

THE WEEK:

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The Week.

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY AND LITERATURE.

Edited by W. PHILIP ROBINSON.

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TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

LORD LANSDOWNE is cordially welcomed to the hospitalities of Toronto by all classes of her citizens. He has so far discharged his duties as Governor-General with simplicity, dignity, and good sense. A man of genuine ability makes his superiority felt even in the execution of a somewhat formal task. Our thanks are due to Lord Lansdowne, not only for the gracious and appropriate things which he has said, but for his abstinence from that fulsome flattery in which men inferior to him in character and wisdom have indulged, and which at once degrades and corrupts us. It seems hardly too much to hope that such a Governor-General may use his eyes as well as his tongue, that he may observe us carefully and on his return to England tell the simple truth. The simple truth will not be discreditable to us, and he who tells it will be our real benefactor. In the meantime, we once more unite with the rest of the community in heartily welcoming him and Lady Lansdowne to Toronto.

THE Canadian Contingent for Egypt—four hundred seems to be the true number—has, as we anticipated, been made up. Many refusals were met, and withdrawals after promise had been made were not uncommon in Quebec. The French press of that Province hesitated to advise a favourable response to Lord Wolseley's call for Canadian boatmen. What weighed most with many, who would otherwise have joined the recruits, was the consideration that, if the Canadians engaged in this expedition got wounded, they would not, like British soldiers, be entitled to rank on the pension list. Though the number of men required has been got, it is very improbable that they are all expert boatmen. We suspect there are among them landsmen who are intent on nothing so much as a holiday excursion. If the right men had been secured, their skill would have been beyond question; but that they would not have been the best men to retain their vigour in the Egyptian climate is equally certain. Raftsmen from the Ganges, who would have been well suited to the kind of work required of boatmen in the cataracts of the Nile, would have had to undergo a less change of climate than the Canadian recruits; they would have had a less distance to travel, and would have been content with less pay. Caughnawaga Indians, many of whom spend their time in making and peddling trinkets, objected to forty dollars a month as insufficient pay. The half hundred of them finally got may have a special familiarity with the Lachine Rapids, but of the cataracts of the Nile they now hear for the first time: the rest of the recruits can have no more special knowledge of the sinuosities and

intricacies of waters which they have never seen. All cataracts have their secrets, which only experience can unlock. An Indian canoeman could bring you safely down the rapids of the Ste. Marie, at the entrance of Lake Superior; but a good boatman, who had no special knowledge of how to direct the canoe in the "shoot" would be likely to miss his aim and drown both himself and his passenger. Egyptians, whom it would have been possible to engage for the ascent of the Nile, ought to know their own waters better than any stranger, who has never seen the Nile before, could possibly know it. Though the men enlisted will ship for Alexandria, it has already become a question whether the Nile route, in the present condition of the falling waters, will be found practicable. The final decision, at the last moment, may be against making the attempt. That Lord Wolseley has decided on an expedition by the Nile, the practicability of which is doubted before a start is made, may show that the General, who has hitherto had success for his companion, has this time barely escaped the consequences of a serious mistake.

FOR the first time in the history of her Colonial dependencies, England has been asked to abandon the rule that no Colony shall make trading arrangements which discriminate against the Mother Country. The request is made on behalf of three of the West India Islands—Jamaica, Trinidad and Demerara. Until recently, the standing instructions to the governors-general of Canada contained a mandatory clause by which these functionaries were forbidden to give the Royal Assent to any Bill creating discriminating duties. Discrimination in favour of England was not less permissible than discrimination against her: the one would contradict what remained of the old theory of the Colonial policy, the other might interfere with England's treaty engagements with foreign countries. But of the original Colonial policy scarcely a shred now remains. The reciprocity of monopolies and special privileges is at an end. The West Indies are not allowed the benefit of the most-favoured-nation clause of the commercial treaty between the United States and Great Britain. This interpretation does not accord with that which England has put upon this instrument; but England does not feel her ground to be so firm that she can insist upon the opposite opinion. This is not the first time that the two nations have had a similar difference arising out of treaty obligations in respect of the West India trade. Upon a question of interpretation, the United States was formerly refused a participation which it claimed in the trade of the West Indies. It is now the turn of the United States to insist on the restrictive view which, under another treaty, it once fell to England to enforce. The United States Government states its willingness to enter into a treaty which would give the West Indies what they desire. The claim which these islands make to commercial independence is the cry of the drowning man for help. From the depths of commercial despair they ask, as a means of salvation, to be allowed to make with the United States an arrangement by which they would discriminate against England. When the request is made, the Colonial Secretary holds his breath. He does not meet the delegates with a distinct denial; he does not even intimate ultimate refusal: he contents himself with saying that he cannot then give an answer. There can scarcely be a doubt that, as an alternative, or rather as an apparent means of getting rid of the difficulty, the Colonial Office will urge the West Indies to join their fortunes to Canada. During the conference with the Colonial delegates, Lord Derby twice started the question of union with Canada, to which he plainly stated the Imperial Government had no objection. All this can only mean that the Government is anxious to see brought about an union that would postpone the reply which the Colonial Office is now required to make. But the postponement would not be the solution of the question; and if commercial independence were again asked, with the united voice of Canada and the West Indies, the question could neither be put aside nor postponed.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD, whatever else may be said of him, has not subjected himself to the reproach of appointing to the Bench, from party motives, men who would do discredit to the position. Weak appointments he has sometimes been obliged to make, and the choice of material is

becoming more and more restricted. The desire of the leading members of the Bar is naturally to reach the highest honours of the profession; but the disproportion between the professional gains of leading Canadian counsel and the salaries of the judges has now become so great that the best men cannot be induced to exchange the emoluments of the Bar for the higher dignity of the Bench. The situation is one that is full of evil. The Bench seems destined to become the refuge of second and even third-class lawyers. Recently, offers of judicial appointments have been rejected by several leading members of the Bar in succession; and it is well understood that not one of the great lights of the profession, whatever his wishes might be, could afford to accept such a salary as he would be obliged to take if he became a judge. Unless some change be made, we shall before long see the superior courts in possession of men greatly inferior in a knowledge of the law to the counsel who habitually plead before them: appeals, which have already become far too numerous, will become still more frequent; and respect for judicial decisions from which all certainty and stability have departed will suffer a serious decline. But for one or two reasons, Mr. John O'Connor would not have been made a Superior Court judge; his appointment is evidently owing either to the impossibility of finding a first-rate man who would take the position—which may safely be assumed—or to the supposed necessity of occasionally observing ecclesiastical lines in the distribution of secular patronage. The truth is this appointment is one of the bids for Roman Catholic votes that both political parties are constantly making. Already, it may be, there were weaker men on the Bench than Mr. O'Connor; but whether this be so or not, the appointment marks another step in a descent from which nothing but evil can come. The obvious remedy is to raise the salaries of the judges. Leading counsel cannot afford to take on the Bench one-half or one-third of what they can make at the Bar. The difficulty is supposed to be with the judges of the smaller Provinces, whose services, it is assumed, would be overpaid by salaries which would command the best talent of the Ontario Bar; and against whom it would be difficult to make a discrimination. But unless the situation, which is already bad, is to get worse, some change must be made. It would not be necessary to increase the salaries to the highest amounts which a few leading counsel can make; the honour of the position, to reach which is an object of just ambition, would count for something. As things go at present, the prize is becoming of less value, and the incentive to take it is losing some of its force.

SINCE the loan to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company was made, last session, the public has received assurances from time to time which tended to remove doubt and dispel anxieties. Doubt was felt in many quarters as to whether the loan would be sufficient to enable the Company to finish the work without further application to Parliament. Mr. George Stephen, President of the Company, has recently given the public assurance that he has no misgivings on this point. When the loan was granted the Minister of Railways laid great and, as many thought, undue stress on the early completion of the road. Parliament, whatever its motives, concurred in the necessity of continuing construction with the same rapidity that had so far characterized the progress of the work. As time goes on, and the precise nature and difficulties presented by the work remaining to be done becomes better known, no fears are expressed that completion may not be reached as soon as promised. Mr. VanHorn is reported to be rather disposed to bring nearer than to put at a greater distance the time when it will be possible to run a train over the completed line. The Pacific Railway proper is far from measuring the amount of the expenditure incurred or the extent of the work done. Under its contract, the Company was bound to build what is known as the Canadian Pacific Railway; but, if it had not gone beyond the letter of the bond, this great public undertaking, vast as it is, would have been not only incomplete, but much of it practically useless, especially during the winter season. It would have come to a dead halt, in the wilderness, at Callendar, from which point there would have been no means of connecting with the Atlantic Ocean. The means of reaching the Atlantic would have had to be found, and the cost of the undertaking would have fallen on the Government. If, as the critics tell us, the Company has incurred an expenditure of nearly fifty-five millions (54,795,999), while it could have performed its contract obligations to date by an expenditure of less than half that amount (23,563,564), its enterprise, far from being a legitimate subject of censure, entitles it to the thanks of the public. By this expenditure, it has given completeness to a great public work, which would otherwise have been but half finished. To the company not less than to the public the complementary sections, which it has voluntarily supplied, were necessary; and in supplying them the company has proved its confidence in the future of the work, as a whole. To reach the Atlantic

was even more necessary than to reach the Pacific; and the whole line to be worked to advantage, must be under one management. If the company had stopped short with merely fulfilling its contract, the country would not have secured a road which could take the produce of the North-West to the seaboard; and even if the Government had undertaken to complete the connections, as it must have done, the patience of the settlers in the North-West would have been put to a severe trial. The cost to the Government would have been so much more money sunk, and the road east of Callendar would have been less satisfactory as a possession than the whole property of the Company is as a security. Whatever has been done by the Company in the acquisition of roads, looking to the completion of the system, has been done under the eye, and with the sanction of Parliament. Dividends paid during construction, as they must come out of capital, increase the amount of capital on which future dividends would have to be paid. But if investors were asked to forego dividends, for several years, they might not accept the condition. A dividend on part of the stock of the Canadian Pacific has been provided for by a deposit made by the Company; but it cannot be said that there is no danger of any part of the dividend being virtually paid out of the loan of public money received by the Company. But for the loan security has been given; and the money, when handed over in exchange for the security, becomes the property of the Company, and can be applied to meet any of its obligations, and that it could be so applied Parliament must have been aware when the loan was granted.

It is a pity that the U. E. Loyalists cannot, like other people, celebrate the historic origin and the pleasant traditions of their families, in which the whole community feels a sympathetic interest, without flinging stones at their neighbours. They are not the only people whose hearts are true to the interests of Canada. Indeed, had they, or some of them, been allowed to have their own way, Canada would still be without responsible government and under the heel of some military Viceroy. Colonel Denison has been repeating at Niagara the offensive language with which he broke the peace of the Semi-Centennial at Toronto. The Independence movement may be wise or unwise, but it is very certain that there are connected with it men whose motives are undeniably honourable and whose character and position entitles them to respectful treatment. The movement was not set on foot by those whom he calls "Bohemians and wanderers." It was in full swing, and "Canada First," the memorable pamphlet which formed its manifesto, had been published before these men came into the country. It was the natural offspring of Confederation and of the appeals which were then addressed to the patriotic pride and hopefulness of the people. It is curious to read among the names of the U. E. Loyalists present on this occasion that of the Hon. J. Burr Plumb. As Mr. Plumb is understood to have been a citizen of Albany, N.Y., and to have formerly engaged in commerce in that place, Col. Denison's allusions to "Yankees" and their "rascality" must have sounded pleasantly in his ears!

Nor a little surprise seems to have been felt at the "mixed" class of travellers who came out to this country—ostensibly as "scientists"—in connection with the recent meetings and excursions of the British Association. But it was not eccentricity of genius that inspired the extraordinary appearance and conduct which provoked expressions of astonishment. The truth of the matter is that to a certain proportion of eminent scientific men was added a large number of mere "trippers"—pleasure-seekers who availed themselves of a good opportunity of seeing Canada to advantage. The members of this easy-going fraternity made their presence manifest even before they landed on Canadian soil; for, true to the nature of men of that ilk, they indulged in horse-play and gambling when crossing the Atlantic, and drew forth protests from *bona fide* scientists, who formally complained of the presence on board of "vulgar Manchester bagmen." In this connection it was amusing to read the first interviewers' accounts of "eminent scientists at play"—learned professors indulging in leap-frog, intellectual giants vainly endeavouring to walk a chalk-line with a heavy swell running! The experiment of holding the annual meeting of the British Association out of Great Britain has unquestionably been more successful than was at first anticipated, but the Montreal session can hardly be deemed representative: many of the foremost names in the world of science were absent from the list of those who took part in the deliberations.

It is questionable whether the general chorus of approbation with which Lord Dufferin's appointment to the Viceroyalty of India has been received is bestowed with full knowledge of the circumstances and the man. Competent witnesses are of opinion that India has in the past been too much governed, and that what she absolutely requires at the present moment is a

less meddlesome policy. Whether in such circumstances Lord Dufferin will not prove a round man in a square hole remains to be seen. The following quotations from native journals are significant of the unsettled state of affairs in India :—

The fiendish Englishmen say laughingly that the people of Madras died of starvation because they were improvident. If those whom they have robbed of everything lament, the fiendish Englishmen call them rebels. To beg for employment is impertinence. They call men idle if they cannot work on account of weakness caused by insufficient food.

A Bengalee paper says :—

Foreigners have taken possession of India and are sucking her dry. The people of India look on in a helpless manner. Their best interests are sacrificed for the benefit of the English. Over and above this, the innocent natives are insulted and killed. At every step the people send up a cry for succour, when the English whip or the English kick falls upon them. The demons are engaged heart and soul in violating the chastity and taking the lives of Indian females. What a heartrending scene. It is a matter of regret that the people of India do not gird up their loins to get rid of the oppression of white men.

Another Bengalee journal has the following :—

A brave Prince like Holkar could have been easily avenged upon the English for the humiliation of his family by taking the leadership of the rebels during the Mutiny. Had he done so it would not have been easy to quell the mutineers. But Holkar restored peace in his state, showing skill in defending the Residency and in saving the lives of Englishmen and Englishwomen. This display of heroism, which presents a striking contrast to the cowardly behaviour of Colonel Durand, has made narrow-hearted Englishmen his enemies.

The above quotations are, according to the correspondent of the *London Times*, fair samples of many which might be given if space permitted. And some of the Anglo-Native newspapers go to nearly equal length. Thus it will be seen Lord Dufferin is not likely to find his promotion to the Viceroyalty of India a sinecure.

NOTES ON THE NORTH-WEST.

It is time that every public writer in Canada should see the North-West. To-morrow the North-West will be the great granary ; before long, if this string of Provinces from ocean to ocean really holds together, it must be the seat of power. The journey, though long, is not tedious, at least by the Lakes ; the C. P. R. boats are splendid ; the *Athabasca* is a paragon of comfort afloat. As the train shoots out upon the prairie the vastness of the level expanse and the unspeakable purity of the air at once tell the traveller that he is entering a new scene. A magnificent sunset, bringing out with full effect the dark line of the prairie, is followed, in that clear atmosphere, by a night of starlight as brilliant as that which on Chaldean plains gave birth to astronomy. This, the purity of the air, and the long, level horizon might remind us of descriptions of Zahara ; but beneath us, instead of barren sand, is one of the gardens of the earth, and the destined seat of a great civilization. It is a thought of reasonable pride to an Englishman who is no Jingo that this civilization will in its essential features be English. Orators have talked of the morning drum of England following with its beat the sun in his course round the world. Here no drum beats, no bayonet gleams, no sentinel's tread is heard ; yet race, character, language, literature, institutions, will form the foundations of a British Empire which, unlike empires held by the sword, is destined never to pass away.

By a conjunction new in history, the arts and instruments of scientific agriculture have been brought, in their full development, to a vast region of virgin soil which beneath their magic touch bursts at once into marvellous fruitfulness. By the peculiar manner in which this country has been opened, with a single long line of railway, a tract of a thousand miles has had hitherto only one centre of distribution. Hence Winnipeg, the great and almost miraculous, though the unfinished, with her signs of sudden growth, the alternation of fine buildings with shanties in her hastily-erected streets, her well-furnished stores, her excellent Club, her swarm of adventurous spirits, commercial and professional, her inevitable boom, its inevitable collapse, the moral consequences of the boom and the commercial consequences of the collapse now apparent to the eye in suspended undertakings, prominent among which is a magnificent but untenanted hotel. It is remarkable, however, that after all this gambling, and gathering together of gamblers, though there is said to be a strong passion for pleasure, which fills the pockets of livery men, there is no visible rowdyism ; the streets are perfectly free from it, even when filled with the young men at night. The situation of Winnipeg is not altogether happy ; the work of draining is arduous, though it is being carried on with vigour ; there is difficulty also about the supply of water, and the mud in the streets is unique : "champion glue mud" it might perhaps be called by a Yankee advertiser. The city wants lifting into the air ten or fifteen feet like Chicago. Some think it ought to have been at Selkirk. But the die is now cast, the population being reckoned at thirty thousand. Having grown so far, Winnipeg will continue to grow. It is with cities as with men ; to those that have is given ; a commercial centre with a ganglion of

railways once formed, all things come to it, pleasure as well as trade. Henceforth great cities drawing by means of railways from an extended area will stand far apart. Winnipeg's nearest rival will probably be Brandon, one hundred and thirty-six miles off, on a site where the monotony of the prairie is broken by a pleasant river valley, while the surrounding country is very rich and the roads excellent. Brandon has already three thousand inhabitants, and on the brow of this infant, if on any, the hand of nature has written the promise of a happy destiny. The North-West is in every sense young : there are as yet no old men ; elsewhere, the Mayor of Brandon would be almost a boy : he may well live to see his village a great city.

That the North-West was a most magnificent country for wheat, and for cereals generally, could never be doubted ; all doubt at any rate must vanish from the mind of any one who beholds its seas of waving grain. That the wheat is of the very finest quality is also an admitted fact. Tracts of arid or less fertile land on those boundless plains there probably are, and it is childishness or worse to try to hide the fact, and to accuse those who confess it of decrying the country. Nothing can do the country any harm but falsehood ; nothing can do it any good but truth. Land which is only less fertile may not unlikely be some day the garden of the territory, since it will call forth agricultural effort, while on the richer land the husbandman is apt to content himself with drawing on nature till she is exhausted. The weak point is the liability to early frosts ; last year the grain suffered, and as harvest time approached this year the people were almost in an agony of fear ; but no frost came sharp enough to hurt wheat, and it seems that the visitation is rare, though there is no denying that summer is a fortnight or three weeks too short. Every country has its drawbacks, and the Nile does not always rise. Stock raising, it seems to be thought, should be combined with grain-raising to make farming thoroughly profitable. The cattle are very healthy. Under the Rockies, we are told, they can winter out : in Manitoba they cannot ; at least, if they do, they will be scarecrows in the spring. Flies are bad at present, and smudges are necessary in the evening ; but insect plagues are always diminished by cultivation. The vegetables are superb ; the horticultural prodigies exhibited at Toronto were fair specimens after all. Fruit as yet there is none, though berries abound ; of which one consequence is the remarkable number of fruit shops in Winnipeg, the denial apparently breeding a special craving for the luxury withheld, which is easily gratified by importation.

That the climate is healthy, every face bears witness. The summer air is delicious, and the nights are always cool. The people protest, and all the more strenuously if you seem to doubt the assertion, that owing to the dryness of the air they do not feel the cold in winter. That they do not feel it so much as they would feel damp cold may be ; yet forty below zero must be felt, especially in a slight frame house, or a house built, as some absurdly are, with the towers and the mansards of Italy and Southern France. The winter is at least six months long. Success then must depend on the result of a battle between soil and climate, to decide which in favour of the country, cheap fuel is an absolute necessity. Whence is cheap fuel to be obtained ? That is the vital problem which seems not even yet to be finally solved. Of lignite there is plenty, and some of it is of superior quality, but the best of it is not equal to coal ; a fire made of it will not keep in all night. In a few thousand years, no doubt, if the people will have patience, the lignite will turn to coal. Anthracite has been found, but it is said to be too hard and to fly to pieces. The problem, once more, is not yet finally solved. In the meantime the settlers import coal, which of course is dear, and they pay the coal tax.

It has always been the "Bystander's" theory that the North-West would be peopled mainly by immigration from Old Canada or from the United States, and so far this belief has proved well founded, for Canadians with a few Americans intermixed form not only the bulk but the core and life of the new population. These men are pioneers. The English farmer, especially if he has reached middle-age, is anything but a pioneer ; he is intensely conservative as well as portly, and wholly unused to shifting without the mechanic. As to the young Englishmen of the upper class, of whom a good many have been tempted out, the universal verdict is that they have almost without exception failed. They spend their money, then take up land and send for further remittances, which they are always expecting and which the scoffers say are their only crop. A few, when their purses are empty, show their native pluck and force, but most of them find an asylum in the Mounted Police or come utterly to ruin. Cricket, boating, and lawn-tennis may be a training for the muscles, but they are not a training in labour. So that puffery of the country in England, for the purpose of drawing British emigrants, may after all not be the best hope, or worth so much effort and expense. The British

labourer of course is welcome, and sure, if he is sober, to do well; but England has now not many good labourers to spare, and the St. George's Society at Winnipeg complains that very improper subjects, even half witted people, have been sent out. The back of the society has been broken by the burden of immigrant destitution and helplessness laid upon it. The scheme of bringing out the distressed Irish and planting them in shanties on sections of land seems to have been happily abandoned. These poor people are not farmers; they raise a patch of potatoes and a patch of oats; they have never seen machinery, hardly handled a plough. They are highly clannish and gregarious, wanting in self-reliance, and unaccustomed to a severe climate. They would not in the least know what to do with a farm; and in the long, lonely winter they would despond, decamp and join their brethren in the American cities. A Northern and Protestant Irishman is a farmer indeed, but he is a Teuton. Of the French-Canadian settlements only St. Pierre is a success. The French-Canadian, though he lives on the land, is perhaps like his Irish kinsmen fitter for the factory or for working in gangs than for the farm. Icelanders and Mennonites do well in their way, the Mennonites in a rather barbarous and uncleanly way, but these are mere dribbles in the population. Germans are excellent, but they go to the United States. Canadian or American, therefore, these communities are likely to be. So far the Canadian element greatly preponderates over the American. But there is no real line of any kind between the North-West and the States. Canadians swarm in Dakota; and all along the frontier the two populations not only are in the closest intercourse, but are actually one. To U. E. Loyalists and Anti-Continentalists who expect the Canadian Pacific Railway to set an everlasting gulf of division between the two sections of the English-speaking race on this Continent, the fact may not be welcome, but if the Manitobans tell the truth, it cannot be gainsayed.

The old French-speaking race is evidently destined to succumb, perhaps in course of time to disappear; it is kindly and amiable, but cannot hold its own against its more vigorous and pushing rivals. The Indian is manifestly doomed. There he sits in the sun gazing listlessly at the railway train and ungallantly holding an old parasol over his own head, while his squaw at his side has no protection. Perhaps if the thought half formed on his vacant face could take shape and find words he might ask this snorting and puffing civilization towards what goal it is so restlessly driving, and whether after all, if the materialist is right and the present state is all, there is not something to be said for a life with few wants, with no restraints and without care.

Assuredly not all of us are fitted by nature to be pioneers. In those shanties which, forced back from the line of the railway by the unhappy "mile reservation," appear at intervals in the distance, the struggle must at first be grim, and life during the winter must be dreary as well as severe. Husband and wife, as partners in pioneering, must be knit together by a bond very unlike Miss Anthony's "marriage copartnership," or the philosophic and terminable union which was the ideal of Mr. Mile. The homage of the heart is due to the fortitude which battles with such hardships and to the affection which sustains it. In the dwelling of the pioneer is enacted our noblest history; nor are the sepulchres of kings more venerable or more touching than the settler's solitary grave. It is not surprising to hear that farmers show a tendency to come into the towns for the winter. They may indulge it, though at some expense, if they only raise wheat, but they could not leave their stock; and the general opinion is, as was said before, that it is mixed farming which pays.

Pioneering has been made harder to these settlers by the policy which has strung them out in a line of nine hundred miles along a single railway, instead of encouraging, as much as possible, close settlement. Freights have thus been greatly raised, both on the grain which the settlers export, and on all their imported articles of consumption. They have also themselves, it is generally admitted, taken up too much land, and thereby aggravated the dispersion and its attendant evils. A generation apparently must grow up without schooling; for it is impossible to send the children several miles, in the winter, to school. The danger is the greater since the public school system, however indispensable, has inevitably weakened if not destroyed the parental sense of duty in the matter of education.

Society might be found in the staff of a large farm, which would be a hamlet in itself; while the quarters of the staff might be substantial dwellings in place of shanties too frail, one would think, to keep out frost and wind. These would be special advantages on the side of the system of large farms in the North-West, in addition to its economical advantage as the mode, apparently, of producing most with the least labour. Will this or the old system prevail? The question is one of two-fold interest, because economical changes on a large scale always bring social changes with

them. If there is anywhere a field favourable to the system of large farms it must surely be the Prairie region of the North-West, where the power of machinery can be brought most fully into play, and seems necessary, together with a command of plenty of hands, to get in the harvest before the end of the short summer. This momentous issue is being tried at the Bell Farm, with fifty thousand acres, forty binders, and fields of wheat fifteen hundred acres in extent under an organizer and manager whom all pronounce first-rate. Yet, in spite of these advantages and appliances, commercial success seems doubtful, and meanwhile the great Dalrymple farm in Dakota has been broken up. It is to be inferred then, that nothing will make farming pay but the unstinted toil and self-denying frugality of the freeholder and his family, tilling and subsisting upon their own farms? If this proves to be the case, our respect for the farmer will be increased.

What will be the great market for these harvests? The question is interesting in a political as well as in a commercial point of view. It is always assumed, and the Canadian Pacific Railway is being constructed on the assumption, that the great market must be England. But England, full of wealth as she still is, has apparently passed her commercial zenith: her purchasing power is not likely to increase: and notwithstanding the wretchedness of the Ryot's implements, and, what is less easily rectified, his indebted and depressed condition, the supply of wheat from India can hardly fail henceforth to be large. On this continent, though the area of wheat land increases, the yield per acre decreases, while the number of mouths to be fed multiplies with immense rapidity. Perhaps after all it may be the destiny of the North-West to supply wheat to its own continent, and its commercial connection may prove to be not with a land on the other side of the Atlantic, but with the lands adjoining it on the south, to the markets of which, as a purchaser, it must certainly resort.

An Agnostic might be disconcerted by seeing that the religious sentiment has come with the settler to the North-West in force apparently undiminished, and is manifested (though provisionally perhaps) under the old forms. In Winnipeg the churches are, for a city of yesterday, numerous and costly; in that of St. John, the Anglican service is most beautifully performed. Intolerance however has been left behind. The University of Manitoba is a federation of three religious colleges, Roman Catholic, Anglican and Presbyterian, such as we are trying to bring about in Ontario, and the Roman Catholic prelate takes part with the Protestant prelate in the examinations. Perhaps these plains may hereafter be the scene of a union of the churches. As the race moves westward, not only do Old World tradition and convention lose their force, but the speculative dogmas which divide the sections of Christendom from each other, and which are the offspring of theological schools, sink with everything else that is unpractical into insignificance, while practical morality becomes all in all.

Many questions about the future crowd upon the mind as the eye ranges over the destined home of a teeming population. What, for example, will be the effect of living on a boundless plain, and never seeing a hill or dale, on the æsthetic character of the people? Perhaps after all not great. The Swiss are not made poetic or romantic by their mountains, and a community which reads has Alps in literature, and draws from other sources of poetry and romance. But there would be no end to speculations of this kind.

A land of magnificent promise is the North-West; and its promise might by this time have been in larger measure fulfilled if it had enjoyed free railway development, free access to its natural markets and the control of its own lands. Without the means of transport the most fertile soil can be of no more value than so much sand or sea. The natural mode of development was by the extension of roads from the south, carrying with them population in a tolerably compact body. As grain cannot be hauled more than twenty-five miles at the most, the Canadian Pacific opens up only a belt of fifty miles, and, as was said before, it has strung out the population in a manner which must, besides other disadvantages, entail great loss in freight, however considerate in fixing its rates the Syndicate may be. The main object of the Government in resolving on the construction of the line, as in resolving on the construction of the Intercolonial, was political and military, not commercial; it was the establishment of an internal line of communication between the scattered Provinces of the Dominion and of an Imperial War port on the Pacific. So little were commercial considerations taken into account that the line had not even been surveyed before the Government committed itself to the undertaking. A political and military object may be more important or more pressing than a commercial object, and therefore entitled to preference; but the two are not identical, nor are the means suited to the accomplishment of the first likely to be equally well suited to the accomplishment of the second; they certainly are not in the present case. The Mountain section of the line is of no special use to the Prairie region, the inhabitants of which will not be

enriched by seeing the Asiatic trade fly past them, even supposing that romantic anticipation to be fulfilled. The Lake Superior section is of use, in a commercial point of view, only on the double assumption that England is the market and that the grain could not be carried as well by the American lines. But though the object is political, the Government wants its line to pay if possible, and therefore guards it against competition by monopoly clauses which restrain the construction of commercial lines, and thus greatly interfere with the progress of the country. In Southern Manitoba, the garden of the region, the farmers in despair are refusing to sow their land because they have no means of carrying the crops to market. But for all this the Government and the Government alone is responsible. The Syndicate has been merely the contractor for a public work with the projection or the political objects of which it had nothing whatever to do; and no impartial person denies that it has performed its work both rapidly and well. The rapidity has, in fact, been too great, so far as the commercial interests of the territory were concerned, but it was evidently demanded by the political and military objects of the work.

To indemnify the Eastern Provinces for the expenditure of their millions on a line which could bring them no profit, even if it did carry the grain past them to England, they have been assured of the monopoly of the North-Western market for their manufactures. To enrich the agricultural implement makers of the East, and secure their votes to the Government, the pioneer in the North-West is weighed down in the struggle by a prohibition to avail himself of implements offered close at hand, and for his purposes, at least, of a better kind than those hitherto made in Canada. The "Bystander" was told, on good authority, that an information had been laid against importers by a protected manufacturer even when he had not implements of his own manufacture to supply. Thus the ploughman is disabled in order to encourage the maker of ploughs. The taxes on canned provisions, a considerable article of the settler's diet, and that on the lumber required for his shanty are hardly less oppressive. The tax on coal, the object of which is to secure for a party government the support of Nova Scotia, rivals, as a specimen of this sort of legislation, the tax on agricultural implements. In framing the tariff no consideration has been given to the interests of the North-West, which is subjected to a system devised for the benefit of Provinces with which it has commercially nothing in common. That there cannot be a separate tariff for the North-West is true; but at present there is a tariff framed exclusively for the East, of which the North-West is made the victim. When the settlers complain, they are upbraided with their ingratitude for all that has been done and expended on their behalf. But the Canadian Pacific Railway, so far as it runs through their territory or does them any good, has been built with the proceeds of their lands, and they must have paid in import duties a larger sum per head than the people of any of the other Provinces. We have all, wisely or unwisely, consented to a great pecuniary sacrifice for a political object, but we must look for indemnification to the political advantages, the internal line of communication, and the war port on the Pacific, and not expect to indemnify ourselves pecuniarily at the expense of the settlers in the North-West. Whatever they may be to the Dominion or to the Empire, to the North-West individually the policy of the Ottawa Government is a drawback; and it is hard to pay heavily for a drawback and be reproached with ingratitude besides.

It is true that the Dominion bought the land of a Company, whose exclusive charter had about as much moral validity as the Pope's grant to Spain of everything south of the equator. But it could not buy the settlers who were to people the land, and without whom the land would be of no value whatever. The Dominion had a right, of course, to reimbursement and to fair assessment for Federal purposes; otherwise surely the land ought to have been held morally as a trust for its inhabitants, not as a privy fund to be spent by the Dominion Government or the other Provinces on schemes of their own without any reference to the special interests of the North-West. It can never have been intended by the Mother Country that these free communities should be placed on a lower footing than their partners. It can never have been intended that they should be treated as semi-dependencies and not as full members of the Confederation. It can never have been intended, to borrow Mr. Norquay's metaphor, that one of the sisters should be poorly fed and confined to the kitchen while the others were faring sumptuously in the dining-room. Endowed by nature with a magnificent domain, the Province of Manitoba has hardly an acre of land which she can call her own to save her from direct taxation. The offer made to her of the swamp lands, however kindly meant, is little better than a mockery. What is done cannot be undone, but henceforth it will be necessary to treat Manitoba, and all Provinces to be hereafter carved out of the North-West, in the matter of lands and in all other matters, as members of the Confederation, entitled to a full equality of rights.

Nobody doubts that the intentions of the Ottawa Government towards the people of the North-West are good. But it is a distant government; its all-powerful chief has never himself been in the North-West; and references or appeals to it are tedious and precarious. It is a party government, and it cannot resist the importunities of hungry partisans who mark the new and defenceless territory as their perquisite, though the consequence of yielding has inevitably been injurious to the political morality of a young community, the foundation of whose character ought to have been laid in honour. The parliamentary system, though the best for those who are represented, is for those who are unrepresented or inadequately represented the worst. The North-Western delegation is necessarily small in proportion to the vast interests with which it is entrusted; yet its pleadings might have had weight with all politicians young enough to look to the future, had its members only been true to their constituents. Mr. Watson has been true, but others seem to have fallen under influences which prevail at the capital and which are fatal to public honour. It is believed that the party in power intends to make no more provinces, but to keep the remainder of the North-West on the footing of dependent territories, so that this vast region with its immense future will have no more votes in the Federal councils than British Columbia or Prince Edward's Island, a policy which would at least show that a genius for arbitrary government was not the exclusive property of the Stuarts. The Local Legislature of Manitoba, which might at least have protested with moral effect, has been weakened by the presence of the French element, though that element has given the Province an able, and so far as party entanglements permitted, a patriotic Premier. This source of feebleness will soon cease to exist, as the French vote will no more prevail; but in the meantime the mould is being formed in which the destiny of the new communities will be cast.

Old politicians think only of voting power; but there is a power besides that of votes, which, if a deaf ear is turned to the remonstrances of the North-West, will probably be soon encountered. Not that there exists a thought of violence; nowhere is the reign of law more perfect than among those Canadian pioneers. What they contemplate in the last resort is an appeal to England for release from the Confederation, and for the establishment of the North-West as an independent British colony. Their earnest desire for an outlet and a communication with England by way of Hudson's Bay is connected with this idea.

Immigrants from Old Canada have brought with them the infection of Party, but as yet in a comparatively mild form, the virulence of partisanship being sensibly tempered by distance from its native seat as well as by the free air of the broad prairie. The press, which has carried away no small share of the literary ability of Ontario, has a decided character of independence, nor does it seem that as yet any mere organ pays. Party however, is preparing to reclaim the fugitives, and to occupy the new domain: it is sending forth its emissaries and setting up its machines; if the people are not on their guard the representation may soon be taken out of their hands and made over to the Convention managed by the wire-puller. That which is senseless in Old Canada would be absolutely fatuous in the North-West, where there is no conceivable basis for a party. If the people are determined to bow their necks again to this wretched yoke, and, for the benefit of the place-hunting politician, to organize themselves into two factions, neither of which can have any aim but self, surrendering their franchise to the masters of machines, let them at least wait till by their united and independent action the vital questions which concern their local interests shall have been settled, and the rights of their own Province secured. Perhaps some of them may not be indifferent to the fact that the whole country, and perhaps the continent, has a deep interest in the preservation of that freedom from machine rule which is now the privilege of Manitoba alone.

With regard to the prospects of the Canadian Pacific Railway as a Government enterprize, the Anti-Continental policy of which that undertaking is the instrument, and the relation of the policy to the interests of the aristocratic enemies of democracy in England, and those of the Canadian people respectively, the convictions repeatedly expressed in these papers remain unchanged. But the nation has been persuaded to try the experiment, and the experiment must now be tried. A BYSTANDER.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES was seventy-five years old August 29. In evidence of the great affection in which he is held by his fellow-men, *The Critic* devoted almost the entire space of its issue of August 30 to the publication of letters of congratulation from the most eminent literary men of America and England. It was a fitting tribute to one of the most admirable of men, the very genius of Good Cheer.

HERE AND THERE.

In another column will be found a newspaper cutting describing the enthusiastic reception accorded to Mr. Gladstone both on his arrival in Scotland, where he had gone to give a series of political addresses, and whilst *en route*. When the British Premier went to the Land o' Cakes in the fall of 1879 to open his oratorical campaign against the "stronghold of the bold Buccleuch," his progress was described in an eloquent speech by Lord Rosebery as a "royal progress." His reception two weeks ago was not one whit less cordial, in the most effusive manner refuting the allegations of waning power wildly made by "the Scarlet Jingo." The personal popularity of Mr. Gladstone is founded upon an enduring basis. Not only has he championed the cause of the people, but he has done so at enormous personal sacrifice. Probably no living statesman is so thoroughly hated by an aristocracy who would have been his slavish followers had he chosen the role of a time-server. The English working-classes of to-day, thanks to a cheap press and the march of education, are not dependent upon the squire or the professional politician for their knowledge of public affairs, and their love of fair play alone, even if they had not recognized the full value of his services, is sufficient to enlist their sympathies with the statesman who has dared so much—who has endured such obloquy—in the name of truth and justice. Mr. Gladstone, being within a few weeks of completing his seventy-fifth year, cannot be expected to undertake a regular round of speech-making; but his deliverances in Midlothian have been no less eagerly looked for by his political opponents than by his constituents, and unquestionably they must have great weight with both Houses of Parliament: being, indeed, in the nature of an ultimatum to the House of Lords. The announcement that Sir Stafford Northcote is to be put up as "an antidote to Gladstone" in Scotland bears more the impress of a satirical squib than of a serious cablegram. Certainly Ajax defied the lightning, and the U. E. Loyalists are to hold Canada against all comers; and just as well may the amiable but incompetent Tory leader attempt to counteract the effects of Mr. Gladstone's eloquence.

MR. GLADSTONE'S first address was given in Edinburgh, and after a passing reference to his declarations in 1879, from none of which he receded, the Premier went on to give an account of his course of action in promoting the speedy passing of the Franchise Bill. The rejection of that Bill had suggested to many minds the inquiry whether the time had come for an organic change in the constitution of the House of Lords. Into that question, however, it was not his intention to enter. What they wanted on that question was a national expression of opinion, in the constitutional form. He believed the House of Lords had not yet placed itself in a position of irretrievable error; that there was a possibility of its coming back, with dignity, and before long. His contention was that the Franchise Bill ought to be passed, because the extension of the franchise was a good in itself; though he had no doubt that with redistribution it would be made a much greater good. Next, he maintained that in a representative country the representative chamber ought to prevail. Further, he held that the condition which the Lords attached to the passing of the Bill was a condition which would place the whole subject at the absolute mercy of the minority in the House of Commons. He did not hesitate to say that those who were opposing the Government, and making use of this topic of redistribution as a means for defeating the Franchise Bill, knew quite well that had the Government been such idiots as to present to Parliament the two Bills for the two purposes, and to work them together as one measure, a disgraceful failure would have been the result. The Government were as fixed as ever in their purpose of first passing the Franchise Bill, and then a Redistribution Bill would follow as a matter of course. He denied the right of the House of Lords to say when a general election should take place. It was an innovation, and clamour for redistribution simply meant that the Tory party did not want either Bill to pass. He was not averse to an admixture of the hereditary principle in our constitution, but those who placed it in direct conflict with the elected chamber were its worst enemies. In later orations Mr. Gladstone made further references to the dead-lock, and showed how Lord Salisbury had systematically misrepresented his former Midlothian speeches. He also showed that the present state of affairs in Egypt was the natural outcome of the past policy of the Tory party. The most significant thing in connection with this "campaign," however, is that Mr. Gladstone has not "agitated." The moral of the Midlothian campaign is that he insists on his position as having the Sovereign, the House of Commons, and a united party on his side. He therefore will not dissolve until the Franchise Bill is passed—he would rather resign than dissolve. The conclusion is

foregone. The Lords must accept the humiliating position Lord Salisbury has placed them in with what grace they may.

MR. BIGGAR, M.P., the Irish "Patriot," speaking the other day at a meeting at Derrylin, County of Fermanagh, referred to the Dublin trials for scandalous crimes, and said:—"If the Government cared to have proved these crimes there was abundant proof available. He (Mr. Biggar) would say that the head of that gang who was morally responsible for this misconduct was Earl Spencer, for if Earl Spencer had honestly told the prosecutors in these cases to try and get an honest verdict, an honest verdict would have been had. Again, Earl Spencer knew of Myles Joyce's innocence before he was hanged. Since then two men had come forward and admitted that they had perjured themselves, and Lord Hartington promised an inquiry. But what occurred? The person appealed to was Earl Spencer, who himself should be in the criminal dock on the charge of murder. When the matter was put in Earl Spencer's hands they knew what sort of an investigation would take place. They could not expect Earl Spencer to criminate himself. Other men, Poole, and Barrett, and Walsh had been hanged innocently; but while they would no doubt prefer that the people they hanged should be guilty rather than innocent, the policy of Lord Spencer's government was to hang these people whether they were innocent or whether they were guilty." This is a sample of the brutal and mendacious stuff that is served out by vulgar firebrands to an excitable and ignorant people. A kinder man, or a more just, than Lord Spencer it would be difficult to name.

THE Roman Church has made such loud boasts of its converts that the accession of one of the most distinguished, who has joined the "rationalistic" school, deserves to be noted. Professor Paley, originally an Anglican (and a descendant of the celebrated archdeacon), joined the Roman communion in the first fervour of the Oxford movement. His works in the "Bibliotheca Classica" are monuments of classical culture, and in the Roman Church he was, in this department, without a rival. He became Professor of Classics in Monsignor Capel's College at Kensington. Recently he has followed in the steps of Mr. Froude and other eminent men, and left the fold of authority for what may be called the fraternity of free thought. In the last number of a weekly Unitarian serial he pointedly assails the Roman doctrines on purgatory and eternal punishment. These he rejects as unworthy fictions. There are great minds in the Catholic Church, yet it seems hard for that Church long to retain or to justify the allegiance of men of high scholarship if accompanied by the power and practice of independent investigation. Professor Paley's case certainly invites this reflection.

THE extreme Anglophobic attitude of the French press is annoying some of the best friends of France much more than it does England. The "war correspondent" is not yet become a familiar institution of French journalism, and, having no representatives of their own in China, Parisian papers now quarrel with the war news they get *via* London. Frenchmen no doubt fret inwardly at the huge Franco-Annam-Chinese undertaking which they find thrown upon their hands, the end of which is not yet; but why they should vent their ill-humour upon England is not apparent. The strain which this puerile policy puts upon the *entente cordiale* must be highly diverting to Bismarck, whose prayer for years has been for an opportunity to sow distrust between England and France. Neither Tunis nor Egypt furnished the desired occasion, and the real friends of both countries will hope he may have no better success in connection with the Chinese difficulty. All, however, depends upon France. The Chancellor desires her isolation from the rest of Europe, and unfortunately *la Republique* appears likely to play the game of Germany.

THE calm weather of the last "heated term" had the effect of causing the races of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club to be postponed three times. The first fixture was for the 6th September, but instead of rolling over the waters of Lake Ontario the gallant yachtsmen of the Club were compelled to disport themselves on shore, and were, many of them, seen sailing in the wake of "lively craft" who had come to enjoy the "At Home" given in the Club House. This was a success. There were fields to walk through, bright skies, brighter eyes (much occupied, be it said, with some typical developments of the British Association), and all the usual accompaniments which make so pleasant these garden parties. As the Toronto Yacht Club was equally unfortunate in having still water on the following Monday, the two Clubs agreed to combine their regattas and let the winners of each match take the prizes given by both Clubs. On Thursday there was a commanding breeze, and the yachts of the first class started fairly, and after spinning

over the thirty-five mile course sailed across the line early in the afternoon. The *Aileen*, which was on time allowance, was victorious, the *Atlanta*, of Belleville, winning a good second place. The *Aileen* may be said to have put a "fine finish" on her victory, for she carried off the Prince of Wales', the Anderson, and the Murray Challenge Cups, the two Championship Flags for 1884, offered by the Clubs, and \$250 in money. During the past season there has been great interest shown in yachting, and the Royal Canadian Yacht Club have adopted some liberal rules which will enable many boys and young men, without much expense, to enjoy its privileges. In this manner it is hoped true seamanship will be fostered without injury to the social advantages of the Club.

THE Toronto Park Tennis Club's "At Home," given on Saturday last, was a most agreeable *reunion*. This club admits lady members to equal privileges with those of the sterner sex, and although some cavillers whose souls are bound up in strict Tennis assert that such companionship is fatal to fine play, we venture to think the additional enjoyment given well compensates for this. Moreover, there is nothing to prevent the special devotees of the game training for tournaments, and indulging in "smashes" and "demon services" among congenial spirits. The Club Grounds are in the Queen's Park, and border on Bloor Street. It is a beautiful spot, situated in the midst of shady trees, and within site of the turrets of Macmaster Hall. Another Tennis Club, with head-quarters at the Moss Park Rink, has been formed during the year, and even in Parkdale, earnest youth have gathered themselves together and are vigorously practising, determined to send competitors to the Annual Tournament of the Toronto Lawn Tennis Club.

LACROSSE, Canada's own game *par excellence*, is in imminent danger of becoming utterly discredited by the brutality of its leading representatives. At a "championship" competition on Saturday, when the Young Shamrocks, of Montreal, played against the Ontarios at Toronto, one man was knocked senseless, another had a thumb broken, a third player injured his collar-bone, a fourth had one arm badly injured, and several down-right fights took place. Nor was it pretended that any of the serious mishaps were purely accidental: they were the inevitable consequences of the spirit in which the "game" was begun. In the words of a morning contemporary, one team "seemed bound to win, if they had to kill some person to do so." If the rules of the game are not sufficiently explicit and stringent to prevent this kind of thing, if the rowdy element is to be allowed to take possession of the game, then the sooner it is relegated to the position of prize-fighting the better. Certainly no gentleman will either play or patronize a game such as disgraced the Jarvis Street grounds last week, much less would ladies grace by their presence so degraded a "sport." Lacrosse, pretty though it be, is not so scientific or so attractive a game to on-lookers that its champions can afford to make it the medium of contests more dangerous than those of the prize-ring.

THE journalist must have been more inventive than ingenious who coined the preposterous story of the purchase of the *Globe* by a member of the C. P. R. Syndicate. Such an investment, to say nothing of morality, would argue something like a sudden loss of reason on the part of men of business who are at the head of the Company. There is, we are positively assured, not the smallest foundation for the report. One member of the Syndicate is understood to hold a considerable amount of *Globe* stock, which he was induced to take by a misrepresentation as to its commercial value, but this is not a recent purchase. There is nothing else to give the slightest colour to the fiction.

LOYALTY AND INDEPENDENCE.

AN orator who addressed the Loyalists the other day may have gone too far, and given some offence, though he spoke in the familiar tones of his distinguished but intolerant patrons. Nobody denies to these men and their history the display of many virtues, but as politicians they have failed; what they have cherished has been destroyed, and what they have forbidden has happened. Their orator would have been a bold man if he had even ventured to congratulate them to the extent of applying Burke's celebrated apostrophe to the House of Lords one hundred years ago: "My Lords, your house yet stands; it stands as a great edifice; but let me say, that it stands in the midst of ruins." They undertook to indoctrinate a century of democratic development with obstructive and reactionary views. If they had prevailed, America would have been to-day a mere net-work of strangling and undeveloped colonies, enjoying sustenance as they could find it under the colonial system as it was understood in the

days of George III., and under the old motto "Ships, colonies, and commerce." The history of the United States would be unwritten, and the very existence of the powerless colonies that country now represents, with its fifty millions of prosperous people, would be little known; Canada would be a thriftless French colony, English in name perhaps, if the fortunes of war had not changed her European master; her people excluded from the most sacred rights of that freedom they are now so proud to enjoy; for the Loyalists have always resisted the teachings which promoted the popular ameliorations. They loved the England of George III., and they clung to the colonial state as he had administered it, and even though they generally resisted reform, and clamoured incessantly against the extension of popular rights, they lost popularity faster perhaps by reason of their unlovely and intolerant methods. They spoke too often with the voice of contempt, and swaggered and threatened when they might have conciliated. It has happened that whatever they declared most loudly against shortly came to pass, and was often supported by their own people. But to their limited vision whoever opposed them was a tramp and a traitor, without interest in the country, and seeking to subvert its allegiance. If we had hoped better things of the present generation, the utterances of their orators the other day sadly remind us that they have learned nothing and forgotten nothing. Let us remember their good deeds as citizens and profit by their phenomenal political mistakes. Perhaps if they had been better led they might have triumphed oftener; but in that case they must have silenced the reckless arrogance and bitterness they have too often displayed.

Canadian Independence is not likely to take its place among practical questions just now, but it has made great strides in the last few years—it has become a legitimate subject of debate. Fancy the horror with which a Loyalist of the last decade would have read or listened to discussions which have become so frequent as to be almost commonplace. Independence was the natural corollary of Confederation; and the new system had not been long in operation before the Government were compelled to face resolutions affirming as much. Of course the resolutions were treated as disloyal, but when it was affirmed in their support that the statesmen of England had regarded Confederation as a step which might be followed by the political Independence of the country, signs of dissent from the Ministerial Benches were abundant. "Well," said one of the speakers, "I state in the face of the House and the country that though there was no official act to justify that statement, it is true. British statesmen did regard Confederation as a first step towards political Independence. Canadian delegates while in London were constantly spoken to in this sense by members of Parliament and members of the Government. I have been told this in England and I have heard it here, and yet gentlemen pretend we are practising veiled treason. I see opposite me a good number of gentlemen who were in London on that occasion, and I ask, Can any one of them deny what I say?" The warm "hear, hear," of Sir A. T. Galt and other ex-delegates suggested where the truth lay; but the Ministers were silent. That night's debate broke the back of the Loyalist pretence that Independence is not an open question for discussion. Perhaps the subject is less practical than it seemed to be in those earlier days. There was a good deal said about it in England, but for obvious reasons our Independence has ceased to attract attention there. The Canadian people have been for some time imbibing new economic theories, but when the disappointment comes—when trade and thrift are wanting, and perhaps distress creates unrest and demands remedies—the old issues will return, and we should be none the worse for having studied and comprehended them. At this moment our people do not want Independence. No doubt, however, there are more among us who would listen to it than there were in the thirteen colonies a century ago who contemplated a change of allegiance. But after all there is something striking, if not anomalous, in the conditions under which we treat this subject. We hear that our political Independence is not a fit subject for discussion—that the people should not be made familiar with thoughts of such a possible change—and we have decided that we will discuss it. Our Prime Minister discusses our Independence in Parliament, and declares he would prefer annexation to the United States! Sir Hector Langevin, also in Parliament, says do not speak of Independence now. It may come when we have a population of say ten or fifteen millions! And the other day Mr. Cartwright, a late Finance Minister—a Tory of the Tories, if we permit his great enemy to christen him—was making light of the change, or perhaps predicting it. It is becoming a current topic. What should we think of British, or French, or American Ministers thus lightly discussing in the open day proposals for a change of allegiance. But the conditions are different, though the case is strange. Depend upon it, the time will come when the Colonial State will not satisfy those conditions, and we all feel it. Confederation lacks strength from want of a national

feeling. The Provinces do not love the Federal Government, nor do they care for each other. They lack the rudimentary training. There are other organic disabilities more or less serious, but they may all be overcome by a patriotic people, honestly and bravely determined to govern themselves. And whether we remain as we are or take higher flights, intelligent study of our position and the maintenance of a patriotic sense of duty will save us.

It seems now to be pretty well and authoritatively settled that Canada has three doors open to her: (1) Colonial connection, (2) Independence, (3) Annexation to the States. As to the last of these "remedies," Maurice De Luynes, in "Professor Conant," expresses my views. Independence, even if it failed, might be tried first. If it had been tried a dozen years ago it would have had the support of Britain and America. Grant's administration would have been proud to help a northern republic into existence. England would have bidden us good-bye with the most cordial and enduring friendship. Since then our trade policy has been hostile and foreign. But we may overcome the prejudice, and we may remain British to the end of time, if some genius can disclose how we may so administer as that our citizenship and our commercial status may be equal to that of our fellow-subjects, the Imperial Islanders.

A CANADIAN.

PARTY EVILS AND A REMEDY.

SOME of the foremost pens in the country have long been deploring the evils which are following in the train of party government; and for response, the party press ask them, "What are you going to do to rid the political system of these evils? Would you abolish the expedient of Party in politics, and establish a popular force without antagonisms?" This reply is possible only under misapprehension. I do not believe that anyone who has studied the problem of government supposes that any other expedient than that of Party is compatible with the freedom and responsibility of the people in the State. There is no alternative but Party or Compact, unless we take into account John Stuart Mills' impracticable but magnificent theory. We tried Compact, and it was not delightful; hard was the battle fought to establish the other plan. There is no use in decrying Party, for behind it is only chaos. We may as well, at the outset, convince ourselves of this, and that our duty is to make the best of the system we have.

I suppose few people need to be told that under the Party System we have gross and numerous evils. The party leaders themselves admit that we have, and they justify some of their pernicious acts by saying that the fault is not with themselves but with the system; that they did wrong under pressure; and that their opponents, if in power, would have done precisely the same thing. Hence the deeds which have soiled our history and brought the political calling into moral contempt; hence the extenuation of deeds of dishonesty and dishonour in public capacity which, if done in private life, would bring the perpetrator to the penitentiary and exclude him from the society of honourable men. This is a severe statement to make, but it is as humiliating to one Canadian to be obliged to write it as it is for another to read it. A large number of the men who enter public life in this country are needy adventurers who make politics a profession, who care very little for principle, who have really no convictions at bottom, and who are always shaping their steps in the direction of profit. They are loyal to their leaders, and will vote for any measure submitted to them no matter how infamous it may seem, in the hope of getting a judgment. The leaders who have the spoils in their own hands are only zealous in maintaining themselves in office; they really give secondary attention to the country's necessities. Above all is it the aim to keep the spoils among the governing party and its supporters. They will not grant a breakwater to save a city in a county that sends to parliament an antagonistic vote. It is not government for the people and by the people at all, but government for the party and by the party. This is the glaringly odious state of affairs that it is the duty of every honest man to seek to put an end to.

There is only, so far as can be seen, one way of abating these evils. Party must always be dominant in the legislature; but it should disappear from the executive. This can be accomplished only by a radical change in our method of administration. I think every one who clears the mist of accepted custom from his eyes will see that the present system of the Governor-General calling upon a certain individual, and naming him as the leader of government, and then of that leader going behind the door and selecting as the other officers such persons, knaves or otherwise, as are suitable for him, is wrong. This makes of government a clique, and begets the miscreancy and dishonourableness which have stained the record of our public life. The true form of government, simple, natural, efficient, and

the creation of the people, is approximated more closely in our municipal institutions than elsewhere. It is then according to the municipal plan of government that I think our general government ought to be fashioned in order to eliminate the bane that has entered into our present system. This much is clear: the premier either ought to be the choice of the parliament or of the country—I should prefer seeing him chosen in the latter way; and to put the voting members beyond the range of wires, the ballot ought to be used. Next with respect to the Ministers of Departments. I think the system of putting at the head of each department a little, ill-adapted, and blundering almighty should be discarded, and a committee, say of three members, chosen in the open parliament by competition, be appointed in his place. Instead, then, of having as Minister of Finance, one head that may be a very confused, or a very weak one, you would have a Committee of Finance; dividing up the salary that the one now receives among the three. Following out the same course with respect to the other departments, a more efficient system of administration would be attained, departmental favouritism and corruption, if not entirely eliminated, would be reduced to the lowest possible point, while above all government would no longer be carried on to advance the ends of party, but according to public interest and public necessity. Some will say in answer that party might still predominate; but in the selection of committees in a municipal parliament, choice is by no means made from among those who belong to the outnumbering party, but there is something like an equitable representation of both sides. Each such committee could meet, say once in a fortnight, as does the municipal committee, and transact departmental business. In the pure matter of administration there would be an enormous gain, for choice would be made upon special merit: Public Works, or Customs or Inland Revenue would be presided over by three men, experienced somewhat in the business at the head of which they were placed, and who would recognize that they were selected to do their duty to the best of their ability instead of moving only at the dictation or the emergency of party. A head of a department is chosen now not because of any special fitness; indeed it is no disqualification should he be a blockhead as well as a knave, so long as he can "carry with him" a few lodges of orangemen, or get an archbishop to turn his pulpit into a stump. The other day there resigned from the Cabinet, after carrying a portfolio for three or four years, a man so stupid that, without exaggeration, he was hardly fit to drive a butcher's cart. By the adoption of a simple, natural, plan like this, then, it will be seen, party would find itself untrammelled to carry in the parliament such measures as found favour with the majority of the people, while the executive, because colourless, would be more effective and more judicial. Politics, too, would no longer be looked upon as a dishonest trade, for the public funds, which so many of the politicians love instead of the country, would be beyond the reach of the needy adventurer.

One of the papers some time ago called upon Nationalists to declare their principles. It seems to me that they might with propriety adopt as one principle a scheme like that which I have tried to outline. There is an institution known as the "Canadian National Association," which might take up questions like this, and indeed should have done so before, if it would establish any confidence in the extent or the vitality of the movement which it represents.

J. E. COLLINS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"MRS. MARKHAM'S PERPLEXITY."—We are not accepting stories at present. Will the author please send his address, that the MS. may be returned to him?

LARRATT W. SMITH.—The points raised in your letter are not of sufficient public importance to necessitate the re-opening of the question.

SIGMA.—Your letter, too late for this issue, shall appear in our next.

AN OMISSION.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—In an article on "English Canadian Literature" in a late issue of THE WEEK, I notice a strange omission. In naming and commenting upon Canadian books and authors Mr. Collins has not one word about Wm. McDonnell, of Lindsay, or his works. Mr. McDonnell is the author of three volumes of considerable size, all published within, I think, the past ten years. They are, in the order of their publication, "Exeter Hall," "The Heathens of the Heath," and "Family Creeds," and have had a pretty large representative circulation and reading. Of course it is not to be presumed that a litterateur like the writer of "English Canadian Literature" is ignorant of the existence of these Canadian books and their author. Assuming, then, that Mr. Collins, as a literary man, is acquainted with them, but two reasons occur to me why he has not mentioned them. That it is, however, an oversight is quite possible; though it is not probable, because other works of much less note and importance (and, in my humble opinion, possessing much less of literary merit) are mentioned and briefly reviewed. If Mr. Collins is acquainted with the books, and the omission complained of is not an oversight, the two reasons for ignoring them which suggest themselves are these: either

he does not consider them worth mentioning, or, the books being as yet *unpopular*, Mr. Collins has not the courage to deal with them. If the former reason be the true one I have no further complaint to make, as it is clearly Mr. C.'s right to form his own opinion about books and ignore them if he likes. At the same time I might say that some other competent critics would differ from him in the matter. If the latter reason be the true one I merely say we have a right to look for more courage and candour in a writer so able and popular as Mr. C. Perhaps Mr. Collins will explain and set himself right.

ALLEN PRINGLE.

ENGLISH CANADIAN LITERATURE.

To the Editor of *The Week* :

SIR,—Mr. J. E. Collins' article, which appeared the other day in *THE WEEK* under the above title, though lively is open to criticism. In it he displays too much partiality to writers belonging to his own circle, while he fails to do justice to those of our literary men with whom he does not happen to be acquainted. He speaks highly of men whom no one else would think worthy of praise, at the same time ignoring altogether the names of several Canadian authors whose works are familiar to us, and should be known to Mr. Collins when he comes before us as a literary critic. His remarks concerning Mr. Charles Lindsey are wanting in fairness toward one of the ablest political writers and most learned local historians in this country. There is nothing slovenly or inaccurate in the *Life of William Lyon Mackenzie*. It is one of the most reliable contributions on the history of the times. I would call the critic's attention to several other books written by Mr. Lindsey: "The Prairies of the Western States," "The Maine Liquor Law," "Clergy Reserves," "Rome in Canada"; and are not Mr. Charles Langster and Mr. Alexander McLachlan more worthy of notice among the poets of Canada than some others whose names I see and to whom much praise is given.

JUSTICE.

To the Editor of *The Week* :

SIR,—I observe in "Literary Gossip" of your last issue that Joaquin Miller challenges his critics to show where the following lines, "or any part of them, in word or conception, can be found outside his own writings":

"For all you can hold in your cold dead hand,
Is what you have given away."

I am a great admirer of Mr. Miller's genius, but when he claims absolute originality for all his ideas I think he assumes too much. Upon a monument in an old church in Devonshire, England, may be found this inscription:—

"What I gave, I have,
What I spent, I had,
What I left, I lost."

Surely the first line of this inscription embodies the conception of Mr. Miller's beautiful verse.

W. H. F.

HOW THE CHILDREN SAVED NAUMBURG.

CALM the Harvest moon is beaming on fair Naumburg's vine-girt plain,
Where the Saale and Unstrut waters blend in tribute to the Main!

But, within beleaguered Naumburg utter woe each heart enthalls,
For the dreaded Hussite Captain circumvents her ancient walls;

Prokop, Terror of Bohemia, with a heart distill'd in hate [fate.
'Gainst those towns whose vengeful judgment urged his martyr'd leader's

Had not Naumburg swell'd that Council which, for Mother Church's sake,
Lured John Huss from old Bohemia, ere it doom'd him to the stake?

And the people send their elders unto Prokop's camp, to plead
For the goodly town and vineyards, in their solemn hour of need.

"Dear to us these scenes of childhood (sad the pathos of their wail),
For the ashes of our fathers rest within this peaceful vale."

Fierce the ire of Andrew Prokop, and his fury-quicken'd breath
Hisses forth: "For Naumburg Mercy wears the sable garb of Death.

"Meet it is, ye men of Naumburg, I should put to fire and sword
Her who, by her wicked counsels, slew the anointed of the Lord."

Deep the voice of lamentation, loud the women's answering wail,
When the weeping fathers tell them that their prayers have no avail.

Visions dark of sack and rapine fill with cries the stricken air,
And the hellish lust of murder seems already rampant there.

Weep, O matrons! Shriek, ye maidens! Sob, frail infants at the breast!
Soon the swooping carrion's scream shall desecrate your bloody rest.

But amid the cries and tumult born of Naumburg's bitter woe
Speaks old Caspar, the schoolmaster, white with seventy winters' snow:

"Youth may fade. The aged *must* die. Death to me were little loss;
Gather all the little children; rally at the Market Cross;

"I will lead them unto Prokop through the guarded southern gate,
And their prayers shall, by His blessing, stay our vengeful foeman's hate."

"What!" the mothers cry in anguish, "lead our lambs into the den
Of the wolfish Hussite, Prokop, fiercest of the sons of men!"

"Yet alas! they're doom'd as surely an' they stay till Naumburg's won;
Take them, lead them to the Hussites, and the good God's will be done."

Passing fair that frail procession, waving palms with childish mirth,
Scatt'ring flowers—God's sweetest kisses—to His children on the earth.

Waving palms and scattering flowers, on their mercy-mission bent,
Past the outworks, past the soldiers, till they come to Prokop's tent.

"Listen to our prayer, dread chieftain! Stay, oh! stay the conquering hand;
Spare the hearths and lives of Naumburg, spare our dear old Fatherland."

And they sing—sweet children voices—hymnals of their Gothic fane
(Rich in mediæval sculpture, carved in a forgotten reign).

Wrath, amazement, and compassion, stir the depths of Prokop's heart,
But the frown of dark displeasure brightens where the tear drops start.

Like unto his little Anna's, one sweet face sad mem'ry thrills—
Gentle Anna, peaceful sleeping 'neath the far Moravian Hills.

Lifts he in his arms that young one—he the Pope and Kaiser-feared—
And his soldiers cheer the prattler as it grasps' their leader's beard.

"Go your ways, sweet little children, ye have won your town's release:
Prokop's forces enter Naumburg, but they pass her gates in peace."

And the mother's tear-dimm'd vision sees the entering Hussite band
Lead her children to the elders, greeting them with open hand.

Thus the children saved old Naumburg from the red right hand of War,
And the baffled vulture's screaming vexed her peaceful vale no more.

Calm the Harvest moon is beaming on fair Naumburg's vine-girt plain
Where the Saale and Unstrut waters blend in tribute to the Main.

Saale and Unstrut roll your waters! Sing your ever ceaseless rhyme!
Comrades of the passing ages in the Eternal march of Time.

HERWARD KIRBY COCKIN.

A CONVERSION.

[From the French of Thomas Bentzon.]

III.

THE sun was beginning to go down when, as they turned a corner, one of the long green gates of the La Prée homestead came into view, guarding a compact group of plain one-storeyed buildings without character, and all washed in staring white. In the gateway stood the mistress of the farmhouse. Her silvery gray hair was wrapped in muslin, and a black silk apron peeped out beneath the calico skirt turned back to protect it; on her belt she carried a household bunch of keys. When he came near her, the priest observed that her glistening face bore traces of tears.

Waving away little Baptistin, she thus addressed the Vicar: "I confess to you, Sir, that you are not here to my liking, still less to that of my husband, who is never to know of your visit. I have succeeded for the moment in keeping everyone out of the way. Come in quickly!"

"Yet," replied the thunderstruck Vicar, "this letter, madam, is in your handwriting, I suppose?"

Madame Le Huguet wiped her eyes with agitation.

"I must needs have consented! I was doubtless wrong. But when a poor girl entreated me from the grave," added she sobbing, "what was one to do? Could I have resisted to the very end—I her mother? Come in, I tell you. He would be the very man to kill you if he suspected."

She made him cross the yard and turn a corner of the house to where some wooden steps ascended outside to the first floor. Mounting these, she drew a key from her pocket and, after casting furtive looks around her, opened a small door at the top, and with apologies asked the young priest to wait for a moment in her linen room. From the adjoining apartment which she had entered came a feeble cry as quickly suppressed; there was a rustling of clothes and rapid whisperings; then Madame Le Huguet reappeared and showed him the way while herself keeping in the background.

Vicar Fulgentius was in a large chamber whose drawn curtains and shutters kept ajar allowed day to enter only under the form of twilight; although perfumes of pink and lavender from the garden made their way in through the folds of drapery. Upon a chintz-hung bed lying in the usual recess, some one lifted him or herself feebly up within view of the Vicar; the door had closed behind him, and he found himself alone facing this pale apparition, which at the back of the recess blended with the whiteness of the sheets. But, as his eye grew accustomed to this mock-night, he discovered a woman—a young woman with large eyes lost in blackened circles that surrounded them, and with a complexion of wax. Alone of all her being her hair of a golden brown hue, glistening and bushy, seemed to live. It had been plaited in two thick braids, which making a frame round her face and chest stretched on over the bed. Otherwise one would have said, It is some statue from a tomb. Nevertheless, as the Vicar approached, a hectic flush tinged her cheek-bones; her hands, which had been convulsively clenched upon each other, came unlocked; and she murmured, "I thank you!"

Then only did he recall a figure of which this was but the shadow and which had often crossed his path without his ever thinking to inquire, "Who is she?" This figure forgotten till then, he saw again better than he had done in reality; indeed he was astonished at it himself, having favoured that person with no attention, and having not once thought of her since.

"You are Mademoiselle Simone, I think?" said he, seating himself by the head of the bed, as was his custom with all sick persons, in a tender familiar way, without waiting to be invited.

She smiled sadly at the name.

"I am no longer anything," said she—"anything but a girl who is going to die."

"Who knows? God is at hand; and his power has no limit. It is you, my child, is it not, who have had me summoned?"

A flush still deeper, burning and painful to view, kindled in the hollow of her cheeks, and she turned her head away to bury it in the pillow with strange confusion. Then a hoarse cough seized upon her, shaking her frail shoulders. This cough, this almost transparent thinness, and other fatal signs gave the Vicar only too clear a warning: phthisis in its last stage was wearing away this poor creature. Overwhelmed, panting for breath, with a dank forehead, she gazed at him with a look that would have greatly troubled him if he had not already met in more than one dying person that intensity of gaze by which they seem to appropriate by a final effort all that is going to escape them for ever.

A long pause ensued, during which he could hear her heart beating loud and fast. At last he tried to shake off her timidity or indecision: "What can I do for you?" said he.

"Oh," she replied, "you have already done much more than I dared hope; since you are here."

"The God whom I serve enjoins me to charity. It is my duty to hasten without wavering, without even trying to explain their motives, to all those who are suffering and ask for me."

She groaned as if she had been wounded, and mournfully repeated, "Your duty!"

"Your duty," she continued, "will doubtless prevent your coming again. Never mind!—you shall know—you shall read—for I dare not speak."

Once more the little blood that was left her, rose suddenly to her forehead, and she succeeded in holding herself up with a contraction of the features which betokened so much pain, that the priest mechanically drew nearer to help her; but instantly she held out her arm to stop him, as though frightened. Then she felt under her pillow for something.

"You promise to read?" said she, as she handed him a flat book, bound in Persian Morocco, with a clasp and tiny key. "It is a confession—a confession made as you see, at the point of death. One ought to be very indulgent to such. Ah!" she added with a sob, "when you know you will not return."

"Nothing will prevent me from bringing you consolations," answered he, moved with profound pity.

Just then the door was half opened by Madame Le Huguët, who in a tone of suppressed anguish, said, "It is the hour at which your father always comes home from the fields."

"Farewell," murmured the sick girl.

"Good-bye till I see you again," answered the Vicar.

He noticed that she was making an undecided movement towards giving him her hand; and, thinking that his Divine Master would not have refused to touch the Syrophenician woman, he took the hand with the awkwardness of a man who has forbidden himself such familiarities. What was his surprise and almost terror to feel his own hand drawn towards a pair of trembling lips which rested on it like a brand of fire. Without knowing what he did, he quitted the chamber, and found himself upon the high road.

The idea then flashed on him that the poor girl was delirious; and he adhered to it: this spontaneous movement must have been the impulse of fever. He would almost have thought the whole adventure a dream, had not the small locked book been there in his pocket, inviting him to read, to learn. Minute by minute as he walked his curiosity grew greater. At length he could no longer resist; and seating himself beneath a clump of trees by the roadside he opened the book and plunged into its contents. It was the calm hour that just follows sunset; the air resounded with the distant song of the reapers. At that moment Francis Le Huguët went by, his hands crossed behind his back, his head drooped so as to avoid lifting his hat; and the Vicar stopped as though caught in the very act of house-breaking.

IV.

WHETHER because of this sudden appearance of this father who was not to be informed, or because the steel clasp was rather stubborn, a vague dread came over him that he would show a want of delicacy in looking into this secret which had nevertheless been voluntarily entrusted to his hands. She had called it a confession; but this confession of a Protestant woman was an extraordinary act, to which, perhaps, he ought not to have been a party before knowing in what spirit it was performed.

To reassure himself he began by perusing the first pages, which were run through with a slight pencil mark to show that they were unimportant—that they did not count; they were, in fact, the diary of a little girl—insignificant in their monotony. The writing was regular and careful, with capital letters of the most flowery designs. Beneath each date, commencing with her first entering the boarding-school, a few lines summed up the day's occupations—her success in her ordinary classes, the special competitions, the distributions of prizes; and amidst all that effusions evoked by some childish love with its incidents of artless passion—the ingenuous narrative of the little joys and little sorrows of the age wherein everything looks great through the medium of a lively fancy, a warm heart, and childish perceptions.

These sorrows and joys seemed to have been with Simone, more than with any other child, out of proportion to the events that called them forth. Moreover, there had been shocks and contrasts in her career which were not destined to produce a very wholesome effect upon the development of a character whose chief tendencies showed themselves to be uncommon pride and a perilous disposition to dream. A young lady at school, Simone le Huguët became a peasant again when she went home for the holidays; and this two-fold life was at first detailed with a sprightliness that revealed the happy faculty of finding enjoyment in everything. By degrees, however, the tastes of the young lady predominated; she took

less pleasure in hay-makings and grape-gatherings. In the paternal dwelling, which overflowed with comforts, she seemed to lack something essential. After her last year of study, which was particularly brilliant, she had asked her parents, as a reward, for a wardrobe with a mirror in it and a rose-wood bureau.

Her eldest sister, Julia, though brought up like herself, was less particular, and rather made fun of her aspirations; Julia, without loving a rural life, would have readily married a tradesman, and put up with a small town. Simone did not think of marriage; but she was unfolding wings of an immoderate span to soar to an indefinite future. The style of her narrative was becoming more and more high-flown and romantic. The winning of a diploma had awakened in her the desire of becoming a governess, of attaching herself to the footsteps of some rich and noble foreign family, of seeing the world, and thus escaping the vulgarities that she saw ahead of her by flying to the unknown. Her parents opposed it: she had no need to earn her living—she was rich, thank God!—she would settle in life in a becoming way. What tedium followed on her final return to La Prée! what veiled complaints, of which she herself acknowledged the injustice (for her father, albeit severe, adored her, and her mother gave her all that she seemed to desire, except freedom to seek elsewhere for satisfaction, which perhaps she would never find)! But then, without those higher gratifications, how deep, how intolerable the void! Accustomed from her birth to the things of the fields, she could not feel their poetry: all that was too commonplace—she dreamed of the mountains and the ocean that she had never seen within view of the plains waving with corn, of the hills bristling with poles that supported the tender vine. Her mind was pure, her heart free from conflicting passions; but she would have liked to learn and to conquer. She would have loved the unforeseen; but it never happened. Never did a new face, never an incident that differed from those of every day, come to afford her distraction. The persons that surrounded her were too much her inferiors—her sister, herself among the number, bent as she was upon marriage, and disposed beforehand to find any match suitable. Her correspondence with two old school-fellows had at first been very active; but little by little it had been dropped, through a lack of interests in common: in speaking of that which would never fall to her share they only intensified her regrets. The one, placed higher than herself in the world, was spending her honeymoon upon the lakes of Italy; the other, less favoured in point of wealth, was turning her talents to profit. She wished she had been a lady out and out like the first, or thoroughly poor and mistress of her actions like the second. Soon her books were the only resource left to her; but in plunging into them she drew up only fresh needs, thirst for a still loftier ideal. At last she came to abhor all the instruction she had received—all the culture, indeed, that separated her from the sated and peaceful brutes. Music, which at school had given her so many delicious hours, consoled her no longer; her piano seemed an exile in that big rustic dwelling where only swine-herds and milk-maids stopped to listen with staring eyes and gaping mouths, as they would have done for any other sound.

"What is the good of it?" Simone repeated to herself, shutting up the instrument that her father reproached with costing so dear, forsaking her reading, and in short helplessly allowing the life around her to become more and more oppressing, more and more narrow.

"What is the good of it?"—these words reappeared with or without commentary upon every page of the diary. Then she apparently grew tired of the diary itself; for several pages remained blank to be filled in at some time or other, and a long period elapsed before the narrative was resumed. There had been nothing, nothing to tell!

"Poor child!" said the priest to himself, with a sudden feeling of sympathy. He too had often uttered that mournful expression: "What is the good?" whilst measuring his aims with his task. But the consciousness of accomplished duty—a very humble duty, which implied perchance all the greater merit—requited him. Whilst this young girl seemed to bring no returns to God, who reckons up all our trials. Here and there His name appeared among these rapid notes; she made a despairing appeal to Him. But that was not piety such as Vicar Fulgentius understood it—the piety that leads a tired soul to the foot of the altar, that entrusts it to the tender protection of that interceding Virgin whose help Protestants do not implore.

"Poor child!" he repeated, "if she had submitted to an enlightened direction, if she had possessed the truth mingled with her faith, her destiny would have seemed to her endurable. She is taking account of it very late; but still she is taking account of it, since she is calling me to her aid. A leaf lying loose in the middle of the note book had just escaped, and was blown to some distance by the breeze. He caught it, and read, turning pale at the words:—

"How I set myself madly to love a man condemned by irrevocable vows to celibacy—the being in the world against whom I had been best armed from my childhood up, whose superstitions repelled me in principle to the greatest degree. I have thought about him so much that I have finished by understanding him. First of all, it was not a priest that I saw in him the first day, but a man young, handsome, and intrepid, performing in full freedom an act of heroism that had no concern with his ministry; then he was the only man in this country whose face, mind, and character could produce any impression upon me: he differed from the rest as much, nay, more than I did myself. And lastly, what love once truly felt has ever recoiled before that word, impossible. I have already dashed myself against it; it is killing me."

Vicar Fulgentius abruptly closed the book, and arose as if terror-struck. "The wretched girl!" thought he, "the wretched girl! She was right when she said that I could do nothing for her. I ought not to go even to the end of her confession. May God have pity on her!"

No human feeling mingled in the young priest's mind with the horror that he felt at this profanation. But the anger that showed itself on his brow when he re-entered the vicarage looked so like grief that Ursula exclaimed as she looked at him, "God help us! what has happened to Your Reverence? Can you be ill? You are as white as a sheet."

I am only a little tired; my good soul, don't worry yourself, answered he, as he stepped into his room, without seeming to notice that dinner was laid.

"It's not good sense to dine at an hour like this, that's certain! Don't make your soup wait any longer, please, sir: I have had hard work to prevent it from getting burnt."

"Thank you, I shall not dine," he replied. "Leave me alone: I only need a little rest. It's no use insisting, Ursula."

And Vicar Fulgentius bolted himself in; whilst his housekeeper, with arms raised to heaven, strove her utmost to discover what could have happened at the house of those infidels of La Prée to put him into such a state. She was much more puzzled the next morning when she perceived that her master had not gone to bed that night, and that his candle had burnt down into its socket. For all that, at six o'clock he started off to say mass with his usual calmness.

(To be continued.)

THE SCRAP BOOK.

THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

I HAPPENED to be staying at a country house in Sussex, in 1882, when the Duke of Wellington drove over to luncheon. Later in the day he said to me, "Come out and take a walk." That afternoon we had a good deal of conversation about the condition of the poor—their houses, their habits, their character, and what should be done to assist them. As we reached the top of the hill the Duke paused and looked round upon the lovely summer landscape. "This is what they want," he said, "fresh air, open spaces; but they do a lot of mischief, you know;" and he then told me several stories of great parks that had been opened to the people, and whose owners afterwards closed them in disgust. I answered by appealing to the flower beds in the London Gardens, intimating that the more the people were trusted the better they behaved. "Park-keepers and police," said the Duke, striking his stick in the ground. "A private park can't be watched like a public place; it isn't worth while. This talk about the people and their rights to our property is all stuff. We give them privileges, and what do they do with them?" The Duke was not a pessimist, but he was not an optimist. He was a Tory, liberal in unexpected ways, and narrow in others; he sometimes played the cynic, but he was kindly and good natured at heart. He was desirous to help "the people." He had no great faith in them. I once intimated that the "poor were more generous to each other in proportion than the rich." "Nonsense," he said, "they can't do anything for each other; we can, and we do." The Duke fully inherited his father's dislike of contradiction, so I kept my opinion and held my tongue. "It is drink that ruins them, and it's of no use preaching to them whilst they live in pigstyes and get no fresh air." I fully concurred in that, but hinted broadly that the rich, who had leisure and treasure and pleasure in town, might do a little more for them. "How?" said the Duke, sharply. "By opening their own great houses and allowing their picture galleries and art treasures to be seen under proper regulations." The Duke, I knew, approved of Sunday opening of museums, so I added, "What a pleasure it would be if the people were allowed to visit Apsley House on Sunday." "I have no objection whatever," he replied, "if you think they would care about it." "Try them," said I. "It requires thinking over. If you can arrange the plan and submit it to me, I will consider it; but I must be protected." And Apsley House was thrown open to the public.

Soon after this, I happened to be staying with the Duke of Wellington at Strathfieldsaye, and had ample opportunity of ascertaining his views and opinions on all sorts of questions. He was very deaf, but managed his infirmity with great tact. He was a most genial host, and had the rare art of putting every one at their ease by his perfect simplicity, heartiness of manner, and a certain shrewdness and humour which was sometimes a little blunt, but never unkindly. He was extremely thoughtful and considerate to his servants and retainers, and his manner to them was just the same as his manner to any of his equals.

In the afternoon we drove out, or inspected the farm and fields, full of queer foreign animals. I have seldom had a more amusing companion; the conversation never flagged. He was full of anecdote—often about the great Duke (whom I remember seeing once in the House of Lords, arm-in-arm with Lord Brougham, in 1850, and whom the late Duke singularly resembled in face). He told me of that great man's extraordinary accuracy and command of details.

This came out especially in the despatches, several volumes of which he had carefully edited. "My father," he said, "used to read them admiringly himself. 'For my life,' he once said to me, 'I don't know how I ever came to write 'em.' My father had one odd peculiarity—weakness, if you like to call it so—he would never be corrected. He used to drive himself, and always at a great pace. Once my brother Charles was sitting by his side. The horses were pelting along at the usual rate, and to his horror, Charles saw that my father had fallen asleep, still holding the reins. He had the power of sleeping by snatches. I have seen him fall asleep at dinner, and no one dared either move themselves or rouse him. Well, the horses neared a turnpike gate. It was closed. Charles dared not touch the reins, but a smash was inevitable. He nudged the Duke just in time.

"Mind your own business, Charles," said my father, and Charles got no more thanks.

"On another occasion the Duke gave my brother a cheque for £10, with orders to send it to some poor man who had written in distress from Edinburgh. My brother, before sending it, made inquiries, and found the man to be an impostor; so he brought back the cheque. He thought," added the Duke, slyly, "that my father might say, 'you may keep the cheque, Charles.' Not at all; my father pocketed the cheque, and merely remarked, 'Charles, I told you to send off that cheque. Why cannot you obey orders?'"

He chuckled over Bradlaugh's idea of giving pensions like his own (£2,000 a year for two lives) twelve years to run. "I am quite agreeable. Personally, I'm all right. If they abolish the Lords, I shall cross to Belgium. I can still live in Spain, where I am Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo. And if Spain collapses, I shall retire to Portugal, where I shall end my days as Marquis of Tarras Vedras and Count of Vimiero.

I was walking in the Strathfieldsaye Park with him one afternoon, when he paused at a railed-off clump of trees. "Here," said he, "lies Copenhagen. By the way," he said, "do you know that the famous 'Up Guards, and at them' is not my father's at all, but Lord Saltoun's, and the right words are 'Up Guards, and fire low.' My father sat on Copenhagen fourteen hours at a stretch at Waterloo. He was a horse not much to look at, but of great endurance and spirit. The Duke got him in Spain, and rode him through his Spanish campaigns; he was very fond of him. Four years before he died he was kept here as a pet, and the ladies were all proud to ride him up and down the terrace, in order to boast of having sat on his back. He was buried here very early in the morning; all the servants turned out, and to their surprise the Duke, who was then very old and failing, got up and appeared at the funeral. When the horse was brought out, he immediately noticed that one hoof was off; he was very angry, but could not discover the robber. Some months afterwards he thought he should have a hoof, and had Copenhagen dug up, but his three remaining hoofs had rotted away. A farm labourer hearing of this, asked to see my father, and told him that he knew the man who had done the deed, for he had himself bought the hoof for 3s. 6d. In this way the Duke recovered Copenhagen's hoof, which he had set (I think, the Duke said) as an inkstand."

"And has this noble brute no tombstone, no epitaph," I asked, as we stood beside the grave? "None whatever, but if you will be the Laureate, he shall have one."

I was not eager for the honour thrust thus upon me; but as the Duke alluded to it again after dinner, I thought it over when I went to bed. "If," I said to myself "he should ask a third time, and I have nothing ready, he might think me ungracious."

The next day I was leaving. I had bid the Duke good-bye over night. As I was at breakfast, a servant entered, and handed me the following note from his Grace:—

"Dear Mr. Hawsis,—I shall swear you wrote this clerical epitaph if you don't produce something better.—Yours, WELLINGTON."

This was the Duke's epitaph:—

Here lies Copenhagen, etc.,
"God's humble instrument of brutal clay,
Should share the glories of that glorious day."

"Was there any answer?" There was. Fortunately I had written down my epitaph, and had it all ready, so I sent it up to the Duke. It ran thus:—

Here, full of honour and great memories,
Wellington's war horse, Copenhagen, lies.
Spare empty praise to one so tried and true,
Three words suffice—Peace, Victory, Waterloo.

H. R. HAWESIS, in *Contemporary Review*.

ON ECCLESIASTICAL VESTMENTS.

DR. LIGHTFOOT, Bishop of Durham, "an eminent scholar, a most able divine, a man of singularly spiritual character and judicial temper of mind," and universally allowed to be a "Broad" churchman, expresses his views of the vestment controversy in the following terms:—Originally the most distinctively sacerdotal of the condemned vestments—the chasuble—was an ordinary out-door apparel, and, therefore, "could not have any sacerdotal or sacrificial bearing." "The learned professions" being "proverbially conservative in matters of dress," the chasuble continued to be the dress of the clergy after it had fallen out of use for the laity. In process of time it ceased to be the ordinary dress of the clergy also, and became their official dress in celebrating the Holy Communion. In itself, however, it had no special significance. It symbolized, as any other vestment would have done equally well, the prevalent doctrine of the Church on the subject of the Eucharist. Those who held a high doctrine naturally regarded the chasuble, with its appurtenances, as symbolizing that doctrine; but, of course, there was nothing in the vestment itself, apart from its associations, which indicated one doctrine more than another. So that it was quite open to those who opposed high Sacramental doctrines to put their own interpretation on the use of the chasuble. Dr. Lightfoot accordingly regrets "that in recent controversy the opponents, not less than the champions, of vestments, should have insisted on regarding them as party emblems." "In the interests of peace it is well to minimise their significance." "It would be a real gain if we could be led to see that in themselves they are not worth contending for or against." This way of putting the matter is, of course, capable of being pushed to extremes, far beyond Dr. Lightfoot's meaning, and he is, therefore, careful to supply the corrective. He admits that "from another point of view"

the ecclesiastical vestments "have a real significance." "All Churchmen regard" the Holy Communion "as the highest office of Christian worship." There can, therefore, be no impropriety "in marking it by a distinctive dress"; and the upholders of the Purchas and Ridsdale judgments are, of all persons, debarred from urging any such objection, inasmuch as those judgments enjoin in certain cases the use of a distinctive dress for the Holy Communion. Whether that dress be cope or chasuble makes no difference as to the principle. "But are the vestments lawful, after all?" the Bishop proceeds to ask, without committing himself to an answer one way or the other. It is evident, however, from his treatment of the matter that he does not by any means consider the question finally closed. He sees the insuperable historical difficulties which the recent decisions have to encounter, and recognizes that the problem is rather an historical than a legal one.—*London Spectator*.

MR. GLADSTONE'S POPULARITY.

ON Wednesday, August 27th, Mr. Gladstone went to Midlothian to give some account to his constituents of his four years' administration. *Blackwood's Magazine* for September, which indulges in its usual frothy fury against him, contains a prose attack and a verse attack, the latter containing these lines:—

Though the grand old word-spinner, the live paradox,
On his stump seek to lure back the *populi vox*;
Though he promise, and palter, and misrepresent,
His charms are all powerless, his sleights are all spent.

Well, that does not look as if *Blackwood* knew much of its own country and capital. Mr. Gladstone, though he did all in his power to avoid publicity, and did not take the old Waverly route to Scotland, was received with more than the passion of 1880. At every station where he was recognized the enthusiasm of the crowd, and the vehement desire to obtain a shake of his hand, surpassed anything that happened in 1880. His political "charms" apparently were never more engrossing, and he had absolutely no occasion for any "sleights." At Edinburgh the scene was very exciting, though Mr. Gladstone made no reply to the address of grateful acknowledgment and unabated confidence which the Liberal Committee presented to him. Opposite the Caledonian station is the Scottish Liberal Club. All traffic was stopped. Twenty tram-cars were accumulated in one long string. The cars and omnibuses were turned into grand stands. The fountain in the open space by the station was covered with electors. The lamp-posts and railings swarmed with eager artisans. Twelve thousand people cheered at the top of their voices as Lord Rosebery's carriage drove off with Mr. Gladstone. In Maitland Street ten thousand more were massed together to cheer in the same fashion. All along the route to Dalmeny the people waited to see him and cheer him as he passed, and the address of the Committee of the Midlothian Liberal Association assured him that they look back on the four and a-half years of his administration with pride and satisfaction.—*Spectator*.

OATMEAL PORRIDGE.

To water, pint, add ounces four
Of meal, or just a trifle more;
And don't forget the pinch of salt,
Else you may think the cook at fault.
Full twenty minutes let them boil—
Well stirred the while or they will spoil;
Then eat with syrup, milk, or fruit—
Whichever best your taste may suit.
You'll thus enjoy the best of food—
Yea, something which will do you good;
For ne'er was made so choice a dish
From flesh of mammal, bird, or fish.
You, too, can say (though last not least),
'Tis good because a bloodless feast.

T. K.

MR. HENRY COXWELL ON BALOON STEERING.

BEFORE I embarked in air-travelling—say about five-and-forty years since—I was accustomed to collect the various newspaper accounts purporting to treat of the "conquest of the air," or, as it was styled at that time, "of the solution of aerial navigation." I did not fail to observe that paragraphs of this kind cropped up now and again, like the appearance of the sea-serpent in later times. I never saw myself, nor could I ever meet with any one who on oath or by affirmation would vow positively that he ever saw a man fly, or a balloon go against the wind. We are now called upon to believe—albeit without seeing—that in Paris the problem of direction is completely mastered, and that it is only a question of time and money to convey bodies of soldiers a hundred at a time, and to carry on an out-and-return postal service as easily as by railroad. These declarations will tax the judgment of politicians and generals, as it will be no joke to drop down a war-like race a hundred at a time, or to steer an aerial torpedo bang into the open and vulnerable part of a fortification. Aeronauts, too, will be called upon for their candid opinion. I try to excuse myself by saying that later on I may try to treat the subject seriously and from a practical standpoint; but that at present I will adduce from my own experience one or two instances in which, without any wings, propellers, accumulators, or other aids, I have several times gone forth with a balloon in a given direction, come back again with another current of air, and even landed near the spot where the ascent was made from. It is of paramount importance to explain that this French achievement is no new performance without precedent, and it should not *per se* be accepted as a proof that it

can be done again under altered conditions, or that it was solely due to the propelling power attached to the balloon. Well I remember as a young and ardent voyager how often I have noticed, when the balloon has been anchored, what a strain was thrown upon a three-inch rope, and with what force the restive balloon dashed about before she finally succumbed. Many a shoulder shrug have I given when questioned as to the simplicity and ease of guiding balloons as I looked upon their distended surface in a stiff breeze, and perceive what power is required only to hold your own against it, much more to force the machine in the very teeth of the wind. The oftener I noticed these results the more I became persuaded that mere manual labour, or anything short of a new and powerful motor; would do little or no good for flight or balloon steering. To attempt to apply the wings of a tom-tit to the body of a wild goose would never enable it to fly; every part of a perfect whole must be in proportion, and must not defy or widely depart from the laws of nature. An albatross, to dip and career over the ocean wave, must have large, widely-extended wings in excess, possibly, of the size of the body, and a balloon twice as big as a house stands no chance of wheeling and tacking in mid-air unless by aid of a prodigious screw or gigantic propellers of adequate dimensions. Then comes the great and vital question of animation or power. What machinery that can be taken up in a balloon car of very limited power is equal to the kind of work which a pigeon will perform if you hold it by the feet and allow it to give scope to its wings and muscles? Something of this stir, noise, and demonstration should be forthcoming if the action is to resemble a thing of life.—*Pall Mall Budget*.

WE can mention with emphatic approval THE WEEK, of Toronto, one of the ablest papers on the continent.—*Descriptive America*.

THE advantages of Ottawa for the site of a large manufacturing city, with its miles of water power, are unrivalled on this continent, and its railway facilities as a distributing point are especially good.—*Ottawa Free Press*.

NOT only does Canada as a whole, with her stretch of country from the Atlantic to the Pacific, want more railways, but Ontario can be materially advanced and her productions increased by more railways and better roads. Her agricultural and commercial wealth in a short space of time can be doubled by such facilities.—*London (Ont.) Free Press*.

GENERAL BUTLER appears to be in much the same position as the ass in *Æsop's* fables, who starved to death between the two bundles of hay, as he never could make up his mind which to eat. The Murat of politics cannot make up his mind which party he will assist, so between the two he will "get left" in November.—*Chicago Rambler*.

IT is my deliberate conviction that if any leading public man in England, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Brand (the late Speaker of the House of Commons), Lord Cairns, late Chancellor, or Lord Selborne, the present Chancellor, were accused of the things which are certified over the signature of Blaine, and if the charges were not repelled beyond the possibility of a suspicion, he would never again raise his head in public, and would die in an agony of grief and shame.—*Dr. Wayland, in The Independent*.

GENERAL WOLSELEY himself is almost as much a popular hero as Gordon. The subjection of Egypt and the successful expeditions on the Red River and into the Ashantee country have given him that sort of prestige which military success always commands; but, more than this, he is a leader of a progressive spirit in the English army; he is an advocate of the "short service" system, which the old-fashioned military men predict will be the ruin of the English Army; and he has not always been cautious to conceal his contempt for old-fogy methods and the exclusive, aristocratic spirit of many of his compeers.—*Christian Union*.

THE one thing that we do want is free intercourse for trade throughout America. The North American Continent and adjacent islands yield almost every product, except tea, that civilization requires. Here there is inter-dependence, for, as Canada possesses the northern and the States the southern part, each require to purchase what the different climate of the other produces. We want access to our nearest and most natural market, and whatever will give us that on fair terms would be worth a hundred times more than any number of the impracticable and absurd schemes which are so plentifully put forward of late.—*St. John Telegraph*.

THERE is a great ado made over the evil of Monte Carlo, and a general European movement is talked of to compel the little principality of Monaco to abolish the gaming carried on there under soft lights, amid fountains and fragrances and the soft Mediterranean air; but for every suicide in Monte Carlo's groves and parterres, there are many that date from Wall Street just as truly as if they happened there; and for every foolish green-horn or desperate gambler who beggars himself in the casino, there are a score of honest country fools whose hard-earned savings vanish in the tempting vortex of the stock exchange.—*Springfield Republican*.

THE peculiar tactics of the supporters of Mr. Blaine during the present canvass have excited a good deal of private discussion, as they are not very easy to understand. It seems to have been determined in the inner Blaine councils, after the nomination had been secured, not to notice the Mulligan charges in any way, except vaguely as "exploded calumnies" or "stale slanders." This was a very reasonable conclusion to reach in view of the failure of Mr. William Walter Phelps's defence before the nomination, and in view of the nature of the evidence, which was nearly all documentary, and most of it in Mr. Blaine's own handwriting. In fact, it was recognized fully by the shrewd ones at the outset that there was no defence which would not take on the character of a palliative plea, which is always half confession.—*N. Y. Nation*.

WHAT the literature of America, of England, of France, needs to-day is writers who seek to know the springs of human nature. Literature requires no particular climate, no one phase of related conditions, in soil, air, landscape and people. Canada is not too cold nor Spain too warm. Wherever civilization sits, there may literature thrive. Canadian literature simply requires the efforts of the Canadian literary men of to-day. Let them set their hands and hearts and minds to the task and to-morrow will bring a complete realization of their highest hopes.—*Chicago Current*.

THE Paris press has been seized with a fit of Anglophobia, and abuses John Bull and all his works with vigour and with vengeance. The exact cause of this frenzy is not apparent, but it is supposed to have arisen from the accounts sent by British correspondents in China as to the merciless severity and cruelty of the French mode of conducting war in that country. Another reason may be conjectured—the failure of France to impose her policy on the recent Egyptian Conference. It is a remarkable fact, that the *entente cordiale* between the two countries has never been what it previously was since our neighbours repealed the free-trade treaty and imposed a protective tariff a few years ago.—*Bolton (Eng.) Advertiser*.

THE establishment of public libraries has had this marked effect on the conception of the social use and function of libraries, that they are no longer held to exist simply for the diffusion of knowledge, and for serious purposes of culture or study, but come into the class of popular recreation. The recognition of this view of their function by the librarians has led to a new definition of *trash*. Provided the book will entertain and amuse a reader, the right to refuse it to him is denied. Within bounds we do not care to dispute this; but the line should certainly be drawn at *mi* .s, and the library administration cannot be fully divorced from the responsibility which attaches to all teachers, of asserting some kind of discretionary right to say what readers of the school age and in the pupillary stage of life shall read. It is the plain right of society to fix boundaries and limitations of this sort to the free use of fiction in the public libraries, and it will be suicidal if it is not done.—*The Independent*.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE KING'S MEN: A Tale of To-morrow. By Robert Grant, John Boyle O'Reilly, J. S., of Dale, and John T. Wheelwright. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

In this daring book the quartette of authors attempt to pourtray a future England under a Republic, and succeed in showing what an unlovely country it would be in the circumstances they venture to paint as likely to follow such a change. How little they understand English character and the drift of public opinion in England may be imagined when it is stated that Bradlaugh is made the last Premier, and an unscrupulous Irishman is pourtrayed as occupying the position of President of the Republic! Presuming upon the present unpopularity of the aristocracy as hereditary legislators, the authors represent that order as attempting to regain place and power by means such as are now used by dynamitards in the name of Irish nationality, and make a sorry case for the Republican party by causing it to turn the nobility out of house and home merely to fill the desolated hearths with demagogues and American adventurers who contract with "Jarley Jawkinses" to "supply aristocratic guests at so much per head." The plot of the book, however, is most interesting, and in spite of its far-fetched *raison d'être* it will probably create a still greater excitement than has already attended its publication in the States.

DESCRIPTIVE AMERICA. Part III. New York: George H. Adams and Son.

It was originally intended that this most valuable work should be published in monthly parts, and the proprietors prefix an apology to this issue for that, although September is now arrived, Part III. is dated August. But no person who has noted the vast scope of the work could possibly expect the various divisions to be out "on time." The part under notice is devoted to the State of Michigan, and completely describes and pourtrays all its topography, industries, educational system, religious condition, eminent men, history and magnificent scenery. A handsome and carefully compiled map of our neighbouring State also accompanies the mass of information collated by the editor, the whole being presented in beautiful type, on fine paper, with numerous and excellent illustrations.

LAYS OF LOVE, and Miscellaneous Poems. By Barry Straton. St. John, N.B.: J. and A. Macmillan.

A little collection of poems of very unequal quality, some of them, however—notably those on pastoral subjects—showing traces of decided merit. Mr. Straton could hardly have expected to say anything startlingly new on the somewhat well-worn topic, love, and, like many other poetic aspirants, gets maudlin in his devotion to Cupid. "The Brooklet's Lament" is a pretty conceit, and, being told in unpretentious language, is pleasant reading. Mr. Straton intends devoting one-half the proceeds of the sale of his work to the poor of Frederickton.

THE PRINCESS. A Medley by Alfred Lord Tennyson. With illustrations. Boston: James R. Osgood and Company.

So much attention has of late been attracted to this much-misunderstood poem by the able "Study" of Mr. S. E. Dawson that it is unnecessary to discuss its merits and demerits here and now. The present edition

is edited by Mr. William J. Rolphe, M.A. We think, however, that the pretty little book put forth by Messrs. Osgood is rather marred than improved by the very indifferent illustrations scattered through its pages.

THE LADY OR THE TIGER? and Other Stories. By Frank R. Stockton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs.

A charming collection of novelettes, one of which, at least, has earned a world-wide notoriety. Mr. Browning was appealed to in connection with an exciting incident related in the story which gave a title to the book, and we believe the English poet's decision gave general satisfaction. Mr. Stockton's style is well-known, and in the dozen tales included in this volume he has amply sustained his reputation as a humorous writer.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MR. CHARLES READE's last work, "A Perilous Secret," in a complete form, is to be held back in England. But it will begin to appear at once in serial form in *Temple Bar*.

A DAUGHTER of Charles Dickens was a prominent figure at the recent wedding of Miss Du Maurier in London, and among the guests were Mr. Browning and Mr. James.

HARPER AND BROTHERS have in press a new edition of Tennyson complete, with a biographical introduction by Miss Thackeray, a complete index, and a bibliography of editions.

MR. BEN BRIERLEY has completed his sketches of America contributed to his *Journal*, entitled "Great Britain over the Sea." The sketches will, we understand, shortly be published in book form.

NEXT to Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Clemmer-Hudson probably earned more money by her pen than any other woman in Washington. Her income for several years ranged as high as \$6,000 a year.

MR. FROUDE is still at The Molt, Saltcombe, one of the most charming and inaccessible places of the south-west coast, putting the finishing touches on his biography of Carlyle, which will be the literary feature of this autumn.

MISS BRADDON's forthcoming novel, "Ishmael," will be published early next month. Miss Braddon is now in residence at her new home in the New Forest, where she is busy upon her annual, "The Mistletoe Bough," which will appear in November.

F. MARION CRAWFORD, the novelist, now living in Rome, is thus posed for a pen portrait by a correspondent. He is very tall, six feet two, with broad shoulders, full brown beard, high forehead, and hazel eyes; his manners are easy, but not free; he laughs heartily and talks well.

A BACO-SHAKESPEAREAN Society has just been organized in New York, to be composed of persons who do not believe that Shakespeare wrote the plays and poems to which his name is generally attached. One hundred persons attended the preliminary meeting, and it is proposed to hold regular meetings.

IN America there are annually printed about 2,800,000,000 copies of daily, weekly and monthly journals, while in Europe the annual issue amounts to 7,300,000,000 copies. America does pretty well for a new country not yet wholly settled, and which is not broken up into groups of small nations—each with peculiar interests.

MR. T. W. HIGGINSON's larger "History of the United States," most of the chapters of which have appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, will be published by Harper and Bros. next spring, with some additional chapters, bringing the history down to a later period. The illustrations will be nearly all retained, and their number increased.

THE *Art Interchange* of September 11 contains a charming design in colour of a vase decorated with pink morning glories. The addition of bronze to this design makes it most exquisite for decoration in mineral colours. The same issue also contains a beautiful picture of a girl in frilled cap, which strongly suggest the Cherry Ripe of Millais.

THE *Book-Worm* for September is principally devoted to the advertising of a new edition of Prescott's "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," which Mr. John B. Alden has in the press. This valuable work, when published, will add one more to the long list of high-class books offered to the public at nominal prices in connection with the "Literary Revolution."

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, speaking of Prof. W. C. Richards' poem of congratulation upon the Autocrat's election as chief of the Forty Immortals, now so widely copied, said: "I blushed redder when I read it than when I found my name at the top of the column. How much pleasanter it is to be spoken of good-naturedly than to be pecked at by critics!"

MR. W. D. HOWELLS is writing a novel for the coming year of *The Century*, under the title of "The Rise of Silas Lapham." In the first chapter, which will be printed in the November number, Mr. Howells returns to the life of Bartley and Marcia Hubbard, the much-discussed hero and heroine of "A Modern Instance," showing Bartley in the character of interviewer for his "Solid Men of Boston" series.

THE works of reparation which have been for some time in progress in the Greek gallery of the basement of the Louvre are now complete. The Venus of Milo has been replaced in the old spot and adjusted on a new plinth, so that the error of the original position of the figure has been rectified, and the disposition of an important part of the drapery made intelligible. The fragments found with the statue have been properly displayed and arranged better than before.

OSCAR WILDE is having a house fitted up for himself and bride in Chelsea hard by the house of the late sage, Thomas Carlyle. The new domicile will be a wonderful compound of æstheticism and "cultchaw."

M. JEHAN SOUDAN, who came to America in the train of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, has recently published a volume called "Histoires de l'autre Monde—Mœurs Américaines," which consists of a dozen and a-half sketches of American life and character translated (or rather betrayed) into French without any specific acknowledgment or mention of the American authors, although M. Armand Silvestre, in the preface, declares that all the tales told by M. Soudan are of American origin.

MATTHEW ARNOLD has recently expressed the opinion that "a hundred years hence George Sand, the disciple of Rousseau, with much of Rousseau's faults, but yet with Rousseau's great motive (love of goodness and enthusiasm for beauty) inspiring her—George Sand to whom the French literature of to-day is backward to do honour—George Sand will have established her superiority to Balzac as incontestably as Rousseau."

MR. W. CAREW HAZLITT has obtained the loan of a manuscript journal which gives curious particulars of his grandfather, William Hazlitt, when a boy. Through the kindness of the possessor of this MS. Mr. Hazlitt is enabled to make use of it in connection with his "Memoirs of Hazlitt," and he will contribute some illustrative extracts from the MS. to the next number of the Antiquary.

THE agent of the Duke of Marlborough has been pretty successful in sales of the Blenheim pictures. For four pictures Mr. Davies, it is stated, has obtained \$700,000, one of these being the famous Raphael, for which the Government has undertaken to pay \$350,000.

THE numbers of Littell's Living Age for September 6th and 13th contain, "Peter the Great," from the Quarterly; "Hodson of Hodson's Horse," and "John Gibson Lockhart," National; "Sussex," Nineteenth Century; "The Marquis of Salisbury," Fortnightly; "Alliteration," Temple Bar; "A Scene from Florida Life," and "Heine's Mountain-Idylls," Macmillan; "A New Aid to Thrift," "Crooked Answers," "The Fortnightly on Lord Salisbury," "A Misconception of History," and "The Waxing and Waning of Glaciers," Spectator; "Social Village Life in 1800," All the Year Round; "Birds-nest Soup," Nature; with instalments of "Beauty and the Beast," "Mitchelhurst Place," and "Bab," and Poetry.

ANNOUNCEMENTS for the coming year of St. Nicholas include serial stories by J. T. Trowbridge and E. P. Roe; a series of papers on places of interest in Europe, by Frank R. Stockton, entitled "Personally Conducted"; "Talks for Young Folk," by H. H.; "Art-Work for Young Folk," by Charles G. Leland; papers on "Choosing an Occupation," based on personal interviews with prominent representatives of various trades and professions; more short stories by Miss Alcott; a series called "Among the Law-makers," and embodying the recollections of a page in the United States Senate; papers on "The Progress of Invention"; a story of Texas, by the late Rev. William M. Baker—and a great many other good things besides.

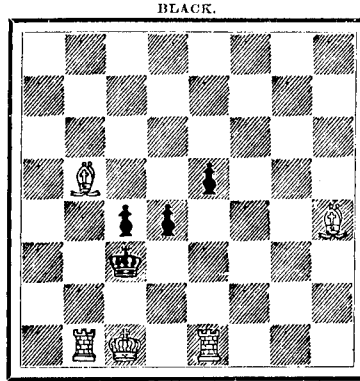
THE opening article of the October Century will be "Lights and Shadows of Army Life," an anecdotal and reminiscent paper by George F. Williams, the well-known correspondent during the Rebellion, and author of "Bullet and Shell." The illustrations will be reproductions, now engraved for the first time, of the well-known etchings by Edwin Forbes, the pictorial war correspondent. Mr. W. D. Howells will contribute to The Century, during the coming year, a series of descriptive papers on the life, society, customs, etc., of cities of northern Italy, beginning with several on Florence, to be entitled "A Florentine Mosaic."

To the average reading man there is a strange fascination in a catalogue of books, and more especially if it chance to be a list of new books. And when such catalogue contains, in addition to ordinary details, portraits of well-known writers, with fac-similes of their autographs, why the booklet becomes a literary gem. Such is the catalogue published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and company, of Boston, just to hand. Accompanying it are some special announcements in their Literary Bulletin, which it may not be amiss to introduce to the notice of our readers.

CHESS.

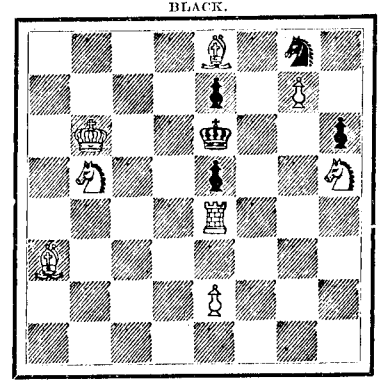
All communications intended for this department should be addressed "Chess Editor," office of THE WEEK, Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 44. Composed for THE WEEK by J. McGregor, Toronto Chess Club.



White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 45. TOURNEY PROBLEM No. 3. Motto:—"Hard-a-lee."



White to play and mate in three moves.

TOURNEY PROBLEM RECEIVED. Motto:—"Tempore Candidior."

AN INTERESTING END GAME.

The following position occurred lately in actual play between two members of the Toronto Chess Club. White (Mr. S.) K Q B 5, B Q Kt 4, P Q R 3. Black (Mr. H.) K K B 2, Ps. Q R 5, Q Kt 4. White to play. Can he win?

GAME No. 23. CHESS IN ENGLAND. (From the Field.)

The subjoined interesting game was played on Saturday, June 29, in the Handicap Tournament at Simpson's Divan:—

Table showing chess game moves between Mr. Hirsch and Mr. Blackburne, including White and Black moves and a resignation.

NOTES.

- (a) Better than Kt Q B 3. (b) 12. Kt to Kt 5 would have been quite useless, on account of 12. . . . B to Q sq, followed by 13. . . . P to B 3, and 14. . . . B to Kt 3, when the bishop would have been brought in an attacking position without loss of time. (c) Perhaps 18. R to Kt sq, for the purpose of supporting the advance of the K Kt P, would have been more forcible. (d) White has to execute now this manoeuvre with the knight, in order to support the advance above alluded to. His attack would have been formidable had he posted his rooks on the knight's file; but Mr. Hirsch had a different plan of attack. (e) A very brilliant conception, and we believe perfectly sound. The complications arising from the capture of the queen are very difficult and interesting, but it is one of those positions which can hardly be worked out with a time limit in actual play. A quiet analysis of hours, perhaps, would not exhaust its numerous and difficult variations. Mr. Hirsch might, therefore, have done better to adopt the less violent continuation of 25. Kt to Kt 5. Obviously Black could not capture the knight, because White could then announce mate in five moves, viz.: White. 25. P takes P. Black. P takes Kt. 26. R to R 8, ch. Kt takes R. 27. R to R 8, ch. Kt takes R. (f) A fine move, threatening 29. Kt takes P, etc., winning right off. (g) It seems as if White had an opportunity here to emerge advantageously from the complication by playing P takes Kt, ch, instead of the next move, e.g.: White. 31. P takes Kt, ch. Black. K takes P. 32. P takes B. K takes P. 33. R to Kt sq, ch. K to B 3 (best). 34. R to R 6, ch. K to K 2 (best). 35. R to R 7, ch. K to B sq. White. 36. B to Kt 4. Black. R to B 2. 37. R to R 8, ch winning the queen, and White should win then with two minor pieces for a rook.

It would be worth the trouble of the reader to exhaust the position by a thorough analysis. Such remarkable endings rarely occur.

(h) This breaks the attack, and puts a speedy termination to the struggle. Black remains with the exchange ahead, and the rest is only a matter of time. We might add that Black could have established a successful counter attack had he played 21. . . . P to B 3 instead of P to B 4, for obvious reasons.

NEWS ITEMS.

It is rumoured that several ladies of Philadelphia are trying to start a Ladies' Chess Club. A CORRESPONDENCE match of two games has been commenced between the Chess Clubs of Amiens and Besancon.

ACCORDING to the Philadelphia Times, the last Duke of Brunswick was "a millionaire crank," who lived in Paris, and whose greatest hobby, after watching his diamonds, was the game of chess. He was playing his last game of chess August 18, 1883, when he suddenly rose from the board, saying: "Don't rob me," and then left the room. Within an hour afterward he was found dead in his bed. All who have played over Morphy's games will recall a brilliant victory won by him playing against the same duke and Count Isouard in consultation, while in the duke's box at the Italiens, in Paris, and those of our readers who preserve our column will find in that of March 30, 1884, an account of a curious lawsuit, said to have grown chiefly out of the occurrence of the game in question.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

WHAT IS CATARRH ?

From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15.

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

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

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

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

and inclose stamp for their treatise on Catarrh

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

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

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

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

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

Yours, with many thanks,

REV. E. B. STEVENSON.

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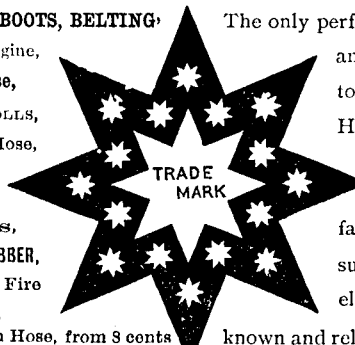
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CHARLES DRINKWATER,

Secretary.

Montreal, January, 1884.



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Cobourg, Aug. 18, 1884. President.

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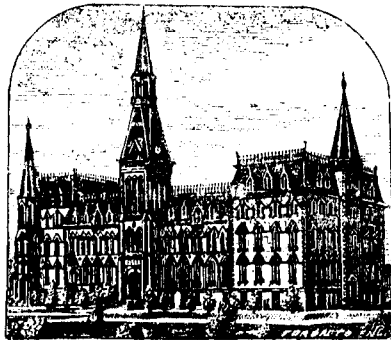
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On the 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th, trains will leave every half hour to the grounds, from 8.30 a.m. to 8.00 p.m., and from the grounds from 8.45 a.m. to 7.45 p.m., and a late train at 10 p.m.

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