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THE Opposition in the Dominion Parliament have held their preliminary caucus and, it may be presumed, agreed upon their policy, for the Session at least. The details of that policy the public will probably learn only from its developments on the floor of the Commons. One feature, and that evidently a most prominent one, has been already revealed in Sir Richard Cartwright's notice of motion in favour of Unrestricted Reciprocity with the United States. The debate upon this resolution will be followed with interest. A somewhat curious episode in connection with the proposed motion is the request of the Minister of Finance that its discussion be postponed until the protocols of the Washington Fisheries Commission are laid before the House, the request being accompanied with an intimation that the subject of international trade relations was considered before that Commission. It seems scarcely possible, on the one hand, that the Canadian Commissioner could have either proposed or considered any measure of reciprocity involving the admission of the manufactures of the United States, to any considerable extent, into the Dominion free of duty, while, on the other, it was pretty well known that on no other basis would a proposition for the interchange of products be entertained by the United States. The attitude of the Government in relation to Sir Richard Cartwright's motion must of course be consistent with any overtures made by Sir Charles Tupper on their behalf in the Commission. We shall see.

SENATOR GOWAN's proposal to form a Special Committee of the Senate to deal with applications for divorce is certainly, if nothing more, a step in the right direction. There is really nothing to be said in defence of the old system of taking evidence in such delicate matters before a Committee of the whole House. There is a peculiar awkwardness, not to say incongruity, in requiring a grave legislative body to undertake functions which are, in the nature of the case, strictly judicial. Very few in Canada would care to have the standard of strictness in regard to such matters lowered, or to sanction any change in the direction of holding the marriage compact less sacred. But so long as it is agreed that divorce should be granted for the one cause, it is but a matter of simple justice that the remedy should be made as far as possible accessible to the poor as well as to the rich. The expense, delay, and general cumbrousness of the old system are inexcusable. So long as it is held that the work is a proper one for the Senate to perform, it is bound to simplify and cheapen procedure to the

utmost possible limit consistent with thorough inquiry. That a committee of seven could elicit the truth and reach a just verdict much more satisfactorily and expeditiously than the whole House must be obvious. It is, indeed, doubtful whether this will prove a real and permanent solution of the difficulty. Such inquiries belong strictly to the court of justice, and to such a court it will be found necessary, at an early day, to refer them.

THE probability now is that no very strenuous opposition to the ratification of the Fisheries Treaty will be offered in the Canadian Parliament. Whether the Republican faction in the United States Senate will be able to bring about its defeat there remains to be seen. It is possible that Mr. Chamberlain's able speech before the Canadian Club may not be without some effect upon the more thoughtful minds in the party. That speech may be accepted, no doubt, as the best defence of the action of the Commissioners which can be made before a Canadian jury. However it may fail to satisfy Canadians that justice has been done them, or that their rights have been fully secured, it will probably convince most of them that there is now no help for them, and that their wisest course will be to accept the arrangement and make the best of it. At the same time they cannot fail to perceive that the point on which the whole speech turns is the assumption that it was necessary to sacrifice Canadian claims in order to promote peace and good will between the United States and Great Britain. This feature of the negotiations stands out so clearly that it will not be surprising if Canada's acceptance should be accompanied with a strong protest and a demand for permission henceforth to make her own treaties with foreign nations.

THE attempt made by some members of the Board of Separate School Trustees and other Catholics to have the ballot substituted for the open vote in the election of future Boards has called down the wrath of the ecclesiastical authorities upon the devoted heads of the offenders. A circular from the Archbishop, which was read in all the Roman Catholic Churches on Sunday, berates these men who have dared to think for themselves, with no sparing hand. His Grace assures the faithful that "Catholic education is essentially a religious affair, to be managed religiously with judgment and economy by the clergy, assisted by good Catholics." To the argument that as the laity supply the funds they should have the spending of the money, his Grace makes the rejoinder that this is precisely what these men want, as "they would then have opportunities on the school boards to help their friends and indirectly themselves by contracts,"—an imputation of dishonest motives which seems scarcely in accord with common notions of archiepiscopal dignity, to say nothing of Christian charity. The public interest in the controversy arises mainly from the opportunity it affords of studying the Catholic idea and use of the educational machinery which our Constitution unfortunately puts in their hands, to be operated largely at the public expense. The public money is devoted to the making not of good citizens but of good Catholics, men whose first allegiance is due not to Canada but to Rome.

AFTER much delay the debate of the Session—that upon the Quebec Resolutions—has been opened in the Ontario Legislature. It is to be regretted, though it was perhaps inevitable, that the various speakers should have at once ranged themselves in accordance with strict party lines. Discussion of the questions raised upon their merits is thereby made impossible. But however desirable or necessary may be certain amendments of the Constitution, in the directions indicated by the main resolutions, the changes proposed in those resolutions are so obviously directed against courses of procedure which have been taken at different times by Governments led by the present Dominion Premier that his friends and admirers feel called upon to defend him against the strong censure which would be implied in the passage of the resolutions. It is no doubt true, as intimated by Mr. Mowat, that the prerogative of veto, against which the resolutions are specially directed, was freely, if not arbitrarily, used by the Administration led by Mr. Mackenzie, but this break in the otherwise continuous reign of the present Dominion Premier occurred so long since, and was so brief in comparison with the whole period that it is almost forgotten in the general review. The same party

lines will no doubt occur in each of the other Legislatures which are to pass upon the resolutions; and they will probably be carried, if carried at all, on strictly party divisions.

THE first resolution, which is also by far the most important, illustrates well the familiar fact that it is often much easier to prove the existence of a defect or an abuse in a political system than to devise an unobjectionable remedy. Perhaps few Canadians, who can be induced to look at the matter dispassionately in the light of the quarter century of Dominion history, will care to deny that the interferences of the Dominion Government with Provincial legislation have given rise to unexpected, irritating, and even dangerous friction, and that some limit should at least be set to the exercise of the power of veto. Mr. Mowat was unquestionably correct in his contention that the Provinces—the original contracting parties—did not anticipate or intend any such surrender of their cherished autonomy as is involved in the power of absolute veto vested in the central authority, and freely used by it on various occasions. The withdrawal or limitation of this veto power has become in the opinion of very many a necessity to the harmony, if not to the very existence, of the Confederation. But if the withdrawal of the veto power from the Dominion Government necessitates its transference back to the Colonial Office in England, that fact puts quite another face upon the question. Many who hold firmly that the Local Legislatures should be supreme within their own spheres will object most decidedly to subjecting their legislation to the review of clerks or even Ministers in the Colonial Office, who in the very nature of the case will be ignorant of the local causes and circumstances which are often the reason-to-be of such legislation. Had Mr. Meredith, instead of attempting to deny the existence of a real grievance, and the necessity for some amendment in the Constitution in the respect indicated, contented himself with pointing out the very strong and obvious objections to the special amendment proposed, he could have made a much more effective resistance to the first resolution. On the other hand, if a real necessity exists for investing some power with the prerogative of absolute veto, that necessity should be clearly demonstrated to the public. In the absence of such demonstration the public may be pardoned if they fail to see the necessity.

DIVIDED counsels still prevail in Republican circles in the United States, and are likely to prevail until the June Convention pronounces an authoritative decision, as to the most eligible candidate the party can bring forward for the presidency. The report of the correspondent whom the *World* sent from England to Florence to get from Mr. Blaine's own lips an interpretation of his letter, has not left the party leaders much wiser than it found them. As the *Tribune* observes, what Mr. Blaine said to the correspondent was exactly what he had previously said in his letter, that he did not want to be a candidate. Having been defeated, he felt that it was his duty to his party to announce his retirement, thus removing any possible embarrassment in the selection of another candidate. It was in the last degree unlikely that Mr. Blaine would stultify himself by saying anything else, and it is difficult to see what the *World* could have expected to gain by the interview, unless it wished for an unequivocal declaration by Mr. Blaine, such as has been made by several others whose names have been brought forward as candidates, that he positively would not, under any circumstances, accept the nomination. There is still a difference of opinion as to whether Mr. Blaine has yet made such a declaration. Some of his friends still think that the wisest thing the party can do is to nominate him, in spite of his objections. It would not be surprising if this view should prevail. If so, it will remain to be seen whether the honour thus forced upon him will be peremptorily refused by the Maine statesman.

THE Tariff Bill, which has been so long in course of preparation by the Democratic majority of the Ways and Means Committee of the United States Congress, has at last been submitted to the Committee, and made public. It is framed mainly on the lines which have been foreshadowed in the press for weeks past. The total tax reduction proposed is estimated at about \$53,000,000. Of this amount, \$22,250,000 is made up of articles placed on the free list, including wool, salt, lumber, tin plate, jute, hemp, flax, and other fibres, many chemicals, and numerous other minor articles. A weak point in the opinion of many is the omission of coal and iron ore from the free list. The balance of the reduction, amounting to over \$30,000,000, is brought about by lowering the rate of taxation on an extensive list of articles of common consumption, most of them necessaries of life. A reduction of about 20 per cent. has been made in sugar. The impost on steel rails is cut down from \$17 to \$11 per ton. Woollen and cotton goods have been to some extent relieved, and so on. The Bill is

by no means a Free Trade measure. It cannot even be said to trend in the direction of Free Trade, save in so far as every reduction of taxation may be said to be a step in that direction. The obvious aim is to cut off fifty millions of surplus revenue with the least possible injury to the Protection character of the tariff. To an outsider this would seem to have been done with such skill as to effect a considerable reduction in the cost of the necessaries of life with little or no detriment to the protected industries. It would be strange should Congress prefer to so wise and conservative measure the Republican proposal to remove the internal revenue tax from tobacco and to reduce it on whiskey. Yet, if it be true, as now alleged, that Mr. Randall will oppose the Bill, there would seem to be little probability of its passing the present House.

THE Reading Railroad strike had hardly been compromised when it was followed by a strike of the Locomotive Engineers on the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Roads, which is assuming very serious dimensions. As this movement seems to be directly under the management of Mr. Arthur, and to have the full approval of the section of the Knights of Labour which he controls, it must be assumed that it is not entered upon lightly or without what is believed to be a serious grievance. The primary question is said to be one of wages, but the crisis seems to have been hastened, if not brought about, by the substitution of an unpopular for a very popular manager, and a demand for increased work of an unpleasant character, such as cleaning the engines, from the engineers. It is impossible for those at a distance to pronounce on the questions of right and wrong involved in such disputes. The conviction that forces itself upon the mind is that of the growing and imperative necessity, in the public interest, of empowering some authoritative tribunal to settle such disputes. It is unendurable that the business arrangements of large tracts of country and of thousands of people should be liable at any moment to be thrown into confusion by a quarrel between a body of workmen and their foreman. Sooner or later, and perhaps the sooner the better the State, that is the people, will have to take the business in hand of settling labour disputes, especially those in connection with Railways.

THE London *Times* contains a forecast of the English Local Government Bill. Some of its leading features are the following: The elective system already in operation in the boroughs is to be extended to the counties, though with some reservations. The Poor Law guardians, for instance, also the school boards, and even the county justiciary—"the pundits of Quarter Sessions," as Sir William Harcourt terms them—will remain on the same basis as hitherto. The question of the disposal of the county police seems to have been a hard one for the Government. Tory opinion, or prejudice, was naturally opposed to a transfer of the control of these custodians of the peace to the elective local authority, lest the enforcement of law should become in some measure dependent on local influences and prepossessions. "In a county where the sentiment of the electors was strongly against tithes, it is conceivable," says the *Mail*, "that representatives might be pledged to withhold the aid of the police from the tithe-collector." On the other hand, to withhold from the new county authority the control of this force, which is granted to the borough authorities, would be to make an invidious distinction likely to be anything but acceptable to the former. Then again, in deciding such a question, the Government must perforce have special regard to what is likely to be agreeable to their Liberal-Unionist supporters, who, it may be pretty safely conjectured, will lean to the more liberal measures. The inference left to be drawn is, apparently, that the more democratic alternative will prevail. Probably the most difficult question of all is that in regard to the licensing power. Strange to say the Licensed Victuallers and the United Kingdom Temperance Alliance, both of which have been heard by depositions, are at one in preferring that the power to grant licenses should remain with the appointed county justices, rather than with the elective boards, though for very different reasons, the former fearing restriction, and the latter corruption. The Alliance will, however, be satisfied with nothing short of a periodical *plébiscite* in each locality, a pitch of radicalism to which no Conservative Government is likely to rise, even to conciliate its Liberal supporters.

A STATEMENT recently made by the St. Petersburg correspondent of the London *Times* is thought to give the clue to a mysterious allusion in Bismarck's great speech before the Reichstag. The Prince said that, after the Berlin Congress, the vain attempts of Russia to excite Germany against Austria ended in "complete threats of war from the most competent quarter," and that hence sprang the Austro-German "pact of peace" of 1879. In 1879, as now, the difficulty arose in connection with a con-

centration of Russian troops on the German frontier. The German Ambassador at St. Petersburg protested. "The late Czar—like all his race—was a choleric man, and wrote off a stinging letter to Emperor William, without giving his wary advisers a chance of toning it down. The Imperial mind at Berlin was instantly ablaze, and the two countries nearly came to blows. Friends persuaded their bellicose majesties to meet, and the 'incident' faded away. But meanwhile Prince Bismarck set to work and concluded the treaty." The incident, if true, affords a striking illustration of the fact that even in this nineteenth century the peace of nations and the lives and property of millions of people may be imperilled or sacrificed by the whim or the anger of one or two passionate men.

THE recent casting of a vote of 50,000 in half a dozen French districts for Boulanger, though he had emphatically refused to allow himself to be considered a candidate, is very significant. It shows that the General's enforced seclusion has not lost him his hold upon the popular imagination. He can hardly fail to recognize in the fact a prophecy and a promise of an early restoration to power. Nor is the effect of so remarkable a demonstration likely to be lost upon the Government, though it may be doubtful in what direction it will urge them. They may feel constrained to try to efface him more effectually, or they may obey the popular mandate and return him at an early day to his old place in a reconstructed Ministry—the War Office. Should the Russian alliance become an accomplished fact, and renewed preparations be made for the life and death struggle with Germany, there is no doubt that Boulanger is the man to whom the people, whether in their wisdom or their blindness, will look to lead their armies.

THE IRISH QUESTION.

THE state of affairs in England with reference to the Home Rule controversy seems to be almost exactly what it was. One seat has been lost by the Unionists, and two have been gained. The solid body of Conservatives and Liberal-Unionists, by whom the Ministry is sustained, give no sign whatever of the disintegration which has been so confidently predicted by the Gladstonians. It would be quite safe to prophesy that, unless something unexpected, almost miraculous, should happen, or unless Lord Salisbury's Government should do something inconceivably foolish, they will come to the end of this Parliament with a majority that will carry everything before it.

On the other hand, it cannot be said that the coercive measures of the Government have proved a failure. Boycotting has been put down to a considerable extent, farmers have, in many cases, paid their rents, landlords and tenants have seen their way to a mutual understanding, terrorism has been repressed, crime has been punished, and cheap martyrdom has very nearly disappeared since it has been discovered that men cannot break the law with impunity whether they wear "hodden gray," Irish frieze, or broad cloth. In spite of the protests and denials of the Irish "patriots" and their allies, Mr. Balfour's quiet, persistent, unimpassioned enforcement of the law is making itself felt widely and beneficially.

There are very few new features in this dismal fray. For one thing, it cannot be said that Mr. Gladstone and his followers have succeeded in convincing the more educated and thoughtful classes of any country in the world that their conduct is wise, patriotic, or in any way worthy of respect. Many of us may shrink (many do not) from saying that Mr. Gladstone is consciously dishonest; but even those who credit him with present sincerity cannot help remembering the remark of his former colleague, Mr. William Forster: "The honourable gentleman can convince other people of most things; but he can convince himself of anything." Certainly Mr. Gladstone is not regaining the place which he had lost in the respect of the better class of Englishmen. Their anger may have passed into sorrow; but there is no prospect of its becoming supplanted by confidence and hope.

Another thing which seems to be coming out with increasing clearness is the real character of the agricultural movement in Ireland, as being socialistic rather than nationalistic. It is certainly a mere pretence to represent the prevailing sentiment among the party of rebellion in Ireland as being, in any sense of the word, properly national. What is going on there is a rising against rent much more than against English government. This was recently pointed out by Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons; but it has been seen and stated many times before. It is not reduction of rents, or reasonable rents, that the Irish farmers are wanting, whatever they may seem to be asking for, it is abolition of rents. And this demand is made in a characteristically illogical manner. If it were made on social-

istic grounds, it would be intelligible, and it could be argued with as standing upon that platform. It is quite true that this is what it must mean if it has any intelligent meaning at all; and Mr. Balfour was quite right in saying that the movement, while professing to be nationalist, was really socialist.

But, at bottom, the Irish tenant farmers who are refusing to pay their rents are no more socialists than the landlords are. There are many socialists (we do not mean anarchists or nihilists) who are quite respectable and unselfish, and who are devoted to the highest interests of mankind. But the mass of those farmers who can pay their rents, and will not, are neither respectable nor unselfish. They have no more notion of the nationalization of the land than the fiercest opponents of Mr. Henry George. They believe in private property; but they believe in it only when it is their own: they have no notion of allowing their landlords to have any property in the estates which, in most cases, they have bought under the protection of the law; but they are quite disposed to retain them as their own property, and we have no reason to think that they would be in any way more willing to part with these possessions, should they become their own, than are the present proprietors.

Ireland may have a right, in some senses, to say that she has the finest peasantry in the world. At one time they were kindly, light-hearted, humorous, beyond all question. It is to be feared that they are losing some of these amiable qualities. But there is one quality which we cannot remember any one claiming for them, and they certainly have not acquired it of late. They are not logical. They are acting upon a theory which is pure Socialism, and yet their distinct aim is certainly individualistic.

Another thing comes out even more clearly in the course of this conflict—that, apart from the agricultural sentiment, the main strength of the movement is formed in hatred of England. We do not for a moment attribute any thing like this to Mr. Gladstone or to the majority of the Gladstonian Liberals. Mr. Gladstone, alas! seems more like a child which breaks its toy because it cannot do as it likes with it. But, apart from him and his party, the people who love and honour the English nation and their great history and their splendid contributions to literature, to legislation, to philanthropy, to all that makes men good or great; the people who love England are the people who detest this Home Rule movement and see its danger, and the people who hate England are the people who show the warmest sympathy with it.

The supporters of an Irish Parliament on this side of the Atlantic may be divided roughly into four classes, first (and but for these there would be no others), those Irishmen who would gladly weaken the power of Great Britain and lower her place among the nations of the earth. Such Irishmen there are, in Ireland, in Canada, in the United States. Whether they have any reason for such feelings, and whether they are wise, even in the interests of Ireland, to give way to them, are questions which we need not at present discuss. The existence of this class will not be denied. Next to them we may place a number of persons, principally politicians, who, because they are not in office, or because they imagine that the English people do not accept their theories, or for a variety of other reasons, dislike Great Britain, and never lose an opportunity of decrying and insulting her and all connected with her. Of the existence of this class we have continual and painful evidence. A third class consists of politicians who are opposed to Home Rule or care nothing about it, but who dare not say so for fear of alienating some of their supporters. Finally, there is a considerable class of persons who have taken no trouble to acquaint themselves with the history of the "Making of England" or of any of the great European States, and who derive all their notions of government from what they know of this country, thinking it as simple a thing to break up an ancient system of government and build a new one out of its fragments as it was to pass a "British North America Act." Undoubtedly we have here a formidable mass, if we can hardly call it a body, for it has little of the character of organization or even cohesion. But whether such a motley assembly should prevail with British subjects or with any who honour the great nation from which came the roots of all American life, history, progress, civilization, is a question which we imagine can be answered only in one way. These, at least, are considerations which may be submitted to those who have not, for themselves, seriously thought out this Home Rule question. Some other points we hope to deal with hereafter. For the present, we may say it is plain, that, but for hatred of England or the coveting of the goods of others, there would be no Home Rule Party at all; and that none of those who profess to support this movement care a straw about it except those who are influenced by the sentiments which we have indicated.

THE SCOTT ACT IN HALTON.

THE supporters of the Scott Act have hitherto been able to boast that though the majorities in its favour have in some cases been reduced it has in no case hitherto been repealed. They have inferred that the people have been convinced by experience of its good effects. But the fact has been that it was sustained, not by anything deserving the name of popular conviction but by a renewal of the same process of organized agitation and moral terrorism by which it had been passed. The coercionist pulpits thundered once more, and those who were under their influence were once more stimulated into voting for the Act or cowed into abstention. The extraordinary argument that the Bible forbids the use of fermented wine, and that the wine used by Christ was unfermented, has always been reproduced by preachers and lecturers to country audiences, and strange to say, with unflinching effect.

Now, however, in Halton the Act has been repealed, notwithstanding the most zealous efforts of its friends to sustain it, and although there was no organization on the side of its opponents at all comparable in strength and resources to that which its supporters could command. It is idle to ascribe this result to the influence of the liquor interest which had before done its best to save itself in vain, and which, as an open and legitimate trade, had probably been too completely ruined by the operation of the Act to have much strength left for another fight; while the illicit and clandestine trade, for which the supporters of the open and legitimate trade make room, is not the enemy, but the natural ally of the Scott Act. We may depend upon it, experience has convinced the people of Halton that the Scott Act means the free and unlicensed use of the most injurious liquors; that instead of enforcing temperance it practically incites to excess; and at the same time it fills the community with contempt for the law, perjury, espionage, and ill-blood. Nor could the conduct of some of the magistrates employed in the enforcement of the Act fail to create a strong reaction in any community not indifferent to the principles of common justice. Partisan appointments were openly demanded by the enthusiastic friends of the Act, and it appears that in some cases at least the demand has been thoroughly gratified. From some applications of the Act, as well as some provisions of the Act itself, it would seem that justice was to be razed out of the list of Christian virtues, and that the decalogue was in danger of being superseded by the single commandment to abstain from wine.

It is probable that by its defeat in Halton the Scott Act has received its death blow, after doing as much mischief as was ever done by any piece of legislation to the good cause which it was intended to serve. But there will now commence an agitation in favour of total prohibition, and those who tender what they believe to be reasonable and Christian liberty in regard to these matters, and who do not desire to fall under the domination of preachers, any more than under that of priests, will have to brace themselves for another struggle against social terrorism and pulpit denunciation. The politicians must be expected, as usual, to go with the tide.

There can scarcely be a community, the character and habits of which call less for violent and arbitrary legislation than ours. The progress of temperance in Canada during the last half century is happily as well attested as anything can be. This is the work of the Church, of the school, of public opinion and of voluntary associations, aided by the increasing authority of sanitary science; and the reform accomplished by those agencies is genuine and lasting, as well as free. Arbitrary legislation produces at best a hollow conformity, which may at any moment collapse; while it supersedes, and by superseding kills, the spontaneous and vital forces of moral and sanitary reformation.

It is satisfactory to members of the Church of England to feel that the clergy of their Church are, as a rule, in favour of voluntary temperance, not of enforced abstinence. It was impossible that a learned clergy should be induced to believe that the wine of the New Testament was anything but fermented wine; and if the wine of the New Testament is fermented wine, nothing can be more certain than that the moderate use of fermented wine is sanctioned by the example of Christ.

GOLDWIN SMITH,

Toronto, March 3rd. President of the Liberal Temperance Union.

It is estimated that the strike of the Reading employees has cost \$3,620,000. It involved 2,500 railroad men, who were out forty-eight days and whose wages averaged \$2 per day—total \$240,000. There were 20,000 miners, whose wages averaged less than \$10 per week, who were out twenty-six days, making their total loss \$1,400,000. The workmen at the furnace, who were thrown out of employment by the strike, lost \$280,000. The increase in price of coal caused a loss to the consumer of 700,000, while the Reading Company is said to have lost, in round numbers, \$1,000,000.

PROMINENT CANADIANS.—XIII.

SIR RICHARD JOHN CARTWRIGHT, K.C.M.G., M.P.

THE Cartwright family is one of the few historic families of Ontario. For one hundred years back, two brief intervals excepted, some one of the name has been more or less prominent in Canadian public life. In the first Parliament of Upper Canada, which sat at Newark (now Niagara) in the year 1792, the Honourable Richard Cartwright, a U. E. Loyalist, and a gentleman of wealth and influence, was a member of the Legislative Council. When Mr. John Strachan, a needy young Scotsman, fresh from the Universities of Aberdeen and St. Andrews, arrived in "Muddy Little York," in the closing years of the last century, he found that his expected patron, Governor Simcoe, who had invited him to Canada to take charge of the proposed university of the Western Province, had returned to England without making any provision either for the new university or its organizer. It had probably fared ill with the young Scottish scholar, without means or friends in a comparative wilderness, as Western Canada then was, had not his good fortune brought him to the notice of the Hon. Mr. Cartwright, who, pitying his poverty, and probably discerning his merit, became his fast friend and benefactor. The late Bishop Fuller, of Niagara, informs us, that he took Mr. Strachan down with him to Kingston, where he made him the tutor of his sons. These sons were destined, the one, Richard, for the Church, the other, John S., for the law; and they reflected credit, as indeed most of his pupils did, on their astute Aberdonian instructor.

In the early half of the present century, John Solomon Cartwright sat for Lennox and Addington in the old Parliament of Canada, leaving the public stage nearly at the time when his young, witty, and aspiring fellow-townsmen, Mr. John A. Macdonald, entered upon it. In politics he was a Tory, as all the Cartwrights were. A member of the Family Compact, he could scarcely be anything else. Still he was not a violent partisan: he had a reputation for fairness and fair dealing, not then common among politicians. He was very popular in his constituency, and had the respect of all parties. The reputed owner of a great deal of land in the old Midland District, of the extensive mills at Napanee, and with plenty of ready money at command, he had neither the airs nor the insolence of the ordinary plutocrat. His death was regretted as a public loss, and after it Mr. John A. Macdonald purchased his law library for £700 currency. So far as the outside public know, the Rev. Richard D. Cartwright passed an uneventful life. He married an Irish wife, a Dublin lady, and this probably accounts for the fact that his son was sent to finish his academic course at the ancient university of that city. On his return to Canada, this son, Richard John Cartwright, became first a director and subsequently the president of the old Commercial Bank. The bank was in a shaky condition when he first became connected with it, and it is said the coldness between himself and the Conservative chief dates from the time when he unsuccessfully sought Government aid for the tottering institution. Mr. Cartwright early developed a talent for finance. The extensive properties which had passed under the name of his uncle during his lifetime came under his personal control, and the management of these, together with the monetary institutions with which he was connected, gave ample scope for the exercise of his fiscal ability. In 1863, at the comparatively early age of twenty-eight years, he was returned to the old Canadian Parliament as the member for Lennox and Addington—a species of family borough—receiving the solid Conservative vote. In 1864 he published a pamphlet on the militia question, which attracted considerable attention in military circles. Up to Confederation he made no conspicuous figure in Parliament. He does not seem to have ever been a favourite with Sir John Macdonald. The Cartwrights and he, according to Sir John's own story, never did pull well together—he was too liberal a Conservative for them. After Confederation Mr. Cartwright came more to the front; and in 1869, when Mr. Rose resigned the portfolio of Finance Minister, the member for Lennox was a candidate for the succession. His aspirations, however, received no encouragement at headquarters—that honour was reserved for an older and, it is no disparagement of Mr. Cartwright to say, an abler financier.

When it was announced that Sir Francis Hincks had been entrusted with the portfolio of Finance, there were ominous mutterings of the coming storm. The independent Conservatives, among whom the member for Lennox had always classed himself, were exceeding wroth. On the opening of Parliament the mutterings of the recess found expression in denunciations fierce and maledictions deep. From the cross benches Sir A. T. Galt and Mr. R. J. Cartwright condemned the appointment with much display of rhetoric, and not a little acrimony of language. Mr. Mackenzie not very felicitously compared the new Minister to Belzoni's mummy "coming back from the tropics." "Did the mummy come back?" interjected Sir John in a loud whisper across the floor. The breach between the member for Lennox and the First Minister was now complete. From this time forth the former acted generally with the Opposition. He joined them in their crusade against the Pacific Railway. In the great "Scandal" debates that marked the year 1873 he was an active participant. During the brief but stormy adjourned session of October he was conspicuously busy. Without distinguishing himself by any great oratorical effort like Blake or Hillyard Cameron or Macdonald or Tupper or Wood, he helped materially to swell the volume of energy in the storm that swept down upon the fated Cabinet; and when at last they fell before it, he literally leaped across the House to embrace his allies in the conflict.

Verily he received his reward. In the new Administration, formed in November of that year, the coveted portfolio, toward which E. B. Wood had been looking with longing eyes, fell to his share of the *opima spolia*. For

A TRIP TO ENGLAND—I.

the ensuing five years he was Finance Minister of Canada, and made three successive annual visits to England on business connected with his department. On his accession to office the finances of the country were found in a very unsatisfactory state. To meet the public wants additional customs duties were imposed; but, notwithstanding, annual deficits were the rule. The times were hard, the crops were not up to the average, all kinds of businesses languished. The gods had not been propitious to the new Finance Minister. The greatest financial genius is ineffectual against fate and hard times. All that could be done to keep the expenditure within the revenue, under such untoward circumstances, he probably did. But his efforts were in vain. The country became rustive. Deputation after deputation of manufacturers flocked to Ottawa imploring alterations in the tariff to suit their several necessities, but returned disappointed and angry. Nothing of all this escaped the observation of the lynx-eyed leader of the Opposition. "When he falls he will fall like Lucifer," thundered E. B. Wood in his famous speech of October, 1873. "But I shall rise again," cried Sir John from his seat. "Yes," replied the orator, "when the last trumpet shall sound, but not a day before." The defeated and condemned Minister was now about to prove a true prophet. After the Liberals, in the elections of 1874, had swept the Dominion almost from ocean to ocean, the Opposition leader behaved admirably. Instead of pursuing a policy of obstruction, he aided actively, and apparently in good faith, the new Government in their efforts at legislation—notably in the framing of the Supreme Court Act. But, immediately he saw the tide of popular feeling turning—and he saw it long before the Government did—he changed his tactics. He grew aggressive in the House and in the country. He promulgated—of course as yet in vague terms—his National Policy, which was to give the farmer more for his barley, the farmer's wife more for her butter and her eggs, the mechanic more for his labour—which was to make the miller happy and the heart of the manufacturer glad. He took to the stump with the alacrity and gusto of youth. He met the farmers and their wives, the voting masses in almost every county of Ontario, and in many places in the other important Provinces. He discussed the tariff with acuteness, if not with profundity; he told his stories, he cracked his jokes, he recited his doggerel verses—all of which had their effect.

In bone and skin two statesmen thin
Have ruined the land, or near it;
But be it known to skin and bone
That flesh and blood won't bear it.

The amused crowds had little difficulty in making the application. But still the "two statesmen thin" saw not the chariot of the avenger, but merely a cloud of dust in the air. They were deaf to remonstrances, they were blind to the approaching danger, until the elections of 1878 effectually brought them to their senses by the loss of their offices and the decisive defeat of their party. In that fateful year Mr. Cartwright went down among the dead men, being rejected by his constituency. He was subsequently returned for one of the Hurons, and a short time ago, on the retirement of Mr. Harley, for South Oxford, which is a Liberal hive, and where he is likely to stay. In 1879 he became Sir Richard Cartwright, having been created in that year a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. As a debater Sir Richard has few superiors in Parliament. His vocabulary is copious and his range of political knowledge extensive. His diction, too, is much above the average, and he possesses the advantage of being easily heard. As a financial critic he is *facile princeps* on his own side of the House, and it is doubtful if he has an equal on the other. He can marshal figures in as masterful a way as Mr. Blake can marshal facts, and can detect a fallacy in the deductions an opponent may make from them with an instinct as unerring.

On the stump Sir Richard is one of the ablest men in his party. He is never at a loss for a word. He never fails to give an antagonist "a Roland for his Oliver"—and he carries his audience with him. Unlike Mr. Blake, he is never "too deep for his hearers," but adapts himself readily to the circumstances and surroundings. He has been charged with dogmatism and superciliousness, but those who know him deny the charge. He is remarkably well informed on most subjects, and is a brilliant conversationalist. We have heard the complaint made that he was disposed to monopolize the conversation too much, and that he would do well to ponder the remark made by Rogers in reference to Macaulay, and indulge more in occasional "flashes of eloquent silence." Of late, some Reform journals have been advocating his claims to the Opposition leadership, forgetful, apparently, that Ontario is not the Dominion. It is extremely improbable that he has given any countenance to the agitation. The late President Lincoln condemned the "swapping of horses when crossing a stream." In the absence of Mr. Blake, who is the only Liberal leader to be depended upon to command the suffrages of the whole Dominion, Mr. Laurier is probably the best selection that could have been made. In the event of a change of Government—an event that seems remote at present, and is dependent wholly on the life of one individual—Sir Richard Cartwright would indubitably be the Finance Minister of the incoming Administration. Still in the prime of physical manhood, with a vigorous mind, a keen and penetrating intellect, an aspiring temper, he is destined, in any case, to leave a lasting impression on the pages of Canadian history. TUSCARORA.

It seems useful in visiting a country to have not only a guide to places and routes, but a framework for observations and recollections. Otherwise the effect produced on the retina of the mind is apt to be like that produced by a whirl of successive sights on the retina of the eye. This is particularly the case when the objects of interest are of so many different kinds as they are in England. To furnish such a framework is the limited aim of this paper, which is an expansion of a lecture delivered to friends.

The voyage to England is now easy enough, barring that curious little malady which still defies medical science to trace its cause and is so capricious in its range, often taking the strong and leaving the weak. There is nothing to be said about the voyage. Only as we career over those wild waters in a vast floating hotel at the rate of five hundred miles a day let us pay a tribute to the brave hearts which first crossed them in mere boats without charts or science of navigation. In the marvellous strides which of late years humanity has made nothing is more marvellous or more momentous than the unification of the world by the extinction of distance. Already we have made one harvest: we are fast making one mind and one heart for the world.

As an old country, England perhaps is naturally regarded first from the historical point of view, and especially by us of whose history she is the scene, whose monuments and the graves of whose ancestors she holds in her keeping. It is an advantage which Canadians have over Americans that they have not broken with their history and cast off the influences, at once exalting and sobering, which the record of a long and grand foretime exerts upon the mind of a community. An American has no history before the Revolution, which took place at the end of the last century. In his parlance, "Revolutionary" denotes that which is most ancient: it is to the American the equivalent for "Norman." He says that the "Revolutionary" so and so was his ancestor, as an English nobleman would say that his ancestors came in with the Conquest.

Looking at the subject historically, we have the England of the ancient Britons, Roman England, Saxon England, the England of the Middle Ages, the England of the Tudors, the England of the Stuarts, the England of Anne and the Georges, all represented by their monuments. Of the primitive habits of the Britons we have monuments in hut circles of British villages still to be seen on Exmoor, where the wild stag finds a shelter, and on wolds and downs, near Whitby or Marlborough, where the traces of the primeval world have not yet been effaced by the plough. Of their wild tribal wars we have monuments in the numerous earthworks, once forts or places of refuge for the tribe, which crown many a hill and of which perhaps the largest and most striking is the triple rampart of "Maiden Castle" on a hill near Dorchester. Of their dark and bloody superstition and of the blind submissiveness to priestly power still characteristic of the race, we have a monument in Abury, with its avenues of huge stones and the great circular earthwork from which, if the antiquaries are right, a dense ring of awe-struck worshippers gazed, perhaps by night, on the mystic forms of the priests moving among the sacrificial fires; and another in Stonehenge, which seems almost certainly to have been a temple, and which though it may somewhat disappoint in size will not disappoint in weirdness, if you see it, as it should be seen, on a dark evening when it stands amidst a number of other primeval relics on the lonely expanse of Salisbury Plain. Of the taste and skill in decoration wherewith the Celtic race was more largely gifted than with any faculty or quality which helps to form the solid basis of civilization, we have proofs in the golden torques and other ornaments, found in barrows, of which the Celtic museum at Dublin displays a glittering array. Sepulchral barrows also abound, and are memorials at once of loyal reverence for chieftainship and of the early craving for posthumous fame. The interest of Celtic monuments and antiquities belongs not merely to the past. They are the records of a race which still lives, with much of its original character, both political and religious, in those parts of the two islands where the Celt found refuge in natural fastnesses from the sword of the Saxon conqueror—in the hill country of Devonshire and Cornwall, in the Welsh mountains and the Highlands of Scotland, but above all in Ireland, where the weaker race was sheltered by the sea. The history of England from one point of view may be regarded as a long effort to impart the political sentiments and institutions of the Anglo-Saxon to the remnants of the Celtic population. In Cornwall and Devonshire and in the Highlands of Scotland this, thanks to the co-operation of Protestantism with Constitutionalism, has been in large measure achieved: in Wales the work is less complete, the Welsh in the more mountainous districts retaining with the language much of the original character of their race. The Irish question, which is mainly one of race, is in all its perplexity still before us.

Of the Roman Empire Britain was the remotest Western Province, the last won and the first lost, the one which imbibed least of the Roman civilization. The monuments of Roman occupation are proportionate in scale, and will not bear comparison with Verona, Arles, or Treves; yet they wear the majestic impress of the Empire, which built as if it were eternal. Between the Solway and the Tyne are seen the massive remains of the great Roman wall, the western wing of a line of defences which guarded civilization against the inroads of barbarism from the Solway to the Euphrates. In different parts of the country may still be traced the Roman roads, which run straight and regardless of obstacles as the march of Roman ambition itself, and which extending over the whole of the world under Roman sway first united the nations by universal lines of communication. Many too of the Roman camps remain, distinguished by their regular form, as the camps of discipline, from the irregular earth-

In 1885 the book trade of Leipsic was overshadowed by that of Berlin, but in 1886 Leipsic recovered her old supremacy, and has maintained it since. During the last quarter of 1887 the musical publications of Leipsic reached the impressive number of 1,700, which was an increase of twenty per cent. over the figures for 1886.

works of the Britons, and fancy may people them with the forms of the legionaries resting after their long march, or in the case of the standing camps (*castra stativa*), drilling and messing in their permanent quarters. At Richborough (Rutupia), which was the favourite landing-place, the Roman remains are very imposing. But the English Pompeii is Silchester (Callera Abrebatum), three miles from the Mortimer station of the railway between Reading and Basingstoke. The walls of the city have defied time and the destroyer: they stand almost intact; but the city having been probably stormed and burned by the barbarians, of the houses the basements alone remain, with the hypocausts, or furnaces, which warmed the rooms, and which must have been sorely needed by the Italian under British skies. The lines of the streets, with the plan of the judgment-hall (*prætorium*) are plainly visible. Outside the walls is the amphitheatre, in which no doubt the gay Roman officer, condemned to these remote and unfestive quarters, tried to indemnify himself for his loss of the Colosseum. The remains of villas with their tessellated pavements are found in different parts of England, proving that the country had been thoroughly subdued and that the Roman magnate could enjoy country life in safety. Inscriptions, coins, weapons, sepulchral urns, pottery, abound in the museums. In the museum at York is a touching antiquity—a tress of a Roman lady's hair. Of coins, 140,000 have been found at Richborough. Great quantities are sometimes turned up by the spade or plough. The Roman retiring before barbarian invasion perhaps buried his hoard, thinking to come back for it, but came back no more. We look with interest on all the memorials of a race, which in so many ways, and above all as the founder of law, has stamped its image on humanity. But Britain, unlike Italy, France, and Spain, retained nothing of the Roman Province except its ruins. Her character and institutions, as well as her language, were those of a fresh race.

The crypt of Ripon Minster was pronounced by that great antiquary, the late Mr. Henry Parker, the Church of the Saxon Apostle Wilfrid, and the earliest monument of Christianity in those parts. There are two church towers, in Saxon style, at Lincoln. There is Saxon work at Westminster, at Dover, and elsewhere. But the Saxon was not a great builder even of churches; happily for himself he was not at all a builder of castles. He thought not of magnificence but of comfort. Such art as he cultivated was rather that of the goldsmith or the embroiderer. Beautifully chased drinking cups and miracles of the needle were the trophies which William took to Normandy after the Conquest. Of Saxon tombs, burial urns, and weapons, however, there is good store. In the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford, there is a gem which was found on the Isle of Athelney, where Alfred took refuge; it bears the name of Alfred, and may have belonged to the hero. But the most important monument of the Anglo-Saxons is really the White Horse, cut in a chalk down of Berkshire, about the "cleaning" of which we have been told by Thomas Hughes. This is the trophy of a great victory gained by the Saxon over the Dane, by Christianity over heathendom, by the moral civilization bound up with Christianity over the moral barbarism of its pagan enemies. It deserves homage more than any Arc de Triomphe.

At Pevensey is the beach on which the Norman Conqueror landed. The castle on the cliff of Hastings marks the spot where he first planted his standard. From that place it is easy to trace his line of march till he saw Harold with the English army facing him on the fatal hill of Senlac. The battle-field is as well marked as that of Waterloo, and fancy can recall the charges of the Norman cavalry up the hillside against the solid formation and the shield wall of the Saxon precursors of our British infantry. The ruins of Battle Abbey, the religious trophy of the Conqueror, are still seen, and the site of the high altar exactly marks the spot where the fatal arrow entering Harold's brain slew not only a king, but a kingdom, and marred the destiny of a race. We are on the scene of one of the great catastrophes of history. Had that arrow missed its mark, Anglo-Saxon institutions would have developed in their integrity, the Anglo-Saxon tongue would have perfected itself in its purity, Anglo-Norman aristocracy would never have been, or have left its evil traces on society, the fatal connection of England and France, and the numerous French wars of the Plantagenets would have been blotted out of the book of fate.

England now becomes for four centuries and a half a member of Catholic and feudal Europe, a partaker in Crusades and a tilting-ground of chivalry. The informing spirit of this period and the basis of its peculiar morality is the Catholic religion, having its centre in the Papacy, which triumphed over national independence with the Norman, by whom its sacred banner was borne at Hastings. Of mediæval piety we have glorious monuments in the cathedrals and the great churches. Nothing so wonderful or beautiful has ever been built by man as these fanes of mediæval religion which still, surviving the faith and the civilization which reared them, soar above the din and smoke of modern life into purity and stillness. In religious impressiveness they far excel all the works of heathen art and all the classical temples of the Renaissance. Even in point of architectural skill they stand unrivalled, though they are the creations of an age before mechanical science. Their groined roofs appear still to baffle imitation. But we do not fully comprehend the marvel, unless we imagine the cathedrals rising, as they did, out of towns which were then little better than collections of hovels, with but small accumulation of wealth, and without what we now deem the appliances of civilized life. Never did man's spiritual aspirations soar so high above the realities of his worldly lot as when he built the cathedrals. But we must not look at the cathedrals or at the churches as a group without distinguishing the periods to which they severally belong and the memories of which they recall. There are four periods, marked by the successive phases of the Gothic style: the Norman, which should rather be called Romanesque than Gothic, with its round arch; the Early English, with its pointed arch

and windows without mullions; the Decorated, with its mullions and increase of ornament; the Perpendicular, the lines of which correspond to its name, while the ornament, by its tendency to excess and weakness, denotes a period of decay. We see these styles often blended together in successive portions of the same cathedral. The best and most glorious age of Catholicism, the age in which the Catholic faith was fresh, in which the morality founded on it and the heroism inspired by it were at their highest, the age in which it produced such characters as Edward I. and St. Louis, is marked by the Early English style and the transition from this to the Decorated. There is a satisfaction in connecting the beauty of a religious building with the character and aspirations of the builders. It is not so pleasant to think, as we look at the glories of Milan, that they are the work of the cruel, unprincipled, and perfidious Visconti. Salisbury, completed in the Early English style, or in that of the transition, is the most perfect monument of mediæval Christianity in England; and, amidst all the doubts and perplexities of our own time, it is impossible not to look back with envy on men who, free from all misgivings as to the absolute truth of their creed, spent their lives in rearing this work of beauty or watching it rise, and with the highest joys of art, combined the still higher joy of feeling that art would minister to the salvation of souls. The great works of the Perpendicular period remind us rather of the class of worldly, ambitious, and, if not sceptical, somewhat careless Churchmen to which Fox and Wolsey belonged, and which in its sumptuous creations was moved more by love of art and magnificence than by spiritual aspirations. To Westminster Abbey we shall come when we come to Westminster Hall. Of all the other cathedrals Canterbury is the most historical, as well as the metropolitan; and it has had the good fortune of being described by Stanley, who was its dean and in whom historical topography was a passion. In Canterbury is that strange memorial of the priestly ambition of the Middle Ages and of the great conflict between Church and State, the shrine of Thomas à Becket. In Canterbury is the tomb of the Black Prince, and over it hangs the armour that speaks of Crécy and Poitiers. Winchester also is full of history, and though it is wanting in sublimity of height, as the English cathedrals are generally compared with their more soaring sisters in France, there is something about it peculiarly impressive. In height and grandeur the palm is borne off by York; in beauty and poetry by Lincoln. Norman Durham, "half church of God, half castle 'gainst the Scot," is profoundly imposing from its massiveness, which seems enduring as the foundations of the earth, as well as from its commanding situation. Ely is also a glorious pile, while its site has historical interest as the scene of the last stand made by the Saxon against the Norman Conqueror. Wells is lovely in itself, and it stands on a broad expanse of lawn surrounded by old ecclesiastical buildings which escaped the destroyer, and present a picture of old cathedral life. Wells and Salisbury are perhaps the two best specimens of the cathedral close, that haven of religious calm amidst this bustling world, in which a man tired of business and contentious life might delight, especially if he has a taste for books, to find tranquillity, with quiet companionship, in his old age. Take your stand on the Close of Salisbury or Wells on a summer afternoon when the congregation is filing leisurely out from the service and the sounds are still heard from the cathedral, and you will experience a sensation not to be experienced in the New World.

In thinking of the cathedrals we must not forget the old parish churches, legacies most of them of the Catholic Middle Ages, often very fine, and always speaking pleasantly to the heart, especially when they fill the air with the music of their Sabbath chimes or of their wedding bells. But among these, since the revival of Anglicanism, the hand of the restorer, or rather of the rebuilders, has been so busy that in some districts it is easier to find churches in an ancient style than an ancient church. It was no doubt right, from the point of view of religious feeling as well as from that of taste, to remove the high-backed pews, the galleries which ruined the form of the church, the hideous monuments which defaced the chancel; but these things, which an Englishman who has passed sixty remembers so well, had associations of which the work of Gilbert Scott or Butterfield, however correct as a reproduction of mediæval Gothic, is devoid. Perhaps no better representation of the old parish church is to be found than the church of Iffley, which is close to Oxford, and is exceedingly interesting as a specimen of the Norman style. Iffley Churchyard, in which stands a yew tree that may have seen the Norman times, is also a good specimen of the peace of death which an old English churchyard presents, perhaps in a pleasanter, at all events in a more religious guise than these cemeteries of ours, with their posthumous rivalries of vanity in columns, pyramids, and obelisks, and their somewhat ghastly attempts to make the grave look pretty. In Iffley churchyard, as well as in any other, you may find a local habitation for the thoughts of Gray's *Elegy*.

The cathedral and the parish church belong to the present as well as to the past. Indeed, they have been recently exerting a peculiar influence over the present, for there can be no doubt that the spell of their beauty and their adaptation, as places of Catholic devotion, to the Ritualistic rather than to the Protestant form of worship have had a great effect in producing the Neo-Catholic reaction of the last half century. Creations of the religious genius of the Middle Ages, they have been potent missionaries of the mediæval faith. But there is a part of Mediæval Catholicism which belongs entirely to the past, and the monuments of which present themselves only in the form of ruins. Asceticism and Monasticism were discarded by the Reformation. Nothing but the wrecks remain of the vast and beautiful abodes in which they dwelt. Of the monastic ruins the most perfect and interesting is Fountains Abbey, near Ripon, and on the estate of Lord Ripon, who, as a convert himself to Roman Catholicism, has exemplified the lingering influence of what Macaulay calls "an august and

MONTREAL LETTER.

MONTREAL amusements have been of so peaceful and dignified a nature during the present winter that even the strictest observers of Lent would scarcely find it in their hearts to demand the postponement of a single five o'clock tea or literary evening. Whether we are growing socially lazy, or only precociously grave, is not easy to decide, but the old word "party" seems to be gradually sinking into desuetude with us, while the frigid, meaningless "at home" takes its place. An entertainment that offers diversions more exhilarating than tea-sipping, and literary talk duly tempered to suit ears polite, is an exception. You see we are really passing through a sort of transition period; the position in which men and women have stood towards each other for so long has been changed, and though such change is partly artificial, many find it sufficiently disconcerting. The pert, pretty thing that cracks jokes at your expense behind her fan you have no difficulty in forgetting; but your mood grows stormy when the scene shifts from the drawing-room to the office. Feminine cleverness loses half its charm in the cold, pitiless light of the class-room, or the city's murky atmosphere. That men should have been gallant in the days of pumps and patches seems natural enough, but to expect they are going to continue their "vertebrae exercises" under the present régime evinces an opinion of humanity unwarrantably flattering. When our protection is accepted with all that sweet confidence which tacitly acknowledges our power, we are quite ready to bestow it, but would Tolstoi himself expect a man to temper the wind to an intrepid young creature only too dangerous as it is? Thus you see the reason for the *chaqué un pour soi, et Dieu pour tous* principle now pervading social life, and perhaps you also see why five o'clocks and literary evenings enjoy such popularity.

I spoke some time ago about a certain "circle" here, that, as clubs or "circles" go, was quite a happy idea. It has lived, aye, and flourished for two months, which, when you consider that both men and women belong to it, is saying a good deal. Of course there are many "bouillabaisse" affairs that thrive, but a club devoted entirely to one end, tempered withal by a social spirit, yet whose chief aim, instruction, and pleasure, is gained, deserves most honourable mention. We are bound by no rules, and there is no further call upon our originality and wit than what an impromptu debate may require. Two magazine articles are read during the evening, and after such, I assure you, discussion need not be languid. In the soft light of one of the most artistic of drawing-rooms, environed with fair colours and sweet flowers, and read to by some low-voiced creature, one feels that even a club, even a literary evening, can be robbed of half its terrors.

If the winter has not been eventful in any other way, we have certainly little to complain of from an artistic point of view. Exhibition has succeeded exhibition; and now Mr. L. B. O'Brien, President of the Royal Canadian Academy, and Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith, R.C.A., show us the very brilliant result of their labours among the Rockies. If literature and politics have so far failed to awaken in Canadians any lively national spirit, surely the pictures of all that glorious land, a veritable promised land, that is ours, must send the blood tingling through our veins with wild enthusiasm and wilder hopes. Patriotism in all its depth and beauty and passion, Canadians may not feel, alas! but gazing on these "everlasting hills," a sentiment closely akin to it must thrill even the coldest of us.

Mr. O'Brien's style is peculiarly well fitted for his task; the scenes he depicts are admirably chosen. We are transported quite into the heart of the mountains, where we may wander all enraptured with the beauty that is revealed to us like a tale that is told. Our artist's passion for cloud and mist has so taken possession of him, that we rarely find a mountain completely unveiled. Vapoury cloudlets are ever floating about his pictures, half-concealing and half-revealing with charming effect. This is seen more particularly in one of the views of Mount Sir Donald. "An Evening in the Selkirks" shows us a soft, blue mist creeping up the hillsides like some uncanny thing, when the light is still full and clear on the heights; "A Sunset" has caught a lovely after-glow. Mr. O'Brien is less successful when he paints water, though the swollen river that rushes madly down from Mount Lefroy has been happily executed. But where the idea is most poetical, the treatment most delicate, and the mist the softest and wettest, is in the delicious "Misty Day on Burrard Inlet." In the other pictures the presence of clouds seems at times not quite necessary, and these are just a little conventional, but here the damp, clinging vapour, so loath to leave the land, the still bit of water in the foreground, and the delightful breath of unaffected mystery over all, is expressed the very essence of the artist's meaning.

Of Mr. Bell-Smith I shall speak in my next letter.

Fraulein Aus der Ohe has again visited us. Well heralded weeks beforehand, and announced to give only one concert, she was welcomed by quite a creditable audience. You will have seen, doubtless, the interesting page devoted to this artiste in the current number of the *Century*. There we find some very noble words of this musician, of whose "intrepidity" and "fearless certainty" Liszt spoke so warmly, and who, furthermore, enjoyed the master's deepest respect. "My art is holy to me, and requires my every effort." This reveals to you in a flash what Adèle Aus der Ohe is. Neither affectation nor mannerisms of any kind detract from her charming demeanour. Not for an instant does she forget her *role*—that of an interpreter. In fugue of Bach or sonata of Beethoven, in nocturne of Chopin, or the charming character sketches of Schumann's *Carnaval*, it is the composer who speaks to us ever by the subtly clever fingers of a reverent disciple.

LOUIS LLOYD.

fascinating superstition." In romantic loveliness of situation the first place is claimed by Tintern on the Wye, the second by Rievaulx or Bolton, both of which are in Yorkshire, a great land of monastic remains. The name of Tintern is dear and familiar to many who have never seen the ruin, but who well know the lines which inshrine the poetic philosophy of Wordsworth. The ruins of Glastonbury are also most interesting, not only on account of the grandeur which the fragments of the church bespeak, and the sumptuous hospitality represented by the abbot's kitchen, but because, as the great master of all this lore, Professor Freeman, says: "The church of Glastonbury, founded by the Briton, honoured and enriched by the Englishman, is the one great religious foundation which lived through the storm of English Conquest, and in which Briton and Englishmen have an equal share." Here we are in the realm of Arthur, and may read with enhanced enjoyment the *Idyls of the King*. It is impossible not to be touched by these ruins, or to forbear the protest of the heart against the ruthless destroyers of so much loveliness. But there is nothing except the architectural beauty to regret. The monasteries had done their appointed work during the iron times of feudalism and private war as places of refuge for the gentler spirits, as homes of such culture as there was, and centres of civilization. But the various orders to which they belonged, Benedictine, Cistercian, Franciscan, or Dominican, denote successive attempts to rise to an angelic life, each soon followed by the collapse of the wings of abstinence and contemplation on which the mortal strove to soar above his mortal state. At the time of the Reformation the spiritual character even of the least corrupt of the monastic houses had probably waxed very faint, while in some, it cannot be doubted, not only idleness and self-indulgence but the grossest vice had made their abode. Even the work of copying books and missal-painting, by which they had done good service to literature and minor art, was being superseded by printing. As a class, these houses had become the strongholds of reactionary superstition, the ramparts of intolerance, and the great obstacles to the progress of humanity. They still offered hospitality to the wayfarer. They still fed the poor at their gates, and as we look upon the ruined portal arch we may see the weary traveller dismount and the bedesmen gather beside it. Their hospitality and their charity preserved their popularity in districts where, as in the north, inns were few, and in a time when public charity did not exist; and the great northern insurrection, called the Pilgrimage of Grace, in which the abbots of Yorkshire monasteries took part, was probably as much a social movement against the destruction of the monasteries as a religious movement against doctrinal innovation. The nunneries seem, as might have been expected, to have preserved their purity and usefulness better than the monastic houses of a sex of which the passions were stronger and less easily tamed by monastic rule. Some of them were still doing good service in the education of women. We may think of this as we stand among the ruins of Godstow Nunnery, near Oxford, which possess a further interest as having witnessed the last days of Henry the Second's fair Rosamond, the legend of the labyrinth notwithstanding. With the ruins of Dominican and Franciscan Monasteries is connected the memory of the vast development at once of Asceticism, of Papal power, and of crusading orthodoxy, in the thirteenth century. The Dominican churches are in their form specially adapted for preaching, which was one of the great functions of the order, the other being, unhappily, the administration of the Inquisition. Attached to the Cathedral of Peterborough is a Benedictine cloister, which recalls to us very vividly the daily life of a monk, while the cathedral itself stands first perhaps among the cathedrals of the second class. At Knaresborough, in Yorkshire, in a romantic dell, is the monument of another and still more intense kind of Asceticism in the form of a hermitage, which deserves a visit. The spot has the additional attraction of being the scene of the story of *Eugene Aram*. Aram's erudite defence turned upon the point that a hermit, after his lonely life of mortification, was buried alone in his cell, so that the body alleged to be that of the murdered Clarke might in reality be that of the hermit. There is another hermitage at Warkworth, near the ruins of the great castle. Those cells claim at least the tribute due to an experiment in perfection, however misdirected and abortive.

Among the religious memorials of the Middle Ages are also to be numbered the crosses to which the eye of mediæval piety was turned in the churchyard or the market place and by the wayside. Hardly any of them escaped ruthless mutilation when the tempest of popular wrath burst forth against an ancient faith which had degenerated into a hollow superstition. But a special homage is due to the "Eleanor's Crosses," of which the two best preserved will be found at Waltham and Northampton, and which are monuments raised to conjugal love, in the best period of Catholicism, by the noblest of kings and men.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

(To be continued in our next.)

VOLAPUK is making progress, though not so great as some of its promoters assert. At the recent annual meeting of the French association for its propagation, the secretary stated that in his opinion the number of disciples should not be reckoned at more than 40,000, which is about the number of dictionaries sold. It has been placed as high as 200,000. Some French, German, and Italian business houses put at the head of their letters "Spodobs Volapüko" (we correspond in Volapük), but none of the great houses have yet done this. The language has now thirteen journals and 172 societies, an increase of sixty-seven last year, while public courses of instruction are given in such widely separated places as Tiflis in the Caucasus and Salt Lake City, as well as in the universities of Munich and New Orleans. An Arabic grammar and a Japanese dictionary in Volapük are about to be published.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE WINNIPEG BOARD OF TRADE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—In your issue of the 16th February appears a reference to the Winnipeg Board of Trade and the affairs of this Province, under the title "Topics." Your comment in that article is misleading, and must arise from an impression that the Winnipeg Board of Trade voices the sentiment of this Province, which it most certainly does not do. A great many of your readers who do not know this Province, and only hear of Manitoba through the medium of Winnipeg, may conclude that matters generally here are in a very bad state, and that this Province is in almost open rebellion. When as the fact is, with the exception of the city of Winnipeg alone, the state of business and the condition of the farmers generally were never better, and the whole country outside of Winnipeg is more contented and satisfied than it ever was. Until about a year ago, the Province outside of Winnipeg allowed that city to do all the talking for the country, but now the people in other portions of Manitoba are beginning to protest against the unwarrantable assumptions of Winnipeg. The statement contained in Ashdown's address to the Winnipeg Board of Trade, as quoted by you, is one of these assumptions. Had the speaker confined his remarks to the feeling in Winnipeg, he would, no doubt, have fairly stated what a larger number of people in that city think, but he has no right whatever to extend his remarks to the whole Province. This is a trick the Winnipeg Board of Trade is continually playing. They know when they speak in that way that it adds weight to their assertions with all those people in Eastern Canada who do not understand the situation here. It is hardly to be supposed that the Toronto Board of Trade would undertake to speak for the whole of Ontario, unless properly authorized to do so, upon any matter, however serious. But not so with our Winnipeg Board of Trade. They are ever ready to, and do upon every available opportunity, speak as if they were the constituted representatives of all Manitoba.

You say that "Boards of Trade are usually peaceful, conservative bodies," and I believe such is the case. Yet as there are exceptions to every rule, there is an exception to this one, and we find it in the Winnipeg Board of Trade. This Board is anything but a peaceful body, and to call it a conservative body is a farce. This Winnipeg Board of Trade has been the mainspring and source of all the agitation we have had in Manitoba since 1881. At one time it clamours for one thing, and at another for something else. Two years ago this same Board of Trade asserted in the most positive manner that the building of the Hudson Bay Railway was the only remedy for all the ills and drawbacks of this country, and when all that the Dominion Government can reasonably be asked to do towards that project is done, it drops it and takes up the present railway agitation. Before the Hudson Bay Railway scheme was started, this same Board of Trade interested itself in what was then known as the "Better Times" question. (This latter involved our claim to the Crown lands in Manitoba.) So that you see it is anything but a "peaceful" body. It can hardly be called conservative when its President threatens annexation to the United States and secession from the Dominion if certain things are not done at once.

The affairs of this Province are not in such a bad way as you would have your readers believe; but affairs in the city of Winnipeg, so far as many of its merchants wholesale and retail are concerned, are in a very serious state. This is easily accounted for and understood by most people here, and by many with you. It arises from the fact that there are about ten retail men doing business in Winnipeg where there should only be one, and because Winnipeg wholesale men cannot compete at present with Toronto and Montreal wholesale dealers. Winnipeg wholesale men are still charging exorbitant prices in many branches of trade, and our country merchants find that they can buy cheaper in Toronto, Hamilton, and Montreal than in Winnipeg, and consequently do so. This kills the Winnipeg wholesale trade. Then there are so few farmers within a distance of twelve or fifteen miles of Winnipeg who trade there that the retail merchants have to look for support from the residents of Winnipeg alone and they are finding that is not sufficient. The truth is the city of Winnipeg is overdone, and since the advent of railways in the Province trade has gone elsewhere. Then financial embarrassment and trouble make agitators of men who have not sufficient self-reliance and principle to work hard for a living, but who still expect to have money roll into their coffers as it did in the palmy days of the "Boom." So far Winnipeg has had nearly everything going in this Province, all the railways in the Province centre there, except one built and one just started. Nearly all Government money spent in Manitoba has been spent in Winnipeg or its immediate vicinity. Our Local Government has centred there all our institutions except our Local Municipal Councils (and these it would centre there if it could), and now Winnipeg is clamouring for the Experimental Farm and this railway to the Boundary, called the R.R.V.R. All these things have not been able to keep the trade of the Province in Winnipeg, and nothing short of the most absolute railway discrimination in favour of Winnipeg can draw and keep the trade of the country there. Nothing short of that will satisfy Winnipeg, and that they can never get. Whether Mr. Greenway will succeed in building this R.R.V.R. to the boundary and extending it to Portage la Prairie during the coming summer remains to be seen. It is one thing to promise this but a very different thing to perform it. But of one thing the people of Ontario and the Eastern Provinces may rest assured, and that is that Manitoba farmers are too busy now and will be all this year, to trouble themselves about the Winnipeg Agitation and the R. R.V.R. Up to date there have been marketed in Manitoba very nearly

nine million bushels of wheat, and it is estimated there are about three million bushels yet to be marketed, making in all say twelve million bushels of wheat for 1887. The price of this to the farmers averages 50 cents per bushel, thus bringing six millions dollars in hard cash into the country as the result of one year's crop of wheat alone. This distributed among a population of 108,000 can hardly reduce this Province to a very "ruinous" state. It is hard therefore to understand why the Winnipeg Board of Trade should take such a gloomy view of affairs in Manitoba.

Brandon, Man., Feb. 27, 1888.

GEO. R. COLDWELL.

THREE RONDELS.

I.

Thou Love whom once we knew,
Pure, patient, proud, and tender,
Who to our bosom flew,
Hid there in sweet surrender,

A shape of shining splendour,
A bird of heavenly hue,
Thou Love whom once we knew,
Pure, patient, proud, and tender,

Comest thou now to sue,
Pale passion's wan defender,
For rights which were thy due,
Poor prodigal, rash spender,
Thou Love whom once we knew,
Pure, patient, proud, and tender?

II.

Thou Love, how dim thine eye,
How dull each folded feather!
To flutter, not to fly,
Try thou and tell us whether

To thine accustomed tether
Thou may'st once more draw nigh,
Thou Love—how dim thine eye,
How dull each folded feather,

We only may descry,
We who have watched together,
Kept thee a nest breast-high
Through every kind of weather,—
Thou Love, how dim thine eye,
How dull each folded feather!

III.

All shall be as before,
Thou Love, if thou returnest;
The welcome open door,
The warmth for which thou yearnest.

Yea all which now thou spurnest,
With injured heart and sore,
All shall be as before,
Thou Love, if thou returnest.

We question evermore
The coming thou adjournest;
The past thou would'st restore,
Do we believe in earnest
All will be as before,
Thou Love, if thou returnest?

SERANUS.

OTTAWA LETTER.

PARLIAMENT has been as dull as all precedents warrant us in expecting it to be during the first week of its sitting. The stranger who took his muffled way along the corridor devoted to the members' clothes-presses and glanced in at the door of the House would at no time have seen it much more than half full of gentlemen who appeared to take the most desultory interest in the proceedings. He would discover, moreover, if he carried his investigation a little further, very few occupants of the Press Gallery, which would have a strong synthetic bearing on the importance of the affairs immediately under our legislators' consideration. Neither have there been any night sessions. In the Senate one important motion has been made and agreed to; that of the Hon. Mr. Gowan, providing that a special committee be appointed to frame new rules for procedure in divorce. In a very able, careful, and conscientious speech the honourable gentleman stated his own views as to what changes should be made, the most important of which, that affecting the appointment of committees for the adjudication of divorce cases, is very generally held by the Senate and will undoubtedly be adopted. Under the present well-known and generally criticised state of things the Senator in charge of the bill nominates the committee which is to consider it. The degree of judicial ability and righteousness and equity obtainable in this way has not always been so marked as the unanimity of opinion that is generally secured. Senator Gowan's idea is the appointment of a Standing Committee which shall

ONNALINDA.*

ABOUT two hundred years ago the Marquis de Denonville was Governor of New France. France and England were competing for the supremacy of the continent. Between the English settlements in New York and Lake Ontario lay the country of the great Iroquois Confederacy. These warlike tribes were the bitter and implacable foes of the French, and they had many good reasons for their hatred. To chastise them, Denonville entered their country with a force unusually large for such an expedition in those days. He directed his attack against the Senecas, one of the principal nations of the Confederacy, and the one that had been specially active in hostility to the French. He desolated the valley of the Genesee, where the Senecas had their homes, burning their villages, destroying their stores, and laying waste their corn fields not yet ripened for the harvest. The ruin and desolation which this invasion caused is incidentally but graphically described in the poem:—

At noon the view a blooming vale
Smiling before the hordes of France;
At eve a scowling dark expanse—
A blackened land of woe and wail:

War's whirlwind, red with sword and fire,
Had left but ashes in its path,—
Hamlets and homes in fiery scath
Swept flaming into ruin dire.

This invasion by Denonville two hundred years ago is the historical groundwork out of which Mr. McNaughton has created a romance full of poetic beauty and human interest. The whole period of the French régime in America, as Parkman's prose epics so vividly show, abounds in heroic achievements, daring adventures, and romantic incidents; and it is a matter of surprise that novelists and poets have not more frequently sought in this treasury for themes for romance and song. Mr. McNaughton has happily recognized the elements of powerful and lasting interest in those conflicts between the Pioneers of France and the native tribes and has produced, if not the ideal Indian romance, a romance of undoubted merit and thrilling interest which does no more than justice to the nobler characteristics of a rapidly disappearing race. We do not know what authority, historical or legendary, he has for the Iroquois princess whom his poem immortalizes; but we are certain the story which tells how Onnalinda thwarted the designs of the French Marquis, detached from his side the English captain and his gallant band, and averted from her home and people the terrible disasters that elsewhere befell her race, is not destined to speedily pass into oblivion. It has in it so many elements of interest as a story, and so much beauty as a poem, that it can scarcely fail to secure a lasting popularity and obtain a high place in literature.

We do not intend to even outline the story Mr. McNaughton has told with such power and felicity. So much of its charm depends on the author's easy and graceful versification, his graphic description, his subtle disclosures of character, his ingenious dialogues, and telling situations, that any summary we could make would only do the poem injustice. We shall merely endeavour by a few almost random extracts to indicate the style of the poem, and introduce some of the principal characters that figure in it. The heroine herself is described as—

A winsome girl of native grace
And moulded form the comeliest;
Scarce two and twenty Junes had kissed
With breath of rose her charming face—
Brunette with crimson tinged and blent
As if 'neath Saxon face there glowed
The warm maroon of Indian blood,
And stirred a doubt of her descent.

She was not indeed of pure Indian race; and perhaps one of the finest passages in the book is that in which she tells to lover's ears, the story of her mother, who was not "forest born" but came

From o'er the sea,—
Where blooming hedge-rows carolled sweet
And heather blossomed 'neath her feet.
At quiet eve she would oft would tell
Of scenes enchanting, and would dwell
With trembling lips and tenderly,
On home beloved beyond the sea;
Of twilight porch, with ivy pent;
Of castle wall and battlement;
Of arch antique and turret high,
And gilded spires that lanced the sky;
Of tender lawn in bright demesne
Soft as the velvet shoon of queen,
Of gateway whence of old there went
Knights to the joust and tournament.

From her mother, the daughter of a Scottish Earl, Onnalinda had learned much, so that she was by no means a mere untutored daughter of the forest. But one lesson came to her when she had no longer a mother to counsel and instruct. She learned to love, and, not knowing if she were loved in return, thus communed with herself—

Last night—what did he mean to say?
My hand in his he tremulous prest;
I heard a throbbing within his breast:
"Good-bye," he faltered and turned away,—
But in his voice and in his eye
Was something more than that "Good-bye."

The white moon shone on his earnest face
As he held my hand, and silent stood.
Do men woo thus in a dolesome mood?
Then a solemn owl may woo with grace!
This man—can he be my father's foe
And lover of mine? To-night I'll know.

nominate a new committee for the adjudication of each case, the maximum of wisdom and integrity, and the minimum of less desirable factors in its decision, seeming to be attainable this way. After devoting a large share of its dignified leisure to solacing the wounded *amour propre* of the Hon. J. H. Bellerose, *re* the little matter of the St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary Report, to the terms of which the honourable gentleman had conceived a violent objection, the Senate adjourned for a fortnight.

In the House the most significant event of the week has been Sir Richard Cartwright's proposal to open the discussion of Unrestricted Reciprocity next Wednesday, and Sir John's assent to the same, provided the protocols of the Fisheries Treaty were laid on the table in the meantime. A very general feeling of disappointment prevailed to-day when Sir Charles Tupper announced that the protocols would be withheld for a short time, owing to their omission of certain propositions looking toward enlarged trade made by him as the Canadian plenipotentiary, and rejected by Mr. Bayard. Any discussion of the subject without a knowledge of these would be confusing and immature. It is worthy of note that Sir Richard's proposals in caucus to precipitate the debate received unanimous support, in spite of the delicacy and distrust with which the Liberals are generally said to treat the matter. Mr. Laurier can hardly be otherwise than non-committal on the subject, and the discussion will lack the zest of party leadership; but it is looked forward to on all hands with intense interest as the first important expression of opinion and attempt at action that the agitation has provoked. A belief prevails very commonly that the Liberals are anxious to feel the pulse of the country in this connection as it can be felt only by Parliamentary debate, as soon and as convincingly as possible for the benefit of the Hon. Edward Blake, of whose distinguished seat Mr. Laurier is popularly supposed to have only temporary possession.

Something of a farce was enacted the other day in the House when the Speaker's right to dismiss the three French Hansard reporters who made themselves offensively active against the Government during the last campaign was challenged by the Opposition. In response to previous criticism the Speaker had brought down certain correspondence and other documents which the Leader of the Opposition demanded should be printed. This the Premier refused to do on the ground of expense, and a lively debate ensued, the result of which was that the Clerk was instructed to read the papers, a formidable undertaking on account of their length. The edification received by one of the honourable gentlemen most desirous of it may be imagined when it is understood that they were read in French, with which his acquaintance is imperfect. The solemn burlesque was cut short only by an enquiry from Sir Hector Langevin as to whether the reading of the papers would not necessitate their appearance in the Votes and Proceedings. This being answered in the affirmative, they were taken as read, and the penance of hearing them ended. There is no doubt from their contents that if active and offensive partisanship of the most unscrupulous nature constitute ground for dismissal, these men were eminently deserving of their *congés*. The Speaker's authority to dismiss them does not appear so plainly, he having acted upon the report of the official debates' committee of last Session, a report which was never adopted. A rumour most suggestive of the growth of the "spoils" principle in Canada has been going about to the effect that the Quebec Government will take occasion to dismiss three of its Conservative employés in order to make room for these, without reason other than opportunity and revenge. It is to be hoped that Mr. Mercier will make a different kind of a precedent by resisting this very obvious temptation.

Speculation is very rife as to Mr. Greenway's conference with Sir John Macdonald, the negotiations of which it is the outcome, and its probable result. The credit of arranging the affair is very generally given to Mr. Watson, although in view of the fact that the Manitoban Premier preserved a most discreet silence before he started for Ottawa, and has not yet arrived, there is very little for the newspaper men to do but to draw very largely upon their imaginations in the hope that the drafts will be cashed in fact. Only one thing is certain, and that is, that in consenting to an attempt at compromise Sir John has shown himself unmistakably alive to the seriousness of the situation, and is willing to go to any constitutional length in order to settle it.

Her Excellency's winter *fête*, which came off too late last week for description in THE WEEK, has again impressed everybody with the unique character of viceregal winter hospitalities in Canada; and as those who participated in it are talking about it yet, perhaps a word or two of detail may be excusable, even so far after the event as this. It is very generally conceded that, while the "winter garden party" at Rideau has come to be a regular feature of the Ottawa season, it has never been given on so princely a scale before. Had Lord Lansdowne departed for the Orient in one of his own rockets he could hardly have left behind him a more dazzling impression than will be retained by everybody who received one of the artistically designed cards of invitation for last Tuesday night, of the entertainment to which it bade them. The grounds of Rideau lend themselves so well to skating and tobogganing that their snowy hills and pine-girt hollows seem to have been designed for those two special purposes. When the moon looks down on them in the silence and the solitude of their winter thrall they are beautiful enough; but when bonfires are blazing, and Chinese lanterns dancing, and all sorts of pyrotechnic wonders flaming through the sky, the scene is transformed into a veritable fairyland. Add to this the little ice castle with the beautiful fires flashing through its buttressed walls, the uncanny blue and rose and green burnings far in the branching vistas of the woods, the clash of skates and the whiz of toboggans, the gay habiliments and the merry voices of the delighted multitude, and you have most of the elements of the prettiest winter scene, and the most enjoyable winter entertainment possible on the continent.

Ottawa, March 5th.

SARA J. DUNCAN.

* Onnalinda. A Romance. By J. H. McNaughton. London: Kegan Paul, Trench and Company. New York: Onnalinda Publishing Company.

To-night when the moon shines full in his face
I'll there read clear each thought of his heart ;
He shall not know, as I stand apart,
How keen my glance each line shall trace.
Ah, well, my heart ! Do I love this man—
So soon ? Perchance I do—or can.

What if my chieftain-sire should know—
Should know I parley with foe of his !
Well, what if I foil his enemies
With weapon keener than blade or bow ?
Perchance this Saxon loves me well . . .
Sink low, O Sun ! To-night will tell.

Onnalinda's tryst with her English lover is graphically described ; but the Indian maiden did not learn what her heart longed to know. A warning signal recalled Eben Stark to his camp—

And Eben's heart beat wild and fast,
Thrilled with the touch of her finger tips
That tingled still on his quivering lips
As through the crackling woods he passed.
And vexed was he at a signal sent
Thwarting his passionate heart's intent.

But Onnalinda lingered awhile "within the starlit nook" that had been their trysting-place ; and gave voice to her disquietude in song—

Why art thou calm, O peaceful night !
Why in my heart a wild unrest ?
And thou, O star, why beam so bright,
While dark my heart with doubt opprest ?
O star of night !
I turn to thee ;
O calm, calm night,
Bring calm to me !

O balmy breeze ! with song of spring
Breathe thy soft murmurs in my ear ;
And thou, sweet bird ! awake and sing
That song a maiden loves to hear.

Sweet bird ! O sing
My heart to rest,
Then fold thy wing
In happy nest !

Eben Stark, the hero of the poem, is a strong, well-drawn character, but Ronald Kent, his friend and comrade, is, in some respects, it seems to us, still more interesting and picturesque. His sturdy good sense, his humour, his skill and courage, his loyalty and devotion to his friend, are admirably shown in the poem ; while the story of his own life, and his relations with Glinting Star, the Algonquin maiden, who so abruptly appears on the scene, add much to the interest of the narrative, and are important elements in the plot of the romance. Although Onnalinda and Eben Stark are the leading characters Glinting Star and Ronald Kent play important rôles and merit a large share of the applause. Glinting Star's appearance on the scene is, as we have said, abrupt and startling. Apart altogether from the improbability of an Algonquin maid being, in time of war, in the country of the inveterate enemies of her race, the scene as depicted is not in harmony with what we know of the Indians and Indian modes of life ; but it is spirited and dramatic, and will please a class of readers in spite of its evident unreality. This apparent unreality does not arise so much from any improbability in the scene as from the descriptive language which the author here and elsewhere throughout the book uses—language more fitting a romance of the Old World than one of the New World, more suited to a story of the fifteenth than to one of the seventeenth century. Let us quote a few lines :—

A charging steed
Dashes amid the startled throng !
Reined by a maid of bearing high,
With fearless hand and flashing eye,
And Indian trappings round her flung,
Her glinting plumelet bowed and swayed,
While charger pranced in proud parade.

What grace of movement and of mein,
As queen upon her throne of state
She calmly on her palfrey sate,
And calmly viewed the troubled scene.

"On yonder hill I lost my way ;
I came from mighty tribe afar ;
My comrades few are knights of war :
We roamed in joust and in foray
To this sweet vale of Daffodil.
. . . This morn from camp alone I rode,
And heedless strayed through fragrant wood,
And lost my way."

We could quote other passages, where the author uses the language of mediæval chivalry to the obvious disadvantage of his story ; but we would prefer to give extracts, not to illustrate defects, but to exemplify the many beauties of the poem. We have space for only one more—the prayer-song breathed by Onnalinda over her mother's grave :—

Mother, O mother ! on thy breast
Thy wearied child again would rest—
Thy loving arms around me pressed.
Mother, O mother ! dark my way,
When from thy grave I lonely stray ;
In tears I kneel by thee and pray,
Mother, O mother ! pour to-night
Thy prayer with mine for heavenly light.
Oh, dark, so dark ! my path to-night.

We cannot more than mention some of the other more important figures in the story : Kawanute, the stately Iroquois Chief, brave, shrewd and with a strong sense of humour by no means uncommon in the Indian

character ; Oonak, the Judas of the Indian race, whose murderous design on Onnalinda was frustrated by Ronald Kent's unerring rifle ; Osseola,

The gallant youth whose manly form
Ne'er trembled 'neath the battle storm—
Whose dark eye dared the fiercest foe,
Nor quailed before his bended bow,

but whose unhappy love for Onnalinda wrung from him signs of suffering that no physical tortures could have forced him to exhibit ; Dennonville's courier, whose finery and foppery afford much amusement ; and Donald, a facetious Scot, one of Captain Stark's followers.

Though *Onnalinda* is a tale of war as well as of love, the reader is asked to witness no bloodshed except the death of Oonak at the hand of Ronald Kent. The combat between these two is described with great spirit and animation ; but we would feel better satisfied with Ronald's victory if he did not

With his hunting knife
Take trophy from his vanquished foe,

after the manner of his Indian allies.

Some two or three years ago this poem was published in England, where it received such exceedingly flattering notices from the press and from prominent literary men, that a large high-priced edition was speedily disposed of. The volume before us has, by way of addenda, fac-similes of letters received by the author from Rt. Hon. John Bright and Lord Lytton (Owen Meredith), both of whom speak of the work in terms of the highest praise. We have only a word or two to add as to the way in which the book has been brought out. The copy before us is a magnificent specimen of rich and luxurious book-making. Printed on fine heavy paper with wide margins, and bound in creamy white leather covers with silk linings and fly-leaves, and splendidly illustrated by Frank French, from drawings by William T. Smedley, it is indeed a work of art delightful to look upon, but almost too fine for daily use.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE HEREAFTER. Boston : D. Lothrop Company.

This is a series of articles—twenty-three in all—that appeared in the Christmas number of the *Boston Herald* in answer to the question, What are the strongest proofs and arguments in support of the belief in a life hereafter ? The articles are all short and to the point. They express the opinions of prominent religious thinkers in the United States belonging to various religious denominations. Among the contributors are Roman Catholics, Episcopalians, Congregationalists, Universalists, Unitarians, Trinitarians, Baptists, Methodists, a Swedenborgian, and a Jewish Rabbi. The book is a very useful collection of valuable opinions on an interesting and important subject.

MONA'S CHOICE. By Mrs. Alexander. New York : Holt and Company.

This is a charmingly written romance, and certainly well worth the reading. Sandy Craig, the old Scotchman, is a most amusing character, while Madame Debrisay, a thorough Irish woman, a teacher of music and singing in some of the best London families, is very entertaining, and seems to be a genuine sketch from life, as indeed all the characters might easily be. The heroine is a fine character. The plot is well conducted throughout ; and although towards the end we grow rather apprehensive that a catastrophe may occur, yet the curtain draws up again just before the final drop, and leaves us in a very happily contented frame of mind. Mrs. Alexander always writes in a pleasant and unaffected style, and her novels are deservedly popular.

ROY'S REPENTANCE. By Adeline Sergeant. New York : Holt and Company.

This is a melodramatic romance, told in a series of autobiographical narratives, and, as in almost all tales so told, the interest flags at the commencement of each narration. This method of novel-writing seems to us to indicate weakness, and is nearly as objectionable as the antiquated plan of making a batch of letters develop the story. The plot is clever, the heroine is especially true to life, and most of the other characters may be seen at times. But the whole tale is marred by the unwholesome excitement which pervades it. It is hard to conceive of a more loathsome character than Neil Desmond, "the villain of the play." His conduct seems unnatural even in the most accomplished villain. He is a very Mephistophiles ; and it is with a feeling of relief that we close the book and lay it aside when finished.

ONE MAID'S MISCHIEF. By G. Manville Fenn. Canadian Copyright Edition. Toronto : William Bryce.

Manville Fenn's stories are almost invariably good, and this is one of his best. The reader is not troubled with concurrent plots, if we may so describe them, to which he must turn his attention in alternate chapters. The story runs on with satisfying directness to the end. From the moment the reader is introduced to the Rev. Arthur Rosebury among the flower-beds in front of the quaint old Rectory of Little Magnus, until he says good-bye to big, good-natured, but brave-hearted and level-headed Chumbley, Rajah-Consort of Campong Selah, somewhere up the Malay Peninsula, his interest is never allowed to flag. He is not wearied with elaborate sketches of character, but the characters seem to talk themselves imperceptibly into distinct individualities. He is not treated to broad canvasses of scenery, but everywhere there are little bits of sky and sea and river

and forest and jungle, over which he can loiter delightedly for a few moments, and then leave with a feeling of rest and refreshment. The story opens in England, but the scene is principally at, and in the neighbourhood of, Sindang, a British residency in the Malay Peninsula. The interest from which the book takes its title centres around Helen Perowne, the maid whose fatal gift of beauty brings such disasters on herself and others. Indeed the terrible severity of her own punishment seems out of proportion to her faults and follies. But in the midst of the anxieties and sufferings and perils, so graphically described, there is an unceasing play of humour to divert the reader, and give lightness and sparkle to the narrative. Fussy, cheerful, genial Dr. Bolter; peppery, but warm-hearted Mrs. Bolter, so absurdly jealous of her husband; the dreamy, love-struck chaplain; the imperturbable Chumbley; the pawky Scotch merchant, who considers life would be intolerable without "a soop o' whuskie" to take the taste of the crocodiles out of the water, and the clever native princess, Inche Maida, who thought it her royal right to abduct the man she loved and marry him whether he would or no, are some of the characters that help to make this one of the most entertaining of recent novels.

WE have received the March number of *Dress*, a monthly magazine devoted to health, beauty and physical culture, conducted by Annie Jenness Miller.

THE *Overland Monthly* for March is an excellent number. Mr. Horace Davis contributes a paper to the literature of the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, dealing with Shakespeare's sonnets.

THE March number of *The Bookbuyer* has a portrait of Miss Edith M. Thomas, and a sketch of her life, by Richard Henry Stoddard. In the same number a contributor describes Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's home in the Adirondacks.

THE March number of the *Forum* is devoted principally to the discussion of Tariff Reform. *The Profitable Reading of Fiction*, by Thomas Hardy, and *Scotland To-day*, by Prof. Blackie, are interesting articles. The latter treats of the reasons of the decline of the Scotch national vigour. *The Ratio of News*, by Henry R. Elliott, contains much curious information as to the kind of news printed by leading journals in the United States.

THE frontispiece of *St. Nicholas* for March is a fine engraving of "Babie Stuart," by T. Johnson, from Van Dyck's well-known painting. Eugene V. Smalley gives an interesting description of a journey through the little known region where the celebrated Lafittes carried on their privateering. Ernest E. Thompson has a novel and attractive paper, showing what a naturalist may read from Tracks in the Snow. *The Hobart Treasure*, a *Pig that nearly caused a War*, *Tom's Ride*, are among the other contributions to this number which is, to a greater extent than usual, a boys' number.

Lippincott's Magazine for March opens with a complete novel by Julia Magruder, *Honoured in the Breach*, which is full of a quiet, subdued interest with pleasant touches of humour and pathos. A clever article by Max O'Rell is entitled *From My Letter-Box*, and presents a summary of the contents of letters received by the author of *John Bull and his Is* and with humorous comments. *A Talk with a President's Son*, by Frank G. Carpenter, is full of historical interest in regard to the inner workings of the Tyler administration. The third instalment of Albion W. Tourgee's *With Gauge & Swallow* turns upon an interesting question of marriage or no-marriage. There are poems by Charles Henry Phelps, Charlotte Fiske Bates, W. H. Hayne and Harrison S. Morris. Much curious and interesting information is conveyed in the editorial departments.

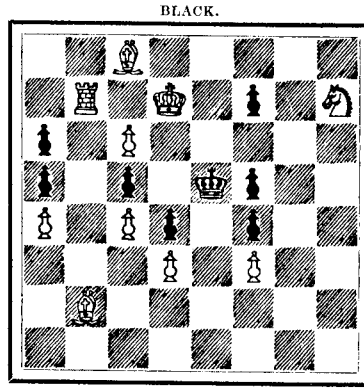
THE *North American Review* for March opens with a "symposium" on Permanent Republican Clubs. M. D. Conway contributes a popular and interesting paper on *Judas the Iscariot*. *The President's Puzzle—the Surplus*, by Andrew Carnegie, is an article that will be read with interest by patriotic citizens of the Republic. *The Reasoning Power of Animals*, by Edmund Kirke, is a record of the author's observations upon the intelligence displayed by domestic animals. John P. Irish contributes a defence of President Cleveland's recent message in an article entitled *The Two Messages*. Gail Hamilton's article on *The Lion's Side of the Lion Question*, is a judicious study of the problems presented in Indian Territory. Murat Halstead makes a very effective protest against any increase of the standing army of Government employes, such as would result from giving the State the control of telegraph lines. Senator W. M. Stewart writes of *Contraction and the Remedy*; and an anonymous writer contributes a spirited critique of Gen. Baldy Smith's *Genius of Battle*.

THERE is in the *Atlantic Monthly* for March that happy commingling of light and serious literature which is usually looked for in this excellent magazine. Old readers of the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* will be delighted to learn that Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes begins in this number a tea-table series, entitled *Over the Tea-Cups*. An entertaining three-part story is begun by Henry James, in *The Aspern Papers*; a timely article is contributed by James B. Thayer, on *The Daves Bill and the Indians*; John Fiske furnishes a chapter on *The Beginnings of the American Revolution*; Prof. N. S. Shaler discusses *The Law of Fashion*; Frank Gaylord Cook writes on *The Marriage Celebration in the Colonies*; Sarah Orne Jewett contributes *Miss Tempy's Watchers*; Mary D. Steele writes of *The Learned Lady de Gournay*, and Miss Olive Thorne Miller on *Virginia's Wooing*. The serial novel *Yone Santo*, by E. H. House, and in *The Despot of Broomsedge Cove*, by Charles Egbert Craddock, are continued. The poetry of this number is *The Dying House*, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and *Carolo Mortuo*, by William C. Lawton.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 233.

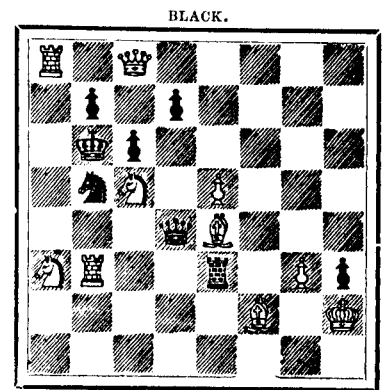
By E. G. MUNTZ, T.C.C.



White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 234.

By J. H. BAUER, Wiener Sportzeitung.



White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 227.

- | | |
|------------------|---------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. B-Kt 3 | K moves. |
| 2. R-R5 or B-B7 | K or P moves. |
| 3. R or B mates. | |

No. 228.

- | | |
|-----------|--------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. Kt-B 5 | |

Solution to Problem No. 230 received from C. W. Phillips, Chicago.

GAME PLAYED IN THE TORONTO CHESS CLUB TOURNAMENT BETWEEN MR. GORDON AND MR. DAVISON.

MR. GORDON.	MR. DAVISON.	MR. GORDON.	MR. DAVISON.
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P-K 4	P-K 4	21. Q R-K B 1	P-B 5
2. P-K B 4	P-Q 4	22. Kt-K 4	B x R P (a)
3. K P x P	Q x P	23. Kt-Q 6	Q R-Q Kt 1
4. Q Kt-B 3	Q-K 3	24. P-Q Kt 4 (b)	B-Q 4
5. P x P	Q x P +	25. P-Q B 4	R-K B 3
6. Q-K 2	P x Q +	26. P x B	R x Kt
7. B x Q	P-Q B 3	27. P x P	P x P
8. Kt-K B 3	Kt-K B 3	28. R-R 1	Q R x P
9. Castles.	B-Q 3	29. R x R P	R-Kt 7
10. Kt-K Kt 5	Castles.	30. K-Kt 1	Kt-K 4
11. P-Q 3	P-K R 3	31. P-Q 4	R x P
12. K Kt-K 4	B-K 4	32. R-K 7	R-Kt 8 +
13. Kt x Kt +	B x Kt	33. R-B 1	R x R
14. Kt-K 4	B-Q 5 +	34. B x R	Kt x Kt 5
15. K-R 1	P-K B 4	35. R-K 6	R-Q 8
16. Kt-Kt 3	B-K 3	36. R-K 2	Kt-K 6
17. P-Q B 3	B-K 4	37. R-K B 2	R x B +
18. B-B 4	B x B	38. R x R	Kt x R
19. R x B	P-K Kt 4	39. K x Kt, and Black wins.	
20. R-B 2	Kt-Q 2		

NOTES.

- (a) Bad; should cost Black the game.
- (b) If White plays R-R 1 he will regain the P with the better position.

JACOBS AND SHAW'S OPERA HOUSE.—*Little Nugget*, which is to be produced at the above house, is said to be one of the funniest comedies ever presented. The Grand Rapids *Leader* says:—There is a screaming show at Redmond's this week, everything going with a slap, dash bang, fizz, from first to last. *Little Nugget* is little, but it is large enough to permit the introduction of some very clever specialty business, in fact some of the best that has ever been seen here. Miss Sisson is a very good soubrette, but she excels in her singing. She has a magnificent voice, strong, clear and musical. None of the opera companies that have played here this season have given us anything to equal this little song bird. Mr. H. S. Cawthorn was very funny as Barney O'Brady and Mr. Sisson's big boy was a capital piece of silly acting. The *Jaakey* was an amusing piece of German comedy by Joe Cawthorn. The quartette were enthusiastically encored in wonderful musical imitations. The whole entertainment is one of the best that has been given in Grand Rapids this season. Manager Garwood has a card this week, and if the wild shouts of applause from the large audience last night signify anything, there will be large audiences present at each performance this week.

WILLIAM GILLETTE'S highly successful American play, *Held by the Enemy*, will be presented at the Grand Opera House for six nights and two matinees, beginning next Monday evening. It will be produced in exactly the same manner as it was seen for over 400 nights in New York, 300 nights in London, 200 nights in Australia, 100 nights in Boston, 75 nights in Chicago, and 50 nights in San Francisco; with the same cast, scenery and effects that was seen during its late run at the Star Theatre, New York. *Held by the Enemy* is as strong on its comedy as its emotional side. Its scene is laid in Virginia during the Civil War, but it is not generally regarded as a war drama, although its leading characters are soldiers drawn from both armies. Since its last performance in this city, the author has made a number of important changes in its dialogue and situations. The third act has been entirely re-written, and now gives opportunity for scenic effects which the play did not before possess. The sale of seats began this morning.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—Minnie Palmer appears at the Grand the week after next. The St. Louis *Globe Democrat* says:—If any one doubts whether Minnie Palmer can dance, a visit to *My Brother's Sister* will wipe away all misgivings. She dances in such a way as to make all others pretending to dance mentally resolve to go off and practise before again appearing in public. This is, however, a small feature of her character in her new play, *My Brother's Sister*. As stated yesterday, she has a dual character, Nadine, a girl who, to help her father, dresses up as a ne'er-do-well and bootblack and goes out to earn a living. In this dress she by accident finds herself in the parlour of a lady, having fallen down a chimney and turned a somersault out of the fire-place into the room. She is invited, or employed, to go into a scheme, dressed up as a girl, to get revenge on a young man, and is introduced to him as an heiress. She recognizes him as a young man who had been kind to her on the street, when she appeared merely as a bootblack. As a result, her heart is not in the conspiracy, but before long it is in his keeping. She has captivated everybody, and everybody is happy except her jealous young lady employer. Such a character is capable of distinctive treatment. In Miss Palmer's hands it is made to give the actress scope, and she certainly uses it to advantage, showing a versatility that is wonderful and that is possessed by but few. Her power of pathos is really surprising. Miss Palmer's support is very good. Mr. C. A. McManus as the Baron, Miss Virginia Buchanan as Mrs. Livingstone, and Miss Carrie Reynolds as Miss Previous, deserve special mention. *My Brother's Sister* will run all week, with a Saturday matinee.

FIRE INSURANCE EXCHANGE.

The annual meeting of the above Company was held at its offices, No. 24 Church Street, Toronto, on Wednesday, the 20th of February. The President, Mr. Frederick Wyld, being in England, the Vice-President occupied the chair, the Manager, Mr. Hugh Scott, acting as Secretary. On motion of the Vice-President, Mr. W. H. Howland, seconded by Mr. Wm. Elliott, the report of the Directors to the Members and Shareholders and the financial statements were read.

REPORT.

GENTLEMEN.—Your Directors beg to submit the first general statement of the business of the Company up to 31st December, 1887. The total revenue of the Company amounted to \$31,259.67; and after deducting all expenses, including claims for loss and damage by fire, the balance remaining to carry forward to profit and loss was \$22,658.30, in which account you will find we have written off one-half of the total preliminary expenses. The number of policies in force at the close of the year was 287, covering, after deducting re-insurance, the sum of \$1,140,559. When it is taken into consideration that the total fire claims up to the close of the year amounted to only \$649.63 it will, we think, be admitted that the objects aimed at have been attained, namely—satisfactory results rather than a large volume of business. Such results demonstrate the value of the system of inspection and selection, combined with the enforcement of protection, by having proper appliances for extinguishing fires in the hazards assumed. In view of the General Fire Underwriting experience of the past year there are just grounds for congratulation on the results accomplished by this Company as set forth in the statements before you. We beg to submit for your consideration the expediency of declaring a bonus to continuing members payable on the renewal of policies, out of the surplus, after providing for the necessary re-insurance reserve. The retiring directors this year are: V. Cronyn, James Scott, H. N. Bate, Thos. Walmsley and C. Riordan. All of which is respectfully submitted.

HUGH SCOTT, *Man. and Sec.* W. H. HOWLAND, *Vice-President.*

THE FIRE INSURANCE EXCHANGE, MUTUAL AND GUARANTEE.

REVENUE ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDING 31ST DECEMBER, 1887.

<i>Dr.</i>		
To premium income	\$31,023 32	
" Interest	236 35	\$31,259 67
<i>Cr.</i>		
By re-insurance	\$3,161 48	
Cancelled policies	1,446 51	4,607 99
" Government license, salaries, auditors' fees and rent	\$2,731 44	
" Stationery, printing, advertising, postage and telegrams	612 31	3,343 75
" Claims—fire losses.....	649 63	22,658 30
" Balance carried to profit and loss		\$21,259 67

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

<i>Dr.</i>		
To balance from revenue account, 1887...	\$22,658 30	
" One-half preliminary expenses written off	1,000 00	\$23,658 30
<i>Cr.</i>		
By preliminary expenses.....	\$2,000 00	
Office furniture account.....	31 57	2,031 57
" Balance	21,626 73	\$23,658 30

ASSETS—SECURITY TO POLICY-HOLDERS.

Guarantee capital deposited with the Ontario Government	\$200,000 00
Undertakings in force	\$10,333 00
Debentures	5,000 00
Standard Bank deposit	5,134 12
Debtors' and creditors' balance	159 61
	20,626 73
Assets available to pay losses.....	\$20,626 73
Ratio of assets to amount at risk over 19 per cent.	

AUDITORS' REPORT.

To the President and Directors of the Fire Insurance Exchange:—

GENTLEMEN.—I hereby certify that I have audited the books and examined the vouchers and securities of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1887, and find the same correct, carefully kept, and properly set forth in the above statements.

DOUGLAS SUTTON, *Aud. tor.*

Toronto, Feb. 17, 1888.

The Vice-President moved, and Mr. Wm. Elliott seconded the adoption of the report, which was carried, and after authorizing the Directors to pass a by-law declaring a bonus to continuing members, and passing the usual votes of thanks, the meeting adjourned.

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors Mr. Frederick Wyld was re-elected President, and Mr. W. H. Howland Vice-President.

Directors, 1888: Messrs. Frederick Wyld, W. H. Howland, V. Cronyn, Lon'on; Andrew Darling, J. F. Eby, R. W. Elliot, W. B. Hamilton, S. F. McKinnon, James Scott, A. T. Wood, Hamilton; H. N. Bate, Ottawa; John Muckle-ton, Kingston; and John L. Spink, with Scott and Walmsley as Underwriters.

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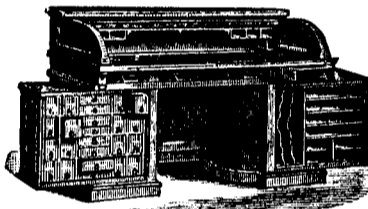
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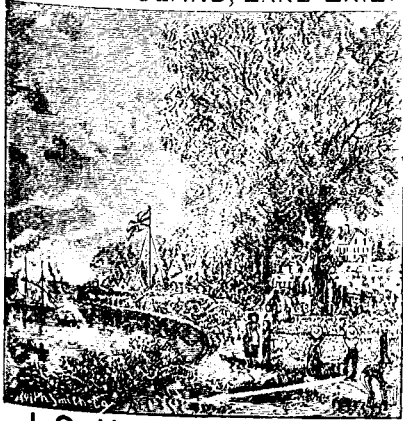
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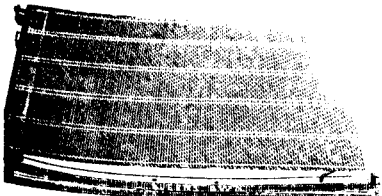
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A WEIGHTY OPINION.

The *British Medical Journal*, the recognized organ of the medical faculty, says:—It is well-known that the usual extracts of meat, such as Liebig's, do not contain the Albumen and Fibrine of Meat. In

Johnston's Fluid Beef

the solid Fibrine is reduced to a fine powder and added to the extracted juices so as to supply all The Nutritious Elements which The Meat Itself Contains. This has been verified by many analyses, and there is no doubt that it constitutes a just element of favour for this preparation.

Analysis by Dr. J. Baker Edwards, Professor of Chemistry and Inland Revenue Food Analyst, Montreal: Salts of Flesh and Moisture, Beef Tea Food, 33.30; Albumen or Egg Food, 29.50; Fibrine or Meat Food, 35.50; Mineral or Bone Food, 1.70.

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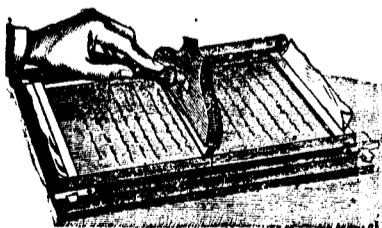
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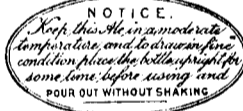
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