1874, and a second edition in 1880; the "Metaphysic" in 1879, and the second edition, after the author's death, in 1884.

For students of the History of Philosophy we would recommend the four little volumes mentioned below, which are published at Boston. "These outlines," says their editor, Dr. Ladd of Newhaven, "cover the entire ground of Lotze's mature teaching in the University upon the subjects of Logic, Psychology, Æsthetics, Moral Philosophy, Philosophy of Religion, and History of German Philosophy since Kant." Only four of them, so far, have been published; but it is hoped that the others may follow. "The German from which the translations are made consists of the dictated portions of his latest lectures (at Göttingen, and for a few

months at Berlin) as formulated by Lotze himself, recorded in the notes of his hearers, and subjected to the most thorough revision of Professor Rehnisch of Göttingen." These little volumes will give an excellent account of Lotze's speculations and theories for those who wish to go no further.

For another class, those who may wish to know how the philosopher goes to work, who may wish to accompany him in his investigations into the nature of man and the universe, who wish with him to study man in his physical constitution, in his inward experience, and in his history, the study of the "Microcosmus" may be recommended—a very wonderful production in regard to the width of its range, the thoroughness with which all the various questions are handled, and the skill and power with which all are made to contribute to the conclusions of the work. With regard to the still smaller class who desire to know not only Lotze's general system, but his scientific method in its maturest form, in addition to the works already mentioned, they will read with care the "Logic" and "Metaphysic," his latest productions. It is to be regretted that a third work, on Æsthetics, although contemplated, was never written.

With respect to these various works a few words may further be said. For one thing, they are very unlike many German books on philosophy and theology; they are thoroughly intelligible and lucid from beginning to end. The Logic and Metaphysic are the hardest, but they present no great difficulties to a careful reader. As regards the translations, they are of a superior quality indeed. Those of the Logic and Metaphysic were begun by the late Professor Green, of Oxford, and have been completed since his death. We have carefully compared these translations with the originals, and can assure our readers that we have never seen better work in translation from the German. They are not merely faithful, but idiomatic and vigorous. To the translation of the Microcosmus, begun by a daughter of the late Sir William Hamilton and completed by Miss Jones of Girton College, almost equal praise may be accorded. These careful translations certainly deserve the highest praise which a critic can render, for the work which is done is not only necessary, but often thankless.

We have already noticed that Lotze is not one of those metaphysicians who ignore experience as the source of knowledge. He faces existence as a whole, taking things as they come, rising from the mechanism of nature to the mechanism of mind, but by no means regarding mind as a mere result of organization. On the contrary, the natural world is intelligible only to mind, and mind is intelligible only as the work and representative of God. Hence the reality and personality and liberty of mind and of God. In this respect we see how far removed Lotze was from the school of Mr. Herbert Spencer, with which, on the physical side, he seems to have a good deal in common.

With him mind is neither a series of phenomena, as Hume seemed to try to believe, nor a function of organization, but a spiritual reality, distinct from the material world, without which all experience would be impossible. "We would fain dwell," he says, "on one point as the chief result of our consideration, namely, the conviction we have gained of the prevailing difference separating the constitution of the inner life from the peculiar course of external nature. Not only are its elements different from those of nature—consciousness, feeling, and will having no resemblance to the states which observation either shows us or compels us to infer in material bodies; but, further, the modes of energy, those manifestations of a power to combine the manifold according to relations with whose value we have become acquainted, have in them nothing analogous to the reciprocal actions which we can trace going on between the former." He adds: "Among all the errors of the human mind, it has always seemed to me the strangest that it could come to doubt its own existence, of which alone it has direct experience, or to take it at second hand as the product of an external nature which we know only indirectly, only by means of the knowledge of the very mind to which we would fain deny existence." (*Microcosmus*. Eng. ed., vol. I. p. 263.) Instead of holding that mind is dependent upon matter, he holds that the world of phenomena (of space and matter) has no real existence, no existence for itself, but only for God and the minds dependent upon him. When we have studied all the laws of nature and their operations in body and in mind, our work is but half done. We have to consider the end which they all have in view, the good which they have to realize, the mind by which they are directed to their end.

* Microcosmus: An Essay Concerning Man and His Relation to the World. German ed., 3 Vols., Eng. ed., 2 Vols. (T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh, 1885); Logic (Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1884); Metaphysic (same); Outlines of Metaphysic (1884); of Philosophy of Religion (1885); of Practical Philosophy (1885); of Psychology (1886). Ginn and Company, Boston.

One other quotation from the *Microcosmus* may be given on the interesting and much-debated subject of the so-called *Innate Ideas*. He remarks: "The inappropriate name of *Innate Ideas* must not mislead us to consider the principles of our knowledge, or the concepts by which they are commonly, for brevity's sake, referred to—the ideas of space, of time, of thing, of cause, and the others of perhaps equal moment associated with them—as an original conscious possession of the mind. No more than the spark, as spark, is already present in the flint before the steel calls it forth, do these concepts hover complete before consciousness previously to all the impressions of experience. Even in our later life, matured by experience, they seldom claim our attention in this shape; we have only the unconscious habit of acting and proceeding in our learning according to them; deliberate reflection is required to make these ideas the subject of our thought, though they have long unnoticed been the guiding springs of our judgments. Consequently they are innate in no other sense than this, that in the original nature of the mind there is a tendency constraining it at the suggestion of experience to develop these modes of conception, and that, on the other hand, they are not conveyed complete by the matter alone of experience, to be merely passively received, this special nature being required for the mind to be impelled by the impressions of experience to form them of itself. Thus understood, the correctness of this view can scarcely be held to be disproved by the manifold attempts to show that all these principles of thought are derived exclusively from the mechanism of immediate cognition. Language, with its terms *Cause, Origin, Dependence, Connexion of Reason and Consequence*, reminds us, to be sure, of the several facts and forms of experience, on occasion of which we most readily became aware of the inherent relationship that the original nature of our reason presupposes in complex objects. But more accurate reflection will always bring us back to the belief, that all those observations did nothing more than afford the mind an opportunity of recalling an innate truth, and that of themselves they could not have imparted to us universal principles on which to judge all things," (i. 227, 228).

WILLIAM CLARK.

A JULY DAY.

To those who can escape for a time from the heat and dust and noise of the city, a visit to the country at this season is especially refreshing. The soft sward rests the feet from the weariness of stone and wood pavements, the cool woods invite us to their shades, the fields are gay with flowers, and the air is sweet with rich odours.

The wild grasses have now attained their full growth. On dry hills the June grass is already brown and ripe, but in lower pasture lands the purple blossom has just dropped off, and the seeds are hardening at the top of the slender stem. In all the world of Nature it is doubtful if there is anything more graceful than a plant of June grass in its prime. The leaves are long and delicately formed, and the fine elastic stem sways airily with the slightest breeze. The arrangement of the seed cluster at the top is harmonious and beautiful.

From the colour of its bloom the June grass is more generally known farther south as blue grass. The State of Kentucky owes its pre-eminence, as the "horse-pasturing Argos" of the western world, to the nutritive qualities of this plant.

Scarcely less graceful are the various grasses that grow in wet valleys, or on the borders of slow-flowing streams. These also are now in their prime, and cannot fail to draw the admiration of all loving observers of nature.

In the upland meadows the blossoms of the red clover have turned brown, and far away, on this side and that, we hear the rapid mechanical clicking of the mowing machine. But the poetry of hay-making nearly all disappeared with the decadence of the scythe and the hand-rake. Seldom now do we hear the ringing music of the mower whetting his blade, or the soft rhythmic "swish" of the cutting and falling of the grass from the scythe. We have changed all that. Those primitive melodies resound no more from our hay-fields; they are filled with the clatter of mowing machines and horse-rakes.

On the farms nowadays, as well as in the cities, everything is done in a rush and a hurry. There is no time to absorb and enjoy the sweet influences of the seasons. Of course we can raise and cure more hay than our fathers, but we are not therefore better nor happier than they. Perhaps we cannot hear as well as they the blissful harmonies of nature for the clatter of our machines.

The early wild flowers are all gone, but the later ones are not less beautiful. The woods are too dense for most of our summer flowers, but they abound on the outskirts of the forest, in fallows and woodland pastures, and in the corner of rail fences that cross the cultivated fields. Daisies

and buttercups are everywhere; they are so common that country people scarcely know that they are beautiful. But those who have spent the working hours of the year with little else in sight than the bare walls of a city office, or the back yards of city boarding-houses, feel quite different towards the daisies.

Now, too, the wild roses are in bloom. The common, low-bush variety is not especially attractive, but the sweet-brier rose is, without doubt, the most delicately beautiful in colour and structure of all our summer flowers. The dewy freshness of the whole flower and the exquisite purity of colouring that suffuses the petals, are surely the subtlest essences of our summer sun and showers. Such simple beauty cannot at all be attained in the city greenhouses.

In July the handsome pendulous flowers of the wild columbine may yet be seen, and fairy blue bells begin to adorn the sandy hills.

Of all the wild flowers of this season the orangelily is the most gorgeously coloured. It is somewhat rare, however, and is not to be found at all in some parts of Ontario. There are still a few left in our suburban parks, in spite of the predacious habits of the visitants of these places.

In damp and shady localities the wood-sorel and the wild geranium put forth their modest flowers, while along the edges of little spring streams the blue stars of the forget-me-not gleam through the wet grass. Farther down, the blue flag hangs out its pennons, and the sweet mint blooms. In a sluggish lagoon, into which the little stream runs, various aquatic plants flourish, and the water lilies, white and yellow, are just unfolding their swollen buds.

The July air is full of all sweet and indescribable odours, distilled by the glowing sun from trees and shrubs and plants. Flowers yield but a part of it; the fresh leaves, the young shoots and stems, and even the bark of trees, exhale a rare fragrance. But most of these wild perfumes are rapidly dissipated by the sun, and it is not until the dew begins to fall that our gross senses can perceive their presence.

A long drive after nightfall along some of our Canadian country roads at this season, is fragrant as a voyage among the Spice Islands. Now it is the resinous odour of young pines that delights us; or, as we descend into the valleys, the cool and balmy breath of spruce and cedar enfolds us. The mild pervasive woodsy odour of wild raspberry bushes is particularly grateful. Then in the more open districts, the darkness is redolent with the rare fragrance of a sweet-brier bush, or a patch of white clover blossoms, or new-mown hay, or the more homely harvest odours of ripening wheat and barley.

Early in July our Canadian foliage has in general reached its fullest expansion and perfection. The leaves still retain the freshness and tenderness of June, but before long they will begin to grow hard and glossy.

The basswood or American linden is one of our finest foliage trees. It does not possess the drooping symmetry of the elm, but in favourable circumstances it has usually a good outline, and it is especially remarkable for its luxurious growth of rich green leaves, which are much larger than those of our other trees. Some of our wild plants, too, now display a luxuriance of foliage almost tropical. Among these the wild parsnip is found in marshes, and the elecampane in old valley pastures; the mullein loves the dusty roadside, and the burdock, unjustly despised, thrives in the barnyards of unthrifty farmers, where it covers up, in a not unbeautiful way, much unsightly rubbish. Perhaps if these had chanced to be rare foreign plants, and hard to cultivate, they would have been granted a place in our greenhouses.

July is not pre-eminent among the months for bird-singing. The best songs of our birds are sung in May and June, in the nest-building and brooding period. But now family cares have sobered the thrushes, and though they still sing a few notes occasionally, they no longer flood the air at dawn or dusk with such rapturous melody as we heard a few weeks since. The catbird mews more and sings less than before, and the robin is chiefly heard in a single soft note of complacency at the prosperity of his brood, or in the quick calls of alarm, when one comes too near the nestlings fluttering through the bushes.

But though the singers are mostly quiet, the other birds are vivacious. The young crows are particularly noisy, and the harsh calls of the high-hole, or golden-winged woodpecker, are frequently heard. The blackbird and the starlings take a humble part in the orchestra of Nature. Where I write I hear the swallows twittering; the little grey birds chant their monotonous ditties, and the goldfinch chirps softly as it passes in undulating flight.

Butterflies are in the air, and various other bright-coloured insects are buzzing around. Sometimes a great, burly bumble-bee comes droning past, resplendent in his new yellow waistcoat. A solitary cricket is chirping melodiously in a little clump of grass near by. A little later in the season,

and the crickets and grasshoppers in full chorus will be carolling their harvest cantatas. Some modern people call it noise, but the old Greeks and Byron thought it musical, and made very good poetry out of it.

But the evening is coming on, and the sun is going down in that peculiar summer glow of amber deepening to red, which country people say is a sure sign of hot weather, past and to come. But the heat of the day is quite over, though the air is full of the mellow warmth of the setting sun. A hush comes gradually over the landscape. All nature is sinking to repose. The only sound to be heard is the faint rattle of a far away wagon.

Suddenly there is a rustling among the cedar branches that overhang the path in the valley below, and a cow that had been left behind by the herd at the milking time, bursts through the bushes. The belated and uneasy animal hurries along the path to the barnyard moo-oo-ing in a most inconsolable fashion. She stops two or three times on the way and bawls vehemently, and the whole valley reverberates with the clamour.

Then the echoes die away, silence again surrounds us, and the night comes slowly down.

A. STEVENSON.

QUEBEC AFFAIRS.

OUR Provincial politicians are buckling on the armour for a stiff fight, although what they have got to fight about is certainly not as clear as it might be. One thing is unquestionably beyond dispute: both parties are desperately in earnest: the "outs" to get in and the "ins" to keep in. The control of the public purse is the ultimate aim and end of a Quebec politician, no matter to what political party he may for the moment belong. Perhaps, after all, this patriotic desire to guard the finances of the commonwealth is a natural outcome of our representative institutions: it is fairly well established now, that the man who has got to spend the public money is a rogue, or a spendthrift, or both, while the man who has not is honest and economical—or at all events he says he is. The so-called Liberal party is entitled to some measure of sympathy, for while "the rank and file" profess a desire to do right, the leaders invariably go wrong. During the last session of the Legislative Assembly this tendency was particularly noticeable, involving disaster along the whole *Ramp* line of attack. Mr. Mercier proved his incapacity as a leader in a variety of ways, and in every way successfully; he is now out with his "Great Moral Show," and it remains for the electors to say to what extent they are prepared to patronize it. That Mr. Mercier should, on the eve of an election, talk a good deal of bunkum was to be anticipated, but that any one should be silly enough to treat it sensibly is simply incredible. For example, his programme includes "Provincial Autonomy" and full protection and respect for all the rights of minorities. It is to be presumed that Mr. Mercier refers to the rights of the English minority, and if so, the best commentary on this political high falutin' is that in the House and out of it Mr. Mercier arrays himself against conceding almost any rights to the English-speaking minority. On the contrary, he and others of like ilk appear to regard the very existence of an English-speaking people in this Province in the light of an insult, and when the minority happens to differ from Mr. Mercier, as it does just now very seriously, the insult reaches the proportions of a crime. As to his anxiety about "Provincial Autonomy," we have only to recollect his endless series of non-confidence resolutions on the Riel question to feel assured that there could be no better way to destroy Provincial Autonomy than by the indiscriminate mixing of local and Dominion politics after the manner of Mr. Mercier. He it is whose selfish, we might almost say criminal, anxiety to obtain office through the *post mortem* influence of a traitor and a murderer, has endangered Provincial Autonomy, if indeed it be endangered.

Mr. Mercier's eloquent manifesto travels a long distance into the realm of fiction, as witness, for example, the following amusing paragraph:

"In presence of these dangers all good citizens, without distinction of origin or religion, laying aside all party spirit, have resolved to unite so as to assure to the Province a body of representatives at once independent and resolved to make our constitutional rights respected."

The above statement furnishes a key to the whole address, and tends to create a suspicion that Mr. Mercier was joking when he penned it.

THE closing days of last session witnessed a bitter contest between two rival divinity schools in this Province. The Montreal Diocesan Theological College asked power from the Legislature to confer degrees in divinity, and a vigorous opposition to this petition was waged on the part of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, and also by certain parties within the Montreal diocese itself. After a prolonged discussion and several adjournments, the Montreal opponents of the measure withdrew, leaving the contest to be carried on by Lennoxville; it was finally carried in favour of the Montreal Diocesan College, subject to certain restrictions, and the Private Bills Committee of the Legislative Assembly reported accordingly. It was then

thought that a rather discreditable chapter in local ecclesiastical history had closed, but those who thought so were grievously mistaken; the High Church party rallied all their forces, carried their opposition before the Private Bills Committee of the Legislative Council, and by methods not over creditable defeated the Bill by a majority of *one*, that one being a gentleman who was dragged up to vote almost in a dying condition. The Montreal promoters of the Bill feel deeply incensed, particularly against the Bishop of Niagara, for his interference in a matter with which, as they allege, he had no concern. His lordship answered this by claiming that as a Bishop of the Church he was directly interested in the educational *status* of the clergy, and generally he held that the matter was one upon which the Provincial Synod should have an opportunity of expressing an opinion. Montreal, through her Bishop, asserts with emphasis that the Provincial Synod has nothing whatever to do with the matter, and that sooner than submit to such unheard-of doctrine she would step out of the Provincial Synod altogether. Bitter feelings have been generated on all sides, and the respective Synods of Quebec and Montreal appear to have elected their delegates with a view to the coming contest. The Quebec delegates to Provincial Synods have been to a man, lay and clerical, selected from the High Church party. The lay element of the Evangelical party was buried in the grave of the late Mr. H. S. Scott, and his co-workers have become recreants to their life profession and are now shining lights in the High Church ranks. There are only a few distinctly Evangelical congregations in the Diocese of Quebec, and they are *per se* excluded from the fellowship of High Church saints, but this terrible deprivation they manage somehow or other to survive. Church life is peaceful in Quebec, but it is the peace of the graveyard. The forthcoming meeting of the Provincial Synod will prove very interesting, because the question of Diocesan Autonomy is distinctly raised by the Bishop of Niagara, and it remains to be seen how far the laymen of the Anglican communion are prepared to follow his lordship on this important issue.

"NEVER," said a gentleman the other day, "do I remember to have seen business so low as it is in Quebec this year." From at least two dozen people I have heard the same statements, and, unless my eyes deceive me, the evidence of its truth is everywhere apparent. And yet every now and again, particularly when our civic wisdom melts under the genial influences of "old hock," we are treated to a vision of Quebec's future, which is very promising. Indeed it consists of promises and nothing but promises, and these, we are sorry to say, have been falsified one after another. The North Shore Railway, that gave such promise, we sold for a song, and now the great Pacific Railway, that was to have restored new life to the dead capital finds that one or two passenger trains to Quebec during the day is ample. Our deal trade has gone to Montreal, and we have ceased to be a distributing centre; our export trade is confined exclusively to square timber, and that is diminishing rapidly. We have a few prosperous boot and shoe manufactories, but beyond these there is really nothing to rely upon, and yet we are duly informed that at a lunch given on the 23rd instant, at Chateau D'Eau, on the occasion of the inspection of the new aqueduct, His Worship the Mayor, in speaking of the prospects of Quebec, said that most of our backwardness was due in a great measure to ourselves. He said there was a class of men among us who were constantly running down our city and its prospects, and no good was ever to come of us, according to those men's views.

We have heard all this a good many times, but nothing has come out of it. There is perhaps no reason to doubt that Quebec has not been remarkable for the enterprise of its merchants; however, it is useless to blame them now, for the responsible ones are either dead or gone elsewhere, and we who remain enjoy the heritage of decay. Nobody has any confidence in the future of Quebec, and the English-speaking population is getting away as opportunity serves, so that we fail to discover any foundation for the sanguine hopes entertained by Mayor Langelier. It is true that he alluded to "the harbour improvements, and spoke, from a personal visit to the works, of the great good to come from those improvements, and gave great praise to the Government for the aid extended to the Harbour Commissioner to effect the improvements, which he characterized in the highest terms, and which he looked upon as of immense value to the future of Quebec and our commerce." It may be exactly as the mayor says it is, but most people without a personal interest in the matter will pronounce the outlay a useless expenditure of public money, and for this reason: Quebec, with all its facilities and splendid harbour accommodation, is literally deserted; while Montreal, with its wretched insufficient accommodation, its rapid currents and dangerous access, is crowded. We think the mayor had better look into the question again, and that without the disturbing influences of a cold lunch. Her future, if she has a future, is a military one, and to secure this advantage to her the mayor has done nothing, and Halifax has quietly walked off with the plum. NEMO.

JOTTINGS ALONG THE C. P. R.

THE Pullman I found myself in at Winnipeg proved to be a through car from Montreal to Victoria, and was occupied entirely by men, as I discovered later when the train started. At the time I effected my entrance, however, it was quite empty, and the number of people who were inspecting the different cars, as they were allowed to do, and passing backwards and forwards in the operation, made the possession of the first vacant seat a considerable object to a hot and weary traveller. The black porter was as usual very civil and told me to remain where I was as long as it suited me, so I availed myself of the opportunity to inspect it thoroughly. The "Honolulu" is one of the handsomest cars owned by the Company; it is upholstered most artistically or rather æsthetically with gray green velvet; the sides of the seats and the berths are mounted in cherry, beautifully carved and inlaid with brass; the roof is painted, and the ventilators are provided with amber-coloured stained glass; two lounges occupy each side of the centre of the car, parallel with the sides (a new arrangement to me); and heavy velvet portieres hang over each end door. The wash basins in the lavatories are of dark marble, and one of them is furnished with a small three-foot-six bath which had evidently received much patronage between Montreal and Winnipeg.

The train is supposed to leave at 9.50, but it is about 10.30 when a cry of "all aboard" is heard, followed by a hurried shaking of hands, and the engine with its nine cars—two sleepers (the "Honolulu and the "Selkirk"), a dining car, two first class, two second class, and two baggage cars—moves slowly out of the station bound on its long journey to the far Pacific Slope. For more than a mile outside of Winnipeg we pass crowds of people who have gathered along the line to see the first through train, and I begin to feel myself quite an historical character: the event seems one of such marked importance to this section of the country. The day is close, sultry, and slightly overcast; but once clear of the city, steaming away over the prairie, we leave dull clouds behind us and pass into a region of vivid blue and green, where the land and sky meet upon the horizon and the eye is almost wearied by the glare of colours all about us. We see large herds of cattle browsing upon the plains, and numerous prosperous farms are dotted about on both sides of the railway.

Soon after leaving Winnipeg my friends came into the "Honolulu" in search of me, and I was escorted to my proper place in the "Selkirk," which had been put on at Winnipeg and was a very common and ordinary Pullman compared to the other—already filled by passengers from Montreal to the Coast. The first large town we reach is Portage la Prairie. According to Mr. Sandford Fleming, "this town is situated on the northern bank of the Assiniboine river (we have not, however, caught a glimpse of the river) directly to the south of Lake Winnipeg. Ten years ago, Portage la Prairie had little more than the name by which it was known to the voyageur, it is now (in 1883) a thriving town, with many streets and buildings extended over possibly a square mile; two large elevators are constructed on the railway line for the storage of wheat, and a branch railway has been established to Gladstone." The town appears to me to have increased and developed considerably since the above lines were penned, and is now a busy place. Larger a great deal than Portage la Prairie is Brandon, where we stop for about twenty minutes. It has quite an imposing station, but the town is not visible from the track, being situated on a rising slope from the river Assiniboine. It is now quite an important place. Mr. Fleming says of this part of the country, "The prairie in all directions in the neighbourhood (of Brandon) has a warm subsoil of sandy or gravelly loam, differing from the deep black vegetable mould of the level banks of the Red River. Settlers' houses and huts are seen in all directions, and I learn that a great extent of country has been taken up for farming."

During the afternoon we continue to roll along over the same level prairie land, with occasional peeps of the Assiniboine, whose course is marked by groups of trees varying the monotony of the dead level horizon. We pass numerous ponds close to the line, which abound with small wild ducks, apparently quite indifferent to us as we fly by: they scarcely trouble themselves to turn their pretty heads. Wild flowers cover the prairie in all directions, handsome red lilies, enormous corn flowers, wild sunflowers, dwarf wild roses growing on bushes hardly a foot high, a tall plant with a deep pink blossom unfamiliar to me, and scores of others I do not recognize.

After leaving Brandon we partake of our first meal in the dining-car, where everything is well arranged, and we have an excellent menu, including fresh salmon and other delicacies of the season. The car itself is a new one, exceedingly handsome and massive: the seats are of solid dark leather designed to imitate the fashionable alligator skin, the mirrors and

all available portions of the car are inlaid with bronze, the linen and plate, glass and china, are all fresh and shine resplendent; in fact, the only improvement that could be made is to substitute for the white waiters black ones and increase the number employed upon the trip: doubtless, however, the Company did not anticipate the amount of patronage which was bestowed upon the first through train.

We arrive at Moosomin at seven o'clock: it is a small town scattered over a large area of ground on both sides of the line. There are indications here of a tremendous storm rapidly approaching us from the west; the sky turns from steel blue to copper colour; the wind rises; the dust blows in clouds, completely obscuring the town; and in five minutes after, as we glide again out on the prairie and are seated at tea in the dining-car, the storm breaks over the train, accompanied by heavy thunder and vivid forked lightning, which plays all about us over the plain. The rain descends upon the roof in perfect sheets; not a sound can be heard above the din and rattle as it peppers ventilators and window panes. By common consent, knives and forks are laid aside, and the occupants of the well-filled car cease to shout inaudible orders to patient, much-vexed waiters, and devote themselves to observing the progress of the storm. The landscape, however, is almost shut out by dense sheets of water, except away to the south, where the gray leaden clouds trail their ragged edges over a breadth of golden sky which has caught the reflection of the setting sun. In about twenty minutes we have passed out of the worst of it; windows are thrown up on all sides, and we enjoy the delicious, cool, damp atmosphere after the hot, sultry, dusty air which we breathed all day between Winnipeg and Moosomin; and when we return to our Pullman we feast our eyes upon a magnificent sunset, toward which we are smoothly and silently rolling.

A few miles from Broadview, the next station to Moosomin, our engine developed a hot box and went off either for repairs or to seek a substitute, leaving its nine cars in solitary grandeur out on the boundless prairie without a habitation in sight. The gentlemen all availed themselves of this opportunity to get out of the train and wander about in search of flowers and curiosities. I was presented with a magnificent bouquet of gigantic size, containing most of the flowers I have above referred to; and after a delay of an hour and a half, during which we enjoyed the twilight and abused the mosquitoes, our engine returned, and—once more under way—we all prepared for our night's rest, it being past ten o'clock, though still quite light.

E. S.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

WITH the exception of professors and students, most of those intending to invade the fields and the plains during the summer months have left town. The remaining unfortunates are resigning themselves to ice-eating and drives by moonlight in the Bois.

It is done. The Princes have gone. The calmness with which they have been allowed to depart augurs well for the Republic. Of this latter you hear the seemingly well-founded opinion, "This time it stands *pour toujours*." But I fear that no minor trait in the French character was expressed by that hero of the play,—“and every time I loved it was *pour toujours pour toujours*.”

Of course each "pretender" protested. The "protestation" and the "discourse" are specialties of the Gaul. The former, written by the Comte de Paris, far from dispelling the idea that there was cause for his exile, only confirmed it. The latter, of the young Prince Victor, was certainly a genial, not unworthy little affair. Poor Prince Jerome will miss his Paris sorely.

At the *Gare de Lyon*, early last Sunday morning, a very pretty sight was to be seen—the return of a part of the garrison sent to Tonkin. All along the road they were to march, from the station to the Fort of Vincennes; triumphal arches had been erected, speeches were made, and flowers distributed among the soldiers, the points of whose bayonets disappeared under roses and lilies.

These months of June and July are times of immense excitement for French students. Few outsiders are aware of their surprising capacity for work. They have a quickness of comprehension, a power of concentration, not a little remarkable. It may, perhaps, be said of them that "they see further than any others at the first glance," but, alas! the "second sight" is that which is lacking. Every year scientific studies become more popular, and before the end of the century they will have a decided preëminence over belles-lettres. The engineer is at present the ideal of young France, in spite of the vigorous efforts of some to turn his mind towards literature. However, we can't much deplore any departure from the morbid sentimentality so prevalent some sixty years ago.

It is interesting to mark the vast improvement made lately in woman's education in France. The convent is practically a thing of the past; the College Sévigné, Lycée Fenelon, and the Normal Schools of Fontenay, Aux Roses, and Sevres replace it. Not a little edifying is the interest manifested in Plato and Descartes by the young ladies of the superior classes. Where men have gone far women have gone further—there is an absolute ostracism of all religious instruction in these schools. Instead of the much-abused morning papers, "the sweet girl graduates" are united to meditate on some passage from the works of a great moralist. It remains to be seen if *this* will have any influence on the morality of those charming young Frenchwomen, "who are captivating," says one of their greatest admirers, "but who lie like demons!" There is one thing which will save the "higher education of women" from much ridicule in France: the French girl is too innate a coquette ever to degenerate into the spectacled, corsetless, blue-stocking, society's bane, alas! in so many other countries.

A statue is to be erected to the memory of Lamartine at Passy, where he died. L. L.

Paris, July 6, 1886.

ETERNITY.

UP through the ruins of my earthly dreams
I catch the stars of immortality;
What store of joy can lurk in heaven for me?
What other hope feed those celestial gleams?
Can there be other grapes whose nectar streams
For me, whom earth's vine fails? Oh! can it be
That this most hopeless heart again may see
A forehead garlanded, an eye that beams?
Alas! 'tis childhood's dream that vanishes!
To heaven-born soul that feigns it can return
And end in peace this hopeless strife with fate!
There is no backward step; 'tis only death
Can still these cores of wasting fire that burn,
Can break this chain, the captive liberate.

—From the Swedish of Erik Johan Stagnelius: EDMUND GOSSE.

MODERN HERO-WORSHIP.

THE *Times* of Wednesday [30 June] in one of the many articles it has published of late in which sound reason and considerable force of expression are spoiled by ferocious rancour against Mr. Gladstone, pointed to the Premier's ascendancy as one of the many proofs that the influence of the individual is not withering in the modern world, but the contrary,—it is growing greater than ever. Without Mr. Gladstone, all English politics would instantly be changed. So would all German politics without Prince Bismarck, or, indeed, all the politics of Europe, in which the German Chancellor is for the present the moderating force. Take away Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, and the position of the Eastern Question, which involves the whole of the ancient Eastern Empire of Rome, or, say, half the ancient domain of civilization, would be profoundly modified, and with it the most important relations of the six Great Powers to one another. Italians say, though we cannot quite endorse the statement, that after S. Depretis, who can ride three horses at once, and let none of them get their speed on, will come the political deluge; while Mr. Goldwin Smith makes much the same assertion of Sir John A. Macdonald and his relation to the Canadian Dominion. All politics in that vast Scotland of America hang, says the bright publicist, upon his life. Whatever the value of the last two illustrations, there is no doubt of the immense power exercised in present history by single individuals, or of the depth of the chasm which their sudden withdrawal would produce. The individual statesman is at least as great as King or Pope ever was. It would seem that the journalist is right, and the poet wrong, for the individual does not wither; and yet the poet has probably a keener insight than the journalist. The flood in which modern affairs are rushing levels the eminences, though it respects the snow-capped and lonely peaks. The plain rises and the Himalayas sink, to leave Mount Everest more visible and lonelier than ever. No one who watches modern society, and especially political society, can seriously doubt that the ancient influence of the eminent individual in his district, his town, his circle, is as Tennyson declared, either dwindling or withering away. Small bodies of men do not reverence or defer to persons as they once did. The squire in his estates, the rich man in his city, the literary man in his coterie, even the tap-room oracle in his sanded parlour, is no longer unquestioned master of his society, but is criticised, interrogated, satirised, or silently disregarded. The smaller politicians, even when they are leaders, appear and disappear, scarcely marked and unmissed. The second-rate author finds many admirers, but few worship-pers. No critic silences those around him as Johnson often silenced the company. No speaker except the first obtains an overwhelming reputation. There is no Thunderer left among the journalists. Everywhere the tendency is towards a level, and such a denial of subordinate leadership that the formation, as well as the ascertaining, of opinion has become a new task, which for the present at least, until some new secret has been learned, is one of incredible difficulty. So few are the ascendant minds,

that when a new order is received, a school has to be taught, instead of the monitors, and every boy in the school has, or thinks he has, something to say, and must by some means or other be brought to think himself convinced. So far has the process gone, that this generation hardly understands the reverence once shown to the "great man" of the neighbourhood; cannot realise what a society like that of Lichfield was like; and is inclined to think the older novelists' descriptions of the "king of the company," with his insolence, his frankness, and his real authority, exaggerations for literary effect. In politics, the change is so marked that this generation hardly understands the intrigues started thirty years ago to win over individuals, and reads of the alarm created by personal secessions from a Cabinet with an amused sense of the change in political manners. Mr. Gladstone sheds Ministers like twigs, and Prince Bismarck like leaves, and the faculty does not arise entirely from their greatness. The public "reckons up" all but the very first, decides that there are plenty more like them, and lets them go with a callousness which, to the individuals hurt, must seem, and does seem, heart-breaking, and proof positive that nobody is anybody any more. It is not that the individual withers in himself, but that there is such a number of individuals, and that the crowd outside thinks no one of them much above itself,—certainly not so much as to be worthy, like Saul in Israel, of the kingship. The old deference has passed away, the deference of thought as well as of society; and "the world" claims from the "person" instead of giving to him, and if he will not respond to the claim, remains indifferent. No second-rate man is missed unless accident or birth have given him a first-rate position. The Catholic Church forgot Pio Nono in a year, and the waves closed above Gambetta without more than a momentary ripple. In whole countries—take for example, France and the United States—there is no commanding personality, and life goes on as if there were in reality no need of one, and the "world," in the poet's sense, sufficed to itself.

And yet it does not suffice to itself, and knows it. Side by side with this decrease of deference for the many eminent, there is visible an increase of worship for the few commanding men. The man who is once felt to belong to that class, who by right of genius, or of that unfailing ability which in affairs is so nearly its equivalent, has separated himself from the rest, wields an authority such as has been scarcely witnessed in history. Nations wait on him instead of circles; peoples sing hymns to him instead of coteries; his word has a power in it such as once belonged only to despots. Take the feeblest of all executive functionaries,—the critic. All "the critics" in England would hardly have stopped the Government decision to keep the Blenheim Raphael in England, extravagant as the price asked was; but suppose Mr. Ruskin had written three lines to say that the picture was rubbish, and then reflect whether Mr. Gladstone and Sir Stafford Northcote together could have placed that £70,000 on the Estimates. Prince Bismarck insists that some policy is necessary, and Germany, disbelieving a moment before, is ready for its sake to place armies in the field. Mr. Gladstone tells a whole party to turn its back upon all it has ever done or said or thought upon a vital question, and half the nation is furious because a minority of his own followers hesitate or draw back. No ascendancy in the old days ever quite rivalled this, nor has there ever been a time when the individual seemed more gigantic or more strong. He actually affects the wills of men,—suppresses mental opposition as Gregory XIII. must have done in 1582, when, because he bade it, the Catholic world without a murmur seemed to drop ten days out of each man's life. The English Parliament dared not do for generations what a Pope did; and if the work of changing the calendar were to do in England again, it would be Mr. Gladstone, rather than the House of Commons, who could secure the popular acquiescence. That is a towering position in reality, and seems even greater than it is because all below is so much more level than of old. Hero-worship continues in the mass, but not in the sections in which the mass is made up, and is among the mass stronger than ever, because increased by that self-renewing excitement which the presence of a multitude begets. The hero-worshipped must be greater, or he could not be visible to many, while the concourse of the multitudes intensifies, and, so to speak, heats their worship. Deep calleth unto deep in praise, till acclaim becomes a roar like thunder, and of itself develops awe. Fear is excited as well as the mimetic instinct, and that strange liability of vast crowds, which has never yet been explained, to develop mental contagion, till among ten thousand brave men no one can be found for the moment to face the shot. It is only when the crowd is small and the eminent man near, that the modern tendency to criticise, to form one's own opinion, to refuse deference, begins to operate. Gather circles together into a crowd, and they will begin to worship the man who is still visible; assemble many crowds into one, and if any one is still tallest, the multitude sways towards him as one man; gather many multitudes, and a nation cries aloud unto Saul, "Be thou our King." Hero-worship exists as of old, but the spirit of worship descends on the multitude only when gathered together. They reverence when assembled in the nave, but only observe and criticise when split up among the little side-chapels. We do not know that the change is greatly to be regretted, but it makes social and political systems far less coherent, and strong only when men are acting in mass. The avalanche is irresistible by man, but till it falls, its particles are only snow.—*The Spectator*.

MRS. AGASSIZ found, one morning, in one of her slippers, a cold, little, slimy snake, one of six sent the day before to her scientific spouse, and carefully set aside by him for safety under the bed. She screamed, "There is a snake in my slipper!" The *savant* leaped from his couch, crying: "A snake! Good heaven! where are the other five?"

The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

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

ADVERTISEMENTS, unexceptionable in character and limited in number, will be taken at \$4 per line per annum; \$2.50 per line for six months; \$1.50 per line for three months; 20 cents per line per insertion for a shorter period.

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

All advertisements will be set up in such style as to insure THE WEEK's tasteful typographical appearance, and enhance the value of the advertising in its columns. No advertisement charged less than FIVE lines. Address—T. R. CLOUGHER, *Business Manager*, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto. C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, *Publisher*.

It is to be hoped that the citizens generally will come to the help of the local committee of the Knights of Pythias, who find themselves in a financial difficulty owing to their calculations as to receipts from the various entertainments proposed having been unluckily disappointed by the bad weather. We are sure that, apart from the profit to the trade of the city, the visit of the Knights afforded great pleasure to very many besides those immediately concerned. Not only did they disburse their money very freely, but by their orderly and altogether admirable behaviour under somewhat trying circumstances they must have awakened a kindly interest in all observers. They were a fine body of men; they drilled well; and while affording an agreeable adumbration of military glory, they showed also, by their after jollification, that they were eminently manly and peaceable citizens of a great republic. It speaks volumes for the prosperous condition of the United States, when so many of, we suppose, the mechanic class can with ease travel many hundreds of miles on such an errand. Such a thing is possible in no other country on earth; and their visit to Toronto, while in this respect a source of boundless gratification, ought to convey a valuable lesson to many.

In the current number of the *Magazine of American History*, Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley gives a brief "History of the Fisheries Question," from which may be gained a very clear conception of the reason there is a Fisheries Question between our neighbours and ourselves. From the time the thirteen colonies revolted, down to this day, there have been four treaties made between the two countries, from all of which—except the Treaty of 1818—the United States, not we, have withdrawn. The Treaty of Paris, 1783, was, of course broken up by the war of 1812. The United States then set up the extravagant pretension that their citizens had an immemorial and prescriptive right to fish within British waters—because they had done so and had had such a right while British subjects. In consequence of the impossibility of reconciling conflicting views, all mention of the Fisheries Question was omitted from the Treaty of Ghent, 1814. But in 1818 the Americans having lost a few vessels, captured for trespassing on British rights, the President of the United States proposed that negotiation should be opened for the purpose of settling the question in an amicable manner. This resulted in the Treaty of 1818; which was followed first by the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854, and afterwards by the Washington Treaty of 1871. Both these treaties were made in connexion with Reciprocity, and both were terminated by the United States because it was thought that under both they were giving more than they were getting, the spread of Protectionist ideas, no doubt, being at the root of the dissatisfaction. If Free Trade prevailed now, there would be little difficulty in arranging a new treaty; but under present conditions manifestly it is against the general policy of the United States to enter into that partial Free Trade which Canada desires. The United States would no doubt very readily, as they wished to do prior to the Reciprocity-Treaty of 1854—deal with the Fisheries Question separately; but such an arrangement was peremptorily declined then, and if we wish for another Reciprocity Treaty, it ought to be as peremptorily declined now. The Fisheries Question is the only means Canada possesses of forcing open the United States markets to her fish and other products; and if she throws this knife away the oyster will be shut tight against her. Meanwhile, however, the Treaty of 1818 is in full force; and if the United States are not satisfied with its provisions, it may be revised by mutual consent. It cannot be evaded with impunity, at all events; and as the attempted evasion, or say, misinterpretation, has produced differences between the two countries, in common honesty the aggressor—or supposed aggressor—should consent to a reference to the proposed Commission. When either party to a dispute is afraid of an arbitrator it may be reasonably inferred that, whatever else he may want, he does not want justice.

THE "sardine" phase of the Fisheries dispute raises the question directly, Whether under the Treaty of 1818 the Americans can purchase bait in Canadian ports for ordinary trading purposes? If they can buy bait to be shipped to the States, there to be packed as sardines, they may buy it for other purposes, say—to be sold to their own fishermen. Two

cases bearing on this point were, we learn from the *New York Nation*, tried before the Treaty of Washington came in force. In one of them it was held that the buying of bait and ice in Canadian ports was "preparing to fish," and that preparing to fish was a violation of the Treaty. In the other case, which was later in point of time and was tried before another judge, it was held that preparing to fish was not in itself unlawful, but that it was incumbent on the prosecution to show that the vessel was preparing for illegal fishing in British waters. If this be the law—which, however, we very much doubt, for else what would be the purpose of the prohibition of the Treaty of 1818, which denies to Americans the right to enter Canadian ports to buy bait—then Americans may freely get all the bait they need by importing it and re-selling it to their own fishermen, or they may even buy it from Canadians outside the three-mile limit. The Canadian Government may after all have to cut the gordian knot by adopting our suggestion of a few weeks ago—to put a prohibitive export duty on bait until a fair arrangement is made.

WE wonder how many American press-writers on British affairs have taken the trouble to read the speeches on the Unionist side, and generally to inform themselves of the merits of the Home-Rule question. Almost without exception they appear to draw their knowledge entirely from the Irish-inspired press cablegrams; and it is little wonder that, so instructed, the American people in general know absolutely nothing about the matter, except such surface indications as the press correspondents, not being able to suppress, can only pervert. It is surprising, however, to find so respectable a journal as the *Philadelphia American* giving currency to a falsehood which has been shown, over and over again, to have but the flimsiest of bases. In its last issue it not only repeats the untrue statement that Lord Salisbury stands pledged to give Ireland twenty years of repression and coercion, attended with assisted emigration; but it adds to this, "and even compulsory emigration,"—an addition of its own for which it cannot produce the smallest warrant.

MR. BLAKE must begin to feel dubious about the compliment paid him in calling him the Canadian Parnell. This turns out to be very like a synonyme for "the Canadian Ananias." We heard a good deal through the Irish cable correspondents of the controversy a few weeks ago between Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Parnell as to what took place at a certain interview last summer; and the American and Canadian Home Rule Press, with their usual discrimination, of course were shocked at the turpitude displayed by Lord Carnarvon, Lord Salisbury, and other Conservative leaders, in repudiating the version of the conversation at that interview given by the high-minded and disinterested Mr. Parnell. But somewhat strangely these correspondents have had not a word to say about a development in the affair which is found in the latest English papers received here. From these it appears that in an election speech at Plymouth, on June 26, Mr. Parnell stated that at the interview with Lord Carnarvon (August, 1885), "He gave me earnest of his official capacity . . . gave me earnest, not for myself, but for Irish landlords, in the shape of five millions sterling, money of the British tax payers, paid within a week after that interview. At my request, made at that interview, and at my strong recommendation, he passed the Land Purchase Act, which would not otherwise have been passed, giving five millions of money to the Irish landlords. Was that an official act or not, arising out of that interview?" Now, in the first place, the Land Purchase Bill to which Mr. Parnell refers was introduced on the 17th July, and passed through all its stages by the 24th July,—weeks before the interview was had at which, Mr. Parnell says, he requested and strongly recommended that it should be passed, and without which request and strong recommendation it would not have been passed at all. Moreover,—and this surely ought to convince everybody that Mr. Parnell is as deficient in honesty as he is in memory and all other mental attributes, except cunning,—on the 31st July, 1885, seven days after this Land Purchase Bill was passed, Mr. Parnell wrote a letter for publication to Sir William Milner, M. P., in reference to a speech made by Mr. H. Gladstone at Leeds, wherein Mr. Gladstone asserted that there was an alliance for Parliamentary purposes between the Conservatives and the Parnellites, upon the basis, first, of the dropping of the Crimes Act; secondly, of the Bill for the benefit of the labourers; and thirdly, of the passing of a Land Purchase Bill; and in that letter, published in the *Times*, August 8, Mr. Parnell says: "I have no knowledge of any such alliance, nor have any of my colleagues. I have held no communication upon any of the public matters referred to with any member of the present Government, nor any of their officials, directly or indirectly, except across the floor of the House of Commons. The first intimation I received of the intentions of the Government in respect of these matters was from Lord Carnarvon's speech in the Lords, and that of the Chancellor of the

Exchequer in the Commons." It will be observed further that this virtuous disclaimer was written at the very time Mr. Parnell was seeking an interview with the Conservative leaders.

THIS gentleman who, as the *Times* says, has been thus quite recently "convicted of having deliberately and repeatedly affirmed that which he knows to be false," now has the matchless effrontery to deny that the Irish party and the National League are in union with American Fenians; and he unblushingly characterises Lord Hartington's statements to that effect as untrue. "I know nothing whatever," he says, "of any Fenian organisation in Ireland or America, beyond what I have learned from the newspapers. I have never had any communication with the leaders of such organisations, or accepted any alliance with them. I do not even know who the leaders are. No union of the National League and Fenians has ever been proposed." We dare say not—for they are one and the same thing, and no "union" is required. But did not Mr. Parnell personally attend the Convention of Fenians at Cincinnati? Is he not in communication with the Fenian leaders—whom he does not know!—but with whose dollars he and his band have been fighting this election? Lord Hartington and Lord Carnarvon are both, like Mr. Blake, men of unblemished honour and veracity, and to entangle their names in any connexion with this sorry fellow is an impertinence.

IN his rejoinder to the Duke of Westminster, Mr. Gladstone asserts that the civilised world has stamped England's Irish policy with discredit and disgrace. The "civilised world" that Mr. Gladstone has in view are his allies, the American-Irish who procured the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, with the whole dynamitard rank and file, from Patrick Ford to O'Donovan Rossa; the American Press, who think England ought not to object to a dissolution of her power in order to solve the universal Irish question, which presses for solution in America as well as in England, and which it would therefore be highly desirable to settle—at the sole expense of England; the Canadian Home Rule Press, who show their loyalty to British institutions and to morality by encouraging treason and nerving the arm of the assassin; the Quebec Assembly and kindred influential centres of enlightenment; the envious and hopeful Anglophobes of France, Germany, and the Continent in general; and, finally, all the ill-informed or perverted "masses" in the United Kingdom who have voted for Mr. Gladstone. The uncivilised world, on the other hand, which has stamped this gentleman's project as an amiable hallucination, are the opposites of all these; and having in self-preservation assisted in or sympathised with overthrowing him, they listen to his scoldings with regret indeed, but with perfect equanimity and confidence in the future.

IT is quite a new thing in British history for the Cabinet to seek the approval of the most malignant foes of the country before venturing to introduce its measures into Parliament. Yet this is what Mr. Gladstone did before submitting his Home Rule scheme to the House of Commons. In the words of Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, the Secretary of State for War,— "Information was sought from the leaders of those millions of Irishmen in America, who form so serious an element in the people with whom we have to deal nowadays." The admission of this extraordinary proceeding was made by Mr. Campbell-Bannerman at a meeting of his constituents at Stirling; but these, although fellow-countrymen of Mr. Gladstone and therefore Gladstonites, not appearing, however, quite pleased with the idea of the British Government consulting Mr. O'Donovan Rossa, Mr. Sheridan, and Mr. Egan, on the policy to be pursued, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman went on to say that "the Cabinet had no direct communication with them, but means were used whereby their opinions were ascertained." That is to say, probably, that Mr. Herbert Gladstone, who does all his father's dirty work, did this, just as he is charged in general with the duty of revealing Cabinet secrets, whenever the publication may help his illustrious father's tactics.

IN his speech at Birmingham, Mr. Bright referred to the fact that during the last twenty years he had been three times a member of a Cabinet over which Mr. Gladstone presided, and added there was only one break in the harmony which prevailed between them. "That," he said, "was in regard to what took place in the year 1882, four years ago, on the occasion of what I deemed a great blunder, and I am afraid nationally a great crime, the bombardment of Alexandria." Who can doubt that the whole miserable Egyptian business from that day to this has been a series of both blunders and crimes; and who can doubt which of these men again is right on this Irish question?

MR. BRIGHT insists most justly on the plain fact that the trouble with Ireland is not political, but economical; and he refers for proof to the report of the Devonshire Commission (to which Mr. Gladstone had also referred in one of his speeches). That Commission was set on foot by Sir Robert Peel's Government, of which Mr. Gladstone was a member; it travelled over all Ireland; it took the evidence of a vast number of persons there; and it told everything. There has been no need for any further Commission since. It showed that the population of Ireland had increased from the time of the Union in 1801 from five millions to eight millions and over; it showed that at least two millions of the people of Ireland were tramps and beggars; it showed that the rate of wages over great portions of the country—the labouring men on farms, and so on—was not more than 6d. a day; it showed there was an amount of poverty which probably was not exceeded in its melancholy proportions in any Christian country in the world. But nobody who knows anything about the subject for a single moment would have the idea that that had arisen from the Union or from the direct action of the Government since the Union had taken place. Ireland had then eight millions of people depending for food greatly upon potatoes; and an unfavourable harvest not seldom occurring, large districts of the country were often in a condition of famine. But how could a Nationalist Parliament at Dublin have helped them? The great famine came—a dreadful famine; and, said Mr. Bright, "the population went on decreasing, but imagine what was the state of Ireland when the population was eight millions, imagine the scramble for the soil, how farms were seized at any price anybody could get a farm at, how farms were divided, and the cottagers and the peasantry were existing upon plots of land upon which it was scarcely possible for them to exist. In the west of Ireland, which is the great seat of the calamities of the country, the soil is poor and sterile. The climate is unfavourable and many seasons are bad, the people live upon their small plots of potatoes, and poverty in those circumstances increases and becomes intense and painful. But if that be so what will follow? Naturally will follow disorder and often crime, and an opportunity for anybody who chooses to harangue a suffering people, to create a great discontent and dissatisfaction with the Government; although it may be that the Government is as entirely free from any blame as the Corporation of Birmingham is free from any blame with regard to the poverty of some particular family in certain circumstances within your limits. . . . Now, in the west of Ireland scarcity vorges on famine, suffering breeds disorder, disorder gives you food for agitation, and hence the movement is against the landowners. It is natural for these poor people who have these small plots of land and who are half living upon potatoes to think that if they could get rid of the landed proprietors the country would be redeemed, and they would be much better off. And thus you have the agitation against the landowners. The landowners for the most part are Protestants. To a considerable part they are English, and it comes home to the population—'If we could only get rid of these proprietors the land would be ours, and if we could get them out of the country the country would be ours.' That is the sort of movement that has been going on, and the movement, no doubt, among the bulk of those who have agitated is far more against the ownership of land in the hope of obtaining farms at a smaller rent, or at no rent if the landowners can be expelled from the country."

MR. JOHN MORLEY asserts that "none of the plans of the paper Unionists touch the enormous problem of restoring social order in Ireland." Yes: one of these plans is to turn out the imbecile Administration—it is almost absurd to call it a Government—of which Mr. Morley is so prominent a member, and institute in its place a firm and just Government. With this Administration will go its Irish co-partner, the National League; and the suppression of this treasonous conspiracy will remove the chief obstacle to the restoration of social order in Ireland.

THE minority in Ireland are the very flower of the Irish people. They are the breed of the Wellesleys, the Lawrences, the Robertses, the Beresfords, the Wolseleys. Yet, since the Parnellite conspiracy got the upper hand, what voice have they had in the affairs of Ireland? Are the brutish yells heard from the Irish benches in Parliament the voice of the Irish gentry? The truth is the Jacobins alone send representatives to the House of Commons; all other classes are represented only indirectly through the British members. And the British people cannot sell them to the American-Irish. As Lord Salisbury put it to his audience at the St. James's Hall: "Our history is one long promise to the Irish Loyalists to stand by them as they have stood by us;" and, while they are unwilling to go, they can never be handed over to the dominion of the Jacobins.

THE *Daily News* story of the blind man whose face "beamed with delight" at touching the hem of Mr. Gladstone's garment is outdone by the blasphemous and indecent declaration of Lord Wolverton, that Mr. Chamberlain is worse than Judas Iscariot in that he betrayed not his master but his Maker. The idea of comparing the Prime Minister to the Founder of Christianity is, however, a favourite one with the Gladstonites.

THE *Vienna Neue Freie Presse* tells a story that it thinks affords an explanation of the death of the late King of Bavaria. A few weeks before the King's death, Julius der Grosse, the German author, sent his Majesty a novel he had published in which the life of the Austrian historian Count Johann Majlath was described. That nobleman ended his existence by throwing himself, with his daughter, into Lake Starenberg at almost the identical spot where the body of King Louis was found.

THE papers have been all relating the troubles of a good man, Mr. Green, of Bishopswood House, Highgate, with 2,500 bottles of port in his cellar, valued at £600, and who finally, and after considering the three courses open to him, as to all men, poured the wine into the sewers. We, says the *Lancet*, must all admire the motive that impelled to this action. But the action itself is not clearly entitled to admiration. The wine should have been given to hospitals. It is allowed to be of use as medicine, and the course must be considered open to the charge of waste. The question in casuistry is not entirely new. A well-known physician is understood to be somewhat perplexed with it. There are instances where the offending alcohol is best thrown into the sewers and that promptly; but the present is not one of these.

PERHAPS it is hardly fair to hold Mr. Gladstone's Ministry of Clerks accountable for former utterances on Irish affairs: the great man having changed his mind, these have found no difficulty—for they have not much to deal with—in changing theirs too, and seeing black to be white. But still it is amusing to note the different construction put upon the word "coercion" when used by Lord Salisbury to what it bore when the thing was practised by Mr. Gladstone. In a letter addressed, January 26, 1881, by the present President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Mundella, at that time Vice-President of the Council, the writer says:—"With respect to your remarks about coercion in Ireland, I must remind you that the question is, whether the law shall prevail or the tyranny of an irresponsible tribunal. I am quite clear that the Government is only discharging its first duty to Ireland in restoring law and order in that unhappy country." Why does it not persist in discharging its first duty, instead of abdicating in favour of the "irresponsible tribunal."

OUR good friend the *Christian Guardian* is angry at THE WEEK apparently because, being an independent journal of criticism, it does not exclude from its columns the views of correspondents who differ from the *Guardian* and other similar organs of public opinion, claiming to exercise a sort of irregular papal control over the consciences of men with respect to the Prohibition question. We regret very much to fall under the displeasure of our contemporary; but we respectfully submit that to take to scolding is hardly worthy of the name it bears. THE WEEK puts on no "airs of lofty superiority," nor "assumptions of wisdom," and certainly its columns have always shown it tries to give "what people want, facts and arguments—not offensive epithets and baseless assumptions." We are afraid, however, that the *Guardian* is too angry to remember this, or to perceive its own manifest unfairness in abusing THE WEEK for opinions or sentiments expressed in correspondence which it is bound as an independent journal to find place for, but for whose contents it has not indicated the slightest approval.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Statist* suggests that owing to the continued depression and high prices of first-class stocks, men's minds are directed naturally to the difficulties of investment, and to the working of the laws which govern undertakings with limited liability; that where liability is limited, a company should be restricted to the amount of its actual capital in its business transactions, otherwise its competition is unfair. He thinks there is a manifest want of controlling power, which can only be supplied by the wholesome check upon rash speculation engendered in private traders by fear of bankruptcy. But while arguing for restricting business in one direction, its extension is advocated in another, namely, in permitting limited partnerships, or rather limited partners in unlimited concerns. This, it is said, could easily be managed by enacting that every partner whose name appeared in the "style" of the copartnership would be deemed

the "firm," and responsible for all he possessed, while those partners who appear as "Co." may be responsible merely to the amount of capital which they have each contributed to the business.

IN a recent work on the "Friendly Society Movement" by the Rev. J. F. Wilkinson, the author says:—The Friendly Society discipline exercised upon the working man has made him, in large towns, the most attentive and orderly element present at a public meeting. . . . Thousands of artisans and workmen, now in positions of confidence and good remuneration, date the turning-point in their lives from the time when they first joined an affiliated order. The training received in the lodge-room is brought to bear outside, and a member's own affairs are, consciously or unconsciously, benefited thereby. The mind is expanded, the range of thought broadened by the common platform upon which every member meets, neither religious nor political discussions being allowed to disturb the ritual and business; the social barriers which sunder class from class are broken down, and each individual member has equal rights and privileges; office is open to all who show themselves capable of being advanced by order of merit, and who have raised themselves—whatever their station in life may be—in the eyes of their fellow members.

THE relations between Russia and Bulgaria are said to be becoming more "strained" than ever. The semi-official Russian Press declares that Prince Alexander "presumes to disregard the decisions of Europe," and the non-official Press suggests that he ought to be hanged; while the Russian Government presses the Sultan by every kind of menace, including a demand for an indemnity in arrears, to interfere in Sofia. A formal Note has even been presented to the Porte complaining that Prince Alexander has violated the Organic Statute of Eastern Roumelia, and that the two Bulgarias are becoming one, in spite of the decision of Conference. The Sultan is indisposed to interfere, but has circulated a despatch announcing that he has recommended moderation to the Prince. The Prince himself has openly informed a deputation which besought him to reconcile himself with Russia, that he does not know what Russia wants; that he has repeatedly made overtures; that he has not received even a message from St. Petersburg since September; and that his last overture was answered by a decree depriving him of his rank in the Russian Army. The Czar is evidently full of hatred; but the Prince goes on quietly drilling his soldiers and collecting arms. Russia can hardly move till the European situation alters.

WE are afraid, says the *Spectator*, that when great orators like Mr. Gladstone tell us to govern Ireland not by force, but by love, we shall throw all considerations bearing on the true interest of Ireland and the true duty of England to the winds, and leave the very core of the justice of the matter unexamined and undiscriminated. We are afraid of handing over Ireland, in the false name of love, to a party whose instrument has been terror and whose heart has been full of injustice for a long period of years; to a party that has compelled honourable debtors to go by night to pay their debts, and to conceal from all the world that they have paid them; to a party that has invented the cruellest of social excommunications for its own political purposes; to a party that, when it found Mr. Gladstone himself endeavouring to do justice to its native country, exerted itself to the utmost to foil his noble efforts; to a party whose most solemn words uttered one month have been broken with a light laugh the next; to a party that, though it has combined the worst moral influence on Ireland which the present century has seen, with the most cynical indifference to the good of this country, Mr. Gladstone now champions as that which should have on its side every heart which beats for the cause of the oppressed.

IN an article on "Natural Laws and the Home Rule Problem" in the *July Fortnightly Review*, Mr. Frank Harris writes:—During the recent debates in the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone tried his best to furnish historical parallels to the connexion between Ireland and Great Britain; he even went so far as to taunt his adversaries with their inability to produce from history one single instance where relaxing the tie between countries had never had evil consequences, and to boast of the many instances to the contrary which he had adduced. But in all the instances he enumerated, one condition of primary importance was left out of the account. He never took the difference of language into consideration; he spoke of Austro-Hungary, as if Austrian and Hungarian both spoke the same tongue, and looked back upon the same history. I challenge Mr. Gladstone to adduce one instance in which a race, after having abandoned its own language, after having thus consented to merge its intellectual

individuality in that of another and greater people, ever yet recovered its forfeited autonomy. Ireland is not a nation, I repeat, unless indeed a nation can exist which possesses no distinctive, honourable past; no distinctive language, literature, or art; which is without a present, and manifestly without a future."

In the course of a recent review of the Rev. C. A. Wilkinson's "Reminiscences of a Court Chaplain," *Temple Bar* says: "The wise Duke of Marlborough was aware that the capacity of the mind is sometimes strangely diminished, for when advanced in years, he requested that he might no longer be summoned to give an opinion on the great affairs of State, for though he was himself unconscious of the decay of his intellect, yet such decay there might be, and his advice might be detrimental to the interests of England. Our 'grand old man' does not possess the serene mind of the great duke, for any opposition to his absurd projects causes his temper to be on the move. He rather resembles the aged Archbishop of Granada, who when Gil Blas mildly hinted to him that his sermons smelt of apoplexy, fell into a furious passion and dismissed him in disgrace, although he had asked him for his candid opinion. Mr. Gladstone has no Gil Blas to warn him of his errors, for his confidants seem to be 'My son Herbert,' and the irrepressible Mr. Malcolm MacColl, whose united ideas on any imaginable subject would be as valuable as those of a London sparrow. When Barzillai, at the age of eighty, was invited by David to go with him to Jerusalem, he refused, saying: 'Can I discern between good and evil?' Mr. Gladstone seems to have lost all discernment."

MR. BLANFORD, the Meteorological Reporter to the Government of India, has drawn up a memorandum to accompany charts of temperature and rainfall of the country. The temperature being reduced to its equivalent at sea-level, the hottest tract in India is a portion of the Deccan plateau between Bellary and Sholapore. The hottest region of the peninsula is really the eastern coast from Vizogapatam southwards and the plains of the Carnatic and Northern Ceylon. In intra-tropical India, except as modified by the elevation of the country, the temperature increases from the coast inland, the west coast being cooler than the east coast. Sind and Rajputana are the driest portion of India. In the greater part of India, May is the hottest month in the year, except in the Punjab and Sind, where, owing to the lateness of the rain, June is hottest. Of those stations the temperature of which has been pretty accurately determined, the hottest in May is Jhansi, the coolest region is Assam, where the May rains are very copious. The mean annual rainfall of the whole of India is about forty-two inches, varying from nearly five hundred inches at Cherra Poonjee to about three inches at Jacobabad. The provinces most subject to famine are the North-Western Provinces, Behar, Rajputana, the Carnatic, the North Deccan, Hyderabad, Mysore, Orissa, and the northern Circars.

THE *Times'* correspondent in Paris, who is greatly exasperated by the expulsion of the Orleans Princes, calls constant attention to the acts of General Boulanger, Minister of War. This officer, a very good soldier and disciplinarian, but of ill-defined political opinions, is evidently getting the Army into his own hand. He makes himself felt everywhere, visits every considerable garrison, makes speeches, some of which point to revenge for Sedan, and promotes and dismisses officers rapidly. His last act has been to rebuke General Saussier, the officer in command of the garrison of Paris, for writing to the newspapers without permission—no doubt an offence in every Continental Army—and the rebuke was so sharp that General Saussier resigned, though the resignation was not accepted. General Boulanger is reported to have said that the incident was of no importance, for he remarked to his colleagues,—“If I decided to send you to Mazas (the usual prison for political prisoners), it is not Saussier who would stop me,” an utterance not precisely Republican. It seems clear the General is assuming a position in front; but it is possible that a certain tone of alarm visible in all comments on him is suggested by colleagues anxious for his removal. The General used to be a good Republican, but the Army is certainly not contented. In Anam, M. Paul Bert cannot obtain respect from the military at all, a sure sign that there is irritation in the barracks at home.

THE author of "The More Famous Birthplaces of Gladstone" writes again to the *St. James's Gazette*:—"As you were good enough to find space for some remarks from me on my difficulties in getting this little book out, will you now allow me to say that I have given up the project. Yesterday I opened the *Times* with fear and trembling, and alas! with the usual result. Mr. Gladstone has written to Sir Robert Peel saying that Inverness is his natal place. At sixpence it is impossible to get in so many,

and my publishers have sent back the sketches. I hope the public will see that it is not I who have broken faith with them. I may add, for the benefit of interested persons, that photographs of a large number of the Gladstone birthplaces are on sale (mounted or unmounted) in the shops of the Edinburgh stationers." On which the *Gazette* says: It is fortunate for this correspondent that he has given up his idea. It would be impossible to keep the volume up to date. Liverpool is the latest place where Mr. Gladstone was born. He informed his audience that it was at Liverpool that he first drew breath seventy-six years ago, and he further gratified them with the intelligence that he has been drawing it ever since. He also told them that he was a very old man and did not expect to live much longer; which things he affirmed in order to show that he was "conscious of the solemnity" of the dispute about the Separation Bill. This may be true; but, after all, Mr. Gladstone's statement that he was born in Liverpool was no more than was expected of him. He could not refuse to Liverpool an honour which is granted to so many towns in Scotland. They are quite hopeful in Chester now, and are confident that Mr. Gladstone will be born there too.

REQUIESCANT.

ALL night the land in darkness slept,
All night the sleepless sea
Along the beaches moaned and wept,
And called aloud on me.
Now all about the wakening land
The white foam lies upon the sand.

I saw across the glimmering dark
The white foam rise and fall;
I saw a drifting phantom bark,
I heard the sailors call:
Then sheer upon my straining sight
Fell down the curtain of the night.

What ship was on the midnight deep?
What voices on the air?
Did wandering spirits call and weep
In darkness and despair?
Did ever living seaman hail
The land with such a hopeless wail?

The flush of dawn is in the sky,
The dawn-breeze on the sea,
The lark is singing sweet and high
A winged melody:
Here on the sand, among the foam,
The tired sailors have come home.

Their eyes that stare, so wide, so wide,
See not the blessed light;
For all the streams of death divide
The morning from the night:
Weary with tossing on her breast
The sea at last has given them rest.

—*English Illustrated Magazine.*

THE MAORI.

MR. W. D. HOWELLS has been enduring with considerable equanimity lately, for the sake of the faith that is in him, the slings and arrows of outrageous critics, chiefly of the small and comparatively unimportant variety connected with the American Sunday Press. However Mr. Howells may have fumed over this persecution in private, he has publicly maintained his composure, advocated his principles, and serenely gone on producing the truth in fiction that has given his genius its universal recognition. In this month's *Harper's*, however, he condescends to a little good-natured demolition, by which his thousands and his ten thousands will be gently and indirectly slain. Of Mr. Hutcheson Macaulay Posnett, the author of a work upon "Comparative Literature," whose theories are Mr. Howells's, he says: "It is one of the superb conditions of modern civilization, however, that so important a man can be equally valuable in London or New York or Auckland, and can speak as easily to the whole world from one place as the other. He must not look for ready acceptance from the Maori anywhere; but he may be assured that the less barbarous races in different quarters of the globe will be very glad to hear from him again." The Maori will be easily seen to have a general and a specific signification.

With the Maori proper this paper need not concern itself. In point of picturesqueness they are not interesting unless illustrated. Morally, they present an appalling blank to the most industrious chronicler, and their

little social peculiarities may be said to have been somewhat overdone. But the Maori, whom an inscrutable decree of a mysterious Providence has determined that we shall have ever with us, present typical varieties which the sociologist, in tracing the differentiating effect of civilization, finds valuable to consider.

I think it may be fairly assumed that since last they were pointedly referred to in the public prints, these tribes have sensibly increased in numbers and aggressiveness. On that occasion Mr. Matthew Arnold called them Philistines. Now, while the Philistine was no doubt an objectionable person in every sense in his day, his day is so inconceivably remote as to invest the term with a glamour of antiquity in which the reproach is semi-playful, demi-complimentary. But our Polynesian friends are present, tangible, belligerent, and black. The added definiteness in the term of opprobrium is striking and suggestive. I suppose this increase may be accounted for in various ways. Perhaps, like the Anarchists, our Maori arrive too rapidly for the slow action of our social forces, though the race is not notably prolific. Unfortunately for our data, however, the census-takers are under no compulsion to note tribal distinctions. The growth of democratic sentiment is accountable for a good many of them. Nothing is more palpable to the average Maori than the fact that he is as good as anybody else. He may not possess as many wampum strings, and his wife may be uglier, he will admit; but in all other respects he is any man's fellow. The passion of loyalty does not exist for him; his tailor owns his only fealty. Veneration he relegates to fools, and barely keeps reverence in his religion. Old things convey to him only a sense of deterioration; he finds his supremest architectural delight in new bricks and fresh mortar. The untamed license of the Press encourages this unprincipled person. It is his daily gratification to inspect his neighbour's clothes-line as it is suspended from one reportorial column to another, with comments by the editor. It is one of his favourite maxims that anything is justifiably published which interests a large number of people. He knows a great many distinguished people intimately to speak of, and an American Maori invariably alludes to the executive heads of his Republic as "Grover" and "Frankie." Here it was once a favourite audacity among the lower orders to call the Princess "Mrs." Lorne, but the sacrilege was sternly stamped out of existence by that true courtier the *Toronto Mail*.

Maorian literary tastes are not, of course, so easily designated. A parody appeals strongly to the cultivated Maori, and the worse the parody the better he likes it. He has a storm of withering contempt always on tap, so to speak, for Tennyson, but only lavish praise for "Betsey and I Are Out." I regret to seem to depreciate Mr. Carleton's poems by attributing a Maori predilection to them, but candour and a limited poetic scope compel it. The well-regulated Maori affects history and biography and all useful reading to a laudable extent. The almanac, in his opinion, ranks well in literature, since it contains something that he desires to know. In fiction he likes a story with a good deal of incident and accident—though he condemns sensationalism—and he likes it to end well. He is particular about the ending, and it not infrequently determines the whole merit of the book for him.

You will meet this person and his feminine representatives in great number and variety, and the best clothes purchasable, any afternoon. He is eminently—arrantly—respectable, usually well-to-do, and he wears an expression so complacent that it excites one's wrath or compassion, according to the temperature. He steps briskly through the fabric of ideality that some kind hand has clothed the world with. Let us praise heaven that the rents close up after him! SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

THREE PRESIDENTS.

LINCOLN.

I was almost ashamed to take advantage of Mr. Seward's introduction to President Lincoln, who had something to do in those tremendous days besides receiving idle visitors, though I am afraid he had a good many idle visitors, and, what was worse, a good many office-seekers to receive. But I yielded to the temptation, and found the President most kind and courteous. A glance was sufficient to dissipate the impression of Lincoln's unseemly levity amidst scenes of horror, which had been produced in England by the repetition of his jokes and apothegms. Care and anxiety never sat more visibly on any mortal brow. His love of mournful poetry was a proof that the natural temperament of the man was melancholy, and his face showed that he felt the full responsibility of his terrible position. I know not whether there was any particle of truth in the story that after Chancellorsville he meditated suicide; but I can well believe that Chancellorsville went to his heart. The little stories, one or two of which he told in the interview which I had with him, were simply his habitual mode of expression, and perhaps at the same time a relief for his surcharged mind—a

pinch, as it were, of mental snuff. It is needless to describe Lincoln's figure, or the homeliness of language which, when the theme was inspiring, became, as in the Gettysburg address, the purest eloquence. Democracy may certainly point with triumph to this Illinois "rail-splitter" as a proof that high culture is not always necessary to the making of a statesman. Indeed Lincoln's example is rather dangerous in that respect. The roots of his statesmanship were his probity and right feeling, which are not the invariable characteristics of the Western politician.

GRANT.

Grant I saw in Stanton's office, and he struck me as a quiet and most unpretending thunderbolt of war. In the camp I saw his tent, which was as plainly equipped as that of any subaltern, and it was well known that he hated military parade. Of his strategy I am no judge, nor can I pretend to decide whether any good purpose was served by all the carnage of the last campaign; but beyond question the victor of Fort Donelson was felt to be the military pillar of the North. Grant was thoroughly loyal both to the cause and to his colleagues. I suppose it must be said that he was ruthless. He certainly was, if it be true that he refused to exchange prisoners when his soldiers were perishing by thousands in the murderous prison camp at Andersonville. But if he shed blood without stint, he brought the slaughter to a close. Happy, if he had never been dragged into politics! Dragged into them in the first instance he was. People hoped that as he had been the sledge-hammer of the enemy, he would be the sledge-hammer of corruption; and let it always be borne in mind that he did at first try to form an independent Cabinet, and to shake off the wire-pullers, though his attempt was at once foiled by his ignorance of the game, and he fell more helplessly into the hands of the wire-pullers than the least honest of his predecessors. Afterwards he, no doubt, became ambitious, or at least desirous of smoking his cigar in the White House, and of having patronage to bestow upon his friends. Transferring his military ideas to civil administration, he thought himself bound to stand by his friends under fire, even when they were guilty of corruption. That he was himself ever guilty of anything worse than indelicacy was never seriously asserted. A man who had approached him with a corrupt overture would certainly have been kicked out of the room. Grant's book, in its straightforwardness and simplicity, is the perfect reflection of his character. His manner was certainly unpolished, and in this respect he was a contrast to General Meade, whose acquaintance I afterwards made, and who seemed to me the model of a soldier and a gentleman. Once, at least, Grant said a good thing. He was told that his enemy Sumner, who was a sublime egotist, did not believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures. "I should think not," replied Grant; "he did not write them himself, I believe."

CLEVELAND.

I desired to look upon the face of President Cleveland more than I had desired to look upon the face of any American statesman since Lincoln. It is, as might be expected, a face full of strength and firmness. So happy an event, I apprehend, as this President's election has not for a long time taken place in the United States—I may say on the continent, for the good influence of a triumph of public probity extended even to Canada. Mr. Cleveland was not one of the "available men" of whom the country had such bitter experience in the persons of Polk and Buchanan; nor had he attained party prominence by stump oratory or the arts of a demagogue. In rhetoric, indeed, he seems to be rather deficient. He had shown himself worthy to govern the nation by his conduct as Governor of the State of New York. His bearing during the campaign, especially the manly frankness with which he met the charge brought against him on account of the sins of his youth, was a most favourable omen of his future conduct. It excited a strong feeling in his favour even in Canada, where generally little interest is felt in the politics of the United States. He is now treading, as it seems to me, with a firm and resolute step, the arduous path of civil-service reform. Too much must not be exacted of him. It cannot fairly be expected that he shall cast off party ties or disregard party obligations: honour, as well as necessity, forbids him. The scale, it is true, was turned in his favour by the Independent Republicans, who, to use the American phrase, bolted their party ticket; but he received his nomination from the Democrats, and owed his election mainly to them. The Independent Republicans themselves have not repudiated Party, though they will hardly get back into the lines. By his loyalty to reform, President Cleveland has already incurred the hatred of Tammany and of all the corrupt. On the other hand, he has, I trust, won the hearts and will receive the support of all who care less for any party than for the country.—*Goldwin Smith: "The Capital of the United States," in Macmillan.*

THE shareholders and customers alike of the Canadian Bank of Commerce are to be congratulated in the prospects before that institution. The infusion of new blood into the Board by the accession of three new directors, and especially the election as President of Mr. H. W. Darling, the President of the Board of Trade, a gentleman of vigorous habit, in the prime of life, and well versed in commercial affairs,—give every promise of a flourishing business. And that the intention is to fulfil the promise may be inferred from the prompt and judicious measures that preceded their election—clearing the deck of a quantity of questionable assets, which reduces the nominal amount of the Rest indeed, but, removing what might prove to be a mere delusion, adds, on the other hand, immensely to the effective fighting power of the ship.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

MISCELLANIES, Vol. I. By John Morley. London: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

This is another volume of the new edition of Mr. Morley's works. The titles of three of the essays may be found among the "English classics," Carlyle, Byron, Macaulay; but the first is upon Robespierre and the last upon Emerson. Mr. Morley as a critic is of course infinitely more agreeable reading than Mr. Morley as a casuist, although this is not wholly due to the more tangible and explicable nature of his subject. His manner of dealing with it is much more feasible, less laboured, and more direct. It gains in power in this respect; with lighter artillery it accomplishes more. Mr. Morley's critical faculty is of the highest order. He has a broad sympathy, a keen penetration, an intense susceptibility to genius, and an unerring detection of the insincere in literature. His liberal estimates of Byron and Carlyle have a double value in the clearness with which he traces the revolutionary forces in their works; his view of Macaulay is boldly admirable; but of Emerson and his works he discusses only the shell, somehow missing the indefinable and potent sweetness of the kernel.

ART. A RUSKIN ANTHOLOGY. Compiled by Wm. Sloane Kennedy. New York: John B. Alden.

"Anthologies" are almost always of doubtful utility. To take a passage from an author's work, especially an author whose writings cover the many-sided problems of social philosophy and the philosophy of art, to detach it from its qualifying environment, and set it up before the gaze of the multitude on its merits, so to speak, is often to rob it of its highest value, the value of truth. For its truth, and much of its beauty, is quite as likely to be relative as positive. There is also apt to be in such collections the absence of a connecting idea.

"A string of pearls it seems,
But one cannot find the thread,"

might be consistently said of many of them. This last defect is conspicuously absent from Mr. Kennedy's selection, which has been made with an evident purpose of continuity of thought. The first is apparent in a few instances, yet it would be difficult to find an author more palpably suited to the scissors than Ruskin. His paragraphs and most of his sentences are fine-cut gems, each perfect of its kind. These readings, moreover, form an immense improvement upon the extracts published, by Ruskin, the selection of a lady friend whose taste was utterly sentimental. The little paper-covered volume makes a charming pocket companion.

THE TRIAL AND DEATH OF SOCRATES. By E. J. Church, M.A. London: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

People who would find an easy road to the comprehension and admiration of the Socratic character will have reason to thank Mr. Church for the neat and compendious little volume which his publishers have just put into their hands. It consists of a translation of those works of Plato which give us our chief light concerning Socrates—the Euthyphron, Apology, Crito, and Phaedo—with a valuable introduction fully explaining and illustrating such points in the life and teachings of Socrates as are referred to in these dialogues. The Greek itself is done into excellent, clear, colloquial English.

PASTIME PAPERS. By the author of "Salad for the Solitary and the Social." New York: Thomas Whittaker.

Those who would not be too loud in their laughter and would combine a little judicious instruction with their mirth, will welcome this popular edition of "Pastime Papers." They are not as funny as the name would lead one to expect. Their pleasantries are rather ambling and out of date, and they are vastly predisposed to punning. Nevertheless, "Pastime Papers" make good, solid reading, irradiated by a smile here and there, and even in these latter days of galvanic mirth, are not to be despised.

THE SCEPTIC'S CREED. By Rev. Nevison Loraine. Standard Publishing Company, Toronto.

If all theological discussions were conducted with the courtesy and fairness that marks the utterances of the Rev. Mr. Loraine as embalmed in "The Sceptic's Creed," polemics would lose their bitterness and controversies their sting. While Mr. Loraine has written as the uncompromising adversary of scepticism, he has not in a single instance permitted his antagonism to react upon the sceptic, whom, indeed, he dignifies all the way through with a capital S. And while he has not hesitated to attack with great vigour the opinions of certain gentlemen distinguished in the schools of philosophy, he has invariably placed himself under the most Christian restraint in his treatment of the gentlemen themselves. How-

ever powerful Mr. Loraine's powers of demolition may be, and of that everyone must judge for himself, the book itself, the motive that prompted it, the spirit that dictated it, the gentleness and goodwill with which every sentence is clad as with a garment, its zeal and temperance and high-mindedness, will be the best proof of its doctrines.

THE CRUISE OF THE ALABAMA. By One of the Crew. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

The story of the notable Confederate vessel could hardly be better told than is this, for the popular understanding and enjoyment. It is written in true sailor style, with a dash and a buoyancy that makes the narrative tenfold more real than any cultured literary style could possibly do. The whole virtue of the book is here, and in its modicum of probable truth, for it has no other excellence of manner and its literary faults are many. Nevertheless it will become speedily and deservedly popular.

BOUQUET OF KINDERGARTEN SONGS: Part I. Introduction by Mrs. James L. Hughes. Notes and gestures by Mrs. J. L. Hughes and Bessie E. Hailmann. Selby and Company, Toronto.

This is a collection of eighteen gesture songs. Those who attended the Toronto Musical Festival will recognize some of them. Both words and music are very suitable; but the book is chiefly to be recommended for the remarks on the educative value of action songs, and for the hints on appropriate gestures. Everyone who teaches junior pupils should have such a book.

We have received also the following publications.

BULLETIN OF THE AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.
PROCEEDINGS OF THE CANADIAN INSTITUTE. Toronto: Copp, Clark, and Company.
THE MANUFACTURE, CONSUMPTION AND PRODUCTION OF IRON, STEEL AND COAL IN THE DOMINION OF CANADA. By James Herbert Bartlett. Montreal: Dawson Bros.
HISTORY OF THE LAND QUESTION IN THE UNITED STATES. By Shosuke Sato, Ph.D.
YE OLD PILGRIMS TO YE NEW. New York: John B. Alden. The Elzevir Library.
MUSICAL HERALD. July. Boston: Franklin Square.
THE STAMP COLLECTOR. July. Chicago: F. J. Abbott.
LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. July 17. Boston: Littell and Company.
MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE. July. London and New York: Macmillan and Company.
CONTEMPORARY REVIEW. July. Philadelphia: Leonard-Scott Publishing Company.
ATLANTIC MONTHLY. August. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company.
HARPER'S MAGAZINE. August. New York: Harper and Bros.
ART INTERCHANGE. July 17. New York: 37 and 39 West 22nd Street.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ART GALLERY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I feel impelled to trespass for a little upon your valuable space, from a double motive: gratitude and protest; gratitude, that my humble work should have received such unstinted praise at the hands of so kindly and sympathetic a critic; protest, for I have been both misunderstood and misinterpreted.

In the first place, the extract given as mine is full of inaccuracies, verbal and literal.

To be brief: with regard to the accusation anent the "Howells' people" I must be content with a disclaimer. *I had not the Howells in my mind when I penned the offending paragraph.* The misunderstanding is, however, partly my fault. I should have written "story" or "novelette," instead of "novel."

Again: I do not expect any one to believe that the author of Ossian's elemental verses coexisted with the quarrying of the monoliths of Stonehenge. Such was not my statement. All I said, or meant to say, was, that we have the rugged, monolithic type, now in stone, now in words. Moreover, my passage was not from Ossian, but from Byron's "Death of Culma and Orla," an imitation.

With regard to the word "charlatany" of Southey: of course, as I said before, likings and dislikings belong to the individual. To me, the passage is instinct with a very fine onomatopoeic effect—that is all.

That there are many flecks in my word-painting, I am, alas, only too well aware. Would they were fewer. But as to "the kiss" of the waterspout: I, who have witnessed the phenomenon, can think of no happier metaphor. The stooping clouds *do* bend to kiss, with a sullen kiss, the lowering, tempestuous, most awful swirl of the uplifted and gyrating waters.

Lastly: my poor "seeds" was a mere poetic *locum tenens* for the very prosaic cherry stones. It is a poetic conceit, if you will; just what I intended it to be. If Romeo be permitted to address his mistress's eyebrow as the arch of night or Cupid's bow, or my critic conceded the figure of "a book on the literary horizon," why may I not be allowed my simple conceit? Moreover, teeth are like milk-white seeds, not stones. However, I do not quarrel with my critic for her velvet pats. Correction is healthy. I am deeply grateful that so many kind things have been said of my attempt to prove all things are, in a sense, convertible in art to the appreciative spirit of the intellect. I am, yours very faithfully,

Brantford, Ont., 16th July, 1886.

A. H. MORRISON.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE.

The Nineteenth Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of this Bank was held at the Head Office, Toronto, on Tuesday, 13th inst. The President, the Hon. Wm. McMaster, in the chair.

It was moved by Hon. S. C. Wood, seconded by W. B. Hamilton, Esq., and carried, That the General Manager be appointed Secretary, and that Messrs. Henry Pellatt, R. S. Cassels, and James Browne do act as scrutineers.

The Secretary of the meeting, Mr. Anderson, then read the following report.

REPORT.

The Directors beg to present to the Shareholders the nineteenth annual report, accompanied by the usual statement of the assets and liabilities of the Bank at the close of the financial year :

Balance at credit of Profit and Loss Account, carried forward from June, 1885.....	\$24,192 07
The net profits of the year ended June 26th, 1886, after deducting charges of management and making appropriations to cover all bad and doubtful debts sustained during the year, amounted to.....	557,636 97
Deduct—Dividend No. 37, paid January, 1886.....	\$581,829 04
Dividend No. 38, payable July, 1886.....	210,000 00
	\$420,000 00
Transferred from Rest Account.....	\$161,829 04
	500,000 00
	\$661,829 04
Appropriated for bad and doubtful debts.....	\$490,000 00
Placed at credit of Contingent Fund.....	150,000 00
	\$640,000 00
Balance remaining at credit of Profit and Loss Account.....	\$21,829 04

Notwithstanding the absence of any material improvement in the condition of business generally, and the low and declining rates obtainable upon loans, the profits of the twelve months ending in June have been fairly satisfactory; so much so, that under ordinary circumstances they would have been amply sufficient for the continuance of our usual 8 per cent. dividend. Your Directors, however, in view of the serious shrinkage resulting from the liquidation of securities acquired from several estates of considerable magnitude, determined, although with much reluctance, to reduce the rate of dividend from 8 to 7 per cent. for the time being; and in order fully to cover the losses sustained in this connection, together with probable losses, and all shrinkages in values of securities held by the head office and branches, have taken from the Rest Account the sum of \$350,000. The disturbing effects which such appropriations are apt to create in the minds of shareholders render it very desirable that provision should be made, apart from the Rest Account, for any contingency that may arise. It is also important that the fear of affecting the Rest may not deter the management from dealing promptly with any risks that may assume an unsatisfactory character. The Directors have therefore transferred from that fund to Contingent Account the further sum of \$150,000, thus leaving the Rest \$1,600,000, or 26 2/3 per cent. on the capital of the bank. The Directors are pleased to be in a position to assure the Shareholders, with the utmost confidence, that the business of the bank is thoroughly sound, legitimate and active; and its ample financial resources are such as will enable their successors to take advantage of any improvement that may take place in the trade of the country. Having regard to the marked change in the value of money in Chicago, and the fact that the profits could not be made to bear any reasonable proportion to the expenses connected with the agency, unless a much larger amount of the bank's capital were assigned to the agents than the Directors thought it prudent to place there, they felt that it would be in the interest of the Shareholders to withdraw from Chicago, which was readily accomplished, as the securities held for the bank's advances were such as to admit of the agency being wound up on short notice. The branches of the bank have been inspected during the year as usual; and the Directors are pleased to state that its officers generally have discharged their respective duties in a satisfactory manner.

(Signed) WM. McMASTER, *President.*

GENERAL STATEMENT—26TH JUNE, 1886.

LIABILITIES.

Notes of the Bank in circulation.....	\$2,309,063 00
Deposits not bearing interest.....	2,004,891 78
Deposits bearing interest.....	8,856,434 09
Interest accrued on deposit receipts and Savings' Bank account.....	61,373 33
Balances due other banks in Canada.....	67,610 00
Balances due agents in Great Britain.....	406,819 70
Capital paid up.....	\$6,000,000 00
Rest.....	1,600,000 00
Contingent Fund.....	150,000 00
Reserve for rebate of interest on current discounts.....	150,000 00
Unclaimed dividends.....	2,165 32
Dividend No. 38, payable 2nd July.....	210,000 00
Balance of Profit and Loss Account carried forward to next half year.....	21,829 04
	\$13,796,091 90

ASSETS.

Specie.....	\$598,677 78
Dominion notes.....	1,345,212 25
Notes of and cheques on other banks.....	422,579 63
Balances due by other banks in Canada.....	149,039 11
Balances due by agents of the bank in the United States.....	1,666,198 82
British consols, Dominion of Canada stock, and United States bonds.....	941,574 31
Loans, discounts, and advances on current account.....	\$5,123,281 90
Bills discounted, overdue, and not specially secured.....	16,200,077 70
Overdue debts, secured by mortgage or other deed on real estate, or by deposit of or lien on stock, or by other securities.....	57,114 36
Real estate, the property of the bank (other than the bank premises), and mortgages on real estate sold by the bank.....	156,093 28
Bank premises and furniture.....	103,436 88
	290,132 14
	\$21,930,086 26

(Signed) W. N. ANDERSON, *General Manager.*

CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE,
Toronto, 26th June, 1886.

The following resolutions were then put and carried unanimously :

Moved by the President, seconded by the Vice-President, —That the report of the Directors, now read, be adopted, and printed for the information of the Shareholders.

In moving this resolution, the President spoke as follows:—The information with reference to the position of the bank, which it is the duty of the Directors to lay before the Shareholders, on the occasion of the annual meeting, has been so fully set forth in the report and accompanying financial statement that I have but little to add. You may, however, desire further particulars with reference to the consideration that influenced the Directors in deciding to reduce the dividend to seven per cent., which shall be readily given. Our losses on current business during the last and previous twelve months were comparatively small, and the earnings of the year that closed in June were sufficient for an eight per cent. dividend, which, under the circumstances, might have been paid. In order to a correct understanding as to how our position became somewhat changed, it is necessary to refer specially to certain liabilities which turned out very differently from what we had reason to expect. When alluding in last year's report to the transfer of \$75,000 to Contingent Account, increasing that fund to \$150,000, we intimated that this was done for the purpose of covering the loss on the British Canadian Timber and Lum-

ber Company's account, and some other matters of former years still in process of liquidation. At that time the principal security held for the Timber and Lumber account consisted of 765 miles of timber limits in the Province of Quebec, which were represented by \$190,000. Some time after these assets passed into the hands of trustees appointed to manage the business, and, if necessary, to wind it up. They estimated the value of the limits, including some stores, at \$250,000. These limits were subsequently sold by public auction in Ottawa, where the audience was large and the bidding spirited, at a price that netted \$158,650. One portion of this was claimed by another bank and one by the holders amount of the Contingent Fund available for other purposes, it fell short of covering the debt of the Timber and Lumber Company alone. Another liability, to which allusion has been made, arose with certain accounts which had for years been conducted in a satisfactory manner. The parties were uniformly reported to be highly respectable, and to the bank at any time afforded them, provided these had been employed in the legitimate channels of their ordinary business. It was, however, discovered that during the period of wild speculation in the North-West, they had become parties to large ventures in means for these purposes. Upon the demand of the bank the debtors furnished security principally on real estate in Manitoba and Ontario, which, to all appearance, at the time values in the North-West and the depreciation that ensued in the price of property in the and very disappointing, and the ultimate result was that a considerable loss has been sustained. We took credit to ourselves at a former meeting for declining to respond to which we did, believing that until the North-West became more of an exporting country, there was no legitimate business for the number of banks that had already opened there. But while our policy saved the bank from direct losses in Manitoba, we have not entirely quences to others, speculated largely in that country. Now, gentlemen, looking to this loss, looking also to the fact that the Contingent Fund was entirely absorbed by the Timber and Lumber Company's account, leaving the accounts referred to in last year's report and the downward tendency of money generally, I cannot help thinking that on reflection you will regard the actions of the Directors in reducing the dividend and making provisions for bad and doubtful debts, as being judicious and wise under the circumstances.

In dealing with the appropriations, two classes of debts—bad and doubtful—had to be considered. From the former little, if anything, can be expected. From the latter considerable may be secured, as the Directors, in their determination to make the most ample provision for losses, have probably estimated some of the items below their value. With reference to the \$150,000 placed at the credit of the Contingent Account, this I regard as a very desirable appropriation, as, in the absence of such a fund, the natural tendency of the management is to delay dealing with doubtful accounts, hoping that they may improve. In most cases, however, the reverse is the result. A word with reference to our business in Chicago. When we first opened there, the rate of interest ruled from 8 to 9 per cent., but Chicago having become to a great extent the centre of financial operations for the Western States, money is almost as cheap there as in New York; and if the Government tax be added to the ordinary expenses it will be found as stated in the report, that unless a much larger amount of the bank's capital were assigned to the agents in Chicago than the Directors deemed it prudent to place there, the profits could not be made to bear any reasonable proportion to the expenses. Having referred to the different subjects of importance embraced in the report, I desire to make announcement bearing upon my future individual relations to the bank. Admonished by my advancing years and the state of my health, of the necessity of comparative rest, I have decided to withdraw from the Presidency of the bank. I do so with the less hesitation, inasmuch as the position of the bank's affairs will, I feel assured, satisfy all reasonable anticipations on the part of the Shareholders, who may look forward to its future with every confidence. I am a large holder of the bank's shares, but apart from this consideration, in view of my long connection with the institution, I will always feel a lively interest in its success, and if my experience is regarded of any value to the Shareholders, they can have my services as a Director so long as my health permits. But I shall refer to this subject more fully at a further stage of the proceedings, when I propose to move an amendment to one of our by-laws, with a view to the strengthening of the Board.

Moved by the President, and seconded by the Vice-President, —That the following by-law be passed, namely:—

BY-LAW NO. 29.

The Shareholders of the Canadian Bank of Commerce enact as follows:—

1. The number of Directors of the Bank to be elected annually by the Shareholders shall be ten, of whom three shall constitute a quorum.
2. Section 4 of the by-laws of the Bank passed on the 12th day of July, 1881, is hereby repealed, and section 7 is hereby amended, by the insertion of the words, "ten directors" in lieu of the words, "eight directors," where the same occur.
3. The by-laws of the said Bank passed on the 12th day of July, 1881, as hereby amended, are hereby re-enacted and confirmed.

In moving the adoption of this resolution the President remarked that he had taken occasion lately, in view of the condition of his own health and the increasing age of several of his co-directors, to impress upon them the necessity for strengthening the Board by the introduction of new men, and he was pleased to be able to submit for their approval the name of Mr. Henry W. Darling, the President of the Board of Trade, as one having a large and varied experience of mercantile matters, well known to this community as a man of high character and financial ability, and who, he felt assured, would render good service to the bank; also the name of Mr. George A. Cox, of Peterboro', who had given abundant evidence of mercantile skill, the architect of his own fortune, and who in many ways would be a great acquisition to the directorate, and he had every confidence in commending these to the favourable consideration of the Shareholders as coadjutors.

Moved by Edward Martin, Esq., Q.C., Hamilton, seconded by George Roach, Esq., Hamilton, —That the thanks of the meeting are due and are hereby tendered to the President, Vice-President and other Directors for their careful attention to the interests of the bank during the past year.

Mr. Edward Martin, Q.C., of Hamilton, in moving the resolution, commended the President and Directors for their courage and prudence in frankly admitting the losses that had unfortunately been made, and in making provision for them. The Shareholders were under a deep debt of gratitude to the President for the attention he had given to the affairs of the bank since its incorporation, which had been of the most assiduous, unselfish and devoted character. While no one would grudge him his well-earned rest, which the state of his health demanded, it was gratifying to know the bank would still have the benefit of his experience and counsel as a Director. The President was to be congratulated upon the choice he had made of new Directors. He had known Mr. Darling and a still greater success in Toronto, and he felt satisfied no more desirable man could be found for the position. The reputation and business ability of Mr. Cox was also well known throughout the Province, and such an addition to the directorate could not fail to be advantageous to the bank.

Moved by Wm. Hendrie, Esq., Hamilton, seconded by F. Mackelcan, Esq., Q.C., Assistant General Manager and other officials of the bank for the satisfactory discharge of their respective duties during the past year.

Moved by George A. Cox, Esq., Peterboro', seconded by Hon. S. C. Wood, —That the ballot box be now opened and remain open until 2 o'clock this day for the receipt of ballot tickets for the election of Directors, the poll to be closed, however, whenever five minutes shall have elapsed without a vote being tendered.

The scrutineers then reported the following gentlemen duly elected Directors for the ensuing year, namely:—

Hon. Wm. McMaster, Wm. Elliot, Hon. S. C. Wood, W. B. Hamilton, George Taylor, James Crathern, Henry W. Darling, George A. Cox, T. S. Stayner, John I. Davidson.

At a meeting of the newly-elected board of Directors held subsequently, Henry W. Darling, Esq., and Wm. Elliot, Esq., were elected President and Vice-President respectively by a unanimous vote.

TORONTO, 13th July, 1886.

W. N. ANDERSON,
General Manager.

DOMINION BREWERY,
ROBERT DAVIES,
 BREWER AND MALTSTER,
 QUEEN ST. EAST, TORONTO.
Celebrated for the Finest Ale, Porter and Lager Beer in the Dominion.

The large and increasing demand for my Ales, Porter and Lager Beer compelled me to increase my manufacturing capacity to double, and now I can

BREW DAILY 12,000 GALLONS.

The fact that the Dominion Brewery is only seven years in operation, and that it has far outstripped all the old establishments and is now the leading brewery in the Dominion, speaks for the quality of the Ales, Porter and Lager Beer produced, and which is made from the

Choicest Malt, English, Bavarian, American, Californian and Canadian Hops.

No substitutes or deleterious substances ever used, and

CAN ALWAYS BE RELIED UPON AS PURE.
 My India Pale Ale and XXX Porter in Bottle surpasses anything made here, and equal to any imported.

One trial is all that is necessary to enroll you amongst my numerous customers.

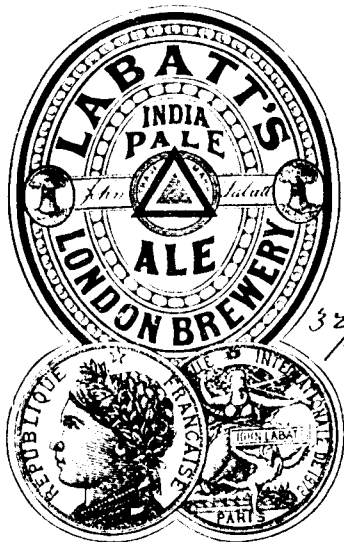
Be sure you get the Dominion Brands.

DAWES & CO.,
 BREWERS AND MALTSTERS,
 LACHINE, - P. Q.
 OFFICES: 19/52
 521 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL.
 20 BUCKINGHAM ST., HALIFAX.
 383 WELLINGTON ST., OTTAWA.

CHINA HALL,
 49 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

NEW GOODS ARRIVED.
New Goods Arriving Every Week.
 Glass Preserving Jars.
 Glass Jelly Jars.
 White Jam Pots.
 Stone Crocks for Preserving.
 Stone Crocks for Pickling.

China Hall will close at two o'clock on Saturday.
 43/52
GLOVER HARRISON, Proprietor.



Received the Highest Awards for Purity and Excellence at Philadelphia, 1876; Canada, 1876; Australia, 1877, and Paris, 1878.

Prof. H. H. Croft, Public Analyst, Toronto, says:—"I find it to be perfectly sound, containing no impurities or adulterations, and can strongly recommend it as perfectly pure and a very superior malt liquor."
 John B. Edwards, Professor of Chemistry, Montreal, says:—"I find them to be remarkably sound ales, brewed from pure malt and hops."

JOHN LABATT, LONDON, Ont.
 JAS. GOOD, AGENT, TORONTO.

THE CANADIAN GAZETTE.

EVERY THURSDAY.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF INFORMATION AND COMMENT UPON MATTERS OF USE AND INTEREST TO THOSE CONCERNED IN CANADA, CANADIAN EMIGRATION AND CANADIAN INVESTMENTS.

EDITED BY THOMAS SKINNER,

Compiler and Editor of "The Stock Exchange Year Book," "The Directory of Directors," "The London Banks," etc.

SUBSCRIPTION, 18s. PER ANNUM.

LONDON, ENGLAND: 1 ROYAL EXCHANGE BUILDINGS, E. C.

Or MESSRS. DAWSON BROTHERS, MONTREAL.

CATARRH
CATARRHAL DEAFNESS
A HAY FEVER
NEW TREATMENT.

Senders are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and Eustachian tubes. Microscopic research has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby the parasites are eradicated in from one to three simple applications made at home. A descriptive pamphlet is cut free on receipt of stamp by A. H. DIXON & SONS, 3032 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

EDUCATE YOURSELF.

Send for a Sample Copy of our Journal, and learn of our plan of

Instructing any Person in any Study

By Correspondence and Reading Circles. Over fifty College Professors engaged conferring degrees. Sample copy mailed for postage. Address

The Correspondence University,
 CHICAGO, ILL. 13/13

Situations to teach furnished to our subscribers free.

WM. DOW & CO.,
 BREWERS,
MONTREAL,

Boq to notify their friends in Ontario that their

INDIA PALE ALE
 AND
EXTRA DOUBLE STOUT
 IN BOTTLE 34/52

May be obtained from the following Dealers:

- IN SARNIA T. R. Barton.
- WOODSTOCK Nesbitt Bros.
- STRATFORD James Kennedy.
- HAMILTON Sewell Bros.
- TORONTO Fulton, Michie & Co.
- Caldwell & Hodgins.
- BELLEVILLE Wallbridge & Clark.
- PETERBOROUGH H. Rush.
- H. M. Bunbury.
- NAPANEE M. W. Fruyn & S.
- KINGSTON N. K. Scott.
- J. S. Henderson.
- N. K. Scott.
- OTTAWA Bate & Co.
- E. B. Browne.
- Geo. Forde.
- J. Casey, Dalhousie St.
- P. J. Coffey.
- BROCKVILLE Fitzsimmons Bros.
- W. J. McHenry & Bro.
- Clerihue & Whalley.
- Hann & Mervin.
- PRESCOTT John P. Hayden.

MESSRS.
O'KEEFE & CO.

BREWERS & MALTSTERS,
 TORONTO, ONT.

SPECIALTIES— 15/52

ENGLISH HOPPED ALE
 In wood and bottle, warranted equal to best BURTON brands.

XXXX PORTER
 Warranted equal to Guinness' Dublin Stout and superior to any brewed in this country

CANADIAN, AMERICAN, AND BAVARIAN HOPPED ALES AND PORTER.

Our "PILSENER" LAGER

has been before the public for several years and we feel confident that it is quite up to the best produced in the United States, where ale and lager are fast becoming the true temperance beverages; a fact, however, which some cranks in Canada have up to the present failed to discover.

O'KEEFE & CO.

PRINTERS & BOOKBINDERS.

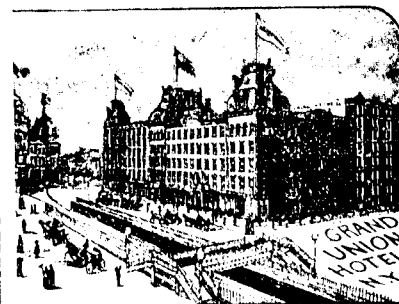
We are the sole manufacturers of
BLACKHALL'S LIQUID AND ELASTIC PAD GUM,

For Office Stationery and all Printed Forms. No bindery is complete without our gum, which is the cheapest and best manufactured in Canada. Put up in 2-lb. and 5-lb. tins, and in bulk. Send \$1 for a 2-lb. trial tin.

J. H. GRAHAM & CO., 36/52
 19 KING STREET EAST - Toronto.

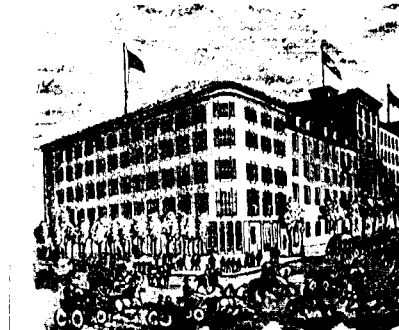
Asquam House,
 Shepard Hill, Holderness, N.H.

Open June 16. 8/13
 Four miles from Ashland, N.H., on the Boston and Lowell R.R., seven miles from Centre Harbor and six miles from Plymouth. Surrounded by three lakes—Asquam, Little Asquam and Minnisquam, and by mountains. Hotel stage will be at Ashland to meet trains from Boston. Special rates for June and September.
 L. H. CILLEY, Proprietor.



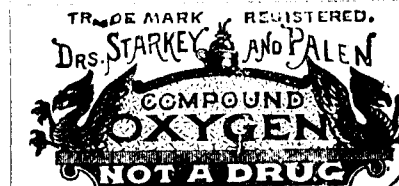
GRAND UNION HOTEL,
 Opposite Grand Central Depot,
 NEW YORK CITY.

IMPORTANT.
 When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and \$3 Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot.
 613 Elegant Rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to \$1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the GRAND UNION HOTEL than at any other first-class hotel in the city.



WILLARD'S HOTEL,
 WASHINGTON, D.C.

This well-known and favourably located Hotel at the Great Winter Resort of the Country is first-class in all its appointments. A description of the Hotel with a brief guide to the city will be sent on application. Board by the month according to location of rooms.—O. G. STAPLES, Proprietor (late of the Thousand Island House).



1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 42/52

CANADA DEPOSITORY: 15/52

E. W. D. KING, 58 Church St., TORONTO.

No Home Treatment of Compound Oxygen genuine which has not this trade mark on the bottle containing it.

A WELL-TRIED TREATMENT

For Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Headache, Debility, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders.

Treatise on Compound Oxygen free on application to E. W. D. King, 58 Church Street, Toronto, Ont.

TAYLOR & BATE,
 ST. CATHARINES, ONT.,
BREWERS!

ALES, PORTER,
 AND:

LAGER BEER!

Equal to any on the Market. Purity guaranteed.

H. SLIGHT,
CITY NURSERIES, 37 1/2
407 YONGE ST.
The Floral Palace of Canada.

An exceedingly well-grown stock of Ornamental and Fruit Trees of all the choicest varieties. NEW ROSES.—"Bennett," "Sunset," "The Bride," "Her Majesty." A large stock of all the standard sorts. Choicest Flower Seeds.



Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Coal, Public Buildings," will be received until **Monday, 2nd August next,** for Coal supply, for all or any of the Dominion Public Buildings.

Specification, form of tender and all necessary information can be obtained at this Department on and after the 8th instant.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
A. GOBELL, Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 5th July, 1886.

WOOD ENGRAVING
CORONTO ENGRAVING CO.
(BRIDGEN & BEALE)

"This Magazine is without a peer."—Princeton Press.

"It is one of the most desirable periodicals in the country."—Indianapolis Herald.

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1886.

- Portrait of the Earl of Dufferin. Frontispiece.
- A Neglected Corner of the Metropolis. Historic Homes in Lafayette Place. Illustrated. Mrs. Martha J. Lamb.
- The Dongan Charter to the City of New York. Illustrated. Hon. James W. Gerard.
- History of the Fisheries Question. J. Macdonald Oxley.
- The Speeches of Henry Clay. Charles H. Peck.
- Toryism in the Canadian Confederation. John Carrick.
- Cedar Mountain. Alfred E. Lee, late Consul-Gen'l U.S.A.
- Reminiscences of Libby Prison. Illustrated. John Shradly, M.D.
- An Old Mormon City in Missouri. William A. Wood.
- Daniel Webster. William C. Todd.
- Extracts from Letters of Edward Gibbon, the Historian. 1774-1783.
- Original Documents, Notes, Queries, Replies, Societies, Book Notices.

Sold by newsdealers everywhere. Terms \$5 a year in advance, or 50 cents a number.

Published at 30 Lafayette Place, NEW YORK CITY.

LOOK! WATCHES!

THE **CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY**

Are Selling at all Stations from Montreal West Tickets to Pacific Coast,

- AS FOLLOWS:
- Second Class, limit 9 days, \$50.00 (No stop over allowed.)
 - First Class, limit 9 days, \$75.00 (No stop over allowed.)
 - First Class, limit 30 days, \$90.00 (Stop over at any point allowed.)
 - Round Trip, First Class, limit 30 days, \$110.00 (Stop over at any point allowed.)
 - Round Trip, First Class, limit 60 days, \$120.00 (Stop over at any point allowed.)
 - Round Trip, First Class, limit 90 days, \$130.00 (Stop over at any point allowed.)
- These tickets are good to Vancouver, Victoria, Tacoma or any Puget Sound port.

They are also selling from Toronto and all Stations West as under:

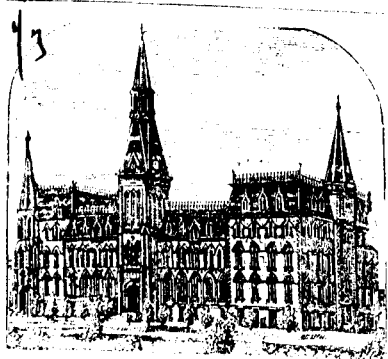
- Duluth and Return - \$25
- Port Arthur and Return - \$25
- Mackinaw and Return - \$15
- Sault Ste. Marie and Return - \$12

Pacific Coast and Port Arthur tickets are good via All Rail or Lake and Rail.

Full particulars at any office of the Company, or write W. R. Callaway, District Passenger Agent, 110 King Street West, Toronto.

W. C. VANHORN, Vice-President.
GEO. OLDS, General Traffic Manager.
D. McNICOLL, Gen. Pass. Agent, Montreal.

TWO GOOD MEN WANTED to take agencies. Big money for the right man. Send at once for descriptive circulars, etc. P. O. Box 252, Toronto, Ont.



ALMA LADIES' COLLEGE, ST. THOMAS, ONT., offers unsurpassed advantages in **Literary Work, Music, Fine Arts and Commercial Science.** Largely patronized by all the denominations. Attendance last year, 180. **RE-OPENS SEPTEMBER 9th.** For 60 pp. Announcement address **PRINCIPAL AUSTIN, D.D.**

Retailed at Wholesale Prices.
Below we quote prices for Genuine **AMERICAN WATCHES,** WALTHAM OR ELGIN.

- Put up in solid 3 oz. Coin Silver Cases, dust proof. Movement and case fully guaranteed by special certificate, giving number, grade and quality of silver.
- 2 1/2 oz. Open Face, dust-proof, Broadway, \$8 00
- 3 oz. Hunting Case, dust-proof, Broadway, 9 00
- 3 oz. Hunting Case, dust-proof, Elgin, 9 00
- 3 oz. Hunting Case, dust-proof, P. S. Bartlett, 12 60
- 3 oz. Hunting Case, dust-proof, Appleton, Tracey & Co., 24 50
- 3 oz. Hunting Case, dust-proof, Dominion (same grade as P. S. Bartlett), 9 00
- 3 oz. Hunting Case, Peerless Chicago (same grade as P. S. Bartlett), 9 00

CHAS. STARK, 52 CHURCH ST., TORONTO, Manufacturers, Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers. 120 page catalogue, with 1,000 illustrations free on application.

CHEESE — AND — **FINE GROCERIES.**

I. E. KINGSBURY, Grocer & Importer, 13 KING ST. EAST. Telephone 571.

TODD & CO., Successors to **QUETTON ST. GEORGE & CO.,** WINE MERCHANTS.

- PORTS,
- SHERRIES,
- CHAMPAGNES,
- WHISKIES,
- BRANDIES,
- LIQUEURS.

Orders by Letter or Telephone promptly attended to.

16 KING ST. WEST TORONTO. **NEW BOOKS**

- HIDDEN DEPTHS. By H. M. F. Skene. 35c.
- LIVING OR DEAD. By Hugh Conway... 25c.
- THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE. By Thomas Hardy. 20c.
- ARMY SOCIETY. By J. S. Winter. 25c.
- CANON FARRAR'S LECTURES. Cloth Binding. 45c.

All Canon's Lectures in Pamphlet Form from 3 cents to 10 cents each, at **F. QUA & CO.** 49 KING STREET WEST. Successors to J. BLIZARD & CO.

ELIAS ROGERS & CO., Wholesale and Retail Dealers in **COAL AND WOOD.**

HEAD OFFICE: 38 1/2 20 KING STREET WEST. BRANCH OFFICES: 413 Yonge Street. 769 Yonge Street. 552 Queen Street West.

YARDS AND BRANCH OFFICES: Esplanade East, near Berkeley St.; Esplanade, foot of Princess St.; Bathurst St., nearly opposite Front St.

LIGHT READING FOR LAZY DAYS.

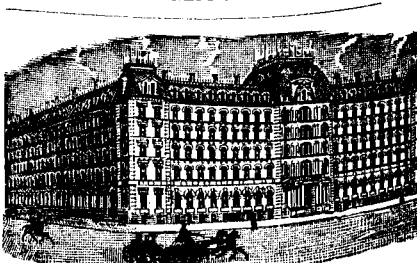
- Hardy's "The Wind of Destiny." Cloth \$1 50
- Hardy's "But Yet a Woman" 1 50
- Mrs. Hunt's "Ramona" 1 75
- Crawford's "A Lonely Parish" 1 75
- Stevenson's "Prince Otto." Cloth 1 20
- Dowling's "The Wreckers" 1 50
- Mrs. Cameron's "In a Grass Country" 0 90
- Mrs. Wister's "Violetta" 1 50
- Balzac's "Eugenie Grandet" 1 75
- Meredith's "Evan Harrington" 2 25
- Sir Henry Thompson's "All But" 2 00
- Crawford's "Dr. Claudius." Paper. 0 60
- Crawford's "Mr. Isaacs" 0 60
- Oliphant's "Effie Ogilvie" 0 60
- Baker's "Making of a Man" 0 60
- "The Man Who Was Guilty" 0 60
- "The Cruise of the Alabama" 0 60

WILLIAMSON & CO. TORONTO.

USE **GOLD SEAL BAKING POWDER** ABSOLUTELY PURE.

Ladies who are particular about their baking must use it in preference to any other powder.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.



NEW ENGLAND Conservatory OF Music. BOSTON, MASS.

OLDEST in America; LARGEST and Best Equipped in the World. **100 INSTRUCTORS.** STUDENTS LAST YEAR, 2005. Thorough Instruction in Vocal and Instrumental Music, Piano and Organ Tuning, Fine Arts, Oratory, Literature, French, German and Italian Languages, English Branches, Gymnastics, etc. TUITION, \$5 TO \$20; Board and Room, including Steam Heat and Electric Light, \$45 to \$75 per term. 180 HOURS per term, collateral advantages FREE to all Regular Students. FALL TERM BEGINS SEPT. 9, 1886. **E. TOURJEE, Director,** Franklin Sq., Boston, Mass.