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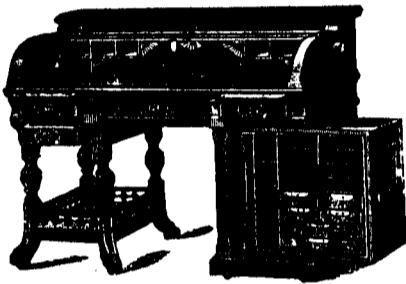
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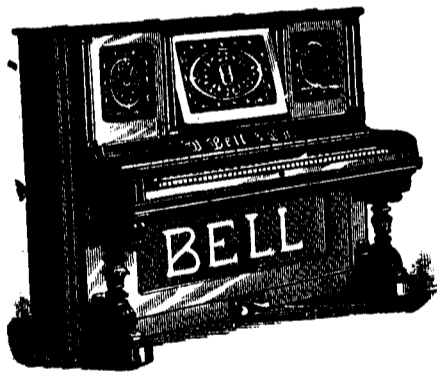
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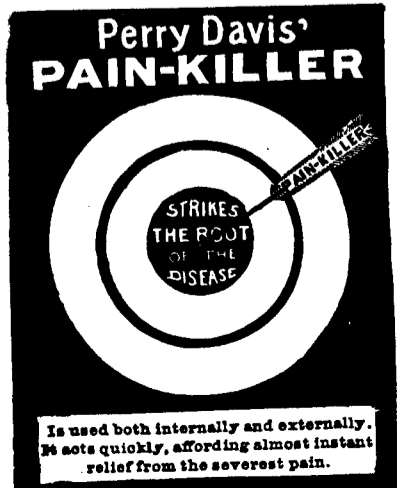
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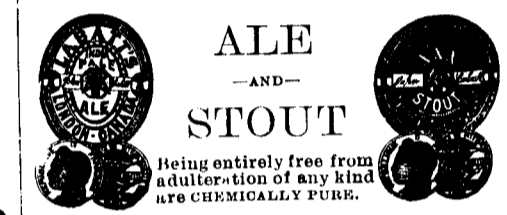
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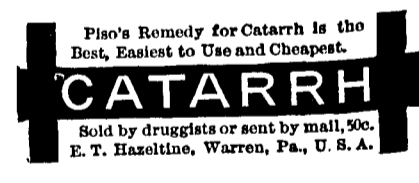
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

THE Report of the Ontario Minister of Education for the year 1890 is, as usual, a voluminous document. The statistical and other information it supplies is interesting and valuable to all who desire to study the educational status and progress of the Province. The total school population in 1889 is set down as 616,028. In 1877 it was 494,804, an apparent increase of a little less than 25 per cent. in thirteen years. All this, however, is not actual increase, as the period of "school age" was in 1884 enlarged from 5-16 to 5-21. In 1885, the first year in which the school population was reckoned on the new basis, the total was 583,147, showing an increase of a little more than 5 per cent. in four years. If this is not very satisfactory for a young country, it is still more discouraging to find that the total increase during the year 1889, the last year for which figures are given, was but 675. Attention was directed a year ago to the fact that the powers conferred upon Trustees by the School Act to compel the attendance at school of children between seven and thirteen years of age, were not exercised. The improvement in attendance for 1889 was very slight. The number of children within those age-limits who attended less than one hundred days in the year during 1888 was 87,874; in 1889, 86,515. The case is, therefore, very strong in favour of the adoption of legislation for securing the enforcement of the clauses providing for compulsory attendance. The Bill which it is supposed the Minister of Education will introduce for this purpose should receive the most favourable consideration on both sides of the House. But while attendance at school is one indispensable condition of raising the average of intelligence in the country to the level which is absolutely necessary for the well-being of a self-governing people, it is not the only such condition. A supply of teachers, adequate both in numbers and in educational and other qualifications, is equally indispensable. The number of public school teachers employed during 1889 was 7,967, of whom 2,774 were males and 5,193 females. In 1877 the total number was 6,468, of whom 3,020 were males and 3,448 females. Computing on the basis of average attendance we find that the ratio of teachers to pupils has increased in thirteen years only from one to thirty-four to one to thirty-two. This means, evidently, that many teachers in

the Province must still have forty, fifty and possibly a still larger number of pupils to deal with, thus literally realizing Sir Walter Scott's description of the village teacher as "one against a host." It requires but little reflection to convince anyone who knows anything of educational processes that efficient individual teaching—the only real and effectual teaching—is out of the question under such circumstances. Turning our attention to the evidences of educational competency, or the reverse, we find that of the 7,967 teachers employed in 1889 only 258 ranked as first-class, 2,829 holding second-class, and 4,019—more than half of the whole number—third-class certificates. When we remember how low the grade of attainments requisite for a third-class certificate really is, we cannot but realize that this showing is far from satisfactory. If the salary commanded may be taken as an index of scholarly acquirements the situation from this point of view is equally unpromising. The average salary of male teachers for the Province was \$421; for female teachers, \$296. Comment is needless. The impossibility of securing the talent and culture which should be deemed a *sine qua non* in this most important profession, for such beggarly pittance is obvious. In thus calling attention to some of the defects that lie on the surface of our educational system we hope we shall not be deemed blind to its many comparative excellencies. We may take another opportunity of referring to some of these.

A VALUABLE portion of the Educational Report is the elaborate paper by Dr. McLellan, Inspector of Normal Schools, with which it concludes. This paper appears as a special report on the Normal School "Problem." As that problem has lately been under discussion in our columns, our readers may be interested in learning some of the views of so competent a critic. Though the criticisms are naturally and justly too, we do not doubt, favourable in the main, serving to bring out the best features of the system, the Inspector does not hesitate to hold up to the light some of the defects in the practical working of the scheme, and to point out their causes. The following will be seen to be quite in line with some of our own observations with reference to the new scheme for engrafting Training-school departments into some of the best of the Collegiate Institutes. Referring to the Model School, considered as a training school for teachers, Dr. McLellan, after an appreciative description of its constitution and methods, points out that its chief defect "is due to the lack of the scientific element in its methods." This means that the teachers generally "are not in a position to explain and justify their methods from a thorough knowledge of mental science, and of the history and criticism of educational systems." Hence their "criticism of the practice-teaching cannot have the depth and value of scientific criticism," and "empiric criticism is often superficial and sometimes decidedly pernicious." The force of these remarks is undeniable. Their applicability, not only to the proposed arrangement in the Collegiate Institutes, but to the whole "Model School" system, now in operation, is obvious. In another part of his paper, and the only one to which we can now refer, Dr. McLellan classifies, very justly as it seems to us, some of the causes which prevent the existing Normal Schools from attaining the highest excellence, as follows: "The candidate for a teaching certificate is required—or allowed—to go over too many subjects in a given time." "The candidate, in his non-professional course, is taught and learns for examination, not for power and culture." "Too little time is taken for academic training." These are very serious obstacles to true progress. "Both teacher and taught take no thought for the morrow of culture, but only for the morrow of examination." Hence, "the right spirit, the scholarly spirit, and the spirit of high ideals" is not developed. It is, of course, much easier to put the finger upon defects than to suggest practicable modes of removing them. But the correct diagnosis is the first and indispensable step in the healing process.

WE are, we confess, somewhat chagrined that in our notes in answer to the questions put to us by Mr. J. Castell Hopkins last week, we should have expressed ourselves so obscurely as we must have done if we may

judge from Mr. Hopkins' summary of our criticisms in his letter this week. If we can succeed in re-stating with greater clearness the points we attempted to make in those paragraphs, we venture to think there will be found in them by anticipation an answer to most of the statements in Mr. Hopkins' reply. Our first position had regard, not to "the impossibility of such a policy being even considered in Britain"—it is in a certain sense even now being considered—but to the impossibility of its becoming at any early day a question of practical politics. Mr. Hopkins quotes from Mr. Gladstone, from Lord Salisbury, and from a Cobden club pamphlet, certain utterances admitting the obvious fact that the free-trade policy is not making progress among the nations, admitting even that protection is gaining ground. But surely he does not mean to convey the impression that either of the authorities named has ever said a word that could be construed into distinct or implied approval of a differential protective tariff as a condition of Imperial Federation. Surely he cannot doubt that Lord Salisbury's words quoted and referred to in our first paragraph last week, make his position unmistakably clear, or assert that Mr. Gladstone has ever even hinted approval of the project, or the Cobden club endorsed it, or that any leading English statesman, with possibly one or two doubtful exceptions, has ever expressed distinct approval of the Commercial Union feature of the Federation project. Some of them may have admitted the possibility of Britain's being driven to adopt moderate retaliatory tariffs, but we venture to affirm that, viewed in the light of the context, and of other fuller expressions of opinion, the words of no one of those quoted can be shown to amount even to an admission of the feasibility of such a customs union. If for no other reason their clear, practical minds must see the utter inadequacy of the colonies to afford a market for more than a fraction of the overplus of British manufactured goods.

OUR second main point was made in the shape of a dilemma which Mr. Hopkins has not done us the honour to consider, while the "general dissertation upon the advantages of Free Trade to the Mother Country" we fail to find and certainly did not mean to attempt. If our correspondent will do us the the favour to look into our paragraph a little more closely, he will find, we think, that the observations he has so misconstrued were simply intended to show, from the British Free Trader's point of view, the utter insufficiency of the differential tariff proposed to afford a remedy. The dilemma seems to us sufficiently troublesome to be worth re-stating. It is, in brief, as follows: Either the differential tariff proposed will, or it will not, increase the cost of food to the British artisan and of raw material to the British manufacturer. If it does so, it must either virtually reduce the wages of the workmen, already low enough in all conscience, or increase the cost of production, and so render it still more difficult to compete in the world's markets, thus aggravating the evil effects of foreign protective tariffs. Mr. Hopkins now argues and quotes statistics, which we need not stay to examine, to prove that Imperial Commercial Union would not increase the price of food products. Where, then, we ask again, will be the gain to the British agriculturist? As he has now an ample market at current prices for all his products, there is no question, as in Canada, of securing a home market. Where, too, will be the gain to the colonial producer, who has already a free and ample market at prices which are, by hypothesis, not to be increased, for all his products? It must not be forgotten that the case for the colonist is radically different from what it would be had Britain a tariff wall to be taken down.

TWO or three general observations may make our position clearer. The greater part of Mr. Hopkins' article is made up of facts and statistics designed to show the injurious effects of foreign protective tariffs upon British manufacturers. This needed no proof. We should not think for a moment of denying it, though one or two of the alleged facts might perhaps be successfully challenged. It is, of course, impossible for Mr. Hopkins to know that France is preparing to establish practically prohibitory duties upon British goods. A sufficient rea-

son for her not doing so would be the loss of revenue which she so much needs. Is it not the fact rather that the protectionist nations take care to keep their tariffs for the most part below the prohibitory line, seeing that direct taxation must be the alternative. Again, it is not quite correct, we think, to regard the universal tendency among protectionist nations as being wholly in the direction of still higher tariffs. In the United States, at least, there are evidences of a powerful reaction in the opposite direction. But these are minor points. The admitted fact is that the outlook for British trade is bad. The British people live mainly by manufacturing. Whatever hampers the sale of their products in the world's markets inflicts a serious blow upon their chief industries. The causes which lead to the erection of the hostile barriers are beyond her control. The question for practical statesmanship is how best to surmount these barriers, to reduce to the minimum the injurious effects of the purblind selfishness of other nations. If it be admitted—and a glance at the statistics of her trade must put the fact beyond serious question—that the colonies are utterly unable, and must be for many years to come, to supply a market for more than, say, one-fourth of her products, what other resource is left to her but to continue, by the free admission of raw materials and other necessaries, to keep the cost of production at the lowest possible point, so as still to be able to compete in foreign markets in spite of hostile tariffs. This is, it seems to us, the situation in a nutshell. In all this we have, of course, regarded the question mainly from the British point of view, that being the issue presented. But what about the colonies? What would be the effect, for instance, upon Canadian manufacturers of the free or practically free admission of the products of British factories? Even the Mother Country would no doubt insist that there must be two sides to such a bargain.

ONE of the important questions which should come before Parliament at its approaching session is that of Canada's relations to the United States in the matter of books, as affected by the Copyright Act passed by Congress at its late session. That Act itself, though an important step in the direction of national honesty, is, nevertheless, intensely narrow and selfish in some of its provisions. Amongst these is to be specially noted the requirement that in order to take advantage of its provisions a foreign author must have his book printed and published in the United States. This condition, coupled with another which absolutely forbids the importation of more than two copies of a foreign book thus copyrighted, can scarcely fail to affect seriously the printing and publishing business in the United Kingdom. From this point of view the Act has been not inaptly termed a Bill for transferring the business of publication from Great Britain to the United States. If anything could justify the British Parliament in so far departing from its cherished free trade principles as to adopt a measure of retaliation, or, to put it more mildly, to copy in a single particular the legislation of a protectionist nation, this would certainly do so. That is, however, a matter for the consideration of the Mother Country herself. We are more particularly concerned with the bearing of the Act upon Canadian authors and publishers. In one important respect Canada is at a disadvantage by reason of her Colonial relation. Not only has she no law compelling an American author desiring a Canadian copyright to have his book printed and published in Canada, but she evidently could make no such law effective, seeing that the American author by copyrighting in Britain could secure protection in the Canadian market. On the other hand, Canada cannot give the United States author the protection against the importation of books printed elsewhere which the United States law gives to the British or Canadian author. Though the British Copyright Act prohibits the importation into the United Kingdom of reprints of works copyrighted there, it permits such importation into Canada. It is evident that Canada, unless she is to be ground between the upper and nether millstones, must insist on the British Government's sanctioning the Canadian Copyright Act of 1889 either in its present, or in an amended form. Canada must insist, in other words, on having control of her own Copyright legislation.

FOLLOWING the example of other guilds, the undertakers are seeking from the Ontario Assembly the legislation necessary to enable them to form themselves into a close corporation. Logically their claim is, so far as we can see, just as good as that of the architects, while that of the

architects, as we admitted a year ago, is in its turn just as good as that of the doctors and lawyers. If there is any difference in the force of the arguments for incorporation it is certainly only in degree and not in kind. But whereunto will this thing grow? Is it not about time that a professedly Liberal Government and Legislature should stop and ask seriously whether this whole system of professional close corporations, created and protected by special legislation, is not wrong in principle, and unjust in practice? In one respect, indeed, the powers asked by the architects and the undertakers are less objectionable than those already conferred on the medical and legal practitioners, inasmuch as the former claim monopolies of their respective names or titles only, while the latter insist on forbidding all who do not learn to pronounce their shibboleth, to practice their profession, even without the name. They are content with nothing less than the more complete and absolute monopoly. Such a monopoly the doctors, one would suppose, have already obtained, though it appears that some of them, at least, are not yet satisfied, and are demanding powers still more extensive and arbitrary. A recent communication in one of the Toronto papers complains that the monopoly secured to the members of the legal profession is less complete, they being subject to competition in such lines as conveyancing, drawing of wills, etc. Now, no one can deny that it is perfectly proper and commendable for members of any craft or profession to band themselves together for the purpose of elevating the standard of education and skill in their respective callings. It should not be very difficult, one would suppose, for the doctors or the lawyers, through the agency of such voluntary unions, to secure for their certificates such respect and to confer on their members such prestige as would amply safeguard both their own interests and those of the public. And the same thing is true in regard to architects, undertakers, plumbers, and in fact to workmen in any and every occupation requiring special training and skill. Under such circumstances every intelligent citizen would, for example, be pretty sure to employ, in case of necessity, the physician whose professional knowledge and skill were thus guaranteed, rather than the one who could give no such certificate of professional standing. But the case takes on a very different aspect when these unions are so hedged about by law that they can absolutely forbid every one, no matter how well qualified, who has not entered the ranks through their particular strait gate, to heal the sick or relieve the suffering, on pain of fine or imprisonment. Are not such cases as that in which a reputable physician of the sister province was recently fined \$100 for the crime of having prescribed for some sick or injured person on this side of the imaginary boundary line, a reproach to our legislation and a reflection on our intelligence? Were the members of any union of skilled workmen to ask that a law be passed making it a punishable offence for any one not a member of their union to work at their trade their petition would be scouted. We should be glad if any doctor or even lawyer would show us just where the distinction in principle is to be seen.

THE paper on "An Enlarged Waterway between the Great Lakes and the Atlantic Seaboard," which was read by Mr. E. L. Corthell, C.E., of Chicago, at a meeting of business men in Montreal a few weeks since, and which formed the basis of an interesting discussion before a meeting of some of Toronto's engineers and business men in Association Hall, a week or two ago, raises a question so large in dimensions, and so far-reaching in results, that we hesitate to express any opinion in regard to it, without fuller information. One of the speakers at the Toronto meeting said that the great question which should be answered is, if it is practicable and possible to build the proposed ship railway from Collingwood to Toronto and obtain a depth of twenty feet from Toronto to the seaboard, would the revenue which would be derived from the project be sufficient to pay the interest upon the investment? Mr. David Blain, who has taken an active part in promoting the scheme, and has studied it with some care, maintained unhesitatingly that the scheme was not only feasible, but that in less than two years the railway would pay a handsome dividend. Without venturing to question the correctness of this very sanguine view, we should be inclined to suggest that the first and great question to be determined is that of the feasibility of the railway itself. Mr. Corthell, we are told, maintains that under certain conditions a ship railway may be advantageously substituted for a canal; that it can be built of any capacity at less cost,

be more easily, more speedily and more cheaply operated, and be made to answer all purposes better than a canal, and with equal safety to shipping. With all respect to Mr. Corthell and to the ability of scientific engineering skill to reach reliable conclusions by the application of demonstrable general principles and known laws of mechanics, we yet submit that there is small probability of securing the investment of the immense amount of capital necessary for the construction of the Hurontario ship railway, or of any similar project, until the feasibility of such railways has been proved by actual experiment, on a smaller scale. If there is anywhere in the world a ship-railway in successful operation it would tell immensely in favour of this scheme to make the public acquainted with the fact. If, as we believe is the real state of the case, the experiment has never yet been successfully made, it is evident that the promoters of so large an undertaking will have to wait. Fortunately they will not now need to wait very long for a fair trial of the experiment in Canada. Should the ship railway, which is now being built in New Brunswick to connect Northumberland Strait with the head waters of the Bay of Fundy, prove successful in operation, a tremendous impetus will be given to the carrying out of similar projects on a larger scale, not only in Canada but the world over.

LORD SALISBURY'S speech at the dinner of the Associated Chambers of Commerce, a few weeks since, was not adapted to give much encouragement to those who may be hoping that the report of the Government's Labour Commission is intended to pave the way to radical legislation of any kind. Judging from the *Spectator's* summary of the Premier's speech his idea is rather that the Commission may collect and formulate a mass of information for the guidance of both parties in future labour disputes. "If the Commission," says Lord Salisbury, "can do anything to help all classes to see where a strike or a lockout has been mischievous, and why it has been mischievous, where a strike or a lock-out has been successful, and why it has been successful, it will greatly add to the evidence at the disposal of both parties for guiding their conduct in the future, and probably even lead the way to the growth of voluntary organizations intended to mediate between the parties." To those who still cling to the old-fashioned economic notion that free contract and free competition must continue to be ruling factors in the determination of the relations between labour and capital, Lord Salisbury's views will appear to be eminently sound as well as eminently safe. They will agree with him that any attempt at legislative interference with those relations, such as, for instance, by fixing the maximum length of a day's labour, or the minimum rate of wages in a given occupation, would be not only wrong but ruinous. To that other class of thinkers and agitators, who reject the old political economy and contend that it is this very freedom which, by pitting the weak against the strong, the uneducated or unintelligent against the clever, and so forth, is at the bottom of most of the misery and destitution that afflict and degrade the masses, the Premier's conclusion will seem but lame and impotent. These bold innovators will maintain that it is or should be one of the chief functions of the people's Government and Parliament to protect the serfs of necessity against the selfishness of the powerful, the tyranny of capital, and so forth. The issue of the future is evidently between radically antipodal views of the real functions of Government. The question of the true nature and sphere of the social organism, when wrought out to its ultimate results, is really the new problem which is forcing itself to the surface, a problem whose conditions statesmen of the class of Lord Salisbury have scarcely begun as yet to recognize. Into the merits of the argument as between the two economic theories we do not now propose to enter. That the weight of logic will not be wholly on the side of the old, orthodox party, when the real issue is joined, is however tolerably clear. Lord Salisbury, for example, lays stress on the word "adult" when repudiating the idea that the labourer needs to be or can be aided by legislation, thereby suggesting the fact that legislation has already been invoked, with almost universal approval, for the protection of children against the cupidity of employers and the cruelty of overseers. This in its turn suggests the enquiry whether in many cases the necessities of the adult labourer do not render him equally powerless and so give him an equal claim to the protection of the State, that is of his fellow-citizens of all classes in their organized capacity, in the unequal struggle. But the question of practical politics is whether Lord Salisbury has not by his out-

spokenness largely discounted any party advantages on which the Ministry may have counted from the appointment of the Labour Commission. Some of his supporters are, we believe, of that opinion.

BRADSTREET'S Record of Business Failures in the United States and Canada is a remarkable as well as an instructive pamphlet. The amount of labour involved in securing the facts necessary to the preparation of such a record is prodigious. The statistics of credit-ratings and business failures are gathered, we are told, from 3,800,000 square miles of territory in the United States and Canada, by more than 100,000 correspondents, and on direct application to the mercantile and industrial community. Bearing these facts in mind, it is surely a wonderful triumph of careful investigation directed by trained business perception and analyzed with shrewd insight, that out of the 12,299 business failures in the United States and Canada, during 1890, the commercial world was practically forewarned as to 91.9 per cent. through the ratings of this firm. It is of interest, too, to observe in passing that large as the total number of failures may seem to be, it amounts really to but 1.15 per cent. of the more than 1,063,000 names of individuals, firms, or corporations that were rated. This fact is, we think, quite out of keeping with the popular impression as to the frequency of business failures. The amounts involved ranged from 7,632 with less than \$5,000 liabilities each to eighteen with \$1,000,000 liabilities and over. A most instructive table in the record is that in which the business failures and liabilities are classified as to causes. By far the most prolific cause of failures is lack of capital. To this cause is attributed no less than 55.8 per cent. of all the failures in Canada last year, and 37.9 per cent. of those in the United States. The next chief cause is incompetence, which is credited with 19 per cent. of the failures in Canada, and 18.8 per cent. of those in the United States. The remaining cases are distributed pretty evenly amongst some eight or ten other causes, such as commercial disasters, inexperience, neglect of business, speculation, etc. Many will be surprised to learn that but one-half of one per cent. are ascribed to extravagance. In view of the general reliability of their ratings and the large degree of co-operation between the business community throughout the two nations and the Bradstreet Company, that Company seems certainly entitled to claim that the results reached "reflect the confidence of the community in the integrity of purpose and the character of the Company's administration."

RUMOURS of the coming great European war are once more thickly interspersed amongst the despatches sent across the ocean. It is re-assuring, however, to note how small are generally the bases of fact upon which the alarming predictions are reared. Viewed in itself, there is something almost grotesque in the interchange of ceremonious courtesies and expressions of sympathy between France and Russia—red-hot republicanism and ultra-despotism. Still, even if it be that these demonstrations are the evidences of a close alliance already formed between the two countries, or are meant to lead up to such an alliance, it by no means follows that such an alliance means immediate war with the Dreibund. On the balance of power hypothesis, it should be an additional safeguard of peace. It is impossible, however, to shut our eyes to the fact that Russia, by the constant augmentation and movement of her immense army in the vicinity of the frontier, is keeping, and probably designs to keep, the great Powers of Central Europe in a state of perpetual uneasiness. If it be true that the Czar is about to seize upon the incident of the assassination of the Bulgarian Minister of Finance as an occasion for active interference in the Balkan region, that event may prove the electric spark to fire the train and lead to a great conflagration. It is possible, moreover, that the Powers constituting the Dreibund may one day lose patience with Russia's continual menaces and demand that she shall cease to augment her forces and manœuvre them so mysteriously, and yet so ostentatiously, in the face of her neighbours. They may conclude that it will not be the best policy to permit her, and possibly her new ally, to perfect their arrangements at leisure and chose their own time for hostile action. A recent utterance of one of the leading German newspapers is not without significance in this connection, and it seems, at present, quite as likely that the inevitable conflict may be precipitated by some demand of Germany and Austria for explanation as in any other way. The simple fact is,

however, that the situation is full of uncertainty in every respect, and that all attempts at forecasting are vain. The world can do nothing but watch the course of events.

THE LATE REV. K. L. JONES.

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE AT THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE, KINGSTON.

IT seems sadly soon that the life and literary record of one whose signature has long been familiar to the readers of *THE WEEK* should have closed and closed abruptly. As a comparatively young man, Professor Jones might have been expected to see many happy and useful years: *Dis aliter visum!* We can but grieve for his premature loss, and endeavour to do justice to his genial and gentle memory.

The late Rev. Kearney L. Jones belonged to an old U. E. Loyalist family well known in the annals of our young country. His grandfather was one of a band of loyal brothers who, clinging to the "old flag," left their homes in New York State during the Revolutionary War, in which some of them took an active part, and finally settled near what is now Brockville. A grand-uncle of his was the hero of one of the most romantic and tragic episodes of that unhappy war, being the betrothed of the beautiful and ill-fated Jane McCrea, who fell a victim to a miserable dispute between the Indians who, at her lover's request, were escorting her to meet him at the Camp of Burgoyne, where they were to have been married. It is said that her betrothed, who lived a bachelor for many years, never smiled again after the shock of this sad event, which at the time made a great sensation on both sides of the Atlantic.

Professor Jones was the son of the late Sidney Jones, Esq., of Brockville, and grew up in the old family mansion of Rockford, which, with its substantial buildings and ancient trees, still presents a manorial appearance. At the foot of the cliffs that edge its shady grounds flows our beautiful St. Lawrence, to which Professor Jones was throughout his life so warmly attached, the ripple of its blue waters mingling with his earliest as well as his later dreams. After the usual grammar school course the thoughtful and studious boy went to study at Trinity College, Toronto, where he took his B.A. degree in 1866, that of M.A. in 1877, and that of B.D. in 1881. He took orders in 1867, and was curate at Kemptville and Madoc successively, becoming rector of Elizabethtown in 1868, where he remained till 1872. He then obtained leave of absence for the purpose of visiting England, where he was for a time curate to the present Bishop of Madagascar, and also held a temporary chaplaincy abroad. After his return he held successively the charges of Mountain and Edwardsburg and of Arnprior, and was married to the eldest daughter of Dr. O. S. Strange, of Kingston. The happy married life then begun was interrupted only by his death; and three children, as well as the beloved wife, survive to mourn their irreparable loss. In 1884 he made his last move, becoming Professor of English at the Royal Military College, as well as rector of St. Mark's Church in the vicinity of that institution. He died at his post, his last lecture having been given only two days before his sudden death. As a clergyman he was an earnest and successful worker, holding strongly to High Church principles, with which, however, he combined a spirit of broad and kindly charity towards the widely differing views of many friends, whom he valued none the less because their convictions were so diverse from his own. He was always willing to do justice to the opinions of others, always courteous and genial in discussing points of difference—animosities of all kinds being foreign to his nature, which preferred to welcome points of sympathy rather than dwell on points of discussion. He was eminently sociable, and bright and genial in conversation, even while a sufferer from the disease that ended his life.

His love of literature was genuine and enthusiastic. As a teacher of it, his great aim was to make his pupils love it as he did himself, not caring much for the modern methods of cramming students with philology and philosophical theory, but seeking to interest them in *literature itself*, and to lead them to "the well of English, pure and undefiled," to taste its excellence for themselves.

For nature he had a poet's enthusiasm—loving her in all her aspects, but especially delighting in the varied scenery of his native land, which was the favourite theme of many graceful poetic contributions to *THE WEEK* and other journals. His lines, "The First Robin," published about two years ago in *THE WEEK*, are a good example of his happiest style. The romantic early history of his native land also furnished subjects for his muse, as in his poem on "Frontenac," full of local associations, and in a spirited ballad which appeared in the *Dominion Illustrated*, called "The Old Nor-Wester." His last published production—the lines to Canada in a recent number of *THE WEEK*—well express his deep interest in the future of his native land, as to which he shared the hope of many Canadians that she may ultimately work out for herself an independent destiny of her own, achieving a worthy individual rank among the nations. He had a firm faith in her great possibilities, a firm faith also in "the divinity that shapes our ends," and so he could sing:—

Who sitteth supreme o'er the nations forever
Shall guide thee to greatness and shield thee from shame,
Shall crown with completeness each honest endeavour
That's done in the truth and the trust of His name.

This, after all, he felt, was the *main* point—the "righteousness that exalteth a nation" whether its government be monarchical or republican.

He was warmly interested in the scientific as well as the poetical aspects of nature. He had studied carefully and intelligently the writings of Darwin and Alfred Russel Wallace and an able review of the "Darwinism" of the latter, which appeared in *THE WEEK* met with approval of the distinguished author. Among his literary work, too, should be mentioned a Canadian story published in England by the S. P. G. He took a warm interest in the work of Canadian writers in any department, and liked to submit his own productions to the kindly criticism of a friend.

Notwithstanding the beneficial effect of a trip to British Columbia the year before last, his health, restored for a time, again failed. Last summer he visited Poland Springs and also paid a visit to Concord, spending some weeks amid the picturesque scenery of that classic region. He returned considerably better, but during the winter just past his physical weakness compelled him to live very quietly and to abstain from much of his usual work. One snowy afternoon, a few weeks ago, the writer spent with him—not imagining that it was "the last time." Many favourable topics came up for discussion—among others the great modern social problem whose gravity he fully recognized, along with its strong claim on the earnest sympathy and efforts of our best minds and hearts. He had been a deeply interested hearer of Father Huntington's eloquent address in Kingston, and his remarks showed a warmer sympathy with the subject and a fairer appreciation of the speaker's views than is, perhaps, usually accorded him. He also discussed from a sympathetic point of view General Booth's great scheme for help, and remarked that he had, years ago, thought out and committed to paper a somewhat similar scheme to be carried out in our North-West, the unhappy rebellion which soon after broke out preventing him from giving publicity to his plan. One of the topics of conversation, that afternoon, was the great mystery of death which had evidently been much in his thoughts, and he read with touching emphasis some lines he had recently written, expressing his own feeling towards "the shadow feared of man" that was so silently and swiftly stealing upon him. They have an added significance now and may fitly be appended to this short and imperfect tribute to the memory of a singularly gentle and genial spirit, who will be much missed for many days to come, and most missed by those who knew him best. FIDELIS.

DEATH.

Why should we shudder when we see thee near,
When life flows strong,
When on the shore
The panting breakers leap and roar
Or when the groves are resonant with song,
Why should we shrink or fear?
Or if 'neath leaden sky and rain and hail
In measured moan
Is heard, afar,
The waves' break on the harbour bar,
And all the shiny sands with wreck are strewn
The spoil of last year's gale?
Men paint thee with repulsive visage—Death!
Thou art a friend,
An angel-guest,
Whose coming brings us what is best
Above our fevered brows I see thee bend
And soothe us with thy breath!

K. L. JONES.

Royal Military College, Kingston.

CLAUDE WILMOT: A STORY OF THE WAR OF 1812.

I. CATARAQUI.

IT was the close of a sultry summer day in the year 1812. The waters of the Catarqui, smooth as glass, mirrored the long reeds and grasses and the rich foliage of its shores. Bell Island, then as now almost united to the mainland by a marshy causeway, stood sweltering in the still scorching sun, though a mist had begun to gather above the water, and gave promise of near relief. Here and there a skiff moved leisurely over the surface, or an Indian with quicker stroke propelled his bark canoe. Looking towards the south-west the waters stretched away past Tete de Pont barracks, the old Fort Frontenac, into Lake Ontario, where the distant shore of Wolfe Island formed the horizon to a lovely scene.

At the Eastern end of the town, in the shadow of some poplars planted in the old days of French rule, by half-breed inhabitants of La Salle's village, stood a rough-cast cottage, with a garden sloping down to the river.

The walls had been covered with a yellow lime wash, and the low verandah was well overgrown with Virginia creeper. On the river side of the house was an old-fashioned garden, where such flowers as were then in vogue grew together in charming confusion. Everyone connected with the place seemed to be absent or asleep. The bees humming drowsily among the sun flowers and hollyhocks were the only creatures who seemed to live and move.

An hour later, there was a step on the verandah, and, through an arch of convolvulus and clematis, a fair young girl entered upon the scene. She tripped lightly down the steps, paused to pluck a rose-bud for her hair, and walked quickly down the path riverwards.

Seating herself in a rustic bower of clipped cedars commanding a view of the Catarqui northward, till the sky line was broken by what is now Barker's Point, Nora Cartwright gave her attention to a careful survey of the

opposite shore. Presently a canoe shot out from the shelter of a reed bank. It was at first a mere speck upon the water. Nearer and nearer it approached, till its graceful form was plainly outlined against the smooth water, and every stroke of the paddle, flashing in the red rays of the declining sun, deepened the colour in her cheek. A few minutes more and the prow grounded on the sandy beach, and the stalwart form of Claude Wilmot bent before her, as he politely doffed his cap, and presented her with an offering of water-lilies he had gathered on the way.

"You see, I am true to my promise, Nora; I only this morning returned from Quebec."

"This morning! And where has your lordship been all day, that you never gave Rose Cottage a thought till this late hour?"

"Where have I been? Well I was closeted with the Commandant at Tete de Pont for two hours; then I hurried home to see the old folks and brush off the dust of travel; now without a moment's delay I am at my lady's bower."

"Oh! you're getting to be such an important man, going on diplomatic missions, that it is no wonder you forget your old friends."

"Forget! You were never out of my mind, Nora."

"Not when you were with the beautiful French ladies in Quebec?"

"Never."

"Truly?"

"Truly. Not for one moment. And did you think of me sometimes, Nora?"

With lower voice, her long lashes sweeping her lovely cheek. "Sometimes."

"When?"

"Oh, I thought of those awful rapids, and a dozen times I imagined your boat crushed and you hurled about and buffeted in the waves—had you no mishap?"

"Yes, we upset once coming up, but it was near shore and we had only a short swim for it."

"And what news have you?"

"Startling news! President Madison has persuaded Congress to declare war. It seems Sir James Craig had employed a man named Henry, in a secret mission, to stir up disaffection to the American Confederation, through the New England States. Lord Liverpool refused to pay Henry for his services and he revealed the whole plot to Madison for \$300,000. This was just what the war party at Washington desired. It gave them the ascendancy, and now we are in for a cruel war. We of course must bear the brunt of it."

"War is, indeed, a terrible thing, and no one should wish for it; but, Claude, we'll show those Yankees that we have the blood of our fathers in our veins. They won't find us such an easy prey as they think."

"No, indeed! They'll find every true Canadian ready to shed his last drop of blood for king and country."

"How my blood stirs at the thought of their daring to invade our country! We loyalists suffered enough at their hands during the Revolutionary War. They might leave us alone now. Oh! that I were a man, to shoulder my musket and fight, and, if need be, die!"

"You inspire us, and we'll do the fighting, Nora."

"Oh! you conceited men. We can fight, too, when it is necessary. Remember Madeline Verchères."

At this juncture there were hasty steps on the gravel walk, the cedar boughs were thrust aside, and a boisterous voice exclaimed "Hello! you two. You're very pugnacious this afternoon. What's up now?"

It was Nora's brother Conway, followed by a tall and handsome young fellow with blonde whiskers and moustache, who appeared so unceremoniously on the scene. "Con," as he was called, gave Claude a hearty welcome, while his companion shook hands with Nora and bowed rather stiffly to her lover.

"We were just talking of the war," said Nora. "Mr. Wilmot brought the news from Quebec."

"Has it been declared at last?" queried Con. "I thought the old lion and her ungrateful whelp would soon be at it again."

"Ungrateful!" exclaimed Frank Hill, just then Con's bosom friend; "you surely can't blame the Americans for the revolution—they had provocation enough."

"Rebellion, you mean," suggested Claude.

"No, I don't. It was a great revolution, as history will one day show. It seems to me the loyalists made a mistake in not joining them."

"For shame, Mr. Hill," exclaimed Nora, "how can you talk such treason. It is evident you are not a loyalist."

"No, I'm not. My father came directly from England, after it was all over, to retrieve our fortunes in this wilderness. He settled under the old flag, but I suppose this will be the end of it."

"What in the world do you mean?"

"I mean that the fate of Canada is sealed. What can three hundred thousand people do against eight millions? They'll overrun the country in the first campaign. I say we're fools to resist. Better accept the inevitable. One nation on this continent is enough."

"Well, I don't want to quarrel with you, Hill," rejoined Claude, rather excitedly; "but if those are your sentiments you had better keep them to yourself."

"Come, gentlemen," interposed Nora, "no quarrelling, I beseech you. We'll adjourn this meeting to Rose Cottage—I hear the summons to tea, and invite both of you to join us."

Cartwright hospitality was proverbial, and the young men, both aspirants for Nora's favour, were only too glad to accept so welcome an invitation.

II. TO ARMS!

No sooner was the declaration of war known in Canada than the country resounded with the call to arms. Each Province vied with the other in the display of loyalty. Lower Canada, which, during the administration of Sir James Craig, showed signs of discontent, bordering on treason, had been conciliated by the wise rule of Sir George Prevost. Civil and ecclesiastical leaders now came zealously forward in the defence of their country. They were determined to clear their characters. The legislature ordered the enrollment of two thousand men, and authorized the Governor to call out and arm the militia as soon as such a step should seem necessary. Nor were they backward in voting the sinews of war. With much enthusiasm a Bill was passed providing £12,000 to arm those who had already been called out, £20,000 to maintain the security of the Province, and £30,000 for general purposes. Upper Canada, with a very much smaller population, displayed even greater zeal. From the backwoods shanty to the most pretentious mansion of York or Kingston there was only one sentiment, an indignant determination to repel the threatened invasion. Old muskets were polished up. The Colonial rifle, which had served the Americans so well in their struggle for independence, was made ready to defend the Canadian frontier. Squads of men were to be found drilling in every settlement. The red men of the west, under their wily and intrepid leader, Tecumseh, were anxious to be on the warpath.

Although it was well known that the United States had called out 175,000 men, a force greater than all the population of Canada able to bear arms, no one was dismayed. Though there were only 4,500 regular troops in the country, and England was practically very much further off than in these days of ocean racers, no one talked about the absurdity of defending the frontier. The old U. E. Loyalist spirit was strong in the land. It was the spirit which quailed at nothing. It was brave to dare and suffer in a great cause. It counted not the overwhelming odds, for it knew nothing of the impossible.

Kingston, as the centre of a great Loyalist settlement, was even more than other parts of the country animated by preparations for war. The men were organizing and drilling. Their mothers and daughters, sisters and sweethearts, were daily engaged in plucking lint, and making other supplies for the field and the hospital.

A party of young ladies met regularly for this purpose at Rose Cottage, under the presidency of Nora Cartwright, who gave all the energy and time she could spare from her lover to this work.

Claude had been full of enthusiasm from the first. He was afraid "Con" might be corrupted by his friend Frank Hill, but found the boy's heart sound, and had no difficulty in inducing him to cut himself off from his dangerous companion. Frank Hill fell justly under suspicion, and having failed in an interview with Nora, to engage her affections, disappeared suddenly from the scene. Rumour said that he had crossed to Cape Vincent, on the American frontier. Claude and Con had both secured commissions in a regiment of local militia. The former, on account of his reputed pluck and ability, had been given a captaincy, and the latter an ensigncy in the same company.

Such was the state of affairs in Kingston, when, in August, news arrived of General Brock's victory at Detroit. Some days later the excited citizens were summoned to the wharf to see General Hull and his capitulated army on their way, as prisoners of war, to Montreal. Claude and Nora stood together in the crowd as the schooners weighed anchor in the harbour, and though their hearts throbbed with pride at the evidence of Canadian patriotism, they could not but feel sorry for the dejected General and his staff.

The lower classes, in the swarm of citizens and soldiers, had less sympathy. They could not be restrained from venting their exultant feelings in hoots and jeers. *Vae Victis!* Such is the hard fortune of war.

In these days of busy preparation for the great events looming in the future and even then near at hand there was time for love making. Love and war have always gone hand in hand; and there was never a crisis, no matter how fraught with danger, when lovers could not plight their vows. Sometimes Claude was off duty for an afternoon. On such occasions they sometimes made the trip up the Catarqui to Kingston Mills. The distance was only four or five miles; Claude's canoe was light, and his stroke as quick and strong as an Indian's or that of a *coureur de bois*. He was a skilled fisherman and an expert shot with a gun, and they often returned laden with spoils for the hospitable table of Rose Cottage.

In the warm evenings they floated about the harbour, listening to the music of the regiment in quarters at Tete de Pont, or even extended their trip round the point and below Cedar Island, in the St. Lawrence. Nora was no mere sentimentalist—she was a noble girl, and inspired her stalwart admirer with Spartan heroism. She was the stuff that the mothers of nations are made of, loving and tender, but above all brave and pure, capable of any act of enterprise or sacrifice.

One evening Claude came up to Rose Cottage in great glee. He had received, through the influence of a relative in Toronto, an appointment in General Brock's staff, and had been ordered to report at headquarters as soon as possible. He was to start early the following morning.

Nora was delighted with her lover's good fortune. She had no wish to restrain his military ardour. For a lagard in war she could have entertained neither respect nor affection. There was of course the great sorrow of

parting, the uncertainty of the future, the possibility that she might never see Claude alive again. But these thoughts were not allowed to hold sway. Youth is always hopeful, and she bid him good-bye that evening, with a smile in her hazel eyes, as she tied a blue ribbon as a talisman in his button hole, and sent him forth to meet the foe.

III. QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.

At daybreak on the 13th of October the garrison at Fort George, at the mouth of the Niagara River, was aroused by the booming of distant guns. Claude Wilmot, who had returned to quarters a few hours before from a party in Norfolk, as the town of Niagara was then called, slept heavily, dreaming sweet dreams of Nora Cartwright and a moonlit ramble along the shores of the beautiful Catarqui. He was quite oblivious of the repeated reports of the cannonade, or the scurrying of feet in the corridor outside his room, and might have slumbered on till mid-day, had he not been awakened by his servant, and informed that the General was astir and would probably require his services.

"What is up, Miles?" he demanded.

"Sure, Sorr, we don't rightly know, but faith we think the Yankees must be crossing the river, for they're firing away at the front like blazes."

"Very well, have the horse ready, and I'll soon be dressed."

His toilet was soon finished, and, fresh as a daisy, notwithstanding his dissipation of the night before, he hurried to the Mess-room. Here he found an animated scene. Officers in various uniforms were scattered along the table making a hasty breakfast by candle light. The Mess man had managed to get up some hot coffee, the cold meat with bread and butter furnished the rest of the meal.

"Well Wilmot, we're in for it now," said a beardless youth in the uniform of the York Militia, beside whom he seated himself. The General was wrong this time. He thought the attack would be here. But this may be only a feint."

"No chance of that—firing is too heavy. Besides there's no sign of crossing from Fort Niagara. It is not often the old boy makes a mistake. We were with him at Detroit, you know, and he circumvented Hull beautifully. If it hadn't been for that beastly armistice, we'd have wiped out the whole Niagara frontier."

Just then an orderly entered the room, and making his way to Claude saluted, and informed him that the general was starting for the front and desired his presence. Claude accordingly swallowed a mouthful of bread and meat, gulped down his coffee, and left the table.

"Good bye, Wilmot," shouted a dozen voices. "Keep a whole skin and give a good account of yourself. Perhaps we'll see you later on."

In the barrack yard Claude found Gen. Brock just mounting his horse, while three other horses, his own among them, held by the faithful Miles, stood ready for their masters. Two officers of the Imperial Army with the general and himself completed the party. Spurs were driven into the spirited steeds, and they started on the gallop for the scene of action.

As they drew near Queenston the booming of cannon and the rattle of musketry convinced them that a spirited contest was in progress, and on arrival they found two companies of the 49th Regiment, with an equal force of York Militia, vainly endeavouring to dislodge the Americans from their strong position on the heights.

The troops were much disorganized by their repulse, but were reanimated by the presence of their brave general. One of the companies of militia had lost its commanding officer. To this Claude was assigned as captain. The officers dismounted, and sent their horses to the rear. The general placed himself at the head of the troops and ordered a charge to recover the heights. With a British cheer they responded to his summons. On they swept with steady pace and unbroken front. Their well directed fire was visibly weakening the enemy, protected though they were by a fringe of trees in front of their position. Claude, leading his company, was only a few paces from his chief. He saw him stagger, and leaping forward caught him in his arms. A bullet had lodged in his breast. It was his death blow. "Push on the York Volunteers" were the last words which passed those brave and heroic lips.

The charge was checked. With heavy hearts the troops retired, bearing away the beloved form of their general.

They fell back on the village and waited the arrival of reinforcements. They had not long to wait. General Sheaffe soon came up with some more companies of regulars and militia. He determined at all costs to drive the Yankees from their position, and the troops, burning with the determination to avenge the death of Brock, were ready for any enterprise. He made a rapid detour, gained possession of the neighbouring heights and caught the enemy in the flank. Then came for the Americans an ignominious rout. In the midst of it Claude Wilmot, leading his company through a maple grove, found himself unexpectedly opposed. A force at least equal to his own had rallied behind some logs and brushwood and offered most obstinate resistance.

He ordered a charge, and, as they scaled the obstacle, found himself face to face with Frank Hill in the uniform of an American officer.

"You—Hill!" he exclaimed in surprise.

"Yes. We can settle old scores, if you've no objection."

Two swords flashed in the air. There was cut and parry and thrust, with varying fortune, each receiving a flesh wound, and both undergoing several narrow escapes. At last, by a skilfully executed trick of fence, which he had learned from a sergeant in the 49th, Claude sent his rival's weapon flying through the air, and proclaimed him a prisoner of war.

The enemy's rally was broken. They turned and fled, quickly pursued by the victorious militia. The whole force was hemmed in on the precipitous bank of the river. Many were drowned or shot in their attempt to escape to the other shore, but the majority, to the number of nearly 1,000 officers and men, surrendered to Gen. Sheaffe.

Thus ended one of the most stirring events in Canadian history, wherein our hero, with many other young Canadians, received his baptism of fire, and proved himself a worthy son of a loyalist father.

IV. THE REWARD OF VALOUR.

It was a lovely day in June, and the maples and beeches of the Canadian forest had burst their buds and shaken all their tassels in the balmy air. The Catarqui flowed calmly and silently between its well wooded and sedgy shores, past Bell Island, by slimy piers, chafing the black sides of barges and bateaux, into Lake Ontario. A light breeze crisped the blue waters of the harbour, flecked with the white sails of yachts and schooners. In the far distance Wolfe Island stood up as in a mirage against the horizon line, and between Amherst Island and the main shore the Bay of Quinte stretched out into a vista that ended in glare and mist.

In the midst of all the summer loveliness, Kingston wore that air of peace and serenity which has become traditional. Only in the neighbourhood of St. George's Church was there more than usual animation, as the *élite* of the royal town gathered at the gate and passed up the aisle of the primitive wooden building.

The organ pealed forth the wedding march, and Claude Wilmot and Nora Cartwright, attended by their bridesmaids and groomsmen, stood before the altar. The impressive service of the Church of England was read by Rev. Okill Stewart, who had succeeded his late father as rector, and two loving and brave hearts and lives were united for the checkered joining of joy and sorrow which ends only with death.

K. L. JONES.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE!

TREAD lightly—lest she sleep!—we did not know
That death could be so beautiful as this!
Infinite peace—on marble cheek and brow—
Lies like an angel's kiss.
In rapt repose—in sweet unconscious grace—
She sleeps—the fair hands lightly laid to rest,
A quiet, not of earth, is on her face—
Pure as the snowy flowers upon her breast!

It is not she—but the fine counterpart
Of all that she but yesterday did seem—
Fashioned and moulded by divinest art,
Fair as a poet's dream!
Red as love—though but the empty shrine
Whence life hath fled to seek a higher goal,
Bearing the touch of messengers divine
That here, to fairer realms, the fairer soul!

FIDELIS.

PARIS LETTER.

THE provincial cities will soon cut out the capital in progress. Paris hesitates to mount any of Wagner's operas. A Rouen theatre has bought out "Lohengrin," and excursion trains, crammed with Wagnerites, go to enjoy the work. Messrs. Clemenceau and Rochefort are more than enthusiasts for the celebrated German's compositions, and cannot discover Alsace in the score. To be on the side of Wagner is to rank yourself as Prussian, though patriotism stomachs the German Meyerbeer. It is regrettable that Gounod has enrolled himself among the anti-Wagnerites, yet that composer owes something to the science of Tanhäuser and Parsifal. If Paul Déroulède decides "Lohengrin" must be hissed, it must be, and Parisians must go to enjoy Wagner at Rouen, Nantes or Lyons, where happily Déroulédism is conspicuous by its absence.

The examination of the Budget of France, involving an annual expenditure of three and a-quarter milliards francs, is virtually dealt with by a commission of thirty-three deputies—that is, three selected from each of the eleven committees into which the total five hundred and thirty-seven deputies are divided. The national debt alone of France is nearly double that of Great Britain and thrice that of Germany. The new commission just chosen includes two monarchists, but does not comprise M. Léon Say, the best financial head in the chamber. The commission is a hard-working, conscientious and practical body. It divides itself into sub-commissions, so that one can be allocated to deal with the estimates of each department of the state. The right men are always on these sub-committees. They have full power to call before them ministers and clerks, to demand returns, and even to directly investigate the records of a department. This year the labour of the commission will be complicated by the unknown workings of the ultra-protectionist tariff, and possible reprisals, as well as by honestly including all expenditure in the ordinary budget.

M. Déroulède continues to be a fly in the Government's pot of ointment. The authorities have killed his League of Patriots because it was full of the old Adam of Boulangism. But patriotism *per se* survives. M. Déroulède has just had silver medals struck off bearing the effigy of Joan of Arc. He has bestowed three of them on editors who write more in the Cambyses' than the diplomatic vein. In his new order of patriotic merit the silver medal will be for patriots of the first order, a kind of marshal's *baton*, or Cardinal's hat. Déroulède is an extraordinary man—not a bad fellow, by any means—always in ebullition. He is not part of the Government, but a Government in himself; a state within the state, where he is king and pope. The Old Man of the mountain could not be more faithfully obeyed; but while the latter had to fanaticize his followers with hashish, Déroulède intoxicates his with the flashing of his eyes and the fire of his eloquence. When the political situation is lowering, the anxiety is, "What does Déroulède think of the situation? will he 'manifest' or will he observe silence? Do his eyebrows frown or his features look sunny?" The timid then even seek in the skirts of his famous long coat to discover if they contain peace or war. Déroulède is irresistible, because on questions of patriotism he is as infallible as St. Peter on questions of faith. Parisians will accord him everything, provided he promises not to drag them—into war.

The *Société des Gens de lettres*—Society of Authors—is, while being a private, treated and respected as a public institution. It has just got into hot water by blackballing an authoress, Mlle. Loiseau—in literature, "Daniel Lesueur," a young lady of recognized and proved talent. It is the rule of the Society to admit only candidates who have written two books, irrespective of contents, for a "book's a book, although there be nothing in it." Now, Mlle. Loiseau has written ten, so her *bagage littéraire* is respectable. The real cause of her rejection is the old one—the intolerance of the male towards the female sex. It was the same motive that led for so long a time to the exclusion of women as *internes* pupils at the hospitals, and as students in the school of Beaux-Arts. It is time to put an end to these barbarisms, and to allow woman to take her rank where her talent permits. The wags say Mlle. Loiseau was excluded because Emile Zola has just been elected, and it was desirable to protect her purity from contact with the professor of naturalism.

The *fête des Blanchisseuses*, or washerwomen, marks mid-Lent. The laundrymaids, as a rule, are proverbial for strength of muscle and—of tongue. Their order, including male washerwomen, numbers 50,000, who are employed in 600 public wash-houses—the making up of the linen is apart. The *fête* marks for the crowd the ending of the severe moiety of the forty days. It is exactly the contrary with the Upper Ten, with whom balls and dinner parties cease as if by magic. Even the harmless five o'clock tea is served without milk. A dismal chamber concert is the only relaxation, and robes must be worn as high as the ears; no jewellery, no paint, but a plain, dark woollen dress. Snow drops form the only bouquets, and a walk in the country is recommended. The poor are visited, backbiting is suspended, and family prayers, of late, celebrated.

It is an axiom that any project the fair sex takes up is certain to succeed. It is certainly true in the present—the tenth annual exhibition of the *Union des Femmes Peintres et Sculpteurs*. This association not only facilitates the show and sale of the works of lady artists, but encourages their labours and defends their rights. President Carnot inaugurated the exhibition and purchased some pretty paintings. The six *salles*, or rooms—four for oils and two for water colours—in the Palace of Industry, are most tastefully and delicately arranged. Pictures of fruits and flowers predominate, being naturally a female specialty. The portraits are remarkable for the careful execution of the toilettes, that a Meissonier or a Carolus Durand would applaud. The landscapes are better drawn than perhaps coloured. *Une rue en Provence*, by Madame S. Adam, is the gem of the show; *Maison à Vendre*, by Mlle. Turner, is very happy and full of suggestive life. Millière was a deputy shot on the steps of the Panthéon, in 1871, for his communistic associations. The execution made a noise in the political world, and his widow carried a revolver, it is said, for many a long day to kill the officer, Captain Garcin, who commanded the execution. For several years Mme. Millière has conducted a municipal girls' school; she has just died, and, as she wished, has been cremated. The pupils, dressed in white and carrying snow drop nose-gays, followed the bier to the fiery furnace—a spectacle they might have been saved. The deceased wished that the urn with her ashes might be placed in the school-room. This could not be done; but the municipal council will allocate in the Père Lachaise Columbarium a section where the cinerary urns containing the ashes of departed teachers of the communal schools will be gratuitously provided with a niche. In death they will not be divided.

Z.

INIQUITY may be defined as deliberate wrong-doing.—*Spurgeon*.

THE miles of various nations, expressed in yards, are as follows: The Irish mile, 2240 yards; Swiss, 9153; Italian, 1766; Scotch, 1984; Tuscan, 1808; German, 8106; Arabian, 2143; Turkish, 1826; Flemish, 6896; Vienna, 8296; Roman, 1628 or 2025; Werst, 1167 or 1337; Dutch and Prussian, 6480; Swedish and Danish, 7351.5; English and American, 1760.

THE RAMBLER.

PROUD-PIED April, dressed in all his trim, hath put a spirit of youth in everything—or should have done so. Heavy Saturn hath leaped and laughed with him, and peering in his front come the first timid buds and crisp ferns of the young year.

This paraphrase of "Sweet William" may serve to open the month. The chestnut buds are black as Tennyson's Juliet's hair in the front of March, only for our climate it should be the end of March. The days insensibly lengthen and begin to be found over-warm. Householders are out watching for the first crocus spears or snowdrop points. The ice-cart rumbles by and the price of filters increases. *Apropos*, there is a member of the *Mail* staff, worthy of our sincerest admiration, since upon such mundane matters as the city water and horse cars he can construct a column of fantastic and timely chaff. Let us all read the lucubrations of our embryonic humourist—a welcome foil to the two-column political thunderer.

One funny aspect of the water craze—some people I know who do not believe in the ordinary domestic filter boil the all-essential liquid instead and cool in jars afterwards, with the result that there is a demand for "cold, boiled water." The children at the table unerringly turn at luncheon time and enquire if they are being helped to "cold boiled." It may not read peculiarly, but is certainly amusing to hear. Anything is better, say the children, than drinking pollywogs three times a day. Verily Toronto is scarcely the Earthly Paradise it is often proclaimed to be.

The question of drink is quite a vital one, moreover. Many people are constitutionally thirsty, and these poor folk are being deprived of nature's only solvent. Milk is often indigestible with people no longer very young, and ale is heady and bilious. Even light wines are under a ban—in this supposed teetotal town where I have seen, for its size, just as many intoxicated folk as in New York or London—and what is there left? I wonder what would be the result were we to go back to the Saxon custom of swilling mead and cider in abnormal quantities, with meals of corresponding bulk—great haunches of venison and rounds of beef, both cold and smoking, upon the board and table! Hot weak tea is, in the meanwhile, a valuable solvent for children and adults alike and may be used with impunity during this epidemic of hydrophobia—you can call it nothing else. Some children that I wot of went a-fishing only the other day for tadpoles and other bacteria in the marble basin of the bathroom. This is a compliment, now—to the health officer and the corporation.

I had the pleasure of an interview recently with Mr. William Wilfrid Campbell, one of our prominent and most original poets. Mr. Campbell is tall and fair, with a swift and vivid smile, and the slightly sunken eye that so often accompanies imagination. He is, I imagine, emphatically a Canadian, and one who wishes to see a free Canada for Canadians. It is rather a pity that there does not exist in Toronto some literary organization of repute which might be depended on when a well-known Canadian writer arrives, to welcome him and make him feel at home. A Guild, for example, or another Society of Canadian Literature, such as exists in Montreal. Mr. W. D. Lighthall did indeed, only last summer, suggest to the writer that a branch of the latter Society should be immediately started in Toronto with such good objects in view, but there appear to be difficulties ahead; still the plan might be tried. Too many of our own people arriving at odd times during the year from all parts and corners of this "vast Dominion" are suffered to depart in silence, whereas the American contractor or English head of a syndicate is received with gallant courtesy, and dined or lunched at club and private table. Reciprocity in these matters would be one step in a right direction.

The Good Friday Concerts are, I am told, very popular. I saw several programmes made up for last Friday, and think it a great mistake to have secular performances at all upon that day. Banjo strumming, "Listen to my tale of woe," costume recitations, and all such things are sadly out of place. Of course it is a people's holiday, and the press would doubtless argue that the people must be amused. I do not see why this one festival may not be kept, as an exception, free from all secular influences. I am sure, when people come to think about it, they will agree that it is the only thing to do. We must have some reverence. It may be difficult to command it at other times—it should be easy on Good Friday. I doubt if even a sacred concert, unless very well rendered, is the best thing on this solemn day.

The Easter services were no doubt fully attended throughout the city and of much impressiveness. I wish—that a modern Anglican divine would eliminate the Athanasian creed, however, in the Easter-day service! Very few people care for it. You look around and see them yawning, and wishing it were over; it is a piece of obsolescence no longer necessary to the full ceremonial of the Church of England. I really think it has seen its day and run its earthly race. By the way, the daughter-in-law of Robert Browning has promised to build a \$40,000 chapel in New York city. Bishop Potter made this statement recently to a friend interested in parochial missions.

"We preach the Gospel," said the good Bishop, further, "not only in almost all the tongues of Europe, but in those of China, Armenia, Turkey and Persia."

The English exchanges affirm that the Ibsenite craze is a cult, resembling very much the æsthetic fad of ten years ago. Ibsenites are a degree worse than Wagnerites and they have a vocabulary of their own. "Psychological insight" is one phrase which they constantly iterate; "Moral obligation" another. The Ibsenite is a strange sad person who cares nothing for art and for whom there is no drama. When he goes to the theatre, he does not go to the Play—paradoxical but correct, he goes to see a modern mystery or morality. A good many things work in a circle, you know. Probably we shall come yet to the ancient Morality plays of the middle ages by an evolutionary process in which Ibsen is only one step.

Mrs. Langtry has the courage of her opinions. She read "Hedda Gabler," thinking at first it might suit her, but gave up all idea of bringing it out long before she got to the end. It seems to be very dreary, but it has caught and held—for how long, that is the question!

CORRESPONDENCE.

OUR COMMERCIAL RELATIONS WITH THE EMPIRE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—Permit me to reply briefly to your criticisms of my communication in your last issue. As I understand the position you assume upon the question, it is three-fold: First, the impossibility of such a policy being even considered in Britain; then the increase in the price of bread were it adopted; and, lastly, a general dissertation upon the advantages of Free Trade to the Mother Country.

First, as to the possibility: Mr. Gladstone stated at a meeting on May 12, 1890, that: "I think we certainly must recognize—I hope you will forgive me for introducing matters that are not those of congratulation—how much ground has been lost by the doctrines of Free Trade within the last twenty-five years. It is a great and heavy disappointment. I have no doubt that the dreadful militarism, which lies like an incubus, like a vampire, upon Europe, is responsible for much of the mischief, but not for all. You must not forget that in other countries where there is no such militarism, Protection is gaining ground. It is gaining ground in America, and I regret to see that it is gaining ground also in our own Colonies." On 15th November following, Lord Salisbury said at the Guildhall: "We know that every bit of the world's surface that is not under the English flag is a country which may be, and probably will be, closed to us by a hostile tariff, and therefore it is that we are anxious above all things to conserve, to unify, to strengthen the Empire of the Queen, because it is to the trade that is carried on within the Empire of the Queen that we look for the vital force of the commerce of this country." And but a short time since the Cobden Club itself issued a pamphlet under the title of "Fiscal Federation and Free Trade," in which it stated that: "The Empire would then be commercially impregnable. The Mother Country, the Colonies, and India would reign supreme in each other's markets. In every other market they would compete successfully with all protectionist rivals. Such a fiscal federation would require no adjustments; it would avoid all disputes, all jealousies; it would form a bond of union which would defy the threats or blandishments of any scheming foreign powers, and prove more durable than any other that could be conceived."

These favourable references to a close Commercial Union within the Empire form but a small portion of what might be adduced. Following the proposition of Sir Gordon Sprigg, of Cape Colony, "that an invitation should be addressed to the Governments of the various Colonies and dependencies to send representatives to this country to consider in a conference the practicability of forming a Commercial Union between the different Colonies and dependencies of the Empire," came the editorial in the *Times*, which stated that "there is still a considerable amount of fetish-worship, but the ideas upon which any Commercial Union must rest will not in future incur the furious and unreasoning hostility that would have greeted them twenty years ago. It is getting to be understood that Free Trade is made for man, not man for Free Trade, and any changes that may be proposed will have a better chance of being discussed upon their own merits, rather than in the light of high and dry theory backed by outcries about the thin end of the wedge. The British Empire is so large and so completely self-supporting that it could very well afford, for the sake of a serious political gain, to surround itself with a moderate fence," and the motions of Colonel Howard Vincent in the Commons, and the Earl of Dunraven in the Lords looking to the same end, coupled with a comment in the *Morning Post* to the effect that "The present is a crucial moment, when hostile tariffs have made those who live under the British flag seriously consider whether the Empire is not wide enough to be self-supporting. Free Trade is no longer a fetish which can claim abject worship, and there is thus every reason why the possibility of a closer alliance between the various sections of the British Empire should be thoroughly and formally discussed."

The *St. James Gazette* makes a similar statement in a recent issue. The question will have to be argued by the light of existing facts and conditions, and taken or left

according as it serves the great ultimate end which the nation sets itself. In order to obtain and maintain our Empire we have had to spend much, to compromise, and even to sacrifice things quite as sacred as Free Trade. This also may have to be revised. Therefore it is time that those who are to defend it or impugn it should review their arguments and master their facts. The old formulas will no longer do; and we may end by assuring the Cobdenites that one dear formula of theirs—that England needs nothing from the States over-sea she has produced but their trade—will not charm as it did in the days of the Manchester School. England is beginning to think that if she loses her Colonies the trade will go with them."

Aside from the fact that Lord Salisbury supports the proposition for closer fiscal relations as warmly as he dare upon the verge of a General Election; that Mr. Gladstone recognizes the decadence of Free Trade principles, and that the subject is being very generally discussed throughout the British press, it is necessary to point out the following proofs for an assertion which I am prepared to make, and which I venture to believe can be proved, namely, that Great Britain will before long be forced to come to her colonies and invite Commercial Reciprocity.

I. France is preparing to establish practically prohibitory duties upon British goods, and the United Kingdom exported last year £14,551,294 sterling to that country.

II. Australia is placing a tariff wall around her shores, under the new Federal arrangements, and Great Britain sends £24,000,000 to those colonies.

III. The United States has just effected arrangements with Brazil, by which the Republic obtains a discrimination of 25 per cent. on many lines of manufactures, and the United Kingdom exports £6,232,316 sterling to that country.

IV. The United States has recently put the McKinley Bill in force, which raises the duties upon almost everything which Britain sends the Republic, amounting to £30,293,942 sterling, and the first result has been that the exports to that country of cotton, jute, silk, woollen, hardware, iron and steel manufactures are £700,000 sterling less in February, 1891, than during the corresponding month in 1890.

Secondly, as to the increase in the price of bread should Great Britain in self-defence, and in accordance with self-interest, place a duty of 10 per cent. on foreign grain and food products?

It seems to be evident from the following table that Free Trade did not decrease the cost of food in England—therefore a small duty should not increase it. The first table is taken from Baine's "History of the Cotton Manufacture," the second compiled by Mr. S. S. Rigg, of Manchester, from Bolton market prices:—

	Under Protection.		Bolton. 1889.
	1820-31.	1832.	
Bread per lb.	1½d.	1½d.	4 lb. loaf, 5d. and 6d. (our stores) 6d. and 7d.
Beef, best, per lb.	6½d.	6d.	10d.
Beef, 2nd, per lb.	4½d.	3½d.	8d.
Bacon, per lb.	7½d.	7d.	home-fed, 8½d. foreign, 6½d.
Do do	—	—	8½d. to 9d.
Cheese, per lb.	6 11-12d.	7½d.	12d.
Butter, Irish, do.	10d.	—	Kiel, 13d. Margarine, 9d.
Potatoes, per 20 lbs.	6d.	—	9d.

Speaking as far back as 1843, Mr. Gladstone said: "I understand that the increase of duties by the German tariff, which before the change were excessively high, and which are now enormously high, has not had the effect of stopping the exportations from this country, but still it has necessarily had the effect of diminishing profits and wages in this country, and has injured thereby our operative population."—*Hansard*, vol. 66, pp. 503-4.

Lord Dunraven, in a recent article in the *Fortnightly*, also refers to the fact that after heavy increases of the duty upon wheat imposed by France and Germany some years since, both wheat and bread became cheaper, and a recent issue of the *Manchester Courier* says: "We frankly admit that we are not convinced of the truth of the objection that the adoption of discriminating tariffs in favour of our dependencies would materially enhance, or would even permanently enhance at all, the price of necessaries."

Space will not permit me to deal with the third point, excepting by means of what has been already stated, but I would like, in conclusion, to draw your attention to the fact that external competition in the United Kingdom, coupled with the force of hostile tariffs abroad, is rapidly driving manufacturers and capital to other countries, and that the condition of the farmers is well described in Lord Salisbury's reply to the Hop Growers' Delegation, May 2, 1888: "Your complaint is unrestricted importation, but it is not your complaint alone; far and wide over England the same complaint is heard. Unrestricted competition has undoubtedly been the cause of loss, and more than loss, to large sections of the agricultural population, including owners, occupiers, and, to a large extent, labourers."

The policy propounded then is, briefly, the placing of a small duty by Great Britain upon foreign breadstuffs in exchange for favourable discrimination by her Colonial Empire, coupled with the abolition of present duties upon tea, coffee and tobacco, which affect the great mass of the people and taxes them to the annual extent of £20,000,000 sterling.

This proposed policy would, we believe, benefit the Mother Country by developing both the present and potential market for her goods through the increased prosperity

and population of the Colonies, without permanently, if at all, increasing the price of food or raw material at home, owing to the increase in Colonial production—and it would be well, in conclusion, to bear in mind the significant words of the British Premier upon a recent occasion, that if the United Kingdom has been able to at all hold its own, it is because those islands have been "the centre of a splendid Empire and a converging trade."

Toronto, March 28.

J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

CONGREGATIONALISM IN CANADA.—ANOTHER VIEW.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to an article which appeared in your issue of the 13th ult., professing to give an account of the present condition and growth, or, rather, decline, of Congregationalism in Canada. Kindly permit me to present what I believe to be a truer view of the matter.

But, first of all, I may be allowed to question the justice of any one writing such an article as that referred to while at the same time he hides his own personality under a pseudonym.

It was an arraignment not only of the policy but also of the moral character of the churches referred to. It was not an impartial discussion of ecclesiastical polity or principles, which might well have been conducted anonymously, but it was a definite charge of unchristian and ignoble conduct. I need only quote in this connection such epithets as "large percentage of cranks," "dumping-ground," "Adullamite caves," and "clique," to show the animus of the whole article.

Now, sir, I maintain that no man should rush into print and hurl such epithets as these at any man or any body of men, and at the same time decline to give the public any opportunity of estimating the value of the criticism by a knowledge of the veracity and authority of the person offering it. The fact that the writer thinks it prudent to withhold his name puts his proffered testimony out of court.

Nevertheless it is quite possible that some of your readers, misled by the oracular tone of the article in question, may, unless it be rebutted by other evidence, suppose that it fairly represents the condition and prospects of Congregationalism in Canada. Now, I maintain that it does not, and will endeavour to prove my assertion.

My own memory does not carry me back so far as that of "Warfleek," but I profess to know something of the matter. I have been a member of Congregational Churches in Canada for nearly twenty years, and have been continuously in the pastorate for the last twelve years of that time, during eight of which I served the denomination as its statistical secretary, and since that time have been Secretary-Treasurer of the Union of Ontario and Quebec. These facts will, I think, make it clear that such testimony as I can offer is at least as credible as that of any anonymous writer.

"Warfleek" would have us believe that Congregationalism in Canada has missed its opportunity, and is now on the decline. He does not say what that opportunity was, or when it was missed, or at what particular period this decline set in. All this is left to our imagination, and since we can hardly suppose that these things could have happened during the lifetime of those honoured brethren whom he so justly eulogizes we are left to infer that they are the result of more recent causes, when men not so great nor so wise as their forefathers attempted to lead the destinies of the denomination.

In estimating, therefore, the extent of this imagined "decline," we will confine our attention to comparatively recent years.

I find from the Dominion Census returns of 1881, that the adherents of our churches had increased during the ten previous years from 21,829 to 26,900. Not a very large growth to be sure, and yet certainly not a decline. The ten years that have elapsed since then I venture to say have been in all respects far more prosperous than the years before. As evidence of this we quote from the statistical tables of the denomination annually printed in its Year Book.

In June, 1880, fifty-one churches in Ontario and Quebec reported a membership of 5,356; in June, 1890, eighty-nine churches reported a membership of 8,218; and whereas ten years ago we had only one church in the whole of Manitoba and the North-West Territories now we have six, with a united membership of 480, and this in addition to the 8,218 already mentioned. I may add that the net increase in the membership of our churches for the last two years has been far away ahead of previous years. This certainly does not look like decay but rather growth, and that of a very vigorous nature. Nor can the marvellous growth of Congregational churches in the city of Toronto be discredited by indulging in sneers about "weak causes" and "light-weight ministers" as "Warfleek" seems to think it can.

It is also asserted as another proof of this decline that the College in Montreal is in financial embarrassment, though it is admitted that we have a substantial building free from debt. "Warfleek" ought in justice to the truth to have informed your readers that ten years ago this building did not exist. The College up to that time had been dependent on the hospitality of Zion Church, Montreal, its only lecture-room being one of the parlours of that church. What Zion had done Emmanuel was then doing. "Warfleek" should also have added that there are now twice as many students in attendance as there were then;

that the Endowment Funds of the College have largely increased; and that any monetary stringency is due not to a falling off in the contributions of the churches but to increased outlay to meet the larger opportunities opened out before us, and is probably no more than denominational colleges usually experience. In fact the College was never so well off as it is now.

Again, ten years ago our Publishing Society, whose headquarters are in Toronto, was in a state of practical bankruptcy; now it pays its way with an ease and comfort it never knew before.

There is another matter which "Warfleek" should have felt himself in duty bound to touch upon if he would give a fair presentation of the subject, and that is the missionary spirit of the denomination. He knows that ten years ago we had no Foreign Missionary Society and no foreign missionary supported by our churches; now we have a most vigorous society, a society which, with the aid of an efficient Woman's Board, has already sent four missionaries to Africa, a fifth sails in a week or two, and a sixth is supported in India. I imagine that this will be accepted by the public generally as one of the most satisfactory criteria of the vitality of our churches.

And now to pass to these statements that more particularly affect the moral standing of these churches. Congregationalism in Canada, we are informed, is a sort of "ominous gathering"; its churches are "dumping-grounds," "Adullamite caves" for the disaffected from other denominations, and what with its own native-born and imported cranks, "its churches have in them a large percentage of cranks." Statements these are that no responsible person would dare to make over his own name, and "Warfleek" knows that as well as any body. They are a gross insult alike to his own church home (?) and to those who have come among us from other communities. That we have some cranks, or at least one, is quite possible; indeed, I venture the prediction that if "Warfleek" were to appear in his own name he would immediately be recognized by all our people, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, as one who probably as much as any other deserves that euphonious title.

He states, as another characteristic of our churches, that "my lords the deacons" is a proverbial phrase among us. I never heard it until now.

He states that a "clique, whose headquarters are in Montreal, Ottawa and Kingston," control the destinies of the denomination. What does he mean by this? In referring to Ottawa and Kingston he can only mean the honoured secretary and treasurer of our home missionary society, gentlemen who are among the most devoted and unselfish servants of the churches, and esteemed as such by all who know them. These brethren would gladly relinquish their arduous and responsible positions for which they receive no remuneration—have indeed offered to do so,—but the churches cannot spare them. The epithet, "clique," as applied to these brethren, is a scandalous shame, and will, I am certain, arouse the just indignation of all our people.

And as to Montreal: it is true that this city has for many years taken the lead in denominational enterprises, in generosity, in public spirit, and all that goes to make that *esprit de corps* which "Warfleek" professes so much to admire, but nothing is more certain than that Montreal would be delighted to see any other city show the same activity and enterprise.

And now a word in conclusion as to "Warfleek's" reasoning on the causes of the imagined "decline." It is not altogether logical or consistent with itself. For example, if it be true, as he says, that "many of the leading members of other denominations had a Congregational training," and these have acted as a leavening influence, working a greater freedom in those other denominations, so that it has come to pass, to use his own illustration, that we are no longer sole dealers in the commodity of freedom, *then where is the decline?* Or in what sense have we missed our opportunity? What opportunity? The opportunity of being monopolists of ecclesiastical freedom? To such a miserable conclusion would his logic drive us! Rather does it seem to me that if his statement be in any sense true, we have used well our opportunity in making freedom common to all.

It is evident that the purpose of "Warfleek's" whole article is not only to discredit, as far as he can, the denomination in the eyes of the community, but also to destroy the growing spirit of unity among us by fostering an ultra independence, which really means nothing less than isolation, weakness and death. The failures, where such have occurred, may be largely traced to this very independence which he praises, and the only danger the denomination need fear is just that which "Warfleek" advocates and which his communication is intended to foster, namely, isolation, suspicion and jealousy.

Is he not aware that Congregationalism has nowhere succeeded like it has in the United States of America, where it is more highly organized than anywhere else? Does he not know that the trend of Congregational life in England for some years past has been to a closer organization? As recently as the sixth of last month the *English Independent*, in an editorial on the "English Church of the Future," has drawn attention to this very fact—to the increase of associations, town, county, national and now international—and the editor adds: "These various phases of voluntary co-operation are germs of more permanent and effective federation."

I am of the same opinion as the English editor: these federations are but the germs of more permanent ones.

It is useless for "Warfleek" to sigh for the good old days when "every man did what was right (?) in his own eyes," just because, to use his own words again, he is not in the "swim at all." The work of federation goes on all the same, and with growing unity the Congregational churches shall yet win a larger success.

W. HENRY WARRINER,

Sec.-Treas. Cong. Union of Ontario and Quebec.

[As THE WEEK is not a medium for the promotion of either sectarian or personal controversy, the above reply—which has been inserted solely from a desire for fair play—will conclude this matter, so far as THE WEEK is concerned.—THE EDITOR.]

DEATH.

AN angel garbed in sable robes—
A potion all must drink;
A soothing song, a slumber long—
A life chain's broken link.

Sad music set to sadder words—
A parting agony;
A quiet close to all earth's woes—
Dawn of Eternity!

Halifax, N.S.

CONSTANCE FAIRBANKS.

THE LAND OF WATERWAYS.

I HAVE always greatly admired that energetic, true-hearted and patriotic Canadian, Principal Grant; I am grateful for the many kind things he has said about my writings, but I must protest against some of his statements regarding my article, "Canada: The Land of Waterways." Anyone reading his review without seeing the article itself would suppose that I regarded the proposed railway from Quebec city to Belle Isle Strait as a promising undertaking, that I favoured the immediate construction of a very extensive and costly system of canals in the North-West, and that I advocated some visionary scheme for the navigation of the Rocky Mountains. In describing the Bender scheme for a railway from Quebec to Belle Isle I did not say one word in favour of the project, which in my opinion would certainly be a financial failure at the present time, although it may be made to pay when Canada becomes populous and wealthy. In describing the magnificent waterways of the Dominion, I showed how closely the different river systems approached each other, and pointed out that they might be connected by means of canals or ship railways, but I did not advocate the construction of such public works in the near future. When the country becomes populous and wealthy the North-Western systems of navigation will undoubtedly be improved as suggested, but now we can spend our money to better advantage. Principal Grant says: "Schemes for securing navigation between Port Churchill and Montreal are referred to almost as calmly as if they were to be commenced next year." The route referred to is that by way of the Ottawa River, Lake Abitibi and River Abitibi to Hudson Bay, and thence to Port Churchill. After pointing out that the lake expansions of the Upper Ottawa and Lake Abitibi are only a few miles apart I said: "It would be worth while to have this route surveyed by skilled engineers to ascertain what it would cost to improve the Upper Ottawa and connect it with Lake Abitibi, although it would not be advisable to undertake such a work until the northern country becomes populated. No doubt a waterway for barges of the Erie canal scale could easily be made, and perhaps vessels of a larger class could be accommodated." Surely that is a very different thing from referring to the scheme as if it were to be commenced next year! As regards the navigation of British Columbia's "sea of mountains," allow me to quote in full from "The Land of Waterways" to show that there was nothing visionary in my statements:—

"British Columbia has often been called a 'sea of mountains,' sometimes in patriotic admiration, sometimes in contempt. Speaking of a 'sea of mountains' in 'The Land of Waterways,' the thought naturally arises, can this sea be navigated? The valleys between the mountains have been called the troughs of the sea, and through these valleys flow many large rivers with numerous lake reservoirs, fed by streams from the mountains. There are many stretches of navigation, some of them hundreds of miles in length, but at certain points continuous navigation is interrupted by rapid descents and narrow canyons through which the rivers rush. The lakes are all long, narrow and deep, while the principal rivers are noted for their peculiar bends. The best illustration of this peculiarity is found in the Kootenay and Columbia Rivers which run around the part of the Gold Range known as the Selkirks. The Upper Kootenay River, coming down from the Rocky Mountains, reaches the valley and becomes navigable just one mile away from the Upper Columbia Lake. The level of the Columbia Lake is ten feet lower than that of the Kootenay River, and the watershed between them is a level, gravel flat, having a gradual slope to the lake. Under such circumstances the river might be expected to flow into the lake, but instead of doing so it turns south, runs down through the valley between the Rockies and the Selkirks, crosses the international boundary, bends around the mountains, turns north again, and re-entering Canada flows up the Lower Kootenay

valley between two arms of the Selkirks, and terminates in a beautiful lake ninety miles in length. The elevation of the Lower Kootenay valley is only 1,750 feet above the sea, being about 600 feet lower than the upper valley, and directly opposite the point where the Kootenay River should have joined the Columbia in the first place it flows out of Kootenay Lake through a narrow gorge twenty-five miles in length, and enters a third valley 800 feet lower down, there joining the Columbia, which has reached the same place after making a long northward bend around the Selkirk mountains. The united rivers then cross the international boundary and flow to the Pacific through American territory. In summer the Kootenay River is navigable throughout its course in the upper valleys, except at its south-eastern bend in the United States where there is a one mile portage to overcome rapids. From Bonner's Ferry, about ten or twelve miles south of the international boundary, to Kootenay Lake, a distance of eighty miles, the river is from six hundred to seven hundred feet wide, with an average depth of forty-five feet, and there is not a place in it where the largest ocean vessel could not float with ease. The great bend of the Columbia is made unnavigable by canyons, but steamers run from Golden City on the Canadian Pacific Railway to the Lower Columbia Lake, and the Dominion Government is about to make improvements in the channel between the two lakes which will enable steamers to reach the head of Upper Columbia Lake. From this point to the Kootenay River a canal is now being constructed across the low watershed already described which will ensure continuous navigation for 250 miles, and if the American Government would construct a canal one mile in length at the southern bend of the Kootenay, there would be continuous navigation for steamers from Golden City to the Kootenay Lakes, a distance of over 400 miles. In the Lower Columbia valley the Columbia, with its Arrow Lake expansions, is navigable for many miles. The Fraser River, rising farther north in the same plateau as the Columbia, bends around the Cariboo Mountains and flows down to the Pacific between the Gold and Coast Ranges. It is now navigable as far as New Westminster, fifteen miles from its mouth, by large ocean vessels, and river steamers ascend as far as Yale, 110 miles from the mouth. Above Yale there are several stretches of navigation, separated from each other by narrow canyons, enclosed between precipitous mountains, through which the river rushes in foaming torrents. At God's Lock Gate the river contracts to a width of ten feet, and of course the current is of extraordinary force.

"There does not appear to be room between the mountains to construct canals around these torrents, and it is altogether improbable that continuous navigation can ever be secured. However, Mr. D. W. Pearse and Mr. G. B. Wright, engineers employed by the Dominion Department of Public Works, after a careful survey estimated that in many of these canyons obstructions can be removed which will widen the channel, and that by an expenditure of \$200,000 navigation for steamers can be secured from a point 110 miles above Yale to Cottonwood Canyons, a distance of 210 miles. The principal tributary of the Fraser River is the Thompson, which, with its lake reservoirs Kamloops and Shuswap, is navigable for many miles. The Parsnip River, the upper branch of the Peace River, rises near the bend of the Fraser, and there is only a short portage between them. Boats carrying five or six tons have been taken all the way up the Fraser, carried across the portage, and floated down to the Peace River and up its tributary River Omenica. The Parsnip and Peace Rivers, although rapid streams in the mountains, are said to be navigable for stern-wheel steamers for several hundred miles before the descent to the plains is made in a series of rapids extending for about eighty miles, the total fall being about one thousand feet, after which the river flows slowly for 740 miles to the Mackenzie, as already described. There are many navigable waterways in the north, including the Skeena and Stickeen Rivers, which empty into the Pacific, and a number of long ones which are tributary to the Yukon River. As the mountains extend along the coast, the various inlets may be included in the mountain navigation. The coast navigation may best be described in the words of Lord Dufferin, who said: 'Such a spectacle as its coast line presents is not to be paralleled by any country in the world. Day after day for a whole week in a vessel of nearly 2,000 tons, we threaded an interminable labyrinth of watery lanes and reaches that wound endlessly in and out of a network of islands, promontories and peninsulas for thousands of miles, unruffled by the slightest swell from the adjoining ocean, and presenting at every turn an ever shifting combination of rock, verdure, forest, glacier and snow-capped mountain of unrivalled grandeur and beauty. When it is remembered that this wonderful system of navigation, equally well adapted to the largest line-of-battle ship and the frailest canoe, fringes the entire seaboard of the Province, and communicates at points sometimes more than a hundred miles from the coast, with a multitude of valleys stretching eastward into the interior, while at the same time it is furnished with innumerable harbours on either hand, one is lost in admiration at the facilities for inter-communication which are thus provided for the future inhabitants of this wonderful region.' So we may truthfully say that Canada's 'sea of mountains' is navigable, but nevertheless navigation is of such a local character that the province was entirely isolated from the rest of the Dominion until the Canadian Pacific Railway went through."

I may be mistaken in believing that Vancouver city will eventually be greater than San Francisco, but it has

many advantages in its favour. It is on the line of the shortest route around the world and is not only very much nearer to both Europe and Asia, but also nearer to New York and Boston via the C.P.R. and Brockville than is San Francisco by any American route. The transcontinental railways terminating at San Francisco cross the Rocky Mountains at a much higher elevation than the Canadian Pacific Railway, of which Vancouver is the terminus, and it is much more difficult to keep them free from snow blockades in winter, while the expense of hauling freight at all seasons of the year is necessarily greater. The Canadian city has a better harbour and a more energizing climate than its American rival; it has inexhaustible supplies of timber, iron and first-class coal close at hand, while San Francisco has to import its coal from the mines of Vancouver. A traveller passing through British Columbia is apt to get the impression that magnificent mountain scenery is its only resource but anyone who carefully studies the reports of botanists, geologists and mining engineers, who have scientifically examined the Pacific province, will be astonished at the variety of its natural resources. Even as an agricultural country it is not altogether to be despised, having many fertile valleys; extensive areas are particularly suited to stock raising; it is amazingly rich in minerals; its timber areas are most valuable, and its fisheries are unrivalled. The climate all along the coast is so mild and the waters so pacific, compared with the Atlantic coast, that British Columbia should eventually give employment to many thousands of fishermen. For how many acres of agricultural land would you exchange the fisheries of British Columbia? Then Vancouver city will not be entirely dependent upon Oriental commerce and the trade of British Columbia, for the port being open throughout the year a large share of the imports and exports of the western half of the Canadian North-West must pass through it.

When I was asked to prepare a paper on Canada for the American Geographical Society I determined to make it scientifically accurate, and, while anxious to give the learned members of that Society a favourable view of my country, I tried to make my account absolutely true. I read many thousands of pages of reports of geologists, botanists, surveyors, civil engineers and mining engineers, besides making use of information furnished me in private letters by some of the most eminent scientists of the Dominion. The more I read the more firmly did I believe that Canada is fitted to be the home of one of the greatest nations in the world. I do not overlook the great climatic difficulties to which Principal Grant refers, but a careful study of the meteorological records of both Canada and the United States for many years has convinced me that the Americans have not so great an advantage over Canadians in that respect as is commonly supposed.

WATSON GRIFFIN.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

(From the French of Lamartine.)

WHAT do I hear around me? the solemn bell is pealing,
What weeping group surrounds me, in supplication kneeling?
For whom swells forth that funeral chant, and why that torchlight flares?
O, Death, it is thy voice I hear soft whispering in my ears,
In accents mild, which move me not, for brighter visions loom,
I wake again to find myself, far, far beyond the tomb.

O thou, the spark, which first was drawn
From the Creator's breath,
And though immortal deigns to dwell
In bodies doomed to death,
Cease this vain fear, thy freedom's near,
And boldly face the fray,
Then take thy flight, O living soul,
And swiftly soar away.
Come, wipe your tears, cast off your cares, all earthly misery
Unfettered, rise to realms above, for this it is to die.

Yes! time has ceased to count my hours,
And days like moments fly,
And shining messengers appear to waft me to the sky.
What crystal halls, what mansions rise,
Before my aching sight,
As, clad in robes of purest hue,
I float on waves of light,
Beneath me fast the world recedes
And vanishes in night.

But what is this? my joy complete,
I gaze once more below,
For through the air from earth's dull shores
Come sobs and sighs of woe.
Companions of my days of toil,
Who still in exile roam,
Why weep, because in Heavenly spheres
My soul has found a home?
Forgetfulness of all my ills
Obscures my wondering brain,
As entering the Celestial gate
I tread the Eternal plain.

C. L. JOHNSTONE.

St. John's College, Qu'Appelle.

MR. JAMESON'S STORY. *

BEFORE we speak of the contents of this important volume we wish to protest against the custom which some publishers have of publishing books without a date. As a matter of fact, the present volume has been published in the present year, since the preface is dated Dublin, December 10, 1890; but the custom is a bad one, and we are a little surprised that publishers of the standing of the Rose Publishing Company should follow it.

Quite recently we noticed the volume published by Mr. Jephson, giving an account of the history of the rebellion under Emin Pasha after Stanley had found him and left him. The present volume gives us an account of the Rear Column from the time when Stanley set forth from Yambuya on his journey through the heart of Africa for the relief of Emin.

It would be unreasonable to expect in Mr. Jameson's diary a narrative of the same interest as that which we have received from Mr. Jephson; yet there is much here which it is important for those who wish to learn all the attainable facts connected with this terrible journey, as well as for those who would have a fairly complete knowledge of the country through which it was taken. As we remarked in noticing the earlier volume, the time has not yet come for arriving at a satisfactory judgment on the whole management of the expedition; and therefore, as we gave Mr. Jephson's favourable testimony to Mr. Stanley, so now we shall quote some of Mr. Jameson's complaints and accusations "without prejudice."

Here is what he says, writing to his brother, from Yambuya, on August 7, 1887: "I have never been on any trip which was so much like a funeral; no fun, all dampness, and this is greatly owing to Stanley himself, for no matter how hard you work, or how well you do a thing, you get no thanks, no encouragement, no cheery words, nothing but blame and hard words from him. I know, to give the devil his due, that his anxiety and worry of mind, besides the immense amount of things he has to think about, are immense, but he ought not to be so single-minded and visit it upon us poor devils. One cannot help admiring the man for his tremendous strength of will, and power of overcoming all difficulties, also for his great pluck, but he is a man one could never make a friend of." By and by we may know how much importance should be attached to the lights and shadows of this picture respectively. It certainly gives evidence of an effort to be fair.

It would appear that there was an utter lack of congeniality between the two men. Of Jameson himself "one who knew and appreciated him" has testified: "His character was one which it was impossible to know without loving—unselfish and generous, pure-hearted and brave; a rare combination of manly strength and courage with the most tender sweetness and gentleness of spirit. Seldom, if ever, has such an instance been known to me of utter forgetfulness of self and thoughtfulness for others, at all times and under all circumstances." There is nothing in Mr. Jameson's notes here published which would lead us to doubt the truth of this testimony.

A good deal of the volume is taken up with details which confirm the accounts in Mr. Stanley's volumes, and there is a good deal about the natural history of the districts through which they passed; but there is no great variety of incident, whilst there is abundant evidence of the superhuman patience needed to wait in a condition almost passive, sometimes almost without food or clothes; and we ought, perhaps, to wonder not that errors were committed, but that they were not greater.

Referring to the death of Major Barttelot, he says: "He was a straightforward, honest English gentleman; his only fault being a little too quick-tempered. He loved plain straightforward dealing far too much to get on well with the Arabs. . . . He was far too good a man to lose his life in a miserable way like this, and God knows what I shall do without him."

On the one terrible incident in Jameson's journey, his presence at a cannibal sacrifice, something must be said. Of course the whole story is not told in his journal, by which we do not mean that anything is wilfully kept back. Indeed we see no reason whatever to doubt the straightforwardness of the statements which he makes upon this subject. He tells us that after hearing some stories about the eating of their captives, he declared that he pronounced such narratives to be mere "travellers' tales." Tippu-Tib "then said something to an Arab called Ali, seated next him, who turned round to me and said: 'Give me a bit of cloth and see.' I sent my boy for six handkerchiefs, thinking it was all a joke, and that they were not in earnest, but presently a man appeared, leading a young girl of about ten years old by the hand, and I then witnessed the most terribly sickening sight I am ever likely to see in my life. . . . Until the last moment I could not believe that they were in earnest. I have heard many stories of this kind since I have been in this country, but never could believe them, and I never would have been such a beast as to witness this, but I could not bring myself to believe that it was anything save a ruse to get money out of me, until the last moment." We have omitted the details, and we see no reason to doubt the writer's good faith.

* "The Story of the Rear Column of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition." By the late James S. Jameson. Toronto: Rose Publishing Company. New edition.

CANADA AND IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

SINCE 1783 the British Colonies have been gradually developing and assuming proportions which raise the question of national life. Canada stands first. She has nearly double the population of the thirteen colonies that rebelled in 1776, and vastly more than double the wealth and resources. She has undertaken the responsibility of federation, and all parts of British North America (except Newfoundland) are under one central government. Australia is moving rapidly forward, and will soon have the numbers, wealth and strength to look about her seriously and ask, What of the future? In time South Africa, as the British population increases, will be reaching the same crucial point. It is not amiss, therefore, for British statesmen to watch the drift of events in these large English communities, and it is equally proper that Colonial statesmen should be earnestly grappling with the same problems. Not, indeed, that there is any occasion for precipitancy of action, but that all incidents should be carefully studied and no accidents happen, no blunders occur, from the fruitful cause of ignorance.

One or two axioms may be stated at the outset, and, though axioms of the simplest character, the mass of men are unaccountably slow in recognizing them. The first is that countries like Canada cannot always remain Colonies. The mass of the Canadian people have certainly never absorbed this idea, and the mass of the British people have never stopped to consider the matter at all. But it is surely a pregnant subject for consideration, for there is deduced another question of great import, namely, if Canada and Australia cease to be British Colonies, what will they be? It would be surprising if a British statesman had no interest in such a question. A Colonial statesman most undoubtedly has. It is these plain and obvious considerations which have led to the Imperial Federation movement. It is an attempt to solve the problem by means of a closer union of all the scattered areas which owe allegiance to the British Crown—bringing together all into a common partnership, sharing the responsibilities and dangers of the Empire, and participating in its glories. Such is its aim, and it is the proper time to consider its advantages, if any, and the difficulties which are inevitable. Can it be done? Should it be done? Is it for the common interest that it should be done?

Since Canada is the first and most important of the British Colonial possessions, it may be well to consider how the matter stands in relation to this particular country. It does not follow that the example of Canada will be adopted by all the other Colonies, but Canada's action, and the reasons which will influence it, are likely to have their weight all along the line. It is too early to form definite opinions or to make dogmatic statements. The most that can be done is to honestly look over the field and throw the utmost light upon the present situation, and thus open the way for intelligent deductions for the future.

There is probably no country in the world occupying a more anomalous position than Canada, and this is beginning to impress itself upon people generally. A country of national proportions, with an assured future, independent in its government—as independent to all intents and purposes as Great Britain itself—and yet a colony, a dependency unable to be recognized by, or treat with, any nation; not excepting her only neighbour, the United States. Such a condition of things obviously cannot last for ever—indeed, is not likely to last much longer. A portion of the Canadian people, chiefly the more intelligent and advanced thinkers, believe that the present position of the country is humiliating, and do not hesitate to say so, and give their reasons for it. They say that Canada ought not to accept all the advantages of the Empire without paying her share of the cost. But these do not represent the major part of the population. Notwithstanding that some Imperial Federation leagues have been formed in Canada, and some public discussions taken place in regard to our relations to the Empire, and many articles have appeared in the periodical publications, and even the daily papers on the future of the country, the fact remains that the great majority of the people are still in favour of the *status quo*, and would be inclined to regard as radical and dangerous any suggestions in the way of change.

At first this would appear strange. The most natural thing in the world is to expect that the people of a country which had reached the position achieved by Canada would be turning their gravest attention to the problem of their future position and destiny. But a second thought will furnish many reasons why there should be no desire to disturb existing conditions. The present position of the Canadian people is essentially satisfactory. They enjoy the full advantages of British institutions and constitutional government. The will of the people is supreme in the Legislature and Executive. Every man lives in peace under wise laws. The commerce of Canada traverses the sea under the protection of a flag the whole world is accustomed to respect. In every trading town in the two hemispheres the Canadian merchant finds a British consul to protect his interests and take care of the humblest seaman. And he cannot but reflect that he is not called upon to contribute one dollar toward the payment of the salary of this official. His ships ride the ocean in security by virtue of a navy which it does not cost him a penny to maintain. Every cottager feels that no foreign foe will ever dare to set his foot upon one inch of Canadian soil, because it is made sacred by the force of British arms, which, while thus casting the halo of its protection over

the whole land, has the unspeakable merit of not costing him one farthing for its maintenance. Altogether, the colonial position is so comfortable that ordinary colonists may be pardoned if they do not agitate their souls over the future so long as the present is made secure. At the same time it must be kept in mind that while Canadians derive great and palpable benefits from British connection, these in reality cost Great Britain very little. The military and naval power which throws its protecting shield over the colonies would be essential to maintain the prestige and secure the autonomy of the Empire if no colonies existed. A regiment of soldiers and a few artillerymen and engineers are stationed at Halifax, but it costs no more to support them there than at home. A few warships ride in the harbour of Halifax every summer, but they would cost no less if kept at Portsmouth. The staff of ambassadors and consuls would have to be maintained in any case. Therefore, the fact that the colonies derive certain advantages from British connection, for which they pay nothing, does not offer any sound reason for abandoning the colonial system. It is not very costly, especially in the case of the larger and more important of them.

It would be doing great injustice, however, to the public spirit of the Canadian people to suppose that they will always be content to enjoy the benefits of British connection without sharing its burdens and responsibilities. It would be doing equal injustice to suppose that they will always be content with an exclusion from the full privileges of British citizenship. The two ideas must always be blended. The very moment the Canadian people assume a share of the responsibility of Britain's foreign policy they will claim a voice in shaping it. If they are to be affected by commercial treaties, they will have a hand in framing them. If they are to be subject to the consequences of a foreign war, they will demand to be heard in deciding the question of peace or war. If they are to pay the expenses of diplomacy, they must have a share in directing it, and a portion of the honours and emoluments. In a word, if they give up the comfortable position they now enjoy, they will do it for the superior powers they will exercise—for the larger field that will be opened for the display of their talents, and the superior citizenship which is involved in equality rather than in dependence.

This is the standpoint from which the Canadian Imperial Federationist looks at the question, and the most loyal and enthusiastic would spurn the idea of accepting any other position than that of absolute equality in any scheme for Federation which may be devised. Here is a difficulty at the very threshold of the discussion. There are not a few people in the British Islands with innate prejudices against admitting a large body of men from the various colonies to the Imperial House of Commons, and at the same time entrusting some of the Executive departments of the State to Ministers coming from across the sea, and representing interests not exclusively insular. The temporary expedient of creating a powerless advisory council at London may be attempted, but it will not be Imperial Federation. It will not permanently settle the problem of the future of the Colonies; it will not satisfy the aspirations of great and growing communities; it will not fulfil the yearnings for national life.

It must be kept in mind that each large colony will consider this question of its future from its own standpoint, and this may lead to vast differences in both motive and object. Note the wide difference between the geographical position of Australia and that of Canada. The former is surrounded in the main by foreign and unlightened peoples. Its neighbours, if it may be properly said to have any, are not those with whom it would be possible to affiliate. Its chief connection with the great English-speaking world is through London. Its chief defence against attack from without is the British navy and the prestige it carries. And yet in Australia we hear the note of independence not unfrequently. The case of Canada would point still more strongly in the direction of independence. She is not surrounded by savage nations. She has upon her borders the greatest English-speaking community the world has ever seen—a nation which has to-day a population of over sixty millions, but which will have in a few decades a population close upon two hundred millions; a nation with inexhaustible resources and enormous wealth; a nation which could create a navy greater than any yet afloat in a few years, without noticing the expense or borrowing a dollar. It can be easily seen that while London is at present the centre of the English-speaking world, yet Canada could keep up her connection with the world and the race very fully by means of alliances on her own continent. For her defence from foreign invasion she looks now to British arms; but, if she chose to dispense with her British connections, she could easily ensure security by simply allying her fortunes with her great neighbour, which is an alternative not available to either the people of Australia or of South Africa. Enough has been said to show that a line of policy which might suit the conditions of one colony would be entirely inapplicable in the case of another, and this leads to the conclusion that it would be difficult to formulate any scheme of Imperial union which would suit all interests. Such a proposal, if indeed it ever takes practical shape, must address itself to each colony in turn, and this obviously adds enormously to the difficulties of the whole scheme.

It is but just to say that though Canada has the alternative of accepting an alliance with the United States, this has never had any appreciable effect upon the loyalty

of the Canadian people. It is likely that there is as much genuine regard for the interests of the Empire in Canada to-day as in Australia, and as warm a desire to promote the common glory. No Canadian public man has had occasion, within the memory of the present generation, to suggest the alternative as a result of any friction with the Colonial Office. But, in thinking of the future, the Canadian cannot ignore the fact that a political alliance with the rest of the continent is one of the solutions open to him. It has been thought of. It has been written of. It has been openly advocated. It has its avowed advocates in Canada to-day, and a still larger number of secret advocates. It has a great deal that is rational in support of it. During the past two centuries, and particularly during the last one, North America has developed its great progress, enlightenment and national life. It has grown up free from the feudalism and class interests which mark European civilization. The sense of liberty and equality is everywhere felt on the continent. Canada has imbibed this spirit, and it is a part of her institutions. North America has a civilization of her own—a political mission and destiny quite apart from that of Europe. Canada has more direct interest in the development of North America than she can possibly have in the British Islands or the whole of Europe. It would be natural for her to seek alliances with her own great neighbour.

Commercially their interests are interlaced from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It would mean no disregard for England if Canada allied herself to the United States, and chose to mould her destinies according to North American ideas rather than upon European lines. In a word, the only real objections to the federation of North America under one central government instead of two, as at present, are purely sentimental.

But these are enough. In nation-building, sentiment is a more potent factor than self-interest. Go to France and Germany and demonstrate to the people of those two great countries that the true policy would be to federate—to have one capital, one set of officials, one united army. The logic might be irresistible, but the result would be insignificant. In a somewhat lesser degree it would be preposterous, at present, to endeavour to persuade the Canadian people that political union with the United States made for their material interests. This consideration, usually so potent in guiding human action, would be absolutely powerless in this connection. There is still a deep-seated objection in the minds of a large majority of the people of Canada to union with the United States. It may be unphilosophical, it may be irrational, but it exists. It is probably the offspring, for the most part, of the spirit of loyalty to Great Britain which has long permeated the minds of the great majority of the Canadian people. It is not easy to blot out a century of history in a day, and the record of the past hundred years has had a constant tendency to confirm British Americans in their devotion to British as against American interests. The conflict of the Revolution was succeeded by the war of 1812-15, with its invasion of Canada; and since then there have been Fenian raids, fishery controversies, and other unfortunate incidents to keep up the ill-feeling engendered in 1776-83, and it is simply not a practical solution of the future of Canada to suggest political union with the United States, because the preponderating majority of the people will not hear of it. Time is the great miracle-worker and may change all this; but we must speak of things as they are. No material considerations will induce the Canadian people at present to accept political union with the United States.

A second alternative is Imperial Federation. Some of the difficulties which stand in the way of this have been already hinted at, but there are others which must be dealt with. In the first place, if the Canadian people desired any such federation, is it certain that it is possible? In other words, is it clear that the British people stand ready to give up a part of their present absolute control over the affairs of the Empire, and share it with statesmen representing the interests of the several great Colonies? At the beginning the British Islands would have the preponderating power in the federation; but it would be foreseen that this could not be permanent. The principle of representation by population could not be ignored, and in a few decades the representatives from the Colonies would outnumber those from the parent State. Great Britain would be merged into Greater Britain. It is not easy to see any reasonable objection to this from a Colonial standpoint—nor, indeed, from any impartial point of view. But such a scheme is quite sure to arouse misgivings and opposition in England. Add to this the varying conditions subsisting in the different Colonies—all of which would have to be consulted and would act freely—and the difficulties in the way of Imperial Federation are seen to be very great. The Canadian people would find this solution of the future a rather tardy one, even if they were favourable to it. But are they favourable?

This opens up a wide question. Not very many have stopped to consider the matter. The few who have openly allied themselves with the Imperial Federation movement are not men occupying very prominent positions in the world of practical politics. The political leaders have studiously avoided saying anything beyond the merest generalities. Sir John A. Macdonald has said some pleasant and excessively loyal things in London before the league, but he has declared with emphasis before the Canadian people that he was a "home-ruler up to the hilt." Sir Hector Langevin, a prominent French-Canadian in Sir

John's Government, has, within a year, denounced and repudiated any suggestion of any scheme of Imperial Federation. It seems to be understood that the French population of Quebec will resist any proposal in the direction of federation *en masse*, and if this be so, then an almost insuperable barrier blocks the scheme. At present the French population undoubtedly holds the balance of power, and it would be impossible, at this time, for any Government to live in Canada which had the whole phalanx of the French representatives against it. If Imperial Federation were submitted to the people at the polls, it would have no more chance of being carried than annexation; though it might, perhaps, get more votes. It has not yet been seriously considered. It is altogether likely it will be, and probably the question will have to be fought out. It is by no means certain that Imperial Federation would ever become a practical question from any innate sense of its necessity or desirability on the part of the Canadian people. It is probable they would drift into some other idea if left to themselves. But it is almost impossible to believe that British statesmen will not some day wake very seriously to the problem, "What is to become of the Colonial Empire?" Lord Rosebery thinks it is worth while to consider the question now, and he seems to be not very far away from an influential place in the government of the Empire. Any day may bring forth an event which will fix attention on the whole subject. The Australian provinces may very soon accomplish a union of the whole island-continent. Then may be heard the muttering of the independence idea. It is already heard in Canada, and is likely to be heard more distinctly each year; Lord Salisbury is inclined to give but little heed to the Colonial question. But a Government may appear in England at any time which will be more disposed to recognize the vital importance of settling the problem of the numerous growing English communities the world over, and determining what relations they are ultimately to hold to the parent State. If this should come to pass, then the question might be forced upon the attention of the Canadian people, as part of a general imperial policy—forced, of course, only in the sense of a friendly proposal to consider the question in relation to the general strength and consolidation of the Empire. In such a case the matter would be sure to be considered and fought out. That it would meet with enormous and determined opposition is beyond debate. What the result would be is matter of conjecture, upon which there must needs be differences of opinion. But the balance of reasons seems to be decidedly adverse to the adoption of any scheme of Imperial union by the Dominion of Canada. Some of the reasons have been already referred to. But there is yet another, and this leads to a new branch of the subject.

Two possible alternatives for the people of Canada have been already discussed, and there remains yet a third—Independence, or an independent nationality. Like the others, this last has not been as yet very seriously considered by the Canadian people; but it is a fact that this idea is beginning to take possession of the minds of many of the most intelligent men in Canada. It is among the young generation that it finds most support. The moment it is realized that the colonial relation is not perpetual, the necessity for some solution of the problem of the future arises, and the idea of an independent existence is most calculated to fire the imagination of young men. As a sentiment of national pride develops, the thought of independence grows. To have a country of one's own, of large resources and ever-widening possibilities, is an aspiration natural as it is commendable among a people who have already achieved so much as the Canadians. A similar feeling seems to be taking possession of the people of Australia. It need not create surprise in England, as it simply demonstrates that the English are a dominant and self-governing race; and as soon as British colonies develop proportions sufficiently great to enable them to stand alone, they are ready to accept the responsibilities of national life, and are unwilling for ever to be tied to the apron-strings of the Mother Land. This implies no lack of regard for the parent State; on the contrary, the interest in and affection for the home country shows no sign of diminution. A man does not indicate want of parental regard when he creates a home for himself and assumes the duty of providing for himself and his family. It is natural and proper that this step should come in the case of the individual; it is not less so in the case of such large communities as Canada and Australia. If those who are concerned in the scheme of concentrating the powers of the English race, and making the forces of the English-speaking people at home and abroad a unit for the common glory and the common strength, addressed themselves to the work of securing enduring alliances with those great colonies which shall hereafter establish an independent existence, it would be likely to prove a more practicable undertaking than anything involved in any shadowy project of federation, which presents enormous difficulties, and may prove short-lived, even if accomplished.—*J. W. Longley, in Fortnightly Review for March.*

THE average age at death of the Jews is said to be forty-nine years, while that of the Christian is but thirty-seven. Only two per cent. of the former follow agriculture; the great majority of them are town dwellers. But their sobriety, domestic and personal cleanliness, and the great care they bestow upon themselves and their families, act heavily in their favour.

ART NOTES.

THE journalists of Toronto entertained the members of the Royal Canadian Academy and other artists at a smoking concert in the Art Gallery of the Academy of Music, on Saturday evening, the 28th inst. The entertainment was of a varied and very enjoyable character, and was a substantial evidence of the kindly relations of friendship and esteem which very properly exist between the professions of Art and Journalism.

THE very successful exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts closed on the 28th ult. The interest taken in this exhibition by the public, and the encouragement which it has given to our artists, will send them back to their studios with new zeal, and we may fairly express the confident hope that their work of the coming year will at the next annual exhibition mark a distinct advance in general excellence, and surpass even that which has just closed.

THE picture bequeathed to the National Gallery by the late Sir William Drake, F.S.A., the Secretary of the Royal Society of Painter Etchers, is well known to students. It is Bronzino's portrait of Piere de'Medici, "Il Gottoso," painted in the latter half of the sixteenth century. It was executed upon panel, and measures twenty-two inches by eighteen. In 1872 it was seen at the old masters, and was, by the way, the only picture ever lent to Burlington House by its owner.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

CARL HILL, the famous Wagnerian baritone, is said to be hopelessly ill with a severe nervous disease.

LAWRENCE BARRETT, the tragedian, died at the Windsor Hotel, New York, Friday evening at 10.45 o'clock. Death was due to heart failure, and the end was sudden, the great actor being unconscious but a short time before he died.

MRS. DRECHSLER-ADAMSON announces a concert at Association Hall for Thursday evening, 9th April. The programme is very promising and is well varied. The mere mention of such artists as Mrs. Adamson, Mrs. Frank MacKelcan, Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, Mr. H. M. Blight, not to mention other skilled performers, justifies the expectation of a concert of more than ordinary excellence.

PRESIDENT HARRISON and Secretary Tracy of the Navy have decided to grant a brief leave of absence to the United States marine band for a visit to some of the principal cities in the United States. A special concert, with a Presidential programme, the same as is played at the White House receptions in Washington, will be given at Music Hall, Buffalo, Thursday, April 9. Mlle. Marie Decca, from Her Majesty's Opera Company, will be the soloist. The band has never been permitted to make a trip before.

THE first of a series of three lectures on the "Development of Opera" was delivered at the College of Music on Monday evening, 23rd ult., by Mr. A. S. Vogt, of the College staff, before a large and enthusiastic audience of students and friends. Mr. Vogt described the musical declamation of the ancient Greeks, and traced the connection which existed between it and the works of Peri, the founder in the sixteenth century of the musical dramatic art, which has since developed so magnificently. The influence of Monteverde upon operatic composition was referred to, and the high dramatic elevation of his works was contrasted with the dramatical inconsistent productions of the school of Italian composers who followed him, and which tended so much to the musical degeneracy of that nation. The reforms of Lulli and Rameau, and the inestimable services rendered the cause of dramatic music by Glück were held by the lecturer as the ground work of the noblest and most inspiring productions in operatic composition which have succeeded their time. In Mozart, lyric drama attained its highest elevation in his "Don Juan" and the "Magic Flute" respectively, the first specimens of true Italian and German lyric opera in existence. Beethoven's one great opera with its superb Leonora overture was held to be among the most magnificent inspirations of the second period in the musical activity of that mighty colossus in the realm of absolute music. The life and influence of "Cimarosa and Cherubini" were pointed out, and the lecturer expressed his firm belief that in the light of the recent creations of Richard Wagner, and the mature works of Verdi, the most important development of musical art in the future would be in the domain of operatic composition. Illustrative selections from the works of Peri and Monteverde were rendered on the piano by Mr. Vogt, who explained their gradual development and the influence of the old ecclesiastical modes upon musical composition of that time. The lecture was further illustrated by selections from Glück's "Iphigenie en aulide"; Mozart's "Don Juan" and "Magic Flute"; Cherubini's "Water Carrier," and Beethoven's "Fidelio" (Leonora Overture, No. 3) rendered by Misses Andrich, Boulbee, Burke, Benson, Clarke, Gaylor, Sullivan, Symons and Topping, students of the College. The second lecture of the series, the date of which will be duly announced, will have special reference to the influence of the modern romantic school upon operatic composition, and will be looked forward to with much interest.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

GILBERT ELGIE'S SON. By Harriet Riddle Davis. New York: G. Putnam's Sons.

The emotions of the human heart, however varied, may be the conditions under which they develop and expand. The old, old story of human life and love is perennial in its freshness, and whenever it is well told it will find sympathetic and interested listeners. The simple tale of Maryland life in the old days in a Quaker settlement is artistically told by the authoress in this little volume, which has the charms of simplicity, directness and fidelity to nature to recommend it.

AUNT DOROTHY: An Old Virginia Plantation Story. By Margaret F. Preston. Price 60 cents. New York: Randolph and Company.

This little story is very slight, and yet it is strong. Before long, sketches like these will belong to ancient history; setting before us, as they do, the old life of Virginia before the Flood. The vigorous old mistress of the plantation, who rules by love and strength of purpose, is admirably portrayed; and the different kinds of negroes—good, bad and indifferent—have a real life in these pages. The language of the South, moreover, has an interest of its own.

FOUR SONGS OF LIFE. New York: Randolph and Company.

The *raison d'être* of this prettily printed pamphlet-book is not quite easy to discover; unless, perhaps, it be to show how much more satisfactory faith is than doubt. In these four songs we have "two voices of faith and two of doubt"—the doubt coming first and the faith following in the following order: 1. "Dover Beach," by the late Mr. Matthew Arnold; 2. "Burning Driftwood," by Whittier; 3. "Out of the Night that Covers Me," by W. E. Henley; and lastly, "Crossing the Bar," by Lord Tennyson, that exquisite poem which is certainly worth the price of the book.

ANNE BRADSTREET. By Helen Campbell. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

For an interesting presentation of the life and times of Anne Bradstreet Mrs. Helen Campbell is well qualified. Her previous writings bear the impress of quick and clear mental perception, and her literary skill is of a high order. In this work she has a congenial theme, and she has done full justice to an interesting subject. With good reason Anne Bradstreet is claimed as the grandmother of American literature. She is regarded as the precursor of the brilliant galaxy that includes Oliver Wendell Holmes, Wendell Phillips, the Danas and the Channings, and others of less note in the realm of letters. The story of the life and times of Anne Bradstreet is told with a conscientious accuracy of detail that vivifies the past, yet without the cumbrous overloading of irrelevant matter that sometimes deadens interest in the narrative in works of a similar character. This is a book that will be greatly relished by all lovers of good literature.

AN AMERICAN GIRL IN LONDON. By Sara Jeannette Duncan. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

Readers of "A Social Departure" have, in all probability, sent in their orders for its brilliant successor or sequel ahead of time, the skill of the author being now so unmistakable and settled a fact. The present volume displays Miss Duncan's charming gifts perhaps to even more perfection. The narrative being that of the "American Girl" of modern fiction contains numerous touches of light, effective satire which are in the author's best vein, and the book must rank very high as a kind of exposition of transatlantic impression with reference to scenes and people peculiarly British. The salient features of London scenery and society are quickly seized upon, assimilated and put on paper with a vividness that is equalled by very few other contemporary impressionists, and there is just enough plot interest to carry the delighted reader through the varying scenes—amusing, dignified, conventional—to the end, when we must confessedly part from "Mamie Wick" with genuine regret. The figure of the "American Girl" recalls, perhaps, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "Fair Barbarian," but has a separate and complete existence of her own, being a very different sort of being. She is naïve and direct, natural and controlled, alert and quiet, all at once. To get even with her is the despair of Mafferton, and yet who can help liking her? Convention as such has no terrors for her, and yet she is not wanting in perfect breeding. Certain remarks which fall from her pretty lips are not our old friend Miss Duncan's, but emanate rather from "Mamie Wick, of Chicago." Some gentle prejudice will occasionally come to the top but it is quickly dissipated, and by the time the "American Girl" runs down into the country and smells the sweet hedge and meadow flowers, she is almost entirely converted to the charms of England. And when the final scene is reached and the slender figure "goes down unsteadily before a little dark vision in black with the Garter on its breast," the acme of pleasurable, grateful feeling is reached and we feel we shall not be surprised if the usual fate which pursues pretty American girls overtakes our heroine. That it does not is perhaps the cleverest thing

in the book. She leaves England rather suddenly on account of a misunderstanding, the Mafferton family having taken her to their bosom somewhat prematurely. The style in which the book is written is exceedingly bright and epigrammatic while popular enough to satisfy the general reader, and Miss Duncan must be congratulated on being fortunate in creating a volume which will add lustre to her name, while it will doubtless remain very widely read on account of its humorous and taking qualities. We may not be justified in classing the book among recent contributions to "Canadian Literature," but we cannot forget that the author is a Canadian. It is profusely illustrated in a dashing, suggestive manner by F. H. Townsend, and richly, handsomely bound.

THE *Young Canadian* for 25th ult. was a capital Easter Number, both contributions and illustrations were attractive, and there is the promise of a series of papers on the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition from the pen of Lieut. W. G. Stairs, R.E.

THE complete novel in *Lippincott's Magazine* for April is entitled "Maidens Choosing," and its author is Mrs. Ellen Olney Kirk, who under the pen-name of Henry Hayes wrote the successful novel "The Story of Margaret Kent." "Maidens Choosing" is the story of a rich man's quest for a bride among the fashionable circles of New York. The second instalment of "Some Familiar Letters by Horace Greeley," edited by Joel Benton, appears in this number. The letters grow in interest and value. "The Elizabethan Drama and the Victorian Novel," an article by T. D. Robb, institutes a comparison between the Elizabethan and the Victorian views of life and art.

Scribner's Magazine for April marks the beginning of the richly illustrated series on "Ocean Steamships." Original drawings by skilful artists will illustrate each paper. Articles of travel and adventure are represented by Mr. Jephson's second paper on his perilous journey to relieve Captain Nelson at Starvation Camp; Robert Gordon Butler's account of the cruise of the United States steamer *Thetis* to the Arctic regions; and Birge Harrison's description of a kangaroo hunt. The recent Sioux Indian outbreak and its causes are treated by Herbert Welsh; and the Rev. Willard Parsons, its founder, tells the story of the Fresh-Air Fund, which is entering upon its fifteenth year. The first of living Spanish poets is the subject of another article (with a portrait).

THE April number of the *Quiver* opens with "The Rough Days of March," which is followed by the opening chapters of a new serial, "On Stronger Wings," by Edith Lister. Then there is a paper in the Sundays with the Young series, in which the lesson of the telescope is taught. "The Fall of Jericho; or, The Godly Walk of an Undivided People" is a paper for Sunday reading. A short story entitled "Dismissed" and "A Cordial for Care," by the Rev. G. Brooks, follow. "A Sprig of Rosemary" is a story in two parts. "The Sandals of the Gospel" is by the Rev. G. Everard. Work in the Master's name tells us the story of "Mackay of Uganda," which is more thrilling than fiction. "Unspoken Love; or, The Tree in Our Street" is finished, and it ends satisfactorily.

IN the *Nineteenth Century* for March the Marchioness of Dufferin argues that "The Women of India" are not altogether unhappy; the millionaire, Andrew Carnegie, strenuously urges "The Advantages of Poverty"; "Ship Railways" are described and illustrated by Sir Benjamin Baker; Archibald Forbes tells us in "The Recruiting Problem" how whilst looking at "a detachment of line-boys" a stalwart navy said to him "By the Lord, sir, I should like to take a contract at so much a head to chuck 'em over a wall at the rate of a dozen a minute"; Professor Huxley cuts Mr. Gladstone's prior arguments into thin slices; the editor gravely explains Mr. Frederick Harrison's "Joke about the Elgin Marbles," and Lord Dunraven reasons with convincing power for "Commercial Union within the Empire."

THE April *St. Nicholas* opens with a delightful illustrated sketch by Mrs. Foote, "The Gates on Grandfather's Farm"—reminiscences of a New England farm. Mr. Welles gives us further autographs from his remarkable collection. Mr. Frank S. Woodruff describes some "Busy Corners of the Orient." The article is illustrated by Mr. George Wharton Edwards. There is a fanciful story by Tudor Jenks, amusingly illustrated by E. B. Bensell, and a story called "Charlie's Shadows and their Shadow House," by Mattie E. Pettus. The verse is excellent. Katherine S. Alcorn gives us a poetic parallel for the Hare and Tortoise fable, called "The Little Foot-page." Margaret Johnson, in "The Merrythought," is as humorous as usual, and other poetry is by Richard E. Burton, Helen Gray Cone, Katharine Pyle, Valentine Adams. The two serials, "Toby Trafford" and "The Boy Settlers," are growing in interest, while "Elfie's Visit to Cloudland" is concluded.

THE April *Arena* opens with a paper by Prof. Geo. W. Winterburn, M.D., of New York, dealing with the future of philosophy. Thomas G. Shearman sets forth his views on the evils and injustice of indirect taxation. R. Mason Osgood, A.M., M.D., of New York, supplies a contribution on recent discoveries in "Hypnotism." Prof. Jas. T. Bixby's article on "Buddhism in the New Testament" is a reply to Dr. Felix Oswald's paper on the same subject, and is an able presentation of the Christian side of this problem. Arthur Dudley Vinton contributes a paper on "Morality and Environment." E. P. Powell,

the author of "Our Heredity from God," writes on Alexander Hamilton as a popular leader. Prof. Jos. Rodas Buchanan concludes his essay on "Nationalization of the Land." Gerald Massey, England's veteran poet of freedom and the people, contributes a poem on "The Burial of Charles Bradlaugh."

THE April number of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine* is specially devoted to memories of 100 years of Canadian Methodism. The Rev. Dr. Johnston writes ably of the late Rev. Dr. Rose, almost the last of the pioneer preachers of early Methodism in this land. An article is abridged from Dr. Ryerson's volume on Canadian Methodism, giving an account of some of the fathers and founders of Methodism in Canada. The Rev. Dr. Carman writes "The Momentum of Methodism." The editor describes a visit to the grave of Barbara Heck, the mother of Methodism both in Canada and the United States. The Rev. Dr. Caven, Principal of Knox College, contributes a scholarly study of Messianic Prophecy. The Symposium of Methodism is continued by the Rev. Dr. Sheraton, Principal of Wickliffe College; the Hon. R. Harcourt, Provincial Treasurer of Ontario; James Croil, editor of *Presbyterian Record*, and Rev. A. H. Newman, D.D., LL.D., Professor of History in McMaster University.

THE opening paper in the *Magazine of Art* for April is "In Memoriam" of Charles S. Keene, by M. H. Spielman, with a portrait of Mr. Keene by G. Reid. Then a paper on "Austria, Hungary, Russia, Italy, and Spain," in the series of Modern Schools of Painting and Sculpture, is contributed by Claude Phillips. Munkacsy is represented by a portrait of himself. There is also a portrait of Verdi, the composer. In the "Studies in Illustrated Journalism" David Anderson discusses the "Rise of the Comic Paper." The first of the series of papers on "Lord Armstrong's Collection of Modern Pictures" appears. The Fuseli's Milton Gallery is described by Alfred Beaver. A poem on "Untrammelled Art" is written and illustrated by J. F. Sullivan. "The English School of Miniature Art" gives some charming reproductions from well-known miniatures. "The Life Work of Barye" is discussed. The frontispiece of the number is "The Prodigal Son," by J. M. Swan. Notes on the progress of art in Europe and America bring the number to a close.

"THE BRAZEN ANDROID" is the curious title of a story in two parts, by the late William Douglas O'Connor, which has the place of honour in the *Atlantic* for April. It is a well-told story of old London. Mr. Stockton's "House of Martha" continues for three more rollicking chapters, and Mr. Lowell still travels through "Noto: An Unexplored Corner of Japan." Francis Parkman's second paper on "The Capture of Louisbourg by the New England Militia" is marked by his usual skill and care. One of the most important papers in the number is "Prehistoric Man on the Pacific Coast," by Professor George Frederick Wright, of Oberlin. The Hon. S. G. W. Benjamin, for some years United States Minister to Persia, has a timely consideration of "The Armenians and the Porte." Clinton Scollard, Thomas William Parsons, Thomas S. Collier and William H. Hayne are among the poetic contributors; and in this connection Mr. William P. Andrews' paper on "Goethe's Key to Faust" should be read.

DR. W. S. RAINSFORD, in a noteworthy study of the causes of increasing poverty in our great cities, in the *April Forum*, places foremost among these the unwillingness of the poor to help themselves; and asserts that the inside force that shall compel them to do so must be furnished by the Christian Church. Prof. Goldwin Smith makes the Birchall murder a text for a discussion on the relations between religion and morality. Dr. Gatchell, of the University of Michigan, attacks the methods of so-called "mind-readers," and asserts that the only honest feats of the kind are performed by *muscle-reading*. Prof. Newcomb tells of the early disadvantages under which he laboured, and how, in spite of them, he rose to his present eminence. W. H. Mallock argues against the universal federation of labour. Other articles in the number are on "Railway Passenger Rates," by Prof. A. T. Hadley; "The Flood Plains of Rivers," by W. J. McGee, and "Madame de Staël," by W. E. H. Lecky, the distinguished English historian.

THE leading article in the *Magazine of American History* for April is "The Chesapeake and Lieutenant Ludlow," by Robert Ludlow Fowler. It brings to light some interesting unpublished letters about the naval engagements of the war of 1812, and presents numerous illustrations. There is a short sketch of the "First Meeting of Admiral Porter and General Sherman," as described by the Admiral. The critical essay of Hon. William Wirt Henry, "A Defence of Captain John Smith," takes the reader into the beginnings of Virginia life. "A Bundle of Suggestive Relics," by Hon. Horatio King, proves that there was quite as much personal abuse between the two dominant political parties in old times as now. "The Power to Grant Patents for Inventions" is by Levin H. Campbell. "President Lincoln and his English Visitors" contains some readable anecdotes; "The Fate of a Pennsylvania Coquette" is a historical sketch of thrilling character; "Two Immortal Letters" of Grant and Sherman appear in full; there is a "Love-letter of Alexander Hamilton" and a contribution on "Archæology in Missouri."

Harper's Magazine for April contains an article on "The Behring Sea Controversy," by the Hon. E. J. Phelps, late United States Minister to the Court of St. James. This article must be regarded as the contribution

of a United States advocate, which, though plausible, is based far more on the argument by assumption than on the principles and precedents established by the law of nations. General Lwal, ex-Minister of War for France, writes an article on "The French Army." T. Mitchell Pruden, M.D., gives some exceedingly interesting "Glimpses of the Bacteria." The series of South American papers, by Theodore Child, is continued in "Argentine Provincial Sketches." "The State of Wisconsin" is contributed by the Hon. William F. Vilas. Dr. Charles Waldstein writes a description of the famous "Court Theatre of Meningen." The fiction in this number is well sustained. Mr. William Wilfrid Campbell's noble poem, "The Mother," adds to the rising fame of this gifted young Canadian. The Editorial Departments are scholarly and entertaining.

HERBERT SPENCER'S views on socialism, published in the *April Popular Science Monthly*, are sure to attract wide attention. His essay is entitled "From Freedom to Bondage." "Street-cleaning in Large Cities" is another timely subject treated in this issue, by General Emmons Clark, of New York, and contains many practical suggestions. The Duke of Argyll, in "Professor Huxley on the War-path," aims to convict the Professor of treating theological questions inconsistently with his treatment of scientific subjects. A paper by Prof. Henri Marion, under the title "Training for Character," gives valuable hints on the care of young children. "Social Changes in California" is by Charles H. Shinn. There is a brief account of Dr. Schliemann, with a portrait, in addition to the regular "Sketch" and frontispiece portrait, the subject of the latter being Prof. Daniel G. Brinton, of Philadelphia. "The Badger and the Fox," with six illustrations; "Race Influence and Disease," by G. B. Hoffmeister, M.D.; "Scientific Jottings in Egypt," by Dr. H. C. Bolton, and "Whale Catching at Point Barrow," by John Murdoch, are all very readable articles.

ONE of the most famous pictures of the world has been engraved by Mr. Cole for the frontispiece of the *April Century*, the Mona Lisa of Leonardo da Vinci. In the California series Mr. Julius H. Pratt describes the emigration to California by way of Panama in '49. There is a paper of historical value by the late General J. C. Fremont on the "Conquest of California." Life in another war prison, at the North, is described by a Confederate soldier, Dr. John A. Wyeth, in "Cold Cheer at Camp Morton." Mrs. Amelia Gere Mason contributes "Salons of the Revolution and Empire." The *Century's* Mountain Climbing series is begun with papers on two separate expeditions to Mount St. Elias, one by Lieutenant Schwatka, and the other that of the National Geographical Society and the U. S. Geological Survey. "Fetichism in Congo Land" is by Mr. E. J. Glave, one of Stanley's pioneer officers. "The Wordsworths and De Quincey" is the title of a very interesting paper of literary biography containing unpublished letters of the poet and of the opium-eater, "Washington and Frederick the Great," is by Mr. Moncure D. Conway. The fiction of the number is the "Faith Doctor," "There were Ninety and Nine," the conclusion of "Colonel Carter of Cartersville," "Herr von Striempell's Experiment," and "A Race Romance." Among the poets of the number are R. K. Munkittrick, the late Charles Henry Lüders, Frank Dempster Sherman, R. W. Gilder, Arlo Bates, and J. H. Morse.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE story published in this issue is the last contribution received by THE WEEK from the late Rev. Professor Jones.

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY announce the publication of "Jerry," the serial tale which has appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York and London, have in preparation a translation of the "Universal History of Literature," by Prof. Gustav Karpeles of the University of Prague.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER has written an article for the *North American Review* in answer to Mr. Erastus Wiman's article which appeared in the March number of that periodical. It is entitled "The Wiman Conspiracy Unmasked," and will appear in the May number of the *Review*.

DR. DANIEL G. BRINTON, of Philadelphia, a well-known American anthropologist, has in the press a new work, the result of several years of study, entitled "The American Race." It deals with the Indians of both North and South America, describing their customs, arts, traditions, and so on, and it is the first attempt to classify the tribes according to their languages.

LORD TENNYSON writes to the world's fair auxiliary association that he accepts an honorary membership "not without gratitude." The reason why the double negative did service for a positive expression of gratitude can be explained perhaps by the request of the association for a world's fair song to be sung at the opening of the show. The poet gently reminds his correspondent that he is 82 years old.

THE Hon. J. W. Longley in the *Fortnightly* for March has an article on "Canada and Imperial Federation," a portion of which we republish in this issue. We are glad to observe that it is Mr. Longley's conviction, as expressed by him, that "Canada is prosperous, contented and happy," and that "the stronger probabilities are that she will

eventually take her place among the nations of the world with splendid prospects of greatness and power."

THE February number [No. 49] of the *Riverside Literature Series* (published quarterly during the present school year, at 15 cents a single number, by Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston), contains Part I. of Hans Andersen's Stories, newly translated. This book contains eleven stories, among which are the "Ugly Duckling," the "Princess on the Pea," the "Little Match-Girl" and the "Constant Tin Soldier."

DR. SCHLIEMANN was buried, not at Colonos, but among the Protestants, near the new Athenian Cemetery across the Ilissus, in full view of the south side of the Parthenon, of the great theatre, and of Hadrian's restoration of the Temple of Olympian Jupiter. This is some three miles south-east of Colonos, and not far from the King's garden, which now answers more exactly to the descriptions of the groves of Colonos than any part of Attica.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING, who is busily engaged on his new story, "Mother Maturin," will go out to India in the autumn with his father, who is returning to Lahore. He finds the English climate cold, dismal and uninspiring. The *Tribune* quotes "a gentleman from India" as saying that Mr. Kipling's articles on America were "written two years ago and published in the Indian papers, and that they had been resurrected because of Kipling's recently attained fame."

A NEW Canadian work, soon to be published by Messrs. Hart and Company, is from the pen of the Rev. A. H. Scott, M.A., of St. Andrew's Church, Perth, and is styled "Ten Years in My First Charge." The advance sheets of this work indicate that it will be one of more than ordinary merit, and the character of the printing, paper, binding and illustrations, give promise of a volume that will compare very favourably with the work of foreign publishers.

M. AULARD, professor of history at the Sorbonne, impeaches the authenticity of the Talleyrand Memoirs. He argues that, from internal evidence, parts of papers have been suppressed and that the gaps have been clumsily concealed. He suggests that the work was done by Bacourt to screen the reputation of Talleyrand, or royal personages, as the published version of the memoirs does not account for the prohibition of their publication for so many years. The Duc de Broglie gives an evasive reply to M. Aulard's challenge to produce the original manuscript.

MESSRS. HART AND COMPANY have in press an important contribution to Canadian literature, being a work entitled "The New Empire," by Mr. Oliver A. Howland, of Toronto, barrister-at-law. The prospectus sets out that "the aim of the work is to show that the Empire actually possesses a Federal Constitution requiring rather to be declared than created, and easily susceptible of such amendments as seem to be required." Mr. Howland is an old contributor of THE WEEK, and from his familiarity with the subject matter of his work and the ability with which he is accustomed to state his views, the publication of "The New Empire" will be regarded with interest. The mechanical features of the work will greatly enhance the reputation of the publishers.

MR. W. H. C. KERR, of Toronto, barrister, who died so recently in New York, was a classical scholar of no mean order. Mr. Kerr contributed a number of graceful and admirable translations from English into Latin verse from time to time to Canadian journals, together with occasional poems and letters on subjects of popular interest, and delivered lectures, all of which evidenced the wide culture, the mental vigour and the literary talent of their author. Personally Mr. Kerr was a charming companion; his cordial liberality to deserving objects, the active interest which he took in the advancement of the material prosperity of Toronto, as well as the amiability of disposition, which even the prolonged suffering of wasting disease could not conquer, make his loss one to be widely deplored.

THE Canadian Institute offers the following programme for April. Papers will be read on the following subjects by the members indicated: On Saturday, 4th inst., on "Miss Dix and her Life Work," by E. A. Meredith, LL.D., and on "Modern Ornithology," by Mr. W. Brodie. On Saturday, 11th, on "The Origin and Growth of the Norman Genitive," by D. R. Keys, M.A.; on "The Constructions with *Refert* and *Interest*," by Prof. A. J. Bell, Ph.D., and on "Japanese Literature," by Tozo Ohno. On Saturday, 18th, on "The Study of History," by Rev. Prof. G. M. Wrong, M.A.; on "British and Canadian Trade Relations," by J. Castell Hopkins, and on "The Genesis and Growth of Capital," by W. Houston, M.A. On Saturday, 25th, on "A Gaelic Cuneiform Inscription," by Rev. Neil MacNish, LL.D., and on "Intelligence of Insects, as exemplified by *Pelopaeus Cementarius*," by W. Brodie. In the Biological Section, on Monday, April 6, on "Lower Forms of Life" (Continued), by Andrew Elvins. In the Geological and Mining Section, on Thursday, 16th, on "Notes on Nickel" (Continued), by George Mickle, B.A.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Clarke, James Freeman. *Life and Times of Jesus*. 50c. Boston: Lee and Shepard.
Daniels, Cora Linn. *Sardia*. 50c. Boston: Lee and Shepard.
Jameson, Mrs. Jas. S. *Jameson's Story of the Rear Column*. Toronto: Rose Publishing Company, (Ltd.).

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE MOTHER.

I.

It was April, blossoming spring,
They buried me, when the birds did sing;
Earth, in clammy wedging earth,
They banked my bed with a black, damp girth.
Under the damp and under the mould,
I kenned my breasts were clammy and cold.
Out from the red beams, slanting and bright,
I kenned my cheeks were sunken and white.
I was a dream, and the world was a dream,
And yet I kenned all things that seem.
I was a dream, and the world was a dream,
But you cannot bury a red sunbeam.
For though in the under-grave's doom-night
I lay all silent and stark and white,
Yet over my head I seemed to know
The murmurous moods of wind and snow,
The snows that wasted, the winds that blew,
The rays that slanted, the clouds that drew
The water-ghosts up from lakes below,
And the little flower-souls in earth that grow.
Under earth, in the grave's stark night,
I felt the stars and the moon's pale light.
I felt the winds of ocean and land
That whispered the blossoms soft and bland.
Though they had buried me dark and low
My soul with the season's seemed to grow.

II.

I was a bride in my sickness sore,
I was a bride nine months and more.
From throes of pain they buried me low,
For death had finished a mother's woe.
But under the sod, in the grave's dread doom,
I dreamed of my baby in glimmer and gloom.
I dreamed of my babe, and I kenned that his rest
Was broken in wailings on my dead breast.
I dreamed that a rose-leaf hand did cling:
Oh, you cannot bury a mother in spring.
When the winds are soft and the blossoms are red
She could not sleep in her cold earth-bed.
I dreamed of my babe for a day and a night,
And then I rose in my grave-clothes white.
I rose like a flower from my damp earth-bed
To the world of sorrowing overhead.
Men would have called me a thing of harm,
But dreams of my babe made me rosy and warm.
I felt my breasts swell under my shroud;
No stars shone white, no winds were loud;
But I stole me past the graveyard wall,
For the voice of my baby seemed to call;
And I kenned me a voice, though my lips were dumb:
Hush, baby hush, for mother is come.
I passed the streets to my husband's home;
The chamber stairs in a dream I clomb;
I heard the sound of each sleeper's breath,
Light waves that break on the shores of death.
I listened a space at my chamber door.
Then stole like a moon-ray over its floor.
My babe was asleep on a stranger's arm.
"O baby, my baby, the grave is so warm,
"Though dark and so deep, for mother is there!
O come with me from the pain and care!
"O come with me from the anguish of earth,
Where the bed is banked with a blossoming girth,
"Where the pillow is soft and the rest is long,
And mother will croon you a slumber-song.
"A slumber-song that will charm your eyes
To a sleep that never in earth-song lies!
"The loves of earth your being can spare,
But never the grave, for mother is there."
I nestled him soft to my throbbing breast,
And stole me back to my long, long rest.
And here I lie with him under the stars,
Dead to earth, its peace and its wars;
Dead to its hates, its hopes, and its harms,
So long as he cradles up soft in my arms.
And heaven may open its shimmering doors,
And saints make music on pearly floors,
And hell may yawn to its infinite sea,
But they never can take my baby from me.
For so much a part of my soul he hath grown
That God doth know of it high on His throne.
And here I lie with him under the flowers
That sun-winds rock through the billowy hours,
With the night-airs that steal from the murmuring sea,
Bringing sweet peace to my baby and me.
—William Wilfrid Campbell, in *Harper's Magazine*.

NEWMAN ON STYLE.

IT is simply the fact that I have been obliged to take great pains with everything I have written, and I often write chapters over and over again, besides innumerable corrections and interlinear additions. I am not stating this as a merit, only that some persons write their best first, and I very seldom do. Those who are good speakers may be supposed to be able to write off what they want to say. I, who am not a good speaker, have to correct laboriously what I put on paper. I have heard that Archbishop Howley, who was an elegant writer, betrayed the labour by which he became so by his mode of speaking, which was most painful to hear from his hesitations and alterations—that is, he was correcting his composition as he went along. However, I may truly say that I never have been in the practice since I was a boy of attempting to write well, or to form an elegant style. I think I never have written for writing sake; but my one and single desire and aim has been to do what is so difficult—viz., to express clearly and exactly my meaning; this has been the motive principle of all my corrections and re-writings. When I have read over a passage which I had written a few days before, I have found it so obscure to myself that I have either put it altogether aside or fiercely corrected it; but I don't get any better for practice. I am as much obliged to correct and re-write as I was thirty years ago. As to patterns for imitation, the only master of style I have ever had (which is strange, considering the differences of the languages) is Cicero. I think I owe a great deal to him, and, as far as I know, to no one else. His great mastery of Latin is shown especially in his clearness.—*Letters and Correspondence of John Henry Newman, during His Life in the English Church.*

EASTER DAWN.

BREAK brightly, glorious Easter morn,
Now that the wintry days are sped;
And so deny with splendid scorn,
That Earth is haggard, old and dead!

A million-million emerald spears
Rise to proclaim her ever young;
And hark! her ever youthful years
On lily bells are sweetly rung.

O freely swing and grandly swell,
Ye church-towered bells, with merry din;
The shadows from our souls expel,
And let the light of love come in!

Break brightly, glorious Easter morn,
Into these gloomy hearts of ours!
That they too may this day adorn,
And shed a perfume like the flowers.

—Charles H. Crandall, in the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

NON-CONDUCTORS OF HEAT.

GROUND cork and some other barks, and the sawdust of the soft woods, as well as the charcoal made of these substances, are very good retainers of heat. Lampblack also works well. When the thing to be kept hot is at a very high temperature, some light, incombustible powders are very suitable. Among the best of these are fossil meal and the calcined magnesia and magnesium carbonate of the druggists. Fossil meal consists of the silicious skeletons of microscopic vegetables, called diatoms, exceedingly various in shape and size, the very largest of them hardly reaching the length of the hundredth of an inch. It is found abundantly in some peat meadows and in the bottoms of ponds. Both fossil meal and magnesium carbonate have been largely used in covering steam-pipes. Obviously, when the same light substance is tried in both the first and second apparatus above mentioned, and the results differ, it must be owing to the inability of the substance to hold the included air still in the first arrangement. So powdered plumbago, or black lead, which is very slippery, shows nearly twice as much transmissive power in one case as in the other. Loosened asbestos fibre also lets through about twice as much heat in the vertical arrangement as in the horizontal. Yet this fibre may be split up exceedingly fine; but the great difference in its behaviour as compared with cotton or wool must be owing much less to its own greater specific conducting power than to the smoothness and inelasticity of its fibres.—*Prof. John M. Ordway, in The Popular Science Monthly for March.*

THE Imperial Bank has just opened a Branch at Rat Portage.

TALENT is that which is in a man's power, genius is that in whose power a man is.—*Lowell.*

"THAT tired feeling" is entirely overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives a feeling of buoyancy and strength to the whole system.

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MR. GOTSCHALK, of New York, owns the only genuine and perfect holy shekel in the world. The interesting relic is about 3,400 years old, and was used in King Solomon's temple. Mr. Gotschalk is on his way to San Francisco to fulfil a promise and show the shekel to a friend, who is a celebrated numismatist, and has the largest collection in that country.

THOUGH a compositor may be sitting all day, yet, in his own way, he is a great traveller (or at least his hand is), as we shall prove. A good man will set 8,000 ems a day, or about 24,000 letters. The distance travelled over by his hand will average about one foot per letter, going to the boxes in which they are contained, and, of course, returning, making two feet for every letter he sets. This would make a distance each day of 48,000 feet, or a little more than nine miles; and in the course of the year, leaving out Sundays, that member travels about 3,000 miles.

COMFORT TO THE COAST.

Considering the widespread interest taken in the series of excursions via Canadian Pacific Railway to the Pacific coast, known as the "People's Popular Parties," a brief description of the tourists' cars employed in this service will no doubt be acceptable to all contemplating a visit to the far West.

The unqualified success which attended the excursions already given is eloquent testimony in behalf of the efficiency of this western service, and a guarantee that the "Popular Parties" advertised to leave Toronto for the Pacific Coast on April 3rd and 17th, and May 1st, will be patronized to the full extent of the offered accommodation.

The statements of all who have enjoyed the experience of a tour to the Coast declare emphatically that the scenery is unrivalled, and the entire journey a thoroughly pleasant one, while the provisions for the comfort of the tourists and the courteous attention shown them by officials of all degrees are alike worthy of such an immense railway system.

Naturally the cars which form temporary homes for the tourists may be made to contribute in a marked degree to the comfort and pleasure of such an extended tour, and the intending tourist may rest assured that there will be no cause for complaint against the accommodation supplied by the Railway Company.



A glance at the accompanying illustration will give an idea of the interior of a "Tourists Car," all used for these excursions being exactly alike.

These cars are intended especially for Pacific Coast business and were built at Cobourg, Ont., a short time ago. They are of standard size, furnished throughout in polished mahogany, and externally are similar to the ordinary handsome design of the C. P. R. coaches. The interiors present a number of novel features designed for this special service, admirably blended with a style of finish and decoration which would entitle them to be ranked as first-class sleepers on many railways.

At one end of the car is a locker and heater, and a swing door which prevents draughts. The seats are models of comfort, being neatly upholstered in dark russet leather and having very high backs. In the main body of car are ten sections, forming twenty double berths, and all curtains, bedding, etc., etc., for these are of excellent quality, and are supplied by the company.

At one end of the main body of car upon one side are lavatories, etc., and a locker, and opposite these is a large cooking range, and sink, water-tanks, etc.

A swing door separates the main body of car from a lesser compartment, containing four sections, or eight double berths, similar in all points, except size, to main body of car.

A competent Porter will have charge of car and will attend to the wants of tourists. He will make up berths, keep car tidy and attend to all details, such as mattresses, pillows, curtains, tables, towels, soap, etc. In fact, excepting that all those articles are naturally of plainer style than those furnished upon the luxurious regular sleeping-cars, the same rules are followed.

It is the careful attention paid to these details and the comfortable "Tourists Cars" provided by the Company, which have earned for the "Pacific Parties" their popularity, and that the present high standard of accommodation will be kept up during subsequent excursions, goes without saying.

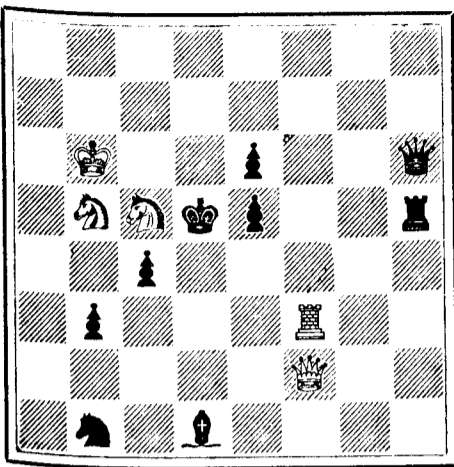
Spring is Coming

When nearly everybody needs a good medicine to purify the blood and tone up the system. Hood's Sarsaparilla grows more and more popular every year for it is the Ideal Spring Medicine. It possesses curative power Peculiar to Itself. For your Spring Medicine this year, be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla

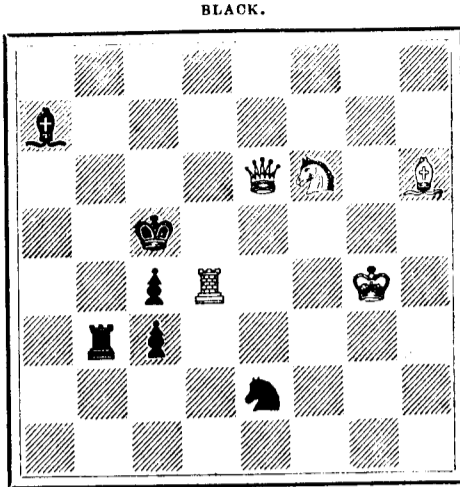
CHESSES.

PROBLEM No. 553.
By J. Pospisil, Prague.



White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 554.
By Dr. Gold, Vienna.



White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 547.
White.
1. Q-Kt 6
2. Kt-K 8
3. Q mates
Black.
1. B x B
2. moves
if 1. K x P
2. K-K 4
3. Q x P mate
With other variations.

No. 548.
White.
1. B-B 4
2. R-K 2 +
3. Kt-K 7 mate
Black.
1. P x B
2. K-Q 4
if 1. K-B 4
2. P x B
3. P-Kt 4 mate
With other variations.

PLAYED AT HAVANA ON THE 15TH OF FEBRUARY IN THE MATCH BETWEEN MR. BLACKBURNE AND SENOR GOLMAYO.

VIENNA OPENING.

J. H. Blackburne.	B. Golmayo.	J. H. Blackburne.	B. Golmayo.
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P-K 4	P-K 4	19. B-Kt 1	K R-Q B 1
2. Q Kt-B 3	B-B 4	20. Q-Q Kt 3	P-Q 4
3. P-B 4	P-Q 3	21. P-K 5	Kt-Q 2
4. Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	22. P-R 3	R-B 5
5. Q Kt-R 4 (a)	B-Kt 3	23. B-K 3	Q-K 3 (d)
6. B-B 4	B-Kt 5	24. B-Q 2	Kt-Q B 3 (c)
7. P-B 3	Kt-B 3	25. Q-Q 3	P-Kt 3 (f)
8. P-K R 3	B x Kt	26. B-B 3	Kt-K 2
9. Q x B	P x P	27. Q-B 3 (g)	Q R-B 1
10. Kt x B	R P x Kt	28. B-R 2	K R-B 2
11. P-Q 4	Q Kt-R 4	29. B-Kt 4 (h)	R-B 7
12. B-Kt 5 +	P-B 3	30. B x Kt	Q x B
13. B-R 4	Q-K 2	31. B x P	R x Q Kt P
14. B-B 2	P-B 4 (b)	32. R-K B 1	Q R-B 7 (i)
15. Castles	P x P	33. Q x P + (j)	Q x Q
16. P x P	Kt-B 3	34. R x Q	Kt-B 1 (k)
17. R-Q 1	Castles K R (c)	35. Q R-K B	Kt-K 3
18. B x P	Q Kt-Kt 5	36. K R-B 2	Black resigns.

NOTES.

(a) B-Kt 5 is now a much stronger move.
(b) An excellent move.
(c) Black could have now safely protected the K B P by 17. . . P-K Kt 4 and if 18 P-K Kt 3, 18 K R-Kt 1 with a strong attack.
(d) In order to be able to withdraw the Q Kt which he could not do at once. If for instance 23 . . . Q Kt-B 3; 24 B-Q 3, 24 Kt x Q P 25 B x Kt, 25 R x B; 26 B x P + and wins.
(e) If 24 . . . R x P; 25 B x Kt, 25 R x B; 26 B x P +, etc.
(f) Kt-B 1 was here a better defence, for he could afterward play the same Kt-Kt 3 and then guard the centre by Q Kt-K 2.
(g) A fine initiation of the attack against the adverse centre.
(h) Vigorous play, which gives White a winning advantage.
(i) He had no good defence. If 32 . . . R-K B 1; 33 Q-Q B 3, 33 R-Kt 4; 34 R x P 34 R x R; 35 R-K B 1 and wins.
(j) Finishing off with decisive precision.
(k) If 34 . . . R x P +; 35 K-B 1 and wins.—N. Y. Tribune.

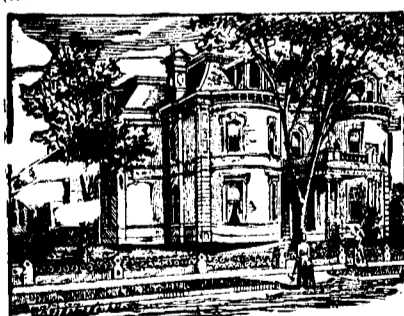
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Purifies as well as beautifies the skin. No other cosmetic will do it.



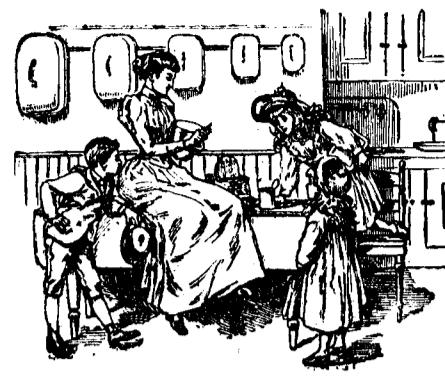
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The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer, said to a lady of the *hauton* (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream,' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.
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Make SANDWICHES with
JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF
Spread on thin slices of bread and butter.
DELICIOUS, ECONOMICAL,
NUTRITIOUS.

Colds, Coughs, Bronchitis,

And other affections of the Throat or Lungs, are speedily cured by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. This medicine is an anodyne expectorant, potent in its action to check the advance of disease, allaying all tendency to Inflammation and Consumption, and speedily restoring health to the afflicted. **On several occasions, during the past year, I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. In cases of severe and sudden Colds, if used according to directions, it will, judging by my experience, prove a sure cure.—L. D. Coburn, Addison, N. Y.

Last December I suffered greatly from an attack of Bronchitis. My physician advised me to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which I did. Less than a bottle of this medicine relieved and cured me.—Elwood D. Piper, Elgin, Ill.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral once saved my life. I had a constant Cough, Night Sweats, was greatly reduced in flesh, and declining rapidly. One bottle and a half of the Pectoral cured me.—A. J. Eidson, M. D., Middletown, Tenn.

LUNG COMPLAINTS.

I have no hesitation in saying that I regard Ayer's Cherry Pectoral as the best remedy within my knowledge for the cure of Colds, Chronic Bronchitis, Coughs, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs.—M. A. Rust, M. D., South Parish, Me.

About three years ago, as the result of a bad Cold, I had a Cough, from which I could get no help until I commenced using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. One bottle of this medicine effected a complete cure.—John Tooley, Ironton, Mich.

An experience of over thirty years enables me to say that there is no better remedy for Sore Throat and Coughs, even of long standing, than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It has ever been effective in my personal experience, and has warded off many an attack of Croup from my children, in the course of their growth, besides giving effective relief from Colds.—Samuel Motter, Editor of the *Emmitsburg Chronicle*, Emmitsburg, Md.

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, in my family, for a number of years, and with marked success. For the cure of Throat and Lung Complaints, I consider this remedy invaluable. It never fails to give perfect satisfaction.—Elihu M. Robertson, Battle Creek, Mich.

We have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, in our family, a great while, and find it a valuable medicine for Colds, Coughs, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs.—Alice G. Leach, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

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The remedy is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—and it has proved itself the right remedy in nearly every case of female weakness.

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