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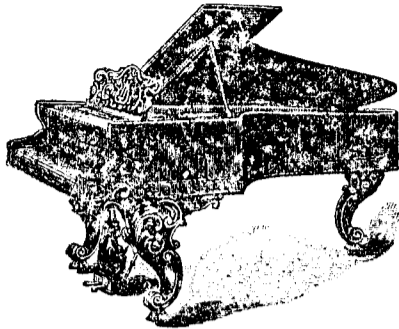
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THE annual banquets of the Toronto Board of Trade, the second of which passed off with so much *eclat* the other evening, bid fair to become occasions of provincial as well as of local importance. The presence on this occasion of His Excellency the Governor-General, the Premiers of the Dominion and of Ontario, and the Minister of Finance, as honoured guests, gave to the affair a kind and degree of dignity to which as a mere reunion of the members of a city organization it could not otherwise have attained. The limitations necessarily imposed by the presence of members and guests representing diverse opinions on public questions deprived the speeches of much of the interest that might otherwise have attached to the utterances of men occupying the highest and most influential positions. But even this disadvantage—if it be regarded as such—was not without its compensations. Chief among them was the fact that it tended to bring into clear and emphatic prominence those features of opinion and policy on which the great majority of the public men and the great mass of the people of Canada are at one. The ring of the national sentiment in regard to what seems, for some reason or other, to have become the great question of the day, was unmistakable. Canada for Canadians and Canadians for Canada was the clear refrain running through all all the divers tones of the speeches. No surrender of the dream of a grand Canadian future; no merging of whatever is distinctive in Canadian character and institutions in those of another nation! On the contrary, the freest and fullest development of Canadian individuality along the lines marked out by Nature, history and the will of a strong-willed people! Alike in the speech of Lord Stanley, whose text was on this, as it has been on other occasions since he came among us, "Keep Dominion above all"; in those of Sir John A. Macdonald, who was naturally pretty well satisfied with things as they have been and are, and Mr. Mowat, who thinks the Constitution he helped to frame capable of improvement, and the loyalty of the country able to stand the strain of freer commercial intercourse with our neighbours; and of the representatives of war, commerce, the railways, finance and civic authority,

the same key-note of confidence in ourselves, our resources, our national future, was predominant.

LORD STANLEY'S allusion, at the Board of Trade Banquet, to the great development in these modern times of the principle of voluntary association, suggests some interesting questions with reference to the legitimate sphere and scope of such associations. The Boards of Trade in the Mother Country have, as Lord Stanley reminds us, for some time past given valuable assistance to the Government in various ways. In Canada similar organizations are naturally exerting a growing influence in public affairs, and bid fair, eventually, almost to mould legislation in regard to the matters coming within their purview. This seems right enough in itself considered. The members of these boards are in the very best position to judge what is expedient in such matters. Lord Stanley's words, however, naturally suggest other kinds of voluntary association, of still more modern origin, such as the "trusts," or "combines," whose operations are not usually considered so beneficial to the general public. In regard to these, too, it is true that men "can act more wisely collectively than singly." Their members generally protest that "they are forced to combine in the interests of (their own particular) trade or commerce." It will often happen, naturally enough, that the members of the general boards of trade are also connected with the smaller organizations. Where and on what principle can the line of demarcation be drawn between the two, so as to insure that the influence of the one will be salutary though that of the other may be intensely selfish? Can the Boards of Trade be trusted to suggest proper legislation to restrict the operations of the particular "trusts" or "combines," while some of the prominent members of the former may be also the leading spirits of the latter? Such questions will arise in many minds. The answer must no doubt be sought in the fact that the Boards of Trade are comprehensive in composition and aim. From the great variety of distinct, often apparently conflicting, interests which they represent must spring the breadth of view and the balanced impartiality which give them their claim to public confidence. The day may not be far distant, let us hope, when the representation of various industries in one class of labour organizations may give these bodies a corresponding claim to public confidence, and a corresponding influence in public legislation. The one set of institutions seems to be the natural and necessary complement of the other.

THE St. John *Sun*, the leading Conservative paper in the Province of New Brunswick, has become disgusted with the operation of the Dominion Franchise Act, and argues forcibly that "the sooner the multitudinous franchises are swept off the statute book," and a simpler and sounder principle substituted, the better. One or two other influential papers supporting the Dominion Government have, we believe, expressed the same view. This is encouraging. The enormous expense attending the present cumbrous system could be justified only on the ground of high necessity, and seeing how nearly it approximates to a simple manhood suffrage, no such necessity can be shown to exist. As the *Sun* says, "The qualifications are so various and so moderate that few responsible persons are excluded, except through change of residence or by reason of confusion, misunderstanding, or neglect on their part, or the blunders of revisors, or the failure to revise the list. A much simpler, and therefore better, way of arriving at the result aimed at by the Franchise Act would be to give adult males the right to vote, and to make special exceptions of paupers, criminals, lunatics, tramps, or other classes whom it might be deemed desirable to exclude." Why should not every Member of Parliament, on either side of the Speaker, say "Amen" to this? If any are still wedded by conviction to the principle of a property qualification, they must see that it is now too late for that. The Government measure has carried us to the very verge, as we have said, of giving the franchise to every respectable adult male citizen, and retrogression in such a case is impossible. The only practicable reform now lies in the direction of substituting a simple, straightforward, inexpensive Act in place of the complicated and vexatious one, which such decisions as that in the Haldimand case have now made almost ridiculous.

PREMIER MERCIER'S remark in his speech at the meeting of the National Club, to the effect that his deprivation of the services of the Hon. James McShane would not be for long, has an ominous ring. It might fairly be understood to mean that the judgment of the election court would be over-ridden by an Act of the Local Legislature. Such a course would be one to be deprecated in the strongest terms, as tending to neutralize the effect of the Acts designed to secure purity of elections and make a farce of the judgment of the court. If, however, it is Mr. Mercier's intention merely to bring in a Bill giving a right of appeal in election cases to a higher court, the proceeding will be much less objectionable. Indeed, there seems no good reason why the subjects of sentences so severe as that recently pronounced in the case of Mr. McShane, and that imposed some time since in the case of Mr. Whyte, should not have the right of appeal, in common with citizens convicted of other grave offences. In order to be of service to the parties named it would be necessary that the Bill granting the right of appeal should be made retro-active, but, under the circumstances, the aim being not to reverse a judgment or remit a penalty, but merely to secure a new trial, such a provision would perhaps be free from some of the weighty objections which ordinarily lie against *ex post facto* legislation.

HOWEVER opinions may differ in regard to the paramount importance of securing better commercial relations with the great Republic on our borders, all Canadians must earnestly hope that the efforts now being made by the Government, as described in the speech of the Minister of Finance, for the extension of trade with the West Indies, South America, our fellow-colonists at the Antipodes, and the great nations of the East, may be in the highest degree successful. To refer to a single point, it must seem very surprising to those who take the trouble to reflect on it for a little, that we know so little of the teeming peoples of the central and southern portions of our own continent, and have so little to do with them. From recent statistics it appears that the United Kingdom exports annually to Mexico, Central and South America, and the West Indies, no less than forty-six and a half millions of dollars' worth of cotton fabrics alone. In regard to the Argentine Republic, to which Mr. Foster particularly referred, Senator Vest of Missouri quoted the other day, in a speech in the United States Senate, some figures from the report of Mr. Curtis, who was Secretary of the South American Commission, which illustrate forcibly the growing capacity for commerce of that progressive State. According to Mr. Curtis' figures, Buenos Ayres, a city of half a million people, has one bank with \$40,000,000 capital, another with eight million, another with five million. The Republic has now twenty-one banks. Four years ago there were but seven. Some of the twenty-one have been paying ten to fifteen per cent. dividends, besides "carrying forward" very large sums to reserves, so it is not wonderful that the business is stimulated. The city has magnificent public buildings, with Universities, libraries, and all the comforts and improvements of modern life. There are twenty-three lines of steamships running to Buenos Ayres from European countries. The Argentine Republic imports \$100,000,000 of manufactured goods yearly, one-third from England and one-fifth each from France and Germany. There is evidently a rich and almost inexhaustible field for Canadian commerce within the bounds of our own hemisphere. How best to get access to that field and cultivate it to the fullest extent, is a problem well worth the study of both Government and Boards of Trades.

ACTING in accordance with the opinion of the Supreme Court, the Railway Committee of the Privy Council has promptly given authority to the Manitoba Commissioner of Railways to cross two of the branches of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Though the decision has been postponed in regard to two other points at which crossings are desired, there is little doubt that these crossings, too, will be arranged for. Though the solicitor of the Canadian Pacific would not permit that Company to appear as a consenting party, and thus reserved its right to take further proceedings in court, it seems now highly improbable that any further obstruction will be offered, and almost impossible that, if offered, it can be successful.

The people of Manitoba are to be congratulated at this happy though long-delayed issue of the great struggle, in which they have been compelled to engage, for the simple right of constructing railways in their own Province, and at their own expense, to facilitate their access to the markets of the world.

THE Modern Language Association of Ontario, at its recent annual meeting, unanimously passed a resolution urging upon the authorities of the Provincial University the adoption of higher standards of matriculation, and of fuller courses of instruction, in English, French and German. The resolution and the arguments by which it was supported may be regarded as one of the waymarks which indicate that a second and most important stage has been reached in the transition which university courses and methods, all over the English-speaking world, have been undergoing for some years past. When the first bold innovators came tremblingly forward to advocate a modification of the old curricula, with a view to the introduction of a larger admixture of modern literature and science, the appeal was based mainly on the ground of general utility. It was thought that, however superior the ancient languages, metaphysics and mathematics might be as instruments of culture, it would be beneficial to many students to forego something in the way of higher culture for the sake of acquiring something more likely to be of practical utility in their future career. Now advocates of the modern languages and literatures have taken another step in advance, and boldly claim for these subjects full equality in value as instruments of education and culture, as well as vastly greater usefulness in the subsequent struggle for existence. No doubt they are right. We are far from wishing to disparage the very great value of the higher mathematics or of those wonderful languages in which the literature of Ancient Greece and Rome are embalmed, as affording a most excellent mental discipline. But the day is very near when it will be recognized that the writings of the master-thinkers of recent years, in Europe and America, and the older classics preserved in the same languages, are, when rightly studied, not a whit less valuable from the purely educational point of view, while they open up a new world of perennial pleasure and utility. Especially is this true in relation to our own English. It seems, indeed, almost incredible that at this time of day it should be necessary for any society to importune the University of Toronto to require English of "candidates in all courses, in the first and second years at least." No doubt the Senate and Faculty will readily embrace the opportunity afforded by the new English professorship to comply with the recommendation of the Association in this respect.

THE election of an avowed annexationist to the Mayoralty of the border town of Windsor is an occurrence which is very likely to attract more attention than its importance deserves. In order to estimate it at its true value as an indication of Canadian sentiment, it would be necessary to know, not only all the local influences at work, but the origin of the voters by whose suffrages Mr. Twomey has been elected. Complaints have lately been made on behalf of the artisans and other industrial classes in Detroit and other American border cities that large numbers of the employees in those cities have their residences on the Canadian side. The query naturally suggests itself whether those employees may not in many cases be, not native Canadians, but Americans who have transferred their residence and citizenship to the Canadian shore for economical reasons. We do not know that this is the fact with regard to large numbers, but it seems highly probable, and, if true, would account for the strength of annexation proclivities in such towns. In any case the prevalence of such tendencies in districts near the border is by no means an unusual event in countries so situated, and is almost certainly due entirely to commercial causes. So far as the occurrence has any significance, other than that above indicated, it would seem to favour the view of those who argue that the best preventive of annexation sentiments is to be found in the direction of freer commercial relations with our rich neighbours.

SOME of the facts said to have been established by the investigations of Congressman Ford's Immigration Committee are somewhat startling, as showing the extent to which the United States is being utilized as a hospital for the paupers, imbeciles, and other worse than helpless emigrants from European countries. Vigorous measures will, there is little doubt, be adopted by Congress, with a view to putting an end to this state of things. A considerable portion of the objectionable immigration seems to

find its way through Canada, and there is some reason to fear that restrictions may be adopted which will prove obstructive to legitimate Canadian travel and intercourse. As it is pretty certain that nearly all immigrants of the classes described who hail from Canada are really Europeans who have passed through, perhaps lingered in, this country; as, moreover, any check put upon the influx of such immigrants into the Union from abroad will almost inevitably have the effect of deflecting a portion at least of the current towards our shores, it seems desirable that the two countries should, if possible, adopt the same or similar policies in regard to restriction. It would be almost incredible, were it not pretty clearly proven, that the heads of municipalities in England and Europe could deliberately plan to deport their criminals, paupers and insane to America. The practice is certainly exasperating in its unprincipled and intense selfishness. And yet, after all what is it, one might say, but the application on a larger scale of the same method which is in operation in our own towns and cities, in which the police courts are constantly ridding themselves of obnoxious characters by the simple but short-sighted process of bidding them pass on?

WITH the first execution by electricity under the operation of the novel statute now in force in the State of New York, will probably commence a struggle between the State authorities and the newspaper press. The new law has very stringent provisions for preventing the publication, as is now so common, of all the revolting details of the process by which the capital punishment is inflicted. It makes it a misdemeanour to publish anything in regard to an execution, beyond the bare statement of the fact that on a certain day such and such a convict was duly put to death in accordance with the sentence of the court. As might be expected the dailies are up in arms against so monstrous and unheard of a curtailment of the privileges of a free press, and openly declare that they will not submit to it. The *World* a short time since secured and published statements from a number of leading newspaper publishers, declaring that they would continue to print all the details obtainable about executions of criminals, regardless of the provisions of the "silly, Frenchified law." Secret executions and the endeavour to surround them "with a lot of fantastic mystery and mummery that has no proper place in this age and country" will not be tolerated. As the newspapers will have at their back a certain amount of reason in their denunciations of anything like secrecy or mystery, as well as the whole strength of the morbid curiosity of the public for which they cater, their views, it is pretty certain, will prevail in the end.

IF Senator Blair, of New Hampshire, hoped either to gain applause in his own country or create dismay in Canada by his absurd fulminations, he is by this time, probably, a sadder and a wiser man. The press and the public on either side of the line have paid scant attention to his crude and offensive utterances. Such utterances are in reality more insulting to the citizens of the United States than to Canadians, and will be, we believe, so regarded by those of the Senator's countrymen whose opinions are best worth considering. Canadians, happily, are wise enough to agree with Lord Stanley in dissociating those who indulge in such rhodomontade entirely from responsible politicians, still more from the Government and, let us add, the people, of the United States. One assumption, however, which was put into bald English by the terrible Senator, is so often implied in discussions concerning the future of Canada that it may be worth a moment's notice. This is that Canada and the United States cannot exist independently side by side for an indefinite period without war. Is not this a foul libel upon two civilized and Christianized peoples? History is appealed to. Where does history afford a parallel? In what age and hemisphere has the experiment been tried in the case of two nations at the same stage of advancement, and similarly allied by institutions, traditions, intercourse, sentiment, and blood? It is not true that "nations go to war as much as they ever did." Christian nations, English-speaking nations at least, do not go to war without such provocations and animosities as are well nigh inconceivable between the people of these two countries. Both are democratic. The will of the people is, in the last resort, the supreme law, and the people are fast learning, if they have not already learned, that war is the game of ambitious adventurers, or irresponsible despots, played with the money and the blood of the masses. Politicians and would-be demagogues of the Blair variety may fume and create commotion amongst certain restless elements in the population, but when it comes to a question of actual

hostilities the men of sound principle and sober common sense, who, happily, are still in the majority, will have a decisive word to say. Can it be doubted that that word will be now and hereafter, "Peace—if necessary, arbitration—but no butchery"?

A MOST suggestive section in the last annual report of the United States Secretary of the Interior is that which gives a summary recapitulation, from the statements of the Commissioner of the General Land Office, of the quantities of lands which have been restored to the public domain since the incoming of the Cleveland Administration. The sources from which the reclamations have been made are enumerated as follows, viz.: forfeitures of railroad grants by Acts of Congress, revocation of executive withdrawals for the benefits of railroads or for private land claims, cancellations on discovery of frauds and illegalities in entries by private parties under the various laws for the disposition of public lands and for other causes, rejection of selections by States for Internal Improvements, and Swamp Lands, invalidly made. The grand total of lands thus actually restored to the public domain and opened to entry and settlement is over eighty-three millions of acres.

THE survival of the awkward system of coinage and currency in Great Britain, contrasting so unfavourably as it does with the decimal system of other countries, is a striking proof of the strength of the Conservative tendencies of the nation in all matters not directly trenching upon the rights and liberties of the people. But awkward as is the £. s. d. arrangement, the matter would be made much worse were the proposal of a correspondent of *St. James Gazette* to be adopted. This writer approves of issuing English notes of smaller value than five pounds in lieu of gold, but argues that the notes should be guinea notes and two-guinea notes, for "it is curious, though only too true, that nine-tenths of all ordinary subscriptions to clubs and charities are made in guineas, and we are continually forking out our sovereign and shilling." There is no doubt that the custom to which the writer refers is really, as the *Manchester Examiner* says, a "Snobbish" custom, and it must seem to the great mass of business men and the common people generally decidedly cool to propose to upset the whole system of English coinage, not to secure a simpler and better arrangement for business purposes, but to suit the convenience of aristocratic subscribers to clubs and charities.

PHYSICAL endurance is said to be the most necessary of all qualities for a successful modern statesman. The reports of the British Prime Minister's performances two or three weeks since, in his Scarborough speeches, prove that he is endowed with this quality in no ordinary degree. He bids fair in fact, almost to rival Mr. Gladstone in speech-making capacity. Three long and weighty speeches in one day, when it is known that every sentence will be reported at length, commented on and published to the nation, must be sufficient to test the powers of the most vigorous constitution. Perhaps the most remarkable utterance on the occasion was Lord Salisbury's declaration in favour of women's suffrage, which was made in the morning at the opening of a new Conservative club, and repeated in the evening before an audience of thousands. Opinions will vary widely as to the soundness of the view expressed by Lord Salisbury, but it seems impossible to shut one's eyes to a somewhat striking inconsistency in his attitude in regard to it. Either women are, as a matter of civil and political right, entitled to the suffrage, or they are not. If they are, then they have been for centuries made the victims of gross injustice, an injustice which is perpetuated so long as they remain disfranchised. If it were but a class of a hundred thousand or so of male citizens who were thus found to be robbed of their proper influence in national affairs, there would be and should be no rest for the people or for Parliament while a wrong so gross remained unredressed. With how much greater force does the argument—looking from Lord Salisbury's standpoint—apply when a moiety of the whole nation are the victims of such injustice? Is it not then singularly illogical for the Prime Minister of England to admit, as he does in effect, that the women of England are suffering this great injustice, and then to add complacently that the question is not of pressing importance, and may be laid aside for consideration in some indefinite future?

COUNT HERBERT BISMARCK is evidently a son of his father, but he is yet far from having acquired his father's astuteness. The man who has so long been supreme in the councils of Europe can be even brutally

frank upon occasion, but in dealing with representatives of friendly nations he has generally shown himself possessed of gentlemanly instincts and some regard for fair play. It would be very difficult to conceive of him as treating an ambassador of a foreign power with such uncalled for and exasperating rudeness as that which his son has displayed in his treatment of Sir Robert Morier. It might be supposed that the law of honour, which binds one gentleman to accept the emphatic denial of another, would be even more binding as between those in high official positions in two great and friendly nations. The failure of courtesy is doubly marked when the statement denied rests upon slight and doubtful testimony, and the denial is fortified with the strongest proof of which the matter in question is susceptible. It is true that the affair is somewhat complicated by the vague "semi-official" character of the German papers in which Count Bismarck's charge was made, and in which Sir Robert Morier naturally thinks the denial should appear. But, on the other hand, the fact that the offence against neutrality and honour ascribed to Sir Robert, when he is charged with having notified Marshal Bazaine of the movements of the German army, reflects even more seriously upon the memory of the deceased Emperor Frederic, should, one would suppose, have caused the denial and the refutation to be hailed and proclaimed with delight. There is little doubt that Count Herbert Bismarck will yet think better of the matter, seeing that even German opinion fails to approve his position, and that he will make the *amende* required.

EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY seems to lose no opportunity of accentuating the personal element in his sovereignty. The Czar of all the Russias could hardly use more autocratic language than he in addressing the princes and people over whom he rules. His words to Count Von Moltke at the New Year's reception were in this respect characteristic. "I hope," said he, "that in the labours before us you will serve me with the same fidelity you displayed toward my father." "Serve the nation," "serve Germany," would have seemed more in keeping with the modesty of a constitutional sovereign; but that aspect of the case does not seem to have occurred to him. In his message to Prince Bismarck, on a recent occasion, as well as in some of his public proclamations, the same tendency to emphasize loyalty to the person of the Emperor rather than to the constitution of which he is the representative and guardian, is observable. The fact may have no special significance, but such language must be rather galling to those of the people who prize constitutionalism in the Government and seek to extend its sphere. In no respect is the contrast between William's modes of thought and expression and those of his lamented father more strikingly apparent.

NEVERTHELESS, evidences are not wanting that the cause of constitutional liberty is making progress in Germany, though progress is rendered extremely difficult by the fact that the towering influence of Prince Bismarck is wholly on the side of personal rule. The failure of the prosecution of Professor Giffencken seems tantamount to a triumph of constitutional liberty and a defeat of the court authorities, and as such is hailed by the Liberals. The proof thereby afforded of the independence of the German judges is pleasing and encouraging to those who are struggling for a freer, more popular system of Government. The failure of the great Chancellor, almost for the first time in his history, to achieve success for his policy cannot but damage his prestige with the masses. He can no longer be Bismarck, the invincible, and the infallible, to the same extent as hitherto.

TORONTO CHURCHES AND PREACHERS.

IT has been suggested to us that an account of the churches and preachers in the City of Toronto, if carefully and reverently given, would not only be of considerable interest to the multitudes who concern themselves with ecclesiastical matters, but would also be of some utility hereafter as a record of the religious condition of the city at the present time. We are quite aware of the difficulty of such an undertaking. The pulpit, while open to criticism, is entitled to peculiar consideration. The Christian minister is not an ordinary teacher; in theory at least, he is the steward of God, the ambassador of Christ; and the Christian critic is bound thus to regard him and to approach him. On the other hand, on his human side, he is like other men, and having chosen voluntarily a public office, he cannot properly complain of reasonable and respectful criticism. It is on these principles that the set

of papers here begun will be drawn up. We will do our best to select men competent for the work. We will exercise such an oversight over their contributions as shall secure their being carried out, as far as possible, on the same lines. It will not be possible, perhaps it is not desirable, to continue them regularly week by week; and it remains to be seen how far it is desirable to carry them on. These matters can be determined hereafter by various practical considerations. We may remark that the church and preacher selected for the first article were chosen on the ground that Bond Street Church had the largest congregation on the day of the religious census taken by the *Evening Telegram*.

I.—BOND STREET CHURCH AND DR. WILD.

There are few persons who have not heard of the Bond Street Church and its pastor or prophet, the Rev. Dr. Wild; and, perhaps, there are not many who enter the building without a predisposition to be favourably or unfavourably impressed by the service. The present writer must disavow any such prejudice. He simply went to see and hear what was to be seen and to be heard. As our party drew near to the church, about a quarter before seven o'clock, the hour of evening service, we became aware of gathering crowds assembling at the doors of the church. Passing by these we joined a stream of more favoured persons, entitled by the possession of tickets to enter the church through the school-house. At that moment the building might have been one-third or nearly one-half full, and was rapidly filling. Ten minutes later, five minutes before seven o'clock, rumbling noises caused by persons ascending the gallery stairs announced that the doors had been thrown open. But there was no confusion. The skill and courtesy of the church officers cannot be too much commended; and in a very short space of time every spot in the church was occupied. Doubtless, many persons must have been unable to find admission.

As regards the building, it is excellently suited for its purpose, which is mainly that of a lecture hall. There must have been more than two thousand present on the evening of our attendance; and we imagine that they all heard quite well, although the speaker never seemed to put forth any painful exertion. Only one defect we noticed in the arrangements. The light did not fall on the face of the speaker, so that it was more or less in shadow, and this is a distinct loss, especially in the case of an animated speaker like Dr. Wild, and one whose features are mobile and expressive.

Let it be remarked that it is no part of our business to criticize methods of worship, but simply to take them as they are and so describe them. We, therefore, merely remark that there was a good deal of quiet conversation going on before the service began. Throughout the service there were, now and then, tokens of approval given, mainly by the feet, with an occasional clapping of hands, or a "hear, hear." These are all matters of taste. The same thing was done in church in the days of Chrysostom; and there is probably both gain and loss in our modern ways.

About seven o'clock, Dr. Wild quietly mounted the platform, and gave out the hymn, "Songs of praise the angels sang," in which the congregation heartily joined. After this came what to many was certainly the most interesting part of the service, the answering of questions addressed to Dr. Wild in letters. These letters seemed to be anonymous, and most of those noted asked questions which were worth considering, some of them amusing and rather simple, but probably representing the sentiments of a good many members of the motley assembly.

One correspondent wanted to know how much a man might marry upon. To many, doubtless, this will seem an absurd kind of a question; but, on the other hand, it is certainly a question that occupies a good many minds at all times. After some very sensible remarks about the income which a man should have depending upon his habits and feelings, the doctor observed: "I believe I lived just as comfortably when I was a missionary with \$250 a year as I do now. And I am sure I was not so much in debt. But then perhaps people wouldn't trust me as much."

Another question had reference to the exclusion of a certain history (the name sounded like Swinton's) from the Public Schools of Boston, because of its containing something offensive to the Roman Catholics of that place. The Romans, having considerable influence there, brought about that result, which produced such indignation in the general public mind that Republicans and Democrats combined and turned every Romanist from the School Board. "And," added the Doctor, "we shall have to do the same thing here some day." He added that he wanted Romanists to have precisely the same rights that he claimed for himself and others, and no more. His declaration of the necessity of doing with Romans here as the Bostonians had done elicited loud applause.

Several other questions were answered; and, on the whole, without expressing any agreement or disagreement with the opinions expressed, we are bound to say that they were well answered—briefly, tersely, fully—without any attempt at display or exhibition of temper. When the teacher gave an account of the process of the restoration of the Jews, he might seem to be putting on the discredited mantle of the once famous Dr. Cumming; but we do not suppose that speculations of this kind do much harm.

After the answering of the questions came an anthem very well sung by the choir, then followed a prayer, not too long, considering that it was the only prayer offered

during the service, and evincing, as do all the doctor's utterances, his passionate loyalty to the British Crown. Next came the announcements for the week, showing a good deal of religious activity in the congregation. After that a quartette was sung while a collection was being "taken up." Dr. Wild, in giving notice of the application of the offertory, showed great good sense by stating plainly what he wanted without "begging" and without scolding. He said he was sure they would give what they ought; he always found them liberal enough.

After the collection the whole congregation sang the hymn, "Come ye that love the Lord," to a very rollicking kind of tune which certainly could not be admired from an artistic point of view, but which seemed to suit the congregation; and perhaps, with such a miscellaneous assembly, it is just as well to have something that will promote "the greatest happiness of the greatest number."

The sermon was on Galatians iv. 10, "Ye observe days, and months, and times, and years." A good deal that was very interesting, and a little that many persons would reckon questionable, was set forth under this head. Speaking in his introduction on the subject of unity, the preacher very truly remarked that unity of a sort was frequently most complete where there was least of real life. Instancing Mahomedanism, the Greek Church and Romanism, he remarked that, if the unity of religion in Spain were less perfect, there would be more religious life there. State Churchism, he said, always promoted the keeping of feasts and festivals; but he did not explain the bearing of his remarks upon Scotland and Protestant Germany. The Church of England, he said, had done her work better than most State Churches; but she had been helped in her work, and not hindered, by the action of Nonconformists. The Doctor on this occasion, as always to the best of our belief, spoke in the most generous manner of the Church of England.

In regard to the keeping of days, he remarked that, whilst some other communions observed too many "days," Congregationalists had made their manner of service too bare by abolishing such commemorations altogether. It was well, therefore, that they should keep Christmas and Thanksgiving Day. In the childhood of the world the Hebrew system had been a kind of kindergarten for the education of the people. But now such things were less necessary.

It would be easy to criticize parts of the service and of the teaching; and we should not hesitate to comment upon anything which should seem erroneous or mischievous. But we must honestly say that, in our judgment, there was nothing of the kind. We quite believe that the mass of those who assembled in the Bond Street Church were the better and the wiser for hearing Dr. Wild. VIATOR.

EXEMPTIONS.

THE letter of a correspondent, in last week's number, displays pretty fairly the nature of the argument on this subject which seems to be rather popular for the moment.

"Why" (writes "A Citizen of Toronto") "should all Toronto University, its land and its buildings, not only escape taxation, but I be called upon to pay more taxes because they are exempt? Why should the Methodists have all the Metropolitan Church and Square exempted and my taxes be raised accordingly, etc.?"

I have sought through the letter, as I have sought through all the echoes of this recurrent cry, for any evidence that the holders of this argument have ever inquired whether, as a fact, their taxes are added to, proportionately or in any proportion, by the existence of the exemptions they attack.

The Assessment Act prescribes as the initial step in the process of municipal taxation that the assessor shall first enter on the assessment roll the names of all taxable persons, and next the description of property assessable against each. The law contemplates that taxes are paid by persons, in respect of their real property—not by real property itself. The law, in this respect, merely follows the dictates of fact and common sense. If the space marked out for the City of Toronto remained unpeopled no system of law could extract city taxes from it.

It is obvious that that value upon which local taxation is founded is given the land in cities by the residents and by the business which centres around them. Roughly speaking, therefore, the taxes payable in respect of real property in a city are payable out of a fund, the gross amount of which depends on the number of residents and the volume of productive business done by or with them, and not in any appreciable degree upon the area over which they choose to scatter themselves. Toronto is not a walled town. The residents may by common consent set apart a certain portion of their property for non-residential or non-business uses, that is for public uses; for instance for Parks and Squares, for Churches, Universities and even Parliament Buildings; but by so doing they do not take away from the space available for houses, factories or shops; for the whole township of York is potentially available for those purposes. In what manner do public places increase or diminish the gross value of private real estate or the gross amount of the fund for the payment of taxes? It seems to me they do neither. The same number of people continue to pay the same taxes in respect of the same amount of productive property, whether they do or do not reserve in addition a certain number of squares, Churches, and other public places. Is it not, therefore, the merest fallacy to say that land thus set apart is exempt at the expense of tax paying property? Each Church is

merely a meeting place occupied a few hours during the week for purposes of a semi-public, or at all events distinctly non-productive character. Church property as such does not come into competition with residential or revenue-producing property. If it were brought into the competition—if by taxation it were forced upon the market would it bring any more inhabitants to the city of Toronto? The gross amount of the fund which is the real source of municipal taxation would always find its level. It is untrue, therefore, that the exemption of land so used increases taxes. It may be true, in a certain sense, that if a tax could be successfully exacted from Churches for instance, it would increase the gross amount of tax receipts. But how? Who would pay the additional tax? The Church is only a place where uncertain numbers of citizens voluntarily contribute, some liberally, some meanly, sums of money for purposes which they consider of public utility. If taxes were imposed on the Churches those who happen to attend could not be assessed as individuals or in proportion to their property.

Taxation of Churches would in effect violate the first principle of municipal taxation that it should be equal. Some citizens would be asked—not to pay—but to *subscribe* double taxes, not according to their means, nor according to their share in any benefits, but according to their liberality and their sense of public interest.

The citizens who (let us suppose) would respond to the appeal would already have paid the regular taxation upon their homes and places of business. They would also have purported to pay taxes in respect of their incomes. Out of either of these assets upon which they had already paid their taxes those who are willing must now voluntarily contribute a supplemental tax.

The city of Toronto would simply be going a-begging to a certain number of its more public spirited citizens to come together to pay more than their share in aid of its regular taxation; either as a subscription in relief of the taxes properly payable by the land speculators, or as an easy source of additional funds to facilitate the already doubtfully beneficial operations of our army of contractors.

Remembering that the power of taxation of the Local Legislatures under the Confederation Act is limited to *direct* taxation, is not "A Citizen of Toronto" asking that Legislature—in spirit if not in form—to confer on its creature, the municipality, greater rights than the Legislature itself possesses? Under the pretence of equal and direct taxation, he asks that the Legislature should authorize taxation that would be both indirect and unequal; and which would be met (if at all) by voluntary subscriptions derived from funds that had already borne taxation.

Your correspondent's argument that Christian Churches cannot take advantage of Church exemptions without violating the non-sectarian principles cherished in Canada is an argument which I know appeals to many high minded and good men, themselves no shirkers of their burdens as supporters of Churches. But there is a difference between high sounding and high minded sentiments. The latter must be capable of examination. This argument depends on the same fallacy as your correspondent's first argument. If the quality of churches and church land as tax-producing property is simply negative—if their exemption does not subtract from the real tax-paying fund—if their addition to the list would not really increase the active sources of local wealth, then their exemption is really not any sacrifice by any citizen, nor can it be regarded as a bonus towards the propagation of any sect. I think, however, it is a mistake to say that the chief object served by modern Churches in this country is the mere propagation of sects. They are meeting places where thought is weekly directed (in some places in one way, in others in another) towards the highest subject of human debate: the standards of life, the laws of morals, the motives of conduct. They are centres for the persistent cultivation of all that we class under the word spirituality. They are also the almost indispensable centres of organization for most useful works of benevolence and charity; works which, be it remembered, in many countries are made municipal duties. Thus Churches, as a whole, form as it were, a special system of brain cells in our civilized organization, performing certain specialized functions which the policy of the law has always looked upon as necessary to the highest life of a community. Are municipal corporations to have no regard to this public policy? Are they created to be mere revenue-absorbing machines? On principle I think their right may be disputed to reverse the general public policy: to discourage these assemblages by impositions and actually to lay hands on collections made for charitable purposes.

The exemption of land used with churches ought not, on the above principle, to extend to parsonages. In the case of St. James Cathedral, taxes have always been paid on the rectory, so far as my knowledge goes. Local improvement taxes also, which are directly proportionate to area, are already paid by all exempt property except burial grounds. Unfortunately, although local improvement taxes now represent by far the greater part of the proper objects of municipal taxation, they are far from satisfying its immense demands. In fact, they stand quite outside the sixteen mills on the dollar which we continue to pay as the price, partly of railway facilities, but in a great measure of mere municipal extravagance. When contractors find work becoming slack they have only to squeeze the municipal sponge. Had not such facile power of taxation been intrusted to the municipality we should not have been launched into the Don Improvement muddle.

There is another aspect, from the point of view of public policy, to the question of exemptions.

Perhaps small Churches standing in the midst of

residential districts, which furnish rich congregations, may not be crushed by taxation—more particularly if they possess no more ground than their walls cover—because the amount will not be a great addition to their burdens. But it is otherwise with those great metropolitan edifices, with their ample squares, which give Church Street its name and its beauty. If a citizen of Toronto and those who sympathise with him desire to proceed with their cry, let them give it its proper name. Let them call it a movement for the suppression of down town Churches, and for the extinction of public squares in the heart of the city; for those must be its consequences.

The utility of "breathing-spots" in cities is now so universally admitted that they are very generally provided at the public expense. If any open or public place, instead of being maintained by the whole city, is maintained by private individuals or corporations at their own loss of capital and interest, is the public injured or benefited by that difference of proprietorship? Apart from the refreshment to the eye, there is, in crowded cities, a sanitary benefit from spaces devoted to green-sward and trees, although we are not actually able to trample the ground with our feet. The whole surrounding air is sensibly cooled and renewed by the wonderful chemistry of living vegetation.

If the proposals of your correspondent and those who unthinkingly sympathize with him are carried out, the last remaining green spots in the city must become the prey of the land jobbers. The assessed value of the Cathedral green is upwards of \$300,000. That is the minimum sum it would cost the city of Toronto to purchase that square if taxation compelled its sale. The accidental congregations of the Metropolitan or St. James Cathedral would not, I fear, if they were able, subscribe annually between \$5,000 and \$6,000 towards the taxation of the city of Toronto, simply to preserve a green spot in the heart of the city for the benefit of its citizens.

When "A Citizen of Toronto" complains of the maintenance of the open square around the Metropolitan, as a grievance to taxpayers, does he really believe that it would be public policy to compel the trustees of those premises, by taxation, to divert that open space from its present quasi-public use to ordinary building uses (which would be much more profitable to the proprietors)? Logically, no doubt, such a policy would follow from the views proposed by "A Citizen of Toronto." According to that theory, the more building lots the more inhabitants, and the greater the taxable wealth. (What a burden the citizens of Toronto are unwittingly bearing in College Avenue and High Park! Let them be immediately cut up into streets, and the population of the surrounding counties invited to come and settle upon them!)

There are perhaps beings who could witness without a shudder the whole world becoming, in the words of Mr. Kinglake, "reduced to utter usefulness:" every pleasant spot surrendered to brick and mortar, the woodman and the plough. As applied to cities, such a policy would perhaps be highly agreeable to the minds of land speculators and building contractors, classes of persons for whose benefit the policy of the city of Toronto appears to have been chiefly shaped in the past. But do the vast majority of our citizens—the workingmen, all who have children to bring up—desire to see Toronto built up altogether on the model of Whitechapel?

This policy has been pursued in the past in the abolition of the former very salutary exemption of lawns. I wonder whether the authors of the repeal really rejoice over its results. Day by day it is having the effect of driving all the fine old private grounds in the City of Toronto into the service of brick and mortar. The few that remain are certainly doomed. Jarvis Street and Bloor Street, Parkdale and Rosedale are only biding their time. The Council is now preparing to pay an enormous sum to preserve Gore Vale; in other words, it is obliged to *redeem* one of these spots from the consequences of its own foolish legislation. The change of law is making it impossible for a man of moderate means to keep a little playground for his children. Collaterally it has had the effect of causing the price of all homestead property to be measured, not as it once was and might have continued to be, on a customary frontage allowing for a house and a lawn, but on the bare frontage of a house in a brick row. Who are the greatest sufferers by this change? Who but the workingmen, who are, or under natural conditions ought to be, the most numerous class of homesteaders. Yet in their pretended interest the cry for the abolition of lawn exemption was taken up, and now the present cry for a further extension of that principle is being raised.

Undoubtedly the law of exemptions, expressed as it is now, is open to abuses. The truth is that both the former ill-judged agitation which abolished the exemption of lawns and the agitation which now threatens the remaining green spots in the City, have really been aimed in a blundering way against the *abuses* of exemptions. It was not just or politic that, under the name of a "lawn or paddock," or of land attached to a church, a speculative individual or corporation should hold land exempt from taxes until the time came about to sell for building purposes. There was no public object in lending public favour to green open air spaces unless they were to be permanent. Nor is it right that boarding schools or other residential or profitable business should be carried on in competition with non-exempt businesses, under colour of church property. But it is not necessary to resort to the primitive method of cutting down the tree for the purpose of lopping the branch. Each abuse may very easily be provided against. Would it not be very simple to insert in the exempting clause a provision that in all cases where land is exempt as a church site or as a quasi-public green,

an account of the taxes should be kept against it from year to year, and the accumulated total, with interest, should become exigible as a first charge the moment the land was applied to building purposes?

This principle certainly could fairly be applied, even *ex post facto* to public places which have hitherto been vested in the Crown. For instance, the three squares in front of Upper Canada College, Government House, and the Parliament Buildings, were laid out (by the Imperial Crown, not by the present local Government) as public squares for the future City of Toronto. Practically in that form they have enjoyed the benefit of exemption from taxation until they have acquired an enormous value. The local Government now proposes to profit by this acquired value by selling off these public squares at the moment when they have also become invaluable to the citizens of Toronto. Are not the latter fairly entitled to ask that the facts should be equitably recognized, and that at least the beautiful old green in front of Upper Canada College should be preserved according to the original intent as a public square forever. Similar considerations might, when the proper time comes, be urged regarding the Queen St. Lunatic Asylum. By merely throwing down the brick wall the grounds in front of these buildings would provide that part of the town with a magnificent and well planted public square, and form a fair consideration for the long exemption of the whole from taxes. At the present time the only cry heard is for the devotion of the whole of that space, upon which we have a claim, to the maw of the land speculator and the jerry builder; while at the same time it is proposed to spend \$40,000 to acquire private lands in the immediate neighbourhood for a park. The whole procedure bespeaks the same extraordinary apathy and short-sightedness in regard to public matters—such as is now permitting the extension of the Windmill line for the sole benefit of the present water frontage proprietors: as if the citizens of Toronto could claim no interest in the disposition of the land covered by the waters of their own harbour.

From that resource alone, had public thought and effort been given a practical direction, instead of unreflectingly following clap-trap cries, the City might soon have been enjoying an income sufficient to provide for some of what are now its greatest needs: a system of green Squares, or a Music Hall, or a Free Public Gallery of Art becoming one of the chief capitals of the Dominion.

I should be surprised to learn that Churches of the Establishment are subjected to taxes in England. Every English Parish Church is by law as much a public building as the Houses of Parliament. Does "A Citizen of Toronto" believe that Westminster Abbey is liable to be sold for taxes? O. A. HOWLAND.

MONTREAL LETTER.

THE support bestowed by Montreal upon its Art Gallery appears to be steadily, if slowly, increasing, although the membership still stands surprisingly short of expectation in numbers. It is possible that the Council has elements to contend with, that outsiders know not of, to account for its conservative timidity of action; but it is evident that it has not yet secured the success which comes of success and is denied to the faint-hearted. A couple of years ago a gentlemen of open purse and liberal intent made an offer to the Council of an endowment of \$10,000, on the understanding that the Gallery be thrown and kept open on Sundays. The suggestion was a new one in connection with this feature of Montreal life, but one for which Montrealers generally must have been fairly prepared by many another feature. A wearied limb has its Sunday car at the corner; an urgent letter or telegram has its choice of transit; and many a jaded employee (and employer, too, for that part of it) has his week's arrears to square off before he can eat his Sunday supper or sleep his Sunday sleep. Still no holy head is shaken. No deprecating face is lengthened. No pharisaical skirt is gathered up from the dust of such sordid earth. But a proposal to open on a Sunday the Art Gallery, where a mental and physical exhaustion might find *re-creation*, which, perhaps, in no other way and at no other time could be procured, was not considered an opportune occasion for calm and fair discussion of the arguments for, as well as against, and for a consideration of the claim of the endower and the endowment to at least justice, if not courtesy. A gentleman, by name as Scotch as his prejudice, monopolized the reception the proposal met with, and, in a speech which still haunts the ears of any unbiassed listeners the meeting contained, denounced the scheme with more than righteous indignation, and carried his intimidated audience over the brink of folly by refusing even to return thanks. While something may be said in favour of a cautious procedure, especially as the endowment was scarcely sufficient to cover contingencies which might arise, nothing can excuse the spirit shown in the rejection of the gift, and we have had to record no advances from private liberality since.

A system calculated to confer wide and appreciated benefits has recently been introduced. Employees are admitted to the gallery by what are called *red tickets* at a reduced rate—\$5 per hundred, making the fee 5 instead of 25 cents. I regret, however, to be compelled to admit that the use of these tickets is not confined to employees, and that the object for which the plan was inaugurated is being defeated by people who would resent being included among that class except in disguise, and on a chance of a twenty-cent compensation.

An exhibition of a large loan collection of beautiful

pictures has just closed, and the Council is to be congratulated upon the exhibition, and the Dominion upon the possession of such treasures and the varied and refined taste of which they form the expression. The pictures are chiefly the property of Canadians, although a pleasing addition was contributed from New York. To attempt a general description were as impossible as it is useless. A picture is among the indescribable things of earth. It must be seen and studied to be understood. It is with a picture as it is with nature, we take to it on our ignorance or knowledge, on our passion or sentiment, and find it reflected there. Nature meets us in our own mood, and takes us at our own level. In sadness, sunshine is but a mockery. In joy, dulness is only the perspective of our own happiness. In this we cannot dictate to others. Turner and Millais will never touch us all alike, nor touch ourselves at all times equally. Although it may be treading upon the popular toe, I confess I passed them by over and over again, and sat me down before the "Leaving of the Glen," by Robert Herdman, R.S.A., a Perthshire artist, who has but lately laid down his brush for ever. But it is a national picture and must be approached with a distinct and reverent national sentiment. In spite of much apparent contradiction, Scotland and England are still two instead of one. The political union, the commercial intercourse, and the communication of travel are but the courtesies of half-acquaintance. Individually they know each other little more, and misunderstand each other little less than in the days of Mary and Elizabeth. An Englishman will comprehend an Arab sooner than he will a Scotchman.

I will not describe my picture, only my impressions of it. An old Highlander, silvered and wrinkled by the frosts of three-score and ten winters, in his plaid and Kilmarnock, sits with his hands pathetically folded, his eyes cast down, and gazing sadly over the past. His son, a stalwart crofter, looks sternly away across the far horizon, vainly searching some distant beacon on which to rest his eye with hope for the future, the firmly-controlled muscles and faintly-clenched teeth suggesting the inward struggle. His wife, not leaning for support, only holding his hand in trust, and clasping in her plaid a young child—the third generation,—whose face is hidden in her bosom. Her eyes, though abundantly tear-stained, are yet tearless, and her soul, through features almost rent with conflict, dreams not of the past, gazes not into the future, but is lost in the present. "One step enough" for her. The climax of the picture lies in the dog—the collie,—friend and comrade of his master over the heather hills and down the granite gullies. Defiance as well as defence darts from every line of the animal. The face uplifted, pleading "What can it be? Though I cannot understand, I can follow and protect. If I cannot weep, I still can love." Hope, fear and sorrow, but not for self. Its great, tender eyes, appealing with pathetic silence, its very heart bleeding and bursting. Such is the life of Herdman's dog! Many a sermon there! A whole creed!

VILLE MARIE.

FAREWELL TO THE GLEN.

[Herdman's picture in the Loan Collection, Montreal, Dec., 1888.]

Now are we ready! The dread hour has come
When we must bid farewell to yonder glen.
The heart, rebellious, boldly asks, And when
Do we return? No answer. We are dumb
Before the stern decree that drives us forth.
With laggard feet we proudly turn to go,
Scorning to plead; though this, alas! we know,
That banished east, or west, or south, or north—
However far from Scotland we may roam—
Our hopes, like mists that haunt those heather hills,
Shall linger round about our Highland home;
Benign or lowering be the future sky,
If fickle fortune bring us joys or ills—
The memory of that glen can never die!

GOWAN LEA.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND and his administration are naturally among the subjects of retrospection that possess one at this season, his remaining function being virtually that of simple caretaker for his successor, on whom all eyes and thoughts are fixed.

Mr. Cleveland, at the time of his election was, to most intents and purposes an unknown quantity in politics. As Mayor of Buffalo and as Governor of New York, he had shown a rugged honesty, and as a writer of state papers, he had displayed a faculty of imparting an impressive solemnity to platitudes. All this was good so far as it went, but it left unsolved the problem of where this embryonic sagacity and patriotism was, and what it was doing in the time of the glow and fervour of the Civil War. We were permitted to guess that he had deplored the election of Mr. Lincoln in 1860 as the provocative of the secession and rebellion, and had duly disapproved of the extra-constitutional methods adopted for the defence of the Union; but so far as his personal action or influence was concerned, he might as well have been in Canada awaiting the issue in company with so many of his fellow-countrymen. His determined fight in the mayoralty against the coarse jobbery in the city council of Buffalo commended him to the leaders of his party as an available candidate to win the votes of honest Republicans, dissatisfied with the corruption and trickery attending the nomination

of their own party candidate for the governorship, and a continuance of the same conduct as governor, had a like result when all that was decent in the Republican party was shocked and challenged by the nomination of Mr. Blaine to the Presidency. Availability nominated Mr. Cleveland in 1884, as it will probably nominate Governor Hill in 1892, should the latter be able to keep his hold upon the machinery of his party in New York till that time, unless the cause of Free Trade should make unexpected strides in the interim. Apart from availability, Mr. Bayard was the natural and proper candidate of the Democrats. He had everything to recommend him that Mr. Cleveland had, and very much more besides, but he had made a speech against President Lincoln and his conduct of affairs in the early part of the war, and the party leaders wisely determined not to imperil the chance that Mr. Blaine's nomination had given them by carrying the burden of that speech into the campaign. Nevertheless, Mr. Bayard would have remained the conspicuous figure on the Democratic side, just as Mr. Blaine was in the recent contest, except for the circumstance that Mr. Cleveland voluntarily consecrated himself as the apostle of civil service reform, a cause that has lain very near the hearts of many Americans since the assassination of one of their Presidents by reason of a wretched quarrel over the spoils of office. The taking up of this attitude placed Mr. Cleveland at once in the front, the more so because Mr. Blaine stood in the popular estimation for jobbery run mad.

This is not the time nor place to discuss the question of how far Mr. Cleveland was true to his voluntary pledges of civil service reform; enough to say that before three years of his administration of the Presidency were over, the impossibility of his standing for re-election upon a sole platform of civil service reform was patent to everybody. Some other issue had to be found, and the accumulating surplus in the treasury, which was draining the channels of industry of their life-sustaining fluid, supplied the occasion. If Mr. Cleveland had foreseen the importance of tariff reform as a factor in the next ensuing Presidential campaign, he had not wisely prepared for it. Early in his administration, I had occasion to point out, in one of my letters to THE WEEK, the inconsistency and weakness, if not absolute mischievousness of his announcement that he would not apply the tests of adhesion to tariff and civil service reform to Democratic leaders seeking patronage and recognition, although he had proclaimed such reforms as the chief mission and purpose of his party. It is now evident that if he had in the beginning disciplined, organized and equipped his party—which lay then as clay in his hands—with regard to these two great measures, he would have been able in the late election to have held the vote of the Independent Republicans that he had won in 1884, and to gain a considerable vote from tariff-reformers within the Republican party, while his somewhat exaggerated tariff message of December, 1887, would either have appeared in milder form, or would have been robbed of its power to alarm the timid among his friends, and to furnish his opponents with the means of frightening the Republican electorate. I may add that the record of his administration would probably have been spared the humiliating episodes of the Retaliation Message and the dismissal of the British Minister.

Like Mr. Lincoln, our President-reject was an obscure man, called by the accidents of circumstances to a great opportunity; but unlike the former, he proved smaller instead of greater than his task, although the burden of the one was vastly heavier than that of the other. Why his impending return to obscurity should not be permanent, something else than reason and experience will have to tell us. He has been honest, and that will be his personal consolation in retirement; he has been courageous, and that will, in some degree, lift him above the dead-level stretches of our political history. He has lacked wisdom and strength, and therefore, has failed to keep at the elevation to which fortune cast him. In Abraham Lincoln there were broad, deep mines of strength and wisdom, notwithstanding surface deposits of the common-place and grotesque.

Mr. Cleveland's cabinet is an illustration of the irony of fate. Its prime member, Mr. Bayard, came in with the greatest reputation for statesmanship in the country, and goes out with none. He left a commanding and secure position in the Senate, and is probably excluded from office for the rest of his life. The Attorney-General, Mr. Garland, came likewise from the Senate, esteemed as a great lawyer, who would lend strength and honour to the Supreme Bench when translated thereto. Professionally and personally, he has been a clog on the administration throughout. Lamar, of Mississippi, the orator, philosopher and scholar—the eloquent strewer of roses over the grave of the Civil War, and Endicott, an epitome of all that is respectable and elevated in New England, where to be a Democrat is almost to challenge moral and social esteem, brought not a feather's weight to an administration that needed so greatly ability and reputation. Two so-called "hustlers," Vilas and Dickinson, counted upon to breach the solid wall of Republicanism in the great North-West, have scarcely succeeded in chipping out bits of mortar from the frowning structure. Manning, of Albany, journalist and politician, and Whitney, of New York, lawyer, speculator and politician, were brought into the Cabinet by an extreme and arbitrary exercise of the personal prerogative of the President, against all political canons, and to the surprise and dismay of the party. The first died almost in harness, taking with him to the grave the confidence and esteem of all men and parties; the last is about to retire from office with a solid record of high service in restoring to the country an efficient navy and

sound principles of naval administration, and without other than a nominal and perfunctory enemy in the whole field of decent politics. In the presence of such conditions and results, all signs fail, in a political sense. B.

PARIS LETTER.

THIS is the great busy season for Paris, and in spite of fog and frost the shops are being decked out in their very brightest colours. The new bonbons have begun to ornament the windows on the Boulevards, although last Monday the fog was so dense that all river navigation was suspended, and the works on the Tour Eiffel and in the Exhibition buildings had to be carried on by what artificial light could be made available.

The Government has brought in a bill for opening a credit of 200,000 francs, to be devoted to the building of a great ball room and gallery in the garden of the Elysée. M. Grévy used to set up a number of wooden rooms, and give two great balls immediately succeeding each other. But this permanent room of vast dimensions will obviate the necessity of putting up and taking down occasional structures, and so save money in the long run, and provide a worthy shelter for the festivities of the centenary year.

The great event of the last fortnight has been the lamentable failure (total or temporary) of the Panama Canal Company, all payments of interest being suspended for three months. This falls with heaviness on a multitude of small investors, and is unfortunate for the prestige of France.

The troubles of the Panama Canal recall a whole list of famous names and poetical adventures. Humboldt tells us that the discovery of the Pacific altered the whole notions of our forefathers as to the proportion of land and water on the globe, with the ultimate scientific result of determining the quantity of moisture contained in the air, the variations of atmospheric pressure, the more or less extensive distribution of particular kinds of animals, and many other great and general physical phenomena. It was a piercing desire to find the shortest way to the Asiatic spice lands which led the first discoverer to press forward towards the Western Sea. Columbus thought he should find the coast of Asia somewhere in the position of California, and Toscanetti thought he should get from Portugal to China by covering only fifty-two degrees of longitude, leaving, according to the ancient saying of Esdras, six-sevenths of the earth dry. But indeed this land of mystery has been particularly unlucky for every one connected with it. Balboa, who first set eyes on the Pacific from "a peak in Darien," and claimed possession of all its waters for Castile, had his head cut off by the public executioner; and Magellan, who first sailed round Cape Horn, and navigated the wide ocean for more than ten thousand geographical miles, was murdered on the Island of Matan. Of the vast number of Spaniards who tried to pass by way of Panama to Peru it is calculated that from thirty to forty thousand perished in the transit. In 1586 Drake sacked the settlement of Portobello, and the buccaners under Morgan fell upon it a century later. Stranger than any other presentiment was that of Philip the Second of Spain. He had sent two Flemish engineers to examine the Isthmus to see whether it could be cut; and, finding it could not, he ordered that no one should revive the subject, under pain of death. When, under William and Mary, the Scottish Paterson formed a company and actually began the works, the most horrible disasters befel the navvies. They perished almost to a man, and when, in 1719, the Catholic missionaries had succeeded in establishing a number of settlements, they were all destroyed by Indians! Even poor Eliot Warburton, the author of *Darien*, perished by fire and shipwreck. There is a spell upon the place; it is strewn with skeletons, and the relics of machinery, and the last word in to-day's newspaper is that the works are not to be stopped, as, if they were, the 15,000 native workmen would fall on the Europeans and make short work of them and of their engines.

Professor Caro's *fauteuil* at the French Academy has been filled by the Count d'Haussenville, well-known as belonging to the most intellectual family in the French aristocracy. He is the great-grandson of Madame de Staël, and his mother was Princess Louise de Broglie, who wrote a novel upon the sad fate of Robert Emmet and two works on Lord Byron. His father was a historian and Academician; and he himself is a contributor to the *Revue des deux Mondes*, and has written a book on St. Beuve and another on the *salon* of Madame Necker, wife of Louis the Sixteenth's famous minister and mother of Madame de Staël.

The customary discourse on Professor Caro was interesting, as it brought out his opposition to the Darwinian Theory. Caro considered that the doctrine, survival of the fittest, was a glorification of force, unworthy of a democratic age. He held that Nature provides, and that man ought to provide for the survival of the minority of the weaker thing. Much very interesting discussion might be expended on this matter; and, at any rate, the open advocacy of such dissent in regard to the Darwinian theory shows great moral courage in these Darwinian days.

An exhibition of artistic designs in delf-ware and pottery has been organised at the Georges Petit Gallerie, where the modern things are always to be found. Sara Bernhardt has sent a dinner service, which, though not yet quite complete, is most interesting. It is all made of various birds, including farmyard fowls. The tureens are enveloped by flapping wings of ducks. Imagine Edgar Poe's "ungainly fowl" decorating a butter-boat!

Last week a large dog prowled about one of the large shops in the neighbourhood of the Bastille, and finally ran

off with a bundle of shooting jackets. He was pursued by all the clerks, caught and solemnly conducted to the police station. He is supposed to have been trained by a band of clever thieves, as little Oliver Twist was trained by Fagin.

The marvellous success of Adelina Patti as "Juliet" still forms the subject of common talk in Paris. She was so assailed by begging letters during her stay at the Hotel Bristol that a private detective had to be kept in attendance to prevent her being annoyed all day long. There is a report that Madame Patti means to purchase the Château de Chenonceaux, lately vacated by Madame Pelouse, sister to Daniel Wilson. The old home of Catherine de Medicis and Mary, Queen of Scots, becomes familiar with strange company as the years go on. It is built on arches above a lovely river, and is of extreme beauty; but Patti is so much attached to her Welsh home that it is doubtful if she will give it up even for a quasi-royal *chateau* in France.

M. A. B.

SENESCENCE.

Ye granite hills that proudly hold aloft
Your rounded domes, and in your buttressed strength
Abide serene, and have thro' ages scoffed
The tireless wave of Time's all-solvent stream!
Ye are but puny remnants of a race
That had their birth, and grew, and dwindling die,
To the grave, with hoary heads and faltering pace,
Descending, e'en as human weaklings do.

Ottawa, Dec., 1888

A. C. LAWSON.

LOUIS LLOYD'S LETTER.

"AND are you one of the ladies goin' to Yokohama to-day?" said the small bell-boy at the hotel, in the same casual tone he might have used had he been asking if I were starting for Victoria. Already you see the crossing from Vancouver to Japan is beginning to be regarded as a very ordinary matter, indeed, according to a youthful scholar whom I was questioning—"Vancouver's a place everybody has to go to to get to Yokohama."

We were enjoying our *Epigramme de Mouton* for the last time, for the last time for many a day indulging our epicurean tastes that the Hotel Vancouver had done so much to foster, when an ominous "tooting" came up from the wharf. As the *Duke of Westminster* had already given us an infinity of false alarms, I remained deaf. But the "tooting" grew shriller and shriller, and more and more impatient, till at length the head waiter approached with the flattering announcement that the ship was waiting for us. As we had been waiting for the ship since the 15th (we left the 22nd) I am afraid this gave me a grim kind of satisfaction, which increased to veritable pride on arrival at the wharf. The gang-ways were up, but the ropes still held the vessel back, while it snorted and fumed like a living thing in leash.

"We've been waiting half an hour. Where have you been?" I quietly felt all the more gratified.

It was a miserable day. A fine, British Columbia rain gave everything a fearfully woebegone appearance. The ship looked dirty and cross, and though she spurned the land from her with satisfaction, she seemed to turn her face seawards under protest. We joked and laughed with our friends on the shore after the usual inane fashion. Then the jokes dropped short in the waves, the unanswered laughter became ghastly; the faces grew confused, and a soft gray veil fell between them and us—was it the rain?

Our first impressions of our *compagnons de voyage* were decidedly unpromising; later, however, they became modified. An American dame married to a Japanese, a governess in charge of three children, Garth, and myself were the only ladies on board. The masculine contingent seemed heterogeneous. One brown little creature, an Englishman, from fifteen years' sojourn among the Japanese, we dubbed the "Mikado." He was an interesting specimen of the effect of foreign life upon British manners and modes of expression. Long intercourse with that waxy, button-hole-eyed, grinning nation, had made him waxy and grinning too. His sympathies were thoroughly Japanese, and he was returning to the land of his adoption after an absence of a few weeks in Canada as if he had been in exile. Such enthusiasm seemed abnormal, puzzling, almost uncanny. I wondered while I watched this cat-like individual, full of oriental suavety, which appeared all the more doubtful in a Britisher, whether foreign influence on an Englishman was not very nearly as pernicious as an Englishman's influence on the foreigner.

Two little British noblemen made themselves generally agreeable. Taking them all in all they were, I suppose, as creditable representatives of embryo peers as the peerage could desire. In Shelton, Encyclopaedist, and little Lord Poetas England will find politicians to uphold many of her conventionalities with as much intelligence and honesty as can be enlisted to-day in the cause of time-worn institutions.

The Right Honourable won his *sobriquet* by a versatility quite astonishing. "I never did see a boy of twenty-two know as much for his age," affirmed an American gentleman. What he lacked in thoroughness and exactness was more than covered by his universality. He could tell us alike of the habits of the partridge and the parliamentarian, and would explain the mechanism of the engine while he concocted the most approved sauce for his salad. He was at once a devotee of Wagner and an

enthusiastic stoker; an actor of Greek plays, and an insatiable sportsman. He knew all about crops and wages and farm labourers, and he knew all about London society, and literary coteries, and the latest theatrical successes. I really don't think you can have the conscience to ask that a British peer should know more. As for his little lordship, a certain premature causticity of speech, controlled by an equally premature reticence, promised even better things than the Hon. Encyclopaedist's exuberance, while he seemed quite poetically inclined, too, and would rack his handsome, Burns-like head by the hour to write Latin verses about the sea.

But the indispensable passenger, the one whose jokes inimitable tossed every grievance, even his own, into foam, was "The Compleat Angler." Even in mid Pacific, when our spirits had sunk lower than the barometer, when our toilettes bespoke the simplicity of the dress reformers, and a two-weeks' growth of beard made the men horrible to behold, "The Compleat Angler" appeared with his chin as innocent of hair as his crown, and as fresh and rubicund as a rain-washed cabbage rose. Such a companion on an ocean voyage is like an inexhaustible supply of something peculiarly appetizing and essentially land fare.

The day after leaving Vancouver we sighted Victoria. We sighted Victoria from a tossing sea during some hours' waiting to take up the ship's doctor.

"Now, I should like to know," said "The Compleat Angler," "I should just like to know what on earth we're stopping here for. To get a doctor, do you say, or to get the latest telegraphic news concerning British Columbia base-ball matches? I believe it's to get news of the base-ball. Of course don't let's hurry; we've been here already four hours, but there's no reason why we shouldn't remain another four rather than lose the information whether Vancouver beat Victoria or Victoria beat Vancouver."

But as the sea grew rougher and the atmosphere more misty, and still we waited, "The Compleat Angler's" sarcasms were not confined to British Columbia. The ship's boat returned with a doctor just in time to save the last vestige of Canadian respectability. But at sight of the shivering, apologetic, frock-coated, long-cuffed physician, his excitement rekindled; he muttered something about a mountain and a mouse, and tramped off in disgust.

While we still remained master of the situation we visited the three hundred Chinese stowed away aft. The prospect of a voyage with these gentlemen after their San Francisco experience was anything but attractive. When I expressed my fears, however, I received the jocular information that at the first signs of revolt the hatchways would be battened down and the steam turned on! But in reality John accepted the situation far more philosophically than one would have imagined. The *Duke* was taking back about sixty of the Chinamen whom she had brought over; the others paid their \$50 and remained in Vancouver.

We got down a flight of ladder-like steps into a huge room with absolutely no other mode of ventilation that we could see besides the two hatchways. Bunks or rather wooden shelves occupied every available spot, and on these shelves, divided only by poles, lay Chinamen with all their baggage. Some were smoking, some sleeping, some gambling. Here and there a neatly roped box, a large down quilt, betokened the bunk of a celestial who, having made his fortune in America, was going home to rest from his labours. Such a gentleman, we were told, never forgot for an instant his superiority. Though he paid no more than those about him, he wouldn't turn a finger round to help in keeping the place in order; on the contrary he hired some humble brother as his servant during the voyage. This Chinese quarter was of course closely packed, and dark and stuffy enough, but I must say, that whatever it may be in other ships, in the *Duke* I found it far less disagreeable than I had expected.

Dinner on the second day passed as dinners on the second day usually do. Garth laughed nervously over her roast duck and protested "one should take no thought of the morrow." "Quite true," remarked somebody *sotto voce*, "for we know not what a day may bring forth."

Having fairly started, "The Compleat Angler's" temper improved. "There's one thing," he said, "next week when we get out in mid Pacific, I guess we'll have the advantage of being at an equal distance from most everywhere."

In the meantime he had the advantage of sitting in close proximity to the Hon. Encyclopaedist and his kinsman, which proximity promised much to mitigate the tediousness of his trip. By the people sufficiently at ease to think about anything the first days on board ship are always occupied in settling themselves into cliques. Nothing is more amusing than to mark what may constitute a bond of sympathy, what may stand in lieu of an introduction. An English gentleman's passport is his accent, his voice; but when Britisher meets American, the criterion of the eligibleness of either must be sought in something else. "The Compleat Angler" and "The Scions" had no difficulty whatever in establishing the most cordial relations from the fact of their both having patronized the same tailor and the same restaurant. Then, as time passed, such relations became strengthened by the discovery of a mutual friend in Roederer, a mutual enthusiasm in piscatorial proclivities. As for those gentlemen on board who had never dined at The Union Club, whose acquaintance with London tailors was limited, and whose summers were spent otherwise than fishing on the St. Lawrence or trolling in English waters—why The Hon. Encyclopaedist and "The Compleat Angler" and the captain's table generally had very soon little or nothing to say to them.

When the august company was not discussing fish, flesh and fowl, which sometimes happened, the conversation would rise to international politics, and once or twice it got as high as *Robert Elsmere*—there were four copies on board—but it always fell back again with amusing facility into dissertations upon famous *cuisines*, or the comparing of sporting experiences. Even missionaries were judged by "The Compleat Angler" from a culinary standpoint, and he would not consent to pronounce any opinion concerning them until he should have compared the potted orthodox one with our staple fare of "Texas Jacks" and "grilled bones."

Speaking of missionaries, we devoted one meal to an exhaustive discussion of them. The red-bearded old atheist, from "the north country," whose talk was quite sufficient to have sent us all to the bottom, maligned them with as much energy, venom and uncharitableness as he claimed these Christian emissaries possessed. The Mikado took the defence very creditably. Being the first layman apologist for the cause we had yet met, and indeed the first layman who seemed competent to say anything about the matter, his position was interesting.

"Oh! you are quite wrong," he said, "I have known a great many missionaries in Japan, and I have found them very sober, very hard-working, and they do a great deal of good."

But I need hardly add this verdict was original. "The Compleat Angler" couldn't see at all why people wanted to export pocket-handkerchiefs to the Fiji Islands while there yet remained so many unwashed little noses in London slums, and his dyspeptic friend said:

"My gracious! I guess those Japs are as well off as we. I don't see why in the world we can't let 'em be."

"Aye!" exclaimed the captain, "they're a sharp lot, them missionaries. You know what the sailors say, 'there's a bad day for every missionary on board the ship.'"

If such is the case, I can only declare that one atheist must be equal to an indefinite number of missionaries, for our passage was horribly stormy, and we had head winds all the way.

After the first feelings of instability had been conquered the voyage passed monotonously enough. The Mikado read *Ben Hur*—he attempted Ouida but he found her too much for him. Little Lord Poetas pondered over *Robert Elsmere*. The Hon. Encyclopaedist made a daily round of the ship which was usually accomplished to his satisfaction by dinner time. The interim between meals "The Compleat Angler" devoted to bracing his epicurean soul to struggle with "Love in Disguise," or "Woodcock à la Broadway" the *pièces de résistance* of the ship's chef. I don't think we troubled ourselves very much about the 300 Chinese stowed away in their den aft. We had, I believe, forgotten their existence when the aristocratic stoker returned from his tour of inspection one day with the assertion that the best way, the only way he could suggest, to keep the propeller under water, was to hire so many of them at a cent a head to stand by the wheel-house. The C. A. thought this an excellent idea, though he added in an economical spirit that did him credit, "It would scarcely be a scent ahead, would it, unless the wind were astern?"

The doctor was beginning to think nothing more serious than the *mal de mer* of one unfortunate lady passenger was likely to interrupt his quiet game of cards *et tout ce qui suit*, when news came of the death of an unfortunate Chinaman. I am afraid nobody appeared very much impressed until the medicus emerged from his cabin in a clean shirt, and then we realized the momentousness of the occasion. With cuffs a little too long, a fresh tie and a high hat he proceeded, accompanied by the head steward, to embalm the poor wretch. He might well feel justified in making such a toilette, for his bit of work brought him forty dollars of which he kept twenty and gave the rest to his assistants. This money was collected among the Chinese on board.

The day before our arrival I made another journey aft. A Chinaman had taken an over-dose of opium. The effect was interesting but ghastly. He lay in his bunk a little insensible, wizened up, ochre-faced gnome, with wide open, staring, expressionless eyes. He looked dead, but none of his companions seemed particularly distressed. He wasn't dead, however, so the doctor prescribed hot tea. The trance would last in all probability some six or eight hours. Two hours after my visit "The Compleat Angler" came up laughing:

"Aren't you sorry you went to see our friend this morning? He's dead."

I laughed something back in reply, but—though he did wear a queue—I suppose he really was a man. My cheeks suddenly burned and I felt ashamed for both of us.

"Six days hence," The C. A. had remarked, "we shall be saying 'the day after to-morrow we may be there.'"

The six days had passed. The sea had grown calm. The skies had changed, changed to the consistency and delicacy of cigarette smoke. With a profound bow the sun met us on the threshold of his home; then he glided behind a pale gold screen to call his bride. She came forth smiling that wooing smile of hers, and dressed in a wonderful gown of blue, crepe-like mist, figured lightly with strange birds, edged with crimson and yellow, while a single star flower nodded in her hair—at dawn we saw Japan.

LOUIS LLOYD.

THE worst of political novel-writing is the personal libel into which it is apt to run. Libel is never so unbridled and never so cowardly as when it attacks its victims under the cover and with the chartered liberty of fiction.—*Goldwin Smith.*

"NINETY-EIGHT."

"FREE! 'Ninety-eight'! yer free again, Jackson," the warder said, And "98" went forth once more—a living man, yet dead.

Dead to the world, dead to the past, long agonizing years Within yon hateful walls had well nigh dried the fount of tears.

Long, long ago,—one night,—when wine and wassail usher'd strife His arm of ire had stained the altar in the House of Life.

A kindly record blasted by one madd'ning blow,—but he Had borne his discipline, and now they told him he was—free!

Free! oh what mockery it seem'd. Free! whither could he go? Dead! kith and kin,—save one and she unwitting of his woe.

She, to far distant scenes removed, had lisped a father's name, And grown to glorious womanhood, unconscious of his shame.

To easier, brighter paths of sin, the tempter's voice beguiled, But "Ninety-eight" had will'd his choice—to see once more his child.

To clasp her in his arms again—the thought itself was bliss, And press upon her pure young brow, a father's sinless kiss.

And, at life's close, her own dear hands would tend his dying bed, And do those last sad offices Love renders to its dead.

His child! and at that sacred name, fast fell the blinding tears, The first those poor old faded eyes had known through grievous years.

Oh Heaven-sent tears that bless poor bruised hearts, as summer rain, Descending on the parched earth, revives the drooping grain.

Distant the goal, his pathway one of thorns, that bruis'd and tore Him, struggling on, Despair behind, Hope beck'ning on before.

The farmer's hind view'd him askance (his ill dissembled ire Saw visions rise of plunder'd roosts and garner'd stores afire).

The passing wain's rude waggoner threaten'd his circling thong, When Misery sought of Insolence to make the way less long.

The village mother closer clasp'd her helpless little trust When Famine at the portal stood, and begg'd a simple crust.

But the poor wand'rer's gentle words unbent each harden'd brow, For "Ninety-eight's" bruised, way-worn heart, was very patient now.

His wayside couch knew him no more when scorching day was done, His fellow-traveller the moon, his curfew-bell, the sun.

His brother-tramp's sarcastic cry hung heavy o'er the breeze, Unkenn'd by one whose onward march had scorn of leisured ease.

How could he cry a halt, when ev'ry step brought him more near To the fair Mecca of his heart,—to the Hope he held most dear?

But no man guess'd the happy dreams that guil'd his onward way, Of parting lost in union, as the shadow'd hour in day.

As the impatient reader flings aside the halting page, So in such hours he flung from him the lingering steps of Age.

And, for a season, youth was his, and Fancy's loom did weave A future blest for him and his, where none should vex, nor grieve.

Yea! she should walk in silk attire, and the spoils of many lands Would yield glad tribute to her charms, and deck her dainty hands.

Days wax'd to weeks, and weeks to months, ere distance knew control, And the toil-worn feet of "Ninety-eight" had reach'd their journey's goal.

And thus it chanced, one winter's night, the wand'rer stood before Her lattice pane, and, unseen, gazed upon his child once more.

How beautiful she seem'd, so like another, long since dead, (She who had won his manhood's love, ere Youth and Honour fled).

But not alone! for "Ninety-eight" could see and almost hear One, by her side, who spake of love to her both held so dear.

What mortal sleeper has not known the bitter waking pain From pleasant visions of the night, to cold, grey morn again?

So, by yon glance, the white-haired watcher knew these youthful lives Were not for him, the leper, redolent of gaol and gyves.

What place had he, a branded man, in such a scene as this? Can the lost spirits doom'd from hope, dwell in the realms of bliss?

How could he blast this fair young life, he—with his tarnish'd fame? What could his coming lend to her, save the bitter sense of shame?

Ah! now he knew his treasured dream had faded from his sight, As the last beam of eve is lost in shadows of the night.

Though filial love be beautiful, though filial love should last, Come weal! come woe! she should not share, nor know his darken'd past.

And with one stricken cry that demons might have wept to hear, The outcast pass'd into the night from the hope he held most dear.

Like some poor wounded animal the homeless wand'rer crept For shelter 'neath a fallen tree, whilst the whole village slept.

(Oh ye! safe in your haven-homes, where the tempter woos in vain, Have ye no tears for this poor heart, curs'd with the brand of Cain?)

When peacefully the morrow dawn'd—the morrow of that night— Lo! Heaven had cloth'd the landscape in a garb of spotless white.

And 'neath its canopy lay one whose soul had pass'd away From the dark night of tears and woe, to the light of endless day.

For in that hour of early morn, men call "the Hour of Fate"— His pilgrimage was done. Safe with his God was "Ninety-eight."

H. K. COCKIN.

IN PEACE PREPARE FOR WAR.

IN the October *Century* is an able article by Brevet Major-General August V. Kantz, of the United States Army, entitled, "What the United States Army Should Be."

He first tells us what it is. It is, by the law of 1869, limited to 30,000 men; but the annual Appropriation Bill has of late years contained the proviso that not more than 25,000 should be recruited. Of these "a large proportion are foreigners who are not sufficiently acquainted with the country to find other employment. Many have found out their incapacity to make headway in civil life, the causes being as different as the characters and circumstances of the individuals. Too many belong to that large and unfortunate class known under the generic name of "tramps," wanderers by nature, and who become the deserters from the Army. Many are illiterate; few are educated and capable, and the great majority lack the talents and capacity to take care of themselves and to advance in life. The smart and apparently capable man, when found in the ranks, is generally suspected of some moral taint or intemperate habit not tolerated among his friends, and the number who attain distinction in the army or after leaving it are few indeed. There is no oppor-

tunity afforded the enlisted man to become qualified to take command in case of war, and the number who rise to a commission is remarkably small."

Gen. Kantz then tells us that it costs \$40,000,000 a year to maintain this very doubtful army—that is, about \$1,200 a man, or, in other words, more than it does to make an officer at West Point—and continues: "For this sum one hundred West Point Academies could be maintained, educating 30,000 students, and graduating annually from 5,000 to 7,000. Would not the substitution of the method of making officers for the one of maintaining enlisted men, since it can be done cheaper, give the country a much greater military strength, in the event of war, than any result we get out of the army as it is now constituted?"

This estimate of the maximum of result for the minimum of cost is important, as bearing upon the question of the defence of Canada, and it is gratifying to know that our military authorities have had the wisdom to anticipate the very method here indicated. We have a West Point in the Royal Military College at Kingston, which is rapidly gaining a world-wide reputation. News comes to us, from time to time, that the graduates of this institution not only hold their own in the Imperial Army, among the officers trained at Chatham, Woolwich and Sandhurst, but that they occasionally step over the heads of these men into honourable and lucrative appointments. Indeed, so well satisfied are the home authorities with the men we have sent them that they last year offered more commissions than could possibly be accepted. Instead of the usual one no less than seven commissions were offered in the Royal Engineers, the highest branch of the service.

While then a number of competent officers is sent out by this well-equipped Military Academy, to become still more capable in the larger school of the Imperial Army, and to return, no doubt, when their own country is in danger and needs their service; a still larger proportion remains at home, in various civil pursuits, attached to the militia, and ready to respond to the call to arms. Such good work does our Canadian West Point in preparation for that day, which we trust may be far distant, but which universal experience teaches us will, sooner or later, come, when men must be brave and defend their rights, or pass under the yoke of the conqueror.

And while the Military College is doing the work for which it was founded, our small standing army, if indeed it can be dignified by that title, is following very much the lines laid down by Gen. Kantz, for the ideal army of the United States. We have three batteries of artillery, three companies of infantry, one troop of cavalry, and one company of mounted infantry, and they not only form a reliable force to be used in any emergency, but they are all schools of military instruction, receiving every year a number of officers and men for a long or short course of drill and study, and sending them back to their posts in the active militia. This certainly seems a wise expenditure of the money annually voted for defence.

What a nation wants most, in case of war, is a body of competent officers, who can command their men, and in whom the men will have a reasonable confidence. Any one who has followed the war articles in the *Century* must have read the account given by a General, of the battle of Bull Run,—terror stricken officers galloping hither and thither and shouting incoherent orders to their men and to each other. Our own Bull Run, Ridge-way, was history repeating itself on a small scale. There was not the same confusion, perhaps, nor the same occasion of it, but the disaster was owing to officers losing their heads, and even after the panic had set in, making little or no attempt to rally the flying men. Some of these officers, indeed, did not know their drill well enough to command their companies on a field day, with no enemy in sight, and no greater danger than a bolting horse or the possible bursting of a rusty rifle.

Our present military system aims, then, to have in readiness, whenever they may be called to arms, a sufficient body of well trained officers. This is in the right direction, but I imagine the system admits of, and indeed absolutely requires, a great deal of development before it can be said to be doing its work efficiently.

There seems to be a growing sentiment that a larger standing army than our present force is even now necessary; and there are some who advocate the establishment of such an army at the sacrifice of our active militia. This latter idea, however, is not likely to become a popular one, and it would be a great calamity if it did. It would not only be a retrograde movement, as far as Canada is concerned, but it would be in direct opposition to the mature wisdom of other countries. England was never so secure from foreign invasion as she has been since the organization of her present militia; and every year the country is learning to appreciate the value of that branch of the service, and is willing to spend more money on it. No country is safe that is defended only by mercenaries. The people must be taught to bear arms. They are the natural defenders of their altars and their hearths, and will fight with such bravery and endurance as can hardly be expected from men who have no interest in the country, and only the honour of their profession to maintain. I remember hearing Emerson, in one of his afternoon lectures at the Boston Athenæum, say that the reason the Provincial troops beat the British regulars in the Revolution, was that every man could not only read, but he could probably write as good a despatch as the British general officer. This is no doubt an epigram, and deals in hyperbole, but it has the true ring for all that. Other things being equal, intelligence in the ranks will win the day; and if that was true then it is doubly true now, when the improvements in firearms have almost destroyed the old formations of line and column,

and the latest system of tactics depends upon the intelligence of the individual. It stands to reason, therefore, that the *materiel* of our militia force must be infinitely better than anything we could expect from such a standing army as it would be possible to recruit. A few months' drill under competent officers would turn our now undisciplined battalions into splendid soldiers; a few engagements would make them veterans, and there would then be no better army in the world.

But there is another point which I think deserves careful consideration. Why should not drill be made a part of our school system? It would be valuable simply as a matter of physical development, and the old adage, *mens sana in corpore sano*, teaches us that mental and physical culture should go hand in hand. I am sure it would do the pupils at our Public Schools more good than the superficial and useless knowledge they obtain in some of the branches which are now taught. During the four years I have been on the staff of the Military College I have seen such marvellous results from our fine system of physical culture that I would heartily recommend it to all the schools and colleges in the country. Now, I would suggest that every male teacher should be made to qualify as a drill instructor as a condition of obtaining a certificate, and that he should be required to drill his boy pupils half an hour every day. District instructors could be provided for schools taught by female teachers. A cheap rifle, small and light, with all the mechanism necessary for the manual and platoon exercise, and intended only for drill, could be supplied to the schools of lower grade, while a superior arm could be furnished to the upper classes in large Public Schools and Collegiate Institutes, so that the boys might be exercised in shooting at the target. If the boys of every generation were thus trained the awkward country lout, who forms such a distinguished feature of our country battalions in the summer camps, would be drilled out of existence. Teach the boys and they will never forget. When, in after life, they are called from the desk and the plough to the parade and the camp, a few days will do more to drill them into soldiers than as many weeks, or indeed months, can do if that early instruction is neglected.

In conclusion, whatever method may be adopted to improve our national guard, we should be fully alive to the fact that we must in peace prepare for war; and that we cannot expect to enjoy our possession of half a continent unless we are ready to defend it. K. L. JONES.

Royal Military College, Kingston.

FROM REGINA TO TORONTO.

A CLOSE observer of human nature has remarked that if you want to study mankind to advantage, a very good method is to be in attendance at railway stations in time to note outward and homeward bound passengers. The comparison represents both extremes of human condition.

In the first instance, you trace the silent tear as well as the generous heartfelt sob of separation, the "parting kiss," and the lingering handshaking, not to mention the semaphoric cambric, denoting to the last that the train just leaving is outward bound, and old friends and acquaintances are parting perhaps for ever.

Next you transfer yourself to the station whereat is arriving a train which is bringing back to the old home many of those who have been absent for years, some from the far west, where they have grown up or become identified with a new civilization. As the train comes to a standstill the silent tear gives place to the tear of joy, the sobs give way to congratulations, and the kissing, handshaking and hugging are too vigorous and emphatic for adieus.

As the Canadian people become more acquainted with their prairies broad, and with the peculiar civilization of the frontier, they will begin to address themselves more earnestly than they have done in the past to the various problems which this frontier civilization presents for solution.

Time has truly been obliterated by the Canadian trans-continental route, and the comparatively cheap excursions which the Canadian Pacific Railway from time to time extend to the public are bringing about a better acquaintance between the territorialist and the provincialist. Such, at all events, is the impression which the observing traveller records in his note-book when, on the occasion of one of these excursions, he surveys the waiting-room of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, say at Regina, on the Saturday night preceding the Christmas just gone.

A large room, well filled but mostly with soldiery wearing a uniform somewhat strange to the eastern Canadian, and a costume much the reverse of that supplied to Bolivar's cavalry, for the winter uniform of the North-West Mounted Police is comfortable, and reminds you of that worn by the old sappers and miners rather than that of a force representing cavalry and infantry combined, a force which is very inadequately appreciated by the great majority of eastern provincialists, and yet one that guards a thousand miles of frontier line, to say nothing of an area which is represented by at least four hundred thousand square miles! Entire regiments of infantry and cavalry, numbering several thousand men, are found almost inadequate to protect less than one-third the same area of territory in the Republic, and yet in the territories similar and equally as effective work is done by less than fifteen hundred men. Small detachments of these police are swiftly moved from place to place wherever railway facilities can be had: hence the police, like police should be, are con-

stantly kept on the move, so that their presence at a station, either embarking or disembarking, is frequently noticeable.

One of the officers of the force who went east as far as Winnipeg on the Saturday night referred to was Major Jarvis, well known to the territorialists as "a rattling good officer." This gentleman has seen much service in the Canadian North-West, especially on the immediate frontier at the International Boundary Line. Another passenger, though for Toronto, was Mr. Hugh Cayley, member for Calgary in the Legislative Assembly of the territories, who, having completed his legislative duties, was bent on a homing trip among relatives and friends. A third passenger was Mr. Fraser, Assistant Dominion Lands Agent at Regina, who was bound for Montreal. Mr. Cayley discussed the Legislative Assembly, and Mr. Fraser expressed surprise when it was remarked that the annual tinkering of the Canadian land laws was a source of mischief. "Why not make the regulations so liberal that these annual amendments would not be necessary?" was propounded to Mr. Fraser, and, "Why not have a second branch to your legislature?" was put to Mr. Cayley. Both questions may set the friends of real progress in the territories thinking.

The distance between the two capitals, Regina and Winnipeg, is 356 miles, and an uneventful run was made. Winnipeg was reached about sixteen-thirty on Sunday, for that is the way they measure the time on the prairie. At the station in the valley city there is a detention of an hour, during which the through passengers must disembark and remain in the waiting room. This hour is improved by the porter of the palace car in renovating so that you return to your coach and find that his systematic hands have re-arranged your baggage *bric-a-brac* from chaos to order and everything is again clean and tidy.

Winter did not appear to have descended on Winnipeg any more than on Regina. The veteran weather sages there were predicting a continentally mild winter and eloquently referring to the open winter of 1877-78.

After leaving Winnipeg and getting away from the prairie region among Canadian woods and lakes the scenery changes. Even your dining car is left behind, but it is replaced by one equally as good. Christmas morning finds your train galloping along amid a variety of scenery—rocks, groves, and the eternal snow. The morning is eventful to at least one person—to Mr. Jerry Canton, porter, Canadian Pacific Railway. Mr. Canton is presented with an address accompanied by a testimonial from the passengers of the palace coach. Among other qualities ascribed to Mr. C. was that he is a man of "many compartments" and "therefore he should never sink." A sedate young man who was circumnavigating the globe remarked at the conclusion that the expression would have been appropriate on a steamship, but it was "fairly remote" on board a railway coach, unless, he coolly proceeded to observe, you propose to cross Lake Superior. Mr. Cayley, M.L.A., read the address, interspersing his reading with playful allusions of an occidental flavour, but quite in accord with the spirit of the occasion. Mr. Canton's verbal reply could only have come from a man of western sympathies.

Perhaps the surrounding scenery, to say nothing of the clouds above and the snow beneath, and the fact that the previous night most of the gentlemen who composed the group sat up to see that the train did not impale itself on a rock, plunge headlong into a ravine or break down a trestle bridge, conspired to make the company a little weary of watching. Certainly, the night view of much of this scenery was remarkably grand. A lady passenger who has been on the route many times said she never felt nervous until the trestle work was reached. The experienced and observant traveller is, however, pleased to note the unusual care which the officials of the road exercise at certain places in the Lake Superior District. So long as such care is observed an accident can hardly happen. From engineer to conductor caution seems to be the chief headlight for their guidance. Strangely, the only winter encountered was in the Lake Superior district, where snow had fallen to the depth of six or eight inches. The air was cold and raw.

At North Bay, which is reached about eighteen o'clock (6 p.m.), passengers for Toronto must bid adieu to the main line and embark on the branch, which is an extension of the old Northern Road, but now part of the C. P. R. system. At nineteen o'clock the train left for the south, and as it moved into darkness winter was left behind, for when it reached Toronto at five-thirty the next morning the wondrous city is bathed in a soft rain very much like an April shower. In the course of seventy-seven hours we have passed over a distance of 1,600 miles, from the clear mild atmosphere of the second prairie steppe to winter in the wooded region and into spring in the Toronto district! But it is a phenomenal winter, and the Canadian Blodget is yet to write.

A few years ago it would have taken many days to travel to any central point on the second steppe, as witness the records of Prof. Hind and Mr. Reid. Now the distance is almost obliterated, giving the climatologist an excellent opportunity. Notwithstanding this time obliteration the eastern provincialist still cherishes his numerous misconceptions. He is yet found reading the reports of narrow-gauge travellers, the men and women that write volumes on hearsay and that seldom or never address themselves to those problems which require actual residence to grasp. Let it be hoped that the day is rapidly drawing to a close when gentlemen of culture and prominence in the model city of Toronto may justly enter the complaint that little is known of the real condition of affairs in the North-West

Territories, and this only from the meagre reports in the press.

Regina is yet but a military fort, the nucleus of a Canadian colony, and were it directly under Imperial control there is no doubt it would make greater progress than it does under the system adopted by the Canadian Government. A standing menace in the Territories Act is that the capital of the Territories may at any time be removed at the pleasure of the Governor and Council. This is un-British, and an injustice to the struggling people who are endeavouring to make homes for themselves in a place which the Dominion Government has wholly created. In the colonization of the Territories the Dominion Government may follow to much advantage the great principles which have actuated the British Government in the founding of colonies. Though the Canadians themselves are a colonial people, the bold statement may be made without fear of successful contradiction that the British Government has been more liberal and far-seeing in founding colonies of the Empire than the Dominion Government have been in their equipment of Canadian colonies in the North-West.

Toronto, January 4, 1889.

A LOVELY SONG.

(Ezek. xxxiii. 32.)

A LOVELY song! we hear it from the birds,
When gentle spring returns with opening bloom,
And violets come, to gem the banks, so late
With snow wreaths covered in the wintry noon;
With happy notes of glee, so merrily
They give each other greeting as they throng
On waving branch, or borne on fluttering wing
On high, a thankful lovely song they sing.

A lovely song! Have you not heard the brook,
As rippling onward, o'er the mossy stones,
Or winding gently through a leafy nook,
It warbles on with sweet and varied tones?
With cheerful sound it gaily speeds along,
Thro' woodland wild, and smiling fields so fair,
While whispering trees their branches bow, to hear
The melody of song which flows so near.

A lovely song! When wandering by the sea,
You oft have heard it, as the welcoming shore
Receives with fond caress the murmuring waves,
With measured rhythmic cadence, more and more
It soothes the heart as a soft lullaby
That tender mother to her baby sings;
And e'en when far away, in memory's ear
The echoing music of its voice we hear.

A very lovely song we all may sing
As o'er the world we wander far, or near,
And make sweet melody for weary hearts,
Whose brotherhood to us should make them dear.
We all may speak in charity and hope,
To cheer each other as we pass along,
And moving pure, among the world-worn throng,
Make of our lives, a very lovely song.

Shall not our aims, then, in the fair new year,
Be pure and steadfast? Trusting God's dear love,
We'll take the hand out-stretched to guide us on;
'Tis with a *Father's clasp*, we link our own,
And tho' we stumble in the valley dark,
We'll still press onward to the shining mark
Of our high calling, till we rest among
Our loved ones in the land of lovely song.

S. ALICE ISMAY-HARTLEY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FISHERIES QUESTION.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—As I promised in my last letter, I will now endeavour to point out some of the results of the Reciprocity Treaty, and will shew how nearly our fisheries were being in a similar condition to our neighbours', but for the prompt action of intelligent and patriotic men, supported by the Governor-General (Sir Edmund Head) and the Government of the country—then, as now, having for our Premier the Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, with the deeply regretted Sir Etienne Taché.

The natural results of opening up our fisheries, under the Reciprocity Treaty, to the thousands of American fishermen was the introduction of an element, not the most law-abiding—for, though the major part of the fishermen were respectable and well-ordered men, who respected themselves and others, there were those who neither cared for God's laws nor man's—and it is owing to such "marauders," even at the present day, that most of the difficulties between the Governments have arisen.

Clauses in the Reciprocity Treaty restricted either party from doing certain things:—

There was a prohibition against fishing in the rivers proper—in the territory of either party by the other: nor could either party occupy fishing stations in prior possession by others. The crustacea and the salmon fisheries were specially reserved.

From the passing of the treaty, fears were entertained by those who well understood the value of the fisheries, that complications would lead to embarrassments, unless some precautions were taken to avert the evil; or, at all events, to lessen the difficulties that might arise.

In 1855-56, in connection with a much-esteemed and a

much-regretted friend, the Rev. Agar Adamson, LL.D., I drafted an Act, principally for the protection of the salmon fisheries. We and others had had ocular demonstration of the evils of spearing salmon on their spawning beds, and we determined to enlist public opinion to suppress the evil.

Mr. Cauchon took charge of the bill in the House of Assembly, and Colonel Taché in the Legislative Council.

The bill passed, but not before it had been shorn of some of its most valuable clauses; but still it was a step in the right direction.

The first difficulty was, as we had apprehended, a determined onslaught on our salmon fisheries. The half-smuggling, half-fishing Yank infested the rivers (of that anon) and urged the Indians and the Half-breeds to spear salmon on their spawning beds, and gave them, in exchange, whiskey and goods that they had smuggled into Canada. On several occasions your correspondent has had his life threatened by these poor Indians and Half-breeds when maddened by drink that they had obtained from these smugglers. Thus two evils were brought about—the Indians ("Micmacs") sought for the "fire-water," and to obtain it, our salmon spawning beds were being destroyed.

Let us hear what the worthy Dr. Adamson said on this question, in an admirable lecture that he delivered on the subject of the fisheries at the Mechanic's Institute in Toronto, December 6th, 1856:—

"For the last two or three years, schooners from the United States have regularly arrived in the salmon season, in the Bay of Seven Islands—their crews well armed—and have set their nets in the Moisis in spite of the officers of the Hudson Bay Company. Similar circumstances have occurred at other fishing stations on the tributaries of the St. Lawrence, no means, that I am aware of, having been resorted to for punishing the aggressors, or for preventing a repetition of these outrages. The river Bersimis has this year, 1856, been altogether in the hands of a rapacious and speculating American, who employed the spear of the Indian to furnish him with mutilated salmon, several boxes of which he brought to this city in the month of September, when they were out of season and unfit for food."

I had been in constant correspondence with Dr. Adamson on the subject of the fisheries, and so great was the destruction caused that, at my own expense, I had petitions printed and circulated through Lower Canada, and soon these petitions were well signed. With the assistance of many kind friends to the cause, these petitions were presented to the Parliament, and the question of the protection of the fisheries became a public one, in which all good men and true were deeply interested.

I also brought the question to the consideration of the Governor-General in Council, and received the following reply from the then Provincial Secretary, Sir G. E. Cartier:—

SECRETARY'S OFFICE, QUEBEC, 11th September, 1855.

SIR,—I have the honour, by command of His Excellency the Governor-General, to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 5th instant, on the subject of the Salmon Fisheries of Lower Canada, and to state that the same will receive His Excellency's consideration.

I am, at the same time, to express to you His Excellency's thanks for this communication.

I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant,

GEORGE E. CARTIER, Secretary.

Sir Edmund Head, when Governor of New Brunswick, had taken much interest in the fisheries of that Province, and we were assured that he would do all he could to further the efforts of those who had shown so earnest a desire for the proper protection of the fisheries of Canada.

SPECTATOR.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE BANK CIRCULATION.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I am glad to see that you have opened your columns to a discussion of the currency question—none too soon, for the controversy that is sure to arise over the conditions of renewal of the bank charters is almost upon us. I have read with care Mr. Goldwin Smith's article in THE WEEK of Jan. 4, and without venturing to differ from his conclusions, I may be permitted to express the opinion that if they are to carry weight they must be backed up by stronger reasons than he adduces in support of them.

It is useless at this day, and after such thorough ventilations of the whole question, to sound notes of warning against State Socialism and the "Rag Baby." Many who have just as strong a dislike to enlarging the sphere of the Government's functions and to the issue of an irredeemable paper currency as Mr. Smith can have, are unable to see why some system of currency should not be adopted which will enable one to travel all over Canada without losing a discount of five per cent on the bills of our solvent banks. The Finance Minister, at the Board of Trade Banquet, touched upon this point, and admitted its importance. If the banks are to have their charters renewed they will have to submit to such conditions as will make paper money that is in common use current everywhere in the Dominion. If this can be done only by issuing more Dominion notes, then Dominion notes the public will sooner or later have. I am not advocating such an issue; I am merely uttering a prediction and warning.

Mr. Smith confesses the real issue by his historical citations. There is little likelihood of the advocates of irredeemable paper currency ever becoming strong enough in this country to force their views on the Government, but even if it were otherwise, the people to be reckoned with just now are not "greenbackers," but advocates of a national currency redeemable in gold, the amount of the latter held for the redemption of the notes being, as usual, very small. If the Government, which now issues notes

up to and including the denomination of \$4, were to take the right to issue also the \$5 and \$10 notes, the security for the redemption of these additional notes would be just as good as the security is now for the redemption of \$1, \$2 and \$4 notes. The gain to the public under such an extension of the Dominion note issue is obvious enough, for the notes would be everywhere current at par, and there could be no loss to note-holders in case of a bank failure. What is there in the shape of public loss or inconvenience to affect these gains? That is the question to which the advocates of the present system must find an answer, and Mr. Smith's article does not furnish one.

Toronto, Jan. 7, 1889.

W. M. HOUSTON.

CANADA'S TRADE RELATIONS WITH THE UNITED STATES.
To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—I gather from his letter in your issue of December 28th, that Mr. G. Mercer Adam has but a poor opinion of the political liberalism of New England. This section of the United States is, he thinks, "certain to oppose the disentanglement of trade." Waiving the objection that might possibly be taken to the phraseology of Mr. Adam's statement, his estimate of New England sentiment is correct. But he has failed to observe the signs of the times if he has not discovered that the trend of thought in all the Northern States is in the same direction. "America for Americans" was the Republican shibboleth of the late campaign, and it carried every State bordering on Canada for "Harrison and Protection." Here is Maine which gave the magnetic Blaine who is a citizen of this State and a kind of demi-god among local Republicans, a plurality of 19,000 in 1884; Harrison's plurality was nearly 23,000. To be sure Maine is a part of New England and nothing better was, perhaps, to have been expected of her. But what shall we say of Michigan, a State that probably numbers among its citizens about as many natives of Canada as any other State in the Union? On the Democratic trinity of free salt, free wool and free lumber, the Republicans of Michigan increased their majority of 1884, by 20,000! Not only Maine and Michigan, but every other State specially interested in Canadian trade most emphatically refused to substitute a tariff of 42 per cent. for one of 47 per cent. In view of that fact, are they likely soon to consent to absolute free trade with their nearest neighbours and chief competitors in some of their principal lines of industry? It is not a theory I am presenting, but a condition.

The Republican party which will return to power next March, is the same party which for twenty-five years has refused to make or confirm a reciprocity treaty with Canada. The Treaty of 1854 was made with a Democratic administration. A clause provided that it might be abrogated by notice, after the expiration of ten years. The Republicans came into power in 1861 and the treaty was abrogated at the earliest possible moment. Subsequently, to effect a final settlement of several long-standing disputes a Republican administration agreed to a treaty admitting the one article of fish, duty free—but with no provision as to the cans or cases in which the fish must be imported, an omission, Canadians will remember, which astute Republican lawmakers soon turned to practical account. This treaty also provided for abrogation by notice, and advantage was promptly taken of the provision by a Republican administration. Since then there has been no treaty. Within a few months a Republican Senate has refused to ratify a treaty admitting Canadian fish to the American market, in return for certain concessions by Canada.

Judging the future of the Republican party's policy by its past and present, Canada has evidently no favours to expect from that quarter, and in view of the fact that half a dozen Republican territories are about to be converted into States, with representatives in Congress, and of the further fact that increase in population and wealth is going on at a much more rapid rate in the Republican States than in the Southern States, it is likely to be a good many years before any other than the Republican party will be in a position to control legislation in this country. But even if the Democratic party were to regain power tomorrow there is absolutely no evidence that Canada's hope for better trade relations would be any nearer realization. Among Northern Democrats the sentiment on the Canadian question, as it is called, is not materially different from Republican sentiment, while in the South little or no interest is manifested in the subject.

The United States is simply pursuing towards Canada the policy that appears, from the American standpoint, to be dictated by an enlightened self-interest. That policy is certain to endure as long as Canada's present status continues, for it is founded upon matured statecraft and fortified by reasons as abiding as human selfishness itself.

Francis Wayland Glen, a native of this country, and at present a citizen of New York State—though for twenty-five years a resident of Canada, and for a portion of that time a member of the House of Commons—in a letter on "Canadian Annexation," to the *N. Y. Tribune*, the other day, said:—

"We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that if the population of Canada had been 10,000,000 in 1864, instead of 3,200,000, there would probably be to-day a Southern Confederacy south of Mason and Dixon's line and the northern industrial States would be at the mercy of the British Crown. . . . With a large increase in the population, wealth and resources of Canada, we should be compelled to fortify our northern boundary from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Is it wise for us to adopt a policy which makes

or tends to make such an expenditure a necessity? . . . The trade question is not the most important to solve. 'Canada is now a menace to the peace of the continent, and to the friendly relations which should exist between this country and Great Britain.' Her increase in population, wealth and power will only add to the danger and to England's desire to retain her. . . . It is unwise to settle the trade question as Canada desires and leave the political question in such a position that the difficulties surrounding it will be yearly increasing."

This is the deliberate opinion of a man who has had exceptional opportunities for many years, for the study of the relations of Canada and the United States, and who may fairly be presumed not to be unfriendly towards the country which was for many years his home. As such it is significant.

Another Canadian who has given much time and study to the Canadian question is Mr. W. H. H. Murray, of Boston. By invitation of prominent business men of that city, Mr. Murray delivered an address on "Continental Unity," to a large audience in Music Hall, a few evenings ago. He said:—

"So long as Canada remains as she is to-day, comparatively weak in population, in resources and military power, she is not the subject of serious concern on our part. . . . While Canada holds the place of a colony, let her look to England for help. If she sets herself up to be a rival power, she must be treated as a rival power. Why should we help Canadians to build up an empire which would render the existing boundary-line permanent, and invest every foot of it with peril? Is that the heritage we propose to leave to our children? If Canada foolishly decides to build her own and England's glory, let her build alone. Canada is intelligent; let her decide what course she will pursue."

In a similar strain are the editorial utterances of such representatives of eastern sentiment as the *Tribune* and *Sun*, of New York, and the *Herald*, *Advertiser* and *Post*, of Boston. Of a like tenor, too, are the deliverances of the leading statesmen of the country, including James G. Blaine and Senator Sherman. I do not know of any newspaper of great influence—certainly there are none such in the east—that is advocating Commercial Union, and among the political leaders I have not heard of any of either party having espoused the cause. It is true that Mr. Hitt, of Illinois, did introduce a resolution looking to Commercial Union into Congress, but Mr. Hitt is not a leader, and I venture the opinion that very little more will ever be heard of his resolution. It fell flat.

Commercial Unionists declare to Canadians—and no doubt truly—that with Commercial Union an accomplished fact, Canadians would be content to remain under the British flag; that Canada would increase as if by magic, in wealth, population and power and her resources be rapidly developed, that immigration from Canada to the United States would cease, and that those Canadians now in this country would return to the land of their birth; that Canada would attract hordes of emigrants from Europe, and, finally, that all possible desire on the part of Canadians for closer political relations with the United States would pass away. But every one of these cogent reasons is to the American statesman a cogent reason *against* Commercial Union. So long as Canada remains a British dependency, or even a rival neighbour, the United States does not want to see her rich, populous and powerful, with resources developed and emigrants flocking to her shores. This country had much rather keep the million or more Canadians who are here than see them go back to augment England's prestige on this continent. It does not wish that Canada should settle down to perfect satisfaction with her British connection. What may be called the national policy of the United States in this matter does not, however, call for any interference with Canadian affairs. "Masterly inactivity" has been the attitude in the past and will be the policy in the future.

A proof that the United States does not want better trade relations with Canada—if more proofs are needed—is found in the fact that in all the efforts that have been put forth to extend American commerce with other countries on this continent, Canada has been studiously ignored. In his letter of acceptance of the Republican nomination in 1884 Mr. Blaine said:—

"We seek the conquests of peace; we desire to extend our commerce, and in an especial degree with our friends and neighbours on this continent. . . . Our foreign policy should be an American policy in its broadest and most comprehensive sense—a policy of peace, of friendship, of commercial enlargement."

Yet, though Mr. Blaine made great efforts, while he was Secretary of State, to bring about reciprocity treaties with South American States, he was then as he is now, utterly opposed to any reciprocity treaty with the "neighbours" who are nearest, in every sense of the word, to the American people, and who, relatively to their numbers, take dollars' worth of American goods where the South American States do not take dimes' worth. Moreover, Mr. Blaine's policy, eight years ago, is the policy of the United States Government to-day. A law lately passed Congress making an appropriation to defray the expenses of a conference of representatives of the different countries of North, Central, and South America, to be held at Washington to discuss trade relations. The President has issued the invitations to the other countries to send delegates, and the congress will meet next spring. Has Mr. Adam heard that Canada has been invited to send representatives?

Mr. Adam thinks that Commercial Union has not yet been sufficiently considered in this country. The fact is

that it has received about all the consideration it will ever get. Certainly it has not been much considered by the masses, but it never will be, for the reason that it will never reach them. It will not get past the leaders of political thought, nine out of ten of whom are against it, and the tenth indifferent. For my own part, I am convinced that, could both countries be brought to approach the subject from a high, moral plane—about as high as the top of Washington's monument—and could they be kept perpetually at that elevation, Commercial Union would be practicable and compatible with Canada's continued independence of this country. High moral planes in politics are likely, I should think, to come into vogue just after the dawn of the millenium.

Scotland's geography settled Scotland's destiny. Had the canny Scotchman been as familiar two hundred years ago as he is now with the science of Adam Smith, he would probably have proposed "Commercial Union" as a makeshift to eke out Scottish independence. But self-seeking England would no more have acceded to such a proposition than self-seeking American would now.

Saco, Me., January 2, 1889.

W. E. RANEY.

LOSS AND GAIN.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—I am much obliged to Mr. H. F. McIntosh for the information that *Loss and Gain* has been reprinted by Messrs. Burns and Oates in a new edition of Cardinal Newman's works, and may now be had of any Catholic bookseller. For some time the work was certainly difficult to obtain, or at least, I failed in my endeavours to obtain it. That it should have been allowed to become rare seems to me less remarkable than that it should be now republished.

Yours faithfully,

Toronto, Jan. 7.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

MAX O'RELL ON AMERICAN WOMEN.

THAT which struck me most in America, from first to last, is the total absence of stupid-looking faces. All are not handsome, but all are intelligent and beaming with activity. In my opinion, it is in this that American beauty mainly consists. In the large cities of the East, the first thing which caught my attention was the thinness of the men and the plumpness of the women. This seems to hint that the former lived in a furnace of activity and the latter in cotton-wool. This impression soon deepened into a conviction. It seemed to me that her lot was as near to being perfection as an earthly lot could be. A respect amounting to reverence is shown for her, and it appears to be the chief aim of her protectors to surround her with luxury and make her path through life a sunny one. So far as adding to her mental and physical grace goes, this plan of making every woman an uncrowned queen has answered completely. Seeing her high position, she has set herself to work to fill it becomingly, and it is the cultivation of America's daughters, it is their charming independence and a consciousness of their power, that make them so attractive and render American society so delightful to the stranger. In their treatment of women, the Americans might give more than one lesson to the men of the Old World, even to the Frenchman who, in the matter of politeness, lives a good deal, I am afraid, on the reputation of his ancestors. The respect for women, in America, seemed to me to be perfectly disinterested, purely platonic. In France, this respect almost always borders on gallantry. A Frenchman will always stand back to let a woman pass, but he will generally profit by the occasion to take a good look at her.

If an outsider be competent to form an opinion, I venture to say that the American woman does not render to man a tithe of the devotion she receives from him. The French wife repays a husband's devotion by protecting his interest—an American one too often repays it by breaking into his capital.—*The Forum*.

A STRANGE MIDNIGHT RIDE.

A RIDE—and such a ride as no ancient ever took, although he were a god; a ride upon a steed without feet or wings, and yet a steed which swept us through sunlit space and starlit gloom faster than hoof of steed or flight of wing. To the south the prairie land stretched green and fragrant in summer growth and gloom to the far Southern Gulf. To the north the same lovely level swept to the lower edge of the great Mackenzie Basin—that far river of the North of which few know but little, and most know nothing. Its length longer than the Mississippi; its climate, although upon the edge and within the rim of the Arctic circle, still warmer than Dakota's; its plains, within whose vast boundaries Eastern States and Provinces might be placed and lost; the growth of its rich soils, barley, wheat, peas, and all life-feeding vegetables, together with those hardy flowers which grace our Northern States. These and other marvels born of isothermal lines which, curving hither and yon, laugh at lines of latitude—are not these things scoffed at by the stay-at-homes as myths and idle tales? . . . To the south, then, the plains stretch to the Gulf; to the north, half as far. To the east, the great lawn extended nigh three hundred leagues. To the west, in the glory of the sunset, its sapphire splendours spread over the fixed blue of heaven and the floating fleecy of clouds, arose the barrier of a great mountain wall which

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

TUTEIN.

reached to the south and north as far as the eye might see. Never in all my journeyings had I seen such a sight. The foot-hills, in the distance and gathering gloom, were flattened out of view, and the green prairie land spread to the very foot of that majestic wall, as level as a floor. At the far edge of this extended emerald field, the monstrous range, its hither side darkened with firs and evening gloom, rose in might and majesty. It was as if I had come at last to the very edge of the world, which God had fenced and barricaded, fixing with almighty power the limit of man's wandering and discoveries.

Towards this monstrous barricade, this base of gloom that stretched far as the eye could see to the north and south, we drove in silence. Behind this wall the red sun sank slowly. I saw its quivering orb of flame rest on a peak of snow that at its touch kindled to the brightness of a burning star. On either hand a hundred other peaks flashed like newly lighted beacons. Is it for warning or for guidance? I queried to myself—for the weird sight stirred my imagination unwontedly—that those hundred beacon fires, stretching in front of me on either hand a hundred miles, are kindled high in heaven?

Thus, then, was I hurried onward fast as set wings might carry me, with my gaze on the peaks, the fading fire in the sky and the gathering gloom. Slowly the crimson faded; slowly the sapphire colours lost their splendours; slowly the orange lights were blanched, and the warm tones that filled the heavens chilled into gray, and then in the far distance my eyes saw only a blue sky, pointed here and there with starry fire, and between it and me, sharply edged, cleanly cut, strongly defined, stood forth domes of snow and pinnacles of ice.

Many sights of splendour have I seen in wandering by day and night, many pictures such as man's hand could never paint have I gazed at, both at noontide and at midnight, when for my entertainment, as it seemed—for being there alone I only saw—Nature kindly shifted her etched or painted scrolls. Many weird sights have I gazed at floating on Northern waters in the night time, when all the woods were silent with local stillness, and round the Pole by hands unnamed by science, unknown to superstition even, were lighted the mystic fires which illuminate with awful and shifting splendours the end of the world. But never in wandering by day or night, on plain or mountain slope, or surface of forest lakes, have my eyes beheld a spectacle so strange and startling, or an exhibition so magnificent, as I saw, gazing westward through the gloom at the summits of the Rocky Mountains, with the world around me darkened into gloaming and the dead sunset lying on the bier of night beyond.

Steadily we rolled onward. Behind the roar and rumble of the train; ahead, the stillness of nature's undisturbed repose, when man sleeps and animals walk velvet-footed. The sun had set, the moon had not risen, yet it was not dark. A strange half light filled the world. The train I could not see, for I was riding ahead of it. The power that drew it, whose mighty throbbings I could feel as though within me, pushed me through the air as an arrow is pushed from the bow. I was being whirled along as a bird is whirled when it rides the tempest. The dusk was fragrant with unseen bloom. The earth odours were blown into my nostrils. I breathed the strong life of the world, and felt its strength come to me as I breathed. . . .

Thus into the night I glided, holding converse with the night—a wingless bird myself, flying with birds.—From *W. H. H. Murray's Daylight Land.*

A STORY ABOUT THACKERAY.

WANDERING through the city the other day and noting the palatial banking houses and the architectural splendours that have arisen during the last twenty years, I lamented how much of the picturesqueness, the poetry, and the old, old fashion of the neighbourhood had disappeared. I remembered a hall not many yards distant from Dickens' "Wooden Midshipman" where I first saw Thackeray. I looked for the hall, but I failed to discover it; perhaps it has been pulled down; perchance it has been altered beyond hope of recognition. I can recall seeing an announcement that the author of *Vanity Fair* was to give a lecture on, I think, "Humour and Charity," and I purchased a platform ticket in order to be as near the great man as possible. I remembered how charmed I was with the lecture, how struck I was with the lecturer's gigantic height, with his spectacles and his picturesque white hair. He had then the beginning of a black moustache—I think that moustache must have been a failure, for I never saw it afterward.

I can remember a great deal of that lecture, especially the enthusiastic tribute that he paid to the genius of Dickens at its close, and I can call to mind how, with boyish enthusiasm, I followed Thackeray into the anteroom at its conclusion, how, standing at a respectful distance, I saw him put on a hairy cape—then called a "Poncho-wrapper"—and depart unattended by a back way into Fenchurch Street. I followed about three yards behind. I can see the picture of the damp street, with the lights reflected in the pavement, and that towering figure in the short cloak walking before me, at the present moment. Presently a four-wheel cab came along. The novelist paused in his walk and held up his umbrella. I halted and pretended to be looking for something on the pavement. The cab stopped; he opened the door himself—I noted this particularly at the time; he said, "Garrick Club!" to the driver; he slowly seated himself, and the cab turned westward and drove away. I went home quite happy, though somewhat regretful that I had not offered to fasten the door after the great Michael Angelo Titmarsh had entered the cab.—*Book-Buyer.*

THE young person who calls herself by this name (though why she whose accent is so redolent of the Bowery should disport a French appellation is beyond me) has succeeded in posting the dead walls with illustrated advertisements that lead one to expect another Lotta or a second Minnie Palmer, and on viewing her performance, the disillusionment is so great that disappointment is swallowed up in a much stronger sensation. Tutein is not young, she is not pretty, she cannot dance, she cannot act—in fact, she cannot do any of the deeds that are required to make a soubrette famous. She can yell—ye gods! and she can throw parcels with unerring aim, and she can also wear short skirts, and on these three qualifications she travels. *Struck Gas* is the one dull stone in the string of brilliants Manager Sheppard has given us this year.

MR. ARCHER'S VISIT.

It is not often that an organist who gives concerts or recitals has such a run of luck as has befallen Mr. Frederic Archer in Toronto this season. He has given seven recitals and one illustrated lecture, and has still at least one engagement ahead in the city, he tells me. It would be difficult to suppose a greater test of popularity for an organist than all this; but the question involuntarily arises, "Does it pay?" And this question, which must necessarily enter into all considerations of business on this vile, sordid planet, is now being answered in the negative, for the offertory on the occasion of his last recital at All Saints' Church, on the 2nd, was insufficient to pay the expenses by a considerable sum, a result that is to be regretted in view of the enterprise shown by Mr. Greenwood in again offering such a musical treat to his congregation. The recital itself was a most enjoyable one, but when you consider that only trained musicians and those who are somewhat advanced in their musical studies can appreciate the beauties of a Bach fugue or of an organ sonata, and that these individuals comprise only a small portion of an ordinary recital audience, you will be forced to the conclusion that these performances are heavy, and that there is in them too much display of the performers' virtuosity at the expense of music that will both please and elevate the masses. We are now fully convinced that Mr. Frederic Archer can play Bach fugues and Mendelssohn and Merkel organ sonatas, and I would suggest that those who secure his services in the immediate future insist upon lighter and more entertaining selections being offered to the audiences. It goes without saying that Mr. Archer played well at All Saints' and at the College of Music during his last visit, and I have rarely enjoyed music so much as I enjoyed his playing of the *Ruy Blas* overture, the much-abused "Fest" overture, and Meyerbeer's Coronation March at the former event, and of the Beethoven *Andante* and Mendelssohn's "Camacho" overture at the College recital. His smaller pieces on both occasions were played with conscientious care and with that subtle ever-varying tone-colour of which he is so great a master.

THE SUNNYSIDE HOME CONCERT.

THE large audience which met at St. Michael's College Hall (one of the best halls, acoustically, in the city by the way) gave unqualified demonstrations of its approval of the excellent programme offered there on Thursday evening last, when a concert was given in aid of the funds of the Sunnyside Orphanage. Mr. and Mrs. Warde rendered valuable assistance in the concerted music of which there was an amount that agreeably diversified the programme. Mr. O'Hagan's readings were well received and encored, and Miss Lizzie Higgins' excellent piano playing was also much admired. Mons. Boucher played better than I have heard him play in Toronto, in spite of the fact that the piano was low in pitch, depriving his violin of much of its brilliancy of tone. Mlle. Strauss gave a splendid rendering of "Oh mon Fernande," from *Favorita*, and more than ever impressed me with the beauty of her voice and the excellence of her style. Mr. Schuch was in splendid voice, and gave a rollicking interpretation of "The Skipper," and sang the "Skippers of St. Ives," with quaint humour. Miss Campbell sang "I Seek for Thee in Every Flower," with a delicious *trainante* quality in her voice, and will make one of our most popular singers when she gains more confidence in her powers, a quality in which she is obviously lacking at present. The concert was brought to a close by a really fine rendering of "Io vivo e t'amo," by Mlle. Strauss and Mr. Schuch. I was pleased to see a new accompanist, and a good one at that, in the person of Mr. A. S. Vogt, organist of the Jarvis Street Baptist Church.

NEXT week we shall have Clara Louise Kellogg in a week of English opera at the Grand. *Trovatore*, *Faust*, *Carmen*, *Martha*, and *Bohemian Girl* are announced, and as several of these operas have not been heard here for some years, good houses should be on hand to rejoice the heart of Manager Sheppard.

THE latest innovation in New York is at the Casino, where you may put a quarter in a slot at the back of your seat and a little aperture opens from which you may extract an opera glass. How the authorities of the establishment secure themselves against those who are liable to carry the articles off in absentmindedness we have not been informed.

MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER and Mr. Kyrle Bellew will shortly bring out the latter's revision of *Antony and Cleo-*

patra in New York with gorgeous accessories. Mr. Bellew has been at work on this play since June, 1887, and has striven to produce a coherent, dramatic, acting version. But I am afraid that between Irvingized *Macbeth* and Bellewized *Cleopatra*, Shakespeare will soon be mauled beyond recognition.

A MR. G. B. RONCONI is carrying on an argument in the *American Musician*, in which he takes the curious ground that the pitch of male and female voices is the same; in other words, that if a basso sings a song printed in the treble clef, he sings just as high as a soprano singing the same song would, and that the difference between the voices is only in the *timbre*. He is very like the coloured clergyman who insists that "the sun do move." If Mr. R. will obtain the assistance of a tenor and alto, and let the tenor sing up to C on the line above the staff, bass cleff, and then let the alto commence on C, on the line below the treble staff, I fancy that a new light will dawn upon him.

THE Choral Society is hard at work on its preparation of the *Creation* of which it proposes giving an ideal performance in February or March. The chorus has been weeded out and is now composed of exceptionally fine voices, and Mr. Edward Fisher is taking his usual conscientious pains with its rehearsals.

Le Filsur, one of the writers on Deshler Welch's clever little magazine, *The Theatre*, has evidently fallen in love. Hear what he says of Lettie Lind in Nellie Farren's "Miss Esmeralda." Miss Lind has one of the sweetest faces imaginable, and a lovely neck that is fit for a sculptor, for the pose of the head on the shoulders and the lines of beauty that curve from the ears suggest only the bliss of a kiss. And when she dances! Why, there is a little bird-like twist of the head, and a motion of skirts that ripples like the sun-lit froth of the sea!

THE New York *Herald* grows equally poetical over Mary Anderson's dancing in *Perdita* for it says:—But when we undertake to refer to the organization of the wonderful *Perdita* dance we run the risk of destroying it for the imagination. It is evanescent, like all sublimeness of beauty, and therefore unapproachable. A flower, a song, a statue, merely insinuates. They are fluent, hovering hints of the unattainable. Let them be really glorious and they set us thinking, longing, but they take the measuring wand away from us. We may declare the dancing of Mary Anderson to be as transcendent of earthly convention as great poetry or music, but then we have only made an assertion, and assertion vulgarizes such a delicate subject. B NATURAL.

NOTES.

It is rumoured that Mr. Harry M. Field's pupils will shortly give a recital at the College of Music.

THE concerts at St. Petersburg of Minnie Hauk, and Torricelli, the violiniste who was here with Campanini on his first tour, were total failures.

A NEW opera, by Messenger, entitled *Isoline*, and based on Catulle Mendes' *Midsummer Night's Dream*, is the latest Paris success, exceeding even that of Lalo's *Roi D'Ys*.

SIGNOR Perugini, the operatic tenor, who returned to New York a few days ago for rest and recreation, is likely to get too much of the former and too little of the latter. A collision with a package in the arms of a truckman injured the singer's left eye and otherwise so disabled him that he will have to remain in his rooms at the Hotel Vendome for some time.

THEY say that Manager John Stetson went to church the other day. That almost spoils the story, but here is the rest of it: The clergyman took as his text "The Wages of Sin," which has been used for the title of a well-known play. Stetson waited until the services were finished, and then sought out the minister to ask what he would charge to take his text the following Sunday from *The Still Alarm*.

THE St. Petersburg Italian opera season was inaugurated by a curious performance; Rossini's *Barbiere* was announced with a *débutante* as "Rosina," who, having been rather coolly received by the public in her first aria, refused to finish the opera; no other Rosina being forthcoming, the evening ended with a concert, in which Masini and Scalchi carried off the honours, awakening unbounded enthusiasm.

THE *Monde Artiste*, speaking of *The Yeomen of the Guard*, says: "The music, as well as the libretto, does not bear the stamp of individuality. By freely drawing on ancient airs Mr. Sullivan has written a score which does not possess the somewhat coarse sprightliness of his preceding works, but which, on the other hand, does not display the refinement demanded by a comedy whose most modest aim is to elevate itself to a higher sphere than the operetta. At the most we could approve of some parts of the score, and above all an unaccompanied vocal quartette in the second act, "Strange Adventure," the best page of the new production.

THE committee of the Leeds musical festival are already preparing for the Campaign of 1889. They are "in clover," for the guarantee fund already amounts to over £25,000. They have commissioned several new works, including one by Sir Arthur Sullivan, the form and subject of which are not yet settled. Dr. Cresser, a Leeds musician of some ability, is to compose a cantata called *Freia, Goddess of Spring*, the libretto of which is by Dr. Heuffer, the musical critic of *The Times*; the work is to be for solo and chorus. Dr. Parry is to write an *Ode to St. Cecilia's Day*, and Mr. F. Corder is to com-

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Will Rank with Similar Publications in the United States.

THE WEEK has entered on its sixth year in an enlarged and improved form. Editorially and typographically it is a credit to the higher type of Canadian Journalism and as such will rank with similar publications in the United States.—*Canadian Advance.*

Canada's Leading Literary Journal.

THE WEEK, Canada's leading literary journal, entered with its number for December 7th upon its sixth year of publication, enlarged so as to give its readers nearly one-half more reading matter each week than heretofore. Further improvements are foreshadowed in the future.—*Educational Journal.*

Has Become a Necessity.

There is no Canadian who will not rejoice at the evidences of increased prosperity which *THE WEEK* shows. This journal although it has not been so very long in existence has become a necessity to everyone wishing to keep himself in touch with the literary and political field of Canada. The paper is filled from cover to cover with the most interesting and important topics of the day written in the best manner.—*Bradford Telegram.*

It is an ably edited paper and neatly printed.—*York Herald.*

Commended to Thoughtful Readers.

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Long and Brilliant List of Writers.

THE WEEK signals its entry upon the sixth year of its existence by an enlargement to sixteen pages and other improvements, as well as adding to its long and brilliant list of writers, making it by far the ablest critical and literary journal in Canada.—*Port Perry Standard.*

A native of Ontario county, who has made a splendid success of the printing and publishing business in Toronto, is Mr. C. Blackett Robinson, from whose big establishment, amongst other fine periodicals, is issued *THE WEEK*, the ablest journal of its class in Canada.—*Pickering News.*

Belongs to the Higher Class of Canadian Journals.

THE WEEK, a Canadian journal of politics, literature, science and arts, published in Toronto, has entered on the sixth year of publication. It has been enlarged and improved in every respect. *THE WEEK* is a creditable publication in every respect. It belongs to the higher class of Canadian journals, and deserves general support.—*Woodstock Sentinel Review.*

Strong Corps of Able Writers.

THE WEEK has a strong corps of brilliant writers, whose treatment of the questions of the day are always worthy of attention.—*Pictou Times.*

Flattering Prospects of Increased Success.

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We draw attention to the advertisement of this ably edited journal, which as a leader of public opinion takes much the same place as the *Saturday Review* in England. Though frequently differing from the views expressed in *THE WEEK*, its arguments are always entitled to respect.—*Perth Expositor.*

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THE WEEK has entered upon the sixth year of its existence, and celebrates this auspicious event by appearing in enlarged form, so that its readers get nearly one-half more reading matter than formerly. We are pleased to note these signs of prosperity, and hope our contemporary's future will be even brighter, showing that Canadians are ready to warmly support a high-class literary weekly of their own.—*Berlin Weekly News.*

A Thorough Canadian Journal.

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A Wide Circle of Admirers.

The high character of the literary contents of this weekly have made for it a wide circle of admirers, who will rejoice that its success has been such as to warrant this new departure, and will wish for it still more enduring popularity in its altered form.—*Toronto News.*

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Our Canadian contemporary, *THE WEEK*, began its sixth volume with the issue of Dec. 7, and celebrated the anniversary by an enlargement of its pages. *THE WEEK* is the leading Canadian journal of literature and the arts, and we wish it the "long, useful and prosperous career" that its prospectus anticipates for it.—*New York Critic.*

Will rank with similar Publications in the United States.

THE WEEK has entered on its sixth year in an enlarged and improved form. Editorially and typographically it is a credit to the higher type of Canadian journalism, and as such will rank with similar publications in the United States.—*Canadian Advance.*

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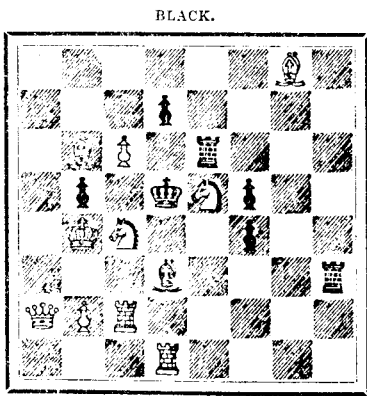
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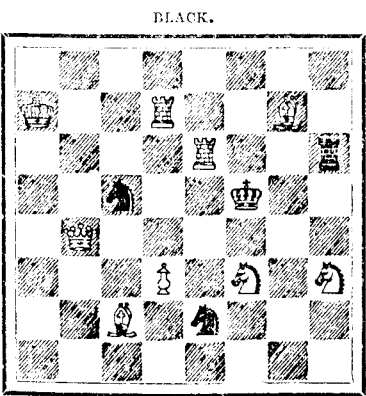


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- Mr. Davison White moves: 29. R x R, 30. Kt-Kt 3, 31. Q-R 7, 32. R x R P (b), 33. Q x R, 34. R x B, 35. Kt x Kt, 36. Kt-B 3, 37. R-Kt 8, 38. R x P, 39. P-Q B 4, 40. K-R 2, 41. Kt-Q 2 (c), 42. R-Q 5, 43. P-B 3, 44. Kt-K 4 (d), 45. R-Q 2, 46. B-K 3, 47. R-Q Kt 5, 48. Kt-Q 2 (e), 49. B x B, 50. R-Q 5, 51. Kt-K 4, 52. R x P +, 53. P-K Kt 4, 54. Kt x P, 55. Kt-B 5 + drawn by perpetual check.

- Mr. Kitson Black moves: P-K 4, Kt-Q B 3, P-Q 3, P-K R 3, B-Kt 5, B-K 2, Kt-B 3, P-Q R 4, P-Q B 3, Kt x P, Castles, B-Q 2, R-Q B 1, P-R 3, P-Q Kt 4, Kt x Kt P, Kt-B 3, Kt-Q R 4, Kt x B, B-Q B 3, B-Kt 2, Q-B 2, K R-K 1, B-B 1, R-K 3, K-R 2, Kt-Kt 1, R-K Kt 3.

NOTES.

- (a) Not a good move. (b) Bad. (c) White consolidates his little army. (d) Shutting out the Black Q. (e) The last few moves greatly strengthen White's position. (f) Hoping by forcing the exchange to weaken White's position. (g) He has no other move; the end of this game is very well played by White.

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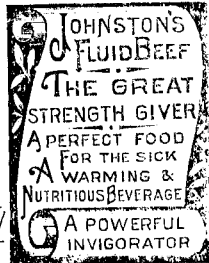
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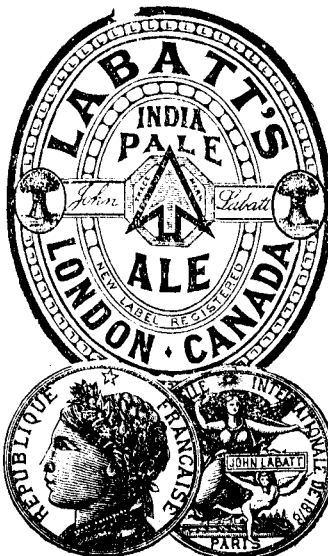
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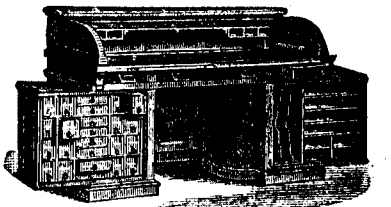
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