

THE WEEK:

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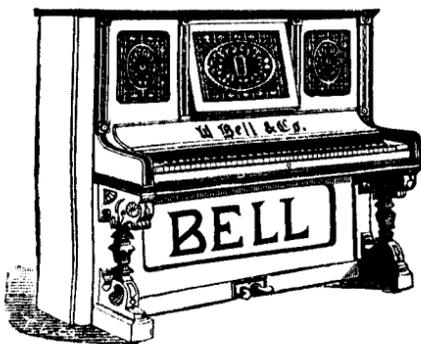
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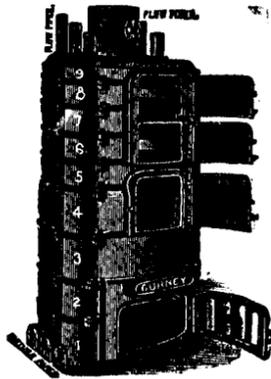
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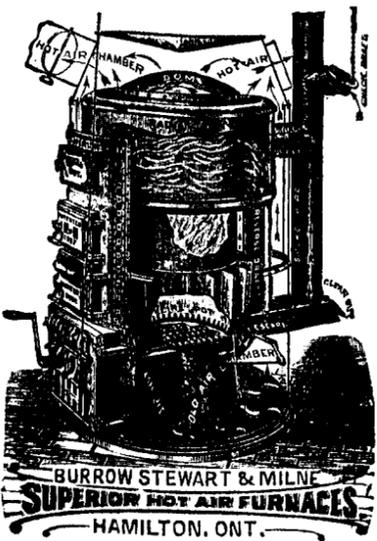


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NEWFOUNDLAND is in a sea of troubles in regard to her special fishery dispute. If it be true that the French fishermen have discovered a means of catching bait for themselves, thus rendering them independent of the Colony's bait laws, the island will be well-nigh defenceless against their encroachments. The Very Rev. M. F. Howley, Vicar Apostolic of the west coast of the Colony, is said to be trying to persuade his fellow-countrymen that the proper way to bring the fishery troubles to an end is to join the Canadian Confederation, and hand over the work of police protection to the Dominion. But, as the *Canadian Gazette* suggests, it might be well for Mr. Howley first to assure himself that Canada is willing to add a new international dispute to her already overfilled repertoire. It is by no means clear that such is the case, but we suppose it will be soon enough for Canada to say nay when the Newfoundlanders have been persuaded to ask admission to the federation. That they have as yet shewn no disposition to do. It has also been suggested, we are not sure but by the same prelate, that in the event of Great Britain continuing to turn a deaf ear to the complaints of the colonists, they may be driven to seek relief in annexation to the United States. But even the latter nation might hesitate before committing itself to the espousal of a quarrel of long standing and troublesome character with France. It is not pleasant to play the role of a Job's comforter in such a case, but it is pretty evident that the Newfoundlanders will have to work out, with such assistance as they can get from the Mother Country, their own deliverance. It is to be feared that there is little hope of a permanent settlement of the difficulty until the day of rest and stable government shall have dawned upon France. Whether that is near or far off it is now impossible to know.

THE *Canadian Gazette* wonders why it is that no respectable English paper thinks it worth while to give its readers reliable telegraphic news from Canada. It is

certainly rather wounding to our self-esteem to know that while "the Shah of Persia, or some other eastern potentate with whom England's concern may well be infinitesimal, has only to nod his head and the cable is set violently in motion on behalf of the *Times* and other London journals; Canada might pass through several stages of a revolution—a peaceful revolution, of course—before any English journal would think the fact worthy of a special cablegram." The explanation is not very far to seek. The question is not so much one of relative importance, as of political status. The Shah of Persia represents a nation. However uncivilized, unprogressive or uncouth, it is still a nation, and a nation so situated that its good or ill will is a matter of importance to England. Canada, on the other hand, no matter how powerful or progressive from a commercial point of view, is but a colony. What great English newspaper would think it worth while to expend large sums of money and to give considerable portions of space to the affairs of a mere colony. How many of its readers would be interested in Canadian special cablegrams, if they should be procured? It is doubtful whether the case would be much altered were the Dominion to become a part of a great Imperial Federation. We should still be but a little corner of the Empire, too insignificant in comparison with the central body or the great whole to be worthy of special attention. If Canada is ambitious of receiving the attention either of England or of foreign nations, she must herself assume the responsibilities of national life.

THE wasting and painful disease from which the Hon. T. B. Pardee had so long suffered terminated in his death, on the 21st inst., at his residence in Sarnia. For a short time after the reconstruction of the Ontario Government, which took place upon the resignation of the Premiership by Mr. Blake, in 1872, Mr. Pardee filled the office of Provincial Secretary and Registrar. His record as a public man and Provincial Minister was, however, made almost entirely during his fourteen years' management of the Crown Lands Department, to which he succeeded in 1873. That in this responsible and difficult office he developed and exhibited the qualities of integrity, fairness, and executive ability in a marked degree, will, we believe, be generally conceded by political opponents as well as by friends. Though the Department of Crown Lands is one which is a special object of scrutiny and suspicion, by reason of the vast pecuniary interests it involves and the tempting opportunities for favouritism it presents, we are not aware that any charge of personal corruption or political abuse was ever made good, or even left in reasonable doubt, during his administration. Though it is rather humiliating to say so, this is pretty high praise in these times of intense partyism in politics. Mr. Pardee's abilities as a speaker were of a practical, business-like, rather than of an ornamental kind. While vigorous in debate, and uncompromising in the maintenance of the views which he held to be sound and right, he was almost invariably good-humoured and courteous, and as a consequence stood high in the esteem of opponents as well as supporters. He was eminently wise in counsel and firm in action, and in his forced retirement from public life the Government and the Province suffered a loss not easily made good.

WOULD the crusade of the Anti-Jesuit agitators be any less effective were their orators to give at least some of the one hundred and eighty-eight members of Parliament who voted against Mr. O'Brien's resolution credit for common honesty of purpose? Why is it necessary to accuse all these indiscriminately of having been actuated by base motives or having succumbed to papal influence? Surely amongst so many of the chosen representatives of the Canadian people there must have been at least a few whose integrity should be as far above suspicion as that of any one of the heroic "thirteen!" Had the majority been unable to adduce cogent or at least plausible arguments in support of their vote there might have been more excuse for wholesale impeachment of their motives. Not all the leaders of the "Equal Rights" movement, but certainly too many of them, are given to this kind of denunciatory rhetoric. May we venture to submit that their appeals would be much more effective with the cooler classes of

those whom they address, were they to substitute for imputations of political or moral cowardice, and other despicable motives, against those who differ from their views and methods, some solid reasons sufficient to warrant those who have been accustomed to regard the local autonomy secured by our constitution as the one and only condition on which confederation was and is either possible or desirable, in forsaking that principle in this particular case, or in excluding Quebec from the scope of its operation.

THE pledge given by Mr. Dalton McCarthy in his Stayner speech that he would at the next session of Parliament move a resolution to abolish the official use of the French language in the North-West Territory has attracted considerable attention. Manitoba is so loosely distinguished in many minds from the vast territory beyond that Mr. McCarthy's proposed action has been misunderstood in some quarters as applying to or including that Province, and he has been reminded that the Manitoba Act, passed by the British Parliament to remove any doubts as to the validity of the Dominion Act creating and constituting that Province, has effectually put it beyond the power of the Canadian Parliament to effect any such change there. Even were it otherwise, the sound principle of local self-government would require that the initiative should be taken by the Province itself. Still further, as is well-known, the mixed character of the population in Manitoba at the time it was erected into a Province put the question of the use of two languages on a very different footing from that existing in the North-West at the time the Territorial Act was passed. Circumstances have very materially changed in the Prairie Province since it came into existence as such. Should its representatives in the local Legislature at any time decide, as it is, we believe, not improbable that they may do at an early day, that there no longer exists a necessity for the continuance of French as an official language, their representations could hardly fail to receive favourable consideration at Ottawa, and, no doubt, a constitutional mode of amending the Constitution in that respect could be found. But until such request has been formulated at Winnipeg, Ottawa interference in the matter might be regarded as an impertinence. The North-West has, also, it is true, received a kind of semi-autonomy, and it may be argued with some force that the movement for a change of the kind proposed by Mr. McCarthy should originate at Regina. At the same time there can be no doubt of the competence of the Dominion Parliament to take the initiative in regard to the Territory and, seeing that the North-West Act is still undergoing modification, the present would be a good time to commence. The consent of the local Council might pretty safely be taken as granted. The North-West Territory, therefore, offers to Mr. McCarthy and other leaders of the Equal Rights Association an excellent opportunity to commence practical operations.

IT is not unlikely that there may be a foundation of truth beneath the rumours which are just now radiating from Ottawa in regard to a prospective readjustment of the Cabinet. There is no doubt room for improvement both in the material and in the make-up of the Dominion Ministry. An infusion of new and vigorous blood might not come amiss in the trying times which are looming on the horizon. At the present moment when strenuous efforts are being put forth to open new channels of trade in various directions, and heavy subsidies are about to be given to projected steamboat lines with a view to further these projects, it seems especially desirable that the oversight of the trade and commerce of the Dominion should be made the special study and care of the most competent minister obtainable. Public opinion, forecasting the Premier's purpose, seems to have already set apart Mr. J. J. C. Abbott for the new portfolio for which provision has already been made by the Act of 1887. But it is to be earnestly hoped that whatever change may be found expedient in the personnel of the Cabinet, there may be no such increase in the number of its members as that said to be foreshadowed. If the present large staff of ministers is not sufficient to manage the affairs of a federation of five millions of people who have no less than seven or eight local ministries and parliaments to look after all local mat

ters, there must be something seriously wrong either with the ministers, the constitution, or the people. Surely Canadians are not so hard to govern that they require to keep them in hand twice as many Cabinet officers as the sixty millions of the United States.

MR. LAURIER has been speaking some plain words in reference to the Dominion Franchise Act. That the Act is open to criticism at many points is almost beyond question. We should be inclined to say that its great and radical defect is its existence. It has no sufficient reason-to-be. Almost every consideration of political fair-play, as well as of convenience and economy, is on the side of leaving the determination of the franchise and the preparation of the electoral lists in the hands of the local authorities. Had the majority of the Local Governments continued to be of the same political complexion as that of the Dominion, it is in the highest degree improbable that the Dominion Franchise Act would ever have been heard of. But it is evident that whatever suspicion of partisan unfairness may attach to the character or working of a Provincial Electoral Act, drawn up and administered by a Provincial Party Government, a precisely similar presumption will exist in reference to the character and working of a Dominion Electoral Act, drawn up and administered by a Dominion Party Government. Thus, it is hardly too much to say that in the very process of taking the business into its own hands, and exercising its undoubted constitutional right to create a Dominion franchise and operate a Dominion election law, the Canadian Government laid itself open to the same suspicion it entertained in regard to the Provincial Governments. But, waiving this, and saying nothing of other serious objections, such as those touching the qualifications of voters, the appointment of revising officers, etc., there are two radical defects in the Act, either of which should suffice to condemn it. One is, the enormous and almost unheard-of expense it entails. The other is, the difficulty or impossibility of securing correct lists of voters under it. The figures in regard to the former are as startling as familiar. As to the latter, there can be little doubt that when the lists are complete and the bills footed there will still be thousands of citizens possessed of the prescribed qualifications whose names will not be on the voters' lists; while, on the other hand, those lists will contain thousands of men not legally qualified. There must be something seriously wrong when legislation so expensive leads to such results.

THE signing of the contract for the fast Atlantic service undertaken by the Messrs. Anderson may fairly be regarded as the opening of a new chapter in the commercial history of the Dominion. This is the more apparent from the fact that the arrangement in question is to be followed up by other contracts of a similar kind, except in respect to speed, for the running of steamboat lines to the Antipodes, and others to various points in the West Indies and South America. The policy is undoubtedly a bold one. The subsidies are large and will be a heavy additional drain upon an exchequer not over plethoric. But the boldest policy, if well considered and energetically carried out, is not unfrequently the best and safest. Without being over-sanguine we may hope that the results in this case will vindicate the sagacity of the Government. It was evident that something must be done. The era of over-production was setting in, and the necessity for finding other and larger markets becoming imperative. English statesmen took a bold step when they repealed the Corn Laws and abolished other taxes on food. The result was, as Mr. Gladstone reminded a Cardiff audience the other day, that the commerce of the country had been multiplied five-fold, capital had been largely increased and wages had gone up fifty per cent. Many will have serious doubts as to the possibility of producing similar results by the reverse process, viz., putting heavy taxes on importations and using the funds thus procured to subsidize steamships in the hope of stimulating importation as well as exportation. But the country having adopted the National Policy, and being resolved, seemingly, to maintain it, it could scarcely do better in the way of giving it a further trial than to strike out boldly for a larger share in the world's commerce. Should these enterprises succeed in creating a large and profitable foreign commerce, Canadians will be enabled to congratulate themselves on having seen farther than their neighbours, and, not content with following them in their restrictive policy, gone farther and won success at the very point where the Great Republic has conspicuously failed. It is yet too soon, however, to make the boast.

IF the minds of any members of the Colonial Governments and Legislatures have been greatly vexed by the rumour that the Colonial Secretary had impugned their right to the title of "honourable" in England, it may be hoped that the explanation offered by Baron de Worms in the British House of Commons will set them at rest. Baron de Worms explains that the question has not been raised recently in any shape, and that no instructions have been issued on the subject.

"It has at no time," he added, "been the practice to use that title in addressing Colonial gentlemen residing in this country, but it is a common practice to accord it when the person entitled to it is absent from his own colony on a visit to another colony. The reason for not addressing colonial gentlemen by that title when they are in this country would appear to be that here it is not adopted as a designation of any executive or legislative status, being the courtesy title distinguishing sons of peers. But, although no new instructions have been issued on the subject, it happens to be the case that during the Colonial Conference the Secretary of State did take the new course of addressing as "honourable" the Colonial representatives actually serving on the Conference, feeling that their presence here on official duty might properly be so recognized."

So it appears that whatever innovation has been made was in a direction quite the opposite of that charged in the rumours. We are not aware that anyone in Canada has been greatly perturbed, or that any particular mischief has resulted from the misapprehension. Otherwise the parties injured would have good reason to complain that the Colonial Office did not more promptly make the explanation.

THE debate arranged for Thursday in the British House of Commons, on the question of Royal Grants, is of far more than ordinary importance. No doubt the Government policy will prevail and the increased grant to the Prince of Wales be voted by a good majority, without any condition in regard to future applications from members of the Royal Family. Unfortunately the question is one of those in which the debate counts for more than the vote. Every judicious friend of Constitutional monarchy must regret that a discussion involving a personal issue between members of the reigning Family and the nation, should have been raised. The discussion may have been unavoidable, but it can hardly fail to be mischievous. Only less to be dreaded than a refusal of Parliament to vote the money asked for the support of the Queen's grand-children is an assent given by virtue of a party majority and in the face of a strong, organized opposition. Such a victory is next door to a defeat. It gives the Opposition orators opportunity and incentive to address their speeches not to the Commons but to the electors, and to marshal their arguments and invectives against the costliness and extravagance of monarchy before the eyes of the whole people. We do not say it is not right that this should be done. The people have to pay the money, and their claim to know how and why it is appropriated is incontestable. But the fact that on every new occasion the scrutiny becomes more searching, the complaints more outspoken, the opposition more pronounced, is too significant to be overlooked, one would suppose, even by Royalty itself. This tendency makes it as certain as any future event can be that the day is coming when the minority will have become the majority and a Royal request may be met with a Parliamentary negative. How much wiser would it be to forestall the coming evil by some such compromise as that offered by the Opposition leaders, and, as we can scarcely help believing, really approved by the Government, had the matter been entirely in their hands.

THE Church Convocation of England has been discussing the gambling evil. All the speakers seemed pretty well agreed that the evil is growing, and a resolution was adopted expressive of the alarm felt at the "prevalence and increase of betting and gambling." Telling evidence of the deplorable effects of the practice was given by the governors and chaplains of gaols, to whom circulars of enquiry had been sent. What will be surprising to many of our readers is the fact that several of the speakers, amongst them Canon Bright and Archdeacon Farrar, while convinced that the practice was fraught with terrible evil, felt themselves at a loss to discover or define just what was the direct sin of betting and gambling. Canon Bright felt that they could hardly regard them as sins in themselves, although they brought in an element of fraud, and thus introduced sin. Archdeacon Farrar could find no passage in the Bible which referred absolutely to the matter, though he condemned the habit as a most dangerous and spurious excitement and moral evil. We should have sup-

posed that the violation of the great moral law involved in the effort to become possessed of the property of another without rendering an equivalent—which is the very essence of gambling—was gross and palpable. Surely if there is anything clearly implied in the whole ethical code of the New Testament, it is that the man who takes, or strives to take, that which is his neighbour's, without adequate return, is both dishonest and dishonourable. In view of the perplexity of these worthy prelates on this point, it is not to be wondered at that their condemnation of raffles and lotteries at bazaars was less emphatic than might have been expected, though after considerable discussion a rider "discouraging" these practices was added to the resolution.

THE various Oppositions in Canada favour us from time to time with interesting statements showing the remarkable tendency of qualifications for lucrative posts in the public service to run in the families of members of the Government and other high officials. But if we may judge from facts which are being just now brought to light this singular law of heredity, or rather of consanguinity, is even more operative in the United States than with us. Public attention was first directed to it by the not very seemly spectacle of the President of the Great Republic appointing several of his family relations to important positions. As might have been expected his subordinates have not been slow to imitate and even improve upon so suggestive an example. Some of the results show an amount of coolness and nerve that is truly wonderful. The new Commissioner for Indian affairs, for instance, makes his wife his Secretary at a salary of \$1,000 a year. The Superintendent of Indian Schools "goes him one better," as the sports would say, and appoints his own wife to a similar position at \$6 a day. Secretary Blaine selects his own son for an important post in the State Department. Another high official makes his daughter his private secretary, and another caps the climax by rewarding a railway porter, who has the good fortune to be of some service to his wife, with a position in the Treasury Department. As the *Nation* observes, "in every instance the public service is used as if it were private property." As we have already intimated we in Canada are in no position to cast stones at our neighbours. The same idea of the use of patronage has been reduced to a science both in Dominion and in Provincial affairs. The fact affords a by no means pleasing illustration of the power of selfishness to blunt the finer perceptions of propriety. Theoretically it might have been expected that a certain almost instinctive sense of what is becoming would have made those elevated to posts of high honour and trust scrupulously careful to avoid anything having the slightest appearance of nepotism. In the United States there are some indications that a healthful reaction may be setting in. Just as the unblushing extreme to which bribery was carried in the Presidential election has produced a recoil leading to strict anti-bribery legislation by many States, so now the very grossness of the nepotic abuse is leading to earnest protests from even the Republican press.

THE United States probably contains within its wide borders more varieties of civilization, and uncivilization, than any other nation in the world. It has long been notorious that certain parts of the South have codes of morality and honour which are, according to Northern views, little removed from barbarism. If any had partly forgotten the fact the events connected with the murder of Captain Dawson a few weeks since afforded a very startling and shocking reminder. Captain Dawson was editor of the Charleston (S.C.) *News and Courier*, a paper which had done more than any other influence to abolish the duel in South Carolina. Mr. Dawson had also, we are told, denounced the suppression of the negro vote, and might have been supposed to have earned the gratitude of the negroes. But he had, it appears, spoken slightly of negro morals and so given offence to the coloured race and had, in other ways, made himself unpopular. Having gone to Dr. McDow's office, armed only with a light cane, to reproach the latter, who seems to be an avowed libertine, for a dastardly attempt to seduce a young Swiss girl in his employ, Captain Dawson was treacherously killed by McDow. At the trial the jury of twelve, seven of whom were coloured men, gave a speedy verdict of acquittal, and Dr. McDow, after receiving the congratulations of his friends, went forth a free man, to resume his evil practices with scarcely a word of apology for what he termed his "little indiscretion." The *News and Courier* declares that the jury was "fixed," and that no accumula-

tion of evidence could have secured conviction. Dark and horrible as all this is the *Independent* and other Northern observers are extracting comfort and hope from the fact that "now, after some delay, the sense of righteousness is asserting itself. The newspapers of the South have begun to speak out strongly, and the Democratic papers of the North have pointed them the way." More hopeful still, perhaps, the ministers of Charleston have plucked up courage and found their voices. Sunday before last, in accordance with a previous understanding, sermons were preached all over the city with special reference to this affair and in denunciation of the vice and lawlessness which are making its people a reproach and an offence in the eyes of the world. This, it is hoped, may prove to be the beginning of a great moral reaction, the influence of which will be felt in all the future.

THE proposal to form a great railroad trust in the United States suggests some very serious and troublesome questions. Such a scheme is, it is believed, actually proposed by people of financial weight and standing, and is supported by some eminent bankers; though, as yet, it has taken no definite shape. The same question arises as in regard to any other national monopoly of a business commodity of absolute necessity to the whole people. One can readily understand how an honest, unselfish trust, if we may imagine such a thing, bringing all the roads in the union under a common management and system, doing away with the enormous waste that characterizes all competition, and operating the whole system with a view to the best accommodation and highest convenience of the public, would be nothing less than a national blessing. But on the other hand the seizure and control of the whole system of railroads for the purposes of a selfish monopoly would place the people, and the property and business interests of the nation, at the mercy of a few capitalists. This would be intolerable, and no people, least of all the people of the United States, would suffer it for a day. The thing is evidently preposterous. But the question which all such schemes suggest to thoughtful minds is, whether there is no escape from the wonderful and deplorable waste of capital and energy that are the inevitable outcome of our present competitive methods, and whether advancing intelligence and a higher civilization may not bring about some state of affairs under which the people will enjoy all the benefits of combination and co-operation, without risk of suffering the evils which are inseparable from monopoly in the hands of greedy and soulless corporations. This is one of the great problems the political science of the future has to solve.

THE CENTENARY OF THE FRENCH • REVOLUTION.

ONE might say almost anything of the French Revolution, and the greatest paradox that could be uttered would have some truth in it. It is quite intelligible that the crowned heads of Europe should refuse to be represented at the commemoration; for that would be assisting to glorify the overthrow of a monarchy. But, for all that, the Revolution had to take place, although no one could predict its form and results, and the slightest difference in certain circumstances might have given it an entirely different shape.

It would be easy to defend the most pessimistic views of this great convulsion, and there would be no great difficulty in supporting the most optimistic. Nothing could be much worse than some of its features and incidents; but the state of things which brought it on demanded a desperate remedy.

When Arthur Young visited France a short time before the outbreak, he declared that he saw there all the signs which betoken a coming revolution. The administration of justice in a state of paralysis, the upper classes utterly given up to selfish indulgence and neglectful of the interests of their dependents, the agricultural classes ground down by every kind of exaction, the poor in towns uneducated, ill-fed, brutalized, and religious faith almost extinct throughout the country—such was the state of France towards the end of the eighteenth century.

If one were required to put the condition of France before the Revolution into a single phrase, he might say it was the possession of privileges without the corresponding discharge of duties. It is a phrase worth considering alike by the advocates and the assailants of privilege. The revolutionist fancies that he is laying the axe to the root of the tree of evil when he shouts down privilege. The more conservative thinks he is supporting the true organi-

zation of the State when he maintains the principle of authority. Both may be right and both may be wrong. As M. Taine has pointed out in his admirable work on the *Ancien Régime*, privilege is not necessarily bad: it is bad only when divorced from the duties which are involved in its possession.

This statement has been called in question by some of M. Taine's French critics. As long as he denounced the evils which brought about the Revolution, M. Taine was a good republican and a trustworthy historian. As soon as he began to point out the excesses of the Revolution and the miseries which they entailed on France, he was denounced as an aristocrat. But M. Taine was substantially right alike in his denunciation of the old régime and in his condemnation of the doings of the revolutionists. It may be quite true that, all things considered, they could not have acted very differently. It may be quite true that the great convulsion, as Mr. Frederick Harrison says, was an evolution rather than a revolution. But an explanation is not a justification. Unless we are prepared to eliminate the moral element from human history, we are bound, in studying the doings of men, to form a judgment not merely as to the matter of fact, but in the question of right or wrong.

Privileges are necessary if duties are obligatory. Strictly speaking, every endowment which we possess draws after it a certain amount of responsibility; and there can be no duty where there is no power. If, then, certain men are appointed for the discharge of higher duties, they must be invested with higher privileges. No one who understands the meaning of such a proposition can fail to affirm it. But the contrary is equally certain, that, wherever special privileges are afforded, there corresponding obligations are imposed. Were it not that these simple truisms are so often forgotten in their application and neglected in practice, it would not be necessary even to refer to them.

Privileges enjoyed and duties neglected have for their first result the misery of the community, especially of the unprivileged classes, then something like chaos, then explosion, and the extinction of privileges. No class ever enjoyed privileges and neglected the corresponding duties without being stopped of their privileges. Here is the explanation of the practical downfall of the Aristocracy. The old feudal system was, in many ways, a very beautiful one. If the ruling classes had been truly fathers to their dependents, it might have gone on indefinitely. We do not suppose that they behaved worse than other classes have done; but their position and privileges required them to behave better. Many things which they might have done, and could have done, and should have done, they neglected; and their power has passed from them.

Is not the same lesson taught by the assaults upon the rights of property in the present day. The socialist declares that the modern plutocrat is no better, but is sometimes much worse, than the ancient aristocrat. If property does its duty, it will be honoured and protected. If it neglects to do its duty, society will endeavour, by ingenious legislation, to constrain it to do its duty. If neither voluntarily nor under legal compulsion property can be got to do its duty, then it will certainly be destroyed. Pr udhon's saying in that case will be true: *La propriété, c'est le vol* (property is theft). This is not a matter of opinion, possibility, speculation. It is a law, and we may as well think to abolish the law of gravitation as to escape the operation of this law of social, national, human life.

This is the moral of the French Revolution. The royal power was almost absolute. The king had everything in his own hands. When those were the hands of Louis XIV., the machine of the State at least went on. A man with such gigantic power of work was able to keep an eye upon all the departments of government. One cannot say that the system was a good one. It was a very bad one and it brought unnumbered woes upon France. It destroyed its higher and nobler mind. Literature withered under this blighting autocracy; even religion became degraded and finally almost extinguished. But when the machine came into the hands of a weak man, like Louis XV., then everything went to pieces. Whatever government there was, was almost entirely bad; and it went from bad to worse. Louis XVI. was quite disposed to do better; but he did not know how, and apparently no one could tell him; and when by chance he was rightly directed, he could not be sure that this was the case; and, when he was sure, he had not the decision to act upon his convictions; and we know the result.

As regards the nobility, they were, on the whole more neglectful of their duties than the kings. The brilliant Court at Versailles drew to itself the leading gentry of France, who thought nothing of their property or their tenantry, except as sources from which they could draw supplies for the support of their luxury, their splendour, their ostentation at Versailles and in Paris. The condition of the lower classes in the provinces was pitiable, frightful. Multitudes perished of sheer starvation; multitudes more lived on its very verge. Such sowing must bring after it a terrible reaping; and awful as was the reign of terror—especially as it involved the innocent in the ruin of the guilty—perhaps a righteous judgment might decide that the harvest was not out of proportion to the seed-time.

The certainty of the law which we are illustrating is brought out in a remarkable manner by comparing the fate of the aristocracy of France with that of the same class in England. The English aristocracy had many faults, neglected many duties, committed many errors; and they have suffered accordingly. Their feudal privileges are gone, and they will never return. But they never separated themselves from their tenantry. They lived among the people from whom they drew their revenues. They were never, as a class, selfish and hard-hearted. They cared for their people, were kind to them, and were loved by them. And the result of all this remains. The English aristocracy are still a high and powerful class, greatly honoured and even beloved, although the form of their power has changed, and might now, perhaps, be better described by that subtle word, influence.

As we have seen, it is quite different in France. It is hardly possible, at this time of day, to believe in the brutal selfishness of the French nobility as a class. Doubtless there were exceptions, and very beautiful exceptions. But the simple facts in regard to the condition of the people leave us in no doubt as to the conduct of the vast majority, and the inevitable result has come. The French noblesse has ceased to exist. There is now no landed class in France. And people say there is no Day of Judgment!

We have noted that some have preferred to speak of the French Revolution as an evolution. We have no objection whatever to this mode of representation, provided the word is used in such a sense as not to exclude the voluntary action of those who were the agents of the Revolution. Only we cannot accept the term as implying that there was any absolute necessity for the catastrophe taking place in that form and no other. If the bronze-visaged officer who put an end to the Revolution with a "whiff of grape shot" had been present at the Tuilleries when the Swiss Guard were slaughtered, not as a spectator, but in command of those brave men, the whole subsequent course of the Revolution might have been different—whether for better or for worse. Certainly we can imagine a much happier series of occurrences—whether ultimately more beneficial to poor France, God only knows.

Dr. Arnold remarked most truly that it was the misery of France that she had so utterly broken with her past that she could not connect her present and future history with it; but her past had been so bad that no other course was possible. There is an immense amount of truth in these sayings; yet it would be easy to show that there is also a good amount of truth in a representation quite the reverse of this. No community breaks entirely with its past, any more than an individual can at any moment begin his life anew. It is, perhaps, the misfortune of France that she cannot break with her past. But her future is, in any case, most uncertain. Her rulers seem to be without capacity. Those who are attempting fresh revolution, whether Boulangists or others, can hardly be credited with patriotism. Even when a man of real ability arises—like Gambetta,—he is set up by the motley crowd only to be pulled down again. No one can predict the future, except by saying that the unforeseen is the thing which will happen. We dull Anglo-Saxons are incapable of the dramatic revolutions which convulse the world. We make our changes in a solid, practical, shop-keeper fashion; but we know better what we want, and we keep pretty fairly what we have got.

We may learn two lessons from the French Revolution first, that the best friends of the community are neither the radicals nor the obstructives, but the reformers, who removed what is evil and retained what is good—something like our old respectable and calumniated Whigs; and, secondly, that the opponents of all change are the real authors of revolution. M. A.

THE late Oliver Ditson left \$15,000 for the founding of a home for poor singers. But the sum is appallingly inadequate. Fifteen millions wouldn't house half of them.

NOCTURNE.

NIGHT of mid-June in heavy vapours dying,
Like priestly hands thy holy touch is lying
Upon the world's wide brow;
God-like and grand all nature is commanding
The "peace that passes human understanding,"
We too can feel it now.

What matters it to-night if one life treasure
We covet is not ours? Are we to measure
The gifts of Heaven's decree
By our desires? O! hearts forever longing
For some far gift where many gifts are thronging,
Perhaps it may not be.

O! souls that covet, lift your longing higher,
Perhaps will fall a gleam of radiant fire
That shows your cross is gold;
For underneath that cross, however lowly,
A jewel rests, white, beautiful, and holy,
Whose worth can not be told.

Like to a scene I watched one day in wonder—
A city great and powerful lay under
A sky of grey and gold,
The sun outbreathing in his farewell hour,
Was scattering afar a yellow shower
Of light that aureoled.

With brief, hot touch, so marvellous and shining,
A hundred steeples on the sky outlining,
Like network threads of fire;
Above them all, with halo far outspreading,
I see a golden cross in glory heading
A consecrated spire.

I only see its gleaming form uplifting
Against the clouds of grey to seaward drifting,
And yet I surely know
Beneath the seen a great unseen is resting,
For while the cross that pinnacle is cresting
An *Altar* lies below.

Night of mid-June, so slumberous and tender,
Night of mid-June, transcendent in thy splendour,
Thy silent wings enfold
And hush our longings, as at thy desire
All colour fades from 'round that far off spire,
Except its cross of gold.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

DIVERS OPINIONS.

IN the June number of the *New York Eclectic Magazine* there are no less than five articles (reprinted from the *Nineteenth Century*, the *Contemporary Review*, and the *Fortnightly Review*) bearing, four of them directly, one indirectly, on the same subject. We will take first "Ethics and Religion:" An Address delivered before the Ethical Society of Cambridge, by Professor J. R. Seeley. He says: "The special characteristic of our age is the fact that unusual moral earnestness is combined with an unprecedented perplexity and uncertainty, and that the old recognized organs of spiritual life are in a great degree paralyzed at the very moment when spiritual life itself is most active. I do not know in what degree this Ethical Society may have consciously sprung out of the feeling so widely prevalent that existing Churches and existing forms of Christianity are not equal to the burden which the age imposes on them in respect of moral teaching." Further, "Whether you will come in aid of the Christian Church, or whether you will try to push it on one side, is a question you will have to consider." "If you set out with theory, but add to theory an active propaganda, you will find, as I said, an obstacle in the Church, which in my opinion will either defeat or pervert and vitiate your enterprise. But you may set out, not with theory, but with practice, and you may use theory as an instrument just so far as you feel the need of it." "The latter seems to me as hopeful as the former seems dangerous and difficult." "You may find in the needs of the Church and from the difficulties with which the Church now contends, your main dependence and prospect of success." "I dare say there are among you some who are strongly impressed by the defects of the Christianity which is popularly taught; there may be some, for aught I know, who reject Christianity in whatever form it may be taught." "I certainly admit that in the popular Christianity of Church and Chapel there is more than enough of error, and mischievous error. But, if we take a practical view, if we start rather with a keen sense of the public needs than with a strong logical grasp of abstract truth, I think we shall arrive at a very different conclusion. It does seem to me that those who fully realize the dangers of the time, who mark the wildness that prevails, the recklessness of anarchy, the ravages of pessimism, that are appearing as the results of an age which sets all minds, even the rudest, thinking on all subjects, even the most delicate, which demands the most resolute action while at the same time it shakes all the principles by which action might be guided—those who mark this, I think, will feel that it is no time for sophistical wit-combats, but for the greatest possible union and co-operation among serious men of all schools." "What we want is not a new set of philosophic dogmas. The decline

of religious belief is a part of the evil, but in my opinion only a part, for what we have to deal with is a decline of all belief." "Not a theological creed merely, but the whole creed necessary for life and character has crumbled away and needs to be replaced. This is the immense opportunity I spoke of." "I dare say many of your members are orthodox Christians, but I think we must all alike hold that the Christian teaching of the present day is insufficient, exceedingly insufficient. You found ethical societies because you consider that so large a part of practical morality is either forgotten or only treated perfunctorily in church or chapel, that the Christianity of the day may almost be said to teach religion perhaps, but not ethics." "Is it your object to rouse ethical life among the people? I say then that attacks on Christianity, whatever else they may do, can only have the effect of paralyzing ethical life." "It seems to me that much of the confusion we already witness, much of the unrestrained folly and frenzy which fill us with dismay is the effect of this conflict of authorities. The ancient author affirms and forthwith the modern authority denies. Do you regard the public as an intelligent judge, calmly deciding between the disputants? Is it not rather a bewildered listener, whom the uncertainty reduces to despair?" These dislocated extracts are of course insufficient to express the whole tenor of Professor Seeley's address, but they may serve as an adequate guide to his prevailing points and tone of thought. They are all that we can make room for. But, with all submission, there is here one serious deficiency. In speaking of Christianity it is not enough to name "morals" and "ethics." Doubtless these form an integral part of Christianity, but very far from its whole. There is much that neither "morals" nor "ethics" describes or reaches. Deep down, firmly rooted at the bottom of the human heart, the Creator has implanted impulse, sensibility, compassion, charity, love; desire to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit the widow and fatherless, solace affliction and grief, assuage pain, relieve the necessitous, reclaim the vicious, the criminal, the sinful. The Good Samaritan is of no time or clime. This is not morals or ethics, great and good as they are, it is Christianity. It is a Christianity that is unassailable, imperishable, immutable. "Unassailable," we say, because no scepticism or agnosticism ever does or ever can assail it. The very hypocrite assumes—the tribute which vice pays to virtue—assumes these virtues though he has them not.

The second article that we will notice is "Christianity and the 'Geocentric' System," by Professor Edward A. Freeman, D.C.L. He says: "It certainly seems to me that the difficulties suggested by the critical and the moral objections are much greater, and far better deserve the most thorough answer that Christian apologists can give, than the difficulties which are suggested by the purely scientific objections." "It does seem to me that some of the difficulties which rise out of critical objections are very serious indeed." "But the scientific accuracy of the book of Genesis, or of any other part of the Old or New Testament is surely a much less serious matter." It is not essential to follow up this article at length, although it exhibits great ingenuity and commands all the respect that Professor Freeman's name carries with it, because it is only an elaboration of the foregoing opinion. It goes on to show that the "Geocentric" System does not possess the importance, as a religious argument, that has been attributed to it, being a scientific objection, and not a moral or critical one.

Let us turn to "Christianity and Agnosticism, by Rev. Dr. Wace." It must be premised that at the late Church Congress, at Manchester, the Bishop of Peterborough had let fall the expression, "cowardly agnosticism," and Dr. Wace had said that "an agnostic was only an old-fashioned infidel, in an unpleasant sense, and afraid to appear under his old name." Now, as Professor Huxley was the originator of the term "agnostic," and the father of it in his own person, and there had been a long-lasting feud between him and churchmen, every blow telling and every blow meant to tell, it is not surprising that he should take these sayings as applying to himself. He was ill at the time, and a long way off, trying to regain his health, his illness having been, as Dr. Wace says, "the occasion of universal regret." When he had sufficiently recovered, some months afterward, he put himself on his defence in an article called "Agnosticism" in the *Nineteenth Century*. To this there was a reply by Dr. Wace in the same review, followed by a rejoinder from Professor Huxley and Dr. Wace. From this last may be taken some expressions applied by Dr. Wace to Professor Huxley, as forcible examples of the pass to which the controversy has come, and how *vires acquirit eundo*—"palpable evasion, aggravated," etc.; "an absolute and palpable *non sequitur*, a mere juggle of phrases and upon this juggle," etc.; "not, in fact, reasoning at all, but mere presumption and guess-work, inconsistent, moreover, with all experience and common sense;" "Professor Huxley's quibbles;" "in the most flagrant manner evaded my challenge;" "the insult to the theologians;" "what seems to me so astonishing about Professor Huxley's articles is not the wildness of their conclusions, but the rottenness of their ratiocination." By these expressions may also be fairly judged the stinging powers of irritation that Professor Huxley possesses. There is no denying those. It is no matter of wonder that the words "insult to theologians" were used against him. Again, in quoting from him, Dr. Wace says "honest disbelief—the word 'honest' is not a misquotation—honest disbelief," from which there seems to be no escape from inferring that Dr. Wace has no faith in disbelief being "honest." Here appropriately comes, in the fifth article to be mentioned, "Cowardly

Agnosticism," by W. H. Mallock. He says: "Firstly, he (Professor Huxley) speaks as a man pre-eminently well acquainted with certain classes of facts. Secondly, he speaks as a man eminent, if not pre-eminent, for the vigour and honesty with which he has faced these facts, and drawn certain conclusions from them." Add to this, that Archdeacon Farrar says, in his preface to his "Life of Christ," "a scepticism which I know to be, in many cases, perfectly honest and self-sacrificingly noble." Then, Mr. Mallock says, "I agree with Professor Huxley that, on the grounds advanced by the bishop, this epithet 'cowardly' is entirely undeserved; but I propose to show him that it is deserved on others entirely unsuspected by himself." Such divers opinions are there. Mr. Mallock has much candour with respect to objections made by science; he brushes them all aside, but he states what they are fairly enough. He says: "Theologic religion does not say that, within limits, the agnostic principle is not perfectly valid, and has led to the discovery of a vast body of truth." He repeats Professor Huxley's description of duty—"to devote oneself to the service of Humanity, including intellectual and moral self-culture under that name;" "to pity and help all men to the best of one's ability;" "to be strong and patient;" "to be ethically pure and noble;" and to push our devotion to others "to the extremity of self-sacrifice." "All these phrases are Professor Huxley's own," Mr. Mallock tells us. But to make what he means yet plainer, he adds that, in Professor Huxley's opinion, the best examples of the duty he has been describing are to be found among Christian martyrs and saints, such as Catherine of Siena, and above all in the ideal Christ—the noblest ideal of humanity (he calls it) which mankind has yet worshipped. It is simply impossible from limits of space even to enter upon a tenth part of all that Mr. Mallock has to say. He tilts against all alike, Mr. Herbert Spencer, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Professor Huxley. No matter what truths science has established, the planetary system, the law of gravitation, the antiquity of the earth, the antiquity of man, to which must be added evolution, not yet established, but gaining force day by day, by reason, Professor Le Conte says, "of the noble conceptions it gives of Nature and of God;" or, as the Rev. Charles Kingsley wrote to Darwin, "I have gradually learnt to see that it is just as noble a conception of Deity, to believe that He created primal forms capable of self-development into all forms needful *pro tempore* and *pro loco*, as to believe that He required a fresh act of intervention to supply the *lacunas* which He Himself had made. I question whether the former be not the loftier thought." To Mr. Mallock it does not seem to occur that Truth *must be* God's Truth. He takes no account of any objection, whether scientific, critical or moral, that may be urged by men of science, or by any other man, to preconceived opinions. He brushes them all aside like so much cobweb; they are nothing to him; with him religion is made up of love, fear and wonder, and there is no farther word to be said about it. This is perfectly intelligible; one can understand what Mr. Mallock means, but, in view of the other four articles under consideration, it is peculiar to Mr. Mallock. Dr. Wace says: "The strength of the Christian Church, in spite of its faults, errors, and omissions, is not in its creed, but in its Lord and Master." That is, in the personality of Jesus. There are here rather grave admissions, but setting them aside, who will not agree with Dr. Wace?

Great fault has been found with Professor Huxley's manner of saying what he has to say. Well, it has been allowed. He commits one great wrong. There is nothing more to be reprehended than treating without due consideration what is held sacred by others. Professor Huxley sins against that consideration. Whether he is the aggressor, or what provocation he receives, is not the question. He was a great friend and fearless defender of Darwin, and should take example from him. Darwin was the most peaceable and placable of men; abuse and ridicule were heaped upon him, but he never returned one angry word. He wrote to the Rev. J. Brodie Innes (vicar of his parish and Darwin's "fast friend for thirty years"): "I cannot remember that I ever published a word against religion or the clergy; but if you were to read a little pamphlet, which I received a couple of days ago, by a clergyman, you would laugh, and admit that I had some cause for bitterness. After abusing me for two or three pages, in language sufficiently plain and emphatic to have satisfied any reasonable man, he sums up by saying that he has searched the English language to find terms to express his contempt for me and all Darwinians." "But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." This divine precept was fully followed by Darwin. He showed the best belief in the Sermon on the Mount, of which Dr. Wace has, and rightly has, so much to say, by acting up to it. The character of Darwin has already been spoken of at large in this journal, but we may add what was said by the *London Spectator*, a very competent authority, "of such a man, of so rare a genius and so lofty a nature, the record cannot fail to be of deep and abiding interest for us all."

Nevertheless, he was an Agnostic. He wrote, "What my own views may be is a question of no consequence to any one but myself. But, as you ask, I may state that my judgment often fluctuates. . . . In my most extreme fluctuations I have never been an Atheist in the sense of denying the existence of a God. I think that generally (and more and more as I grow older), but not always, that an Agnostic would be the more correct description of my state of mind." And again, "I cannot pretend to throw

the least light on such abstruse problems. The mystery of the beginning of all things is insoluble by us; and I for one must be content to remain an Agnostic." We are told in his "Life" that "he naturally shrank from wounding the sensibilities of others in religious matters." He laid no stress upon his own family. That they were constant attendants at the parish church, a point of which there is no mention in the "Life," came to the writer's knowledge by chance. An intimate friend of his was one of the guests at a *table d'hôte* at Penzance in Cornwall, when the conversation fell on the county of Kent. One of the company asked him if he knew the little village of Down. "It was my birth-place," was the reply. "May I ask your name?" It was given. "Then," was the rejoinder, "your father died at B——" naming a foreign city. This was rather startling, but the explanation immediately followed. "I have read it, Sunday after Sunday, on a tablet in Down church; my father lives there, my name is Darwin, and I am at present an undergraduate at Cambridge." Possibly this want of insistence on Darwin's part may be what the Bishop of Peterborough means by "cowardly Agnosticism." But, in point of fact, Darwin's attitude to religious belief was purely negative, as may be seen above from what he said himself. He never thrust his opinions upon others, he never attacked theirs. The world has given its verdict upon him. His honoured remains were consigned to the shrine of Westminster Abbey with the "cordial acquiescence" of the Dean, telegraphed from abroad. Let us look at the matter dispassionately. Dr. Magee is a bishop; that deserves all respect in itself; he is credited with great qualities; his personal character, for aught we know, may stand as high as Darwin's. But has he any prospect of achieving a renown that will carry his character with it down to distant ages, as Darwin's will be carried? In one word, is Darwin the man upon whose memory the Bishop of Peterborough should cast the stain of "cowardly agnosticism"? The Bishop said, on the same occasion, that unbelief is "omnipresent." In that great number there is no other Darwin, but there may be other great and good men.

D. FOWLER.

MONTREAL LETTER.

THE Reverend Charles Spurgeon, son of the great preacher of the Metropolitan of the World, occupied a Montreal pulpit on the 14th instant, and delivered an address to the children of the Sunday School in the afternoon. This distinguished son of a distinguished father sets conventionalism at defiance, and appeared to the large congregation assembled to hear him in a grey shooting coat. Handsome, a natural and fluent speaker, full of extempore utterance though void of extempore fire, he presents a bold contrast to his celebrated father. In the morning he contrasted the tower of the righteous with the strong city of the rich man, and in the evening preached from the story of the palsied invalid, whose determination to see and hear Jesus led him to enlist the sympathies of his friends, who, being baffled by the crowd at gateway and courtyard, sought admission by the stairway and the roof. The interest of the sermon centred around the words, "We have seen strange things to-day." We are accustomed enough to the spectacle of one bringing, or seeking to bring, many to a revelation of goodness. In the story we have many uniting to bring one, and the practical suggestions and powerful lessons which fell from the reverend gentleman's lips must linger long in the minds of his serious auditors. This effect was heightened by his request that the gas be not lowered during his sermon, as he desired to see the sinners he was preaching to.

Some time during last winter our commercial minds were occupied with speculations about the organization of a scheme of great magnitude to celebrate, in 1892, the double anniversaries of the discovery of North America and the founding of Montreal. Since then the idea has slumbered, and, but for an unexpected coincidence, must, most probably, have died. The coincidence that New York threatens to kidnap the project has startled us into timely warning if not activity, and, to be candid, our hopes are dashed with doubt, if not despair. In New York, a scheme which is calculated to attract attention from an admiring world, to ensure foreign praise, to swell the volume of trade and to open up undreamt of channels for future commerce, is sure to be, speaking colloquially, no sooner said than done. But why should this stagger Montreal from proceeding to carry out to the best of her ability her nationally patriotic intention? Let New York immortalize Columbus. Let Montreal commemorate *Maison-neuve*, the lovely May morning when, amid bursting foliage, opening wild flowers, and hymns to the Holy Virgin, the cross was reverently planted on the site of the Indian village of Hochelaga, and the civilization and commerce which, with varying fortune, has grown in the two centuries and a half which have elapsed. Nothing but good could come of the effort, if set about in a historic, an intelligent, an enthusiastic manner. But the gods and the fates preserve us from again immortalizing ourselves after the manner of our Winter Carnivals!

The arrival of immigrants was the subject of a conference between the Mayor and representatives of the Board of Trade, the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific Railways, the Allan and Beaver Steamship Lines and the Churches. The need of accommodation on the wharves was discussed, and the following resolution was adopted and sent to the Hon. the Minister of Agriculture: "That, in the opinion of this meeting, the comfort of immigrants arriving at this

port would be best secured if a receiving house were erected somewhere in the neighbourhood of the examining warehouses, foot of McGill Street. It is believed that vacant land can be had there at a moderate price, and that the site would meet all interests better than any other. This, with the improved condition of the wharves which will result from contemplated improvements, it is believed, would remove all reasonable cause of complaint and provide necessary accommodation for passengers arriving at all seasons of the year." The lot referred to is on the corner of McGill and Common Streets, and further action awaits Mr. Carling's reply.

Our Street Railway Company has so long been the object of cynical British grumbling that no small surprise is the result of a stand they have just made in self-defence, if not retaliation. The contract between them and the city gives the latter the right to take possession of the streets without compensation. Streets like St. Catharine, Notre Dame, St. Antoine, St. Dominique and Craig have been for many weeks in a state of volcanic eruption, and what seems to be an unwarrantable delay in the work has been the cause of no small discomfort to the citizens, and an interference with the regular traffic. The Street Railway Company have sent in a notarial protest, and claim that the contract was never intended to cover such a wholesale obstruction, resulting in much evident loss in car service, unnecessary expenditure, and damage to horses and rolling stock.

An illustration of our extreme regard for our own convenience, instead of for the spirit or even the letter of any law which is intended to protect the convenience of our neighbours, is derived from a recommendation which the health officers have been forced to make to the Health Committee of the Council. The by-law regulating our back lanes demands that all stable manure boxes shall be *air-tight*, but as no specific mention is made of *lids*, our atmosphere has so far received little protection from the law. It is now proposed to amend the bylaw, in order to render lids compulsory. But, alas! we shall probably have to appoint an officer, whose duty it shall be to patrol the lanes to see that the lids are shut, and another to relieve the negligent stable boys of the trouble.

The fuss and excitement over the young lady who was illegally and innocently arrested on the grave charge of murder is not much abating. Damages will, of course, be the next step, and possibly a young-lady-protecting league may be originated on behalf of our maidens who take an airing on the public streets.

A terrific storm of thunder and hail has visited us. Sensational rumours of a horse struck dead, and of school boys' hands being blistered and cut, do not blind us to the unwelcome fact that the hay has been levelled, the corn broken, potatoes have been dashed, windows broken, cellars flooded, rivers swollen, and nature in general has been so roughly treated by nature that July does not know itself. The hail stones are reported to have been as large as eggs, and men were seen to shovel them into their refrigerators.

Hotel runners are about to strike because placards against "touting" have been placed in the river steamers. "Touting" is the process by which men spend much time, enterprise and money in anticipating the arrival of steamers, in order to pester passengers into a determination to avoid their hotels.

VILLE MARIE.

THE PARLIAMENT OF SOUNDS.

BY AN ORGAN-BLOWER.

THE Reverend Dr. Trombone is a powerful orator, but not a member of that class of which Tertullus was such a shining example, for he does not scruple to be further tedious to his audience. So after working my way through the opening exercises, I usually go to sleep during the sermon, with the pleasing conviction that the organ, rising like a "great rock in a weary land," gives me a much-envied immunity from any curious or carping gaze.

One Sunday afternoon, having composed myself to take my wonted excursion into Nodland, as I leaned slightly against one of the panels of the organ, I was surprised to find that it opened and permitted me to go sprawling into the interior in a most ungainly fashion. I had the presence of mind not to make any exclamation of surprise, though I could not help wondering what excuse I should give to the expectant congregation when the time should come for me again to do my duty. "That panel must have been poorly made," I said to myself in vexation, "to give way like that." On recovering my feet and casting my eyes about me, I found I was in the ante-room of some great hall. Stunned with surprise, as well as with a blow on the head, caught in falling forward, I was still struggling with the strangeness of the situation when a dapper little man, in a leathern-belted, official-looking costume, came bustling in at the door.

"Ah, my dear sir," he said, coming up to me at once, "You are Mr. Pump, the organ-blower, are you not?"

"That is my name," I replied; "but you have the advantage of me." I felt ashamed to tell one who seemed to know me so well about the predicament I was in, and resolved to let matters explain themselves.

"My name is Valve," the little man answered; "and as I see you are a stranger here and appear somewhat mystified, I will clear up the matter for you in a twinkling. While in the church but a moment ago, you inadvertently leaned against the organ before it had finished vibrating.

It happened at that time to be sounding your fundamental note, and so you were changed into a sound. That is the whole secret. I was looking out at the back door at the time, and saw what was going to happen, so I hurried out to tell you, but you got here before me. You are now in the Kingdom of Sounds; you have now become a man of note."

"And, pray, may I ask you what is the meaning of this striped jacket I have on? I look like a convict in a penal colony."

"Those stripes," said my new friend, "are ledger-lines. Let me see," he added, turning me round slightly; "O yes, here it is. You are A natural, second ledger-line below. You are a lucky man."

"How so?" I replied, a little nettled at the appellation; "I would as lief be called a convict as an idiot. I have always had a rather humble opinion of myself, but never thought I had fallen quite so low as that."

"Nonsense," cried Mr. Valve, cheerfully, "you will soon agree with me when I tell you of your privileges. You see, the Sounds, like the Indians, hold naturals in the greatest reverence. You will be welcome wherever you go. I can admit you at once to the great Parliament of Sounds, which is now in session in this building. Flats and sharps are excluded by the rules of the House, but naturals are always admitted, as they are supposed to be in such harmony with the general tone of the debates that they will not create disturbance. I can further congratulate you on coming at this time, for a most important measure has been brought up to-day. They are discussing the question of the extension of the franchise to the race of Words. You must know," continued Mr. Valve, as he led the way down a long, winding gallery, "that these unfortunate beings have been emancipated of late from the state of serfdom in which they had existed from time immemorial."

"I think I have heard something about that movement," I said; "you refer to the freedom of the press?"

"The same," said my companion, "Some slow coaches, such as Lord Semibreve and the Honorable Windham Minim, thought that the tendency to clannishness which exists among this people would give rise to numberless plots and conspiracies destructive of the peace of these ethereal regions. But it must be admitted by all that ever since they gained their liberty, they have shewn themselves to be a hard-working and, in the main, a law-abiding people. They have multiplied like the children of Israel, and on that account alone have awakened the suspicions of our reactionary politicians. They are now clamouring for the franchise and other civil rights, hence this bill before the house, which, if passed, will place them on an equal footing with the Sounds in every respect. The Liberal wing of the house, consisting principally of men of letters and some noble families of foreign extraction, are all closely related by intermarriages to the race of Words, and therefore espouse their cause. Ejaculations, our Independent members, seem rather inclined in this matter to join with the Liberals, while the aristocracy, headed by Lord Semibreve and Mr. Minim, are solidly opposed to any increase in the number of voters. There are, of course, a few exceptions to these general statements. Count Dodo, an octogenarian nobleman of Italian extraction, is a staunch Conservative, though the family to which he belongs has generally been considered the leading one among the Whigs. On the other hand, Mr. Crotchet, the grandson of Lord Semibreve, has greatly angered his relatives by going over to the Liberals, of whom he is at present the leader. He is a fluent speaker, with very radical opinions, and by some of the older and steadier Whigs is a little suspected of humouring the rabble in order to gain a cheap popularity as a demagogue. However, here we are, and you will soon have an opportunity of hearing him yourself."

So saying, the little man went up a short, steep staircase, and opening a door at the top of it ushered me into a side gallery which overlooked an array of desks, benches and their honourable occupants, with the rest of the appurtenances of a legislative hall. In the Speaker's chair was a very reverend-looking, old gentleman, whom I recognized at once as Father Time. His glass and scythe lay on a small table before him as insignia of office.

"When a member becomes too prolix," said my companion, "it is the custom of Father Time to rise out of his chair, seize his scythe and cut him short."

"Great heavens!" I exclaimed, in a tone of smothered horror, to express which my new position on the scale of being was admirably adopted, "your debates must result in much bloodshed."

My friend laughed a little wheezy laugh. "You do not fully understand your new nature yet, I see," he replied. "Don't you remember Pope's line, 'But airy substance soon unites again.' The sounds are like men, only we shape their bodies, which are of a gaseous nature, and nothing more than temporary inconvenience results from their bisection. However, it makes them lose their power of speech for a time, and so they are compelled to take their seats, which is all that is wanted. But Mr. Minim has the floor, and I am only distracting your attention. It's lucky he is pretty nearly through, or we should be wearied with him. I would not give a button for his diaphragm if Father Time, whom he has talked to sleep, should awake. He is certainly the longest winded speaker in the house, except Lord Semibreve. The latter, however, very seldom speaks now, on account of his age and infirmities, but in his palmy days he was so often abbreviated by the scythe of Time that he was forced to assume

his present dwarfed appearance long before his years made it less remarkable."

While thus receiving information in an undertone from Mr. Valve, I was also watching the proceedings of the assembly. The member who was speaking was a tall, slim, pale-faced man, out of whose thin lips there rushed a ceaseless torrent of sound. I should perhaps inform the reader that the preceding dialogues and the following speeches were made in the sound dialect, which my transformation enabled me to understand perfectly. I have made a free translation of part of the debate for the reader's benefit.

"And now, Mr. Speaker," Mr. Minim continued, "we come to the most important part of this matter, namely its bearing on practical life. Granted that Words are as much entitled as we to acquire by their industry houses and even castles and estates in these ethereal regions; granted, for argument's sake, that they have as much moral right as we lay down the burden of ideas under which they have to groaned so long, and to rise to the dignity of sonorous, full-blown figures of sound, I would ask the promoters of this measure to point out who are to take their place. We all know that ideas are unceasingly coming in upon us from outer space, that the whole atmosphere is surcharged with them, and that in order to render it inhabitable they must be carefully collected and disposed of in some way. Hitherto we have found a ready market for them among the members of that curious tribe of beings called Mankind, who, though so like us in many respects, have such sordid natures that they cleave to the dust, and such brutal tastes as qualify them for being the scavengers of these upper regions. These creatures, as you know, make use of ideas in every imaginable way, their arts and sciences cannot be carried on without them. But before this waste matter can be thus profitably disposed of, it must be collected, packed into suitable packages, and conveyed to the frontier. Up to the present time this labour on the raw material has been done by this race of Words. Now, if these latter be cultivated to an undue, and in my opinion, unnatural extent, they will soon become too proud and dainty to perform this useful but certainly undignified work. And what will be the consequences? Our civilization will perish under the gradual accumulations of unutilized matter. The farthest star will shoot its worthless rubbish at this unhappy globe which, sunk in chaotic ruin, will become the dust-heap of the universe without a living sound to help it play its part in the music of the spheres."

With this doleful prophecy, uttered in a tone of voice resembling the tune Bangor, Mr. Minim sat down amid the cheers of his party, barely escaping the vengeful sweep of the scythe of Father Time, who had been awakened by the indiscreet emphasis of the peroration, and who at once rushed at the orator. On the opposite side of the House a dark featured man rose to reply.

"That is Mr. Crotchet, the Liberal leader," said my companion to me in a whisper.

"Mr. Speaker," began this person, "As Mr. Minim has stated his strongest argument first, I will reverse the usual order, and answer it first, that so I may dispel the hideous nightmare he has conjured up before his audience, a world buried beneath a rubbish heap of ideas. I would remind him that we do not propose unlimited suffrage to the class of people we would enfranchise, but intend to insist upon a property qualification. In such a numerous and increasing race there will never be a lack of industrious poor only too glad to perform all needful drudgery for a reasonable remuneration. Competition in this kind of labour is very brisk indeed. Besides, it is notorious that ideas do not fall so thickly as in past years—a kind providence—for it is now more difficult to foist them upon Men, who are already overstocked with them. And those vast accumulations, which we all can remember used to thicken space so that life could scarcely exist, have quite disappeared. To whom do we owe this happy riddance? Is it not to the labours of this downtrodden race of Words? Shame on us, if we refuse them the liberty to occupy on an equal footing with ourselves the vacuity their toil has rendered habitable. The surest way to industry is to give them a chance to enjoy its fruits. The honourable gentleman has also made what he considers a strong point against this measure by alleging the incapacity of this race for exercising the rights of full citizenship. 'Their backs,' he has said, 'are made for the burden, and for nothing else.' Mr. Speaker, I repel this charge. Look at the dwellings of this people which have risen of late all over these dominions. Tell me if those graceful temples of resonance, filled with the flowers of poesy and art, in which one can wander at will without coming in contact with the least particle of an idea, tell me, I say, if such can be the homes of other than highly developed sounds. The more gifted of mortals, to whose spiritual wants even we sometimes condescend to minister, have discovered and sought to imitate the beauty of their civilization. Song and speech, story and sermon alike blazon abroad the merits of this now cultured race. The last trace of their former bondage to ideas being removed, it is but a lagging justice to grant them those civil rights to which their progress in civilization entitles them. 'Truly their line has gone through all the earth, and their words to the world's end.'"

At this last sentence, which was also the concluding one of Dr. Trombone's sermon, I awoke, and resumed my important duties in raising the wind for the voluntary, while the deacons lifted the collection.

I have sometimes wondered whether the motion passed the House, but after listening to a popular preacher, or reading a new ode on sterility by Baron Wastewords, I feel certain that it did.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

LOVE-LIGHT.

It is the twilight time of rest,
In yonder wood there is no song;
The hills loom black, yet in the west,
The golden glory lingers long.

Now clearly etched—the watcher sees
The dim housetops, the distant spire,
The tracery of the leafless trees,
The reek from many a household fire
Against the ether, blue and cold
The few faint silver stars among;
Yet deep'ning, redd'ning o'er the wold,
The golden glory lingers long.

Ah me! my love, my absent love,
Thy face hath faded from my day;
And there is gathering gloom above,
And chilly night winds round me play.
Yet—mem'ry makes my twilight blest,
I see thy face, I hear thy song;
And in the deep heart of my west
The golden glory lingers long.

JAY KAYELLE.

THE FUTURE OF CANADA.

AMID the multiplicity of subjects that, under the present system of government, thrust themselves before the British Parliament and people, the outlying portions of the Empire do not usually receive attention until some calamity or social disturbance demands it. As long as the colonies are unmolested in the management of their own affairs, and avoid getting into trouble, things go on smoothly and so, for the most part, unobserved. Great Britain always has plenty to occupy it at home, in frontier wars, or in watching the game of European diplomacy; and each of the colonies, like the mother country, pursues its own course, paying little heed to the interests of the main body of which it forms a part, and troubling itself little about questions of the future, or what is contemptuously called speculative politics. Meanwhile, in the empire of the Mother of Nations and of modern constitutional government, political influences rapidly growing in importance are left unrepresented; there is no such thing as common consultation or deliberation; no one dreams of common action; and any common plan or purpose is conspicuous by its absence. Whatever the advantages of this *laissez faire, laissez passer* policy may be, it is likely to lead to surprises when the time comes for taking stock and balancing accounts. The object of the present paper is to supply some of the materials for such a survey, as far as concerns that portion of the empire known as the Dominion of Canada; and is an attempt to appreciate the character, force, and direction of the sociological currents that, whether hidden from public view or flowing on the surface, are surely determining its history. A careful enumeration of these currents, a proper estimate of their nature, importance, and relations, together with unprejudiced observation of their increase and development or the reverse, ought to give us a pretty fair idea of the general trend of events. The writer is, of course, aware that, in questions of this kind that refer to the future and deal largely with the drifts of likes and dislikes in the present, and social tendencies working slowly and often unconsciously—where prejudice is strong, and the wish too often father to the thought—where there are no statistics, and little exact information to guide the student—mistakes are unavoidable, and men naturally differ in their judgments. And even should the survey be accurate and just, a new and unforeseen factor introduced to-morrow may change the whole face of events, and falsify the nicest calculations. Nevertheless, it seemed that, despite the difficulties and liability to error, a brief account of the position of Canada in relation to the world around, and the forces that are steadily moulding its future, might not be without a certain interest at the present time. And at the outset it is perhaps best to say that, though the writer of these pages is a Canadian by birth and education, he claims to speak for no one but himself, he represents no party, has no hobby to ride, and no policy to advocate, but is trying to state facts simply and give the results of his own observation and experience.

Canada, then, left to herself has jogged along almost unnoticed since the beginning of this reign, when she had her period of home rule and her little rebellion. In 1841 Upper and Lower Canada were united, but pulled badly together; for misunderstandings and bickerings soon broke out between Saxon and Celt, between the English and French settlers. This, and other considerations, induced the provinces to take a lesson in federal government from their southern neighbours and come together in the Dominion of Canada, which, by successive additions, has grown until it now reaches from ocean to ocean, and from Alaska to the Great Lakes. To provide for this union of the whole of British North America under one legislature, with provincial legislatures for local affairs, a plan was prepared, and passed the Imperial Parliament in 1867, and is known as the "British North America Act" of that year. Since then Canada has happily had little history as the term is usually understood. Engaged in opening up her boundless west, with the unfortunate incident of an Indian war, she has had plenty to occupy her in the problems of adapting an old civilization to new conditions, while this civilization itself and these very conditions

were constantly changing. But man cannot live by bread alone, nor can a great country with great traditions and still greater possibilities, renounce all thought for the morrow in the struggle for the necessities of the day and in the solution of present difficulties. Questions have come up, at present, to be sure, of a speculative nature, but liable at any time to become pressing realities, and which in any case men of thought and leisure cannot and should not shirk. A look across the border suggests many such to the young Canadian. He sees the *status* and relations of each State in the Union clearly defined. As to its rights and duties there is little room for dispute, and should misunderstandings or differences arise, a permanent and regularly constituted court is at hand to settle them, known to all and trusted by all; for, while all parties are duly represented in it, it is as far as possible placed beyond the control or influence of any one of them. Each State expressly reserves to itself all the powers and privileges not voluntarily and formally surrendered to the federal government, and so knows, as clearly as may be, its own standing, its relation to the sister States, to the central authority, and to foreign powers.

In what relation, one is forced by analogy to ask, does the Dominion stand to the mother country, to the sister colonies, and to foreign nations? In case of a dispute with England in which passions were aroused—and this state of affairs however improbable it may fortunately be, the statesman is not entitled to regard as impossible—to what tribunal could she appeal that would be looked upon by both sides as neutral and impartial? Are the colonies unworthy or unfit to have any share in the formation and regulation of this supreme court? Is, again, the only political relation contemplated between colonies of similar history and conditions and identical aims and aspirations, to be *via* England, and that by the slender thread of mutual dependence? Then, if English diplomacy should ever fail, and war break out with some great Power, what would our position be? Is Canada to be held responsible for the outcome of negotiations or deeds to which she was no party, over which she had no control, of which perhaps she had no timely knowledge, and in which she had no real interest? For the past this may have done well enough—all's well that ends well—but how long is her position to be that of an unconsulted minor, whose freedom, though large, is limited by parental wishes, whose feelings of responsibility and self-reliance are overshadowed and repressed by an undefined authority, and whose main duty is that of childhood—prompt and unconditional obedience?

To this it may be answered that Canada practically enjoys complete freedom in the management of her internal affairs, and, until she reaches her majority, may well allow the mother country the care and anxiety of attending to foreign politics, and the thankless task of harmonizing, when it appears necessary, the inconsistencies resulting from the present colonial semi-independence. The question, however, still remains, When does a colony attain its majority? If age has anything to do with it, Canada is older—if population or extent of territory, it has more of both—than the United States a hundred years ago. Nor is it any answer to say that this is a purely theoretical consideration without any practical bearings. It is too late in the day to need insisting on that a feeling of responsibility educates and ennobles communities, as well as individuals, rendering them strong and self-reliant under difficulties; while a state of dependence correspondingly narrows the range of interest, and weakens every manly virtue. The young man who has no desire to assume the toga, with its cares and responsibilities as well as honours, promises ill for the future. Again, when the colonies do come of age, as in the course of nature they must, what provision does the constitution make for them? Are they expected to remain in this position of inferiority, or go off by themselves, as the eldest of them has done already, perhaps after some family quarrel, and preserve for generations, as a rallying point for national sentiment, an attitude of defiance toward a parent, whose haughtiness or indifference fails to provide for a union that might foster common aims and interests, while leaving local matters where they properly belong? And, finally, even admitting that the present system reasonably accomplishes all that it ought, will it long be able to do so, under the varying tendencies manifesting themselves throughout this heterogeneous and loosely-jointed Empire? Will it be able to counteract the centrifugal and resist the disintegrating forces at work, to harmonize the discrepancies and contradictions of colonial governments growing more and more jealous of interference, and of legislatures and law courts so different and so widely separated?†

A little reflection will show that these are no idle questions. In politics, as in commerce and the ordinary affairs of life, eagerness and indefiniteness lead to misunderstanding. This was the real source of England's first colonial dispute, and, though the Imperial sky is at present clear, save the veriest specks on the Canadian and Australian horizon, man can take no bonds of fate. Since the American War of Independence, what real progress has been

* Mr. Goschen has lately referred, at Aberdeen, to the unsatisfactoriness and danger of this, from an English point of view: "Our difficulties with the colonies, notwithstanding the loyal behaviour of our colonies, and the most complex situations, have arisen in consequence of autonomous colonies being allowed to take their own line while this country has been responsible for the line that has been taken."

† To illustrate by examples statements made here would encroach too much on limited space and the reader's patience; but a curious case may be mentioned of a well-known English divine who had married his deceased wife's sister, and went to live in Canada. Here this woman was his legitimate wife, while in England she was not—surely a not inconsiderable difference in the same Empire.

made in governing colonies, beyond allowing them to manage their own affairs, nominally subject to a British veto? If an expensive war broke out to-morrow on account of Canada or Australia, have we any more settled plan for harmoniously conducting it, or equitably apportioning its cost among the members of the Empire than a century ago? If the colonies are brought no closer together, meeting, deliberating and acting neither with one another nor with the parent state, will they, with ever-diverging interests and views, have sufficient common sympathy to weather the storms that at times sweep over every sea? But lastly, even supposing a long continuance of the present state of peace, are not the colonies, as matters stand, gradually and imperceptibly establishing their independence by right of prescription?

Naturally enough, such questions and speculations remained unthought of by the people at large as long as Canada consisted of a handful of colonists, over three thousand miles from home, scattered over half a continent, bound to the mother country by domestic ties and early training, and seeing in her powerful arm the only safety in their isolation, alongside of a French community tenaciously clinging to its traditions, and uncomfortably near a voracious young Republic that was showing its elastic conscience and good digestion by appropriating the Great West to the ocean and the Great South into the heart of Mexico. And, later, the terrible Civil War, ending in strained relations and an enormous debt, for a long time effectually checked any desire to speculate on the future of Canada. But with the union of the Provinces and the opening up of the Great North-west, all danger of French ascendancy passed away like a dream; and, to the surprise of many, the Grand Army of the Republic, like its Puritan predecessor of the seventeenth century, its work done, quietly melted away and returned to the peaceful duties of life. A great and wealthy nation, with a territory the size of Europe and in the pride of victory, retained the army of only twenty-five thousand men and a navy that is the constant butt of comic writers; thus plainly showing to the world that it had no notion of territorial aggrandizement and little longing for military glory. Since the war it has more than once shown its unwillingness to embark on foreign adventures or adopt among its members questionable subjects. Professor Goldwin Smith remarked some time ago, "that the United States was the only country in the world that looks at a mouthful before swallowing it." Americans well know that militarism and democratic republicanism are irreconcilable foes; and that, besides being a source of weakness, unwilling subjects are a constant menace to free institutions, accustoming men to exceptional repressive measures and lowering the respect for personal liberty.

Thus dangers and difficulties were being removed at a time when internal causes were casting up new and wider questions for the consideration of thoughtful Canadians. The presence in Canada at this time of a scholarly man, whose leisure and independent position allowed him to treat of questions that were not yet within the sphere of practical politics, attracted attention to a subject that, though of vital importance, was still one of a purely speculative nature. Aided by events roughly outlined in this paper, Mr. Goldwin Smith has made it evident to many that whatever the future of the Dominion may be, it is now passing through a transitional stage. Will it issue in an independent national existence, or in closer union with one or other of the two great kindred nations with which she holds constant intercourse and to which she is bound by the closest ties? Here, at all events, begins the discussion of the question of Canada's future. Whatever the causes may be, there is certainly a social movement of considerable interest going on in the Dominion at the present time. The confederation of the provinces, itself an event of no small importance, was no sooner accomplished than new social forces seem to have come into play or old ones taken a new direction. As to why and how they are working and what they are doing, men may differ; but that they really are at work, few who have studied the subject can doubt. The question of Canada's future, scarcely talked of there ten or fifteen years ago, has since been moving more and more to the front. In 1882, when the writer returned to Canada after a few years' absence in Europe, he was astonished to see the increased attention that was given to it; and in 1886, after a second absence of a couple of years in the United States, he again noticed a distinct change in the attitude of the people towards this question that might have escaped those watching its daily growth. And now speeches are constantly made in favour of closer union with the mother country; and, beside home talent, Canadian audiences listen attentively to American senators and congressmen advocating commercial or even political union with the United States. At a time when it is openly discussed in the United States Senate, and by members of the Imperial Federation League, it is too late to say that there is no Canadian question except that raised by a few officious busy-bodies. It has, in fact, passed out of its first stage, and the way in which politicians are beginning to speak of it is a sufficient proof of this.

To those Canadians who were born in Britain, or who have relatives there, or something to keep up a close connection with the "old country," the position of the "colony" may seem quite natural. They already know enough of each new Governor-General that is sent "out" to take a lively interest in all that refers to him. He, in a measure, supplies an object for the mysterious feelings they have always entertained for "the Crown," and through him they feel themselves brought into touch, how-

ever slight, with the rest of the world. This larger interest, that is utterly absent in Dominion elections—for Canadians have no voice in foreign politics, even the Governor they get being determined by the party in power in England—the colonist also finds in the aged newspaper sent him from home, or in the telegraphic summary of his Canadian daily. Indeed this reminiscence of his early life unfits him in a measure for his new duties, his vote in the land of his adoption being often determined by former prejudices and associations, and immediate native issues are thus confounded with considerations of British politics that have nothing whatever to do with them. It is just this imported side of Canadian life that English visitors of all classes come most in contact with. They learn little from public men; for politicians in new and democratic countries have little desire to meddle with questions that are not yet "ripe"; and few Canadians who go to England wear their heart upon their sleeve, or proclaim aloud views that are slowly and for the most part unconsciously forming themselves. Hence the ignorance in England of the sentiments and leanings of those who are soon to hold the destinies of the Dominion in their hands; for the native Canadian naturally looks at the world from a somewhat different point of view, and the difference becomes more pronounced each generation, as sentiments and habits of thought fed by dying traditions change with the changing years. He learns as he grows up that the main features of immigration—after the economic ones—have been Puritanism, dissent, and other forms of opposition to the established order in Church and State, and that perennial quarrel over Ireland. As these political and religious struggles form no inconsiderable portion of English history, even while learning his mother tongue, and reading the story of his race, he is repelled as well as attracted. Thus community of language and history fail to bind colonies to the Metropolis as closely as one would at first imagine. The household gods naturally follow their worshippers; Milton and Bunyan with a long series of illustrious "Englishmen" belong rather to that side of the Atlantic where their admirers, co-religionists, and fellow-sufferers went.

But even when the Canadian finds himself in entire accord with the dominant currents of English life, distance, time, and new associations tend to weaken his sympathies. Distance and even time itself are not as conducive to this as the presence at his door of, and his constant intercourse with, a kindred people some twenty times as numerous as his own,* possessing a national life that, so to speak has become acclimatized in the western hemisphere, and qualities that commend themselves in many ways to a people living in similar circumstances. In school, his text-books are as often re-edited on United States as on English models; and in college most of the books used are necessarily imported. His teachers get much of their inspiration, most of their pedagogic literature, and sometimes part of their training across the line. His recreation and amusements come almost entirely from the same quarter; and on Sunday his pulpit, though still largely occupied by men who have crossed the deep, may be filled by a graduate of Andover, Harvard, or Princeton. His newspapers show the same influence, for, though printed in Canada, their exchanges are mainly American; the telegraphic despatches are the same for the whole continent; and, under the guidance of clippings, editorials, and reviews, he comes to look on even English questions largely through United States spectacles.† In this way sentiments of "loyalty to the Crown," or, "to the person of Her Gracious Majesty"—phrases often used by parents or grand-parents—are gradually obliterated *faute d'emploi*, or become supplanted by others of more republican flavour—that talk of loyalty to principle, or duties to the State, rather than to any person however exalted or however representative. The recent attempt to counteract these tendencies by establishing something of a court at Ottawa, in the fierce blaze of a democratic continent, and cut off from feudal traditions and the fostering care of aristocratic society, could not but end in disappointment. When the haruspices laugh in each other's face, spectators cannot be expected to retain their gravity. Strong monarchical and aristocratic sentiments and prejudices may still be nourished in England, but under the artificial conditions necessary in a new country the process is difficult and the product apt to be delicate.

While the Canadian by adoption thus naturally looks to the land from which he came for the larger life and fuller contact with the great busy world outside, the native Canadian has either to do without this shadowy yet precious possession, inherit it from his parents, or seek it for himself as he rounds out his social life. To do without it means to stint his moral nourishment, and wrong himself most cruelly; knowledge, sympathy, friendship and the like are personal acquirements not transmitted with the blood; and so he is thrown back upon himself and forced to make his own alliances. If one could tell the choice likely to be made by the coming generations and understand the reasons for it, he could, in the absence of disturbing causes, predict the future of Canada. But as the unexpected often happens, to speak unconditionally would be to prophesy. Avoiding such slippery paths, we must be content merely to supply some materials from which each one may draw his own conclusions. And here, it may be asked, does not the Dominion present all the elements of an independent, self-contained national

life? Not yet. Occupying the position of Russia in the new world, its Siberia, though not as large as used to be thought, is yet proportionately enormous. It has a scattered agricultural population of little over four millions, about one-third of which are French-Canadians and half-breeds. Dependent in almost everything, it looks to England or the United States for literature, science, art, and social life. As was the case in the United States till recently, its authors and *savants* know that to obtain consideration at home they must first conquer recognition abroad. French-Canadians of ambition turn their eyes to Paris, where M. Fréchette, the Gallic bard of America, was lately honoured by the French Academy; literary and scientific men who have come from Britain, and have already made their *début* there, keep up the connection; while the native Canadian who takes to letters generally seeks his public among the book-buyers in the States. Though relatively large, all things considered, the number of readers in Canada is absolutely small, and is still more restricted by a barbarous policy that makes good books dearer than in any other country in the civilized world; for, as a rule, only trashy novels can be reprinted and a heavy fine, in the supposed interest of publishing, is levied on all who read books not printed in the colony. Both those who write and those who read are obliged to look beyond the frontier. A "national" review was started several times, but only to die a lingering death. The native literature is still of course very limited, and outside of Quebec obviously cannot be expected to show any genuine national colouring. Many of the specialized professions and positions of weight and influence are filled by non-Canadians; though this, it need scarcely be said, is the fault of neither men nor institutions of learning, but is mainly owing to the smallness and uncertainty of the demand that makes a supply of a given degree and quality at a given time next to impossible, and perhaps, in some cases, to a certain colonial diffidence and mistrust.

There is, on the other hand, a constant exodus to the wider field of activity and larger market to the south of men in certain callings, from skilled mechanics up to inventors like Edison and Graham Bell. Indeed, apart from the powerful attraction of material advantages, there is a not ignoble desire to participate in a larger, fuller life, to share in national inspirations and currents of thought, and to take a part, however humble, in moulding the destinies of that "main branch of the English people,"* and so indirectly of Canada itself. With its institutions mainly borrowed, its population scattered and heterogeneous, for the most part in humble circumstances, and still largely foreign, till lately under the motherly care and guidance of Great Britain, without having passed through the throes of a great struggle or revolution to usher in a new life, without any external danger to weld its discordant elements together, the Dominion has still to acquire a common national life and feeling. Add to this that the young Canadian soon finds that paternal traditions and sympathies are fading away; that he is losing or has lost his hold on the land of his forefathers, and, no longer a genuine Briton, he is but nominally a partner in the later life and glory of that name; that, on the other hand, though living in America, he is not a real American in full sympathy with the stirring history of his continent, thrilled by its victories, sobered by its defeats, and cheered and inspired by the great voices of its past. When, in person or in imagination, he steps across into the Republic, however much he may be at home in other respects, he is politically a foreigner. If he goes to the mother country, though a British subject of perhaps wealth and education, he knows that he and his countrymen have no influence on her councils, are not really sharers in British trials and British glories, and he actually feels on the whole less at home than in Ohio or New York. To the mass of Englishmen he is but a "colonist," and when he goes abroad he finds his country represented as an insignificant and unconsulted appendage belonging to Great Britain. If Britain is successful in diplomacy or arms, he is nominally a sharer in a glory which in his heart he dare not honestly lay claim to; should aggression or wrong-doing tarnish the British name, as a subject of this free state he is supposed to blush for what he was not responsible. Few intelligent Canadians, accordingly, can conceal from themselves the fact that at present they stand in a large measure isolated, and cut off from the generous streams of national life flowing around them. When local and old-world flavour do not spoil the political and social currents from England, distance sadly chills them. The telegraphic summary, with particulars after a few weeks, rouses little enthusiasm; and while thus a stranger to the daily throbbings of the national heart in London, he is equally so to that in New York or Washington, where he is still spoken of as a "Britisher." Though he may not always confess it to himself, he cannot help feeling at times like the man who had lost his shadow, the man without a country.

The student of history will recognize, even from this imperfect description, that here is a social state corresponding exactly to what is known in physics as a state of unstable equilibrium, and that consequently there is a Canadian question, and one of no mere local interest, but that is destined to exert an important influence in the history of the Anglo-Saxon race. It is becoming plainer every day that, no matter what the other colonies may do, Canada cannot long remain in her present anomalous condition. The matter is at last definitely up for discussion, and the following striking words, uttered almost simultaneously on three continents, simply repeat abroad what has been said at home. In Sydney, Sir Henry Parkes

* Omitting French Canadians. † Canadian news, in return, reaches England mainly through United States channels, even the *Times* supplying its readers with Dominion news, *via* Philadelphia, under the heading "Foreign and Colonial."

while advocating closer union, is reported as saying: "The Imperial constitution must be recast to be permanent." At Leeds, Lord Rosebery used these words: "The people of this country will, in a not too distant time, have to make up their minds what footing they wish the colonies to occupy with respect to them, or whether they desire the colonies to leave them altogether. It is, as I believe, absolutely impossible for you to maintain in the long run your present loose and indefinite relations to your colonies, and preserve these colonies as parts of the Empire." At the same time Senator Sherman was telling an American audience, "that in ten years Canada would be represented in the British Parliament or in Washington, but most likely in Washington."

It must not be imagined, however, that Canadians are loudly knocking for admission to the American Union. As a matter of fact, many have not yet given the matter much thought, and among those who show any interest in it at all there are three distinct currents of opinion, favouring respectively—national independence, closer union with Great Britain, or annexation to the United States. It remains, then, briefly to refer to these in order; and fewer words will be needed, as these tendencies and their causes have been necessarily somewhat anticipated above.

"Colonies," says Turgot, "are like fruits which cling to the tree only till they ripen;" and Canada and Australia are possibly destined to be additional examples of this principle.* In the case of the former, to be sure, it may be urged that the population is small and scattered, and, what is worse, heterogeneous, Quebec differing in faith, language, and traditions from the sister provinces. But on the map of America as well as of Europe there are instances of small and even scattered nations, and Switzerland is not the only country that proves that hostile faiths and divers tongues are not inconsistent with strong national feeling. The United States declared their independence when they numbered but three millions, widely separated from one another, when communication was difficult, and in stormier times than ours; and little Bulgaria, without the advantages of a similar training, is doing the same thing now. Besides, Quebec, surrounded on all sides by aggressive Anglo-Saxons, must eventually yield to the influences dominant throughout the continent. In the meanwhile, no people is increasing more rapidly in wealth and population, or has a richer heritage awaiting it. And then, most fortunately, this is no question pressing for an immediate answer. Time is so far on the side of the Canadians, who with the conservative instincts of their race, leaving well enough alone, may prefer to wait till circumstances invite or force them to make up their minds. It would be premature to demand this yet, and whatever the decision arrived at, much bitter feeling would be engendered among the people. With time public opinion will become more pronounced, and in matters of this kind agitation and discussion should be left undisturbed to do their work. Besides, English statesmen may yet devise some acceptable *modus vivendi*, and England may, after reflection, be willing to "recast the constitution," if necessary, so as to preserve the colonies. Canada, meanwhile, cannot be blamed for waiting to see what arrangements may be made, for awaiting further developments and considering the possibilities before her. As to the United States, Mr. Blaine, the real leader of the Republican party, has said to the Canadians, at St. Thomas (Ontario): "Whether we shall ever be united, depends on you. When you come, we shall give you a cordial welcome."

In the meantime, considerations like these make men pause. Admitting that the political system of the United States is so far completely successful, is it well that the continent should be subjected to exactly the same experiment in government, and that, when peaceful means for reconciling differences fail, we should be exposed to the danger of a continent in arms? A homely adage warns us not to put up all our eggs in one basket, and the advice is applicable to more departments of life than domestic economy. The continent is surely large enough for at least two respectable States north of Mexico. Again, however fascinating the idea of a large continent, rich in every gift of a bountiful nature, and with an intelligent, enterprising, and practically homogeneous population, united under one Government, the political advantages are uncertain, and the risks are considerable. The dangers of this excessive centralization are like those that threaten society from socialism and communism, which, by destroying every form of competition at the cost of personal freedom, would weaken the spirit of self-reliance and love of liberty. Whatever it may have cost, Germany, Italy, and England are reaping the incalculable benefits of possessing many centres of influence and national life; and most students of history will admit that, rating the advantages at their highest, France has paid, and is still paying, a fearful price for the longed-for uniformity, brought about by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes and the massing of French life in all powerful Paris—Hugo's *cœur du monde*.

Even John S. Mill deplored the tendency in modern society to a dead level of mediocre uniformity. Anything

*As long as colonies are poor and weak, as long as they are unable to meet their expenses, they are tolerably well satisfied with the connection existing between them and the parent State, and any proposal for its dissolution would be considered as not only ill-timed, but absurd; but when they feel sufficiently strong to govern and to protect themselves, they at once strive to become independent, and, as a rule, do not display too much generosity in their future dealings with their Mother Country. They refuse to receive its productions, as Australia and Canada, which are partly emancipated, are now doing, and do not scruple to declare war, as the United States has on more than one occasion been on the point of doing with England.—G. de Molinari, in *Journal des Economistes*, December, 1886, reprinted in *Journal of Royal Statistical Society*, March, 1887.

that helps to save us from such a calamity is devoutly to be wished and religiously to be cherished; in Europe there is international rivalry and race prejudices; in North America there is absolutely nothing but a self-asserting, independent character, born of English blood and strengthened by pioneer struggles. Moreover, the present generation has not yet forgotten the time when a man might be legally held a slave under the Stars and Stripes, but, the moment he touched Canadian soil, became free. Whatever we may think of MacKenzie and Papineau, and later of Louis Riel and his associates, every generous heart would regret the entire disappearance of cities of refuge for men who, innocent of common crimes, venture life and property for (even mistaken) political ends. Nor can it be said, in reply, that these are things of the past, unlikely to occur in the future; for it is a recognized danger of democracies that they show little respect for the opinions of minorities, and demagogues with overwhelming majorities at their backs are notoriously despotic—under the forms of the law.

Modern industry is gradually determining how far it is safe to concentrate business under one management, and the frequent failure of large firms, that have threatened to destroy the retail traders of whole communities, proves that a limit is soon reached beyond which concentration does not pay; and, though it may do so under exceptional business genius, there comes a terrible crash with a less gifted successor. If this principle be applied to government, even of a federal character, and the momentous consequences of failure be taken into account, men may be pardoned for thinking twice before incurring the risks. Sixty millions may well be governed from one centre in a country where tracts of land as large as England are still open to the hunter, miner or "squatter," where land—that bone of contention in old communities—is to be had for the asking, where nature is lavish of her gifts, and poverty almost a disgrace; but how will it be when two or three hundred millions are crowded in, and all these generous conditions reversed—and this with a people whose temperament and training are far from leading to oriental docility?

And, finally, were annexation once accomplished, it is a step that could never be retraced. It is no experiment to be tried to-day, and, if it does not suit or succeed, be abandoned to-morrow; the South stands as a terrible warning that, even in the freest republic, any attempt at secession would be the signal for a deluge of blood.

Yet, however desirable Canadian Independence may seem, it is perhaps, in the long run, the least likely of any possible future. Though the Dominion is undoubtedly drifting away from the mother country, there is, and perhaps can be, no distinct national literature, life or feeling, whatever enthusiastic separatists may do to foster such. A look at the map, without going further, explains at once the why and the wherefore of this. The physical conformation of the continent naturally throws New Brunswick and Nova Scotia into the sphere of the New England States, Manitoba and the North-West—separated as they are from the older Provinces by oceans of barren rock—into that of the Middle States, and makes one of the Western seaboard from California to Alaska. The exchange between the products of the north and of the South, which common sense everywhere cries aloud for, is doubly enforced by nature's barriers between products of the same zone—the Rocky Mountain Chain and the dreary desert north of Lake Superior. It would indeed need warring creeds, diversity of speech and race, and the memory of centuries of bitter feud, to keep men wide apart whose interests are so closely bound together.* But instead of this we find that the social aims and interests that unite these men are fully as strong as the economical, and that there is actually less difference between, say, Ontario and New York, or Michigan, than between many States of the Union, or between different parts of the United Kingdom. Whole districts in the North-Western States are settled by Canadians, and in return Americans have pushed north into the new Canadian territory. Thanks to the proverbial restlessness of Americans in general, there is a free current backwards and forwards; and there are few of the older families of Canada without representatives in the States. The Dominion may stand politically alone during a shorter or longer period of transition, but as a permanent thing it is impossible. All the tendencies of the century make for political unity, and no reason can be shown why Canada should form an exception; closer union with England or with the United States are the alternatives.

But closer union with Britain means a reversal of the policy and tendency of the last half century. While Britain has been relaxing her hold, Canada has been encroaching, until it has now reached a state of semi-independence. During this time it has been "differentiating" from England imperceptibly, and perhaps unwittingly, but by no means arbitrarily, as the history of colonies abundantly shows.† At the same time it has, just as surely, been gradually "assimilated" more and more to the United States; either because similar conditions produced similar results, or more likely, through contact and the force of imitation. Nevertheless, some propose to stem the current; and, by an Imperial Custom Union of some kind, prepare the way for a closer political one.‡ Passing over

*Many thoughtful Americans are of opinion that the next war will not be between North and South, but between East and West.

†See in particular Professor Roscher's *Kolonien, Kolonialpolitik, und Auswanderung*, 3rd ed., Leipzig, 1885.

‡Mr. Froude says: "If there is any hope for an internal commercial union, I shall regard the work as done, and it may not be too late to save Canada. . . . It is as sure as the multiplication table, that

the waste of wealth and sacrifice of principle that such a union would involve, those who think it would issue in closer political union forget the influence of the Navigation Laws before the American War, and overlook the effects in Canada at the present time of the attempt to erect barriers on Nature's trade routes, and force commerce along political channels. The North German Customs' Union is not a case in point, for, though it preceded the political union, it cannot be said to have caused it; every element of national life was making for it already, and external danger finally completed the process. And no matter how successful such an Imperial Customs' Union might be, we should still have to face the whole problem of the political one, and—not to mention other difficulties—no scheme for this can ever be permanently successful that is not based on proportional representation. "The Imperial Parliament which now exists," to quote Lord Hartington, "will cease to be the Imperial Parliament, and will become a federal assembly with new functions, and in all probability requiring a new constitution." As England lacks the French facility in making constitutions, and has an instinctive dread of throwing its own once more into the melting-pot, here is an initial difficulty which can perhaps be best appreciated by those who know most of the constitution and its history. But again, supposing all this satisfactorily settled, and Canada allowed to enter the Confederation on a footing of equality with England, the central and initiative force would now be paralyzed in a way that would put the empire at a fearful disadvantage among neighbours armed and ready to strike, without preliminary palaver, the moment the time for it had come. And, after all, it would still be questionable whether mother and daughter, growing apart in life and interests, could grow together in sympathy and aims. The time for Canadian expansion has come, and, though it is nonsense to talk of England's decay having set in, her further material growth must in the nature of things be limited. The one is an old land covered deep with the scoriae of the past, to use the expression attributed to the late Emperor Frederick; the other, while cherishing much of what is valuable to England's history and experience, has given up institutions and abandoned ceremonies that may have a meaning there but none here; and, in adapting everything to new conditions, has formed a habit of looking at customs, laws, and institutions in a new light of reason rather than in that of tradition. In England men have had to be careful lest, in pulling up the weeds, they should disturb the corn also; in America, with the incalculable advantages of British training, and rich with the teachings of the ages, they have had the noble privilege of beginning society anew, as far as it is given to mortals to do so.

Besides this, there are still other differences that must be felt to be understood. Appreciating at the full all England and America have in common, one who has lived among the people, and breathed the social atmosphere of both, must have noticed subtle, yet deep, differences. It is a common remark that the English emigrant does not feel at home in America for years, and, if he had the means, would, in many cases, return at once; on the other hand, the native American or Canadian—for it matters little which—who visits England needs to stay long to feel himself at home. An attempt to give instances of things that grate somewhat on the feelings, or at least seem "strange" to those who come from the new world for the first time, besides being disagreeable, would unnecessarily lengthen an article already too long. The whole class of words and customs relating to a State Church and "Nonconformists" might, however, be mentioned as examples; as well as the habit, among certain classes, of putting *rex* where *lex* would seem more natural, and this not always symbolically; and the deference so largely paid to mere rank or title even when divorced from everything that men the world over naturally respect. The unsophisticated Canadian is apt to regard the dress of a simple gentleman as intrinsically more becoming, and better suited to modern ideas, than the gaudy military or diplomatic uniform, the breast covered with tinsel and spangles, that feudalism has left to European and barbarism to Oriental courts.

No Act of Parliament can abolish the Atlantic Ocean, and if it could, as has been said, Canada could take her place at England's side only after rending the constitution and remodelling it on a federal basis. The British constitution was not framed to meet remote contingencies, but grew and adapted itself to actual British needs; the thirteen colonies on the contrary made their constitution so as to admit, in successive States, the rest of the continent, while they themselves have almost disappeared in the colossal Republic that has grown up about them. A simple Act of Congress and a new State is enrolled on a footing of perfect equality with the others. Canadians have now become tolerably familiar with the lessons of federal government from twenty years of actual experience, and should they wish to enter the American Union both political parties seem ready to vie with each other as to which can offer the best terms. Though it would naturally take time for Canadian feelings and sentiments to get reconciled to the Stars and Stripes, the change would in reality be insignificant if looked at solely in the light of reason—not more than that of the national holiday from the 1st of July (Dominion Day) to the 4th. Canada has no established church, with all that it implies; for here, as in the States, all denominations, like all individuals, are equal before the

if we do not offer Canada such a union the Americans will, and the Canadian Dominion will be practically lost by us." If Canada is lost, it will be because there is more than this at the bottom of it; only a few years ago, it deliberately renounced all the advantages of free trade with Britain.

law. She has no aristocracy or privileged class—unless it be the manufacturers—to cleave society into layers, and foster arrogance above and servility below. She has the same system of popular education, and in legal matters the two countries are at least as close as Edinburgh is to London. Indeed, outside of Quebec, it would be hard to point to any material difference between them that does not bear the mark of recent importation. Letters at present circulate indifferently over the continent north of Mexico, a letter posted in Florida being taken to British Columbia for a penny, while a Canadian writing to his friends "at home," under the same flag, has to pay foreign postage. English sovereigns are, strange to say, seldom or never seen in circulation in British North America. When gold is used at all it bears the impress of a foreign mint, and the convenient American dollars and cents have driven pounds, shillings, and pence completely from the field. The writer has passed Canadian bank notes in the Northern States, and "greenbacks" in Canada without difficulty; while in Ireland, Bank of England notes were refused unless endorsed, and he found to his astonishment that Scotch notes lose their virtue on crossing the border. One of the leading denominations in the Canadian North-West is now united ecclesiastically with brethren in the States, in preference to those in Ontario; while the working men in both countries make common cause against what both regard as the common foe. American papers, magazines, books, periodicals, secular and religious, for children and for adults, fill Canadian homes; and clergymen, journalists, teachers, and doctors, pass back and forth with facility. It is no usual thing for Canadian students to complete their studies at American universities; while the few that go to the mother country, where education is much more expensive, are liable to have their books confiscated as unauthorized reprints. Through passenger and "freight" trains run to and fro across the border, with nothing but the presence of custom-houses to show that they are passing into another country, and this daily intercourse popularizes the same peculiarities, slang expressions, and technical words throughout the continent. Whatever the position of the Dominion may be in detail, it is more and more recognized of late that its general history is necessarily bound up with that of the Great Republic, alongside of which it stretches like fringe on a garment. Though its conservative traditions, strengthened by recent immigration, may cause it to lag behind its Republican sister and to hasten more slowly, it is likely, in the long run, to be drawn in with the larger current of the continent. The tendency to imitate American ways and institutions is already so strong that a shrewd observer lately remarked: "Let him who would accomplish a reform in Canada begin in the United States."

Indeed, the very policy that many looked upon as likely to consolidate the scattered provinces, and put a barrier between them and their American cousins, has turned out to be no insignificant factor to be added to the tendencies that make for annexation. Though wasteful and detrimental to commercial prosperity. Protectionism is intended to stimulate an artificial trade at home by cutting off the people that adopts it from intercourse with their neighbours, and is consequently often contemporaneous with an outburst of new-born patriotism or some movement towards closer political union.

So Canada, after Confederation, adopted the so-called National Policy, which was really the war tariff of the United States slightly modified, and consistently enforced it against the mother country itself, though hopes were entertained by some that it would be disallowed as seriously interfering with the Imperial idea. The promoters of this protective measure eloquently pointed out to the dwellers by the sea the advantage of having Nova Scotia coal burned in Ontario, while Ontario speeches expatiated on the impetus that would be given to trade if the fishermen of the coast were compelled to use Ontario salt. After the Act was passed there was at first considerable activity, while business was adapting itself to the new conditions; but as time passed on many were disappointed with the progress realized, and commenced to lose faith in government-made prosperity; and with the increased expense of living there was increasing discontent, as the golden promises of the pre-election period failed to "materialize." The United States, with over fifty millions of all sorts and conditions of men, possessing almost every kind of climate and product, and having absolute free-trade over the largest extent of varied and fertile country in the world, connected by magnificent waterways and railroads, may play with Protection, or even put up a prohibitory tariff, and prosper in spite of it; but for a small agricultural people, scattered along a narrow belt 3,000 miles in length on the same parallels of latitude, to do the same was madness. The Maritime Provinces, cut off from their natural markets in New England, grumble and threaten secession; the Ontario farmers complain bitterly of hard times, and clamour for "unrestricted reciprocity"; the North-West settlers, maddened by the tariff and the railway monopoly, that make all they buy dear and all they sell cheap, hold mutinous gatherings where annexation is freely talked of, and have at last resolved to connect with the railroad system of the United States, even in defiance of Ottawa; British Columbia is ill-satisfied with the bargain, although the Dominion has saddled itself with an enormous debt to build the Canadian Pacific road to unite it with the other Provinces; and everywhere along the line, except in French Quebec*,

* It is curious that this Province is more averse from union with the United States than any other, but the reasons are not far to seek: (1) The only survival of any established church in North America is to be found here, and the Roman Catholic clergy and those interested know that this depends on the Treaty of 1763, which is in force only

are signs of growing discontent. In the blind groping for a remedy, union with the States in some form or other presents itself; and men who have no taste for speculative politics or abstract economic reasoning see matters in a different light when put in a concrete form; and others, who have studied the subject on all sides, have no objection to get out of an apparently hopeless economic difficulty by political means. Protectionists, as usual, suggest increased Protection as a panacea, and thus keep adding fuel to the flames. The most that free-traders can hope for, if they should succeed by close reasoning and in the face of lobby influence and vested interest in defeating the present combination, is to pull down their side of the double Chinese walls between them and their neighbours; while by enlisting the sympathies of the large class who recognize at once the advantages of "commercial union" but, like the Fair Traders in England, know little of the philosophy of commerce, and cannot abide a "jug-handled free-trade," they can—in words attributed to Mr. Bright—"double the value of property in Canada," and sweep away for ever, as the late Secretary of the United States Treasury expresses it, "the obstacles to that enlarging freer intercourse among the heirs by a kindred blood of one great heritage of social order, language, laws and civil liberty, which is leading here and promoting everywhere the progress of the human race."

At present the northern portion of the American continent alone is liable to be drawn into the vortex of European diplomacy and war. In no conceivable case a gainer, and almost certain to be a loser, in any great war; with little real interest in Britain's quarrels, and less influence in her councils; without any army and without a navy, Canada, unnoticed and useless to England in time of peace, could be but a weakness in time of war and a possible source of trouble afterwards. But the union of Canada and the United States, and the pacification of Ireland, would blot out all the jealousy and dislike of England still prevalent, and would knit together as never before the old world and the new; and, though we are looking at it mainly from a Canadian point of view, it is hard to believe that such a union of her children across the Atlantic could really injure their common mother at home; it would certainly be in conformity with a strongly marked tendency of the century in politics, religion, science, and philanthropy, and would be the first step in the direction of a closer union between the English-speaking peoples throughout the world.

Examples are not wanting to prove that, with proper guarantees for independence in local matters, races differing widely in language, faith, and character may unite and work harmoniously under the same general government; and the present European alliances are scarcely needed to remind us that, after this has been brought about, still larger unions may be formed for certain political ends. It is unlikely that we shall ever see any serious attempt made to consolidate the scattered branches of the English people under one Government; nor would this indeed be desirable. It has been well said of the Germans of Austria, and of the German Empire, that "they differ so widely in their character and conceptions of life that, though they will act as brothers while independent, their fraternal affection would be severely tried by any attempt to run in double harness." The same is true of the race to which we belong; and it is even probable that the unemancipated portions of it may, in accordance with Turgot's law, assert their complete independence before agreeing to act as brothers with the rest. "It is likely enough," wrote the late Professor Green, "that the older of them may again break in twain, and that the English people in the Pacific may assert as distinct a national life as the two English peoples on either side the Atlantic. But the spirit, the influence, of all these branches will remain one. And in thus remaining one, before half a century is over, it will change the face of the world. As two hundred millions of Englishmen fill the valley of the Mississippi, as fifty millions of Englishmen assert their lordship over Australasia, this vast power will tell through Britain on the old world of Europe, whose nations will have shrunk into insignificance before it."* It is surely not too much to hope that this "vast power" may some day find a voice. Local autonomy secured, and local independence once frankly acknowledged, the time for the second process of re-union on a different basis will have arrived. When a Latin union is talked of, and Slavas are drawn together by a common feeling, and a colossal power has been formed in the heart of Europe by a united Germany and her allies, it is surely not too soon to ask why the race that has led the van of modern political progress should not come to a general agreement on matters affecting their common welfare, establish a common court of arbitration, and even a Pan-Anglican council to regulate or, at least, discuss the numerous questions in which some uniformity or understanding is desirable.

While the license and instability of the French—in Burke's passionate phrase, "the ablest architects of ruin who have hitherto existed in the world"—the petty tyranny of cultured Germany, and the general militarism and arbitrariness manifest on the continent, must keep Britain aloof from her neighbours, and render hearty co-operation extremely difficult, here is promise of a grand alliance that might easily—not to mention minor matters—

as long as the connection with England lasts; (2) Quebec can at present, with a solid vote, hold the balance of power, and make better terms than it could as a part of the Republic; and (3) with the present system of indirect taxation and subsidies this Province receives generously from the federal treasury to which the *habitant*, by importing very little, contributes next to nothing.

* *History of the English People*, bk. ix., ch. ii.

banish war from half the globe, and make it next to impossible on any large scale in the rest. However chimerical such a proposal might have been half a century ago, it ought not to be so now. The scattered portions of our race inherit so much from a common past that the points of difference between them are in comparison very insignificant. They are all animated by a common love of liberty, and have substantially the same aims and views of individual and political life. If English statesmen can only settle the dreadful Irish question, the common political plague of both hemispheres, and the American people will treat with proper contempt the few fire-brand politicians who are so ready to stir up strife, there is every prospect that a practical question of the near future will be this great Pan-Anglican alliance. And even now the time has come for its discussion and popularization. In spite of the Fisheries dispute and the Irish Question—and they are, in a measure, linked together, the Irish vote in the United States making a chronic dispute with England a god-send to demagogues—"the distance that parted England from America lessens every day. The ties that unite them grow every day stronger. The social and political differences that threatened a hundred years ago to form an impassable barrier between them grow every day less."

But before this grand alliance can be brought about the various branches of the English-speaking people living near each other must be united and learn to pull together harmoniously, to respect local preferences, peculiarities, and even prejudices, while working together for common ends. In this way, if at all, will be accomplished that federation of mankind of which poets sing and philanthropists dream.

JAMES W. BELL.

HELP US.

LAUGH, girls, laugh,
We bear the burden all day long;
At eventide then give us song
And smiles and merry play,
To drive our cares away.

Dream, girls, dream,
Though, in the strife and strain of toil,
We cannot keep our souls from soil,
But dream we've nobly wrought,
We'll strive to fit your thought.

Pray, girls, pray,
We, in our haste to get and spend,
Forget the grave is not life's end.
Pray for us in our need;
Your prayer shall shape our deed.

MAURICE ORMOND.

THE SHAH'S VISIT TO ENGLAND.

OLD England, as a nation, has at least one foible. She dearly loves to show off before a foreign potentate. Herself a monarchy, she dons her best apparel and smiles her sweetest smiles when visited by a monarch. It matters little who her guest may be—a Louis Napoleon, an Emperor of Brazil, a Cetewayo, or a King of Siam, before each and all she plays her brass bands, and mans her yard-arms, and fires her big guns. But perhaps of all her royal guests none has been so fêted as has the recent occupant of Buckingham Palace, His Imperial Majesty, Nas'r-ed-Din, Shah of Persia. Those who were in England on the occasion of his previous visit, sixteen years ago, will remember the commotion he excited. His name was in everybody's mouth. Popular and jocular songs and sayings and anecdotes abounded, and not to have "seen the Shah" was to have argued oneself quite "out of it."

To judge from the English papers, this his second tour is as great an event as was the first. All London seems to have turned out to witness his Majesty's arrival. Royalty outdid itself in doing him honour. The Royal yacht carried him, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales accompanied him, Royal salutes greeted him, the Royal Watermen awaited him, and the Royal Horse Guards and other troops escorted him. He had scarce been three days on British soil ere he was treated to a procession, a diplomatic reception, a ceremonial visit to Windsor, an opera, a Guild Hall luncheon, a dinner, and a state ball; notables by the score were presented to him, and speeches without end were made to him and for him and at him—especially the last. His hosts remembered, no doubt, that their guest had but recently quitted the hospitalities of their rival for his affections—and, it might be added, for his country and his commerce—and they brought out their carriages-and-six, their scarlet and gold, their soldiers, and their ships; they handed him addresses in golden caskets, and offered him a choice of "three champagnes of famous vintage" at one meal—so the *Times* soberly avers; they paid Albani and Scalchi to sing for him, and invited dukes and duchesses to dance for him; they beflagged their streets and becarpeted their railway stations—in short, they did everything that wealth and ingenuity combined could devise to outdo in splendour and in magnificence their Russian rival.

All this was, no doubt, very interesting. But the most interesting thing of all no one says anything about; and this is, what his Majesty thought of it all. Is it possible that his mind travelled back to history, and that while

town clerks or recorders were reading illuminated addresses welcoming him, in the Corporation of the City of London's vile phrase, "in their midst," is it possible that he thought of the mightiness and magnitude of ancient Iran and imperceptibly smiled at the diminitiveness and juvenescence of the nation which calls itself "Great" Britain, this babe amongst empires compared to that over which he holds sway?—so we may imagine the successor of King Gushtash regarding her (and Gushtash, some say, lived five thousand years before the Trojan War)*. Is it possible that he remembered the grandeur of his predecessors on the throne of Persia, of Darius, and Cyrus, and Xerxes; of Timur, and Selim, and Shah Abbas the Great, and pondered the fact that when Persia flourished Britain was the abode of a woad-stained horde of savages? Did the names of Susa, and Bagdad, and Khorassan recur to him, names famous wherever there are articulate-speaking beings, while all that is known in Persia of Manchester or London or Liverpool is that their merchants are greedily eyeing the Karun River? Could it have crossed his mind that his own kingdom was close upon four times the size of the isles in which he sojourned? What if Czar Alexander had been coaching him in geography, had been showing him maps, and had been pointing out to him that of square miles Russia possesses some eight and quarter millions, while those of Great Britain and Ireland together number only a hundred thousand or so?

But, banter apart, for an occidental nation, which is stolid and unimpressible to boot, to strive to shine by means of pageants in the eyes of an oriental sovereign—and he the sovereign of the land of pageants *par excellence*—is it not a strange thing to do? True, the eastern pageant is, if gorgeous, yet trumpery; but can the eastern spectator distinguish substantial wealth and power from their counterfeits if wealth and power are exhibited in the form of spectacular ceremonies?

However, perhaps it is unfair thus to criticise England's reception of her august visitor. To have seen London is to have seen something of England's wealth and power, and perhaps the way to see London is to see it in all the pomp and circumstance of state ceremony. Before the Shah leaves British shores too, we are told he is to have an opportunity of seeing the outward manifestations of the true sources of England's wealth and power—he is to see her manufacturing towns, and he is to see her navy. Indeed, he has probably by this time already witnessed the wonders of Bradford, and Leeds, and Birmingham, and Newcastle—wonders of capital and labour, of enterprise and industry, such as, one would fancy, could not but astonish even the least easily astonished of eastern minds. If he is wise he will remember these and not the pageants, when again in his own land he is beset by importunate foreign representatives bickering over the navigation of that Karun river.

ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION AND THE UNITED STATES.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—There is one passage in my letter on "Paying the Insurance" which you seem to have misconstrued, owing doubtless to the fact that my idea was only partially defined. As your misconception attributes to me a sentiment which, I agree with you, would argue an ignorance of the character of our neighbours to the South, and which might possibly have an irritating and mischievous effect, I hasten to explain my meaning more clearly. Our neighbours, I said, would be more likely to settle the disputes unfortunately existing between us under Imperial Federation than they are at present, because "it would give them an assurance, which they do not generally feel now, that Britain will fight for Canadian rights, and not Britain alone, but Britain plus Australia, plus New Zealand, plus South Africa, etc." Politicians, I added, "will probably find it impossible to make political capital by bullying Canada and worrying Britain, when their constituents clearly see war staring them in the face." This you fancy is presenting Imperial Federation as "a menace to the United States," and you question, like myself, "whether the people of the United States, any more than those of Canada or England, are of a kind to be easily frightened into a more friendly attitude."

If "the people of the United States" were generally averse to settling the matters in dispute between us, then any assurance that the Empire would fight for our contentions, whether this assurance was created by the federation of the Empire or otherwise, would probably precipitate the war, which, in the state of feeling assumed, would be bound to come sooner or later. But the fact is, I believe, that the vast and sensible majority of our Republican neighbours would be glad to have our disputes arranged, by arbitration or otherwise, and more neighbourly relations established between us. Their desire is, however, balked by the action of certain politicians who feel they can profitably truckle to a small minority, composed of Yankee jingoes and of Britain-haters. The respectable constituents of these gentry at present view their violent anti-British and anti-Canadian speeches as grotesque, but not as dangerous. "There is no earthly chance of war," "England will never fight for a few codfish," "Britain

* It is interesting to remember that Hegel (*Philosophy of History*, Part I., Section iii.) calls the Persians "the first historical people." "The principle of development," he says, "begins with the history of Persia"—but, I fear, we cannot credit the Shah with a perusal of Hegel!

will never risk her vast commerce for a troublesome colony," too many Americans believe. And so they may forbear to extinguish their political firebrands till a stray spark may have kindled a conflagration. But if all parts of our Empire were banded together to defend the just rights of each part, and if all the provinces were ready to give ungrudgingly to any province in her need an aid which she had bound herself to reciprocate in their need, then "the people of the United States," seeing that the antics of their tail-twisters might actually lead to war, would probably suppress these mischievous mountebanks. This, I think, they would do, *not from fear*, but from natural disinclination for a war with a kindred and friendly empire; a fratricidal war which would prevent English from becoming the world-language and the English-speaking peoples from controlling the earth in the interests of humanity and peace. It is largely to avert so piteous a strife that I desire to see our Empire federated; and should federation prove impracticable, I am willing to consider without prejudice any other means to effect the same beneficent end.

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

PUBLICATION IN CANADA.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

DEAR SIR,—"*Sarepta*" has invited me to give the public some information as to the profit attending publication in Canada. I do not think the public would take my words as authoritative. I could only speak for myself, and for a first book at that. I can tell him that I certainly did not make a fortune out of "*Fleurs de Lys*," but I will add that I am soon to make another venture, which proves that I was not bitten by my first publication.

But, in my opinion, literature in Canada is a labour of love. Indeed, it seems to me that there is not in the history of literature a parallel to what we find in Canada today. *Litterateurs* in this county earn their living at some profession or trade other than writing. I need not say that journalism is not literature.

This is not strange, for every country has had its writers who earned no money. But Canada's peculiarity is that she offers no prizes whatever. Poor, struggling, starving, as they have been, English authors always saw something worth working for. Not one of our authors, I venture to say, has the least expectation of making money in Canada from his or her pen, or at least by means of a book. We—may I say, "we"?—write because we cannot help it, and publish through the pardonable desire to find a niche in the Canadian temple of fame. Now, a poet is the slave of his pen, a novelist master of it; it follows, therefore, since there is little or no inducement to write, that those who can write novels, and do not, are proportionately more numerous than those who can and do write verse. Add to these latter those who cannot write verse, yet do; and there is little wonder that the verse of Canada is more plentiful than its prose.

Furthermore, the advantage of competition is on the side of Canadian poets, and foreign novelists and essayists. Let the government give a bonus annually towards the publication of the best Canadian novel of the year and something might be done.

In conclusion, let me say that I fancy Erol Gervase's remark, that it is easier to write verse than prose, has been misunderstood. Your correspondent, I take it, meant that a man can write verse, though unable to find the time to write a novel. To plan a novel, give its characters thorough justice and write the work in a pleasing style, requires, in my opinion, far more time than a poem of the length usually chosen by Canadian writers. Why are there so few long Canadian poems like "*Roberval*" for example? Simply for the same reason that applies to the lack of novels. Our writers have not the time to devote to the study and execution of a sustained effort. Give Canada time. Be satisfied with the poet for a little while, and the novel will come. I know of two that are now under way in this city. If ever they are finished, it will be because the writers do not shrink from depriving themselves of their leisure for months. Yours very truly,

ARTHUR WRIR.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE POETRY OF ROBERT BROWNING.*

IN one of his prefaces, Browning says that he had expected, at one time, to write the criticism for his poetry as well as the poetry itself. For better or worse, however, this has been taken out of his hands. Within the last twenty years, in addition to numerous magazine articles, at least a dozen books have appeared, professing to act as interpreters between the poet and the reading public. Beginning with Professor Nettleship's still unsurpassed studies in 1868, a work, by the way, too little known in America, we have had "hand-books" and "introductions" of various kinds from such writers as Symons, Fotheringham, Professor Corson and Mrs. Orr. These are, by no means of one order of merit. Such a book as Fotheringham's with its gush, its slipshod English and hysterical use of italics can only disgust. Browning must pray to be delivered from such friends. Mrs. Orr's "*Handbook*," on the other hand, is unpretentious and useful. The writer lays little claim to higher criticism, and contents herself with giving careful but unconnected synopses of the

* "An Introduction to the Poetry of Robert Browning." By William John Alexander, Ph. D., Munro Professor of English Language and Literature, Dalhousie College and University, Halifax, N.S. Boston: Ginn & Co., 1889.

separate poems. A similar plan is followed by almost all the books which have appeared on the subject. Such work is, no doubt, useful, but it cannot be called criticism. We must look elsewhere; and it is in the latest publication on the subject, by a Canadian professor of English, that we find the first attempt, since Nettleship, to deal with the body of Browning's poetry, in the true critical spirit.

Professor Alexander's book begins with what may be called, a necessitarian argument. The fields of art became exhausted, one after one, and with them the form of expression appropriate to each. The great poet must body forth his age, and Browning is a great poet. It follows that his theme, and his manner of treating that theme, are virtually pre-determined. Both are new. His theme is the inner life of the soul, and his characteristic form, the dramatic monologue. The selection of *My Last Duchess* as the typical illustration of Browning's method was most happy, and a good instance of that fine insight which is displayed again and again throughout the book. The rest of the chapter deals with Browning's general characteristics, the ascendancy of his intellect over his imagination, the limitations which this ascendancy imposes, the wonderful *verve* of his best writing and his love of paradox. The second chapter is devoted to Browning's philosophy, which may be roughly summed up in two statements: this world is necessarily imperfect, and the soul must live in strenuous endeavour. The poet's relation to Christianity is next treated. *An Epistle* and *A Death in the Desert*, are used as illustrations, and Dr. Alexander concludes (p. 61) that "much of Browning's philosophy is a re-statement of the old truths of Christianity from the standpoint and in the language of the nineteenth century." A valuable chapter follows on Browning's theory of art, showing his twofold nature as an objective and subjective poet, and his bold assumption of the character of seer or revealer of transcendental truth. The poet's development, which is divided into three periods, is next traced from the appearance of *Pauline* and *Paracelsus* down to *Sordello*. A careful analysis of the last-named poem, book by book, is then given, which is fuller, but not clearer, than Nettleship's essay on the same subject. The second period of development is treated in chapter vii; this is the time of his married life and greatest power, when his best work was produced. The climax of poetic strength is reached, *The Ring and the Book*. From this time on, our critic considers, and justly we think, that decadence has set in; it is a glorious decline, but, nevertheless, a decline from the magnificence of his earlier work. The book closes with a fine characterization of Browning, the poet and the man.

Such are the contents of the little book, which contains within its two hundred and odd pages the simplest and at the same time most comprehensive treatment of Browning's entire literary activity which has yet appeared. Though not aiming at being exhaustive, it gives some account of the whole man. This broad view is just what the student beginning Browning needs; detailed knowledge can come very well afterwards; the book is what it professes to be, an introduction, nothing more. The critic's attitude towards his subject is interesting; he places himself above his author, and deals with him *de haut en bas*. This must of necessity be the critic's position, but Dr. Alexander nowhere abuses his prerogative. No Browningite could be offended at his tone, though he might think that more praise might have been justly meted out. Nothing is over-stated. After such a book as Professor Corson's, this may sound cold. It might even be doubted if the writer were friend, or foe. He has not written for the Browning worshipper, but for the general reader who wishes to know the poet. His criticism is refreshingly impersonal. This calm, judicial estimate inspires our confidence, and is worth volumes of indiscriminating rhetoric. The greatest value of the present work is its clear, orderly exposition of the broad principles underlying all Browning's work. The poems are used freely as illustrations. At the same time they are kept in their proper relation to the text, and the book is not allowed to degenerate into mere explanations of separate poems. The reader is, therefore, spared the many impertinences of the "hand-books," which seem to assume that he never saw a line of verse before. The analysis of *Sordello* will go far to remove the charge of obscurity which this single poem has drawn down upon all Browning's work, most undeservedly, we think. It will be a new thing under the sun for many to know that *Sordello* is a connected story with a definite beginning, middle and end.

There is one defect in the construction of the book which the author seems to feel in his preface. It was at first a series of college lectures, and it is always difficult to recast such material so that it shall not bear marks of its first shape. Traces of this are seen chiefly in omitting to draw the threads of discourse together. We miss, for instance, those general conclusions at the ends of chapters which are so helpful to the reader. Again, there is not that coherence and balance between the separate parts which springs from a thoroughly digested plan. A more complete re-casting of the original material would have made a valuable book still more valuable.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

A DILEMMA.—Nervous gentleman (to two sisters): "I've got to take one of you in to dinner. A—a—let me see—a—which is the elder?"—*Punch*.

INVERTED PATRONAGE.—Young lady tourist (caressing the hotel terrier, Bareglourie, N.B.)—"Oh, Binkie is his name! He seems inclined to be quite friendly with me." Waiter—"Ooo, aye, Miss, he's no vera parteeclar wha he taks up wi!"

ART NOTES.

OF English art at the Paris Exhibition we read in the *Art Magazine*: "There is great dignity and great refinement about many of these English pictures—the great and striking fact that comes home to one after examining this English collection is, that the British painters who uphold the reputation of our school are the men who have not gone to France for their artistic training. The reputation of the English school is upheld in France to-day by the men who are distinctly British, not by virtue of birth only but because their tastes, their feeling, their modes of expression have never been subordinated to the teaching of men whose taste and feeling and modes of expression are not British and which can never be made to adapt themselves to minds that think, to souls that feel, and to hands that work in ways peculiar to the English people."

The Exhibition called the New Gallery, in London, England, seems to have attracted a great deal of notice as a new rival to the Grosvenor, and, to a certain extent, to the Royal Academy. We hear that it contains more strikingly able works for its size than any other gallery in London. Mr. Watts, R.A., is represented therein by some of his best works, as is Mr. Alma Tadema, who, diverging from his own peculiar field of art, exhibits three portraits which have much distinction of charm and colour. Among landscapes, Mr. Adrian Stokes' "Wet West Wind," a somewhat difficult subject, is much admired as very truthful and unaffected. Homer Watson is also represented. Among portraits Mr. J. S. Sargent's "Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth" seems to have carried off the palm, "no portrait has been exhibited for some years which excels this in grandeur of pose, fineness of modelling, and magnificence of colour" and the usual praise is given to portraits by Herkomer, Shannon, and Arthur Melville.

At the Grosvenor, Mr. Briton Rivière has a new rendering of the legend of Prometheus, and J. M. Swan a fine study of a dead lion: there are also portraits by such well-known men as Millais, S. J. Solomon, Jacob-Hood, and landscapes by Keeley Halswelle, who sends a picture of a "Blasted Heath," MacWhirter, J. B. Knight, Hook, Boughton, and Mark Fisher.

Last week we took occasion to allude to the fact that the heavy duty on pictures precludes the sending of our artists' work to the States; we are glad to see in the current number of the *Nation* that in a circular issued by the National Free Art League it is stated that "the present tariff on works of art is not in the nature of a protective tax, for the price of a work of art depends on the individual reputation of the artist, and a cause which enhances the price of foreign works of art has no beneficial effect on domestic productions." The article goes on to say that the reverse is the fact as the works of foreign artists being thus artificially advanced and the question not being one of quantity, the price of Corot's or Meissonier's picture being enhanced does not raise the price of the native artist's works, but more distinctly marks the latter as the cheaper and, presumably, to the uninitiated the inferior; the effect being that the abolition of the tax is "demanded by the class sought to be protected, the artists of America."

TEMPLAR.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE Vocalion organ, manufactured by Messrs. Mason & Risch, Toronto, is achieving much success. The directors of the Toronto Philharmonic and Choral Societies' concerts have issued a report, in the course of which they say: "During the present musical season the Vocalion organ has been a new and welcomed factor in the success of our concerts, doing the work assigned to the pipe organ under the hands of the talented organists of these societies, in the oratorios of "The Messiah" and "Samson," supporting most satisfactorily a chorus of over 250 voices, and an orchestra of over sixty, and "The Creation," on April 4th, also with a large chorus and orchestra.

THE Vocalion is winning golden opinions at the Paris Exposition, and thereby adds another to Canada's already numerous musical laurels. The Vocalion is now manufactured at Worcester, Mass., and has resulted in the placing upon the market of a *media* between the reed and pipe organs at once appreciable.

THE July number of the *Musical Times* fairly bristles with correspondence referring to the presence of ladies' surpliced choirs in both England and the Colonies. It transpires that there is a fine surpliced choir in Melbourne Cathedral. There are twelve ladies, fourteen boys and sixteen men. The former wear surplices with black stoles, black velvet collars and round black mortar-boards with silk tassels. At the new church of Skelton near Saltburn-by-the-Sea, Yorkshire, there are, or were, four ladies forming an addition to a very good male choir. The surplices were pleated in at the back—says a correspondent—"to fit the figure," they were accompanied by violet velvet Tam O'Shanter caps (sic) and no gloves were worn. For the information of Canadian readers, it may be useful to know that Messrs. Nathan, Hardman Street, Liverpool, make the surplices and caps alluded to. Dr. Bromley, the fearless though probably eccentric official of Melbourne Cathedral, says: "It cannot be denied that considering the extraordinary caprices of fashion in the matter of female attire, it would offend the taste to see the simple uniformity of surpliced men and boys disturbed by the intrusion of the grotesque and daily changing inventions of the Paris

milliner." On the other hand, Why introduce the women at all?

THE following item from a London paper furnishes some idea of the musical activity in New Zealand: "The Auckland Choral Society, in the report of its proceedings, gives an interesting list of works performed during the past year, under the conductorship of Herr Carl Schmitt: Handel's 'Messiah,' Mendelssohn's 'Elijah' and 'Christus,' Spohr's 'Calvary,' Schubert's 'Mass in E Flat,' Barnby's 'Rebekah,' and Sullivan's 'Martyr of Antioch,' altogether a very creditable record. The Society has a chorus of over two hundred and a band of forty-two performers. The solos have been taken chiefly by members of the Society. The financial position shows a large balance of funds in hand. The scheme for the season now in progress includes such works as, "The Messiah" (two performances, one of which is open free to the public), 'Jephtha,' Gade's 'Erl-King's Daughter,' Stanford's 'Revenge,' Cowen's 'Rose Maiden,' and Rossini's 'Moses, in Egypt.'" The significant fact about these performances is that the soloists are all local people. Here, the proximity of the musical and persevering Republic prevents our executants from achieving the position some of them are undoubtedly fit for—or soon would be, if they chose to study hard and make distinct progress.

THE new "first part" in German Reed's entertainment at St. George's Hall—buffaree or buffareta, as it is called—was produced on the 24th ult. with a large amount of success. It is called "Tuppins and Co.," and the chief humour of the story turns upon the baseless jealousy of "Tuppins" (Mr. Alfred Reed). His wife (Miss Fanny Holland) is an ex-lady's maid, with a lingering love for "le bong tong." These artists have rarely appeared to greater advantage. There are other cleverly drawn characters in the piece, such as a dainty little hoyden (Miss Tully), an Irishman (Mr. Walter Browne), and a tenor singer (Mr. Duncan Young), all represented most efficiently. The book, by Mr. Malcolm Watson, is well written; and the music, bright and melodious, is by Mr. Edward Solomon.

"THE MESSIAH," rarely performed in Paris, was given on the 10th ult., at the Trocadéro, for the benefit of the Société Philanthropique, under the direction of Signor Vianesi, and realised the sum of 45,000 francs. The last preceding Paris performance of the work was in January, 1875, under the auspices of M. Lamoureux, when Madame Patey sang the contralto solos, the French translation being that of M. Wilder. An interesting and sympathetic article on the *chef d'œuvre* of the Saxon master will be found in *L'Art Musical*, of the 15th ult.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

UNDER GREEN APPLE BOUGHS. By Helen Campbell. Ticknor & Co.

This is a reprint of a clever story well told some time ago in a leading American periodical. It is too well known to need analysis, the author being one of the recognized contributors to leading magazines across the line.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD. Camelot Series. London: Walter Scott; Toronto: Gage & Co.

This revered classic appears in a cheap and neat form, though not entirely free from typographical errors, and will be found a refreshing *pabulum* after Tolstoi and Meredith. The humour, the candour, the healthy religious fervour, the manly sentiment are all as new and *naïf* as when Oliver Goldsmith conceived it one hundred and twenty-three years ago.

A CROOKED PATH. By Mrs. Alexander. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The prolific authoress mentioned writes steadily on, and writes, it would seem, for a large circle of readers, notwithstanding the claims put forward by more modern novelists. Happily, her books are sober, healthy pictures of English life, and are always interesting in the quiet, thorough-bred way that makes them so delightful. "A Crooked Path" is fully equal to Mrs. Alexander's best known works.

PRINCIPLES OF PROCEDURE IN DELIBERATE BODIES. By George Glover Crocker. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's; Toronto: Williamson & Co.

This useful little manual furnishes a systematic statement of such principles and such rules as are found necessary on almost all occasions of public assembly. While the foundation of all such matters is unquestionably English Parliamentary Law, several modifications have been made in "Crocker's Manual" to suit the exigencies of the United States, and the book will be found eminently useful to members of Provincial, Local and Artistic Societies.

BY LEAFY WAYS. By Francis A. Knight. Boston: Roberts' Bros. Illustrated by E. T. Compton.

Another venture of a similar kind being a volume of sketches that originally appeared in the *Daily News*. The interest attached to the Old-World landscape enhances the description of forest and field, and many are the charming passages devoted to the delineation of those sights and sounds, which along her shores, or in her flowery meadows, make of Old England truly a thing of beauty and a joy forever. The book is embellished with several fine photographic illustrations of English scenery.

ACROSS LOTS. By Horace Lunt. Boston: D. Lothrop Co.

The author of this readable book is following in the path originally marked out by Thoreau, and continued by Burroughs. These essays—for the volume is made up of nine papers on certain aspects of nature—suggest the best in both these older writers, and as we read the carefully-prepared descriptions of nest and pond-life, bird and tree and stream, we feel that there cannot be too many books of this kind, fresh, cultured, instructive disquisitions on all interesting and many beautiful natural objects. The essays have appeared in various first-class American magazines, *Outing*, the *American Naturalist*, the *Popular Science Monthly*, and others, which attests perhaps better to their merit than any later remarks.

PUDDINGS AND PASTRY: A LA MODE. By Mrs. De Salis. London: Longmans, Green & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.

It is confessedly new to have to associate a cookery manual with the well-known house of Longman, yet when the little book in question is exquisitely bound and printed, and contains mouth-watering recipes for delightful dishes that have nothing gross in their composition—for from this manual are Ye Meates and Ye Souppes banished—the departure does not seem so great. A specialist in such matters would doubtless pronounce upon the recipes themselves, that they are all they pretend to be, and that many of them are very new and valuable indeed, but that certain technical terms in use in England, and not as yet introduced here, threaten to make the work less popular than it deserves to be.

THE WRONG BOX. By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Williamson & Co.

Criticism, in the case of this singular book, is forewarned though not forearmed by the opinions which it has already provoked. There are who see more of Mr. Stevenson's unique strength and manner in it than in any late tale of his. There are who insist that its chief characteristics proclaim it to be mainly the work of the *collaborateur*, and one of these is Mrs. Stevenson, the poet's mother, according to several critical journals. What the reading public knows is this—that whoever wrote it—the book is clever, entrancingly, absurdly, brilliantly clever, with situations absolutely new, with dialogue that is as clean-cut, and retort as spontaneous as if poor old Maddison Morton, in the Charterhouse, had suddenly grown young and written it all, with sentences that are epigrams, polished to a degree, with whole paragraphs that are collections of such sentences. A three-act farce "written up," and improved into a tale is candidly, from a literary point of view, what the book is, and yet "The Wrong Box" may still be regarded as a distinct and valuable addition to light literature, the style being so incisive, the matter so new. Despite the extravagant nature of the fun, it will be a hard matter to make the public believe that it is not R. Louis Stevenson but the tyro Lloyd Osbourne, who has contributed to their amusement. Should it indeed prove to be the latter, it can only be said that he is a worthy pupil of a worthy master. Michael Finsbury may be accepted as a distinct creation, and his semi-drunken scene is capitally conducted. The affair of the grand piano and the corpse is, of course, slightly dubious, and will detract, to some minds, from the pleasure of reading the book, yet how cautiously, how *politely* it is managed! It takes all Mr. Stevenson's tact—or Mr. Lloyd Osbourne's—to manage it—the ponderous body of poor Uncle Joseph—but the result is admirable, and will, we fancy, jar on very few. The book must be appreciatively read to be fully understood.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

GEN. LLOYD BRICE has succeeded the late Allen Thorndike Rice, as editor of the *North American Review*.

A "LIFE" of Father Damien will be ready in a few weeks, issued by Messrs. MacMillan & Co. The author is Mr. Edward Clifford.

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & Co., announce a new serial, to be devoted to the reproduction of selected works by the foremost photographers of the day.

MR. SPURGEON'S latest work bears the novel title of "Salt-Cellars. Being a collection of Proverbs, together with homely notes thereon." The publishers are Passmore and Alabaster, 14 Paternoster Buildings.

R. D. BLACKMORE'S brilliant novel of "Kit and Kitty," which begins in next number of *Harper's Bazar*, will run for several months. The same number will contain portraits of the Princess Louise and her *fiancé*, the Earl of Fife.

WE reprint this week an excellent article from the pen of James W. Bell, on "The Future of Canada," which originally appeared in the July number of the *Illustrated Naval and Military Review*, an English publication of merit, and one which is not often encountered on Canadian tables or in reading-rooms.

DONALD G. MITCHELL, known as "Ik Marvel," is one of the attractions at Chautauqua this week. Though seventy years of age, his rural life at Edgewood, Conn., has enabled him to retain his health and vigour. His eyes are a bright blue, his complexion fresh, and his step elastic. He is said to look like a "condensed edition of George William Curtis."

CABLE despatches from London give some details concerning the political activities of Mr. Augustine Birrell, whose clever volume of essays and criticisms, "Obiter Dicta," gave him an introduction in this country. Under the patronage of Mr. John Morley he has appeared in public and has been made the Liberal candidate for Parliament in the West Fife district of Scotland.

In London, next month, will be sold at auction the library of the late Frederick Perkins, which contains the first, second, third and fourth Shakspeare folios, between twenty and thirty of the plays in quarto, including first editions of "Love's Labor Lost," "Much Ado About Nothing," "Pericles," and "Othello," and the exceedingly scarce "Lucrece" of 1594. A large number of original editions of plays of seventeenth century authors is included in the sale.

An article on "The Wastes of Modern Civilization," by Dr. Felix L. Oswald, will appear in the August *Popular Science Monthly*. "Mr. Mallock on Optimism," a critical article by W. D. Le Sueur, in the same number, repels the assertions of Mr. Mallock that there is not sufficient reason for being gratified with the prospects of the human race, and that no meaning in life can be seen without the light of theological faith. Mr. Le Sueur is a Canadian, and identified with all that is vigorous and progressive in modern thought.

THOMAS HUGHES has been requested to revise his well-known book "Tom Brown's School Days," by an American publisher, who demands that certain passages should be omitted or altered so that the book might be brought into accord with the moral atmosphere of America, especially in the matter of temperance. This request, made some time ago, Mr. Hughes politely but firmly refused to grant. It is impossible, in this connection, to forget the *cult* of Mr. Jefferson Brick and his colleagues: "We air a moral country, Sir."

A MR. MACKAY gives this account of the condition of De Quincey's grave: The mural tablet is not weather-stained, and his grave is not utterly neglected, but well cared for by some loving hand or other. When in Edinburgh I almost always visit his grave, and only on Thursday, May 23rd last, I was there, and as the birds sang about in the grounds, the trees rustled, and the sun shone, I could hardly think of him sleeping in a more lovely spot, save it might be along with Wordsworth and Hartley Coleridge in the churchyard at Grasmere.

ROBERT GRANT, the author of "The Confessions of a Frivolous Girl," has written the third article in *Scribner's Fishing series* for the August issue, entitled "Tarpon Fishing in Florida." Mr. Grant, during the past winter, made a special trip to St. James City, Fla., to gather material for this article, and had the good fortune during the second day's fishing to capture an enormous tarpon, six feet long and weighing 132 pounds. His description of his three hours' fight with this tremendous fish is one of the most graphic pieces of sportsman's literature of recent years. The article is fully illustrated from photographs made at the time, which have been carefully redrawn by Burns, Woodward, and others.

At the recent *Conversazione* in the Albert Hall, of the Royal Colonial Institute, a very large number of Australians were present. The Canadians included Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Mowat, Mr. and Mrs. Lucius R. O'Brien, Mr. John Dewe, Mr. Blackader and others. The bands of the Royal Artillery, Royal Horse Guards, Coldstream Guards and Scot Guards were all in attendance, and played among other selections several colonial compositions. The guests were received by the Marquis of Lorne, and were over 2,400 in number. The Albert Hall was profusely decorated with plants and flowers, and the flag of the Institute, with its well-known motto of "The Queen and United Empire," was conspicuously displayed in front of the great organ.

Queries for July contains a bright article on "The Publishing House of Murray." The present John Murray is the fourth of that name. In his drawing-room, at 50 Albemarle Street, are paintings and souvenirs of Charles Lamb, Walter Scott, Byron and Mrs. Browning. A portrait of Mary Somerville is conspicuous, also a silver urn presented by Lord Byron, and filled with hemlock gathered by himself near Athens. The annual trade dinner at "The Albion" is still kept up, when, after coffee, Mr. Murray yields his place to the auctioneer of the evening, who then receives bids for the number of books each bookseller will take. The special advantage is the discount on large purchases and long time, the amount usually exceeding £20,000.

THE "Aldine" is the name of a new literary club in New York, situated at No. 20 Lafayette Place. The premises are historically interesting, the appointments luxurious, and the conditions of membership not startlingly or cruelly exacting. "Old English" and not young American, seem to survive in its decoration. Sydney Smith's line "Fate cannot harm me; I have dined to-day," artistically lettered in gilt runs around the walls of the dining-room. The grill-room is unctuously comfortable, with a sanded floor, and every facility for "a steak, a brace of chops, or a Welsh-rabbit, a mug of ale or a bottle of beer." Where are the baked beans of New England and the clam chowder of the coast? The cutlery is embellished with the device of Manutius Aldus, the patron saint of the club—a dolphin entwined about an anchor, typifying the motto of the famous printing-house, *Festina lente*. The club president is Mr. Wm. W. Appleton; the vice-president, Henry C. Bunner, and Mr. W. D. Howells is one of the commit-

tee on literature and art. It is to be supposed that the library, in that case, will include no romancists, and if an illiterate club member wishes to look into his Scott, or his Dickens, or his Goldsmith, or his Bulwer Lytton, he must step across the way to where the great Astor library contains—uncensored and uncensored—the innocent objects of his search.

It is also impossible to forgive Robert Browning, his most unfortunate twelve-liner in a recent *Athenæum*, entitled "To Edward Fitzgerald." Fitzgerald was the translator of Omar Khayyam, and has been dead six years. In his "Life and Letters," only now published, occurs a passage in which he "thanks God" that there will be no more "Aurora Leighs," Mrs. Browning's death having been a relief to him. Here is Browning's revenge, and a petty and undignified one it is. But it is—doubtless—the sensation of the hour:

TO EDWARD FITZGERALD.

I chanced upon a new book yesterday,
I opened it, and where my finger lay
Twixt page and uncut page these words I read—
Some six or seven at most—and learned thereby
That you, Fitzgerald, whom by ear and eye
She never knew, thanked God my wife was dead.
Ay, dead, and were yourself alive, good Fitz.,
How to return you thanks would task my wits.
Kicking you seems the common lot of curs,
While more appropriate greeting lends you grace:
Surely to spit there glorifies your face—
Spitting—from lips once sanctified by hers.

The real delinquent in this Fitzgerald-Browning matter, is, of course, the person to whom the fatal passage was addressed. People should destroy letters, or else put them beyond reach of biographers—not careful enough in their choice of material.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

ON THE TOP OF ATLAS.

LOOKING westward, we were chiefly struck by the unexpected sight of a magnificently rugged peak towering above the surrounding heights to an elevation of quite 2,000 feet above our point of view. This, we were informed, was the Tizi-n-Tamjurt. Taking into consideration the altitude we ourselves had attained, and what still lay above us, we had no hesitation in concluding that the Tizi-n-Tamjurt was the highest elevation in the Atlas—certainly not less than 15,000 feet, and possibly more.

As we looked around and noted the bewildering and awe-inspiring assemblage of snow-streaked elevations, sharp jagged ridges, and deep glens and gorges, and remarked also the geological formation, we felt assured that we were on the oldest part of the range. The predominance of metamorphic and igneous rocks, with their gradual replacement by sedimentary formations to east and west, clearly indicated to my mind that here had been the nucleus of all, and, in a sense, the focus of elevation. When all else had been submerged under water, the highest part, say some five thousand feet, had stood out as an island in a cretaceous sea. Around it had been deposited the limestones, the shales, and the sandstones which now flank it on every hand. Then in a later period had come the great earth movements which had raised the Tizi to its present proud elevation, and tilted and folded the horizontal cretaceous rocks to their position on its sides.—
From Travels in the Atlas and Southern Morocco.

BREAKING THE DAY IN TWO.

WHEN from dawn till noon seems one long day
And from noon till night another,
O then should a little boy come from play
And creep into the arms of his mother.
Snugly creep and fall asleep,
O come, my baby, do,
Creep into my lap, and with a sleep
We'll break the day in two.

When the shadows slant for afternoon
When the mid-day meal is over,
When the winds have sung themselves into a swoon
And the bees drone in the clover,
Then hie to me, hie for a lullaby—
Come, my baby, do,
Creep into my lap, and with a nap
We'll break the day in two.

We'll break it in two, with a crooning song
With a soft and soothing number,
For the day has no right to be so long
And keep my baby from slumber.
Then rock-a-by, rock while white dreams flock
Like angels over you;
Baby's gone—and the deed is done—
We've broken the day in two.

—E. W. Wilcox, in *Pittsburg Dispatch*.

THE ORIGIN OF THE PICNIC.

It is hard to tell when this form of entertainment first came into popular favour, but there is extant an account of a distinguished picnic which took place in the early part of the seventeenth century, upon the birthday of Charles, Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles I. of England. Mainwaring, in a letter to the Earl of Arundel, bearing date November 22, 1618, alludes to this picnic, and says, "The prince his birthday has been solemnized here by the few marquises and lords which found themselves here; and (to supply the want of lords) knights and squires were admitted to a consultation, wherein it was resolved that such a number should meet at Gamiges, and

bring every man his dish of meat. It was left to their own choice what to bring: some chose to be substantial, some curious, some extravagant. Sir George Young's invention bore away the bell; and that was four huge brawny pigs, piping hot, bitted and harnessed with ropes of sarsiges, all tied to a monstrous bag-pudding."—*Lippincott for August*.

"MARGARITE SORORI."

A LATE lark twitters from the quiet skies;
And from the west,
Where the sun, his day's work ended,
Lingers as in content,
There falls on the old, gray city
An influence luminous and serene,
A shining peace.

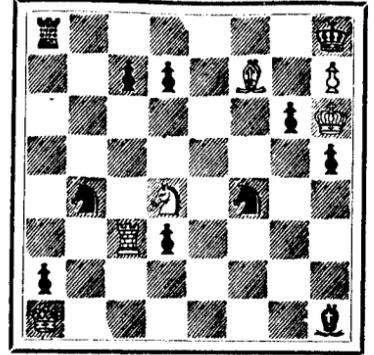
The smoke ascends
In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires
Shine, and are changed. In the valley
Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun,
Closing his benediction,
Sinks, and the darkening air
Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night—
Night, with her train of stars
And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing!
My task accomplished and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene,
Death.

—W. E. Henley.

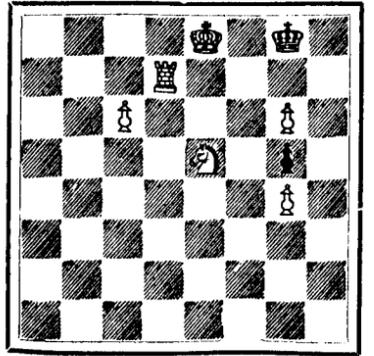
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PROBLEM No. 377.
By H. E. KIDSON.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 378.
By M. FR. DISCART.
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WHITE.
White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 371.		No. 372.	
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. Kt-Kt 1	B-R 4	1. R-Q R 8	K-B 3
2. Q-R 8	moves	2. B x P	K moves
3. Q mates.		3. B mates.	
			If 1. K-K 4
		2. B-K Kt 2	K-B 5
		3. B-Q B 7 mate.	
			With other variations.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. L. S.—Correct answers received to Problems No. 365, 366, 367, 368, 369 and 370.

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2. Kt-K B 3	Kt-Q B 3	20. B-K 3	R-Q 1
3. B-Kt 5	B-B 4	21. K-B 2	B-Kt 4
4. P-Q B 3	P-Q 3	22. Kt-Q 4	B-R 5 +
5. P-Q 4	P x P	23. P-Q Kt 3	R-B 4 +
6. P x P	B-Kt 5 +	24. K-Q 3	B x B P
7. K-B 1	Q-Q 4	25. Kt x B	R x Kt
8. P x P	Q x P	26. K-K 2	R-B 7 +
9. Q-K 2 +	Kt-K 2	27. K-B 3	R-Kt 7
10. P-Q R 3	B-Q 3	28. P-Q Kt 4	R-R 1
11. Kt-B 3	Q-K 3	29. K R-Q 1	R-Kt 6
12. P-Q 5	Q x Q	30. K-K 4	P-Kt 3
13. K x Q	P-Q R 3	31. P-Kt 3	P-R 4
14. B-R 4	P-Q Kt 4	32. B-B 5	B x B
15. Kt x P	P x Kt	33. P x B	Q R x P
16. B x P	P-R 4	34. R x R	R x R
17. B x Kt	Kt x B	35. R-Q 2	R-R 3
18. P x Kt	B-R 3 +	36. R-Q 7	R-K B 3

Drawn.

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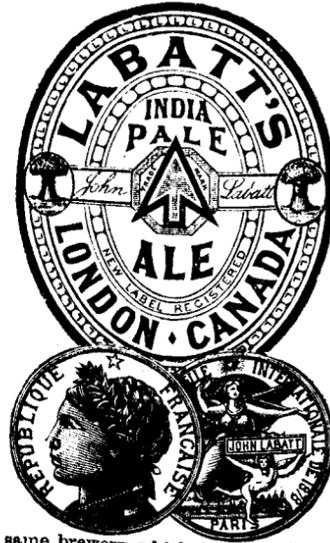
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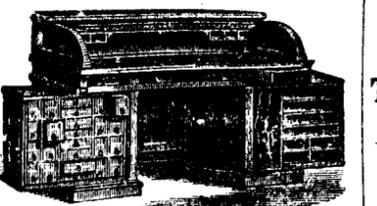
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