

THE WEEK.

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The Week,

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

ALTHOUGH the general public feel nothing like the interest in Prohibition that might be imagined from the attention the subject receives at the hands of a noisy section, it has, by the latter, been forced into an artificial prominence, and some districts may be called upon before long to say whether a sumptuary liquor law shall be passed. It would be well for all to think for themselves rather than meekly accept the doctrines of well-meaning intemperants, and see if there be not some golden medium between a quack remedy for intemperance and the spread of that vice. The Toronto *World* is doing good service by giving the experience of anti-prohibitionists who have lived under the Scott Act. One more testimony is added to the many which show the failure of prohibition to produce a temperance millennium. The Calgary *Herald* says:—"The prohibition has not removed the appetites or desires for liquor from those who had them before coming here or before the prohibition. There will always be a supply where there is a demand, and to meet this demand for liquor there have sprung up a lot of whiskey peddlers, generally thieves and cut-throats from Montana or an adjoining State, who, for the high prices which they can get for liquor, bring it in overland and take their chances of escaping fine or imprisonment. It is also brought in on the C. P. R., put up as coal oil, oatmeal, flour, varnish, and, in fact, many other ways, and, if received safely, it is doctored up with poisons and sold to the thirsty at five dollars a bottle. It is also brought in under permits from the Lieutenant-Governor. The law says it shall be for medicinal purposes only, and yet there is enough liquor brought into Calgary alone to supply all Canada for medicinal purposes. Anyone can get liquor at any time, and, in fact, we virtually do not have a prohibitory law. Now, what is the consequence? Liquor is sold here; the dealers are pests and outlaws from their own country; they sell their poisons for ten times the price of good liquors; they take their unlawfully gotten money out of the country, except what a few of them surrender in the way of fines."

THE Chicago *Current* speaks with but superficial knowledge of English men and politics when it asserts that Mr. Gladstone has become depen-

dent upon the Irish vote, in consequence of the narrow majority by which his Government was spared defeat on a scratch motion condemning its Egyptian policy. Mr. Gladstone has made up his mind to do what he considers justice to Ireland by including her in the extended franchise; but he is not the leader of a party which is to be intimidated, turned aside by base ingratitude, or that would sell its principles for place. Neither would the main body of the Opposition enter into alliance with unreasoning rebels, except, perhaps, to use them for the purpose of ousting its opponents. No person knows better than Mr. Gladstone that in enfranchising a large number of uneducated Irishmen he risks an increase in the number of irreconcilable members of Parliament, and though many of his staunchest followers question the wisdom of this policy, it may eventually prove the better course by precipitating the "square fight" that Mr. Walter says must come, and which ought to unite loyal Britishers in the stamping out of treason, sedition, and murder. Our contemporary makes a still further mistake when it states that "Irishmen who have ventured to criticize the policy of the Government in Ireland, and advocate an Irish Parliament, have been arrested and jailed as conspirators." The too few "conspirators" who have been imprisoned, have been deprived of their liberty because they attempted by assassination, intimidation, and other illegal acts, to subvert the Government, not for criticising it, or for propounding what each intelligent Irishman knows to be both impossible and undesirable in the interests of all concerned.

ONE of the wildest of the many wild schemes put forth on the eve of the Presidential election is that embodied in the "Labourers' Protection Bill," recently introduced into the United States Senate. This measure is a sop to American workmen, and practically forbids the admission of their foreign *confreeres*. Foreign imports, it is said, are protected; why should not alien workmen be similarly treated? A curious feature is that under the provisions of this extraordinary Bill men who come out to look for employment, without any definite idea of what to do or where to go—the class, in fact, from which paupers and loafers are drafted—would be allowed to enter the States freely; but the alien who has secured employment previously to emigrating would be prohibited. The penal clauses of the "Labourers' Protection Bill" provide a penalty of \$500 for every act of disobedience, and ordain that it shall be a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine of \$1,000 and disqualification from holding office under the United States, for any person while in the official service of the United States, to violate any of the provisions of the Act, or to aid and encourage such violation. Perhaps one of the most remarkable features in connection with the absurd proposal is that it is treated seriously by its promoters, and is not regarded as too ridiculous for comment by the New York press. "This sort of legislation," the *Nation* remarks, "is of course sure to come if the present protective policy is persisted in. It is useful as showing the tendency of the protective system towards mediæval restrictions on freedom of every kind. It is now fast reaching the personal passport or ticket-of-leave stage in this country. From preventing skilled labour coming in under contract, there is, of course, only one step to preventing its coming in at all, except under a trades-union license."

ENGLISH writers are asking, Is the Chinese cheap labour difficulty going to perplex England as it has troubled America? One swallow does not make a summer, nor do half-a-dozen nursemaids signify an invasion; but a correspondent points out that lately "there have appeared in the London parks pairs of almond-eyed daughters of the Celestial Empire, who, in their blue dresses, added to the variety of the scene." These beauties of the Mongol race may or may not be the forerunners of a veritable invasion; but it is certain that many ladies, perplexed with their domestic arrangements, have been longing for a little of the obedience of the docile Chinese race. There is one objection, however, to the employment of Chinawomen. They are docile, willing to learn, quick to imitate, and ready to work with patience. But they have nasty, dirty ways with them which apparently cannot be eradicated, and which make them hated of housewives in America. Perhaps England may teach them better manners. Otherwise there is not much to be hoped from China.

CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS.

SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT'S speech was a vigorous effort, and it has told. The people begin to feel that they are overtaxed, and for the benefit of sinister interests. Ontario, too, suspects that she is the milch-cow. Sir Richard dwelt again, and more impressively, because more calmly than before, on the demoralizing character of the present system of Government. That the present system of Government is demoralizing no impartial observer has denied; but what is the real source of the evil? It is natural that the Opposition should ascribe it to the personal wickedness of the head of the Government, whose figure they invest with Satanic gloom, and at the same time with Satanic interest. Still a philosophic curiosity may enquire what produced Sir John Macdonald. He did not come up from the realms below through a trap door. The fact is that he and his system are mainly the offspring of a necessity created by the want of unity, and of common interests among the Members of the Confederation, who can be held together so as to form a basis for a government only by such means as are now employed. There is no reason to believe that this necessity would be removed by a mere change of ministers; indeed we have had the strongest indications that the practice of capturing special interests and votes would go on just as it does now, if the Opposition were in power. To supersede intrigue and corruption a policy must be found which will unite and inspire. This, Sir Richard Cartwright seems to feel, and it leads him to touch the chord of Independence.

HAD Sir Richard Cartwright touched the chord of Independence fifteen years ago he would have been excommunicated by the old leaders of his party, and branded as a traitor by their journals. Even commercial independence was denounced in those days by the *Globe* because it might bring political independence in its train. On the other hand, in the heart of many a young Canadian the chord would have responded to the touch. Then was the accepted time if ever Canada was to be made a nation and to enter on an experiment in democracy, independent of that carried on by the United States. The feeling aroused by Confederation was fresh. The financial situation presented a happy contrast to the debt of the United States after the war. The federal territory though not compact was still within a ring fence, and not unmanageably stretched out or disjointed. The statesmen of the Mother Country were by no means unfavourable to the measure; in fact some of them certainly regarded Confederation as a step towards Independence. On the side of the United States there would have been no sort of hostility; the most thoughtful Americans, knowing the defects of their own system, have always been in favour of the double experiment. Yet Independence can hardly be said to have ever been more than a possibility. The stars did not fight for it in their courses as they did for German unity and Italian nationality. The question was one of those in which the secondary forces and even personal influences might turn the scale. The wielder of the *Globe* in those days wanted accommodation in England; Lord Dufferin (of whom Mr. Collins has spoken with profane freedom) had a game of his own to play; and their efforts were practically combined to quell the rising spirit of nationality. The situation is now no longer the same: financially it is reversed, for the American debt is considerably less per head than ours, and it is being rapidly reduced while ours is being not less rapidly increased. But the great change is the enormous extension westward, the influence of which on the destinies of Canada cannot yet be fully foreseen. Our territory has lost every vestige of compactness; it is no longer really within a ring fence, for Lake Superior divides as effectually as the salt sea; it is completely interlaced and bound up in all its parts, commercially as well as geographically, with the territory of our neighbours. If the Confederation holds together and the North-West prospers there will, at any rate, be a complete displacement of the centre of power. In any event, however, Sir Richard Cartwright's words are significant. Nothing can be treason which is countenanced by a knight. We have now the highest assurance that unabated attachment to the Mother Country, just pride in our connection with her, the heartiest feeling of interest in her fortunes and a determination to take no step without her consent, are compatible with a conviction that dependence, at all events when the colony is adult, becomes a false relation and injurious to both parties. A few years ago men who held this opinion and had the honesty to avow it were being hunted down like wild beasts by loyalists whose loyalty was in their pockets. It is notable that even the Tory papers have been cautious and rather backward in attacking this part of Sir Richard Cartwright's speech; they evidently feel that abuse of national aspirations would no longer meet with a general response. Their own leaders have asserted fiscal independence.

MR. COLLINS is at all events a lively writer, and when he deals with party politics it is in a style which does not fail to excite sensibilities on all sides and produce a general brandishing of shillelagns. The title of his present work, "Canada Under the Administration of Lord Lorne," is a tribute to the sacredness of constitutional fiction. Everybody knows that no Governor-General now takes any part in the administration, or does anything in the way of government which might not be just as well done by a stamp. If he retains any real influence it is on the stump, to which like the rest of the world he has now taken, and on which he speaks, naturally enough, in the interest of his Order. To make up for him any semblance of a history, it becomes necessary to insert detailed accounts of his journeys, with descriptions of the scenery and records of his dinner parties, while the pen of his devout historiographer is always trembling on the verge of the burlesque. The event which stripped him of the last shred of power is recounted by Mr. Collins in this book. Lord Lorne's conduct in the Letellier case was no doubt correct, and it was not to be expected that he should do anything but submit, as the Colonial Office instructed him, to the dictation of his nominal servants. Yet it is possible to conceive a man who in such a case would have said that while on all questions of policy he was willing to be guided by his constitutional advisers, even against his clear conviction, on a question of justice, and especially when his own representative was the person arraigned, he must consult his own conscience, and that if he was to be told that unless he would consent to injustice he must go home, home with unsullied honour he would go. It is at least a tenable position that in resisting, Lord Lorne would have the express provision of the law upon his side. Letellier was dismissed by the vote of the two Houses of Parliament: no cause other than their vote was assigned; for the allegation that "his usefulness had ceased," inserted to satisfy the requirement of the Act, was obviously a mere verbal subterfuge. But the two Houses of Parliament had no such power, the power of dismissing a Lieutenant-Governor being expressly reserved to the Governor in Council, who is unquestionably directed to exercise it only for a specific breach of duty such as could be distinctly set forth in the instrument of dismissal. Governor Letellier may have acted improperly and under sinister inspiration: probably he did; still he was within the legal limits of his prerogative, so that it would have been impossible for the Governor-General without impeaching his own prerogative to assign a specific reason of dismissal. Thus the requirement of the Act was not satisfied, and the instrument of dismissal was void. Moreover, if the two Houses of Parliament had possessed the power which they claimed, they ought to have exercised it by joint resolution, whereas the resolutions of the Senate and the House of Commons were passed not only in different sessions but in different Parliaments. The vote of the Commons on the first occasion was in effect the defeat of the joint resolution, and it ought to have been held final, particularly when the motion was of a penal character. The proceeding was a lawless act of party vengeance which, we may be sure, Sir John Macdonald disapproved as thoroughly as any one, though he was compelled to give way to the vindictive fury of the Bleus.

FROM the Letellier case, as it is recalled to our minds by Mr. Collins, two inferences may be drawn. The first is that a community like ours ought to have a written constitution strictly defining the limits of every one's authority, and really operative in all its parts. It will not do to have questions of prerogative or jurisdiction open, and trust to their being settled as they may arise by "the well understood principles of the British Constitution." The principles of the British Constitution may be well understood in Great Britain. They are there indelibly stamped by the practice of centuries on the minds of all public men. They have, moreover, been in the keeping of a hierarchy of great political families with an unbroken tradition, and bound by the strongest considerations to respect the integrity of a polity which was their own particular heritage. In this country the case is different. The French, to begin with, who were the chief actors in the Letellier affair, though they have received the British Constitution, can hardly be supposed to have perfectly imbibed its spirit, nor can they be trusted on doubtful points, especially when the possession of power or patronage is involved, to be, like the heirs of Somers and Burke, an unerring law to themselves. But even our politicians of British race are not controlled by tradition anything like so thoroughly as their kinsmen in the Old Country. Canada has nothing answering to the hierarchy of great families; nor is even the public life of individuals so continuous as it is in England, where men of property and rank once elected to Parliament commonly remain there for their lives, leaving the House of Commons, in many cases, only to pass into the House of Lords. Here in a fierce party struggle there will always be a

disposition to disregard traditional restrictions, and use power to the utmost. We need not be surprised if a Lieutenant-Governor, to serve his own party at a pinch, dismisses the Ministry of the majority, if a Provincial Premier, finding it inconvenient to face a general election, takes advantage of a legal technicality to give his legislature an extra session, or if the Dominion Parliament uses its plenary power to set summarily aside the Independence of Parliament Act for the benefit of a member of the dominant party who has violated its provisions. Even in the Old Country unwritten principle is greatly losing its force, and instead of the silken bands of social tradition, the iron fetters of the Clôture are required to maintain order in the House of Commons. The other inference is, that constitutional right ought no longer to be left in the treacherous keeping of party, but be consigned to the inflexible guardianship of a court of law. This has been apparent in all the cases in which the veto of the Dominion Government has been exercised on Provincial legislation, as well as in the dispute about the Boundary between Ontario and Manitoba. Nobody imagines that in any of these instances the head of the party in power at Ottawa has used, or that he could possibly use, his power judicially or in any interest but that of his party. In the Boundary suit the interposition of the Bleus was manifest and all but avowed. The Canadian Confederation wants, together with a complete written constitution, a Supreme Court invested with powers of interpretation as full as those which belong to the Supreme Court of the United States, and sitting on this side of the Atlantic.

AFTER all, the chief event of Lord Lorne's Governor-Generalship was one with which the historiographers can hardly venture to deal. It was the failure of the attempt to introduce the forms of Old World Royalty into the New World. The edicts prohibiting the presence of buggies in Viceregal processions, and prescribing high dresses at Viceregal receptions, were test questions put to Destiny and by her decisively answered. Mr. Collins, conscious of the catastrophe, endeavours to avert censure or ridicule from the heads of the Governor-General and his Royal consort by the historical sacrifice of a secretary. This is, of course, most proper, and the secretary will rejoice in the immolation. But that humble functionary would never have thought of introducing a code of etiquette without superior inspiration. The way for the experiment had been paved by Lord Lorne's predecessor, who had turned Government House from the official residence of a British nobleman, which it was in the time of Lord Lisgar, into a little Court with an affable prince, while his rhetoric had done all that rhetoric could do to bring the people into the most desirable frame of mind. Lord Beaconsfield might well think that the propitious hour had come for the inauguration of a policy most congenial to his taste. The measure happened at the same time to promise the Court at home relief from a social embarrassment, which was also a domestic infelicity. The result of the experiment is well known. It was only emphasized by the cordiality with which the Princess, while she was among us, was everywhere personally received. That she was so little among us is a circumstance of which Mr. Collins, of course, can only tender us the authorized explanation. If the Princess found any fault with our climate, her offence is inexpiable; but if she only disliked the race of courtiers with whom she was called upon to associate at Ottawa, she will, by many Canadians, be deemed within the pale of mercy.

AT the meeting of the Royal Society of Canada the Governor-General performed with grace and ingenuity the task of suggesting plausible reasons for his predecessor's institution. More he could not do. The plant is weak even on its native soil, and it is too manifestly an exotic here. The bulky volume of transactions, printed at the public expense, was called by an uncourtly reviewer a "culpable luxury," and its publication was certainly not the most indispensable item in the estimates. Scientific or archaeological treatises of a strictly local character, such as have real value but would not find a publisher, may perhaps be properly printed at the public cost, but it hardly becomes the State to print and circulate *fantaisies littéraires*, comedies, or effusions of the Canadian Muse such as might, or might not, find insertion in the magazines. There is also something more incongruous in a bi-lingual Institute than even in a bi-lingual Parliament. M. Frechette was spoken of the other day as "our great Canadian poet," but he is a great Canadian poet whose language not one Canadian in three can understand. Lord Lansdowne's suggestion that the Society might employ itself in collecting materials for history would be happy, if only such materials existed. The Marquis is an hereditary friend of letters. If he has any interest with the Government of Canada he may possibly be able to render them a real service. What we want, far above any patronage or any artificial organization, is an alteration of the Tariff which shall give

our Canadian booksellers access to their natural centres of distribution, and thus render possible, what under the present fiscal conditions is impossible—the existence of first-class book-stores on this side of the line. The admission of books duty free for public libraries alone, if it were conceded, would not much improve the case; indeed it would probably depress the book-stores more than ever, and thus in the main make matters worse. We want also such a rectification of our position with regard to copyright as will give Canadian writers the privilege on their own side of the Atlantic where it might be of use to them, whereas on the other side it is of none. The question is so completely clear of party that the Governor-General might use his personal influence without impropriety, and if he used it with success, Canadian literature would be very grateful.

THE *Sarnia Observer* and the *Hamilton Times* have been wailing in concert over the exceeding wickedness of "Bystander." Their symphony is joined by the *Hamilton Spectator*. The *Observer* and the *Times* being Grit, the offence in their eyes consists in saying too little against the Government of Sir John Macdonald; in the eyes of the *Spectator*, which is Tory, it consists in saying too much. The *Observer* and the *Times*, while agreed as to the fact, directly contradict each other with regard to the explanation. The *Observer* is of opinion that Sir John Macdonald by some occult process of "sycophancy or subtle flattery" has succeeded in making the "Bystander" his devout admirer, and has brought him "as securely under his influence as any of the paid writers on the *Mail*." But the *Times* rejects such an account of the phenomenon as superficial. "Only start," it says, "with the idea that the 'Bystander's' object is to bring about the annexation of Canada to the United States, and it will be seen at once that his reason for supporting Sir John Macdonald and palliating all that miscreant's crimes is that he knows Sir John Macdonald will ruin the country by misgovernment and thus render annexation inevitable." According to one critic, then, the "Bystander" is making a tool of Sir John Macdonald, while, according to the other, Sir John Macdonald is making a tool of the "Bystander." It is a proof, according to the *Sarnia Observer*, of the "Bystander's" subserviency to corruption that on the occasion of the Pacific Railway Scandal he did not pronounce Sir John Macdonald guilty "till he could no longer resist the force of the evidence." Precious morality, indeed, is that of a writer who waits for evidence before condemning a Tory! Is not every Tory convicted from his mother's womb of all imaginable offences whether there happens to be any evidence against him or not? The *Sarnia Observer* had better ask Mr. Mackenzie what "Bystander" did in the case of the Pacific Railway Scandal. But if Sir John Macdonald has such a genius for managing men that he could securely establish his influence over one who had never had anything to do with him and had only just come into the country, he surely must be fit to govern any nation. All our ideas, according to Locke, are the products of our experience, and the experience of the *Observer* and *Times* has not yet furnished the idea of a journalist who has no assignable object beyond those of his profession, nor any imaginable motive except the desire to engage the confidence of his readers by keeping as near to truth and justice as he can. Such a writer is set down as a knave who has some covert object in view, and occasionally drops his mask. This unmannerly nonsense will some day disappear from our journals, together with the slavish devotion to party from which it flows.

HAD the "Bystander" when he said last week that there was practically no Conservative party in England, been able to divine what was going on in the House of Commons, he might have omitted the qualifying word. Formally, as well as practically the Conservative party is in the throes of dissolution. "Mercy on us, we split, we split, we split," is the cry in "The Tempest" when the ship is going down. Some such yell of dismay must have arisen from the Opposition benches, the other night, when, in the midst of the debate on the Irish franchise, the Tory Democratic section suddenly parted from the Conservative section, and under Lord Randolph Churchill went into the lobby with Mr. Parnell. This Tory Democratic party of which Lord Randolph Churchill has made himself the demagogue, is mainly the offspring of the Disraeli Franchise Bill of 1867, which let into the city constituencies a fresh flood, to use Carlyle's phrase, of "corruptibility, gullibility, amenability to beer and balderdash." It is simply a mob, hostile to the respectable middle class and to the higher grade of artisans among whom Liberalism has its principal seat, but otherwise with nothing really Conservative about it. Its voice is heard in the Music Halls, and like its counterpart everywhere, it is in favour of war and violence of every kind. For Socialistic rapine it is evidently just as ready as the most revolutionary elements on the other side. It is now evidently in full revolt, under a rowdy-aristocrat ringleader, at once against the patricianism

and the moderation of the regular chiefs. It wants to set up a caucus, as a rival to Mr. Chamberlain's machine, and by means of this democratic engine to transfer the nominations and the policy of the party from the hands of the aristocratic council in the Carlton to its own. But its ascendancy is confined to the large cities, while it is in the rural districts and the towns commercially dependent on them that the strength of the Conservative party lies. Nothing can be less likely than that the territorial aristocracy, the country gentlemen, and the farmers, who have so far steadily adhered to those interests, should bow their necks to the yoke of Lord Randolph Churchill's caucus, or consent to imperil the vital objects of their party, property and social order, for the gratification of his demagogic vanity. The *London Times*, when it suddenly embraces the caucus, after long writing vehemently against it, only shows one more symptom of the weakness of head which has for some time characterized the management. The idea of the Tory Democrat, if he has any idea at all, is an oligarchy supported on the shoulders of a mob. Such a combination is not without examples in history, and wherever it has appeared it has been equally beneficent; but it requires conditions different from those which at the present time exist in England, where among other things the mob is bent upon the partition of the great estates upon which the power of the oligarchy rests. That Lord Randolph Churchill can be destined to greatness is credible only on the supposition that England is destined to the total loss of it. His conspiracy against his leaders is an imitation, in every sense base, of Disraeli's, from whom his Tory-Democratic programme is also borrowed; and while he displays all the moral qualities of his original, in the intellectual gifts he is plainly wanting. There is nothing of depth or finesse about him. His game is entirely on the surface. His greed of office is as shameless as the appetite of an animal. His behaviour to his leaders is not only perfidious, but gratuitously insulting, and shows that he does not know how to deal with men. His vanity is shallow enough to delight in the parade of cynicism, and the violence of his language sometimes verges on delirium. In fact, he has once broken down from over-excitement. These are not the marks of a far-sighted schemer or a profound tactician any more than they are those of an upright statesman. Out of a party of 280 Lord Randolph carried with him into the Lobby about twelve. That the autocratic demagogue is capable of out-lying in profligacy the lowest of his plebeian rivals is not now seen for the first time. Whatever humiliation Lord Salisbury may have to undergo he has brought upon himself by his encouragement of violence and faction. Where is the use of a Marquisate and half-a-million of dollars a year if they do not enable a man, at a moment of national peril, to impose a little restraint on his own ambition? Some of the more sensible Conservatives must be beginning to reflect seriously on their own future; perhaps they may also be beginning to doubt whether they did wisely in ever allowing Lord Beaconsfield to lead them out of the plain path of English honour. What can be more bitter to a true Englishman than to see his country made the gambling table for such a game and by such gamesters?

"If riches increase, set not your heart upon them" is one of those Bible precepts which, as a class, have been fixed upon as interfering with the production of wealth, and with the economical progress of the world. It may be doubted whether, even in Wall Street, extreme anxiety is conducive to success; perhaps the coolness of moderate desire may be not less so. It is certain that in politics and in war they have often succeeded most who had not staked everything on the result. But there can be no doubt who has the best of it when riches make to themselves wings and depart. The agonizing panic of the New York speculators, the other day, was like that of women in a burning ship; and the failure of the Oriental Bank in England has been followed, we are told, by a score of suicides. General Grant has reason to wish that when his riches increased he had not set his heart upon them. How could a man with such a career upon which to look back in the arm-chair of old age, and with wealth ample for every rational purpose, let himself be tempted into gambling speculations? He ought to have felt that he was laying on the faro table not his own honour only, but that of his Country. However, the man is made of coarse clay, and though not actually corrupt, he was always greedy, and ready to accept perquisites which a high-minded man would have declined. Perhaps we might go on to ask what makes any man who has enough, deprive, as we see many a rich man deprive, his closing years of ease, tranquillity, and dignity, to gain more? Why do so many merchants build, with an old age of toil, palaces to die in? As to the crash in Wall Street generally, it was evidently the old play with new actors. The part of Mr. Ferdinand Ward has been played a thousand times before. The friends of Women's Rights are ready with the suggestion that to secure us against fraud for the future, all the male officers and clerks

should be turned out of the banks, and women put in their places? It does not occur to these benevolent persons that if women have hitherto been generally pure, it is because they have not been exposed to temptation. What is to become of the married women who, together with their children, are dependent on the male officers and clerks for their bread? This, no advocate of Women's Rights thinks of inquiring. It is not about wives or mothers that those reformers are specially concerned.

THE Day of Judgment will probably find the curious still debating the authorship of Junius, the identity of the Man in the Iron Mask, the character of Mary Queen of Scots, and the guilt or innocence of Bacon. The last of these questions is revived by the Life of Bacon in Macmillan's series, from the pen of Dean Church. Yet it is difficult in Bacon's case to see how, but for the reluctance of posterity to condemn august intellect, the debate which seems destined to be interminable can ever have begun. He confessed his guilt in the most abject terms; and therefore if he was innocent, he must, in the hope of mitigating his penalty, have been guilty of desertion of his own honour, more disgraceful even than the offence with which he was charged. But his corruption as a judge was not so bad as his betrayal of Essex; while his base adulation of a vile favourite, his ostentatious sycophancy on the occasion of Carr's infamous marriage, and his sinister communications with the King at the time of the Overbury murder trial show that his character was entirely mean. Yet, taking range into account, as well as force, there is none greater among the kings of mind than he: his very style is marked in every sentence with the majesty of intellect as well as with its power. He stands in history the most terrible monument of the difference between intellect and character, the most impressive warning of the powerlessness of culture by itself to produce virtue. What is true of the individual is equally true of the mass. A community, like a man, may be intellectual, highly educated, polished, and wicked; as, notably, was the Italy of the Renaissance. How positively the world was assured, fifty years ago, and how completely statistics seemed to support the assurance, that popular education would put an end to vice! Yet not only malice and covetousness, but sensuality, has managed to survive that which was to be their certain death-blow.

A BYSTANDER.

HERE AND THERE.

FAVoured by the weather, the two days' meeting of the Ontario Jockey Club was all that could be wished. Not alone in the number of entries, but in the racing itself, there was a marked improvement on former years. The attendance was also larger, the course was well kept, and the various events were marked by punctuality, so that, altogether, the Jockey Club has every reason to be proud of its Spring Meeting, while it must also have reaped a big pecuniary benefit. The racing opened on Saturday with the Trial Stakes, with four starters, and proved, as was generally expected, in the absence of "Disturbance," who had strained a tendon at exercise the day before, a gift for "Lloyd Daly," who won easily. The second race was the event of the meeting—the Queen's Plate, one and a half miles—and for it the large number of fifteen horses faced the starter. After several break-aways the lot were dispatched on even terms, the pace throughout being a cracker, resulting in the comparatively easy victory of "Williams," who twice before in the history of the race has had to content himself with second honours. The time was 2.50 $\frac{3}{4}$, or the fastest since "Bonnie Bird" in 1880. The Woodbine Steeplechase, which was next on the list, brought out a field of five, and resulted in the finest race of the day, the finish being close and brilliant, "Miss Archibald" winning by the shortest of necks from "Gilt Edge," who, however, did not go the course. The Cash Handicap brought seven to the post, and produced another good race, Blanton winning cleverly from "Inspector," with "Bonnie Bird," a good third. The Welter Cup had eight starters, and was well won by "The Laird," who, admirably ridden, got home a length ahead of "Charlie Weir."

Monday's programme started with the Ladies' Purse, with nine runners, which after a punishing finish was well won by "Modjeska," who beat "Minnie Meteor" by half a length, with "Willie" a good third. The Hotel Stakes, of mile heats, resulted in a match between "Bonnie Bird" and "Lloyd Daly," the former winning two straight heats in the easiest manner. The Dominion Handicap proved the event of the day. For it there were six starters, "Marquis" finally winning a good race by a length from "Minnie Meteor," with "Inspector" third. The Steeple-chase Handicap brought out a field of six, for which "Baccarat" was the fancy, but he could get no nearer than third, the winner showing up in "Oakdale," with "Rienzi" second. The Consolation Stakes, won

by "Defiance," in a field of seven, brought the day's racing and the most successful meeting ever held in Canada to a close.

THERE is, unfortunately, only too much truth in the statements made public by the Rev. John Nichols, of Montreal, as to the unwillingness shown by many immigrants to work. He adduces several instances where employment was offered, but was declined by men who preferred to loaf, and live upon charity. The fault lies between the immigrants and the agents on the other side. The latter turn the heads of workmen coming out, by promises of high wages and "soft jobs." And so it happens when they arrive in Canada that low wages are refused. The remedy for this is clear. Let the Charity organizations give no relief—except in cases of emergency—until it has been earned, and let the charitable entrust their alms-giving to these societies. When it becomes known that such a regulation is strictly adhered to, loafing will receive its death-blow.

WITH the probability that England will be able to get wheat from India, if not from Australia, at a lower rate in London than the North-Western farmer can deliver it in Liverpool, it behoves the latter to turn his attention to the capabilities of his land for other than agricultural productions. It seems to be granted that large tracts of the North-West, notably north of Minneapolis, are suited for diversified farming, and that stock-raising in that territory pays well. The failure of a crop, in a country wholly given up to one grain, would be embarrassing, if not disastrous. Such a result would scarcely be possible where a variety of food was raised. Experiments have proved also that some districts of the North-West are well adapted for the production of flax, for which there is a large and increasing demand.

IN January, 1883, Vanderbilt told an intimate friend who dined with him one day he was worth \$194,000,000. "I believe I am," said Mr. Vanderbilt, "the richest man in the world. In England the Duke of Westminster is said to be worth \$200,000,000, but it is mostly in lands and houses. It does not yield him two per cent. a year. From now I shall be worth more than \$200,000,000, and will have an income equal to six per cent. on that amount." Vanderbilt can take life comparatively easy on an income of \$12,000,000 a year, and watch his wealth pile up without any effort of his. From his Government he draws \$2,372,000 a year; from his railroad stocks and bonds, \$7,394,320; from his miscellaneous securities, \$575,695, or \$10,342,045 from his investments alone. Thus every day they earn for him \$28,334 25c. Every hour sees him \$1180 25c. richer, and every minute means \$19 67c. added to his hoard. Besides this, he calculates to make \$2,000,000 every year by fortunate sales. It is not supposed that the recent financial crisis has seriously affected Mr. Vanderbilt's securities.

THE English climate must have altered considerably since the days of Dr. Isaac Watts, who wrote of the rose that it was "the glory of April and May." In these more degenerate times we are accustomed to see the rose in its glory in June and July; so that either Dr. Watts must have dealt in poetical license, and used the word May so that it might rhyme with day; or we have two months more of cold now than the people had then. Possibly the truth is that at that distant period the seasons came at their proper time—cold in January, spring in April, summer in July, autumn in October. This is not the case now according to the latest reports. From them we learn that it was warmer in January than in April; and as to the "merry month of May," described by a poet of the olden time as the fairest of all the year, for a long while past it has been associated with the memories of frosty nights and bitterly cold days, when the north-easterly wind is laying low the aged and the infirm, and gathering the sickly young into premature graves.

THE authoress of that unsavoury book entitled "Sarah Barnum" has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment for offending against public morality by the publication of her notorious work. Proceedings have also been taken by law against both the manager and printer of the publishing firm which gave the book called "Marie Pigeonnier" to the public. The last-mentioned book was written as a reply to the nauseous production of Mdlle. Marie Colombier. Judgment was pronounced last month against the seller, printer, and proprietress of the paper called the *Succès*, in which was lately reproduced the "Cent Curés Paillards." The proprietress was fined 1,000f, and condemned to four months' imprisonment. This judgment, however, was given by default, which will enable the accused to obtain a delay.

A PRINCE'S death is much too interesting not to increase the literature of the day. Mr. Frederick Myers has given a very poetic account of the Duke of Albany's intellectual and moral development. The letters the Duke wrote and the speeches he made are likely to be given to the world in a volume; and the biographers are already at work upon him. Meanwhile, Mr. T. H. Stockwell has collected the chief of the funeral sermons delivered over the prince's bier, and Messrs. Hamilton, Adams, and Co., have published them under the title of "Garlands for a Royal Grave." The book has been sent in advance to the Queen and the Duchess, and it is a very graceful memory of a day when a nation was saddened in sympathy for a mother and a widow.

MOST people will be surprised to find that Lord Derby has only just been created a Knight of the Garter. They will be still more surprised to learn that until this month Lord Derby was undecorated. He could hardly help being a member of the Privy Council, but that is absolutely the only honour which has been conferred upon him by a Sovereign whom he has served as Secretary for the Colonies, as President of the Board of Control, as Secretary for India, as Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and again as Secretary for the Colonies. He has been distinguished, as was Lord Cowley at St. Petersburg, by being without a riband. No riband blue or red has he worn across his evening dress, no star took with him the place of a button-hole. Of course, he might have been what he pleased long ago, had he desired the gew-gaws which public men covet. He has never been ambitious for such distinctions. The passion of being *decoré* was never his; and those who know him are somewhat surprised that he has become Knight of the Garter. He never so much as hinted that he desired the Order, but when the Queen offered it to him it would have been ungracious to refuse it. Lord Salisbury was perfectly welcome to forestall him with it; and at fifty-eight years of age the Earl probably feels as little moved by his acquired dignity as he was moved to acquire it. Folk wonder whether it will be quite a consolation to him for missing the Premiership. That was his for certain had he stayed with Lord Beaconsfield. It will probably never be his now; Lord Granville and Lord Hartington are preferred before him, and, if any cataclysm takes place to defeat their privileges, the chieftainship will go to men of less modern views than are held by the Stanley.

COMMENTING upon the absurd proposal to open a fund for the relief of General Gordon, Mr. George R. Sims, of "Outcast London" fame, points out that it is a remarkable feature of English charity that it is always more ready to begin abroad than at home. Had the word only been spoken, not £200,000, but two millions would have been raised in a fortnight to carry on a war in Egypt. But to carry on a great moral or social war necessary for the happiness of our fellow-citizens at home funds are proverbially hard to raise. There are at the present moment hundreds of excellent charities languishing for lack of proper support. In England millions of men and women are living in semi-starvation and absolute degradation because public favour is so slow to develop itself in their behalf; and yet missions for propagating the Gospel in foreign parts positively wallow in wealth. A glance down the lists in the *Times* will show fabulous sums contributed for expeditions to places which nine men out of ten could not find on the map under an hour's search. Another peculiarity of these same subscription lists is this—that while the entire world begs of John Bull, and gets its petition answered, the compliment is rarely returned. If a chimney catches fire in Schnoddeldorf, on the Rhine, a fund is immediately started in London to replace the family washing that was damaged by the soot. If the villagers of somewhere in Iceland have no am with their bread and butter in consequence of the fruit crop failing, the Lord Mayor of London will invite subscriptions that a shipload of jam may be sent to them. If the butt in somebody's back garden in Hungary overflows and inundates a Hungarian back kitchen, you will find English millionaires vying with each other to make the damage good. Now look at the reverse of the picture. Glance through the list of subscriptions raised for the various calamities that happen in England. Where are the subscriptions from France, from Germany, from Iceland, or Hungary? Never a farthing. The compliment is never returned, and yet, strange to say, where John Bull will give a shilling at home he will send a sovereign abroad.

AN English correspondent writes: "Mr. Bright is quite well and very cheerful, though very weary of his long confinement to his house. His doctors, however, absolutely forbid him to face the east wind—his attack of congestion of the lungs having been so severe while it lasted as to make it dangerous for him to take a draught of cold air. So soon as milder

weather sets in he will remove to the balmiest place on the coast. Mr. Bright's obedience to medical advice contrasts very greatly with the venturesomeness of Mr. Gladstone. People who met him driving during the Easter vacation say with astonishment that he insisted upon an open carriage, and defied the blast without one extra wrap. Such presumption is justified if it is successful. It hardens him, and makes him less susceptible to cold; but one does not like to see him running so great a risk."

A LADY contributor to an English journal writes:—"I was talking the other day with a lady who is a well-known lecturer on cookery, and she strongly advocated the use of cotton seed oil for frying purposes. She told me that it was commonly used in vegetarian cookery, and that it is cheap, sweet, and far better than inferior dripping, lard, or any animal oil but butter, which, if good, is costly. She says it requires rather a higher temperature to boil than other fat, and should be used very hot, when it fries most excellently and produces a beautiful, delicate, brown colour on fish, potatoes, rissoles, or whatever may be fried in it. The price varies from 2s. to 3s. 6d. a gallon, which when compared with Lucca or olive oil, lard, or butter, is very cheap. It was used all last year at the Fisheries in preparing the sixpenny fish luncheons which were so popular."

MATERIALS FOR HISTORY.

THE student of early Canadian history must not place too great dependence on the printed books of one and two centuries ago. Both sides are well represented in the numerous printed volumes; and the bitter antagonisms, rival sentiments, and opposing narratives which they contain shed light on all transactions which occupied the minds of the founders of a rugged and jealous nationality. But the careful student, fresh from the perusal of such works as the "Premier Etablissement de la Foy dans la Nouvelle France," of Père Le Clerq, (which, by the way, was written under the eye of the great Governor, Count Frontenac,) and the copious chapters of Hennepin, La Hontan, Tonti, Marquette and others, will do well to verify what he finds there inscribed by consulting the official and other contemporary documents. These latter, thanks to the spirit of enlightenment which has within a few years pervaded governments and keepers of archives, are now available to writers and enquirers. In 1835 the French Government refused to allow copies to be made of the valuable and priceless annals and data under their care. In 1838, access to these archives was again denied. But in 1842 the persistence of an American scholar, General Cass, at the time United States Minister to France, was rewarded, and he secured, in behalf of the State of Michigan, some forty cartons for publication. Ten years later (1852) the efforts made by an agent of the Quebec Literary and Historical Society, in 1835, bore good fruit, and thirty-six folios of copies were obtained by the Parliament of Quebec. Since that date no doors have been closed against the seeker after historical truths, and almost every year fresh discoveries of documents have been made, and placed at the disposal of students. One of the most valuable of the late collections of historical papers given to the public is the exhaustive Margry set. It comprises five large volumes. The collection has been printed in a limited edition of a few hundred copies, and bears the title "Découvertes et Etablissements des Français dans l'Ouest et dans le Sud de l'Amérique Septentrionale (1614-1754), Mémoires et Documents originaux." Three volumes deal with the career of La Salle, and the others relate to other explorers. They are beautifully printed, and edited with intelligence and circumspection.

Within the last thirty or forty years the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec has published a good many useful papers and rare manuscripts relating to the early history of the country. Many of these are now out of print, but few remain in pamphlet form, and are available for consultation. Besides the printed collections the Society has a goodly number of volumes of unprinted and unedited works, notably the interesting series of papers comprised in the diary of James Thompson, a veteran who fought under Wolfe, and died in Quebec at the age of ninety-eight. These journals, of course, treat of Quebec under English rule, but the Society possesses in its strong boxes several other documents which are of interest to those who wish to trace Canadian history from the beginning.

Government in Quebec province, whatever its shortcomings may have been in an economical or moral sense, has never been unmindful of the archives of the community. These have always been open to inspection. The collection in the Registrar's office is very complete and rich, and a couple of years ago the series was sensibly augmented by the copies brought from Boston by M. Evanturel. This collection was made a few years

since by an agent of Massachusetts at Paris. The papers relate chiefly to Acadian matters, but they also contain a good deal about Quebec. The extensive series known as the "Correspondance Officielle" is the most exhaustive of all. Two complete sets exist in Canada, in French and in manuscript form. One is in the library of Parliament at Ottawa, and the other may be seen at the Archives Department in Quebec. The original register and proceedings of Council, in several volumes, remain in very fair condition in the Registrar's office, Quebec. The first, a folio bound in calf and indexed, bears two titles, the first of which is, "Registre des Insinuations du Conseil de 1663 à 1682;" ninety-six pages. It begins with the King's edict, creating the Superior Council, dated April 1st, 1683, and ends with the "Procès Verbal" of the Superior Council concerning the "Redaction of the Code Civil," or ordinance of Louis, April 14, 1667. The second title is, "Jugements et Délibérations du Conseil Souverain de la Nouvelle France, 1663 à 1676," two hundred and eighty-one pages. It begins with an *arrêt* of the Superior Council ordering the registration of the King's edict of April 1st, 1663, creating the Superior Council for New France, to be held at Quebec; and ends with an interlocutory judgment, dated December, 19, 1676, upon a petition of François Noir Roland, complaining of his curate for refusing him absolution. This book, or register, is authenticated by the certificate of the Governor, Comte de Frontenac, on the first page as follows:

"Le Présent Régistre du Conseil Souverain Contenant trois cens soixante et seize feuillets a été ce jour paraphé *ne varietur* par premier et dernier, par nous Louis de Buade de Frontenac, Chevallier Comte de Pallau, Conseiller du Roy, en ses Conseils, Gouverneur et Intendant Général pour sa Majesté, en la Nouvelle France, Québec le Quinzième Janvier Mille six cents soixante et quinze. FRONTENAC."

The entries in general throughout this end of the book are authenticated by the Governor, Bishop, Intendant, Councillors, or Clerk of the Council; and the last, or two hundred and eighty-first leaf, is signed by Duchesneau, Intendant, and by Dupont, member of the Council. Its general contents consist of a variety of orders, regulations, ordinances, judgments, civil and criminal, of the Superior Council, licitation, and adjudications of Crown estates, representations to the King and his ministers upon various subjects. There are four following volumes of this register in the archives at Quebec bearing the dates 1677 to 1680, 1681 to 1687, and 1688 to 1693, respectively.

The majority of the historical papers in the Registrar's office are in manuscript, but before many years elapse it is to be hoped that all this valuable material will be accessible in printed copies. Thirty years ago the Parliament of Canada authorized a beginning to be made in that direction, and the publication of the "Edits and Ordonnances" was the result. In 1858, mainly through the instrumentality of the Rev. Abbé Bois, Curé of Maskinongé, the famous "Relations des Jesuites" were undertaken. They fill three very large volumes, and throw a great amount of light on the history of French and ecclesiastical occupation from 1611 to 1672, inclusive. In this laudable work Messrs. Francis Parkman, G. B. Fari-bault, Henry de Courcy, Jean-Marie Shea, and reverend Messrs. Plante, Ferland and Laverdière lent their valuable aid. The "Relations" was the last work of the kind published under public auspices before Confederation. Since 1867 the various Quebec administrations confined their labours in connection with the archives to the transcription of important documents whenever and wherever they could be found. A year ago the new Provincial Secretary, M. Jean Blanchet, decided to resume the publication of a limited edition of the literary and historical treasures which enrich his department. One volume of the collection, containing papers from 1492 to 1712, and occupying some six hundred and forty ample pages, has just been issued. Volume second is well under way and will be ready shortly. There is ample material left for upwards of twelve volumes, and we are promised these in time. These memoirs, letters, etc., are deeply interesting, and exhibit in a strong light the heroic struggles of the infant colony, and the trials and dangers to which the first settlers were subjected. They tell, too, the story of daring achievement by land and water against savage tribes, and reveal in touching terms the zeal, fortitude and devotion which the Jesuit missionaries never failed to show in the prosecution of their noble work of Christianity and colonization. In these pages we are brought face to face with the actors who played so conspicuous a part in those first trying days of a colony which a great King sought to erect into an empire which might rival in grandeur, as it surpassed in extent, the splendid Mother Country itself. Their motives and policy are laid bare, and the notable and stirring adventures through which they passed are described in simple but earnest language. The collection cannot fail to awaken renewed interest and pride in the early history of this country, and it is to be hoped that the Dominion authorities may, one of these days,

follow the example of Quebec, and publish some of the rich series of papers which Mr. Douglas Brymner, the erudite archivist of Canada, has in his possession at Ottawa.

GEORGE STEWART, JR.

Quebec.

PROVINCIAL TORIISM.

THE question as to the limits of Dominion and Provincial powers, respectively, is undoubtedly the one that more than any other now engages public attention in Canada. A few years ago the issue between Protection and Free Trade stood at the front, and on that issue alone a change of Government was ordered by a large majority of the popular vote. But it has gone somewhat to the background since, not because its intrinsic importance is counted any the less, but chiefly because of a prevailing belief that it is practically settled—for Canada. This belief will probably turn out a mistaken one, the fact being that Canada is so much weighed upon by old country influences—political, financial, social, and literary—that our free traders here have always a solid stronghold of English opinion for their base of operations, and will ever and anon be encouraged to renew the fight. The fight for the establishment of a Canadian Pacific Railway is practically over, though the question as to Government control over all railways is still to be disposed of. It so happens that at the present time the question as to what Provincial rights are or should be is the most absorbing one of all before the people of Canada.

In the discussion of this question, so far, the view has been strongly advanced, and widely accepted too—that there exists a natural and necessary alliance between Toryism and the extreme Dominion position on one hand, and between Liberalism and the extreme Provincial position on the other. It is probable that a considerable majority of the people, in Ontario, at all events, fully believe that, while it is and must be Conservative policy to exaggerate the powers of the Dominion, it is and must be Liberal policy to push to the utmost the powers of the Provinces. Now, this a profound mistake, having its origin in a remarkable misreading of history, or oftener, perhaps, in no reading of history at all.

It is an utter mistake to suppose, as some do, that the famous little States of ancient Greece were republics, in the modern acceptance of the term. They were in reality slaveholding aristocracies, in which the working bees of the hive—the large majority of the whole—had no rights that their masters were bound to respect. They carried provincialism to the length of political insanity, and the result was their subjugation by Philip of Macedon. There was no king in Athens or Sparta; only what our North American Indians might call a war chief, as the occasion demanded. Gillies in his history teaches that classic Greece fell for want of a king; but he would have been nearer the truth had he said that Athens and Sparta fell victims to the craze for Provincial Rights and Provincial Toryism. The Greeks had their heads so full of the Local Parliament idea that they failed to realize the idea of Greece as a nation. It may truly enough be said, applying a new designation to a fact of ancient history, that classic Greece fell for want of a national policy—because the Greeks thought too much of the province and too little of the nation.

The great French Revolution burst the fetters under which continental Europe had been bound for centuries. The revolutionists were not always friends of liberty, and some of their atrocious deeds well justified the remark that "revolutions are not made with rose-water." But the political earthquake of that time gave to the old feudal Toryism a shock from which it will never fully recover; and the net result is a gain to the cause of human liberty the world over. One most remarkable thing there is to be observed in the history of France during that period. While differing seriously on many other points, the good and the bad among the revolutionists agreed in making war against Provincial Rights, and in rendering the national authority supreme over all. They believed that Provincial Toryism was and must continue to be bitterly opposed to the Republic; and one of their most important acts was to blot out the very names of the Provinces, and to substitute new territorial names of Departments, instead. The Tory historian, Alison, calls this Radical tyranny, and so it unquestionably was from his point of view. But from their point of view—that of the safety of the Republic—they were just as unquestionably in the right, as was seen in the desperate resistance maintained for a time by the royalists of La Vendee, who would have none of the Republic, and fought to restore the monarchy and the aristocracy. All the old provincial bodies were abolished by the revolutionists, for the plain reason that they were nearly all hot-beds of Toryism, and opposed to the revolution.

What has been at the bottom of all the Carlist agitations and wars that have distracted Spain during half a century and more? This, namely—

the existence in the Basque Provinces of a race of hardy mountaineers, half soldiers and half brigands, who are determinedly opposed to liberal government of any kind, and who, if they could, would speedily put some Don Carlos or other on the throne, against the wishes of the great majority of Spaniards—in fact of the nation. These mountaineers are clamorers for Provincial Rights which were granted them long ago by the Spanish kings, as a means of keeping them quiet. These Provincial Rights consisted mainly of certain exemptions from taxation, and from regular military service, the granting of which to them was an injustice to all Spaniards besides. In this case, as in many others, it was the Tory provinces against the Liberal nation—or the nation that would be Liberal, to the extent that its circumstances might permit.

Is it necessary to say much about that great modern instance, the American Civil War? The slaveholders of the South, who were Tories to a man, in principle, made war upon the Radical nation, in order to perpetuate human slavery. The Nationalists were Radical, Reform, Liberal, or what you please of that sort; the States Rights men were just as certainly Tories of the most pronounced kind. That lesson ought to stick; it is surely too momentous and too recent to be already forgotten.

These few recollections of history may for the present suffice to give pause to those who think that it is and must necessarily be true Liberalism to sustain extreme views of Provincial Rights, and that defenders of National Rights and powers must be Tories. Precisely the reverse of this is the solemn truth of the matter, as will very clearly appear ere Confederation has completed its twenty-fifth year—its first quarter of a century. The situation in Ontario, which has blinded the eyes of many, is not according to the rule of history; but is a mere temporary exception—a result of accident and circumstance. Its true and inward political meaning is hidden by certain outward and visible circumstances, which can be of but ephemeral duration, and must soon be brushed aside by the hand of time. And then must the real character of the contest between Provincial Toryism and National Liberalism stand revealed, even to those who now refuse to see it.

"What fools we mortals be!"—or have been—Ontario Reformers will be saying some day, when they realize how blindly they have been led into a huge political blunder. Let it be hoped that they may hasten to retrace their steps, while there is yet time.

JOHN MACLEAN.

JUDGES AND JUDGES.

THE translation of Chief Justice Hagarty to the Court of Appeal has deprived the Common Law Division of the High Court of Justice of its brightest ornament. It is not yet known who may be chosen to fill the vacancy amongst the *puisne* judges, but no little curiosity, and much anxiety, exists in legal circles on the subject. A few years ago, a leaning towards "Trial by Judge," as distinguished from "Trial by Jury," was perceptible in legal practice, and various reasons were assigned for the new departure. By some, it was attributed to the higher scale of fees incident to Chancery practice; others suggested the decline and fall of forensic ability at the Bar; and a third class contended that Juries were unreliable, and less competent than a Judge to dispense justice. Whatever the cause may have been, its effect has been short lived. A reaction has set in, very marked indeed, and trial by Jury to-day is, in Civil actions, as in Criminal prosecutions, regarded by nine-tenths of the legal profession as the soundest and safest tribunal for their clients. The mass of "non-suits" reversed in Term in these days has become to the profession too monotonous to be amusing, and are only tolerable because not objectionable from a pecuniary point of view. True it is that these may have been, to a considerable extent, the product of trials by Jury, but trial by Jury should, and under experienced guidance would, practically render "non-suits" and "new-trials" things of the past. To secure this desirable end, Jury trials must be assigned to *Nisi Prius* Judges, in the true sense of the term. It is unlawful to speak lightly of the Bench, and nothing of the kind is here meant; but is it frivolous to say that a Barrister, whose experience at *Nisi Prius* has embraced three briefs in twenty years, has pretty much the same capacity, or, call it, facility, for skilfully guiding a Jury trial as the ship-builder at the Admiralty Dockard has for directing the Channel Fleet in action? The conflict may develop the former into a Brougham, and the latter into a Nelson, but the chances are a little the other way. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam* was not meant to apply only to cobblers. Jury lawyers are neither as plentiful nor as brilliant as in days of yore, albeit the grosser metal brings now a better price; and Jury Judges are becoming smaller by degrees, and beautifully less. The spectacle of a non-Jury Judge wrestling with a mass of complicated facts, incident to the

every-day life of Jurors, without even an excuse for "laying down the law," may be suggestive, if not edifying; and if the old adage about teaching one's grandmother crops up in the mind, who can wonder? The Judge who prefers Law to Facts, as a mental study, will inevitably have a tendency to see the one terminate, and the other begin, at the wrong spot. Then chaos comes again; the litigant who has the facts in his favour is usually the sufferer, and he naturally concludes that the maxim, "every wrong has its remedy" is a delusion and a snare. In Criminal trials, the influence of the non-Jury Judge is less baleful. He leans to mercy's side; and if, as often as not, he selects for an illustration of the stock-in-trade proposition "every man is to be deemed innocent until he is proved guilty," some downy pale-face in the dock who has, to the knowledge of the bystanders, passed his best years in the Penitentiary, what matters it? The maxim is noble in itself, and it, as well as other old saws, may be pathetically repeated, in season and out of season. If the guilty do escape occasionally (!), it is comforting for Society to reflect (their missing forks and spoons to the contrary notwithstanding), that

While the lamp holds on to burn,
The greatest sinner may return.

The administration of the Criminal Law by a Judge who never framed an Indictment, or took bail in a criminal trial, is anomalous, to say the least of it. The frequency with which professional criminals "decline to elect" before Police Magistrates has method in it. There are Judges and Judges, and whether escape is more probable in the minor tribunal or in the other, depends. The criminal takes time to consider.

The Ontario Bench is replete with able Judges; but, for a time at least, the vacancies existing and imminent should be filled by lawyers of extensive *Nisi Prius* experience. Questions of law, except such as are well defined, and easily solved, arise only in a small percentage of the civil suits tried and disposed of at the various assizes. It is unfortunate for the litigants when the experience of the counsel in dealing with conflicting evidence, with the character of witnesses, and with the tendencies of jurors, in different classes of cases, is greater, in the rates of ten to one, than that of the Judge. It behoves those who have to determine the judicial character of the Bench to preserve a wise equilibrium, in keeping with the requirements of the different *fora* in which Justice is sought and administered.

MEMORABILIA.

THE POLICE AND THE PUBLIC.

THE Hamilton Police Commissioners have been considering the case of a policeman who arrested a well-known citizen of that town who had followed a friend under arrest to the station with a view of giving bail for the friend's appearance to answer the charge for which he was arrested. The evidence, as given by the local press, would seem to establish that upon asking the reason for the arrest of his friend the information was given, but upon becoming importunate for details, hot words passed; the "citizen" shook his fist in the policeman's face, and used the word which Captain Corcoran is said to have "hardly ever" spoken. An arrest followed, incarceration in the cells, and a speedy release. A complaint was made to the police commissioners.

Upon the investigation, the policeman was represented by counsel, who, naturally enough, expected that his client was being tried by a tribunal which was both judge and jury, and who, while anxious to conserve the liberty of the subject, would take some account of the duty of the guardian of the peace. But it seems this was all a mistake; the commissioners held the constable to as rigid law as if he had been a criminal on trial. Indeed, presumably the most learned of the commissioners thought he ought to be held to a more strict account than the average criminal, and boldly said so, basing his judgment mainly on that ground.

Forced into this corner, counsel for the accused raised three points:

1. That no person has a right to ask any information at a police station as to the cause of arrest of any person there in charge.
2. That it was proved by great preponderance of evidence, that the complainant had shaken his fist in the face of the policeman in a threatening manner, accompanied by threatening words; that under such circumstances the constable was justified in arresting the complainant, a breach of the peace having been committed. In support of this, counsel cited *Timothy vs. Simpson*, 1 C. M. and R. 757, and cases there collected, and *Price vs. Seeley*, 10 C. and F., House of Lords cases, 28.
3. That under 19 George II. Cap. 21, Ss. 3 and 7, the constable was bound to arrest.

The preamble to the statute of George seemed to afford the County Court Judge much food for mirthful scorn and sarcasm. His Honour thought that, in the present enlightened age, no one would be found to

believe that, in the words of the statute, Divine vengeance would fall upon the profane swearer. But at all events that "Damn it" or "Damn you" was not profane swearing. It would be unjust to suspect his Honour of a critical knowledge of language, and it would never do to suggest that "profane" was simply "profanum"—without the temple, and simply meant an imprecation—a calling down of the divine wrath without religious or judicial sanction. The assault was ignored, or rather the commissioners chose to record elaborately that profane language was not a breach of the peace. The constable was fined \$10, and it has gone forth that, before a constable makes an arrest, he should be quite sure he is within the law. If he have a doubt, of course he must give it in favour of the supposed law-breaker. If he should arrest a person who may happen to be acquitted, by the art of an advocate, or the lenity of a tribunal, he is liable to a keel-hauling by the Police Commissioners, followed by a substantial fine. Whether this will conduce to the efficiency of that most excellent of police forces which looks after law and order in Hamilton, remains to be seen.

OUTS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TEMPERANCE.—Your letter next week.

W. H. STEVENS.—"The Last Kick" is unavoidably crowded out. Shall appear in our next.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—As an ultra temperance citizen I endorse "Brewer's" argument about the dollar that goes into the liquor dealer's till and goes out again, it may be on its mission of love. But what does he give in exchange for the dollar? This is the question. Let "Brewer" prove that the tragedy at Kingston, of the 19th inst., was caused by drinking too much cold water, or that the poor fellows daily appearing before Dennison are victims of the electric light. His plea for the dollar is wide of the mark. We are not fighting because the dollars go into his pocket—they may go in and stay, for all we care—but because we believe he gives misery-producing returns for these dollars.

Toronto, May 20th.

J.

PLATFORM WOMEN.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—May I ask for the insertion of the following culling from the "*Manchester Woman's Suffrage Journal*" as a partial reply to the paper on "Platform Women," by Margaret Lonsdale, which appeared in a late issue of *The Week*?

Mrs Frank Morrison gave a highly-successful "At Home" the other day, at the South Kensington Hotel, for the principal supporters of women's suffrage. There was quite a brilliant company assembled. All the speakers were good, and the audience delightfully sympathetic. Mr. Woodall, M.P., was in the chair (the member who is going to bring our Bill before the House for us), and the principal speakers were Miss Frances Power Cobbe, Mrs. Ashton Dilke, and Mrs. Charles M'Laren, Miss Becker, and Mr. Seymour Trower. Mrs. M'Laren is a delightful speaker, and is thoroughly mistress of the subject. Miss Cobbe was the first speaker, and delighted the audience very much. She commenced by poking a little good-natured fun at Miss Lonsdale's recent article on "Platform Women," in the *Nineteenth Century*. She said she felt a certain awkwardness in speaking after the severe things Miss Lonsdale had said of platform women. Miss Lonsdale had said that public speaking "rubbed the bloom off" women. "What a dreadful thing," said Miss Cobbe, "to appear without one's bloom!" But the idea of what robbed the bloom of a woman, said Miss Cobbe, was an idea that varied with the century; what was considered very shocking by one age was thought quite proper by the next. Many years ago, her dear old friend Mrs. Souverville was considered to have rubbed her bloom off because she had written a book on astronomy, and if Miss Lonsdale had lived in those days she would have been supposed to have lost hers because she had written an article in the *Nineteenth Century*! Miss Cobbe spoke of the good work which was done in the world by such women as Miss Octavia Hill and of the desire which every woman ought to feel to throw her weight into the scale in the direction of righteousness and goodness. Miss Cobbe was very much applauded on the conclusion of her speech, which, whilst decidedly enthusiastic, was also temperate in tone.

I am, Sir, Your obedient Servant,

ZINGARA.

S. A. CURZON,

President Canadian Women's Suffrage Association.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

"YE Olde Folkes' Concert" is announced to be given in the Pavilion of the Toronto Horticultural Gardens to-morrow (Friday) night.

MR. RAFAEL JOSEFFY'S Piano Recitals, which will take place early in June, are expected to be the grandest ever given in the city. Selections will be given from Beethoven, Schumann, Schubert, Chopin, Franz Liszt, Schubert Liszt, Mendelssohn, Haendel, Martini, Bach-Tausig, Pergolesi, Gluck Joseffy, Raphael Joseffy, Bargiel, Bach-Joseffy, Boccherini &c.

CLAXTON'S Orchestra are announced to give a subscription concert early in June. The orchestra programme will include:—Overture, "William Tell," *Rossini*; Waltzes, "Brunette and Blonde," "Violet Waltz," *Waldtenfel*; Andante, "Fifth Symphony," *Beethoven*; Overture, "Banditterstreichle," *Suppe*; Selections, "Chimes of Normandy," *Planquette*; Polonaise in A Major, *F. Chopin*; Racohzy, "Damnation of Faust," *Berlioz*. The four solo numbers will be announced later. Miss Agnes Corlett, soprano, and Herr Jacobsen, violin virtuoso, will assist, and Mr. E. F. Moore will conduct.

A GENTLEWOMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

SHE lived in Georgian era too,
Most women then, if bards be true,
Succumbed to routs and cards, or grew
Devout and acid;
But hers was neither fate, she came
Of good West-country folk, whose fame
Has faded now. For us her name
Is "Madam Placid."

Patience or Prudence—what you will,
Some prefix faintly fragrant still
As those old musky scents that fill
Our grandams' pillows,
And for her youthful portrait take
Some long-waist child of Hudson's make,
Stiffly at ease beside a lake
With swans and willows.

I keep her later semblance placed
Beside my desk—'tis lawned and laced,
In shadowy sanguine stipple traced
By Bartolozzi;
A placid face, in which surprise
Is seldom seen, but yet there lies
Some vestige of the laughing eyes
Of arch Piozzi.

For her e'en Time grew debonair,
He, finding cheeks unclaimed of care,
With late-delayed faint roses there,
And lingering dimples,
Had spared to touch the fair old face,
And only kissed with Vauxhall grace
The soft white hand that stroked her lace,
Or smoothed her wimples,

So left her beautiful. Her age
Was comely as her youth was sage,
And yet she once had been the rage—
It has been hinted,
Indeed affirmed, by one or two,
Some spark at Bath (as sparks will do),
Inscribed a song to "Lovely Prue,"
Which Urban printed.

I know she thought; I know she felt;
Perchance could sum, I doubt she spelt,
She knew as little of the Celt
As of the Saxon;
I know she played and sang, for yet
We keep the tumble-down spinet
To which she quavered ballads set
By Arne or Jackson.

Her tastes were not refined as ours;
She liked plain food and homely flowers,
Refused to paint, kept early hours,
Went clad demurely;
Her art was sampler-work design,
Fireworks for her were "vastly fine,"
Her luxury was elder-wine—
She loved that "purely."

She was renowned, traditions say,
For June preserves, for curds and whey,
For finest tea (she called it "tay"),
And ratafia;
She knew for sprains what bands to choose,
Could tell the sovereign wash to use
For freckles, and was learned in brews
As erst Medea.

Yet studied little. She could read,
On Sundays, "Pearson on the Creed,"
Though as I think, she could not heed
His text profoundly,
Seeing she chose for her retreat
The warm west-looking window-seat,
Where, if you chanced to raise your feet,
You slumbered soundly.

This, 'twixt ourselves, the dear old dame,
In truth, was not so much to blame;
The excellent divine I name
Is scarcely stirring;
Her plain-song piety preferred
Pure life to precept. If she erred,
She knew her faults, her softest word
Was for the erring.

If she had loved, or if she kept
Some ancient memory green, or wept
Over the shoulder-knot that slept
Within her cuff-box,
I know not. Only this I know,
At sixty-five she'd still her beau,
A lean French exile, lame and slow,
With monstrous snuff-box.

Younger than she, well-born and bred,
She'd found him in St. Giles', half dead
Of teaching French for nightly bed
And daily dinners;
Starving, in fact, 'twixt want and pride;
And so, henceforth, you always spied
His rusty "pigeon-wings" beside
Her Mechlin pinnars.

He worshipped her, you may suppose.
She gained him pupils, gave him clothes,
Delighted in his dry bon-mots
And cackling laughter;
And when, at last, the long duet
Of conversation and picquet
Ceased with her death, of sheer regret
He died soon after.

Dear Madam Placid; others knew
Your worth as well as he, and threw
Their flowers upon your coffin too.
I take for granted,
Their loves are lost; but still we see
Your kind and gracious memory
Bloom yearly with the almond tree
The Frenchman planted.
From "Old World Idylls," by Austin Dobson.

THE ADVENTURES OF A WIDOW.

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

XIV.

SHE sent for Kindelon at once, but before her message could possibly have reached the office of *The Asteroid*, he presented himself.

He had recently seen the article, and told her so with a lover-like tenderness that she found balsamic, if not precisely curative.

"It is fiendish," he at length said, "and if I thought any man had done it I would thrash him into confessing so. But I am nearly sure that a woman did it."

"Miss Cragge?"

"Yes."

"You can't thrash her, Ralph. But you can punish her."

"How?"

"Through your own journal—*The Asteroid*. You can show the world just what a virago she is."

"No," he replied, after a reflective pause, "that can't be."

"Can't be!" exclaimed Pauline, almost hysterically reproachful. *The Asteroid* can call the *Herald*, the *Times*, and the *Tribune* every possible bad name; it can fly at the throats of politicians whom it doesn't endorse; it can seethe and hiss like a witch's caldron in editorials about some recent regretted measure at Albany! But when I ask it to defend me against slanderous ridicule it refuses—it—"

"Ah," cried Kindelon, interrupting her, "it refuses because it is powerless to defend you."

"Powerless!"

"*Qui s'accuse s'accuse*. Any attempted vindication would be merely to direct the public eye still more closely upon this matter. All evil things hold within themselves the germ of their own destruction. Let this villainy die a natural death, Pauline; to fight it will be to perpetuate its power. In the meanwhile I can probably gain a clue to its authorship. But I do not promise, mind. No, I do not promise!"

"And this is all!" faltered Pauline. "Oh, Ralph, according to your argument, every known wrong should be endured because of the notoriety which attaches to the redressing of it."

He looked very troubled and very compassionate as he answered her. "The notoriety is in many cases of no importance, my love. If I were coarsely assailed, for instance, I should not hesitate to openly confront my assailant. But with a pure woman it is different; and with some pure women—yourself I quote as a most shining example of these latter—it is unspeakably different! The chastity of some names is so perfect that any touch whatever will soil it."

"If so, then mine has been soiled already!" cried Pauline. "Oh," she went on, "you men are all alike toward us women! Our worst crime is that you yourselves should talk about us! To have your fellow-men say, 'This woman has been rendered the object of a scandalous insult, but has retaliated with courage,' is to make her seem in your eyes as if the insult were really a deserved one! Whenever we are prominent, except in a social way, we are called notorious. If our husbands are drunkards or

brutes who abuse us, and we fly to the refuge of the divorce-court, we are notorious. If we go on the stage, no matter how well we may guard our honest womanhood there, we are notorious. If we turn ministers, doctors, lecturers, philanthropists, political agitators, it is all the same; we are observed, discussed, criticised; hence we are notorious. Now, I've never rebelled against this finely just system, though like nearly all other yoked human beings, I have indulged certain private views upon my own bondage. And in my case it was hardly a bondage. . . . Except for certain years where discontent was in a large measure remorse, I have been lifted by exceptional circumstance above those pangs and torments which I have felt certain must have beset many another woman through no act of her own. But now an occasion suddenly dawns when I find myself demanding a man's full justice. To tell me that I can't get it because I am a woman, is no answer whatever. I want it, all the same."

Kindelon gazed at her with a sort of woebegone amazement. "I don't tell you that you can't get it, as far as it is to be had," he almost groaned. "I merely remind you that this is the nineteenth century, and neither the twentieth nor the twenty-first."

Pauline gave a fierce little motion of her shapely head. "I am reminded of that nearly every day that I live," she retorted. "You fall back, of course, upon public opinion. All of you always do, where a woman is concerned, whenever you are cornered. And it is so easy to corner you—to make you swing at us this cudgel of 'domestic retirement' and 'feminine modesty.' I once talked for two hours in Paris with one of the strongest French radical thinkers of modern times. For the first hour and a-half he delighted me; he spoke of the immense things that modern scientific developments were doing for the human race. For the last half-hour he disgusted me. And why? I discovered that his 'human race' meant a race entirely masculine. He left woman out of the question altogether. She might get along the best way she could. When he spoke of his own sex he was superbly broad; when he spoke of ours he was narrower than any Mohammedan with a harem full of wives and a prospective Paradise full of subservient hours."

Kindelon got up and began to pace the floor, with his hands clasped behind him. "Well," he said, in a tone of mild distraction, "I'm very sorry for your famous French thinker. I hope you don't want me to tell you that I sympathize with him."

"I'm half inclined to believe it!" sped Pauline. "If my cousin, Courtlandt, had spoken as you have done, I should have accepted such ideas as perfectly natural. Courtlandt is the incarnation of conventionalism. He is part of the rush in our social wheelwork, that makes it move so slowly. He could no more pull up his window shades and let in fresh sunshine than you could close your shutters and live in his decorous *demi-jour*!"

Kindelon still continued his impatient pacing. "I'm very glad of your favourable comparison," he said, with more sadness than satire. He abruptly paused, then, facing Pauline. "What is it, in Heaven's name, that you want me to do?"

"You should not ask; you should know!" she exclaimed. Her clear-glistening eyes, her flushed cheeks, and the assertive, almost imperious posture of her delicate figure made her seem to him a rarely beautiful vision as he now watched her. "Reflect, pray reflect," she quickly proceeded, "upon the position in which I now stand! I attempted to do what if I had been a much better woman than I am it would not at all have been a blameworthy thing to do. The result was failure; it was failure through no fault of my own. I found myself in a clique of wrangling egotists, and not in a body of sensible co-operative supporters. Chief among these was Miss Cragge, whose repulsive traits I foresaw—or rather you aided me to foresee them. I omitted her from my banquet (very naturally and properly, I maintain) and this is the apple of discord that she has thrown." Here Pauline pointed to the fateful newspaper, which lay not far off. "Of course," she went on, with a very searching look at Kindelon, "there can be no doubt that Miss Cragge is the offender! I, for my part, am certain of it; you, for yours, are certain as well, unless I greatly err. But this makes your refusal to publicly chastise her insolence all the more culpable!"

"Culpable!" he echoed, hurrying toward her. "Pauline! you don't know what you are saying! Have I the least pity, the least compunction toward that woman?"

Pauline closed her eyes, for an instant, and shook her head, with a repulsing gesture of one hand. "Then you have a very false pity toward another woman—and a very false compunction as well," she answered.

"How can I act, situated as I am?" he cried, with sharp excitement. "You have not yet allowed our engagement to transpire. What visible or conceded rights have I to be your defender?"

"You are unjust," she said. "I give you every right. That article insinuates that I am a sort of high-bred yet low-toned adventuress. No lady could feel anything but shame and indignation at it. Besides, it incessantly couples your name with mine. . . . And as for right to be my champion in exposing and rebuking this outrage, I. . . I give you every right, as I said."

"I desire but one," returned Kindelon. His voice betrayed no further perturbation. He seated himself at her side, and almost by force took both her hands in the strong grasp of both his own.

"What right?" she questioned. Her mood of accusation, of reproach, was not yet quieted; her eyes still sparkled from it; her restless lips still betrayed it.

"The right," he answered, "of calling you my wife. As it is, what am I? A man far below you in all worldly place, who has gained from you a matrimonial promise. Marry me!—marry me at once!—to-morrow!—and everything will be different! Then you shall have become mine to defend, and I will show you how I can defend what is my own?"

"To-morrow!" murmured Pauline.

"Yes, to-morrow! You will say it is too soon. You will urge conventionalism now, though a minute before, you accused me of urging it! When you are once my wife I shall feel empowered to lawfully befriend you!"

"Lawfully!" she repeated. "Can you not do so manfully, as it is?"

"No!—not without the interfering claims and assertions of your family!"

"I have no real family. And those whom you call such are without the right of either claim or assertion, as regards any question of what I choose or do not choose to do!"

He still retained her hands; he put his lips against her cheek; he would not let her withdraw, though she made a kind of aggrieved effort to do so.

"They have no rights, Pauline, and yet they would overwhelm me with obloquy! As your husband—once as your wedded, chosen husband, what should I care for them all? I would laugh at them! Make it to-morrow! Then see how I will play my wife's part, and fight her battle!" . . .

They talked for some time after this in lowered tones. . . . Pauline was in a wholly new mood when she at length said:

"To-morrow, then, if you choose."

"You mean it? You promise it?"

"I mean it—and I promise it, since you seem so doubtful."

"I am doubtful," he exclaimed, kissing her, "because I can scarcely dream that this sudden happiness has fallen to me from the stars! . . ."

When he had left her, and she was quite alone, Pauline found her lips murmuring over the words, in a sort of mechanical repetition: "I have promised to marry him to-morrow."

She had indeed made this vow, and as a very sacred one. And the more that she reflected upon it the more thoroughly praiseworthy a course it seemed. Her nearest living relations were the Poughkeepsies and Courtlandt. She had quarrelled with both—or it meant nearly the same thing. There was no one left to consult. Besides, even if there had been, why should she consult any third party in this affair, momentous though it was? She loved; she was beloved. This was a widow with a great personal, worldly independence. She had already been assailed; what mattered a little more assaillance? For most of those who would gossip and sneer she had a profound and durable contempt. . . . Why, then, should she regret her spoken word?

And yet she found herself not so much regretting it as fearing lest she might regret it. She suddenly felt the need, and in keenest, of a near confidential, trustworthy friend. But her long residence abroad had acted alienatingly enough toward all earlier American friendships. She could think of twenty women—married, or widows like herself—who would have received her solicited counsel with every apparent sign of sympathy. But with all these she had lost the old intimate sense; new ground must be broken in dealing with them; their views and creeds were what her own had been when she had known and prattled platitudes with them before her dolorous marriage: or at least she so chose to think, so chose to decide.

"There is one whom I could seek, and with whom I could seriously discuss the advisability of such a speedy marriage," at length ran Pauline's reflections. "That one is Mrs. Dares. Her large, sweet, just mind would be quite equal to telling me if I am really wrong or right. . . . There is one obstacle—her daughter, Cora. But that would make no difference with Mrs. Dares. She would be above even a maternal prejudice. She is all gentle equity and disinterested kindness. I might see her alone—quite alone—this evening. Neither Cora nor the sister, Martha, need know anything. I would pledge her to secrecy before I spoke a word. . . . I will go to her! I will go to Mrs. Dares, and will ask her just what I ought to do."

This resolve strengthened with Pauline after she had once made it. The hour was now somewhat late in the afternoon. She distrusted the time of Mrs. Dares' arrival up-town from her work, and decided that the visit had best be paid at about seven-o'clock that same evening.

A little later she was amazed to receive the card of Mr. Barrowe. She went into her reception-room to see this gentleman, with mingled amusement and awkwardness. She was so ignorant what fatality had landed him within her dwelling.

"I scarcely know how to greet you, Mr. Barrowe," she said, after giving a hand to her guest. "You and I parted by no means peacefully, last night, and I. . . I am (yes, I confess it!) somewhat unprepared. . . ."

At this point Mr. Barrowe made voluble interruption. His little twinkling eyes looked smaller and acuter than before, and his gaunt, spheroidal nose had an unusual pallor as it rose from his somewhat depressed cheeks.

"You needn't say you are unprepared, Mrs. Varick!" he exclaimed. "I am unprepared myself. I had no idea of visiting you this afternoon. I had no idea that you would again give me the pleasure of receiving me. Handicapped as I am, myself, by visits, letters, applications, mercantile matters, I have insisted, however, on getting rid of all—yes, all trammels."

Here Mr. Barrowe paused, and Pauline gently inclined her head saying:

"That is very good of you. Pray proceed."

"Proceed!" cried Mr. Barrowe. He had already seated himself, but he now rose, approached Pauline, took her hand, and with an extravagant gallantry which his lank body caused closely to verge upon the ludicrous, lifted this hand ceremoniously to his pale lips. Immediately afterward he resumed his seat. And at once he re-commenced speaking.

"I feel that I—I owe you the most profound of apologies," he declared, with a hesitation that seemed to have a sincere emotional origin. "Handi-

THE SCRAP BOOK.

THE LOGIC OF PAIN.

capped as I am by a hundred other matters, besieged as I am by bores who want my autograph, by people who desire me to write for this or that journal, by people who desire consultation with me on countless literary or even commercial subjects, I nevertheless have felt it a question of conscience to pay you this visit."

"A question of conscience?" said Pauline, suavely.
 "Yes, Mrs. Varick. I—I have seen that stringently objectionable article in the . . . ahem! . . . the *Morning Monitor*. May I ask if you also have seen it? And pray be sure that when I thus ask I feel confident you *must* have seen it, since bad tidings travel quickly, and . . ."

"Yes, Mr. Barrowe, I have seen it," said Pauline, interrupting another thin, diplomatic sort of cough on the part of her visitor. "And I should be glad if you could tell me what devoted foe wrote it."

Mr. Barrowe now trembled with eagerness. "I—I can tell you!" he exclaimed. "It—it was that unhappy Miss Cragge! I had no sooner read it, in my office this morning, than I was attacked by a conviction—an absolute conviction—that *she* wrote it. Handicapped, besieged as I am . . . but let that pass . . ."

"Yes—let that pass," softly cried Pauline, meaning no discourtesy, yet bent upon reaching the bare fact and proof. "You say that you are sure that Miss Cragge wrote the article?"

"Positively certain," asseverated Mr. Barrow. "I went to the lady at once. I found her at her desk in the office of—well, let us not mind *what* newspaper. I upbraided her with having written it! I was very presumptuous, perhaps—very dictatorial, but I did not care. I had stood up for the lady, not many evenings ago, at the risk of your displeasure."

"The *lady!*" repeated Pauline, half under her breath, and with a distinct sneer. "Go on, please, Mr. Barrowe. Did Miss Cragge confess?"

"Miss Cragge *did* not confess. But she showed such a defiant tendency *not* to confess—she treated me with such an overbearing pugnaciousness and disdain, that before I had been five minutes in her society I had no doubts whatever as to the real authorship of the shocking article. And now, Mrs. Varick, I wish to offer you my most humble and deferential apologies. I wish to tell you how deeply and sincerely sorry I am for ever having entered into the least controversy with you regarding that most aggressive and venomous female! For, my dear madam, besieged and handicapped though I may be by countless . . ."

"Don't offer me a word of apology, Mr. Barrowe!" here struck in Pauline, jumping up from her seat and seizing the hand of her guest. "It is quite needless! I owe you more than you owe me! You have told me the name of my enemy, of which I was nearly certain all along."

And here Pauline gave the gentleman's bony and cadaverous face one of those glances which those who liked her best thought the most charming. "I have been told," she went on, with a very winning intonation, "that you had a large, warm heart!"

"Who—who told you that?" murmured Mr. Barrowe, evidently under the spell of his hostess's beauty and grace.

"Mr. Kindelon," Pauline said, gently.

"Kindelon!" exclaimed Mr. Barrowe, "Why, he is my worst enemy, as—as I fear, my dear madam, that Miss Cragge is yours!"

"Oh, never mind Miss Cragge," said Pauline, with a sweet, quick laugh; "and never mind Mr. Kindelon, either. I have only to talk about *you*, Mr. Barrowe, and to tell you that I have never yet met a good true man (for I am certain that you are such) who stood in his own light so persistently as you do. You have an immense talent for quarrelling," she went on, with pretty seriousness. "Neglect it—crush it down—be yourself! Yourself is a very honest and agreeable self to be. I am always on the side of people with good intentions, and I am sure that yours are of the best. A really bitter-hearted man ruffles people, and so do you. But your motives for it are as different from his as malice is different from dyspepsia. I am sure you are going to reform, from this hour."

"Reform?" echoed Mr. Barrowe.

Pauline gave a laugh of silver clearness and heartiest mirth. As often happens with us when we are most assailed by care, she forgot all present misery for at least the space of a minute or so.

"Yes," she cried, with a bewitching glee quite her own and by no means lost upon her somewhat susceptible listener, "you are going to conform the Mr. Barrowe of real life to the Mr. Barrowe who writes those brilliant, judicial, and trenchant essays. Oh, I have read them! You need not fancy that I am talking mere foundationless flattery, such as you doubtless get from many of those people who . . . well, who handicap you, you know . . . And your reformation is to begin at once. I am to be your master. I have a lot of lessons to teach!"

"When are my instructions to begin?" said Mr. Barrowe, with a certain awkward yet positive gallantry. "I am very anxious to receive them."

"Your first intimation of them will be a request to dine with me. Will you accept?—you and your wife of course."

"But my wife is an invalid. She never goes anywhere."

"I hope, however, that she sometimes dines."

"Yes, she dines, poor woman . . . incidentally."

"Then she will perhaps give me an incidental invitation to break bread . . . Oh, my dear Mr. Barrowe, what I mean is simply that I want to know you better, and so acquire the right to tell you of a few superficial faults which prevent all the world from recognizing your kindly soul. I . . ."

(To be continued.)

It seems to be settled that New York, Brooklyn, Chicago, Philadelphia, Montreal and other large cities are to be visited by the Boston Museum Company next season.

WE are apt to regard pain as too exclusively an evil, and an unmitigated evil. We regard it as the essential part of the primal curse; its endurance is part of servitude, or the fate of the vanquished amidst savage races. Pain in disease has always been regarded as the great part of the cross we have to bear. Yet the question may be asked, is pain an unmitigated evil; has not pain other aspects, other sides to it? Is the pain of disease, or of an injury not often highly, indeed eminently useful?

There are certainly forms of pain, indeed, to which animated beings are subject, which seem devoid of any good purpose, such as the pain inflicted by a cancerous growth. Cancer does not necessarily produce pain, and in nerveless regions its growth is not productive of suffering. But when a nerve-fibril gets caught by the progressing cell-growth of cancer, and is pressed upon by its remorseless grasp, then pain, persistent and agonizing, is the result. Probably no torture that ever was inflicted by man on man is more exquisite than that caused by the grip of a cancerous growth; where, as Montgomery wrote, "there is no temporary relief but in opium, no permanent rest but in the grave."

It would, however, be very erroneous and one-sided to regard pain solely, or even chiefly, from the point of view here put forth. Pain is the protector of the voiceless tissues! It tells us to desist from efforts when they are becoming injurious, it teaches us to avoid what is destructive to the tissues; it compels us to rest injured parts, and so to permit of their repair. Pain, then, is very far from an unmitigated evil. To what injuries, blows, burns, contusions, &c., would not the framework of man and of animals be subjected to if the slow lessons of consequential injury were left without the sharp reproof of pain. The suffering immediately attracts the attention, and consequently that which would do much damage is avoided, not from any rational consideration of the consequences, but from the pain directly produced. Without the advantages which thus spring from pain, animals and savage men would incessantly be inflicting much injury upon themselves, and indeed often be imperilling their existence. Pain from this point of view is distinctly preservative throughout the whole of animated creation. The utility of pain is seen in the membrane which sweeps the surface of the eye, for instance, in several animals, whenever any irritant particle is brought into contact with these delicate structures. The pain caused by the foreign body sets up reflexly a muscular contraction in this membrane, and thus it is brought across the eye, sweeping the surface, and so the offending matter is removed. When the foreign body is too fixed to be so removed, disorganization of the eye follows, and amidst a general destruction of the organ the irritant matter is got rid of. Destruction of the eye in these animals would be a common occurrence if it were not for this muscular arrangement, and pain is the excitant. Not only does pain so defend the eye from the injurious effects of foreign bodies, it often serves to protect the delicate organ from overwork; and where pain is so produced, rest is given to the part, and recovery is instituted. The grave diseases of the eye are those which are painless, where incipient disease is aggravated by persisting action.

The advantages which ensue from pain are most markedly seen, and are most obvious, in the case of injuries. When a joint is sprained the pain caused by movement in it compels the rest which is essential to repair. If there were no pain produced by motion the parts would almost certainly be exercised to the detriment and to the delay of the reparative processes. So too, in broken bones, the agony caused by motion is such that a fixed position is maintained for weeks; with the result that the part, being kept at absolute rest, is thus permitted to recover as speedily as may be. Hilton, in his well-known work, "On Rest and Pain," tells of a washerwoman who had a large mass on her collar-bone, which presented all the characters of a bony tumour. The fact was the clavicle was fractured; but, as it happened, movement did not in this case elicit pain, and the woman toiled on at her occupation, and soon an enormous and unwontedly massive natural splint was required to permit of reunion taking place.

In like manner pain is most protective in certain internal diseases. Thus in inflammation of the large serous covering which invests the abdominal viscera and lines the walls of this space, pain, the result of movement, secures rest. Doubtless this pain is often such as to constitute a great danger to life; nevertheless, without it and its consequences more serious mischief would usually be produced. When there is an abscess in the liver, pain is induced by movement of this viscus; when a rib is broken, the fractured end rubs upon the pleura, and excite inflammation of it; and the pain thus set up causes the patient to call in a surgeon. Then in certain conditions of the stomach, pain is produced by improper food; and so dyspepsia guides the sufferer to the choice of suitable food, which does not set up pain. Such are some of the best known instances of the utility of pain in local ailments or injuries.

There are, however, more general conditions which evoke pain, and where that pain is the means of the condition being relieved, or remedied by medical art. Take neuralgia for instance. It may be the outcome of several conditions which have to be discriminated for its relief. Neuralgia is the common outcome of blood either poverty-stricken or poisoned by some deleterious ingredients, as in material poisoning for instance. Without the pain so produced the condition would go on unrelieved, and ulterior organic changes would probably be brought about. The pale, bloodless creature who is the prey of facial neuralgia, or that pain in the intercostal nerves which is felt below the heart (and commonly referred to that organ), is compelled thereby to desist from exhausting efforts, and to seek in rest and good food that relief which is so imperatively demanded by the pain. With several persons known intimately to the writer, neuralgia pain is the

first evidence of the system being overtaxed. In one gentleman this is very marked. Long and sustained over-exertion, mental and bodily, some years ago brought on a most severe and continued attack of sciatica, which necessitated a lengthened rest before recovery was completed. He now knows distinctly how far he can go with impunity. In this case the pain is directly conservative and conducive to health, and to length of days: it is indeed protective against physiological bankruptcy, or exhaustion. It is rather singular that in this gentleman's wife a similar phenomenon is found. She is dyspeptic, and as a consequence often reduces the food she takes to an amount below what is compatible with proper nutrition. In her case, a gusty current of facial neuralgia, like a long wail, is at once the indication for, and the direct cause of, more attention to her diet, and so, too, her health generally is improved. So, too, in lead poisoning; here colic or neuralgia attract attention, and point alike to the cause and its treatment.

Headache often alone can secure that rest which the brain requires; and the headache of exhaustion is as marked as is that pain at the top of the head which tells us that the brain is insufficiently supplied with blood. The headache after a day of exertion, excitement or enjoyment, so commonly met with in ladies, secures a day of complete quiet, during which the system regains its tone. In dyspepsia, too, the pain caused by food, and still more by unsuitable food, either improper in quantity or in quality, is the direct incentive to the necessary attention to the matter, whereupon improvement follows. Absolute rest for the stomach is a serious and very troublesome affair for the patient; and though so grave a condition is not often reached, such cases are sufficiently frequent to point out the protective character of dyspeptic pain. To many persons their hateful dyspepsia is a species of guardian-angel; though it is very probable that they are not in the habit of regarding it in that light!

When a muscle is exhausted its contractions are accompanied by pain. Consequently this pain secures the rest requisite for repair in muscles that are utterly exhausted, as is seen in the present common "tennis-elbow." The characteristic of muscular pain is that it is absent as long as perfect quietude is maintained; but as soon as the muscle is thrown into action pain is produced. So, too, with a gouty toe, the agony produced by movement secures the requisite rest for the inflamed joint. From which considerations it is clear that pain is not only not always an unmitigated evil, but has at times a distinct value of its own.—*J. Milner Fothergill, in the Contemporary Review.*

BOOK NOTICES.

PROFESSOR CONANT: A story of English and American Social and Political Life. By the Hon. L. S. Huntington, Q. C., (late Postmaster-General of Canada, etc.) Toronto: Rose Publishing Co.

The remark that the English world is growing American, and more and more taking interest in the doings of America, the present work and much of the political and literary thought of the time prove. The people of the Old and New World are coming closer together; are studying each other's characteristics; noting the institutions of either side the Atlantic; and evincing a lively interest in the social, industrial, and political life of either country. Fiction is not slow in taking its cue from the fashion of the time; and it is no surprise to find that much of the plot and portraiture of recent novels deals with international scenes and incidents, and to a large extent introduces us to American society and to American womanhood. In Mr. Huntington's delightful story we have not only the notable fact of a Canadian publicist and politician taking to the writing of fiction, but we have the charm of being introduced by him—after the fashion to which we have referred—to interesting scenes in the social life of the New World, and to the discussion of problems of absorbing contemporary interest to a democratic people. In the preface the author modestly disclaims responsibility for other than reportorial work, in chronicling the sayings and doings of the various personages to whom the reader is introduced. It is true the story is slight, and interests more by its dialogues and reflections than by its plot and constructive art. Still, in its literary form, our author has no reason to be ashamed of his work; while in *motif*, and in the materials that go to make an enthralling story, he has wrought to good purpose and given us a wholesome and refreshing novel which skilfully blends love and politics, romance and philosophy,—the dalliance of the hour with interest in the deeper and serious things of our modern life and public affairs. The story, which we regret we have no space even to epitomize, ought to find interest in every Canadian breast, not only for its hearty liberalism and its tribute to all that is best in the political and social life of the New World, but from the fact that one of the chief characters in the book is a *Seigneur* of Quebec, whose interest in and love for Canada is passionate and strong, and whose unhappy fate, depicted in a chapter of no little power, enthralls one by its sadness and quickens one's sympathies with those who suffer bereavement and whose future is darkened by an untoward event. The tone of the book, as we have hinted, is elevated; its characters are genial and attractive; the dialogue is bright; the views expressed are optimistic and sensible; and the plot is restrained and unsensational. "Professor Conant" combines in his person the characteristics of a scholar and an advanced Liberal—a man of broad culture, enlightened views, and of generous enthusiasms. His utterances are those of a well-informed man of the world, of large experience in public affairs, of sound judgment, and broad views in regard to many important topics of the time. On most of the subjects broached in the novel, Mr. Huntington is warranted to speak, and no thoughtful reader will turn from his story with dissatisfaction.

G. M. A.

HOW MUCH I LOVED THEE. By Raymond Eshobel. Published by the author, Washington, D. C.

A quaint conceit, in dramatic form, and written in imitation of Shakespeare. There is, however, an almost irresistible tendency to laugh at phraseology *a la* the great bard when put into the mouth of a policeman. The time of the drama is that of the American War, and, unconsciously or otherwise, the author has travestied "Hamlet," "Othello," and other plays.

THE RUSKIN BIRTHDAY BOOK. New York: John Wiley and Sons.

This handsome quarto volume of "Thoughts, mottoes, and aphorisms for every day in the year," selected from the works of Mr. Ruskin, must become a familiar object on the book tables of cultivated collectors of friends' autographs. Mr. Ruskin's "Apples of gold in pictures of silver" lend themselves readily to arrangement in this magnificent birthday-book, which is also far above the average in size and outward finish, as it is in internal excellence.

THE SEVEN GREAT MONARCHIES OF THE ANCIENT EASTERN WORLD. By George Rawlinson, M.A., complete in three volumes; with maps and illustrations. New York: John B. Alden, 1884.

What the enterprising publisher really offers, in a marvellously cheap and excellent form, is a combination, in three volumes, of Mr. Rawlinson's "Five Great Monarchies," published in 1862, "The Sixth Great Monarchy," published in 1873, and "The Seventh Great Monarchy," issued in 1876. In a future edition Mr. Alden will no doubt find it advisable to add an explanatory preface stating the above facts. Mr. Rawlinson's works are so well known, have been so frequently and favourably reviewed, that it is not necessary to say more of this reprint than that its issue at a popular price is a public advantage which does credit to the publisher.

THE PERIODICALS.

THOUGH there are four profusely illustrated papers in the June *Century*, and four full-page pictures, this number of the magazine is perhaps even more notable for its literary features than for its pictures. Of special interest is Miss Fanny Stone's "Diary of an American Girl in Cairo during the war of 1882." President Eliot, of Harvard, discusses the question, "What is a Liberal Education?" in which he claims that the sciences and English should be given leading places in the school, and also in the college, course. In a paper on "The Use and Abuse of Parties," Dr. Washington Gladden advises independents to try to act with their party in the choice of candidates, and to bolt bad nominations. "Reaping the Whirlwind" is a sequel to the editorial of the April *Century* entitled "Mob and Magistrate," which so surprisingly anticipated the Cincinnati riot. In "Open Letters," Dr. Charles S. Robinson continues his series on Church music with "What the Choirs Say"; Prof. Ritter and Mr. Grant White break lances once more over "Music in America," and among the other short contributions is one by Walter Herries Pollock about "Miss Mary Anderson in London." The illustrated papers of the June *Century*, in their order, are, "A French-American Sea-port," and a part of Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin's series describing his cruise in the *Alice May*; a description, by Franklin H. North, of the seamen's retreat on "Sailors' Snug Harbour," to which paper belongs the frontispiece of the number; "American Wild Animals in Art," by Julian Hawthorne, and a curious and scholarly paper, interestingly illustrated, by Dr. Edward Eggleston, on "Commerce in the Colonies." In fiction, Henry James's new story, "Lady Barberina," Mr. Cable's "Dr. Sevier," and Robert Grant's story of "An Average Man" (concluded), the short story of the number is a vivacious sketch of character and incident by H. C. Bunner, entitled "The Red Silk Handkerchief." The poetry is contributed by Kenyon Cox, Dr. T. W. Parsons, Miss Emma Lazarus, John Vance Cheney, Christopher P. Cranch, Richard Watson Gilder, and Mrs. Helen Jackson (H. H.), and there are several clever and amusing poems in "Bric-a-Brac."

The *Manhattan* comes out in a beautiful new wrapper, June number being the concluding one of Vol. III. Mr. Buxton Forman contributes an elaborately-illustrated and well written paper on Mr. H. R. Newman's Florentine studio and work. A critical paper on "The Brownings" is given by K. M. Rowland. "Retrospection of the American stage," by John Bernard, Lawrence Hutton, and Brander Matthews, will attract much attention, and is richly illustrated. J. Heard gives some potent reasons "Why women should study Shakespeare." A second paper on "The Gunnison Country," by Ernest Ingersoll, is illustrated by many prominent artists. Nora Perry has a charming, complete story entitled "A Boston Man." Other subjects are "Trajan," serial; "Floribel," a story; "Tinkling Cymbals," concluded; "Spring," "Betrothed," "In Sorrow's Name," "To Jo-casta," "Eros," "Salmagundi," poetry; "Recent Literature," "Town Talk," &c.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for June opens with an illustrated paper on Raglan Castle, "the finest ruin in England," and one of the richest in historical associations. W. H. Schuyler discusses the subject of "Academy Endowments," and makes a strong plea in behalf of the extension of this system, showing the superiority of endowed schools over others, as more permanent and establishing a better grade of scholarship. Dr. Felix L. Oswald continues his papers on "Healthy Homes," the subject in the present number being "Out-Buildings," or as the English say, "offices." The concluding paper on "Shakespeare's Tragedies on the Stage" describes the acting of Forrest, the elder Booth, and Macready, and contrasts their qualities and methods. "Voyaging on the Savannah," by Charles Burr

Todd, is a graphic and lively article, and "Mimicry in Animals," by C. F. Holden, of the American Museum of Natural History, contains much that is striking and interesting. Two short serials, "The Perfect Treasure," by F. C. Baylor, which is one of the most amusing stories ever published in an American magazine, and "At Last," by Annie Porter, are concluded in this number. "Winifred's Letter" and "A Railway Problem" are entertaining short stories. A new serial, by Mary Agnes Tincker, will be begun in the July number, which is the first of a new volume.

THE *Atlantic* has a second valuable paper by Richard Grant White on "The Anatomizing of William Shakespeare." The next, in point of interest are D. O. Kellogg's "Penury not Pauperism," William H. McElroy's "An Old War Horse to a Young Politician," and J. Lawrence Loughlin's "The New Party." Editorials on "Paris Classical Concerts," "The Hessians in the Revolution," "The Question of Ships," &c., provide good reading. Other contributions are entitled "The Bird of Solitude," "The Beach Plum," "The Trail of the Sea Serpent," "Washington as it Should Be," "Thomas Gold Appleton," "Two Literary Studies," Bourget's "Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine," "The Contributors' Club," "A Roman Singer," serial; "In War Time," Serial, "Wentworth's Crime," "The Christening," "To a Poet in the City," &c.

THE *June Continent* contains an unusual variety of interesting material from the pens of writers who are well and favourably known. Among them are John Vance Cheney, who writes of Richard Henry Dana; Margaret Vandergrift, who contributes a pleasing story entitled "A Permanent Investment"; Mary N. Prescott and D. H. R. Goodale, who have poems; Rose Porter, who begins in this number a short serial, "Poetry and Prose; or, a Honeymoon Dinner"; Henry C. McCook, the course of whose "Tenants of an Old Farm" brings him once more to the consideration of spiders, which are his speciality; A. W. Tourgée, who discusses in his own vigorous way questions political, economic, and literary; and others who have interesting things to say and an agreeable way of saying them. The issue of a monthly edition of *The Continent* in addition to the regular weekly numbers is certainly justified by such well-stocked magazine. The illustrations are generous in number, of excellent quality, and are from the hands of illustrators of note.

THE *St. Nicholas* for June is a bright out-of-door number, nearly every article taking the reader out into the woods and fields. J. T. Trowbridge's serial, "The Scarlet Tanager," shows how much easier the hero found it to get into a scrape than to get out of it; "Marvin and his Boy Hunters," Maurice Thompson's serial story, tells of hunting small game on the Indiana prairies. "The Banner of Beaumanoir," the sixth of Miss Alcott's "Spinning-wheel Stories," is a vivid boy and girl story of devotion and adventure in the Middle Ages; "Frederick of Hohenstaufen, the Boy Emperor," is another of E. S. Brooks's "Historic Boys," the account of whose early life reads more like a fairy tale than the relation of a historian; "Queer Game" is the queer title of a paper on bee-hunting, by Mrs. S. B. Herrick, which tells of the curious habits of bees, the approved methods of catching them, and opens a source of much pleasure and profit to many boys and girls. A live story for boys is written by W. W. Fink, and called "Two Boys of Migglesville." A hintful paper for girls is "Margaret's 'Favour-Book,'" by Susan Anna Brown. Among the poems and verses are "The Brownies' Voyage," another adventure of those venturesome heroes; and contributions from Lucy Larcom, Helen Gray Cone, Alice Wellington Rollins, Mrs. B. F. Butts, and others. The illustrations are numerous and beautiful, especially those for "Queer Game," and "Historic Boys." The departments are full and entertaining, "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" containing a number of communications instancing cases of remarkable longevity of domestic animals.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

A PROMENADE concert, given in the gardens of the Toronto Horticultural Society, by Heintzman's Band, on Saturday night, was attended by large numbers of holiday makers. A very good programme was got through in a passable manner, much more interest being shown in the pyrotechnic display which took place concurrently.

A RATHER disturbing volume of Scotch Sermons, under the title of "Progressive Religion: Selections from the MSS. Sermons of William Bathgate, D.D.," has just been published in Glasgow. The book is said to fight anew the battle of the right of private judgment as against ecclesiastical authority and the voice of tradition.

MISS NORA CLENCH, of St. Mary's, although a child, is claimed by a local paper of that town to be one of the most accomplished performers on the violin in the world. Master John Cosgrove, of the same town, plays five instruments at one time. John won a gold medal for playing on the mouth-organ at a recent competition in London.

"WHERE are you going, Ernest?" she asked him as he rose between the acts, at the theatre, one evening last week. He: "I promised to meet Simpson when the curtain fell." She: "Can't you bring me a glass of Simpson too, darling?" Ernest coughs and tries to smile; then sits down again, and looks discontented for the rest of the evening.

MACMILLAN & Co. have in preparation a complete library edition, in seven volumes, to be published monthly at \$1.75 each, of the works of Lord Tennyson, the first volume, containing a steel portrait after a photograph by Rejlander, will be published about June 1st. There will also be a limited edition printed on the best hand-made paper, which will be sold only in sets.

"SAM'L OF POSEN," at the Toronto Theatre, drew good houses last week. Mr. Curtis' delineation of the *Commercial Drummer* was a very funny one, and he was fairly well supported.

AN edition in blue and another in bronze ink of "Toronto's Jubilee"—words by David Edwards, music by Carl Martens,—to be sung by the children of the public schools on Semi-Centennial Day, have been published by W. H. Billing & Co., Toronto.

A VOLUME on "Mental Evolution in Animals," by Mr. Geo. J. Romanes, author of the entertaining work on "Animal Intelligence" in the *International Science Series* has appeared. The volume is enriched by a contribution from the pen of Mr. Darwin, on "Instinct," which, with other MSS, was given to Mr. Romanes by the distinguished naturalist.

AMONG the prominent illustration of the June number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* are engravings of Mrs. Siddons, from Gainsborough's well known picture in the English National Gallery, and a design by George Du Maurier under the title of "Der Tod als Freund." Mr. H. Sutherland Edwards contributes to the same number an interesting article on drawing room dances, with illustrations after Watteau and Hugh Thomson.

THE Conversazione of the Toronto Central Circle of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, held in the Normal School Building on Tuesday, May 20th, was a great success. Mr. Gurney's address on the Society's work in Toronto and elsewhere was able and interesting. Miss Corlett, Mrs. Baxter, Mr. Schuch, and Miss Warrington, each assisted to entertain the guests by solos, and a good orchestra added not a little to the success of the evening.

IT is interesting to learn that the descendants of Flora Macdonald still flourish in North Carolina, where the lady emigrated after '45. The house in which she lived is still in existence, and all relics are carefully treasured by her posterity. Flora, it may be mentioned, did not remain an ardent Jacobite to the end. When the American colonies revolted she took the Royalist side, returned to Skye, and consented to her five sons entering the service of George III. Dr. Doran says that when the latest survivor of the five, Lieut.-Colonel Macdonald, was presented to George IV., the imaginative king fancied himself a Stuart, of unmixed blood, and said to those around him, "This gentleman is the son of a lady to whom *my family* owe a great obligation."

WITTY REPLY: Lord Chesterfield happened to be at a rout in France, where Voltaire was one of the guests. Chesterfield seemed to be gazing about the brilliant circles of ladies, when Voltaire thus accosted him: "My lord, I know you are a judge; which are more beautiful—the English or French ladies?" "Upon my word," replied his lordship, with his usual presence of mind, "I am no connoisseur in paintings." Some time after this, Voltaire being in London, happened to be at a nobleman's rout with Lord Chesterfield. A lady in company, prodigiously painted, directed her whole discourse to Voltaire, and entirely engrossed his conversation. Lord Chesterfield came up, and tapped him on the shoulder, saying, "Sir, take care that you are not captivated." "My lord," replied the French wit, "I scorn to be taken by an English frigate under French colours."

THEY are still putting money into cotton mills in Canada, lured into the business by the tax laid upon imported cottons. But for their protective policy they might buy cheap cloths of the manufacturers in this country and England sufficient to supply their wants, and sell barley, wheat, lumber and other staple Canadian products to pay for their purchases. This would induce the employment of labor in Canada in productive enterprises that are natural to the soil and situation of the country. Her people would be more cheaply clothed, and our people would reap a mutual advantage in being more cheaply supplied with Canadian staples. Money invested in cotton mills in Canada is like money invested in growing bananas in Michigan. The industry can only prosper under forced and factitious circumstances. As soon as there are cotton mills enough to oversupply the restricted Canadian market there will be bankruptcies among employers and distress among employees. In this Canadian experiment we may see, as in a glass set up before us, the reflection of our own folly. We have played the game of protection a little nearer to the finish than our northern neighbours, but there will be no difference in results.—*Philadelphia Record*.

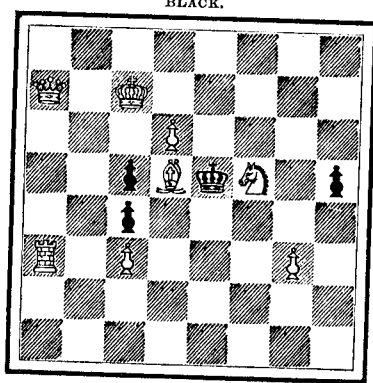
THE growing disposition to admit women to participation in all manly sports, and the education they are receiving in matters which formerly it was a rule of modesty and good taste for them at least to appear to be ignorant of, is a feature of modern times which may or may not be a good thing for the sex and for society. Not many years ago American girls were almost a laughing stock on the continent of Europe, by reason of their unwillingness to walk through galleries of nude statues accompanied by gentlemen friends. Now American girls discuss with men the points, beauties, and defects of horses and dogs, are well up in their favourites' pedigrees, and give opinions without reserve in relation to breeding and training. They affect, too, the utmost mannishness of attire, and with their cutaway coats, dude collars, narrow ties, and expanse of shirt fronts, might, but for the inevitable petticoat, be easily mistaken for the men with whom they talk, bet and consult. How far their usefulness in after life, or their attractiveness at any age, will be promoted by these new branches of education to which so much time and attention are given, is, to say the least, doubtful. Certainly the familiarity of manner and conversation between girls and men, which is now so general, does not, thus far, seem to breed respect.—*New York Sun*.

CHESS.

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

PROBLEM No. 14.

Composed for THE WEEK by W. Atkinson, Montreal.

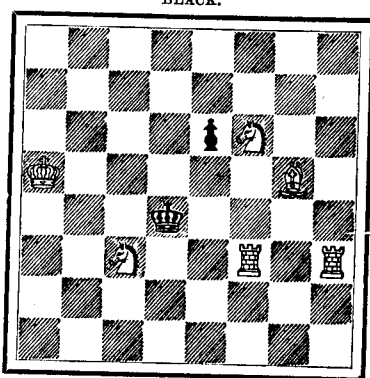


WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 15.

Composed for THE WEEK by J. Parkinson, Toronto.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 8.

1. R K 8. Correct solution received from W. A., Montreal; E. B. G., Montreal; F. W. M., Detroit.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 9.

1. Q K B 4, 1. any. 2. Q Q Kt 8, 2. any. 3. P Q Kt 4 mate. Correct solution received from E. B. G., Montreal; W. A. Montreal; G. S. C., Toronto.

END GAME NO. 3.

From a game between Mr. W. Atkinson, of Montreal, and Dr. Coleman, of Seaforth. White (Mr. Atkinson), K K R 1, Q K Kt 3, R K B 1, Kt K B 6, Pts. Q R 2, K Kt 2, K R 2. Black (Dr. Coleman), K K R 1, Q K B 1, R Q 1, B Q Kt 3, Pts. Q R 2, Q B 2, Q B 4, K R 2. White to play and mate in six moves.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. B. G.—Yours received. Will reply by letter.

GAME NO. 9.

Played in Philadelphia between Messrs. Zukertort and Martinez.

(From The Brooklyn Chess Chronicle.)

Evans Gambet Declined.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Zukertort.	Martinez.	Zukertort.	Martinez.
1. P K 4	1. P K 4	22. Kt takes Kt	22. P K B 4 (e)
2. Kt K B 3	2. Kt Q B 3.	23. R Q 2	23. P K 6
3. B B 4	3. B B 4	24. R K 2	24. Q B 2
4. P Q Kt 4	4. P Q Kt 4	25. B takes K P	25. Q takes Kt
5. P Q R 4	5. P Q R 3	26. B takes B	26. R B 2 (d)
6. P Q B 3	6. P Q 3	27. B Q 4	27. Kt B 3
7. P R 5	7. B R 2	28. R K 7	28. Q Kt 3
8. P Q 3	8. Q K 2	29. R takes R	29. Q takes R
9. Q Kt Q 2	9. Kt B 3	30. B K 3	30. Kt K 4
10. Kt B 1	10. P R 3	31. P Q 4	31. Kt B 5
11. Kt Kt 3	11. Kt Q 1	32. B B 4	32. R K Kt
12. Castles.	12. B K 3	33. Q Q 3	33. Q Q 4
13. B R 2	13. Castles	34. Q R 3	34. R Kt 3
14. Kt R 4	14. K R 2	35. B takes B P	35. Kt K 6
15. Kt Kt B 3	15. Q Q 2	36. Q B 3	36. Q R 7
16. K R 1	16. P Q 4	37. K K Kt	37. Kt Q 4
17. P K B 4	17. K P takes P (a)	38. B K 5	38. P B 5
18. Q B takes P	18. P takes P	39. B takes P	39. Q B 5
19. Kt takes Kt R(b)	19. B takes B	40. B K 5	40. Kt takes P
20. R takes B	20. Q Q 4	41. P Q 4 (e)	41. and Black resigns.
21. K Kt R 5	21. Kt takes Kt		

NOTES.

- (a) If Q P takes P White would probably answer with K B P takes P.
- (b) A pretty coup. Should K take Kt White plays 3 K 5 with an overwhelming attack.
- (c) Here again the capture of Q R with Q would be immediately fatal, on account of White's checking with Kt at K B 8.
- (d) It is evident that taking the Bishop would cost Black the Queen.
- (e) This quiet little move is decisive, as it wins a piece by force.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE total score for Zukertort in blindfold contests in the United States and Canada up to his arrival at New Orleans was, won 104, lost 30, drawn 23. Toronto and Hamilton players may justly be proud that they made a better score against the champion than was made in any other match (with the solitary exception of the Dr.'s first match in New York) on this continent.

THE Brooklyn Chess Chronicle for May is a most entertaining number. The news especially is varied and interesting, and we are indebted to it for much of the following:—The tournament for the Championship of the Manhattan Club, commenced April 23rd. The score at last accounts was, Richardson, won 4 lost 1; Baird, won 4 lost 2; Hanham, won 3½ lost 2½; Isaacson, won 1 lost 4; Ryan, won 2 lost one; Vorrath, won 1½ lost 5½.

In the St. Louis Social Chess Club, Handicap Tournament, "Veteran" is leading with 7 won and 1 lost.

THE Manhattan Chess Club now has 229 members.

In the Tourney of the Danites Chess Club, New York, Messrs. Raymond Hayes and Simis are close competitors for first place.

THE 4th Annual Tournament of the Baltimore Chess Association is finished; first, Mr. H. G. Dallam; second, Mr. E. O. Howell.

In the Philadelphia Chess Club Tournament Capt. Michaelis is leading with 6 games won; Messrs. Wilson and Elson being next with 4½ games each.

THE Copenhagen Nationaltidsende announces its second International Problem Tourney. Each competitor to send one direct three move mate, unconditional, original, and unpublished. The prizes are, first, 70 francs; second, 40 francs; third, 20 francs. The time for receiving entries expires August 1st, 1884, Mr. A. Arnell of Goteborg and Mr. S. A. Sorensen of Copenhagen are the judges.

THE Annual Handicap of the Cafe de la Regence has finished with the following result: 1st, Mr. Ladislav, 2nd, Mr. Nebel, 3rd, Mr. Clerc, 4th, Mr. Sauphar.

THE Handicap Tournament of the Vienna Chess Club terminated 1st, April. 1st, J. Schwarz, 2nd, A. Czank, 3rd, M. Kann, 4th, L. Zukerbacher, 5th, Dr. J. Kleeberg, 6th, Dr. H. Meyer.

In the City Chess Club (Montreal) Handicap Tournament, Mr. J. G. Ascher is leading. Mr. J. W. Shaw is, however, close upon him, and several others are not far behind.

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From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15.

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

Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distressing disease by the use of inhalants and other ingenious devices, but none of these treatments can do a particle of good until the parasites are either destroyed or removed from the mucous tissue. Some time since a well-known physician of forty years' standing, after much experimenting, succeeded in discovering the necessary combination of ingredients which never fail in absolutely and permanently eradicating this horrible disease, whether standing for one year or forty years. Those who may be suffering from the above disease, should, without delay, communicate with the business managers,

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

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