

# THE WEEK.

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## The Week,

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### TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE scene in the Ontario House of Legislature on Monday night was as painful as it is likely to be memorable. In the lobbies and galleries, before the sitting, there was considerable talk, of a more or less facetious character, about an expected "explosion," which was to make St. Patrick's Day of 1884 notable in the history of Canada. The building itself was doubly guarded against the hidden enemy, and the presence inside of persons whose semi-ubiquity and watchfulness proclaimed their calling, gave colour to the alarmist speculations. The rumour that some person had been arrested was considered confirmation strong as Holy Writ of a projected dynamite outrage. But when Mr. Mowat rose and announced that a conspiracy to purchase the votes of members of that House had been discovered, and that proofs of the charge were in the Speaker's hands, it was felt that was an "explosion" of an infinitely more damaging nature to the House than any Fenian attack could have been. When the Speaker, in response, produced letters confirming the Premier's statement, and counted out bills to the value of almost two thousand dollars, which it was alleged were actually paid over to two members then present in the House, a profound sensation was made. Up to this point the Government had contented themselves with a bare statement of the facts, without unnecessary comment, but the ill-judged remarks of Mr. Meredith and Mr. Morris provoked a scathing retort from Mr. Fraser, which gave the Liberal side of the House an opportunity to relieve its pent-up feelings in thunderous applause, and the House soon after adjourned, after one of the most painful scenes ever witnessed within its walls.

SIGNIFICANT references are freely made in public places to the attitude of the public press in connection with the frequent railway accidents which it has had occasion to chronicle of late. No editorial comment has been made by the leading dailies, for instance, upon the succession of serious disasters which have happened this year at various points of the Grand Trunk railway, notably at that fatal spot known as "the Humber," near Toronto. A perfect holocaust has been offered at that baleful spot alone, not to mention minor "accidents," attended by loss of life in other parts of the system. Railway travelling, now become an absolute necessity of existence to commercial men, might be, and ought to be, conducted with

comparative safety—at any rate, with a minimum of loss of life and property—whereas it is becoming a thing to be dreaded, through the crass carelessness and callousness of monopoly and greed.

THE *Bobcaygeon Independent* has a clever article on the policy of centralization which is in course of development at Ottawa. The apostle of this creed is, of course, Sir John Macdonald, whilst our contemporary looks upon Mr. Mowat as the champion of segregation:

The Conservatives are seeking to unite the various scattered Provinces into one great Confederation. To accomplish this end they are striving to wipe out Provincialism, to merge all political power in a central Government, and to extinguish what are known as "Provincial Rights." The means used to accomplish the object in view are various, but the one most prominent is the building of railways connecting together the long line of Provinces which extend across the Continent. These views of the Conservative and National Policy party are sustained by arguments which at once appeal to the national vanity, and the public speeches are inflated with such phrases as "great country," "great people," "from the Atlantic to the Pacific," and innuendoes touching the probability of the Great Dominion overshadowing or even absorbing the United States.

The *Independent* then proceeds to show how Ontario would be the most serious loser if the centralizing process were developed. "It would absorb everything of value to Ontario. Ontario prosperity would be made a partner with Quebec bankruptcy; while the Government of the whole country would be controlled by the Quebec French vote."

Already the Confederate Government has struck some heavy blows against Ontario's Provincial Rights. It has refused to ratify the Boundary Award, it has vetoed the Streams Bill, it has usurped the power to regulate the liquor traffic, and it has taken from the people of Ontario the right to control the railways they have built with their own Ontario money and Ontario enterprise.

Our contemporary thinks the people of Ontario are willing to make any reasonable sacrifice for the sake of strengthening Federal Union, but advises them to sternly resist further encroachments on provincial rights.

THERE were thirty-eight failures in Canada reported to Bradstreet's last week, against forty-three the preceding week and forty-two, five, and seventeen the corresponding weeks of 1883, 1882, 1881, respectively. There were also one hundred and eighty-six failures in the United States reported to Bradstreet's during the past week as compared with two hundred and thirty-three, one hundred and forty, and one hundred and thirty-three, in the corresponding weeks of 1883, 1882, 1881. About eighty-four per cent. were those of trade's whose capital was less than \$5,000.

THE *Chicago Current* feels compelled to observe that, as far as America is concerned, public opinion has by no means arrived at unanimity as to the propriety or the favourable effect of the co-education of the sexes at colleges or universities. The increase of colleges for women exclusively, in our country is evidence that separate education is generally preferred. At Cornell University, which has been open to women for twelve or fifteen years, with every inducement which the higher education can offer, there are not over forty or fifty female students. At other colleges, or "universities," as many of them are erroneously called, where co-education obtains, there is no enthusiastic rush of young women, and the majority of prudent parents in the United States are averse to sending their daughters to such institutions, having an old-fashioned prejudice against the current effort to force woman, by a kind of sexual revolution, into lines of action and association alien to her nature. There are certain potent reasons, resting on a deep substratum of delicacy and natural refinement and conviction of the fitness of things, why young men and young women should receive the higher education separately, and while the champions of the system are very positive in their asseverations of a resultant mental improvement from consociation, the proof is far from being attainable.

THE rumour that Mr. Gladstone is about to dissolve Parliament will probably turn out to be baseless. He could not hope to increase his following by such a course, nor does he need a better working majority. "Pared down to the quick," he can count upon half-a-hundred votes. To say that he fears "obstruction," and so would have a new House, is nonsense. The *cloture* is quite capable for irreconcilables, of which he would have more if he went to the country now, for Ireland would send a stronger contingent. If the House of Lords throws out the Franchise Bill, as it probably may, then an appeal to the constituencies would have a show of reason.

## CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS.

WE have now before us Mr. Gladstone's speech upon the Franchise Bill. He is always at his best as a speaker when he is expounding and vindicating the details of a great and complex measure. This power and his impressiveness of manner are his great parliamentary gifts; for he does not vie with the renowned masters of what is more properly called eloquence in their own line, nor do the moral appeals and the perorations which are so thrilling in the House produce the same effect when read next morning in cold blood. He has an easier task on this occasion than he had seventeen years ago, when he was defending against the criticisms, at once philosophic and biting, of Mr. Lowe, the measure which disturbed the great settlement of 1831 and launched the nation on the slope down which it was sure to slide ultimately into universal suffrage. The issue was then the broad one between middle class and popular rule; but that question was settled in 1867 by the mad party spirit of the Tories, the unscrupulous ambition of their leaders, and Lord Beaconsfield's vulgar hatred of the commercial middle class. When the suffrage has been conceded to the populace of the cities, now largely composed in many cases of Irish immigrants who are avowed enemies of the nation, it cannot be consistently or reasonably withheld from the peasantry, who are, in the most essential respects, worthier and more trustworthy citizens. Mr. Gladstone's general principle, which is government not only for but by the people, has therefore been ratified beforehand by his opponents, who are now in the position of having to combat the less dangerous concession, after having themselves made the more dangerous; while shame forbids them to avow that their object in enfranchising the city populace was to subvert the ascendancy of the middle class, whereas the enfranchisement of the rural householder threatens to subvert their own. Their best argument, practically, is the peril attendant on the extension of the measure to Ireland. To leave out Ireland is felt to be morally impossible, and the hope is cherished that the Irish labourers may not always vote with the Land League, which is purely a conspiracy of tenant farmers for the spoliation of their landlords, the worst of whom can hardly excel in harshness the behaviour of many tenant farmers to the labourer. Perhaps wisdom might suggest the postponement of political change altogether till the country is in a more settled state, and the Union has been placed out of danger; nor is it unlikely that this consideration will decide the action of some who either welcome or accept as inevitable the extension of the franchise in itself. The Tories in the Lords, under the Marquis of Salisbury, will no doubt make a stand, and try to force a dissolution, by which they would probably gain if their leaders were less despised and mistrusted than they are. If they are beaten, the reform will unquestionably be extended, without mercy, to their own House. Privilege, if it throws down the gauge of battle, will be fighting no longer for its ascendancy, but for its existence. This deadly arbitrament Mr. Gladstone probably wishes to avert; many and fierce as his political collisions with the aristocracy of late have been, his social connection with it is intimate, a good deal more intimate, in fact, than ever was that of Lord Beaconsfield; his personal respect for it amounts even to a weakness; and it will by no means be surprising if, after carrying his Bill through the House of Commons, he should, by way of close to his long career, go up with it to the House of Lords and try by his personal influence in debate to counteract the violent counsels of Lord Salisbury, and avert the mortal shock. Much still hangs by the thread of a life which now numbers seventy-four years.

THE defect of Mr. Gladstone's speech on the Franchise Bill is the general defect of his mind. It lacks practical forecast. He fails to tell us, except in a vague and rhetorical way, what he expects the effect on the character of Government to be, and what sort of polity he supposes will be the result. In his peroration he commends his Bill as a measure which "will unite all classes of the community in one solid, compact mass round an ancient throne." A leading member of his Government, Mr. Chamberlain, is actually sounding, in anticipation of the extended franchise, the tocsin of social war. The mention of the throne shows that even Mr. Gladstone's intellect has not escaped the influence of the general illusion. He believes that the Crown is still the government, and that the House of Commons is, as it was in by-gone days, merely the representation of the people; so that the character of the House of Commons can be changed and the Government get left substantially as it is, with an authority and a stability of its own. This belief is only a survival of the monarchied past. There is now no government in England but the House of Commons, whose nominees and servants the members of the Executive are, though they are styled the servants of the Queen. There is no real power or authority remaining in any other hands. If in the constituencies by which the House of Commons

is elected passion and ignorance prevail, they will prevail in the government of the country, and there will be nothing to check or mitigate their influence. If the House of Commons becomes a mob, as a mob it is fast becoming, the new rules notwithstanding, anarchy is the inevitable result. Nor will it be possible to resume, otherwise than by a reactionary revolution, the concessions which have once been made. Two things, as the "Bystander" is convinced, have been proved by the experience of democracy on this continent. The first is the fatal tendency of the party system, which inevitably involves the progressive ascendancy of faction demagogism and corruption. The second is the inability of the people really to exercise the right of direct election to the central legislature. The popular suffrage always is and must be practically confiscated by the wire-puller, who will always get the nominations into his hands, and whose influence, his objects being what they are, will, in increasing measure, exclude integrity and independence. The one clear success of the American Constitution is the Senate, which is not elected by the people directly, but by the State Legislatures, and which, if party were out of the way, would be about as good a Federal government as could be desired. First to develop thoroughly the local institutions, and then to base the central institutions upon them, was the course to which experience pointed, and to which nations with elective governments will in the end come round, though not till they have tasted more thoroughly the bitter fruits of party government and direct popular election.

THE weakness of divided command has appeared not on the field of Cannæ alone, and it is natural that the English Conservatives, now on the eve of decisive battle, should think it time to put an end to the dual generalship and elect a single chief. It is natural also that they should prefer Lord Salisbury, as being at once the stronger Conservative and by far the stronger man. Sir Stafford Northcote is a relic of that residuum which remained with the late Lord Derby when the rupture had taken place on the subject of the Corn Laws, and the talent of the party had seceded with Peel. He humbly and assiduously served Lord Beaconsfield, who, unlike Peel, bequeathed to the country a rich legacy of political domestics, but no statesmen. Lord Salisbury is a man altogether of higher calibre, besides the advantages, never disregarded by Conservatives, of rank and fortune. Yet it may be doubted whether, by discarding Sir Stafford Northcote and giving the truncheon of command to Lord Salisbury, the party will improve its chances of victory. Sir Stafford's conservatism, though feeble, is national; it is the sentiment of the quiet and well-to-do classes generally, of all who look with dread upon the progress of socialism, collectivism, agrarianism, disunionism, atheism, and all the other spirits of revolution which at present ride the gale; and therefore it attracts as large a following as any conservatism can in an age of progress. Lord Salisbury's conservatism is that of a territorial aristocrat with no real interests or sympathies beyond the pale of a privileged order, and his eloquent unwisdom never fails to accentuate the untoward fact. A Government on such a basis as his would topple over in six months. Never was man more richly endowed by nature with every qualification for bringing ruin on his party and cause. A grain less of talent, and the compound would have been marred. Among the many misfortunes of England at this perilous juncture it is by no means the least, even in the eyes of rational Liberals, that the Conservative party, instead of being led by a Pitt, a Canning or a Peel, should be compelled to choose between Sir Stafford Northcote and Lord Salisbury, with the prospect, apparently, in case the choice falls upon Lord Salisbury, of having such a political scamp and mountebank as Lord Randolph Churchill for leader of the party in the House of Commons. Such is the effect of the party system upon the quality of statesmen. England, with all her faults and backslidings, is still full of integrity, patriotism and practical wisdom; as may be seen by anybody who goes among her leading men in the great professions, the great industries, and the other walks of private life. But these men do not come to the front. The men who come more and more to the front are the masters of that craft in which Lord Randolph Churchill is pre-eminent, and can give congenial expression to party passions and follies on the stump.

It is pretty clear that among the other storm-clouds lowering over England a regency now impends. That which has long been coming seems at last to have come. The Crown is politically faint; yet a great change in the social character of the Court might in the present frame of the public mind be attended with political effects. The Prince of Wales went into life with an excellent disposition; nor in becoming a voluptuary has he, like most voluptuaries, become heartless or forgotten old friends who are entirely outside his present circle. He had the misfortune to lose, at the critical moment, the three men who might have stayed his youthful

steps in the slippery path, his father (whose hand, however, was rather too tight), the Duke of Newcastle, and General Bruce. Bad men, and women as bad, of course, soon beset the unguarded heir to the throne. The pleasures of Marlborough House have not been like those of Carlton House, grossly scandalous; yet the company kept there has wrought the most serious mischief by lowering the tone and standard of society. It is possible that if the Prince comes into a position of high responsibility the sun may break through the clouds; but suns do not often break through the clouds at the age of forty-three.

It is impossible not to feel great sympathy for the Arabs whose native valour hurled upon the British bayonets all but wrested victory from discipline and military science. Yet they had shown themselves to be fanatical butchers, who slaughter unresisting fugitives and helpless townspeople; and had they conquered, they would have swept Egypt like the destroying wind of the Desert, filling it with carnage and ruin. Their devastating course is now arrested, but apparently they are far from being subdued, and their restless presence is likely to make Egypt a heavy addition to the Imperial burden of England. The Sikhs, from most dangerous enemies have been turned into good soldiers; possibly the Arabs of the Soudan may be found capable of the same transformation, but it will not be before they have been made more thoroughly sensible of the superior force of England. It would have been perilous to enlist Sikhs before Gujrat. War is a cruel and costly tonic; yet a tonic it sometimes is to a nation the sinew of whose patriotism is relaxed, and it seems that in following with their hearts the fortunes of their army, the British people have for a moment half forgotten the intestine quarrels which, under a weak form of Government, are leading them to ruin. Many an Irishman must have conquered under a British general at Teb and Suakim.

It seems that Reciprocity is at last taking a practical form, the Washington Government having sensibly made up its mind that it can afford, as the greater power, to make the first advance. Our Government will naturally claim credit for the success of its policy of retaliation. It is the mere purism of free trade which refuses, in deference to abstract principles, to employ for a practical purpose a really effective instrument. The reciprocal removal of the coal tax, which has been definitely proposed, will be received with fervent gratitude by all who have seen the sufferings of the poor in Toronto from want of fuel through this rigorous winter. Nova Scotia will be far more than compensated by free access to the markets of the United States, for the miserable tax which she levies through protection upon the shivering people of Canada. We must not refuse an instalment of a good thing. But reciprocity treaties are difficult of adjustment, and when adjusted they are always liable to being upset by the hostility of the political party opposed to that by which they were made: so that industries built on them have but a sandy foundation. What the interest of the people on both sides demands, and will some day extort from the unwilling politicians, is the total and final abolition of the Customs Line.

WHAT is the meaning of the movement in the North-West? A paper in another column, which comes from the spot, may help us to answer this question. The Government journals, of course, say that the movement has no significance; the Opposition journals, equally of course, say that it has. It has, at all events, sent Mr. Norquay to Ottawa, and there is hardly room to doubt that through him large concessions have been extorted from Sir John Macdonald. This much has been clear from the beginning to all who used their eyes: a territory five times as large as old Canada, and separated from her by seven hundred miles of water or desert, was not likely, when it became peopled, to allow itself to be treated by her as a tributary appendage. To the observation that Ontario would reap little profit from the money spent by her on the Pacific Railway and the opening of the North-West, the *World* replied that she would reap the benefit of a close market. This is the only benefit she does reap, and it is impossible that it should last long. The farmers of a country absolutely dependent on agriculture will soon be tired of paying a heavy tax on agricultural implements to Ontario manufacturers, when they can get the implements better, as well as cheaper, in a market closer at hand. It would be a desperate undertaking to guard such a customs frontier against the paramount interests of the whole population. The people of the North-West are told by some Canadian journals that as we have given them land for almost nothing they ought to think themselves very lucky and pay with alacrity whatever is exacted of them. But if they are so misguided as not to think themselves very lucky, and to say that the land is rather the gift of the British Crown, or even of Nature, than of the Ottawa Government, what

means have we of bringing them to their senses? As to the secession movement, the only thing which can make us regard it as at present serious is the panic betrayed in the proposal to indict a secessionist orator for treason. Indict a man for treason because he proposes to repeal or amend the British North America Act! What is to be done to the Ottawa politicians who propose to repeal the Act of Union with Ireland and dismember the United Kingdom? A Fenian raid, however, as the *Chicago Current* truly says, would be the most effectual extinguisher of secession.

THE period in each year during which the waters of Hudson's Bay are clear of ice would seem a fact capable of being very easily ascertained; but nothing can be easily ascertained in a case in which commercial speculation and party feeling are both at work. Did not a "scientific" witness depose the other day that as the Hudson's Bay territory was in the same latitude with Devonshire, there was no reason why it should not have an equally mild climate? The only independent evidence which has come under the notice of the "Bystander" seemed to indicate that the waters were not open, on the average, for much more than two months, in which case the harvests of the North-West, or part of them, might have to lie over a year. But the Government enquiry will now decide the question, if the task is only committed to trustworthy hands. A strange struggle, this, against the ordinances of nature! No point of economical geography can be more certain than that nature has placed the commercial outlet of the prairie region to the south. But first, for political purposes, it was wrested round to the east; and now, to break the monopoly thus established, an attempt is to be made to fix the outlet at the North. In the meantime the evidence from all quarters indicates that the wheat trade with Europe, which is the ruling object of all these desperate efforts, is likely to be most seriously affected by the increase of exportation from India. The tracts of land available for wheat-growing in India appear to be immense; while labour is superabundant and the labourer is content with a couple of handfuls of rice a day. The only thing wanted is transportation. The United States have 50,000,000 of people and 100,000 miles of railway; India has 250,000,000 of people and 10,000 miles of railway, of which only 862 are laid with a double line. Here is immense capacity awaiting development, for which it will not have to wait long.

THE Crooks Act put the patronage of the liquor trade in the hands of the Local Government; the Dominion License Act was passed to take it out again. Such is the political history of those rival strokes of statesmanship, whatever the legal rights of the question may be. The same key will unlock the mystery of the Temperance question itself, in its relation to the two political parties. The Temperance vote was being drawn into the Liberal lines. To obviate this an anti-liquor movement was got up on the Conservative side, and Mr. Foster was smitten at once with passionate devotion to the Temperance cause and with desire of a seat in Parliament. A deserved compliment probably was paid the other day to the pure zeal of this moral crusader when it was surmised that he had purposely talked out his own prohibitionist resolutions. But both parties probably begin to find themselves in a situation with which it taxes all their powers of evasive manœuvring to deal. They are compelled to outvie each other in the extravagance of their courtship, though, at heart, neither of them wants the lady. In the Local House the other day this rivalry of sham wooing rose to the pitch of proposing that a man who bought drink out of the legal hours should be punished unless he would save himself by informing against the seller. To cap this again, another member proposed that the seller should be allowed to purchase impunity by informing against his customer. To prevent the illicit drinking of a glass of beer two men are to be tempted to play the part of a treacherous informer, and publicly to brand themselves as the most infamous of sneaks. Nothing seems left for the next bidder for the Temperance vote except to propose that a few dozens of the licensed victuallers shall be blown away from guns. In Australia they have an agitation which appears to be the very counterpart of ours, and an extract, given in another column, from a leading Australian paper friendly to the Temperance cause, may possibly, coming from an independent source, find access to the minds of those who are bent on violent courses here. But why do we not put an end to violent courses, to an agitation which is fast degenerating into hypocritical intrigue and to the trade of Mr. Foster all at once? Why do we not go straight to the real root of the mischief? Whiskey, once more, is the poison. Why do we not close the distilleries, after paying reasonable compensation to the distillers, and save, as well we may, out of the needless expenses of Government the amount lost by the sacrifice to the excise?

THE grinding tax laid by funeral fashions on mourning and sometimes destitute households has been attacked with spirit by the Rev. Mr. Burton of the Northern Congregational Church. May success attend his efforts. The "Bystander" had brought under his notice the case of a widow left penniless, and barely able by her labour to gain bread for herself and her children, who had incurred a debt of over thirty dollars for funeral fripperies. If anywhere, vanity ought to veil its face in presence of death. Yet it is now the fashion to publish in the newspapers catalogues of the floral offerings. Is the clay which is carried to the grave the man, or is it not? If it is, the burial service is a mockery. If it is not, why lavish money and heap decorations on it as though it were? But some day these questions will be settled by the victory of cremation, which evidently begins to gain ground, and has just obtained recognition from the law courts in England, over the revolting practice of protracting the process of decay by coffin burial, while, at the same time, the hideous risk is incurred of burying somebody alive.

THE President of University College in a forcible but temperate and dignified letter to the Minister of Education, casts upon that functionary the responsibility of introducing co-education, if co-education is to be introduced. For himself he has done his duty to the institution of which he is the head, by stating the objections to this great change. It may be added that he has given us what above all things we want—an example of a little moral courage. Had he been on the side of innovation, his long experience would have been triumphantly cited by its advocates as a weighty testimony in their favour; as he is not, he is a fossil and a dotard. No argument, perhaps, is more likely to weigh with a political Minister of Education than the fact, of which Mr. Ross may rest assured, that at the crowded meeting of the University Literary Society held in the Convocation Hall last Friday evening, when the subject was Co-education, the sympathy both of the general audience and of the students was unmistakably with the opposition. The frontispiece of our lively friend, the *'Varsity*, therefore, no more represents the general opinion of the students than, it is to be hoped, its name represents their tastes. The question runs up into larger questions. Are women to enter what have hitherto been male professions? If they are, it would seem to follow, as an economical necessity, that they should be educated with men. Yet, unless all regard for the delicacy of female character is to be given to the winds, reasonable precautions ought to be taken. It is too much to ask us to assume that the whole world has been out of its senses in believing that there could ever be any peril in the unrestrained intercourse of youth of the two sexes, and scoffs at prudence come strangely from those who are bringing in special Bills to prevent schoolmasters from seducing their female pupils. The discussion has elicited some important criticisms from high practical authorities on the complacent assumption that the mixture of girls with boys in High Schools, or in any schools, after the age of ten or eleven, does no injury to the female character. The effects of the system are marked in the States, and, as not a few observers believe, for evil. If the final education of women is not to be professional but general, the part of the woman in life being different from that of the man, it would seem that the final education too ought to be different. Variety, not monotony, will be conducive to the wealth of marriage. But to direct the aspirations of women away from marriage to the path of intellectual ambition is the tendency, and even the object, of the whole movement. There are things in American life about which nobody writes, yet which everybody sees. We seem destined to have some of our Canadian maidens turned into counterparts of the Third Sex, declining maternity, and knowing how to avoid it. But we show no bigotry or cowardice in desiring to limit and guard as much as possible experiments which may involve peril, not only to home and home affections—that is, to all that is best on earth—but as the tendency of things in the States shows, to the vitality of our race.

AMIDST "uproarious merriment," to quote the phrase of the *Evening Telegram*, the Local House has passed a measure altering the political relations between the sexes. An American State Legislature the other day passed a measure which, as the Governor said, would practically have subverted marriage, with a merriment still more uproarious, as it was inspired, according to the account, not only by a polished hilarity, but by visits to the bar. In the American case, the Governor protected the community from the consequences of a tipsy freak by interposing his veto; but here we have no such protection, nor have we the salutary practice of submitting constitutional amendments to the people. The place of those invaluable safeguards is filled among us by the obsolete and illusory forms of a monarchical system which has practically been long defunct. Our government is less conservative than that of our democratic neighbours,

because the conservative parts of it, instead of being realities, like those in the States, are fictions. The Local Premier voted against his recorded convictions in deference to what he calls the will of the people; that is, to the voice of the clique which happens to be close to his ear. The opinion of the people has not in any way been taken on the subject. It is, perhaps, as good an argument as any other in favour of female suffrage that no woman, if she were put at the head of affairs, could show less of political nerve than Mr. Mowat. He is a very worthy man and would consent to nothing, if he could help it, corrupt or wrong; but woe betide any public interest or principle committed to his keeping if he fancies that a breath of unpopularity is to be incurred in its defence. The bones of the Roman sentinel at Pompeii are found upon his post. Mr. Mowat in the sentinel's situation would have shown no such military stolidity; perhaps he would have requested Mr. Fraser to take his place for a few minutes. But the blame rests not on the man but on the system. To get into Parliament a candidate must first lay down his mental independence at the feet of a caucus, and then he must go through a process of fawning, flattery and false profession, which leaves him but half a man.

THAT the Orange Bill would be voted down was an admitted certainty. In truth, if there were not a large majority against Orange incorporation, Orangeism itself would scarcely be able to show good and substantial reason for its existence. It is wanted to face with fortitude a case of supreme need. It is wanted once more, in face of a host superior in numbers, to shut the gates of Derry. The necessity is a sad one. It would be far better, as every good citizen and every right-minded man must feel, if government on the regular political agencies, apart from any special league or society, could effectually protect us against sectarian and tribal domination. Unhappily both of the factions and the leaders of both are slaves to the Catholic vote. On the very day on which the Orange Bill was rejected the Liberal leader paid servile homage to the power at whose hands he hopes to receive office, though it has been, through its whole history, the mortal enemy of its principles. Nothing stands, practically, between the community and Catholic ascendancy but the strength of the Orange Association. Perfect equality in every respect the Catholics have; they have even privilege, for they enjoy separate schools, and in Quebec their church is established; but they want more; here as in Australia, and everywhere else, they want to rule, and at the same time to use the Colonial Legislature as the engine for attacks on the Union and the Protestant civilization of Great Britain. To declaim against them is idle and unjust; they pursue their natural objects, and no doubt in sincerity of heart; but to resist them is both lawful and expedient; it is expedient perhaps, in the real and ultimate interest of the masses of our Catholic fellow-citizens themselves, fully as much as in our own. Let the Orange Association be as political as it may, it cannot practically be more political than the Roman Catholic Church, from which nobody thinks of withholding incorporation. We shall see whether Orangeism will be able to set itself free from the fatal leadership of men whose only object is to sell its vote, and act once more in an independent spirit for its proper objects. If it can, it may yet render to liberty and Protestant civilization a service which, it is devoutly to be hoped, will be the last.

It has been said that nothing gives so much pleasure to a rural neighbourhood as a murder, unless it is a case of *crim. con.* committed by a clergyman. It may safely be said that in the political sphere nothing gives so much pleasure as a scandal. This luxury of emotion the Ontario Legislature is now enjoying to full perfection. It seems that some studious but cynical observers have come to the conclusion that members of the Legislature were approachable by money, and acting on that preposterous assumption, have been led into a trap. It would be wrong to anticipate the results of an investigation which will be in progress when this paragraph goes to press. The "Bystander," for his part, though duly scandalized, cannot affect to be startled. To put up the offices and emoluments of government as the prizes of a perpetual struggle between two unprincipled factions is the way, if there is a way, to produce corruption of every kind. When Sir Hugh Allan drew up, for the instruction of his American partners in the Pacific Railway enterprise, a schedule of the leading public men, with the price of each set opposite to his name, he might be mistaken in particular instances, but as to the general fact he spoke from the experience of a long life.

BYSTANDER.

THE miseries of the poor in England are exciting a sentimental interest among the upper classes in London, whetted by the thrilling record of Mr. G. R. Sims' new book, "How the Poor Live," of which no fewer than 20,000 copies have been already sold.

## HERE AND THERE.

In these days of active trade competition and keen rivalry in business that are trying the souls of merchants, and applying with relentless force the law of the "survival of the fittest" to him who would "keep shop," how curious it is to find that, of all tradesmen, the chemist and druggist alone seems to have immunity from the operation of that principle in economics which governs supply and demand, and has its effect in cheapened wares and diminished profits. To-day the chemist, it may be hazarded, is paid as much for his potions and decoctions as he was paid in the times of the Alchemists, and for "a dram of poison" he abstracts from the pockets of the ailing about as much as Romeo flung at the apothecary in the streets of Mantua. The failure of a druggist is as rare as the bankruptcy of a Jew, and what wonder, so long as five cents' worth of drugs and two cents' worth of bottle, wrapping paper and sealing wax, command seventy-five cents, or a dollar! Then think of the one or two hundred per cent profit upon perfumery, articles for the toilet, liver and lung pads, seltzer water, and feeding bottles for the baby, not to speak of the Eldorado mine in physicians' prescriptions, pharmaceutical preparations, and all sorts of patent medicines and nostrums! Yet we are told that this is a scientific age, an age of medical research and investigation, of much study in physiology, large practice in chemistry, and a wide familiarity with the *Materia Medica*. But the masses, notwithstanding, pay a dollar and a-half for an ounce of bicarb. of soda, put up, as a contemporary points out, with sealing wax or red twine, when almost a cart load of "baking soda" may be had at the grocer's for the same money. Why must this go on? and what potency is there in a Latin prescription, compounded by some chemist prentice-lad, that should charm millions annually out of the pockets of the public? We have competing schools of medicine, keen rivalry among doctors, and institutions where advice, and even medicine, can be had gratis. But there we foolishly stop, though all nature cries out for a fall in the price of drugs, some conscience in the druggist's shop, and active competition in the trade of the apothecary.

THE enterprise of the *New York Herald* is notorious, but Mr. Gordon Bennett's latest resolution will in all probability mark an epoch in journalism. The *Herald* is prepared to expend a million sterling, or indeed whatever sum may be required, upon a trans-Atlantic cable direct, connecting Fleet-street, London, with Broadway, New York. Nor is this all: as soon as the cable is at work, which it is fully expected to be in July next, a European edition of the *Herald* will appear in London daily. The metropolitan daily press requires to be aroused from its respectable lethargy, and the *Herald* men, with their American smartness, are precisely the men to do it. The difference in time between London and New York is about five hours, consequently it will be possible to make full use of the wires from both ends. One curious result will be that speeches in Parliament made, say between three and four o'clock in the morning, may be read in full by the *New Yorker* at breakfast time, whereas the Londoner will be fortunate if he finds a vilely mutilated travesty of the same proceedings in one or other of his evening journals.

THE latest dudeism is bracelets. "We have seen males from time to time who wore them," writes a society journalist, "and who always had an affecting explanation to the effect that they were the gift of a deceased sister, or a collar that once belonged to a toy terrier. But now to be in the fashion, the dude has to wear short sleeves and cuffs and a big gold bracelet. This is as it should be. If we had our own way he should wear anklets, a ball and chain, and a ring in his nose; a tiara underneath his lobster-pot hat, and an engagement ring on his third finger; a bouquet-holder with a big sunflower for a *chef d'œuvre* at the theatre, and a four-foot fan."

WE read in a New York paper that a noticeable feature of the sleigh-driving turns-out "on the Avenue" and in Central Park this year has been the winter costume of the gentlemen, whose coats of beaver, astrachan, and sealskin throw the lighter garments of the ladies quite into the shade. The women, in fact, looked poorly and thinly clad beside husbands, brothers, and lovers, whose caps and coats cost as much as half-a-dozen of Worth's most expensive creations. Indeed, the outfit of an American gentleman in winter is vastly more costly than his coach, landau, tandem, or four-in-hand, as seen on the Avenue at Newport in summer time.

A CORRESPONDENT, revisiting Washington after an interval of some years, writes:—"Quantum mutantur. Charles Sumner's old house is now an hotel annexe; Edward Everett's is occupied by a War Department

office, and so is the house in which Seward was nearly murdered at the time of Lincoln's assassination; the houses of Staunton and of Hamilton Fish are boarding-houses now; and Daniel Webster's former residence has been converted into a beer-saloon."

A HIGHLY dramatic scene took place on the Esplanade des Invalides the other Sunday afternoon. A large dog, in a terrible state of rabies, after biting several other dogs, rushed at a group of children who were playing. A man darted out of the crowd, and, placing himself in the path of the dog, accepted battle with the animal. The man and the brute rolled together in the sand for some minutes. Then the man rose victorious. He had broken the creature's spine; but he was streaming with blood from the bites he had received. The crowd applauded, and gathering round him, pressed him to have his wounds cauterised. "No," said the hero of this adventure in a firm voice, "I have a wife and three children. My wife has broken my heart, and I am rejoiced to know that I carry in my veins a poison that will kill me." He then ran from the scene of the struggle, and was soon lost to view.

THERE is a fate in things. Lord Tennyson never could lose that cloak of his—even at an Academy banquet. It was always too shabby for the most careless of Bohemians. The gods would have him wear it ever, and never wear it out. He thought, however, that he might get a new robe for the House of Lords, and he ordered the same. The gods seem to have been angry. Those robes went a-missing. Lord Tennyson could not, for some days, get himself sworn for want of them, and was as effectually excluded as Mr. Bradlaugh from a lawful seat in Parliament. Clearly it was the intention of Olympus that he should be sworn in the familiar robes which have figured so long in London and the country. His proposal to ring out the old, ring in the new, was resented by Apollo, and he should have claimed a poet's right to dress as he pleases, as a Peer.

A CORRESPONDENT from Manchester, England, writing on the political situation, says: "There is an independent political party forming, which is to have an independent club and to bring forward independent parliamentary candidates. Who the promoters of this movement may be I know not, but probably it will be found that, as usual with self-assertive 'independents,' they are a mere knot of bitter partisans and fanatics, or if not, a collection of persons to whom any new 'fad' is welcome. I doubt if either of the great parties in the State will be much alarmed at the advent of this new rival." An independent "party" would be merely another party. The proper independence is that which is free from all party.

## AMERICAN HUMANITY IN THE CIVIL WAR.

THE discussion raised by Colonel Denison's vigorous critique on General Grant carries back my mind to the days which, as a visitor to the United States, I spent in General Grant's camp, almost within sight of Richmond, towards the close of his last campaign. General Butler was my host. He was then busy in digging his canal at Dutch Gap. I have not followed with unvarying sympathy the General's subsequent career as a politician, but I have a very pleasant recollection of him as a kind and jovial host, a lively teller of good stories, and a chief whose roughness of manner evidently did not prevent him from being extremely popular with his aides and all about him. His character had suffered much from an erroneous version of his New Orleans proclamation. His style on that as on other occasions had lacked refinement; but his action was in substance right, and probably averted bloodshed. I am, of course, not going to offer an opinion on military operations, or to debate the question whether Grant might not have got to the point at which I found him and Lee entrenched in face of each other, and apparently at a deadlock, without a series of murderous battles. But I wrote to my friends in England at the time that all the stories current as to the composition of the Federal army, which represented it as a mercenary rabble of foreigners, vagabonds, and Indians picked up as food for powder, might be at once dismissed as fables; that so far as a civilian's eye could judge, the material of the army was very good; that there was every appearance of strict discipline, and the field works, which were immense in extent, seemed by their finish to bespeak care and zeal in their construction. One man of Indian blood I saw, but he was an officer in uniform and with the usual side-arms. No doubt there were many substitutes. But what regular army was ever composed of disinterested volunteers? General Grant was not with the army at the time. He had gone to Washington to confer with the President, probably about Sherman's decisive move. But I visited his tent and

afterwards saw the General himself; and I can corroborate what Colonel Denison has said as to the simplicity of his habits and his freedom from military ostentation. It was also universally felt that he was thoroughly true to his colleagues and loyal to the common cause.

I had come to America to see the character of a great nation undergoing the test of civil war, which I take, with the possible exception of a plague, to be the severest test to which national character can be subjected. Everybody knows what civil war was in France in the time of the Armagnacs and Burgundians, in that of the League, and again in that of the Revolution. In the present case, so far as I could see, the test was well borne. There was a remarkable absence, for the most part, of bloodthirsty and truculent language, even on the part of those who had lost sons and relatives in the war; no thirst for vengeance was expressed; the general sentiment seemed to be a determination to maintain the Union and make the Southerners submit to the law; if they would submit to the law, it appeared that the door of reconciliation was open. About slavery less was said, in the West at all events, than about the Union and the law. The West, however, heartily went with the East in its determination to restore the Union; the loss of which meant, among other things, the loss of control over the Mississippi. In England the belief propagated by the friends of the South was that the West was being reluctantly dragged on by the East. I reported at once to my friends in England that the reverse of this was the fact, and that as the combined resources of East and West were overwhelmingly superior to those of the South, the result of the struggle was sure. A large number of farmers must certainly have gone as volunteers to the war from Illinois, where women and boys were doing the work of men, with the aid of improved machinery, the invention of which was stimulated by the scarcity of hands.

The treatment of prisoners by the North, so far as I had the opportunity of observing it, was in keeping with the general tone. Through the kindness of Dr. Duggan, the Catholic Bishop of Chicago, whose acquaintance I had made and whose hospitality I had tasted, I was enabled to go over the large prison camp at Chicago. The prisoners of course looked listless and unhappy, as caged eagles always do; but they seemed to me to be suffering no other hardship, and the food was certainly good. Presenting myself at the prison hospital for convalescents at Baltimore, I was refused admittance on the ground of recent attempts at escape. But it happened to be Thanksgiving Day, and as I stood in the entrance hall I could look into the dining-room where I saw the table spread with roast turkey and all the good things of the season. Afterwards I called on the Commandant, General Warren, who was so good as to take me down at once to the hospital and permit me to look over it. I looked over it, I believe, thoroughly, and came away convinced that its inmates were being treated with all possible humanity and kindness. It was said in England that Confederate prisoners were dying in heaps, of maltreatment, in the Northern prisons. I can oppose to such statements the evidence of my own senses with regard to the two prisons which I saw.

The humanity of the North was all the more creditable because it was the universal belief that thousands of Northern soldiers were all the time undergoing the most cruel ill-treatment at the hands of their Southern captors in the Libby prison and in the prison camp at Andersonville. As to the hideous mortality and the other horrors of Andersonville there can, unhappily, be no doubt. I went on board the first ship that arrived at Annapolis with exchanged prisoners, and a more pitiable sight I never beheld. The men were absolute skeletons. I should hardly have thought it possible that life could linger in such frames. Where the blame lay, is a much controverted question which I cannot pretend to decide. For my part, I believe that slavery has always been the parent of inhumanity. The resources of the South were, no doubt, running very low, though the prisoners and deserters from their army under Lee appeared not to be ill fed, and they were lavish of shot and shell. By the North, at the time, the alleged cruelties were generally coupled, whether rightly or wrongly, with the name of the only one, I believe, among the Southern leaders who, when the wreck came, did not stay by the ship. General Grant, as is well known, has often been accused of having ruthlessly refused to exchange prisoners because the enemy was more in want of men than he was.

The military hospitals of the Northerners seemed to me admirably arranged, and evinced in every detail the tenderest care for the wounded. But their contents after the battles on the Rappahannock were a sight which would have cured a Jingo of his love of war. I had no love of war to be cured of, but I came away hating it more than ever. Yet it is at its best when men are fighting in such a cause.

Nowhere were party passions more fiercely excited than at Baltimore, in which freedom and slavery confronted each other, and which had been

threatened by Lee, whose supper had actually once been prepared for him by his partisans in the city, and had suffered from the incursions of his raiders. While I was there a lady who, being passionately devoted to the Southern cause, had repeatedly held correspondence with the enemy, was brought before a council of war and sentenced to a term of imprisonment. This fate she had evidently courted. Yet the strongest sympathy was evinced for her by Baltimoreans of the opposite party, including Mr. Kennedy, of literary fame, and his wife, whose happy guest I was; and I learned afterwards that by their intercession at Washington her release had been obtained. This incident, and the elopement of another lady of strong Southern sentiments with the trumpeter of a Yankee regiment, convinced me that the breach between North and South, though wide, was not irreparable, and that the Union might be perfectly restored.

That conviction was also produced by seeing the manner in which the armies observed towards each other the amenities of war. As I rode with a general officer about the Northern lines, Confederate riflemen were seen near at hand in the bush, but they did not fire, and the party seemed to feel assured of their forbearance; nor was there any danger, except at certain points, in getting on the parapet and looking down into the Confederate lines. But I have reached the proper limit of any contribution to a weekly journal.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

### THE NORTH-WEST PROBLEM.

THERE can be no doubt that by far the most important and by far the most difficult problem the Canadian Confederation has to solve is that of conciliating and amalgamating its great North-West. Upon the successful solution of this problem depends the future greatness of the Dominion. With the North-West marked out as it is by nature, and by a rapidly ripening destiny, to be the home of millions of the most stalwart and energetic people of the Old World and New, and a vast storehouse of agricultural and mineral wealth, vitally incorporated into the body of the Union, Canada may well aspire to national greatness. With the North-west and, as a natural consequence, British Columbia severed from the old stock, whether to take independent root, or to be grafted into the Great Republic, Canada's hope of attaining a worthy national *status* must quickly fall to the ground.

Does any reader of THE WEEK regard this problem as already settled? Such a one cannot have studied the situation,—certainly not from a North-West point of view. The bond of union, as at present subsisting, is but a cord of flax. The torch of self-interest, or of outraged sense of right, is already lighted, and its touch, even now, threatens to snap the band like a thread of gossamer. The permanent union of provinces, far apart in space, and diverse in interests and industries, can be assured only by the growth and culture of common interests and sentiments. So long as the older provinces persist in regarding the newer as so much purchased territory, to be made tributary to the industries and revenues of the purchaser, so long the tendencies are in the direction of separation, not unity.

The last sentence touches, I believe, the very heart of the difficulty. There can be no doubt that the prevalent feeling amongst settlers in Manitoba and the North-West is that they are regarded by the people of the older provinces as but tributary adjuncts of Old Canada. There is, it is to be feared, too much ground for this feeling. It can scarcely be denied that the lands of the North-West have been, and are, held and managed, not solely with a view to the rapid development of the country and the best interests of its inhabitants, but largely as a means of enriching the older provinces and reimbursing the Ottawa exchequer. It can hardly be denied that some of the features of the contract under which the great North-West railway is being constructed are conceived with reference to the same unstatesmanlike ends. And it most certainly cannot be denied that the tariff was framed wholly on the same unsound principles.

The three points indicated are the centres around which the rapidly growing disquiet of the people of the Canadian prairies revolves. Had the leader of the so-called Liberal party, when he put forth his well-known manifesto in regard to North-West lands, stopped midway in his proposition, his utterance would have been wise and statesmanlike. "The land for the people" is certainly a motto worthy to be inscribed on the banner of a statesman and a Liberal. "The money for the public" is a sentiment conceived in the spirit of a shopkeeper. The land belongs by nature and in equity to the people who occupy and cultivate it. Any money it represents should also be theirs to aid them in overcoming all the difficulties incident to the building up of a State in a distant, lone and somewhat inhospitable land. No spirited British subjects would at this time of day consent to play the part of colonists in a land, a large part of which was

held and managed in the interests of the Mother Country across the ocean. They would not stay to ask whether she bought the territory from a foreign power, and for how much. They would expect her to deal with them as citizens of the nation. They would claim that by taking possession of a foreign territory, enduring the hardships of pioneers, cultivating the land and developing its resources, they established a natural right to the possession of the soil, and that their fellow-citizens at home would be amply recompensed by the indirect advantages arising from the addition to the wealth and business of the Empire. *A fortiori*, no high-spirited British or Canadians will long consent to remain the colony of a colony under similarly humiliating conditions. If the Canadian Parliament and people wish to heal, thoroughly, the sores of their brethren in the North-West, let them insist on the prompt correction of the most galling part of the Government's present land policy. Let them proclaim, without condition or reservation, the just maxim, "The land of the North-West for the people of the North-West."

Few settlers in the great prairie districts will now refuse to accord to Sir John A. Macdonald and his Government a meed of praise for their spirited railway policy. Contrasted with any purposes that were avowed by either Mr. Mackenzie or Mr. Blake, the scheme which has resulted in throwing a railway from the International Boundary to the Rocky Mountains, in an almost incredibly short space of time, is broad and statesman-like. But none the less the monopoly clause, as interpreted by the disallowance of the Manitoba charters, is a most damaging blemish. That this clause, as thus interpreted, can remain in operation until the expiry of the contract is out of the question. Rebellion, followed by Independence or Annexation, would settle the question before half the years had expired. The condition of farmers, in a land so far distant from the world's markets and great channels of commerce, is bad enough at the best, no matter how fertile and easy of cultivation the soil. I am free to admit that a great part of the inconvenience and loss against which those of Manitoba are now crying out is inevitable under the circumstances. The man who has been attracted by the marvellous richness of the prairie soil, and has thought himself wealthy in the possession of a fine farm on the simple condition of cultivation, is naturally enough disappointed, if not enraged, when he finds that with thousands of bushels of grain in his bins, he is no better off for all his toil, inasmuch as his crop is not worth the cost of carriage to the nearest market. No doubt the Canadian Pacific Railway monopoly often comes in for a share of the blame which it does not deserve. Under the most favourable circumstances it is a work of time to get even a prairie country intersected with the vast network of railways needed to bring the bulk of its population within reach of a profitable market. But all the more, those who are responsible for the railway system of such a country should see to it that no artificial obstacles are added to the too formidable natural ones. The sooner some just terms are made with the Syndicate, for the giving up of their monopoly, the better will be the chances for allaying the popular discontent in the North-West, and consolidating it with the rest of the Dominion.

The present exorbitant taxes on the implements of husbandry and the household, and on the necessaries of daily life, are simply an intolerable yoke upon the neck of the North-West people. The attempt to turn the currents of trade out of their natural channels, and to force them through long and unnatural routes by such artificial embankments, is worthier of the seventeenth than of the nineteenth century. Under the most favourable conditions, the great cost of these indispensables is a terrible barrier to the settlement and progress of a new land, so far from trade and manufacturing centres. Is it to be wondered at that the settlers in the North-West, now that they are beginning to review the situation calmly, to take stock of their advantages, and to discount their difficulties, are rising up almost as one man to say, "Confederation or no Confederation, Canada or no Canada, this is an imposition to which we cannot and will not longer submit?"

There are other features of the situation to which, it seems to me, the attention of the readers of THE WEEK should be called. But this letter is long enough. With the Editor's approval I may refer to some of them again.

J. E. W.

THE following pathetic verse was lately sung by a tenor who was accompanying himself, and who had unfortunately forgotten his words:

"If I were a Lumti-tum lum-titum-too  
In the land of the olive and fig,  
I'd sit all day on the trolle-lol-loo  
And play on the thingee-me-jig.  
And if in the Rumde-dum battle I fall  
A what's-its-name's all that I crave—  
But bury me deep in the what-you-may-call,  
And plant thing-um-bobs over my grave!"

## THE C. P. R. BY THE KICKING HORSE PASS AND THE SELKIRKS.—VIII.

IN THE SELKIRKS.

WE spent two days with Major Rogers at the cache or log chalet that he had constructed as his headquarters, and discussed with him for hours his three summers' explorations in the mountains, and our prospects of getting through the Selkirks and Gold Ranges to Kamloops. About a mile from the cache we saw, without regret, the Kicking Horse lose itself in the Columbia. The united stream runs directly to the north, between the Rockies and the Selkirks, as if intending to unite its waters with the Fraser and make a river worthy of British Columbia; but at the Big Bend it turns right round and flows directly south, away down to and beyond the boundary line, where it is no longer ours, I believe, because at the time of the Oregon dispute a near relative of the Prime Minister told him that the river was not worth quarrelling about, for the salmon in it wouldn't rise to a fly. Behind the cache is a bench three or four hundred feet high, and above it another, and a third above it again. We climbed the first, and had such a good view that we did not think it necessary to climb the others. To the right and left, spurs of the Rockies rise some four thousand feet, the torrent of the Kicking Horse flowing between them, rather peacefully now that it is nearing the close of its mad rush from the summit. At our feet the valley of the Columbia extends north and south, covered with trees and shrubberies, the noble looking river winding in and out among them and flowing with a quiet current in strong contrast to the usual course of its tributary. The forest-clad foothills of the Selkirks rise almost immediately from the river banks; beyond these a first line of mountains, also wooded, and right behind the first a second line covered with snow fields, both with fine peaks, but from this point of view by no means so bold and distinctive as the Rockies. There seems a cleft in the range right opposite, but the Major says that it leads only to impassable walls of mountain, from the summit of which, instead of a hopeful river valley stretching down the western slope, he had been able to see "nothing but snow-clad desolation in every direction." It is necessary for the railway, and therefore for us, to go thirty miles to the north before crossing the river and beginning the ascent of the sullen range. That bend of thirty miles the Major had kindly arranged that we should make with comparative ease on Monday, by rowing down the river for eighteen miles, and then, a six-mile long cañon intervening, taking to our horses again and making for the proposed railway crossing by the trail that he had cut out along the river bank.

On Sunday morning divine service was held in the open air among the stumps near the cache. Notice having been sent to the camp of the engineer's party engaged in running the line in the lower section of the Kicking Horse valley, it was attended by twenty-three men. Naturally enough all came, for it was the first opportunity they had had of engaging in public worship since beginning their work. They took part in the service heartily and reverently, and I think that it did them good, were it only in awakening old hallowed associations. The form that I used, and that I am accustomed to use in travelling in the North-West, is the one arranged at Mr. Fleming's suggestion, when he was chief engineer of the C.P.R., by three Ottawa clergymen, belonging respectively to the Churches of Rome, England and Scotland. Mr. Fleming at the time was Government engineer, and of course "the duty of an Opposition being to oppose" in Lord Randolph Churchill's frank phrase, a writer in the *Globe* made what he, and doubtless some of his readers, supposed to be great fun, not only of the engineer and the Government, but of the clergymen who had co-operated in compiling the little work. The able editor wished to know if the engineer was paid for attending to religious matters of that ilk, and particularly wished to know who was to pay for the copies that would be supplied to the scores of parties out in the wildernesses from the Upper Ottawa to the Pacific. Had not Canada rid herself of church establishments? And was one rag or any other slightest mark of the Beast to be allowed again upon her fair form? I am inclined to think that the writer might have been ashamed of his "wut," if it had ever been his lot to see any one of the score of little congregations that I have seen gathered together to worship God in the prairies and the mountains, simply because the men, red and white, were told that the service to be used had the sanction, so far as individual clergymen could give it, of churches so wide apart as the Papal, Prelatic and Presbyterian. But if the three pillar apostles had compiled the little book, it would have been the duty of the Opposition all the same to have made an attack, and made it would have been, accordingly. And yet we are expected to believe what one organ says about the Provincial, and what another organ says about the Dominion Government!

Talking with the Major over our proposed journey, he gave us fair warning of what we might expect. He would accompany us over the summit of the Selkirks and as far down the western slope as his most-advanced party had reached, the said party being under the charge of an old friend, Mr. McMillan, a hardy New Brunswick engineer, and from that point he would give as many men as could be spared to carry our dunnage and provisions on their backs to the second crossing of the Columbia, and would also send with us a guide in the person of his nephew, Mr. Albert Rogers, commonly known as Al, who had been over the ground with him in 1881. That was the utmost he could do, and it was all that we could possibly have expected. Indeed he gave us Al because he, being younger, would probably be more useful than himself. But he told us that we would have at least seventeen miles without a trail down the Ille-cille-waut, that there we could not count on making more than three or four miles a day, and that the roughing it would be of such a kind that we should never forget the journey as long as we lived. "And then," he added, "what will you do if there are no Indians from Kamloops to meet you at the Columbia?" We assured him that the Hudson's Bay officials in British Columbia would send them without fail through the Eagle Pass to the point where the Ille-cille-waut flows into the Columbia. "Very good," he answered, "but I have my doubts if they can hire Indians to undertake the job. When I tried to get through from that side on my first expedition in search of a pass across the Selkirks, I had great difficulty in securing any to pack for me and I would have failed had it not been for the Kamloops Mission. Luckily too, the Indians agreed before starting that if they did not bring back a certificate from me to the effect that they had given satisfaction, all their wages were to go to the church, and they were to get a whipping besides." "Yes," chipped in Al, "we had the sinche on them there; and if it had not been for that, they would have deserted us a dozen times before we got through the Gold Range, though they knew at the start that we intended to cross the Selkirks as well. Of course we did not know whether there was a pass, but we thought that we could get across any mountains somehow." "But why did they think of deserting?" I asked. "Because they had agreed to pack 100 pounds apiece, and they could not fill the bill. I don't wonder either, for though I was sure that I could give and take with anybody, I had more than enough of it that time. What with the deep snow just melting, and the underbrush, and the fallen timber, and the precipices, and the heavy packs, I can't begin to tell you what it was like. Many a time I know I wished myself dead. And the Indians were sicker than we, a good deal. When they got home, in my opinion, they'd never volunteer or be pressed again to pack through the Eagle Pass. Besides," added the Major, "I heard that a British Columbia Company proposed to make a road this summer through the Pass, to connect by means of a steamboat on the Columbia with the Kootanie galena mines, and of course they would start from the Kamloops side, and if in connection with their work fires have got into the woods, it might be impossible to get through the Pass just now." "Well, Major, suppose that we get to the Columbia, and find no Kamloops Indians there with supplies for us, what shall we do?" "Take enough provisions with you from here, and then at the worst, you can turn back to MacMillan." "No, we will not do that." "Well, there may possibly be an Indian from Fort Sheppard or Fort Colville hunting near the mouth of the Ille-cille-waut, and if so you are all right. He would run you down the Columbia in his canoe in three or four days to where you could get a stage to the nearest point on the N. P. R. That was the course I had to take in 1881, but not having a canoe we made a raft, and poled slowly along by day and slept on the rocks by night." "And what can we do to secure that there shall be a Colville Indian just where we want him?" "Well," slowly and meditatively rejoined the Major, "you must pray that he may be there." That ended the conversation. It is not becoming to tell to what extent we took the Major's excellent advice, for we are commanded, when we pray or give alms, not to do so that we may be seen of men. But at any rate, we decided, notwithstanding the rather cloudy outlook, to move on, and arrangements were made for an early start on Monday.

Floating down the Columbia in a long cotton-wood "dug-out" at the rate of five miles an hour was a pleasant experience to men who for a week had been content with ten or twelve miles a day. At every turn the river changed; now calm as a lake, then rippling pleasantly over a gravelly bed, and then running almost as strongly as a rapid. The banks were low, and though grassy in a few spots, were generally covered with shrubs and trees; high cranberry bushes, the blue-berry, the broad-leaved dewberry, and the dark green, holly-like leaves of the Oregon grape showing clusters of its deep blue fruit. Overhanging their blended green and purple drooped the early autumn-tinged pale golden leaves of white birches,

while higher up the dark green of spruce and fir and Douglas pine extended to the summit of the foot-hills. Occasionally we could see from the canoe a peak with a patch of snow looking down over these, and suggesting the great background of mountains beyond. Long reaches of the river were walled in as I have described, and signs of life redeemed them from the loneliness that we had sometimes felt in the valley of the Kicking Horse. Otter tracks ran down the banks into the river; and along sandbanks were the footmarks of bear and beaver. At one place we landed to see the log-houses built by Moberly's party in 1871 when surveying about the Howse Pass. The buildings with their huge hospitable-looking clay and straw fireplaces looked serviceable as when new. We passed the mouth of the Blueberry, which, running down from the summit of the Rockies, forms the Howse Pass; then the mouth of the Wait-a-bit; and the last four miles of our morning trip to the beginning of the cañon we made in less than twenty minutes. At this point, where a pretty stream rightly called the Bluewaters gives its contribution to the Columbia, our pack train and horses, which had been sent on ahead, were on the bank; and after a hurried lunch we mounted and passed on, anxious to reach the crossing before dark. The road was a repetition on a smaller scale of the Kicking Horse. It ran along the face of the precipices that enclosed the cañon on one side. Opposite were similar precipices of clay and shale, with ledges of limestone, and boulders of granite and quartz, and above these towered the irregularly shaped summits of the Selkirks. Passing the tents of the party to which this section, the crossing included, is assigned, and making free with some tempting looking plum-cake that cook was just taking from the pan, we reached our camp ground, opposite the point where the Beaver flows into the Columbia. By following up the valley of the Beaver we were to find our way into the heart of the Selkirks.

Next morning we crossed the Columbia. There was a leaky little boat, and the steersman dragged the bell-horse after him, while the others were driven in with blows and shouts. They followed the bell till they felt the full sweep of the current. Then they turned right about and swam with it till they could land at a convenient spot, of course on the wrong side. On the broad bosom of the river nothing was seen but horses' heads for a few minutes, and then the poor brutes, touching bottom, soon clambered up the bank, snorting and shaking themselves violently. We had to go for them, and the same kind of operation was repeated three or four times before they all crossed, so that although we breakfasted before five o'clock it was nearly ten when we started up the Beaver. What a misfortune it would be if some grasping capitalist should think of building a scow and establishing a monopoly at the crossing of the Columbia! The trail led through a forest of magnificent cedars, from three to nine feet in diameter, and shooting up straight and branchless to an extraordinary height. At last we were in the Selkirks, and the trees certainly were worthy of any mountains.

GEO. M. GRANT.

#### OTTAWA NOTES.

WHATEVER may have precedence in the public discussions in Parliament, the subject foremost in the discussions among members just now is, "Will the session close before Easter?" This year's session, it must be understood, is, in a way, an experiment. Hitherto the general practice has been to call Parliament together in February, and to send the legislators home again some time in May. This year the opening was almost a month earlier than usual. This involved a good deal of hurry on the part of Government Officers all over the country to get the ministers' reports ready in time. To the Government's credit be it said, the reports have been ready at an earlier period of the session than usual. Even the statement of the Department of the Interior, which Sir John Macdonald used to bring down with a smile on the last day of the session, is already before the House. If Parliament can be prorogued at Easter, this session will form a valuable precedent, and we may hope hereafter that the session of the Federal Legislature will be confined to the twelve weeks before Easter instead of extending on into the latter part of May, as last year. The business of the House progresses slowly but surely. One great bone of contention has been taken away by the Government dropping its Franchise Bill. The proposal to give the vote to women is particularly distasteful to the French Canadian mind. Quebec is the great bulwark of Provincial Rights in this Dominion, and if the Reformers of Ontario are still allowed to say who shall and shall not vote, they owe it to the Bleus whom they hate so cordially. The end of the session is in sight when the debate on the Budget is over and the House gets into Committee of Supply. This stage was reached on Thursday night.

From an answer given to a question by Mr. Coursol last night, and from the statements of French Canadian members who are well informed, it is evident that Quebec is to have compensation for the share she gives of the Canadian Pacific loan. A bill will be introduced this session to make some arrangement to refund the Province of Quebec a portion of the cost of the railway from Ottawa to Quebec. This is done on the principle that this road is a part of the great through line, and should be bonussed

like other parts. The proposition seems one to arouse opposition, but the Government has its answer ready. The Liberals, when in power, gave a bonus of \$12,000 a mile to the Canada Central, running north-west to connect with the Canadian Pacific at lake Nipissing, and if it was right to help to build that link, it cannot be so very wrong to help to pay for the link which the Quebec Government has run in debt for.

One of the principal subjects of debate in the House has been the position of Sir Charles Tupper. The Liberals held it to be a dangerous thing to allow the Government to appoint men to salaried offices by simply saying "without salary," in the letters of appointment, for the Government could employ half the members of the House, granting them only these "expenses." Whatever may be said of the advisability of passing such an act, certainly none can doubt that it is altogether unlike the Tupper of old days to accept shelter under it. But when one notices Sir Charles' pale face marked with lines which show that there is more will power than vitality in the man, the trembling hand and the failing voice, and thinks how different was the Tupper of a few years ago, one must realize that the Minister is forced to take the course in which the effort to himself is lightened by the votes of his friends.

If there is any virtue in legislation, the double track on the Grand Trunk Railway between Toronto and Montreal is now almost assured. The Bill to authorize the company to rearrange its debt by perpetual stock to replace many classes of its securities has passed, the Committee on Railways and Canals, with the assent of the Government. A Bill of great importance to every-day people, is the new Insurance Bill. It is intended to check the operations of the American co-operative frauds in Canada. The purely mutual system of insurance established under the auspices of the Masonic and other benevolent societies has been adopted by American sharpers to serve purely selfish ends. In some localities, notably in places easily accessible from the United States border, trustful Canadians have been engulfed by the thousands. This is manifestly unfair to the Canadian people and the Canadian companies. But on the other hand it would not do to compel all societies run on this plan to submit to the restriction placed upon insurance companies. The difficulty is got over in this Bill by providing a special system of license and inspection for these concerns, and at the same time prohibiting all not so incorporated from doing insurance.

"Are the galleries a part of the House?" This is the question which got the deputies of the people into trouble on Thursday last. A question was put for the House to vote on. Mr. Fortin, who was in the gallery, heard the question and went down and voted. Mr. Trow, the Opposition whip, objected to the vote being recorded and asked the Speaker's ruling. "Did you hear the question?" asked the Speaker. "I was in the gallery and heard the question," was the reply. The Speaker said that notwithstanding the member was in the gallery, as he had heard the question his vote was in order. He referred to the well-known rule that if a member leaves his seat during the division his vote must be struck off if attention be called to the fact. Attention was then promptly called to the fact that Mr. Fortin had not only moved from one seat to another, but had come down all the way from the gallery. The vote was accordingly struck out.

Ottawa March 15th.

ED. RUTHVEN.

### THE CHURCHES.

ALGOMA has been fortunate in securing the services of a zealous missionary bishop. He is at present in England awakening interest in his field of labour, and appealing for contributions to aid in carrying on his work among the settlers and Indians. Last week a crowded meeting was held at Willis' Rooms, at which the Marquis of Lorne presided. A small steamer is required in the prosecution of missionary work in the diocese of Algoma. The Bishop will not fail in his object. He has succeeded in obtaining the influential support of Archdeacon Farrar.

THERE are twenty vacancies in the Cardinals' College. Although by recent appointments the number of Italians has been reduced, they still preponderate. One solitary survivor, Cardinal Schwartzberg, Archbishop of Prague, owes his appointment to the predecessor of Pius IX. and has therefore held his high position for nearly half a century. Thirty-seven were created by Pius IX. and already twenty have been elevated to the cardinalate by the present pontiff, while twenty vacancies remain to be filled. Cardinal McCloskey is, as yet, the only wearer of the scarlet hat on this continent.

THE building of the long-projected Roman Catholic cathedral in London is about to be begun. As was to be expected, it is to be on a scale of great magnificence. The site is that occupied by Tothill Fields Prison and has been purchased for \$575,000. The estimated cost of the building itself is about \$25,000,000. In magnitude the structure will surpass Westminster Abbey. It is designed to be 570 feet in length, and 350 in breadth, Westminster Abbey being 511 feet in length and 203 feet across the transepts.

THE Catholic directory for 1874 gives the following statistics of the Catholic Church in the United States: There are 13 archbishops, 57 bishops, 6,385 priests, 1,651 ecclesiastical students, 6,613 churches, 1,150 chapels, 1,476 stations, 22 ecclesiastical seminaries, 87 colleges, 599 academies, 2,582 parochial schools, 481,834 pupils attending the parochial schools, 204 asylums, and 139 hospitals. There has been an increase during the last year of 289 priests, 217 ecclesiastical students, 372 churches, 6 colleges, 20 academies and 41 parochial schools, and in the attendance an increase of 53,192 pupils, and 19 asylums. The number of Catholics in

the country is given at 6,623,176. The number of Roman Catholic clergy in England is 2,176. Scotland added six to her list of clergy during the year. The number of churches, stations and schools in Scotland and England increased fifty-one per cent. during the past twelve months. England has one archbishop and fourteen bishops, and Scotland two archbishops.

THE Roman Catholic Bishop of Montreal does not view with favour the exodus of French Canadians to the United States. He has recently issued a pastoral detailing in vivid terms the spiritual and other dangers to which the exiles are exposed. He strongly urges their repatriation and favours their colonization in suitable districts in their native province.

WHEN the Evangelical Alliance assembles in Stockholm the principal subjects for consideration are stated to be: Religious indifference among various classes of society and the best means for its removal; Sabbath observance; Sunday school work; Modern Unbelief and the best means of counteracting it; The harmony of Science and Revelation; Intemperance; Immorality; Home and Foreign Missions. The Alliance officials are already in possession of valuable and interesting communications from all over the world.

THE religious life of France is in a transition state. The Roman Catholic church is yet the church of the masses, but it is ceasing to exert a powerful influence on the minds of the people. Dr. Beard, an American Congregationalist minister, long resident in Paris, has, through various channels, of late been giving his impressions of the religious condition of France. In an address recently delivered before the Congregational Club of New York, he makes this statement: "The attitude of mind toward Romanism may be seen in the fact which I have from one whose figures I have found to be usually remarkably true, that at the Easter communion attendance, which is the supreme test of church loyalty, not more than one man in twenty-five attends, and not more than one woman in four. . . . So, as you go up and down the Provinces of France, you will find it common for the men especially, to sneer at religion; that is, at the Church. They hate the priests, they laugh at their pretensions, while at the same time they may record themselves as Roman Catholics in the census. After all, they wish some one to attend their children if they die." In an article in the first number of the *Andover Review*, Dr. Beard discusses hopefully the position and prospects of the Protestant Churches in France.

AN agitation in Bale, Switzerland, against the priestly control of education has resulted in a popular verdict against the continuance. The Grand Council submitted the question to popular vote. The ballot-box showed that 4,479 were in favour of committing the schools to the care of laymen, while only 2,910 voted for clerical control.

MADISON AVENUE Congregational Church, New York has been for months in a state of great perturbation. Stormy meetings have from time to time been held, the scenes at which occasionally rivalled the animation at political partizan assemblages. The present pastor of the congregation, Rev. Mr. Newton, was and is a minister in connection with the Methodist Episcopal body. He entered on an engagement to supply the pulpit of Madison Avenue Congregational Church. After a time a number in the congregation thought he should either consent to be formally installed as a Congregationalist minister or retire. Dr. Newman and his friends objected to the proposal and the antagonism subsequently became intense. A council has just decided that the course proposed by what is termed the Old Church party is the proper one to follow, and they advise the calling of a meeting to finally end what has been a long, unseemly and bitter contention. All parties in this militant congregation seem now inclined to manifest a conciliatory spirit.

IN response to the existing desire for shortening and simplifying creeds, a committee of Congregational ministers in the United States have issued a symbolical declaration of what they regard as the fundamental principles of the Christian faith. It consists of twelve articles or propositions substantially in harmony with the older creeds, but divested of the angular and archaic phraseology in which they are expressed. ASTERISK.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

LOCOMOTIVE POLICEMEN.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—The recent strike in the North-West, and the fact that there is only *one* railroad management, and only likely to be one railroad management, has opened a new danger to Canada—not only west of Ontario, but to all the eastern provinces that have any manufactories.

The Minister of Militia appoints officers and sends men into the North-West, and has an able and efficient force in the Mounted Police to protect settlers against Indians, etc. But when the settlers *do* come, and when they make their contracts and order in their supplies, the Canadian Pacific reduce the wages of the engineers, the engineers strike, no trains are run, and the settlers suffer more in one day than they ever suffered in ten years from Indians. For this there is no remedy. I forgot; there is a remedy, and that is, that "Mr. Arthur, of the Brotherhood of Engineers, who lives in the States," has to be consulted.

Now, the people of Canada have given the C. P. R. twenty-five millions of dollars and twenty-five millions of acres of land to build the railway, and have recently lent them thirty millions of dollars more to finish it quickly, and have given them the railway after it is finished. Surely they have the right to ask the Government for protection against railway aggran-

dizement and the despotic exercise of power by Mr. Arthur or others. Why, the whole force of the argument that Canadians should own an independent line of railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and on their own territory, is taken away if the traffic is to be stopped after it is built, at the nod of a gentleman from the United States.

What the Government of this country should do forthwith is this: They should organize a force of "Locomotive Policemen," consisting of drivers, conductors, and all hands necessary to run a train in an efficient manner; they should arm these men with the same power as they have given to the Mounted Police! The whole railway, or any part, at any time, should be subject to the officers in charge in case of a strike. This body of men should be under the command of the Militia Department, and could be controlled in the same manner and with the same kind of organization as the Mounted Police. Think for an instant what the effect of a strike would be next spring! and what is to prevent it? With Locomotive Policemen the people would then have some protection, but with the whole North-West under one railway, and that railway officered by Yankee officers and dictated to by "Mr. Arthur, a gentleman in the United States," in case of trouble, neither the settlers, nor the public nor any part of our domain can be considered safe. Yours, etc.,

Ann Arbor, March, 1884.

HUBERT C. JONES.

PICTURESQUE CANADA.

To the Editor of The Week :

SIR,—When the above work was first brought out, we had the publisher's positive assurance, in prospectuses, announcements and advertisements, that it was to be a purely Canadian enterprise throughout, "embellished with engravings of the finest character, from original drawings made expressly for the work, from sketches taken on the spot by Bell Smith, Creswell, Edson, Fowler, Fraser, Judson, O'Brien, Peel, Perré, Sandham, Watson, and other Canadian artists." It was further guaranteed to be a "true delineation of our country," a "tribute to native art and native genius," a "beautiful specimen of Canadian art and Canadian workmanship," and much more to the same effect.

But as soon as the publishers had by these promises enlisted the press of the country, and secured a liberal subscription list by their aid and the use of the names of several well-known Canadians who had no real interest involved, they "dispensed with" all Canadian artists to whom they had promised work, moved their presses, plant and entire establishment secretly to New York, where the senior proprietor permanently resides, and all we have of "Canadian art" in the entire work (except some half-dozen small and unimportant illustrations) is from the pencil of a single Torontonian—the entire staff of artists, as well as engravers, printers, proprietors, and all others connected with the scheme being New Yorkers. Some of these New York "artists" were simply art-students, employed because they worked cheap; the unfortunate effects being everywhere visible in the "butchering" and utter misrepresentation of Canadian scenes at their hands. Many such instances have been severely denounced by the country press of the localities thus maligned. But worse than all (and this is a point which unquestionably invalidates every contract, and leaves with every subscriber the option of refusing further issues of the fraudulent work, and collecting back—if the publishers are responsible—what has already been paid on account thereof,) they have inserted foreign pictures, falsely named as Canadian subjects. A leading Canadian newspaper, which explained that it originally favoured and assisted the enterprise, recently stated that many such cases exist, and explicitly specifies a number of them; adding that in its particular locality (which the writer knows to be true of many other sections as well,) a great majority of subscribers have absolutely refused to take their books, while many threaten to sue for the money already paid out for the same; and that any quantity of the books can be procured from disgusted subscribers at 10 cents to 25 cents per part.

Further, the book was sold "straight" as a 24-part book; but we now find a "catch" condition on the back of the contract, saying it may run to thirty-six, while H. Belden stated on oath at the trial of a suit-at-law in this city last July, that he intended to run it to forty parts. Though steel-plates were distinctly promised with each part, and guaranteed equal to samples (each of which contained a full number, including steel engravings, of Appleton's *Picturesque America*), yet the only steel in the work is the frontispiece and title-page of Part I.—the comparative merit of which may be judged from the fact that the publishers "swore them through" the custom-house at a combined valuation of \$150, while the best quality of steel plates of the same size cost £100 stg. each in England, for engraving alone.

The great wonder is that those Canadians who were led into what now looks like a cunningly devised trap, that their names might be freely used in bolstering up the enterprise, did not insist upon the original conditions and promises being fulfilled—particularly when it came to be common talk that the publishers were the same people who "scorched" the rural district some years ago with the notorious "Belden Atlas," and are now trading under an assumed name to conceal their identity. Among those who in good faith, and in the dark as to the real facts, have recommended this work, are some authorities usually well-informed on such subjects. In this connexion it was a source of surprise to the writer to see something tending in this direction in a late issue of THE WEEK; and to explain the "true inwardness" of this metaphorical second edition of the disreputable "Atlas" swindle, attention has herein been called to a few of the many defections from what might have been a most creditable undertaking, if honestly carried out.

DISAPPOINTED SUBSCRIBER.

[We fear there is ground for these complaints, which have been put forward very circumstantially by more than one of our contemporaries,

and have not been answered by the Messrs. Belden. We should be very sorry to think that the literary review of two numbers of *Picturesque Canada* which appeared in THE WEEK had been in any way instrumental in promoting or encouraging an imposition on the Canadian public.—ED. WEEK.]

LUMINOUS SKIES.

To the Editor of The Week :

SIR,—At a time when public attention is directed to the luminous appearance of the evening sky in this and other countries, it may not be uninteresting to recall other occasions when abnormal atmospherical phenomena were presented in this country.

On the 9th of October, 1785, a short period of obscurity occurred at Quebec, about four in the afternoon, and during its continuance, a luminous appearance upon the line of the horizon, of a yellow tinge, appeared in the sky in the north-east quarter below the city. On the 15th, about three o'clock in the afternoon, there was a repetition of the same luminous appearance, in the same quarter, accompanied by a period of obscurity somewhat longer than that of the preceding day. Both of these periods were accompanied by violent gusts of wind, by thunder, lightning and rains. [Vide Quebec Gazette, 20th October, 1785.]

The morning of Sunday, the 16th of October, 1785, was perfectly calm and there was a thick fog, but the fog was not denser than is often seen at that season of the year; towards nine o'clock a light air from the north-east sprung up, which increased rapidly. The fog, by ten o'clock, was entirely dissipated; black clouds were seen rapidly advancing from the north-east, and by half-past ten o'clock it was so dark that printing of the most usual type could not be read. This lasted for upwards of ten minutes, and was succeeded by a violent gust of wind, with rain, thunder and lightning, after which the weather became brighter until twelve o'clock, when a second period of so much obscurity took place that lights became necessary and were used in all the churches. This period was longer in its duration than the first. A third period of obscurity came on at two o'clock, a fourth about three, and a fifth at half-past four o'clock, during which the intensity of the darkness was very great, and is described by those who witnessed it to have been that of perfect midnight. During the whole of these periods, and the intervals between them, vast masses of clouds of a yellow appearance were driven rapidly by the wind in a south-westerly direction; there was much lightning. The periods of total darkness were about ten minutes each, and although the intervals were not so dark, they afforded but little light. The barometer was stationary throughout at 29.5, and the thermometer, which stood in the morning at 52°, fell two or three degrees in the course of the day.

The water which fell from the clouds was extremely black, and the next day, upon the surface of what was found in different vessels, a yellow powder was floating which upon examination proved to be sulphur. A deposit of a black substance in powder was also found in the bottom of the vessels, but does not appear to have been submitted to any test. [Vide Quebec Gazette, 20th October, 1785, and Dr. Sparke's Journal.]

Similar phenomena were observed on the 16th of October, 1785, at Montreal. The clouds were of the same yellow tinge, and at five o'clock in the afternoon the darkness was so intense that, to use the expression of an eyewitness, "*jamaïs nuit ne fût plus obscure.*"

A medical gentleman of Montreal collected a certain quantity of the black, pulverized matter upon a piece of muslin, and by rubbing between the fingers, and by ignition, found it to be strongly impregnated with sulphur. [Vide Quebec Gazette, 27th October, 1785.]

Similar phenomena were observed on the 3rd of July, 1814, and are described by Captain Payne, of the Royal Engineers, who was at the Bay of Seven Islands, above Anticosti on the second and third of July, 1814. His narrative will be found in Tilloch's Philosophical Magazine. The introductory words are as follow: "Your philosophical readers will not fail to notice the coincidence between the phenomena and those which were observed at St. Vincent and other islands in the West Indies upwards of a year ago."

The narrative of officers who were on board the transport, Sir William Heathcote, states that on the 2nd of July, 1814, there was a heavy fall of ashes and sand, succeeded by a dense haze which increased until eleven o'clock, when it cleared up, and the sun appeared of a blood-red colour. Later at various periods of the same day darkness was experienced, and ashes during the whole time fell in abundance and completely covered the deck. The transport was the whole day off Cape Chat, and the wind blew gently from the north shore of the St. Lawrence. The neighbouring inhabitants declared there had not been any appearance of fire in the woods. [Narrative of Lieutenant Ingall, 15th Foot.]

A third narrative by an officer of another ship also lying off Cape Chat, on the 2nd July, 1814, completely corroborates the second narrative, and in addition says that "for three days previous some ashes and smoke had been observed; but on the second no symptoms of burning wood were felt. It may be presumed that some volcanic eruption has taken place in a north-easterly direction, which caused total darkness in a breadth of about fifteen leagues on each side of Cape Chat." [Vide Quebec Gazette, July 28th, 1814.]

Another narrative of the same occurrence is in these words: "July 3rd 1814—Sunday—A most extraordinary day. In the morning dark thick weather, and a fog of a deep yellow colour, which increased in density and colour until four o'clock p.m., at which hour the cabin was entirely dark, and we dined by candle-light; the binnacle also was lighted shortly after. \* \* \* \* \* The wind during this obscurity was westerly with

some northing and the "Phoenix" was in latitude 45', 50", north, and longitude 53', 12", west.

The phenomena of the 2nd of July, 1814, does not appear to have extended much beyond Cape Chat. A mixture of ashes and a black substance in powder fell in showers at Kamouraska; at Quebec the day exhibited nothing peculiar except the yellow tinge upon the clouds, bordering the line of the horizon in the north-east quarter of the heavens.

Chief Justice Sewell in a paper read before the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec in 1830 imputed the phenomena above mentioned to Volcanic Action and indicated the existence of a volcano (not yet extinct) in the Labrador territory. "The existence of volcanoes in the north of Europe, particularly Hecla and Jan Mayen, affords ground" (says the learned Chief Justice) "for the belief that volcanoes may also be found to exist in the north of the American Continent. The north shore of the St. Lawrence appears also to exhibit proof of volcanic action. Malbaie, the Eboulments, and perhaps the promontory of Quebec, may be cited in support of the assertion, and the frequent recurrence of slight shocks of earthquake in the places enumerated may be mentioned as facts from which a continuance of this volcanic action may be inferred. There is, moreover, a good deal of coincidence in the facts stated in the preceding narratives of the dark days, and those which are stated by Charlevoix in his description of the earthquake in 1663, which is generally supposed to have been of volcanic origin. 'A Tadoussac' (says he) 'il pleut de la cendre pendant six heures.'—Tom. 1. p. 367—and in page 366, he says, 'Une poussière qui s'éleva fût prise pour une Fumée, et fit craindre un embrasement universel.'"

Among the Indian tribes on the north shore of the St. Lawrence a traditional belief of the existence of a volcano to the north existed at an early date in the history of this country. H.

### AT THE TOBOGGAN SLIDE.

OVER the hill-top we gleefully go,  
Down like a flash to the hollow below;  
Fair faces smile as their bright cheeks aglow  
Blush at the kiss of the frolicsome snow.

Round us the snowflakes in ecstasy dance,  
Cold in their brightness a thousand gems glance,  
Ha! how the north wind—the tempest's keen lance.  
Charges in haste o'er the sunlit expanse.

D. J. MACMURCHY.

### THE ADVENTURES OF A WIDOW.

By EDGAR FAWCETT, author of "A Gentleman of Leisure," "A Hopeless Case," "An Ambitious Woman," "Tinkling Cymbals," etc.

#### VII.—Continued.

The excitement of Pauline had by no means passed when she regained her home. Kindelon's last words still rang in her ears.

She declared to herself that it was something horrible to have been called a dainty gentlewoman. At the same time, she remembered the impetuosity of his address, and instinctively forgave even while she condemned. Still, there remained with her a certain severe resentful sense. "What right," she asked herself, "has this man to undervalue and condemn my purpose? Is it not based upon a proper and worthy impulse? Is egotism at its root? Is not a wholesome disgust there, instead? Have I not seen, with a radical survey, the aimless folly of the life led by men and women who presume to call themselves social leaders and social grandees? Has Kindelon any shred of excuse for telling me to my face that I am a mere politic trimmer!"

She had scarcely been home an hour before she received a note from Cora Dares. The note was brief, but very accurate in meaning. It informed Pauline that Mrs. Dares had just sent a message to her daughter's studio, and that Cora would be glad to receive Mrs. Varick there on that or any succeeding afternoon, with the view of a consultation regarding the proposed list of guests.

Pauline promptly resolved to visit Cora that same day. She ordered her carriage, and then countermanded the order. Not solely because of the pleasant weather, and not solely because she was in a mood for walking, did she thus alter her first design. She reflected that there might be a touch of apparent ostentation in the use of a carriage to call upon this young, self-supporting artist. She even made a change of toilet, and robed herself in a street costume much plainer than that which she had previously worn.

Cora Dares' studio was on Fourth Avenue, and one of many others in a large building which artists principally peopled. It was in the top-floor of this structure, and reached, like her mother's sanctum, by that most simplifying of modern conveniences, the elevator. Pauline's knock at a certain rather shadowy door in an obscure passage, was at once answered by Cora herself.

The studio was extremely pretty; you saw this at a glance. Its one ample window let in a flood of unrestricted sunlight. Its space was small, and doubtless for this reason a few brilliant draperies and effective though uncostly embellishments had made its interior bloom and glow picturesquely enough. But it contained no ornament of a more alluring pattern than Cora herself, as Pauline soon decided.

"Pray don't let me disturb you in your painting," said the latter, after

an exchange of greetings had occurred. "I see that you are busily engaged at your easel. I hope you can talk and paint at the same time."

"Oh, yes," said Cora, with her bright, winsome smile. She was dressed in some dark, soft stuff, whose sombre hue brought into lovely relief the chestnut ripples of her hair, and the placid refinement of her clear-chiselled face. "But if I am to give you a list of names," she went on, "that will be quite another matter."

"Oh, never mind the list of names," replied Pauline, who had just seated herself. "I mean, not for the present. It will be more convenient for you, no doubt, to send me this list to-morrow or next day. Meanwhile I shall be willing to wait very patiently. I am in no great hurry, Miss Dares. It was exceedingly kind of you to communicate with me in this expeditious way. And now, if you will only extend your benevolence a little further and give an hour or two of future leisure toward the development of my little plan, I shall feel myself still more in your debt."

Cora nodded amiably. "Perhaps that *would* be the better arrangement," she said. Her profile was now turned toward Pauline, as she stood in front of her canvas and began to make little touches upon it with her long, slim brush. "I think, Mrs. Varick, that I can easily send you the list to-morrow. I will make it out to-night; I shall forget nobody; at least I am nearly sure that I shall not."

"You are more than kind," said Pauline. She paused for a slight interval, and then added: "You spend all day here, Miss Dares?"

"All day," was Cora's answer; and the face that momentarily turned in Pauline's direction, with its glimpse of charming, dimpled chin, with the transitory light from its sweet, blue, lustrous eyes, affected her as a rarity of feminine beauty. "But I often have my hours of stupidity," Cora continued. "It is not so with me to-day. I have somehow seized my idea and mastered it, such as it is. You can see nothing on the canvas, as yet. It is all obscure and sketchy."

"It is still very vague," said Pauline. "But have you no finished pictures?"

"Oh, yes, five or six. They are yonder, if you choose to look at them."

"I do choose," Pauline replied, rising. She went toward the wall which Cora had indicated by a slight wave of her brush.

The pictures were four in number. They were without frames. Pauline examined each attentively. She knew nothing of Art in a technical and professional way; but she had seen a host of good pictures abroad; she knew what she liked without being able to tell why she liked it, and not seldom it befell that she liked what was intrinsically and solidly good.

"You paint figures as if you had studied in foreign schools," she said, quite suddenly, turning toward her hostess.

"I studied in Paris for a year," Cora replied. "That was all mamma could afford for me." And she gave a sad, though by no means despondent, little laugh.

"You surely studied to advantage," declared Pauline. "Your colour makes me think of Henner . . . and your flesh-tints, too. And as for these two landscapes, they remind me of Daubigny. It is a proof of remarkable talent that you should paint both landscapes and figure-pieces with so much positive success."

Cora's face was glowing, now. "You have just named two artists," she exclaimed, "whose work I have always specially admired and loved. If I resemble either of them in the least, I am only too happy and thankful!"

Pauline was silent for several minutes. She was watching Cora with great intentness. "Ah! how I envy you!" she at length murmured, and as she thus spoke her voice betrayed excessive feeling.

"I thought *you* envied nobody," answered Cora, somewhat wonderingly. Pauline gave a little soft cry. "You mean because I am rich, no doubt!" she said, a kind of melancholy sarcasm tinging her words.

"Riches mean a great deal," said Cora.

"But if you have no special endowment that separates you from the rest of the world, you are still a woman."

"I am not sorry to be a woman."

"No? because you are a living protest against the inferiority of our sex. You can do something; you need not forever have men doing something for you, like the great majority of us!" Pauline's gray eyes had kindled, and her lips were slightly tremulous as they began to shape her next sentence. "More of us *are* sorry to be women," she went on, "but I think a great many of us are sorry to be the sort of women fate or circumstance makes us. There is the galling trouble. If we have no gift like yours that can compel men's recognition and respect, we must content ourselves with being merged into the big commonplace multitude. And to be merged into the big common-place multitude is to be more or less despised. This may sound like the worst kind of cynicism, but I assure you, Miss Dares, that it is by no means as flippant as that. I have seen more of life than you . . . why not? You perhaps have heard a fact or two about my past. I have had a past—and not a pleasant one either. And experience (which is the name we give our disappointments very often) has taught me that if we could see down to the innermost depth of any good man's liking for any good woman, we would find there an undercurrent of real contempt."

"Contempt!" echoed Cora. She had slightly thrown back her head either in dismay or denial.

"Yes—contempt," asseverated Pauline. "I believe, in all honesty, at this hour, that if the charm which our sex exerts over the other—the physical fascination, and the fascination of sentiment, tenderness, idealization—had never existed, we would have been literally crushed out of being long ago. Men have permitted us to live thus far through the centuries, not because we are weaker than they, but because some extraordinary and undiscoverable law has made them bow to our weakness instead of destroying it outright. They always destroy every other thing weaker than

themselves, except woman. They have no compunction, no hesitation. History will show you this, if you accept its annals in an unbiassed spirit. They either eat the lower animals, or else put them into usages of the most severe labour. They leave woman unharmed because nature has so commanded them. But here they are the slaves of an edict which they obey more blindly, more instinctively, than even the best of them know.

"I can't believe that these are your actual views!" now exclaimed Cora. "I can't believe that you rate the sacred emotion of love as something to be discussed like a mere scientific problem!"

Pauline went up to the speaker and stood close beside her while she responded:

"Ah! my dear Miss Dares, the love between man and woman is entitled to no more respect than the law of gravitation. Both belong to the great unknown scheme. We may shake our heads in transcendental disapprobation, but it is quite useless. The loftiest affection of the human heart is no more important and no more mysterious than the question of why Newton's apple fell from the tree or why a plant buds in Spring. All causes are unknown, and to seek their solution is to idly grope."

Cora was regarding Pauline, as the latter finished, with a look full of sad interest. "You speak like . . . like someone whom we both know," she said, hesitatingly. "You speak as if you do not believe in God."

"I do not disbelieve in God," quickly answered Pauline. "The carelessly-applied term of 'atheist' is to my thinking a name fit only for some pitiable braggart. He who denies the existence of a God is of no account among people of sense; but he who says 'I am ignorant of all that concerns the conceivability of a Deity' has full right to express such ignorance."

Cora slowly inclined her head. "That is the way I have heard *him* talk," she said, almost musingly. Then she gave a quick glance straight into Pauline's watchful eyes. "I—I mean," she added, confusedly, as if she had betrayed herself into avowing some secret reflection, "that Mr. Kindelon has more than once spoken in a similar way."

"Mr. Kindelon?" replied Pauline, with a gentle, peculiar, interrogative emphasis. "And did you agree with him?"

"No," swiftly answered Cora. "I have a faith that he cannot shake—that no one can shake! But he has not tried to do so; I must render him that justice."

Pauline turned away, with a faint laugh. "The clever men, who have thought and therefore doubted," she returned, "are often fond of orthodoxy in the women whom they like. They think it picturesque."

She laughed again, and Cora's eyes followed her as she moved toward the pictures which she had previously been examining. "Let us change the subject," she went on, with a note of cold composure in her voice. "I see that you don't like rationalism. . . Well, you are a poet, as your pictures tell me, and few poets like to do more than feel first and think afterward . . . Are these pictures for sale, Miss Dares?"

Cora's answer came a trifle tardily. "Three of them," she said.

"Which three?" Pauline asked, somewhat carelessly, as it seemed.

"All but that study of a head. As you see, it is scarcely finished."

"It is the one I should like to purchase. You say it is not for sale?"

"No, Mrs. Varick."

"It is very clever," commented Pauline, almost as though she addressed her own thoughts. She turned her face toward Cora's; it wore an indefinite flickering sort of smile. "Has it any name?"

"Oh, no; it is a mere study."

"I like it extremely. . . By the way, is it a portrait?"

Cora did not reply for several seconds. She had begun to put little touches upon her canvas again—or to seem as if she were so putting them.

"It's not good enough to be called anything," she presently replied.

"I want it," said Pauline. She was looking straight at the picture—a small square of rather recklessly rich colour. "I want it very much indeed. I . . . I will give you a considerable sum for it."

She named the sum that she was willing to give, and in an admirably cool, loitering voice. It was something that surpassed any price ever proposed to Cora Dares for one of her paintings, by several hundreds of dollars.

Cora kept silent. She was touching her canvas. Pauline waited. Suddenly she turned and regarded her companion.

"Well?" she said.

Cora flung aside her brush. The two women faced each other.

"I think you are cruel!" cried Cora. It was evident that she was nearly in straits for speech, and her very lovely blue eyes seemed to sparkle through unshed tears. "I—I told you that I did not wish to sell the picture," she hurried on. "I—I don't call it a picture at all; as I also told you. It—it is far from being worth the price you have offered me. It . . . it . . ." And here Cora paused. Her last words had a choked sound.

Pauline was looking at her fixedly but quite courteously.

"It is Ralph Kindelon's portrait," she said.

Cora started. "Well! and if it is!" she exclaimed.

Instantly, after that, Pauline went over to her and took one of her hands.

"My dear Miss Dares," she said, with that singular sweetness which she could always throw into her voice, "I beg you to forgive me. If you really wish to retain that picture—and I see that you do—why, then I would not take it from you even as a voluntary gift. Let us speak no more on the subject."

Cora gave a pained, difficult smile, now. She looked full into Pauline's steady eyes for a brief space, and then withdrew her own.

"Very well," she almost faltered, "let us speak no more on the subject. . ."

"I have been horribly merciless," Pauline told herself, when she had quitted Cora Dares' studio about ten minutes later. "I have made that

poor girl confess to me that she loves Ralph Kindelon. And how suited they are to each other! She has actual genius—he is brimming with intellectual power. I have made a sad failure in my visit to Cora Dares. . . I hope all my valiant exploits among these people who are so different from the people with whom my surroundings of fortune and destiny have thus far brought me into natural contact, will not result so disastrously."

Her thoughts recurred to Kindelon, as she walked homeward, and to the hostile terms on which they had parted but a few hours ago.

"My project begins badly," she again mused. "Everything about it seems to promise ill. But it is too late to draw back. Besides, I am very far from wishing to draw back. I am like an enthusiastic explorer; I want to face new discoveries in the very teeth of disaster."

(To be Continued.)

## EVENINGS AT HOME.

### DINNERS.

DINNER Parties are decidedly the most popular form of entertainment with those who have passed their first youth, but it is also one that requires more care and attention than any other. It is not only, as some hostesses unfortunately imagine, the *menu* which requires careful consideration; the arrangement of the guests is a matter of at least equal importance. The invitations, if for a formal party, should be sent out a fortnight before. Delay in answering invitations is extremely ill-bred, and the culprits are generally either under-bred people, who fancy that it makes them of importance, or else people who, never entertaining themselves, have no idea of the inconvenience they are causing. Answers should always be sent immediately. The first point for a hostess to settle when arranging a dinner party is the number of guests she wishes to entertain, and it is of the greatest importance that she should avoid crowding them. There is nothing so unpleasant as to be so close to a neighbour at dinner that the elbows occasionally come in contact, and yet it is an annoyance constantly inflicted upon diners out, whose hostesses think more of inviting the greatest number of people to the smallest number of dinners than of the comfort of their guests. When the number, allowing ample space, is settled, the choice of guests remains. It is by no means necessary, as some old-fashioned people seem to imagine, that all the guests at a dinner should know one another; indeed, such a party is apt to be dull, and people prefer to meet some one fresh, but a judicious hostess will always endeavour that each guest should be previously acquainted with some other member of the party. Fourteen is a dangerous number to invite; there always is the danger that some guest may fail, too late to be replaced, and, strange as it may seem to rational people, there really are many persons so very childish as to be nervous about dining thirteen; it is therefore wiser to avoid fourteen, and be either sixteen or twelve, the latter being preferable, unless the room is quite spacious enough for the larger number. A really well-arranged party should never consist entirely of married couples, as such a combination is apt to be dull; a single woman or widow, with a stray man to balance her, introduces a fresh element. Though it is not necessary that all the members of a party should be acquainted, a judicious hostess will contrive that they should all be people moving in something of the same set, or else guests are apt to say, "One meets such strange people at Lady Brows's, people that one never saw anywhere or even heard of." She must also endeavour so to arrange the precedence of her party that each guest may go down with someone suitable in age, and if possible, in tastes. If that is quite impossible, she must endeavour, in arranging the table, that any ill-matched person shall have a more congenial neighbour on the other side. It is the attention to those details which gives an infinity of thought and trouble, which makes the difference between a hostess who understands giving pleasant dinners and, one who does not.

The host, of course, places the lady he takes down to dinner on his right hand, and all the other gentlemen do the same. Properly speaking, the lady who goes down second ought to sit on the host's left. Sometimes, however, this point is sacrificed to what is considered the better arrangement of the guests. In very large parties it is usual for the host and hostess to sit opposite to each other in the centre of the table, instead of at the top and bottom, as is usual in smaller parties. The arrangement of where the guests are to sit requires infinite care and forethought, and must be worked out carefully on a sheet of paper before placing the guest cards on the different plates. Husbands and wives must never be placed opposite each other; when possible they should be on the same side of the table at opposite ends. The ventilation of the dining-room is a point of the utmost importance. The windows should be kept open both top and bottom, during the whole day, excepting, of course, any window on which the sun shines, which must be shut and the shutters closed. A dinner cannot be well waited on with *less* than one waiter to every four persons. There should be an extra servant outside to carry up the dishes to the door. There should not be less than one *menu* to every two persons, often one is placed to each. It is better style that the cards should not be very ornamental, but the printing should be very clear. It is growing daily more the fashion not to have any dessert on the table, but rely entirely on floral decorations. This, however, necessitates a good many flowers and much trouble, and some ladies compromise matters by having dishes of bonbons and dried fruits on the table, and having the fruit handed round. This is better for the fruit, which loses its freshness in the atmosphere of the dining-room, and also for the guests, as they are not annoyed by the scent of the fruit. It cannot be too often repeated that sweet-scented flowers should never be used for table

decoration. Unless a lady can afford to have her table decorated by a competent person, she had far better undertake the business herself. Servants are seldom tasteful with flowers, their chief object being seemingly to stuff as many as possible into each receptacle, and carefully to eliminate every vestige of green. After a short interval, the lady of the house bows to the lady of highest rank, and the ladies leave the dining-room in the same order in which they entered it. Coffee is served to the ladies as soon as they reach the drawing-room, to the gentlemen in the dining-room, a little later. Often as soon as the ladies disappear cigarettes are produced. The hostess should endeavour to have a little conversation with each of her guests and, if possible, should contrive that the ladies should not seat themselves in an impenetrable circle, or else, when the gentlemen appear they will remain outside it, and talk to each other. We have omitted to remark that the foolish practice of arriving late for dinner cannot be too much reprehended. If the invitation is for a quarter to eight, which, however, is not rare, every guest should be in the house before the clock strikes eight; if for eight, now the usual hour, by five minutes past.—*The Queen.*

THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENTS.

ALMOST simultaneously with the election of the civic licensing magistrates, we have had the annual meeting of the friends of temperance at which a public welcome was accorded to Messrs. Booth and Glover, as representatives of the Blue Ribbon Army. We have already expressed our entire sympathy with the object of this remarkable movement; and we cannot help regretting that an attempt should be made to frustrate it by such wildly injudicious talk as that indulged in by the Rev. B. Butchers at the meeting just referred to, when he told his hearers that neither the brewers nor the publicans were the most guilty parties in connection with the liquor traffic. "If they were to destroy it, root and branch," said he, "they must direct the heaviest blow against the Christian moderate drinker, who, although in fancied security, could not tell the moment when by a slip he might lose his balance and find himself amongst the army of helpless and ruined drunkards." Words like these bear so curious a resemblance to some uttered by other self-righteous fanatics, more than 1800 years ago, as to sound like an actual echo. "The Son of Man is come eating and drinking; and ye say, Behold a gluttonous man, and a winebibber, a friend of publicans and sinners!" The Founder of Christianity was evidently a moderate drinker; and although many ingenious attempts have been made to show that the wine of which he partook was "must," yet all theories of this kind are effectually disposed of by the remark which He addressed to the ruler of the feast of Cana:—"Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine, and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse; but thou hast kept the good wine until now." Is Mr. Butchers holier than the Master he has undertaken to serve?

Temperance has no warmer friends than it finds among those who accept the apostolic admonition and use a little wine for their stomach's sake; and weak, indeed, must be the hold which religion has upon the mind and character of the "Christian moderate drinker," if he is liable at any moment to "lose his balance and find himself amongst the army of helpless and ruined drunkards." He would be equally liable to become a gambler, if he plays a game at bezique with his wife, or a glutton, if he dines off anything but hermit's fare.

In order to make successful war upon intemperance the alliance and co-operation of temperate men and women should be secured. But when total abstainers are instructed that they must deal their heaviest blows against these willing allies, we can only deplore the mingled folly and fanaticism of the advice. It is an evidence that the old spirit of intolerance is not less rife among the modern than it was among the ancient Pharisees; and that some of those who have constituted themselves the expositors of the New Testament are ignorant of the charity it inculcates.—*The Australasian.*

THE ROYAL ROAD TO ARTISTIC REPUTATION.

QUEEN MARIA LÉCZINSKA possessed great talents. Her religious, noble, and resigned conduct, and the refinement and judiciousness of her understanding, sufficiently prove that her august father had promoted with the most tender care the development of all those excellent qualities with which Heaven had endowed her.

The virtues and information of the great are always evinced by their conduct; their accomplishments, coming within the scope of flattery, are difficult to be ascertained by any authentic proofs, and those who have lived near them may be excused for some degree of scepticism with regard to their attainments of this kind. If they draw or paint, there is always an able artist present, who, if he does not absolutely guide the pencil with his own hand, directs it by his advice; he sets the palette, and mixes the colours, on which the tones depend. If a princess attempt a piece of embroidery in colours, of that description which ranks amongst the productions of the arts, a skilful embroideress is employed to undo and repair whatever has been spoilt, and to cover the neglected tints with new threads. If the princess be a musician, there are no ears that will discover when she is out of tune; at least there is no tongue that will tell her so. This imperfection in the accomplishments of the great is but a slight misfortune. It is sufficiently meritorious in them to engage in such pursuits, even with indifferent success, because this taste and the protection it extends produce abundance of talent on every side. The queen delighted in the art of painting, and imagined she herself could draw and paint. She had a drawing-master, who passed all his time in her cabinet. She undertook to paint four large Chinese pictures, with which she wished to ornament her

private drawing-room, which was richly furnished with rare porcelain and the finest marbles. This painter was entrusted with the landscape and back-ground of the pictures; he drew the pictures with a pencil, the faces and arms were also left by the queen to his execution; she reserved to herself nothing but the draperies, and the least important accessories. The queen every morning filled up the outline marked out for her, with a little red, blue, or green colour, which the master prepared on the palette, and even filled her brush with, constantly repeating, "Higher up, madame—lower down, madame—a little to the right—more to the left." After an hour's work, the time for hearing mass, or some other family or pious duty would interrupt her majesty; and the painter, putting the shadows into the draperies she had painted, softening off colour where she had laid too much, etc., finished the small figures. When the work was completed the private drawing-room was decorated with her majesty's work; and the firm persuasion of this good queen that she had painted it herself was so entire that she left this cabinet, with all its furniture and paintings, to the Comtesse de Noailles, her lady of honour. She added to the bequest: "The pictures in my cabinet being my own work, I hope the Comtesse de Noailles will preserve them for my sake." Madame de Noailles, afterwards Maréchale de Mouchy, had a new additional pavilion constructed in her hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain, in order to form a suitable receptacle for the queen's legacy, and had the following inscription placed over the door, in letters of gold: "The innocent falsehood of a good princess."—*From Private Life of Marie Antoinette, by Jeanne Louise Henriette Campan.*

THE ORANGE.

It ripened by the river banks,  
Where, mask and moonlight aiding,  
Don Blas and Juan play their pranks,  
Dark donnas serenading.

By Moorish damsel it was plucked,  
Beneath the golden day there;  
By swain 'twas then in London sucked,  
Who flung the peel away there.

He could not know in Pimlico,  
As little she in Seville,  
That I should reel upon that peel,  
And—wish them at the d—l.

—*Frederick Locker.*

A HIGHLAND CHARGE WITH THE BAYONET.

The following anecdote is a contribution which I think worthy of record, in addition to the numerous acts of bravery recorded by Colonel Stewart, of Garth, in his history of the Highland regiments. A relative of mine was conversing with Sir Duncan McGregor, some ten or fifteen years ago, respecting his military experiences in the field. Few men had gone through as much active service as Sir Duncan. My friend inquired of him how often he had seen the bayonets cross in battle. "Once," said Sir Duncan, "and once only. England had taken possession of Sicily in 1812, and a force was ordered to cross over into Italy to encounter the French, who at that time were in occupation of the country. We came in contact with the revolutionary French troops for the first time at the battle of Maida. James Macdonnell, younger brother of the Chief of Glengarry, afterwards so distinguished by his defence of Hougomont at the battle of Waterloo, and I, were young officers in a Highland regiment, which was ordered to charge. At once, as if by a kind of instinct, every Highlander threw off his shoes, and then—the rush; the bayonets crossed; but, on the instant, the French turned and fled. A large Newfoundland dog of Sir James's for which as a child I had a tender regard, was to my grief killed in the battle."—*Macdonnell's Ulster Civil War of 1641.*

HOW TURKISH JEWELLERS ORNAMENT WATCHES.—When an Armenian wishes to embellish a watch-case, he gets the precious stone set in gold or silver, with the lower part of the metal made flat or to correspond with that part to which it is to be fixed; it is then warmed gently and some glue applied, and the parts thus cemented never separate. This cement is thus made: Dissolve five or six bits of gum-mastic, each the size of a large pea, in as much alcohol as will suffice to render it liquid; in another vessel dissolve as much isinglass—previously a little softened in water, though none of this water must be used—in good brandy as will make a two-ounce phial of very strong glue, adding two small bits of gum-galbanum or animoniacum, which must be ground until they are dissolved; then mix the whole, with sufficient heat. Keep the glue in a phial closely stopped, and when it is to be used set the phial in boiling water. To avoid cracking the phial, by exposure to such sudden heat, use a thin green glass phial, and hold it to the steam for a few seconds before immersing it in the hot water.

ONE of the best articles on Keats that has appeared will be found in the March number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. It is published anonymously, but it is evidently the work of a thorough student of the English poet.

MATTHEW ARNOLD will give a discourse on Emerson at the Royal Institution, London, on March 21, when he will show the influence of Emerson on American thought. Mr. Arnold is said to have made a huge collection of memoranda on "the queer social distinctions in America."

## BOOK NOTICES.

THE POETRY OF OTHER LANDS. Compiled by N. Clemmons Hunt. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

This volume will prove of infinite value to English readers who are desirous of studying the poetry of other countries, ancient and modern, and who are not able to read such writings in the original. Mr. Hunt has made a most judicious and copious selection of the best translations. Many of these are already familiar to lovers of poetry, but the great majority are unknown by name, even, to the average reader. In his preface the compiler disclaims any pretensions to present an encyclopedic volume, but has endeavoured to reproduce such as are worthy of being better known than they ever would become "lying hid in obscure corners and amid much rubbish." It is impossible to resist the temptation to quote one short poem, which may be commended to the thoughtful consideration of patriotic Canadians in general, and to their political leaders in particular. It is a translation by Sir William Jones from the Greek of Alcaeus.

What constitutes a state?  
Not high raised battlement, or laboured mound,  
Thick wall or moated gate;  
Not cities fair, with spires or turrets crown'd!  
No;—men, high-minded men—  
With powers as far above dull brutes endued  
In forest, brake, or den,  
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude—  
Men who their duties know,  
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain;  
Prevent the long-aimed blow,  
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain.

THE FAIR ENCHANTRESS. By Miss M. C. Keller. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The story of Mora Evans is told with a graphic power not common with modern lady writers. The heroine devotes her life to the discovery of her parents' assassin. Thrown on the world with a younger sister, Mora is picked up, educated, and, of course, eventually married, by Erle Kingsley, a millionaire doctor, after she has seen the man who made her an orphan die of yellow fever. From first to last there is a succession of incident, and the plot compels attention to the end, despite padding of a more or less pretentious character. Miss Keller, however, is not free from the common mistake of making most of her characters think in the same groove and use the same language. Thus, she puts the following words into the mouth of a girl of less than fourteen summers: "Claudine, I shall always believe that men can accomplish whatever they choose, and that they may compass it sooner or later, if they use just discernment and do not permit themselves to be led astray by Utopian fancies or paradoxical motives. . . . Mortals do make flaws, but still one can sculpture his soul into exquisite, perfect proportions."

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

Outside of Cassell's there was no illustrated monthly magazine of note published in England previous to the appearance of this venture, which has now run to its sixth number, and appears simultaneously in London and New York. The proprietors are to be congratulated on their enterprise, and judging from the superior manner in which the first issues are turned out, the *English* will probably be patronized by a large constituency on both sides of the Atlantic. Whilst the literary contents show careful editing, the illustrations are such as to make it no unworthy rival of its American contemporaries. It is, withal, exceedingly cheap, and so places within the reach of the million a class of magazine which has hitherto found subscribers only amongst the comparatively well-to-do. The list of writers and artists already engaged to contribute include the foremost names of the day. We heartily wish our contemporary the success we predict it cannot fail to obtain.

THE QUESTION OF SHIPS. By Lieut. J. D. J. Kelley, U.S.N. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

In this unpretentious book, Lieut. Kelley propounds a plan for the restoration of the American merchant marine and navy. He thinks that the administration of maritime affairs should be placed in the hands of a central bureau under the navy department. He would admit all ships over 3,000 tons to American register; he would free from duty all materials used in the construction or repair of ships of this class; he advises the adoption of a new tonnage measurement based on actual carrying capacity; the exemption from taxation of all ships engaged in foreign trade eight months out of the twelve; a revision of the laws relating to seamen, pilots, and owners. He would build seven new cruising ships a year, for ten years, at a cost of \$40,200,000; and in support of his theories he advances, besides his own arguments, the opinions of the best informed writers on the subject.

SESAME AND LILIES. By John Ruskin, LL.D. New York: John Wiley and Sons.

The *raison d'être* for the present issue of "Sesame and Lilies" by Messrs. Wiley is the same as induced the author of the three lectures collated under that title to preface them in 1871 as follows: "Life being short, we ought not to waste it in reading valueless books; and valuable books should, in a civilized country, be within the reach of every one,

printed in excellent form, for a just price." Never has a cheap press done more for the promulgation of the gospel of sweetness and light than in placing such works as those within the reach of the masses. The great writer of "Modern Painters" is all too little known on this continent. A prohibitory price of publication can no longer be pleaded for such ignorance.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

"THE BLACK FLAG," which for six nights attracted good audiences at the Toronto Grand Opera House, is properly advertised as "sensational;" but though in his libretto Mr. Pettit makes no pretensions to high-class writing or originality of conception in the plot, his drama possesses a merit not common to the average pot-boiler's production—from first to last there is nothing to shock public decency, nor does he descend to that most repulsive nastiness, the *double entendre*. Mr. Edwin Thorne's company is balanced above the average of *caste en tour*. As "Harry Glyndon," the misjudged, unselfish, rough-diamond son of a rich father, sent to Portland prison for his fashionable brother's crime, Mr. Thorne has full scope for his histrionic power, and from first to last was in sympathy with his audience. "Naomi," niece to "Harry's" father, and in love with the so-called, "vagabond," contrives his liberation and vindication, assisted by "Ned," a boy devoted to "Harry." Miss Bessie Stevens in the former, and Master Woodruff in the latter, character, acquit themselves very creditably, the last-named particularly. The comedian of the piece is Mr. Russell Bassett, who is excruciatingly funny as "Sim Lazarus," a sharper Jew. Mr. P. J. Martin was a rather inanimate villain—"Jack Glyndon," the rouse son for whose misdeeds "Harry" suffers. Of course the powers of darkness are vanquished in the last act, and the hero is restored to freedom and to his fiancée to "live happy ever after."

HAVERLY'S "Silver King" company are playing to crowded houses in Toronto this week.

On the 1st of May the operetta "Hans Gretel" will be given in the Toronto Grand Opera House, the proceeds to be devoted to the relief of the poor of the city.

It is said that Mr. Irving will revisit this country in the fall, and that Miss Ellen Terry will bring her daughter—who has made some mark as a young actress—out at the same time.

The Toronto Choral Society's next subscription concert will be given in the Pavilion on April 8th, when Haydn's "Seasons" will be produced. Mrs. Wells B. Tanner, as soprano, and Mr. Bowdoin, as tenor, have been engaged.

In the rush for Patti tickets at the Grand Opera House, San Francisco, on Friday, the crowd burst in the doors, smashed all the plants and pictures and the window of the box office. A boy was hurled through the door and badly hurt. Men's coats and women's dresses were torn from their backs. Several women were seriously injured, and many fainted.

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE prizes recently offered by *St. Nicholas*, for the best original illustrations by young artists under seventeen years of age, brought more than nine hundred pictures under the notice of the judges.

WHETHER "the admission of ladies to University College would be advisable" was debated in Convocation Hall of Toronto University College on Friday last, and the weight of argument was decidedly on the side of those who took the negative view. There was no vote taken, however. Mr. J. Ross, in disputing the desirability of admitting lady students to the college, gave a very able address, and the debate was wound up by an exhaustive speech by Professor Goldwin Smith. The evening's programme also included two choruses by the University Glee Club: "The College Song of Songs," creating much amusement; an essay by Mr. W. D. Mackenzie; a reading by Mr. W. A. Frost, which was encored, and a solo by Mr. M. J. Mercer, also encored.

AN author who respects his pen does not assert the right to put in a journal or a book what he would not say before young girls or modest women. He knows that they form the best part of his public, the most honest and sincere; and if his artistic wings are clipped a little by the necessity of draping his statues, he is easily consoled by the thought that there is nothing doubtful or suspicious in his success, and by the assurance that the public do not seek filth, but talent, in his works. Nor is it a trifle to have readers and friends among all classes and in all ages. Independent of the satisfaction a writer finds in communion of ideas with the coming as with the passing generation, what a prodigious stimulus this gives to his genius! Let us admit that the French novelist is within his rights as an artist in systematically stirring up human mud, under the pretence that on a final analysis everything is reduced to combinations of oxygen, hydrogen, azote and carbon. It is not less true nor less deplorable that by a necessary result of this system all one class of a nation—the most precious, the most interesting, the most sensitive to impressions, the fond-est of reading—is cut off from novels or compelled to read them secretly, and thus led to seek the worst parts of them. The young girl (to say nothing of the young man) arrives at marriage with an imagination either void of true ideas of the real world, or, on the contrary, filled with too realistic ideas.—*M. Daryl.*

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[From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15.]

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