

THE WEEK:

A Canadian Journal of Politics, Literature, Science and Arts.

Seventh Year
Vol. VII., No. 23

TORONTO, FRIDAY, MAY 9th, 1890.

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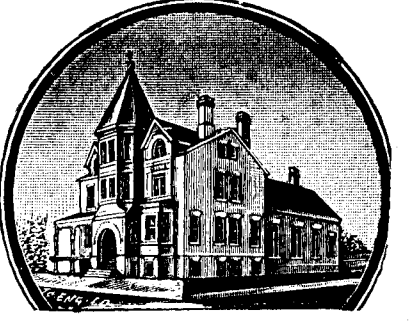
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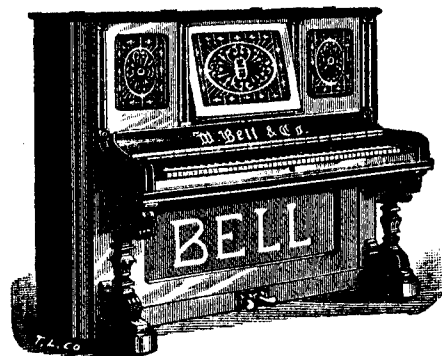
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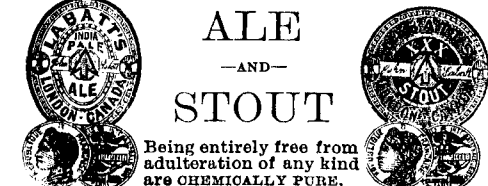
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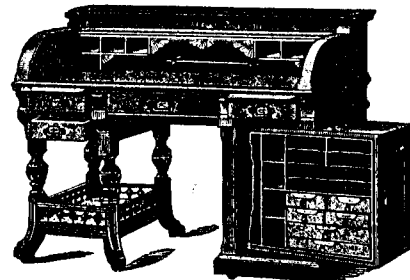
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CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

TOPICS—	PAGE
Some Constitutional Questions.....	355
The North-West Constitution.....	355
Encouraging Native Talent.....	355
The Immigration Policy.....	355
The Political Scandals.....	356
Mr. Walker's Pamphlet.....	356
The Two Systems Contrasted.....	356
Peculiar Features of the Banking Bill.....	356
Commercial War Threatened.....	356
May Day Celebrations.....	357
POLITICS.....	357
PARIS LETTER.....	Z.
SPRING (POEM).....	Enos J. Norris.
THE FATHER OF CANADIAN GEOLOGY.....	J. C. Sutherland.
A SONG OF SCOTLAND.....	E. K. P.
THE FISCAL PROBLEM IN IMPERIAL FEDERATION.....	359
A NOCTURNE (POEM).....	Rosemary A. Cotes.
THE RAMBLER.....	360
CORRESPONDENCE—	
The Strikes in the Labour Market.....	X. 360
Government Conformably to Reason.....	Richard J. Wicksteed.
The Canadian and American Banking Systems Contrasted.....	Student.
Higher Commercial Education.....	J. R. A. 361
IMPARTIAL NATURE (POEM).....	Matthew Richey Knight.
THE GAME OF LAWN BOWLS.....	362
"IF I WERE A WOMAN".....	L. O'Loane.
ART NOTES.....	Templar.
MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.....	363
FALL WHEAT (POEM).....	William McGill.
OUR LIBRARY TABLE.....	364
LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.....	364
READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.....	365
CHESS.....	367

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department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other
person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

THE debate in the Commons a few days since on Mr. Charlton's motion, affirming that the question of the constitutionality of the Jesuits' Estates Act should have been submitted to the Supreme Court of Canada, brought out some curious differences of opinion on the part of the highest authorities in the House touching important constitutional questions. For instance, Sir John Thompson, replying to Mr. Charlton's taunt as to the remarkable similarity between the speech of the Minister of Justice, last session, and the reply of the Governor-General to the deputation which waited upon him, disclaimed all responsibility in the matter and affirmed that he did not know what reply His Excellency was going to make, or had made, until he read it in the newspapers. But Mr. Blake maintained that whatever the Governor-General did must have been done under the advice of the Government, and that, hence, the real responsibility for His Excellency's reply to the deputation rested upon the Government. Surely the Governor-General of Canada ought to know, and the people of Canada ought to know, whether he is at liberty to express any opinion of his own in regard to any political matter. It is pretty clear that in the case in question His Excellency thought that he had a right to speak his own mind, and that those who sent the deputation were of the same opinion. The affair was meaningless else. The reader will perhaps remember a remarkable speech made by Lord Dufferin, on the occasion of his visit to British Columbia during Mr. Mackenzie's premiership—we are not sure whether Mr. Blake was Minister of Justice at the time or not. That speech could hardly be supposed to have been advised by the Government. Internal evidence is all against such a supposition. In fact, in that case, as in the one under discussion, the whole force of the utterance was derived from the assumption that they were the opinions of the Governor-General himself, and not of the Government, which were being expressed. And yet it is obvious that to grant that the representative of the Crown has a right to hold and express personal opinions on political topics would open the way to possible complications of a very grave character. It would be, in fact, dangerous to our much-prized system of Responsible Government to concede his right to act in a double capacity, the official and the unofficial, and to appear in either character at will. Another difference of opinion, involv-

ing consequences no less serious, was brought out in the same debate. Sir John Thompson contended that the Act in question was beyond disallowance from the time when it was pronounced free from objection, or, in other words, was "allowed" by the Government, though that was some time before the period within which disallowance is possible had expired. Mr. Blake maintained, *per contra*, that the Executive of Canada has no right to allow, but only to disallow. It can destroy, but not create. The assent of the Lieutenant-Governor, he contends, makes a provincial measure operative. He applied the *reductio ad absurdum* to the opposite view by pointing out that, if that view prevailed, the Dominion Government could thwart any action that might be proposed by Parliament, or deprive it of the power of expressing its opinion upon the constitutionality of any Act of a local Legislature, by simply allowing it in advance. But is not the argument two-edged? If a Provincial Act is operative from the moment it receives the assent of the Lieutenant-Governor, and any action taken under it valid until the expiry of the year, it would be very easy, apparently, for the Legislatures, in many cases, to thwart the views of the Central Government or parliament, by hastening to put the Act into operation. Evidently there is need of some authoritative decisions in regard to such points.

THE Bill now passing through the Commons to amend the Constitution of the North-West Territories, or, as they are hereafter to be known, the Western Territories of Canada, is, in view of all the questions involved in it and likely to grow out of it, an important measure; and there is good reason to complain of its introduction at so late a period in the session. It must, of course, be borne in mind that it is, as Sir John A. Macdonald explains, a mere patching up of the old Bill, with a view to make it last a few years longer, after which provincial organization, with full responsible government, must supersede it. But this is no good reason why the present arrangement should be made unnecessarily illogical and arbitrary. It is rather an excellent reason for modifying it, as far as practicable, in conformity with the shape which it is hereafter to assume; and thus making it a stepping-stone and a school of practice with reference to the coming system. It is almost impossible to account for the form some of the amendments are made to assume, save on the principle that the Ottawa Government is anxious to retain the largest possible measure of arbitrary power for the longest possible period. When, for instance, it has been determined to give the Territorial Assembly power to deal with the dual language question in so far as its own proceedings and records are concerned, why need so reasonable a concession have been partially spoiled by a reservation as to the publication of the statutes and proceedings in the courts? Even if a semblance of cause may be shown for such limitations, why should any regulations which the Assembly may make in regard to the subject, so far as it is placed within its power, have to be "embodied in a proclamation," and published by the Lieutenant-Governor before they can take effect? Seeing that the present Lieutenant-Governor is the man whose ill-advised zeal for the perpetuation of his own language precipitated the dual language crisis, one could almost fancy the amendment designed to give him power to obstruct the future action of the Assembly in regard to it, and give as much trouble as possible. Again, seeing that the chief conflict between Lieutenant-Governor Royal and the Assembly has arisen out of the reasonable claim of the latter to the control and expenditure of the Territorial funds, what could be more unsatisfactory than to meet this demand by a clause giving the Assembly the right to control the expenditure of "such portions of any moneys appropriated by Parliament for the Territories as the Governor-in-Council may instruct the Lieutenant-Governor to expend, by and with the advice of the Legislative Assembly?" This is paternal government in its essence. Of what use but to increase irritation can it be to make a pretended concession which is no concession at all, but rather a new declaration of absolutism? Late though it is in the session it is to be hoped that no effort will be spared to amend these amendments in their passage through committee, so as to make them at least an earnest of the local self-rule which they are designed to foreshadow.

DURING one of the sittings of the House of Commons in Committee of Supply, a few days since, a very interesting discussion arose in connection with an item to cover the cost of twenty-five copies of Taschereau's "Work on Criminal Laws," for library exchanges. The scope of the discussion was enlarged so as to take in the propriety of encouraging native talent, and the best means of giving such encouragement. Special reference was made to Mr. Kingsford's "History of Canada," which was highly spoken of by those who had read the first volume, and to Mr. Lampman's works, which were admitted to indicate poetical talent of a high order. It seems that the only way in which Government has as yet encouraged native literature is by purchasing a number of copies of works of special merit. This, as Mr. Laurier observed, is not doing very much. As was to be expected, Mr. Davin was particularly eloquent in urging the claims of native talent to substantial recognition. He said of Mr. Kingsford's "History" that it would be a disgrace to Canada if a work so large in conception, so admirably executed, so universally recognized that even the caustic *Saturday Review* was constrained to pronounce it a most valuable contribution to historical knowledge, were not encouraged. Proceeding, Mr. Davin said:

I may say in regard to Lampman, that I have read Lampman's works. The fact is, he is a genuine poet. His utterance is not the mere echo of high poetic culture, he has a genuine song of his own, he has a genuine inspiration of his own; and so far as we can encourage him we ought to encourage him in the interests of Canada, because, you may be sure of this, that the life-blood of a people is its literature, that the life-blood of a people is the genius that is put into books. There is the life-blood from which statesmen and merchants and lawyers and others draw their nutriment, and that is the channel and source of all the power.

Mr. Laurier was not prepared to go so far as to say that "literature is the life blood of the people," but he and most other members of the committee were pretty well agreed that something should be done for the encouragement of native literature, when really meritorious. There are, however, very great difficulties in the way. In the first place, men of talent may naturally be expected to be sensitive and to object to be made recipients of special Government or Parliamentary favours. The days when literary men of the first order could submit to be patronized by either governments or wealthy individuals are, we may hope, past. Then, again, the difficulty, if not impossibility, of laying down any fixed principle to guide in bestowing "encouragement;" the danger of political favouritism being either displayed or suspected; the pressure to which the Government is sure to be subjected by zealous friends, as soon as the fact that "encouragement" may be given at public expense becomes known, are all embarrassing considerations. Still further, who is to be the judge of the merits of different writers, and where is the line to be drawn below which literary merit shall be deemed unworthy of public aid? If first-class talent is accorded substantial recognition, why should not second-class and third-class ability have also its smaller meed of encouragement? All these things tend to complicate the matter and make it doubtful whether it is not better that literary ability should be left, like every other kind of ability, to make its own way, especially as, unlike many other kinds of ability, it has always the world for its field.

AN Ottawa despatch to the *Empire* a few days since represented the feeling on the Ministerial side of the House as being very strongly in favour of a liberal expenditure of money for the purpose of securing a larger share of European immigration. It might have been supposed that the results of previous large expenditures for this purpose would have satisfied all parties. It is very well for the Australian Colonies, separated as they are by thousands of miles of ocean from any competitor, to expend millions in aiding industrious multitudes to reach their shores. But to expend large sums in bringing foreigners to Canada is like putting money into a bag with holes. In spite of all outcries of "pessimism," "want of patriotism," and so forth, there is, we are persuaded, nothing like looking an unpleasant truth fairly in the face, studying its source and size and then setting earnestly about getting rid of it. For this reason we are glad to learn

that the Ministerialists at last recognize the fact that "Canada is being out-distanced by other countries," and is not making the progress she should make. But, to say nothing of the determined and not altogether unjust opposition of the labour unions, it is manifestly worse than useless to bring immigrants, at large expense, into this country, only to find in a year or two that the greater part of them have quietly disappeared across the border. It would be a no less hopeless task to aid in the bringing in of people from abroad while unable to keep our own people, especially the young and ambitious, at home. Now that their attention is directed to the matter, we hope the party in power will make a thorough study of the emigration question before attempting to deal with that of immigration. Cannot something be done to check the constant drain of the very best elements of our population, or must we quietly wait the course of events, until the tide turns and the current begins to set back towards our fertile fields and plains? There is some reason to hope that that day may not be far distant. The practical question is: What can be done to hasten its coming?

THE past season has been remarkable, even in Canadian political annals, for the number of scandals which have come to the front for investigation. The Rykert and Middleton affairs at Ottawa are now supplemented by a series of charges of the gravest nature against a prominent Quebec politician. As the latter is before the courts, comment on the published details is out of order; but the McGreevy charges, whether found true or fabricated, suggest possibilities of corruption in public life that are startlingly suggestive. As all these scandals belong to the past, there seems some reason to hope that the fact of their being now, at last, brought to light and investigated may, after all, be a hopeful indication. As our readers are aware, the action of the Committee on Privileges and Elections has been anticipated by the dramatic resignation of Mr. Rykert. This will not, we suppose, prevent the submission and adoption of the Committee's report. If Mr. Rykert carries out the purpose which he is said to have declared before leaving Ottawa, and offers himself for re-election, he will, in so doing, pay a most sinister compliment to the electors of the constituency. They can hardly fail to resent the insult. It is inconceivable that any Canadian constituency could again return a man whose conduct has been pronounced by the House of Commons—as his will almost surely have been—"discreditable, corrupt and scandalous," more especially since no honourable man can have read the evidence without endorsing the verdict. There is some reason to fear that the report in the Bremner fur case may not, after all, be presented to Parliament before the close of the session. We have no hesitation in saying that such a failure to carry the inquiry to its legitimate conclusion will be deserving of censure. It is necessary in the public interest that the verdict of Parliament should be pronounced upon such acts, with a view to the moral effect upon members of the public service, and upon the country. We have no desire to see General Middleton treated with unnecessary harshness. We do not think it just that those who suggested and advised the act of spoliation and tyranny should escape their share of the censure. All will be willing that he and they should have the benefit of extenuating circumstances, if indeed there are any such, arising out of the excitements of the time. But to allow so flagrant a breach of trust and violation of the laws of honour and honesty to pass without censure would be to leave a blot upon the fair fame of Canada. Nor can we see any reason why, in common justice, General Middleton and those members of his staff implicated should not be required to make good the loss. Why should the people of Canada pay the damages for them?

IT is no easy matter for those who are by long study and use familiar with the details of a complicated business, like that of Banking, to discuss questions connected with it with such freedom from technicalities as to make their arguments clear to those who are without special knowledge or experience in the business. This difficult task Mr. E. B. Walker, of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, has performed admirably in the pamphlet to which we referred last week. Whether the careful reader accepts or rejects Mr. Walker's conclusions, he must admit that the questions are stated with great clearness and the arguments presented with much skill and fairness. For practical purposes the pamphlet is, probably, no longer of immediate use, as the chief points for which it contends are sub-

stantially conceded in the Banking Bill which is passing steadily through its different stages in the House of Commons at the time of this writing. The pamphlet will, nevertheless, be of permanent value as a contribution to a discussion which is likely to be perpetuated by the advocates of the National System of Banking, or renewed by incidents which may at any time occur. Mr. Walker's main object is to point out those defects in the National system which are in his opinion radical, and due to the absence of a scientific basis; and to show that the present Canadian system, with its strong central banks, each having its numerous and well distributed branches, answers much better the requirements of a growing country. What, then, are those requirements? As formulated by Mr. Walker the following are the chief, viz.: Safety for depositors, ability to supply all reasonable wants of borrowers, ample facilities for distributing money over the whole country according to the special needs of localities, and a currency free from doubt as to value, readily convertible into specie, and answering in volume to the requirements of trade. Mr. Walker, while showing historically that the American National System had its origin in exigencies arising out of the great Civil War, admits that this fact does not matter if the method is found to answer the purposes of a perfect or comparatively perfect system. It is his aim to show that it has not done so. Here it may not be amiss to observe, in passing, that one of the advantages which Secretary Chase put forward as important, in urging the passage of the American Act, in 1861, is passed by without remark by Mr. Walker. Mr. Chase claimed "the increased security of the Union, springing from the common interest in its preservation created in the distribution of its stocks throughout the country, as the basis of their circulation," as one powerful argument in favour of the establishment of a National system. There can be no doubt that there is considerable weight in this argument, and that it would apply with its full force to Canada under present conditions. The constant handling of Canadian stocks, and of notes bearing the impress of the Central Government, and secured by its credit, would have a powerful effect in keeping the people in the most remote parts of the distant provinces constantly reminded of their organic relations to the Canadian Dominion. Canada certainly needs to use all lawful centripetal forces for the furtherance of the idea of national unity.

MR. WALKER scouts the idea that the American system affords greater security to depositors than the Canadian. He shows with seeming conclusiveness that while the legal positions of depositors in the two countries are identical, the fact that the Canadian bankers have large capitals and relatively small deposits reduces the danger of loss to depositors to the minimum, as is shown by the enormous amounts that shareholders must lose in paid-up stock and double liabilities before depositors can suffer. His argument under this head is summed up in the self-evident proposition that "the probability of loss to the depositors in one bank with several millions of capital is less than the probability of loss to some of the depositors in ten or twenty small banks, having in the aggregate the same capital and deposits as the large bank." And yet it will be hard to convince the advocates of the national system that it would not be possible to devise in connection with that system a method of rendering deposits even more secure than they can possibly be under any other. One of the most striking paragraphs in Mr. Walker's pamphlet is that in which he shows how admirably the Canadian banks, through their branches, meet the wants of all parts of the country, by gathering up money in those sections in which the savings largely exceed the outlay in new enterprises, and lending the money in those sections in which the new enterprises far exceed the people's savings. The Bank of Montreal, for instance, borrows money from depositors at Halifax and other points in the Maritime Provinces where it is unused, and lends it in Vancouver or the Northwest, where it is specially needed. The Bank of Commerce and others perform a precisely similar service throughout the Province of Ontario. That the American national system signally fails to perform this service appears from the statement that "a Boston bank may be anxiously looking for investments at four or five per cent., while in some rich Western State ten and even twelve per cent. is being paid." The very fact that money is in such demand, and such rates offered creates distrust and causes the Eastern banker to button up his pockets. To this argument the rejoinder that first suggests itself is that, while it may be admitted

that the Canadian banks with large capital and numerous branches serve the country better than the American small banks without branches, no sufficient reason has been given why the excellent features of the branch system need be lost to the country, under the other arrangement. Mr. Walker anticipates this objection and replies to it. Our space will not admit of giving, much less criticising, the various points of his reply, though they constitute, in some respects, the most interesting part of the discussion. Some of them will certainly not be easy to dispose of. There is, for instance, the fact that with the present system the notes which have to be kept in the tills of the branch offices cost no loss of interest, whereas, under an issue secured by deposit of bonds the money kept in the tills would represent just so much loss of interest. Mr. Walker also repeats the familiar statement about the immense amount, he puts it at nearly \$50,000,000, which would have to be taken from the loaning powers of the banks, in order to secure currency based on Government bonds. He further enters at some length into a most interesting argument to show how greatly superior is the present to the proposed system in securing that volume and elasticity of the currency, which are of vast importance to the business of the country. "Student" in another column has some interesting remarks on this point. The gauntlet Mr. Walker has thrown down, will, we dare say, be taken up by some champion of the national system. Vulnerable places will, no doubt, be found in his argument. We question whether, for instance, the contention that it was the inadequacy of the American bank-note currency which made the enormous silver issue possible be not a case of assigning the wrong cause. There is, moreover, an attractiveness and apparent naturalness about the national currency plan which cause many to look forward to it as the coming system in spite of all difficulties and objections.

THERE are two special features of the Government Banking Bill, now passing through Parliament, that are worthy of special attention. One is the establishment of the "Bank Circulation Redemption Fund." So far as we are aware, this is a new and unique feature in Banking. That the establishment of such a fund, as proposed, will, in connection with the prior lien on the assets of the Bank, and the double liability of the stockholders, render the paper currency issued by any Canadian Bank practically as good as gold, seems beyond question. We assume, of course, that adequate measures will be taken to prevent over-issue by weaker banks, to whose notes this arrangement will give an increased value, which may prove in some cases a temptation. But we should be glad to hear what a student of political economy thinks of the abstract merits of such a system of compulsory insurance, especially in its relation to the stronger banks which are thus taxed for the benefit of the weaker. The other point is not touched upon by Mr. Walker. It is, in fact, not an economical but a constitutional question. We refer to the proposal for the escheating of unclaimed balances, after a certain date, to the General Government. The contention that such windfalls should go to the Provinces rather than to the Dominion, is, to say the least, very plausible. In case of any considerable sum being at any time involved, the Province interested would not be likely to surrender its claim without a struggle. Can an Act of the Dominion Parliament settle a question which is clearly one of constitutional interpretation?

IT was Sir Charles Tupper, we think, who, referring to the danger of a commercial war between the United States and Canada, declared that such a strife is but one remove from actual war. It is a deplorable fact that these two countries are now apparently almost face to face with such a state of things. The Canadian Government has, it is true, declared, and perhaps with perfect candour, that the late changes in the tariff, including some which seemed to be specially adapted to provoke retaliation, were made without any unfriendly intention, solely from regard to Canadian interests. The same might probably be affirmed with equal truth of changes of a similar character now proposed by the American Congress. Unfortunately, the mutual irritation caused by such measures takes but little account of the motives which prompt the vexatious legislation. Should the views expressed in the report of the Washington Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, in regard to Canadian railways and other matters, commend themselves to the Houses of Congress, and take shape in legislation, the unpleasantness and danger of the situation will be greatly intensified. It may be true that a

good many of the statements in that report touching the immense bonuses paid to Canadian railways from the public chest are grossly exaggerated, or that they may be matters with which our neighbours have really nothing to do. On the other hand, it is not so easy to refute the logic which claims that under a protective system the railways have as good a claim as other enterprises to be protected. But irrespective of argument, or even of the abstract right and wrong of the thing, there is manifest danger that the Canadian railways operating in the United States may be placed under restrictions which will greatly interfere with the success which has hitherto attended them. The Senate Committee preserves a judicious silence in regard to the failure of the United States Government to secure for Canadian vessels the privileges in respect to their canals which were promised in the Treaty of Washington, but it does not fail to complain bitterly of the manner in which, by imposing certain entrance and clearing fees, and canal tolls upon all vessels navigating the lakes and using the canals, and then making rebates in favour of Canadian vessels in the one case, and in favour of cargoes destined for Montreal in the other, the Canadian Government manages to discriminate against American vessels in each case. Though we should be sorry to admit the grave charge that "the settled policy of Canada appears to be to overreach the United States in all matters relating to the conduct of commerce," we have never been able to acquit the Government of what seems too nearly akin to sharp practice in the matter of these rebates. The spirit of the Treaty of Washington in this matter certainly is against the idea of discrimination of any kind. But the fact is that a very real and effective discrimination is made. It matters not that it may be alleged that the lesson has been learned from certain very sharp practices on the part of our neighbours. It is proverbial that two wrongs cannot make a right. We should like to see the conduct of Canada in all international matters above suspicion. It is devoutly to be wished that the foreshadowed negotiations at Washington may lead to a better understanding and a more friendly feeling in commercial matters.

MAY DAY has passed without any very serious disturbances and the timid in Europe again breathe freely. It is impossible to form any sure conclusion as to how much of solid foundation there was for the fears which led to such extraordinary precautions in Paris and other great European cities. If the Socialists of the lower and destructive order seriously intended, at any time, to commence on the First of May the work of pulling down the structure of civil society and burying law and order beneath the ruins, it is to be hoped that the lesson may not be wholly lost upon them. They must now see that the forces which uphold the fabric of modern civilization are all too strong for them, and are likely to continue so. It may be doubted whether the overawing presence of the military with their terrible implements of war, or the unsympathetic attitude and action of the labour organizations, the true representatives of labour, may have had the greater effect in deterring the lawless from any attempts at premeditated violence. Certain it is that the manner in which the labouring classes in Europe and America are perfecting their organization, and the self-restraint and discipline they are rapidly acquiring are among the marvels of the age, and, bid fair, at no distant day, to make them masters of the situation. The conduct of the vast armies of London workmen, a large portion of whom are supposed to be among the most ignorant and unmanageable to be found anywhere, was simply wonderful. Whether we regard their general abstention from disorderly demonstrations on May 1st, or the remarkable order and decorum of their Hyde Park meeting a few days later, we cannot fail to admire their rapid progress in the art of organization, and in mastery of the methods and weapons of Constitutional warfare. The same thing is observable on a smaller scale in the management of the strikes now going on in Toronto and other cities, Canadian and American. International concert, the absence of which has hitherto been one of the main sources of weakness to organized labour, seems now to be becoming an accomplished fact. When the labourers in different countries learn to work together for the accomplishment of common ends, and when, in addition, the members of the various trades combine their resources, while sending but one regiment at a time into the field, victory is not far off for them. Surely the time must be near when employers and employed will cease their exhausting struggles and learn to settle their disputes in a more sensible and Christian fashion.

POLITICS.

THE announcement of an approaching provincial election must excite reflections in those who have an interest, as all should have, in the good government of the country. There can be little doubt that, in the eyes of persons who are by no means mere alarmists, the subject is getting one of seriousness and of some anxiety. We may stop far short of the Carlylean "Shooting Niagara," and yet entertain some apprehension as to the future of our government and our country.

The last number of the *Bystander* draws attention to an important article in the *American Forum* on the "degradation of politics," and we imagine that no candid and well-informed citizen of that great country will be found to resent the imputation contained in the phrase. The political machine is now brought to such perfection that individual opinions and convictions have to go for almost nothing in presence of the exigencies of a party. While the Americans are thus judging themselves, they are at the same time interesting themselves in Canadian politics. The *New York Times* is publishing a series of occasional articles with the complimentary heading: "Government by Bribery: The Dominion of Canada ruled by Corruption."

We have no present intention of examining the truth of the charge thus made against us. It is tolerably certain that corruption of some kind has always existed in connection with politics; and we are not sure that the form which it has assumed on this side of the Atlantic is more beautiful than its appearance in the old world. It was remarked, some time ago, by one who had had opportunities of observing both forms, that, whereas, in England, candidates for office were ready to bribe their constituents in order to obtain election; on this side, men get into office for the sake of putting their hands into the pockets of the public. The honour is thought enough among those unenlightened subjects of tyrannical rule. We are more enlightened. We prefer solid cash.

It would be harsh and exaggerated to say that these statements are widely true of either side of the ocean; but it is no mistake to say that these statements represent tendencies, and tendencies of serious import. It has often been said of late, that representative institutions are on their trial; and, whether this be true or not, we cannot be absolutely certain that democratic government will be entirely free from evils which have undermined other systems, or that it will not develop destructive elements of its own.

One of the most difficult problems to deal with in the sphere of politics is the problem of party. No one doubts that the present working of party politics is lamentably bad; yet it must be owned by those who are most hostile to this mode of conducting the government of the country that it is not easy to supply a remedy. If all the representatives of the country or even a majority of them were merely and purely patriotic, the case would be different. But the amplest charity will not allow the belief. Do men go into parliament merely to promote the well-being of the country? There are many other reasons even if this one is to be reckoned in the number.

Party, it has been said, is organized opinion, and this is its justification and the proof of its necessity. If any number of persons share a conviction, it is reasonable that they should unite to realize it. Quite so; but is it equally reasonable that the organization should continue, when there is no longer any basis for it to rest upon? And this is not all. Even suppose we grant that party organization may be necessary for the conduct of public business, can we continue our approval when party becomes an end instead of a means? An eloquent English bishop remarked some time ago, that we were now governed, not merely by party, but for party.

It appears to some among us that party lines are on the way to destruction since the appearance of a third party among us, the Equal Righters. But we are not quite sure of this. This new party will certainly, to some extent, disarrange the calculations of the old party leaders, and constituencies which have returned a man of one stripe may now occasionally send up one of another. But it seems doubtful whether the Party itself will have much representation in either the Provincial or the Dominion Parliament. And even if it should obtain some shadow of power, it is difficult to see how its action would be much more beneficial in Canadian politics than a certain third party in English politics.

We believe we are expressing the common belief of educated men, when we say that the great mass of those who care to think on political subjects are sincerely desir-

ous to see the country well governed, and yet that they have not full confidence in the politicians of either party. In other words they believe in the at least partial degradation of politics in this country; and they are not willing that this state of things should get worse, or even that it should continue. Now, if we are right in making these two statements, there must be a remedy, within our reach and capable of being applied with more or less difficulty. The remedy must be that high-minded men, loving truth, caring for the country, desirous of promoting its best interests without any thought of making a profit by the transaction, should take a practical and active part in politics. It is said that, in the United States, nearly all the more respectable citizens are ceasing to take any real interest and any public part in political elections. Now this, if true, is very shocking. And any one can see that it would be a terrible calamity, if it came to be so among ourselves.

We fear that the same tendency is growing here in Canada. Clergymen and other professional men are often heard to say that they care nothing for politics, that they have never voted in their life, and so forth. Now, we can quite understand the reasons for such abstinence. No man can quite enjoy the personalities, the abuse, the vulgarity which too often distinguish political meetings and political controversy. We can quite understand a thin-skinned man shuddering at the thought of presenting himself as a candidate for the suffrages of his fellow citizens. But we would respectfully ask those who, on such grounds, keep away from all political meetings, whether they are justified in their abstention. It is undoubtedly pleasanter for a man of business to go back at the close of the day to a comfortable dinner, and spend the evening in the bosom of his family than to go and bear the jeers of unmannerly human beings. But still the question of duty arises.

What can one man, two men, many men hope to accomplish? A few men may do a great deal if they are resolute. If they would only watch over the manifestos of candidates and insist on knowing what they exactly meant; if they would resolutely expose humbug and every form of deception; if they would help the people to see more clearly that the end of government is not the keeping of certain kinds of politicians in power, but the promotion of the good of the country, this would be an immense work to perform; and this work may be done in part, if not in all its completeness. Unless something of this kind is done, we cannot see how politics can help going from bad to worse; and ultimately this must mean bad government. We are writing in no hopeless or pessimistic spirit; but we are indicating real and acknowledged evils and dangers; and if there is any other way of meeting and averting them than that which lies in the direction which we have indicated we should like to hear of it.

PARIS LETTER.

IT is not with the labour demonstration of the first of May that the thoughtful public is occupied, but with its international character, and the presence of neither an idea nor a doctrine, but of a concrete fact, or body; living, robust, and powerfully organized. It would be the most lamentable shortsightedness to pooh-pooh the movement; so long as it keeps within the pale of the law, the authorities have merely to look on as neutrals. The European industrial classes are about giving the world a *répétition générale* of their combined numbers, and of their power to control the machinery of every-day life. It will be a field day for their troops. The demonstration over, then will come the occasion to take stock of the new phase of labour agitation; of its power, its means, and its ends. Beyond the incidents peculiar to large crowds, and which the authorities are quite prepared to deal with, there will be no playing at insurrection, so far as concerns Paris or other French industrial centres. The manifestants have no common charter. As for the cry of eight hours per day of work, the international labourists can secure it from to-morrow, if all workers are agreed. It is the story of Curran and his hotel-bed, where he said the fleas were so numerous, that they could have turned him out, had they been only unanimous. The Paris working classes are preparing for the big Self-Holiday in sober earnestness. In their committee proceedings, a singular business air prevails; there is an absence of inflation, of airy doctrines, and of gush. The holiday coincides with the official opening of the *Salon*, or Picture Show—thus all classes will be out of doors.

So Victor Hugo's name is no longer one to conjure with. The subscriptions for the statue to the poet do not come in. Some 200,000 francs are required for the erection of his statue; not more than one half that sum has been collected during the five years that have elapsed since his death. Gambetta's monument in the Place du Carrousel cost half a million francs. The public, perhaps, concludes

that having expended one million francs on the famous "pauper's funeral" given to the poet, that ought to suffice for his monument. His grandson "Georges," who has recently come into the enjoyment of the poet's millions, might give a bill for the balance needed. That would be a better investment than squandering the cash on *demi-mondaines* and purchasing old quarries. However, it is no secret that, from being a demi-god, Victor Hugo is estimated now only as an ordinary "Old Mortality."

As an idiot is regarded by some people as a blessing from heaven, so in past ages leprosy was viewed as a means to prepare for the salvation of the soul. Bruno, Archbishop of Toul, later Pope Leon IX., to show his humility, caused a leper who was running about the streets to occupy his bed. Robert I. and Saint Louis cared for leprosy patients. The disease spread the more rapidly because the people dwelt in wooden houses; their repast-utensils were of wood, their clothing was wool—all calculated to propagate disease germs. Much salt food was eaten. When an individual became affected he had to separate from his family and reside in the huts or cabins specially erected in the open country. Lepers could return to a town only at certain epochs, and were allowed to touch nothing they desired to purchase, save with a stick. If on the highroad they observed any person coming, they were to stand aside and not come between the traveller and the wind. In order to be recognised at a distance lepers had to make a noise with rattles and to wear gloves made of white wool.

In towns there were hospitals, or *Lazareries*, and hence companionship. The unfortunates thus escaped the miseries depicted by Xavier de Maistre in his leprosy city of Aosta. In the time of Louis VIII. there were 2,000 lepers in France. Henri Martin, the historian, states that Robert Bruce died of leprosy. Vagrant beggars, in order to live in idleness and to be received into the hospitals, irritated their skin with certain herbs and drugs to qualify for admission. In the second half of the fifteenth century at Marseilles the leper plague was so terrible that any afflicted person who refused to leave the city was, by order of the municipality, to be burnt along with his house. At Nîmes, in 1487, lepers were admitted to a *Lazarerie* on paying a fixed sum, but were to bring bedding and furniture along with them. They had to swear obedience to the regulations; were neither to scold or fight; if they indulged in oaths they had to pay a fine to purchase oil for the church lamps. A tramp leper could only receive shelter for a day and a night; if for a longer period, that was decided by a vote of all the inmate lepers. All patients had to pay, and a rule was laid down that "none were admitted for the love of God."

M. Carnot's voyage to the South of France is a great personal success; everywhere he has been welcomed without a dissentient cry. This, at the same time, is the most solid tribute that can be paid to the stability of the constitution, and is worth yards of speeches and cartloads of pamphlets. Exemplary in his own personality M. Carnot never poses, and he seeks no other recompense than that the people will believe he is simply doing his duty uprightly as a matter of course, backed by a private life that shames French kings. The visit of the Italian fleet to salute President Carnot was full of tact, and cannot but lessen the friction between the two nations. Also, the launching of the *Magenta* took place with all religious ceremony; the navy chaplain officiated and the local bishop was at the side of the President. The constructor observed the antique ceremony of carrying a loaded pistol in his pocket to blow his brains out in case the launching failed.

The house where Napoleon was born, at Ajaccio, was duly honoured with a visit; it is situated in what would now be called an old lane. The Bonaparte family were only tenants of one of the two wings, and that wing has been specially whitewashed. A small garden serves as entrance to the dwelling; and sprigs of ivy, brought from Chiselhurst, commence to creep round the walls. The rooms are tiled, cold and poor; that wherein Napoleon was born, with its chair-bed, is still unchanged. It contains the busts of the Great Bonaparte and the Prince Imperial—the first and the last of the Napoleons. In the special visitors' register, kept for rulers and princes, M. Carnot's signature follows that of the ex-Empress Eugenie. The cloth covering an old piano has been morselled away by visitors for relics. Many of the Corsican mayors came forty miles to welcome M. Carnot, clad in their Sunday clothes—goat and sheep skins.

M. Eiffel promised to his workmen that on the completion of the Tower those who had most distinguished themselves would have their names recorded on the structure. He is now being requested to keep his promise.

What must one believe? M. A. Legoyt, connected with the Statistical Department, has published in his work on "Suicides," that Madame Rowland, who worked so much mischief in her day among the republicans, was not guillotined, but poisoned herself—in anticipation of dying on the scaffold—10th November, 1792, aged 39. Official proofs exist that she was guillotined 8th November, 1793.

Suffrance is not now the badge of the Jews; that has become the heritage of Christians, according to Drumont. The Jews control the financial world; they hold the press of Germany and France in the hollow of their hand, and can make it bless or curse with the unanimity of a clique. They are legislators, statesmen, barristers, professors, authors, actors, generals and admirals. Gentiles could not be more. The Jews are certainly not as "strict accountant of their beads"; are not so Rabbinical as hitherto. They do not all expect the Messiah to arrive through an open window, or to encounter Moses on the staircase. Saturday is rapidly becoming with them the same as any other day.

The best way to check the flowing tide is to create chairs in the colleges with Israelitish professors, to teach Christians how to become rich, even by working less than eight hours a day. Renan, as rector of the University of France, could deliver the inaugural address. Z.

SPRING.

Aye, this is a day for up-springing;
The flowers will rise to the round
Of the breezes that whisper the branches
Of their journeyings northern bound.
Yester-morn, how they fretted and stifled
O'er the waters of Mexican bay!
And will rest at the eve of the morrow,
With the white arctic foxes at play.
They skipped over flower-starred meadows,
And the daisies all nodded good-bye,
And gave them their perfume to sprinkle
The brown 'neath the northern sky.
And now they are coaxing the flowers
To spring from their dark winter beds,
And the lilies are lifting the blanket
Of leaves and upraising their heads;
Here are birds, too, the choir of nature
Is singing the anthem of life,
Not a voice inharmonious among them,
Not an echo of jarring or strife.
How blue seems yon lake! not the cold
Steely blue that the winter winds gave,
But the blue born of laughter and sunshine
Lightens up every breeze-kissing wave.
All nature is glad and rejoices—
Not the joy that the conqueror feels,
When his foemen lie mangled and bleeding,
And crushed 'neath his chariot-wheels.
No, the joy that belongs to the spring-time,
As one wanders where flowers grow wild,
And feels the soft kiss of the breezes
Is the joy of an innocent child.

ENOS J. NORRISH.

THE FATHER OF CANADIAN GEOLOGY.

IT is now forty-six years since the geological survey of Canada was founded. There was no flourish of trumpets at its inception. There was, in fact, a good deal of doubt expressed as to the utility of its establishment, and the then government of Canada only saw fit to endow it to the extent of £1,500. This was the sum set aside for the "Geological Examination of Canada." The Dominion Government of to-day gives the survey an annual allowance of one hundred thousand dollars and, in spite of several faults and shortcomings that have received public attention, the money is considered well spent. In the forty and more years of its existence the survey has done a vast body of work of incalculable service in assisting the progress and prosperity of the country and is now recognized as one of the most valuable departments under the control of the Dominion Government. Its most direct and material benefits have been conferred upon the mining and agricultural interests of the country. The magnitude of these benefits can be realized to some extent by anyone who takes the trouble to wade through a vast mass of official reports, but as the reading of blue books does not happen to be a popular pastime it is necessary that the history of such an undertaking as the geological survey should be presented to the general reader in a compact and attractive shape. This labour was successfully accomplished five years ago when Dr. Harrington published his "Life of Sir William Logan."

Sir William Logan was not only the father of Canadian geology, but he was in a very real sense the founder, and for many years, the chief sustainer of the geological survey. Apart from his personality, therefore, which was interesting in its breadth, its rugged strength, its humour and its kindness, his quiet and useful work has many claims upon that gratitude of his countrymen which can be expressed either by a lively remembrance of what he was and did or by a continuance of the spirit in which he worked. The only excuse this imperfect sketch can have is that any indication of the interest which surrounds the subject may tempt a reader here and there to a perusal of Dr. Harrington's volume.

William E. Logan was born in Montreal on April 20th, 1798. He received his elementary education there at the school of one Alexander Skakel, who is described as having been a classical scholar of no mean ability, but who also believed firmly in Solomon's theory with regard to the bad effects of a sparing use of the rod. Whether young Logan came in for a full share of the castigations or not, history doth not say. Three facts only remain with regard to his school-life in Montreal. 1. He made good headway with his studies. 2. He acquired renown for thrashing boys bigger than himself. 3. He retained in after years a warm affection for Skakel.

In 1814, when he was sixteen, he and his brother Hart were sent to Scotland to attend the High School at Edinburgh, then under the rectorship of Professor Pillans. Both lads proved to be good scholars, and William obtained the enviable position of dux in a class numbering two hundred. In 1816, at the close of his school career, he began to attend the classes in the University, but the practical bent of his character gave him a strong desire to "mix himself with action," and he chose a commercial career in London in preference to completing his University

course. He entered the counting house of a wealthy uncle in London and made such headway there that he was soon able to relieve his uncle from many of the responsibilities connected with the management of the business. He remained in London for ten years, but up to the close of his life there he had given no indication of any interest in geology. He devoted his spare time to reading and study—to French, Italian, Spanish and mathematics—but his letters do not indicate that he had given any particular attention to the subject of geology. The accident which led him to his life-work was a simple one. His uncle had become possessed of an eighth share in a copper-smelting company at Swansea, Wales. The affairs of the company needed straightening out and he was sent down to Swansea to represent his uncle's interests, at a salary of £1000 a year. His first work was to establish a good system of book-keeping, but when this was accomplished he entered upon a study of the economic principles connected with the art of smelting. A remark he made twenty years later, when questioned as to the usefulness of a geological survey, may be appropriately quoted here. He said that "economics lead to science and science leads to economics." In a very emphatic sense the economics of a Welsh copper smelting company led to science which had extensive bearings upon Canadian economics. The study of the principles involved in the economical smelting of copper led Logan to the science of geology. If, however, he had not displayed any enthusiasm on the subject up to this time, a sentence from a letter to his brother James has a good deal of significance.

"It has," he writes, "been arranged that I shall go down to Wales, where it is intended that the chief part of my duty shall be to attend to the accounts of the establishment; but you may be assured I shall spare no pains to make myself master of every branch of the business, and as it is of a scientific nature I am pretty sure I shall like it."

His general reading had probably embraced the works of the popular scientific writers of that day, but at any rate his first enthusiasm in the particular direction of geology seems to have begun at Swansea and when he had attained the age of thirty. Stratigraphical geology, too,—the branch of the subject in which he became most proficient—first attracted his attention. He sent to London for books and apparatus and set to work on a geological map of the district. His interest in the science increased daily, and in 1837 his work had attracted so much attention from the British geologists that he was elected a Fellow of the Geological Society. He alludes to this fact in the following words in another letter to his brother James:—

"You must know that I have become a bit of a geologist in late years and am now entitled to write after my name F. G. S. I take great interest in the science, and some day or other I may appear in print. The locality to which I have especially directed my attention is this immediate neighbourhood, of which, during leisure hours, I am gradually getting up a geological survey and sections. If ever I return to Canada again I shall geologize there."

In 1838 his uncle died, and for a couple of years Logan devoted himself to a study of the coal beds, having resigned his position in the copper-smelting company. His first discovery in studying the carboniferous epoch combined the useful with the scientific. It not only shed a clear flood of light upon a vexed scientific question, but proved to be of immense value to the practical coal-miner. Geologists had wrangled for years as to how the coal beds had been formed. They had agreed on one point. They knew that the coal was the result of vegetable deposits, but they differed as to whether the coal was formed always on the very place where the trees, shrubs and plants of which it was composed had grown or whether the beds were the result of a drift and accumulation of vegetable matter from a more extended area. Logan's discovery settled the question in favour of the first theory. He had closely examined the under clays which prevailed in the coal districts and had found this peculiarity, namely, that where a coal bed ended its underclay changed its character, whereas if the bed merely thinned out to reappear at a short distance the underclay preserved its character. In the latter case the underclay contained the roots of the principal tree composing the coal; in the former case those roots were absent. The logical conclusion was that coal had been formed *in situ* and subsequent investigation in other parts of the world confirmed the correctness of his discovery. Its practical bearing was this. When a coal seam thinned out the miner could tell at once whether he had come to a simple "fault" or to the last of the coal in that direction by merely examining the underclay. Logan's fame as a geologist was fully established when he read a paper on the subject before the Geological Society of London in 1840.

In the same year he was enabled to accomplish a long projected visit to Canada. He had left this country at the age of sixteen, but had ever retained a warm interest in his native land. While in London he was Vice-President of the Canada Club, and he always kept himself informed with regard to the public affairs of the colony. He spent a fortnight in Montreal, first seeing old friends and then, accompanied by his brother James, in making a study of the geological formations of the city. After a visit to Maine and Nova Scotia he again returned to Montreal, spending the winter there in a study of the phenomena connected with the annual freezing over of the St. Lawrence. As usual his "science led to economics." His investigations proved to be of immense service to Mr. George Stephenson and Mr. Thomas Keefer when deciding upon the site for the Victoria Bridge.

He returned to England in the fall of 1841, and while there the geological survey of Canada began to take shape. The government of Canada had voted the sum of £1,500, not as an annual grant, but as a final amount for the "geological examination of Canada." The Colonial office at London made inquiries from the leading British geologists, De la Beche, Murchison, Sedgwick and Buckland, as to Logan's qualifications for the management of the survey, and they one and all recommended him in the warmest terms. In the spring of 1843, Logan returned to Canada and entered upon his duties as "Provincial Geologist."

Here the history of the survey properly begins, and in Dr. Harrington's book it is an interesting story. But in the narrow compass of an article, even an outline of the labours and difficulties, or the successes and rewards, is impossible. It is sufficient to say that under Logan's management the survey not only proved its "usefulness" very effectually, but at the same time obtained a high regard from the scientific world.

Logan was knighted in 1855. In 1869 he resigned his position, recommending as his successor the present Director, Mr. A. R. C. Selwyn. With reference to this event, Dr. Harrington says:—

"It was with feelings of deep regret that the public received the announcement of Sir William's retirement, and never was the press of any country more unanimous in its expressions of approval of the career of a public servant."

It is an unpleasant duty to have to recall the fact that the closing years of his life were somewhat embittered by a controversy which arose regarding his study of the rocks composing the "Quebec group" in the eastern Townships. He had examined the group very closely, and more particularly where they were most complicated, namely, in the vicinity of Richmond and Melbourne. His conclusions were disputed, however, by geologists who had hardly visited the disputed ground; and he thought it necessary to make a re-examination. The only complaint he gives voice to, however, is contained in the following sentence from a letter to a friend:—

"My present investigations have been undertaken with much inconvenience to myself, in consequence of some of my work having been (needlessly, as I am persuaded) called in question."

The question has not been settled yet, but the local geologists incline to Sir William's views. In the August of 1874 he went to England with the intention of returning to the study with extensive apparatus, but that proved his last journey. His health suddenly collapsed, and in the June of 1875 he died. An incident which occurred in the closing weeks of his life exhibits a touching side of his character. He had always been possessed of ample private means, but as his tastes and his habits of life were simple the greater portion of his wealth found its way into channels of benefit to others. The incident referred to may be best described in his own words. Three months before his death he said in a letter to a Canadian friend:—

"Last week I asked Mr. N—— for his account for medical attendance up to the first of March, as I was desirous of paying it periodically, instead of waiting to the end of the complaint, as one did not know how long it might last. He has attended me from the middle of December, visiting me twice nearly every day, and often remaining all night. . . . Dr. N—— is in partnership with his father, though from age the father can now do nothing. In paying the account the £57. 13s. 6d. was in a cheque to the firm; but I made the son a present of £100 for himself. He said it was the first large fee he had ever received, and was very thankful for it. The family is not very well off."

It is worth noting in this connection, also, that he had been obliged to send a fee of £190 to a London doctor a few days before this for a single visit.

Sir William Logan was a Canadian who should be well remembered by Canadians. He was the father of our geological science, and the simple nobleness of his character was worthy of any country or any period.

Richmond, Que.

J. C. SUTHERLAND.

A SONG OF SCOTLAND.

BLUE hills in the distance line the horizon, fir-clad, and scored by many a wild corrie; for foreground, purple heather, lit up by bright sunshine; overhead, a sky of brilliant transparency. To the right and the left from the summit of our hill gleam pools and lochs 'mid fields and moors. The air is crisp with the winter's first freshness, dead leaves rustle and crack under foot. Beyond is the hill line, among grey rock and stern precipice where already white streaks mark the first fall of snow. Oak and beech fern have long drooped their heads in the little glen away to the westward. Bare-footed laddies and red-haired lassies are hurrying home to the distant clachan.

Close to the byre that nestles beneath us, a black-and-tan collie is barking *ad lib.* Behind us a castle twice burned to the ground; with a vault that once saved almost all its inhabitants; down its old stairway, worn and forsaken, glides, wringing her hands, a well-known "Green Lady."

Up from the terraces (once held for the Covenant) the grey, ruined Ardblair is seen in the distance. Here, too, in the twilight, when deep shadows fall, a white lady wanders, to see whom is death.

Blue loch and brown crag come into sight, a chain of lakes, where once ran a great river. Stone dykes separate field from field; the old kirk of Blair lends colouring. Far way westward frowns Benachally, with its sepulchral cairns, that exist to this day. All around are vestiges of some ancient fray, with cairns and "steed stalls" of the Caledonians. Here, says tradition, the stand was made, when Mons Grampius was fought with the Romans. Long before those days, wild Highlanders dwelt here, whose *crannoges*, lake dwellings, may be traced. Loch Clunie has once been of this nature, the old Bishop's Castle still stands on such site. Here, too, once dwelt the Admirable Crichton, who, at sixteen, spoke ten languages! For miles away towards Dunkeld and Blairgowrie, Druid circles and Altar stones still stand intact.

At Kinloch a place called Buzzard Dykes still shows the encampment of a Caledonian army. Thirty thousand Highlanders once gathered here to withstand with their latest breath the Romans. Craighall Bridge, but a short distance westward, spans the river across the ravine. Dense fir-woods cover the Ericht's banks, interspersed here and there with rowan and birch trees. Among these in springtime grow primrose and wind flower, bluebells and figwort in late summer. The river rushes and roars below, where frowns the old Hall of Tullyveolan renown. Above at Craig Liach it hisses and bubbles, where Lady Linday once sat to spin. Do you remember the long silken thread she was doomed to weave in penance for sin?

Down that old roadway stretching in front, a black dog once was the terror of wayfarers. No mortal dog, but an awful apparition, who followed and snapped at all passers by. Once, indeed, folks say, he spoke: "Follow me," he said, "I once murdered a man, and until the body is removed, I am doomed to this awful semblance." So the kirk went out—'twas years ago—and they found and buried that awesome corpse; the black dog followed them to the cemetery, vanished there and was never more seen!

Passing another old Roman camp at Cardean, Meigle Village is reached, rich in sculptured stones. One is singled out above all the rest, covered with hieroglyphics of some ancient hunting scene: this, say wisacres, represents Queen Vanorra, Arthur's queen. Do you remember? On this stone is the figure of a woman attacked by dogs, and many wild animals, the tradition of course was that the royal queen was so destroyed. There are here, all kinds of memorials of Arthur, "Arthur's Stone," "Arthur-bank," and many older places. Macbeth is also here represented (he fled from Dunsinane by way of Meigle), a huge block of granite of 20 tons marks the burial place of some one of his generals. At Collace, you may see his castle, built on the hill of Shakespeare's play. Every site here marks some romance, some dark story, some wraith or spectre. Bonny Kitty Nairne once dwelt at Dunsinane; do you remember her marvellous history? At but nineteen she murdered her husband; he was forty, and she loved his younger brother. Of course she was sentenced to execution; she escaped, muffled up, from Edinburgh Tolbooth; thence she shipped from Dover to France, the magistrates offering £100 for her apprehension. Here is her description from the *Gazette*: "About twenty, middle-sized, high nose, black-browed, probably dressed in an officer's habit, with a hat slouched in the cocks and a cockade in it." She came of very ancient lineage, and died, say some, in a Dutch convent. Her beauty was so extraordinary that half her judges were won by it. Away from the sites of such like traditions, the scenery begins to grow more civilized, fields kept like gardens come into sight. *Weems*, Pictish dwellings, exist at Coupar Angus. They are, to modern eyes, like rabbit burrows, only large enough to admit a man's body. They have been unroofed to the public gaze and are rapidly going to decay. Forty feet or more, they wind underground, six feet wide, by five feet deep, curving in and out like a snake's body, probably in old days roofed in with stone. Into these the Picts retired from enemies, or perhaps gathered for warmth and shelter. In strong contrast, are they not, to the mansions of the surrounding country? A few miles hence, as the crow flies, Glamis lies hidden, its turreted towers, its secret room midst those long lines of windows, containing what? Spectres or skeletons? You may walk all through its rooms and halls, and see everything but this mystery. Once, says the tale, some young people went here for gaiety, and searched for this room. They hung handkerchiefs out of each window, but were stopped in their work, ere they found the right one. Pixies, white ladies, here abound; spectres glide backwards, seen of many.

Far away from maddening crowds, far away, indeed, from the gay multitude, Scottish lore, Scottish songs still exist in the heart of the people.

E. K. P.

GLADSTONE and Tennyson were both born in 1809, Cardinal Manning in 1808, Cardinal Newman in 1801. John Ruskin is in his seventy-first year. James Russell Lowell is almost precisely the same age. John Greenleaf Whittier was born in 1807, and George Bancroft, the most distinguished American historian, in 1800. There is scarcely one of these men of whom it is not felt that the place which he must soon leave vacant cannot easily be filled. Especially is this true of Bismarck and Gladstone, of Tennyson, Ruskin, Whittier, and Lowell. It is, when we think of it, remarkable that men whose lives have, each in its special field of activity, been so busy and so fruitful, should have lived so long.

THE FISCAL PROBLEM IN IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

MR. EDWARD PARKIN, who started somewhat more than a twelvemonth since to lecture in the colonies on Imperial Federation, has lately been addressing meetings in England, and the *Leeds Mercury* discusses the fiscal problem involved in the movement as follows:

Nothing could more surely embarrass the cause of Imperial Federation, or retard the realisation of its grand ideal, than to insist upon its relation to any special fiscal system. Yet, as will have been seen by those who have read the reports of the various meetings which have been lately addressed by Mr. Parkin, there is great proneness to thrust the fiscal part of the question into the discussion; and, it must be allowed, this proneness is not unnatural. There is great unrest in regard to the fiscal problem all around us. Our great French neighbour is very much disturbed by it just now, and will be so for some time to come. Our colonies and dependencies are all, more or less, in the throes of it. At home, too, in recent years, and despite our gathered experience, it has been revived, and laid, and revived again with amazing pertinacity. Moreover, when it has been most agitated the distressed mind have been over and over again directed for their comfort to regard the great development of our trade with our colonies. Some amongst them have taken the counsel too literally, and have gone the length of persuading themselves that it would be wise to make all but exclusive reliance upon fostering the trade relations between the colonies and the mother country by whatever kind of fiscal expedients. On the other hand, their consolation in the magnitude of the prevailing transactions has often been roughly disturbed by the contemplation of the "hostile tariffs" of these very colonies of ours. No wonder that the first thought of these persons, when the ideal of a great Imperial Federation was presented to their minds, has been—"How can it be turned to account to effect a perfect condition of trade between us all by the adoption of a common trade-nursing fiscal system?" It is not too much to say that the serious introduction of such a proposition as this into the grand problem before us would be death to the hope of Imperial Federation. So great and, indeed, so difficult is the problem itself, apart from whatever fiscal question is necessarily involved in it, that to give the question that particular shape and proportion would be to make the problem hopeless and impossible. Before we have reached anything like universal unity upon it—unity in the colonies, where it is still far from having been reached; and unity at home, where it is happily growing at a most encouraging pace—it would have the immediate effect of multiplying and aggravating differences and difficulties. But, fortunately, and as a matter of indisputable fact, the introduction of this question in any such shape is not only unnecessary, but is wholly foreign to the actual conditions of our Empire. These conditions differ absolutely from those of any of the various existing Federations, to which, with our English love of a precedent, we turn for suggestion, if not for guidance, in dealing with our own problem. The two great Federations to which we naturally thus turn are the United States and the German Empire. Each of these has its common fiscal system, deriving its Federal or Imperial revenue from a system of Customs duties, Excise, and Postal and Telegraph profits common to all the States comprised within it. We, too, should need an Imperial revenue to meet our Imperial expenditure, on whatever principle or method of apportionment this Imperial expenditure should be devised. This expenditure would, of course, have to be fixed and voted by the Imperial or Federal legislative authority, whatever shape that, again, might take; and the apportionment amongst the States, Colonies, or other members constituting the Federation would have to be also fixed and voted by that authority. But with the methods or systems upon which the apportioned quotas should be raised that authority need not at all concern itself. It is here that the difference between our conditions and those of the German Empire and the United States comes in, and of necessity asserts itself. Germany has its one continuous frontier; so have the United States; and a common fiscal system is therefore not only possible but convenient, and even necessary. Germany could not have one Customs tariff for its northern boundary States, another for its western, or southern, or eastern, nor could the United States, without introducing endless conflict and confusion. But our conditions are the very reverse of these. Instead of four frontiers we have forty times four, and even more. A common tariff system would be pleasant enough, and wise enough, if we could at once agree upon what would be the best system, and equally acceptable to all. We know, however, that this is impossible and, happily, it is wholly unnecessary. We might conceivably agree upon a common system of Excise duties, and of Post and Telegraph charges; but even agreement upon these is improbable; and it, too, is needless. What remains for us is that, having agreed upon the proportionate contributions to be made towards the common Imperial expenditure—that expenditure, moreover, being, so far as convenient, locally effected—each colony or other member of the Federated Empire should raise the amount of its individual contribution exactly according to its own wisdom and convenience. We even have a precedent for such an arrangement in a provision of the German Imperial Constitution. If there should be a deficit in the German Imperial revenue, the individual States of the Empire may be assessed to make it up in proportion to population. What is in Germany an

exceptional provision would, in the British Imperial Federation, be of necessity the rule; and with this great advantage, that it would leave each colony or other member a welcome and a wholesome freedom in the matter. It would minister to contentment, to experience, and to a lasting unity.

A NOCTURNE.

STRANGE are the thoughts with solemn sweetness blending,
Which as I gaze my weary soul invite
Ever to stay and gaze in peace unending
On Thee, oh star-illumined, mysterious Night!
And woo in rhythm'd rhyme, while restless time
For me no longer is—nor takes its flight.

Here at my casement, all in darkness shrouded,
I greet, enrapt, a new mysterious world;
All dim, unreal, unexplored, beclouded,
Where stillness broods with sombre wings unfurled,
Where colourless, and dark, and weirdly grand,
The shadow outlines of the beeches stand.

Higher I gaze, and far away, away
In the dim, boundless pathways of the sky,
Where myriad stars create eternal day,
Shining in pure and radiant majesty—
Keeping for evermore like angels' eyes
Mute tender watch o'er human destinies.

Life is too short to speculate and dream,
To wonder whence things are—and how, and why;
Poor mortal, fain to grant things as they seem,
Grant but this one thing more—that thou must die;
And granting this, then, all thy searchings free
Must go to seek what shall Hereafter be.

On such a night resistless Thought will burn
And Reason beat itself against its cage,
But evermore dissatisfied return—
Despairing ought of heaven's dark depths to gauge—
How with its wounded wings attempt a flight,
In the dim realms of God's dread Infinite.

Yet what is there to know, but what we know,
And that to which we never may attain?
See dull-eyed Ignorance sublimely go,
In blissful incapacity for pain!
And note the happiest of God's creatures here,
They who can never know—nor, knowing, fear!

The night is dark—oh white-robed angel come!
And bring one passing glimpse of Light divine;
Forsake the realms of your eternal home,
Where loveliness and truth no more decline,
Sweep through the darkening spheres that intervene
And shed your healing love where doubts have been.

ROSEMARY A. COTES.

THE RAMBLER.

THE May days—cold and wet and forbidding—are upon us, yet while to beings like ourselves the air is harsh and damp, it is in no sense inimical to other organisms.

My window—a city one, I need hardly say—looks out upon one ash and two chestnuts; the latter have had their green fingers half pushed out for at least four or five days. The ash still delays to clothe herself in green, but the growth goes on all the same although difficult to follow with the human eye. The republication of "Lyrical Ballads" (I hope no reader of this column will have to turn back at this point to find out who was the author or who the joint authors of that remarkable volume) just at this season does so drive the thoughts back to the great poet who helped to formulate the thought of a century, that these spring reflections will not away. One almost chides the poet for daring to recount, to immortalize for us, that sentiment of frigidity with which middle age, or worse, old age, is apt to regard the material universe.

It is not now as it hath been of yore;
Turn wheresoe'er I may
By night or day,
The things which I have seen,
I now can see no more.

Why must it be so? Why must the most exquisite of all sensations wither and perish year by year with the return of the delicious green and the singing of birds and the knowledge that life, new, abundant, precious and suggestive life is being set in motion on every side? For it does perish. Wordsworth was right, although perhaps he himself managed after all to keep the heart of the child through all the life of the man. For myself, I forget so much when I view this delightful season.

Flattered with promise of escape
From every hurtful blast,
Spring takes, O sprightly May, thy shape,
Her loveliest and her last.

Yes—her last! For with a few weeks more this violent Canadian climate of ours will have changed and spring be merged in summer. Gather hepaticas while you may, it is not such a very far cry to the nodding blossom of the mandrake or the perfect shell-like petalled sphere of the *nymphaea odorata*.

I have been requested by a correspondent to explain if I can the term "Sloyd." This word, enigmatical at first

sight, is simple enough. It only denotes the Scandinavian word for a system of manual training, greatly in favour at present in England, where teachers in all the provincial centres have been employed for some time in instructing pupils. It is a kind of advance Kindergarten, I understand, and appeals very strongly to all practical and intelligent minds. The knife is, perhaps, the chief tool; other ordinary carpenter's implements are also used. Rulers, brackets, boxes, inkstands, desks—these are some of the articles manufactured in this manner. I should think the introduction of Sloyd would pay very well in our Canadian cities. The teacher is frequently styled a Sloydist and the chief seminary is at Naas, on the shores of Lake Savelangen in Sweden.

But there are already far too many things manufactured in the world. The streets (there are too many streets) have too many shops, and the shops have too many things in them. I pass, daily, three or four shops crammed with such ugly things. It seems as if the half of Edgeware Road, and another half of Praed St., had crossed the ocean bodily, and taken up quarters here for good and all. I have long thought that if they would only take Ruskin—poor Ruskin—and put him in lodgings somewhere near the Edgeware Road, he would recover. There would be so much for him to decry, so much to abuse and ridicule and undermine that I am almost certain he would have to recover. What were Ruskin's three grand essentials of labour? (1) Never encourage the manufacture of any article not absolutely necessary, in the production of which invention has no share; (2) Never demand an exact finish for its own sake, but only for some practical or noble end; (3) Never encourage imitation or copying of any kind, except for the sake of preserving record of great works.

Well, this is perhaps the language of the impassioned visionary—now alas! the unsound visionary, but that was a fine cry which emanated almost in the same passage when he exclaimed "We manufacture everything except Men. We blanch cotton, and strengthen steel, and refine sugar, and shape pottery; but to brighten, to strengthen, to refine, or to form a single living spirit never enters into our estimate of advantages."

Another correspondent (it is quite a gay season just now) sends me a lengthy letter on a subject, which, if he will believe me, I am most grateful to him for bringing up. My notice of the McDowell Company's performance of "Moths" was intended to prove—not that the said Company was notoriously inefficient, but that the novels of "Ouida" are difficult of stage interpretation. However, let my correspondent speak for himself:—"Dear Rambler (pardon the prefix 'dear,' but I bear you no malice), You evidently do not realize that the student of dramatic art, or any art, hails and anticipates with joy the appearance of an unbiassed, consistent and instructive criticism. Under your illustrious *nom de plume*, I recently read a half column referring to the McDowell Company that, granting it to be a bit of literary 'chic' (if I may so express myself), undoubtedly demands derogation in some respects.

"Admitting then, to be brief, that in their presentation of 'Moths' the actors and actresses of Mr. McDowell's company did try to look superbly Russian; that the *Corrèze* did talk to the flies, did look 'pink and white' (a very ideal complexion *entre nous*), etc., etc., etc., I refer to the clause, 'hard working supers scarcely promoted to more than a passing acquaintance with the stage and its traditions.' It is here and only here (with the exception of the jocular interrogation, 'Would you like 'Lord Jura' to die in his hotel or fall over into the orchestra chairs and expire, instead of 'front centre stage,' which seems to me, unprofessional, to be the very best spot for a dramatic effect?) that I presume to place a stile in your path, dear 'Rambler,' and ask you to pay toll or turn back. With the supposition that you refuse to pay this fine (merely a figure of speech) and that you are retracing your footsteps, let me presume to point out the fact that most of the members of the McDowell company have more, much more than a passing acquaintance with the stage. In these days when young actors and actresses are subjected to the combination system or playing one part the entire season, a company such as Mr. McDowell surrounds himself with, playing a repertoire of some thirty plays and under such an exacting and perfect stage manager as this gentleman undeniably is, affords the only opportunities for research into stage deportment and tradition; and it has always been a pleasure to me, in watching the performances of this company, to exert myself to overlook details and applaud their earnestness, their anxiety, their tendency to overdo.

"How easy it is to destroy with pen and ink in a few minutes the work and thought of weeks and years! It therefore behoves the critic, especially one who is given voice in a representative journal, to be kind, generous and careful, not harsh, illiberal and unjust!

"The performances of the McDowell Company, which I saw night after night at the Academy of Music in Montreal (the bill was changed six times a week), proved them to be anything but supers (in the accepted meaning of the word) but hard, capable, artistic workers.

"When one recollects the treat it was to see a round of good plays intelligently played and staged, and the general satisfaction elicited from the audience that filled the theatre nightly, I feel it necessary to check you in an assertion that you must readily see when placidly smoking

your morning pipe, or quietly sipping your five o'clock tea, will bear considerable revision."

My correspondent makes the common mistake of thinking that a few lines of good-natured and discriminating criticism can "destroy the work of years." Not if it be real and lasting work. We have all got to be criticised and must learn to take the rod gracefully. THE WEEK has, I am certain, ever borne witness to the power of Fanny Reeves' acting, to the indefatigable industry of Mr. E. A. McDowell and his inimitable "Shaughraun" and other impersonations. In comedy there is no stronger combination annually visiting Canada where they number many friends, among whom must henceforth be classed the crusty but not altogether soured and *blasé* "Rambler."

Talking of criticism, who has seen a recent number of the N. Y. Theatre, edited by Deshler Welch, in which Middle Rhea is simply hanged, drawn, quartered, served up hot, and carved—into a million pieces? The play was the cause. "Josephine" did not go down.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE STRIKES IN THE LABOUR MARKET.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—The report of the recent Labour Commission in England was important. From the summary of the London Times it appears that but few strikes have been settled through arbitration, *i.e.*, through courts authorized to pronounce a verdict *suo motu*, but that, on the other hand, great success has attended the action of courts of conciliation, formed of delegates from each contesting party, which, instead of treating the masters' combines and the men's unions as nullities, referred the questions that arose to each with their own suggestions and recommendations, acting, in fact, as mediators. As a mode of settlement nothing can be more wasteful than a strike, and we trust all parties in Toronto will be reasonable in the existing difficulties.

April 26th, 1890.

GOVERNMENT CONFORMABLY TO REASON.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—In one of your September numbers of last year you kindly inserted a translation by me of a small portion of a book, written by Courcelle-Seneuil, one of the ablest living political economists of France. I mailed this number (of the 20th September) to the author in Paris; and received from him a very courteous and flattering acknowledgment, accompanied by a copy of his latest production entitled, "Esquisse d'une Politique Rationnelle." The former translation met with so much sympathy from your readers that you will, I think, be doing no unpardonable violence to your other contributors by giving space to the following translations, which I have made, of parts of the last mentioned brilliant essay. My pardon will be the easier obtained when regard is had to the character of the extracts, which treat of subjects which are now in everybody's mouth and ears,—without, perhaps, coming from or reaching to everybody's brain.

RELIGION.—Religion, says Bacon, is within the domain of public law, and, in this way, comes within the functions of government. This idea, which has held sway for ages, is not correct. Every religion is a mode of thought, and what connection is there between the functions of government and a manner of thinking? None whatsoever. No person can possibly commit by the thought, nor even by the expression of a religious opinion, any injustice against anyone whomsoever. So that the government has not the right to meddle in this matter. If it interferes it must necessarily become an arbiter between religious beliefs, a function for which it has no aptitude, or else it delegates this arbitration to persons of its own selection, whom it has no fitness for choosing. If these persons were placed outside its jurisdiction they might become subservient to foreign interests, to those of the State's enemies, without themselves incurring any responsibility. This prerogative of the State, which might have a reason for its exercise in pagan countries, where religion possessed a national character and confined itself to the observance of a few outward observances, becomes oppressive in a Christian State, where religion is not national but universal, where, besides, it seeks to exercise over private life a sway of great extent, and has for its aim, not the preservation or prosperity of the State, but the salvation of the individual in the next life. Religion has thus a character purely individual, and has merely the right, like all other individual opinions, to freedom and respect. The experience of history elsewhere has taught us that the action of the government in religious matters has always been a source of oppression and injustice, that it has invariably disturbed the peace instead of assisting in keeping it.

INSTRUCTION.—Should the government provide instruction? Has it any special qualification for this? We do not think it. Should it keep aloof from education? We equally think not. It should watch over education. Why? Because those who teach can injure the State by "making-up" wrong-headed, uncurbed citizens, enemies to the laws of their country, or of depraved habits. The child and the youth possesses no discernment; they accept at once the information which is supplied them and do not

correct it, either for good or ill, until much later on in life, by means of their own judgment. The government, who are bound to maintain peace by justice, ought not to tolerate that, by systematic preparation, the teachers should furnish a recruiting depot for bad citizens. The government may very justly, for example, close an establishment in which are taught the doctrines of Boniface VIII., condemned in France for nearly five consecutive centuries, and which would eventuate in the destruction of the State by causing its subjection to a foreign prince. The State may even prevent and punish a lying course of history or instruction in depraved morality.

SOVEREIGNTY.—It has been stated that as man has a body and a soul, there was one government for the bodies and another for the souls. This is a mere juggle with words. Has man, the individual, two wills? No. He has but one by which he as a whole acts. In a similar way the government, which is the will of the State, should be one if it is not desired to admit an everlasting cause of civil wars. When our Catholic Universities established as a matter of doctrine, in support of the pretensions of the court of Rome, that the Popes are clothed by God with sovereign authority "in all that relates to the welfare of the soul," and that they themselves have the right to define this authority, by holding this the universities teach an anarchical doctrine, not reconcilable to the good order of society. As a matter of fact souls are concerned in all acts under the command of the government, and if we grant to the Pope the power claimed for him by our Catholic Universities I am not positively certain whether the civil government would retain sufficient authority to superintend the sweeping of the streets. It would be placed without redress in an inferior position, or, to speak freely, suppressed. These same doctors naturally recognize in the Pope the right of exciting rebellion against governments pronounced "pernicious." This is to make the Catholic hierarchy the machinery of a permanent conspiracy, ever ready to revolt against governments and peoples which do not yield obedience to the said hierarchy. This conspiracy may not openly break out because it is held in by prudence, but it never ceases to exist.

RICHARD J. WICKSTEED.

THE CANADIAN AND AMERICAN BANKING SYSTEMS CONTRASTED.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—In your last number you referred to a pamphlet upon the above subject by Mr. B. E. Walker, of the Canadian Bank of Commerce. The pamphlet is intended for criticism as well as for instruction, and its contents afford ample material for both. It may be divided into two parts—(1) the history and characteristics of the Canadian and American systems of practical banking; (2) the analysis of a redeemable paper currency from a scientific point of view. It is with the latter branch only I propose to deal now.

As a preliminary observation, I remark that practical bankers are not, *prima facie*, the best authorities upon that branch of political economy embraced by the terms "money," "currency" and "circulation." Amongst the many eminent writers on these subjects I cannot recall the name of one who had any experience whatever in practical banking. Indeed, the business of practical banking, borrowing and lending money, at a profit, is a laborious and irritable occupation, little calculated to generate or foster those habits of abstract thought which produce political economists. The subject of the "currency," scientifically considered, owes little, if anything, to practical banking for its elucidation, and we may at the outset assume that whatever Mr. Walker's views may be on the expansion and contraction of paper currency—cause and effect—his practical experience as a banker has afforded him no data whatever which is not within immediate reach of the student.

Mr. Walker lays it down as a principle, (1) There should "be as complete a relation as possible between the currency requirements of trade and the cause which issues paper money; (2) and as it is quite as necessary that no over-issue should be possible, as that the supply should be adequate, there should be a similar relation between the requirements of trade and the cause which forces notes back for redemption." He, then, defines the "cause which issues notes" to be "the profit derived therefrom," from which he infers that a "sufficient amount for trade demands will not be issued unless such issue will yield a profit." He concludes his postulates by adding, "It should not be possible to keep notes out for the sake of profit, if they are not needed," meaning thereby, I presume, that, in such event, while the issuer may gain, the note holders may suffer.

To these economic axioms—for as such they were meant to be regarded—I beg to reply *seriatim*.

(1) The relation between the volume of the currency and the requirements of trade is at all times perfect, and, scientifically considered, cannot be otherwise. There may be and frequently is a temporary insufficient or over-abundant supply of capital disturbing the channels of legitimate trade, but the volume of the currency—the quantity of symbolic money in circulation—expands and contracts in perfect touch with the expansion and contraction of the volume of trade, the throb of the heart and beat of the pulse not being in more perfect unison.

(2) There cannot be an "over-issue" of a redeemable paper currency. When currency seeks redemption it will return for that purpose over every obstacle. The duration of the current or circulating life of paper money depends

absolutely upon the requirements of "trade" (or, according to the books, upon the frequency of the exchanges), hence the "relation" which Mr. Walker so much desiderates is an existing factor in the currency itself, which can neither be controlled nor limited.

Mr. Walker's definition of the cause which issues paper money is somewhat novel. Stuart Mill, animadverting upon the origin of bank notes, refers to them as a contrivance by which a banker lends his credit in lieu of his capital—an obviously profitable device. There is no reason to dread a system by which notes may be "kept out for profit to the issuer," when they are not needed. As well fear a system by which loans may be effected with no one to borrow. The most perfect note issue department in the world is associated with the Bank of England, but the cause which induces the exit of Bank of England notes is most assuredly *not* the "profit derived therefrom;" and the Bank of England and Canadian Bank of Commerce are equally powerless to issue paper money to the extent of one five pound note, or one five dollar bill, respectively, more than the requirements of trade demand, or to keep either afloat after being issued one hour longer than the necessities of the exchanges render their mechanical aid essential. Paper money discharging the functions of a medium of exchange currency is to trade, in the aggregate, what weights and measures are to the shopkeeper. When trade is brisk—the exchanges of commodities abnormally frequent—the symbolic paper money expands in volume, more is required; so, when the shop is full of customers, six sets of scales and weights are in constant motion, when otherwise, three might suffice, and three would remain motionless. The circulation of money (meaning currency not capital), the measure of its volume, is an effect, not a cause. The agent who issues may be a Government official, a banker or a mechanical machine, but there will be no issue in fact until the notes are demanded, they will not circulate (*i.e.*, remain issued) unless needed to facilitate exchanges, and during the course of expanding and contracting (in the words of Sir James Wilson) "*the banker is merely the passive agent.*"

The "elasticity" of the currency (as the word is popularly used) is a misnomer. The elasticity of the currency is in perfect harmony with the elasticity of trade. The fluctuations of the currency are as regular as the tides. For twenty years back the paper currency of Canada has touched its lowest point in the month of May, gradually expanding till the middle of November, and thereafter steadily contracting till the same starting point is again reached. Special seasons and particular emergencies have occasionally interrupted this natural course, but were the monthly averages taken for the period I have named, the result would be found practically as I have stated. What banker or combination of bankers could change this order? As well attempt to change the times and the seasons. The laws which control a purely metallic currency must necessarily control a paper currency convertible into metal at the will of the holder. Can there possibly be an over-issue of sovereigns and half-sovereigns in England, or of gold eagles and half-eagles in Canada and America? If not, how can there be an over-issue of paper symbols exchangeable into sovereigns or eagles, on demand?

The subject of the "currency" is intensely interesting, and several pages more would be required to render this review complete and symmetrical. I do not claim originality for the views I have expressed. Many famous discussions arose in England upon this question. The scientific characteristics of a convertible paper currency were fiercely debated in England prior to the passing of the Bank Act of 1844, and the principles I have attempted to disclose are to be found elaborated in the economic literature of that period. If these principles are erroneous they have at least been accepted by the most profound economic thinkers of the age. Yours,

STUDENT.

HIGHER COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—It cannot be denied that the Canadian system of education is in keeping with the trend and spirit of the age. Ample evidence of this fact is furnished by a comparison with that of other nations. Authentic testimony is also forthcoming from impartial outside sources.

There is however one special department of education, the demand for which has arisen from the rapid growth of the commercial interests of the country, which seems to have been overlooked or relegated to the law of supply and demand. The reference is to the necessity of a superior training institution in commerce and finance.

Our elementary and high schools furnish a foundation on which to build. The structure thus begun is completed in our universities, medical schools, legal and agricultural schools, according as the student is so disposed. These institutions are recognized by the Government. Authority is delegated to them to confer degrees and issue certificates entitling their possessors to rights and privileges beyond the pale of ordinary citizens. The justice of this is self-evident, its importance being considered as within the realm of provincial or national legislation. But where can the student of commerce secure that training so essential to a successful career amid the multiplied and intricate phases of the world's business?

The business colleges of our country have arisen as a protest against the inefficiency of the public and high schools to qualify intending students for careers of use-

fulness and success in commercial life. It is admitted that they answer an important purpose, but business colleges do not, and never can in their present *role*, supply the place in commerce as training schools that is taken in arts by our universities. Various reasons exist as proof of this, but the principal reason is that business colleges are not recognized as an integral part of the national school system. Being wholly private enterprises the financial feature becomes at once the prime object. By their attractive offers they secure the attendance of a large and varied class of students whom it is impossible to grade properly owing to the absence of a proper test of admission. Neither can it be said that the Chartered Institute of Accountants supplies the omission in this particular instance, being more of an examining than a teaching body.

It is folly to affirm any longer that our present system can be so amended as to answer all the demands. The "commercial department" of collegiate institutes, than which no greater misnomer exists to-day, can never supply what is needed. In many instances the teachers themselves are defective in commercial knowledge. This is not to be wondered at seeing that the commercial element is subordinated to the classical and the metaphysical both in their studies and examinations. It may surprise many to know that the average Bachelor of Arts with his school-boy chirography is equally as deficient in the form and mechanical structure of all business papers. The writer has not forgotten the days when as a student he listened to the effusions of the hetero-classical enthusiast who with erratic zeal and undecipherable hieroglyphics vainly endeavoured to impress the importance of the birth, it may be, of some king, in preference to the requisite information concerning some commercial fact.

Objection may be taken that Canada has not reached the commercial standing that would demand a special commercial institution. This may have been true of the past, but when our position as an important source of supply and demand between Asia and Europe is considered, it becomes at once apparent that in the near future, according to the natural laws of trade, the destiny of Canada will be inseparably associated with the trade relations of the world. The completion of the C.P.R. and its immediate connection at either end, with a line of steamers render this further probable, and make Canada an intermediate point in one continuous line of travel between two great continents.

At no distant date, then, commerce is bound to run concurrently with agriculture as a source of wealth and in all that tends to make a nation prosperous and populous, and as the possession of power, whether individual or national, is usually accompanied by a desire for its exercise, it is only rational to say that the great educating principles which enable us to wield that power effectively should be thoroughly impressed and inculcated, which can be done only in an institution having that for its object.

Lawyers are as much indebted to an extended knowledge of the *modus operandi* of business as to their legal lore. So are a great many others, yet provision is made for the acquisition of the latter, while the former, equally as important, is left to chance and fortune.

A comprehensive acquaintance with the history of commerce, its fluctuations, the laws that underlie it, the laws that have arisen out of it, and its close connection with the great principles of political economy would open up an entirely distinct department of theoretical education, and furnish material sufficiently extensive in scope, and important in practical application, to command the respect and attention of a class of students who must needs gather this information in a haphazard, fragmentary and consequently less retentive form.

The field of operations for such an institution is practically interminable and the concomitant results of a mastery of the subjects there taught are unrivalled in living daily national importance. Not the least of all questions that might be prudently asked is, "What position would the graduates of such an institution be qualified to fill acceptably?" We reply, "The highest in the gift of commerce, whose present occupants, being men of extensive commercial information, have been forced to serve an apprenticeship to acquire the necessary training."

This line of education is not at all an experiment. Schools similar in aim have existed and flourished for some years in France, Germany, Belgium and the United States. The course could be made to cover two or three years, and comprise as a *curriculum* for the latter years such subjects as political economy, commercial and maritime law, navigation, modern languages as applicable to the transactions of trade; lectures on commercial treaties, international law, industrial arts and statistics. Other features might be adduced as experience would authorize, and certificates or degrees issued under the control of the Government.

One of the results of the establishment of such an institution would be that advanced commercial positions would partake of a degree of literary culture and prestige which they now lack, and thus commerce and its environments would be placed on a par with the other professions.

J. R. A.

LEPROSY has of late assumed such large dimensions in the Baltic provinces, especially in the province of Estland, that it has been found necessary to take steps towards building an asylum for those unfortunate people. The first institution of this kind will be founded at Dorpat. Subscriptions, concerts, and lotteries are now being got up for this object.

IMPARTIAL NATURE.

IMPARTIAL Nature, thou alone
No favourites hast; thou lovest all.
No child of thine wilt thou disown,
Or list unanswering to his call.

Thy sun shines for the bond and free,
And high and low by thee are fed,
Covers thy blue earth's family,
And under all thy green is spread.

For all thy music flows, thy streams
Run from their sources to the sea,
Thy rocks lay bare their golden seams,
Ripens thy fruit on shrub and tree.

Race after race from thy broad breast
The milk of life and strength has drawn;
We by that mother-heart are blessed
Which blessed the ages that are gone.

The sun that Homer saw, the moon
Round which the huntsman's fancies played,
The pilot stars to which at noon
Of night the trembling seamen prayed,—

They shine on us. Men come and go,
And nations rise and fall, and still
Nature herself no change doth know;
Her pulses with the old life thrill.

And Scot and Briton to her heart
Are dear as Greek and Hebrew were;
And none from all can she dispart
Ever, for all were born of her.

Benton, N. B. MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

THE GAME OF LAWN BOWLS.

THE game which it is intended by this article to describe is not the sort of bowling usually referred to in the sporting columns of American papers and magazines. A covered bowling alley with wooden floor and nine pins or ten pins therein, to be knocked down by balls as big as a sixty-eight-pound shot, is one thing; a bowling green in the open, with close-clipped, level grass, biassed wooden bowls and a little movable object ball or "jack," is quite another.

Both are good in their way. The first is the more violent, more conducive to development of muscle in the player, and warranted to induce perspiration. As a means of active exercise, and for such a purpose as the reducing of flesh, it is commendable. But it lacks variety; the pins are always placed in the same spot and the object of the game is always the same. Lawn bowls is a gentler game, played altogether out of doors, on different parts of a meadow or lawn, under varying circumstances as to distance and position.

The balls are rolled along the green, swift or slow, wide or narrow, for attack or defense, as the case may be. And the game partakes of the character of both billiards and curling, while being in a sense gentler than either, as well as enjoyable under outdoor conditions impossible to the other games mentioned.

One of the great charms about curling certainly is its purity, its freedom from professionalism and hippodroming. But as that is available in winter alone, the game of bowls comes opportunely, offering similar features for other seasons of the year. A yachtsman from across the great lakes happened not long ago to witness a game of bowls on the picturesque grounds of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, and he was not more struck with the game than with the surroundings amid which it was played. "Why," he exclaimed, "this is idyllic!" And truly the scene was a bright one. A spit of sodded land beside the club house with flowers and low trees—on one side the tumbling deep blue of Lake Ontario, on the other the smoother waters of Toronto Bay, alive with yachts and row boats—a group of tennis players in flannels and club colours; too windy for the racquet they turn to bowling, and are joined by some heavier, lazier members—it is ladies' day and every trip of the club boat, the *Esperanza*, brings a bevy of the dear visitors; the city's smoke and roar are dimly distant; flags are flying, white sails flapping, and the sound of music is borne over the water from the hotels on Hanlan's Island not far away. Do you wonder that our yachtsman from the Empire State took a fancy to bowling?

Why should not many such a scene be witnessed at the seaside or in the suburbs of our cities? The game is an attractive one, simple, healthful, inexpensive, and there is absolutely nothing objectionable about it. Pursued as it ought to be, apart from the accompaniments of betting or other excess, it will be found an admirable game. "It can be resorted to by all without regard to skill, age, grade, class, craft or condition." Truly a democratic recreation!

"The popularity of the game," says a Scottish author, "may in some measure be attributed to its simplicity. Its art is easily acquired, and its laws being based upon the broad rules of equity, or those that regulate common life, may be readily determined as cases present themselves. Fancy points may fascinate the few, but bowl playing belongs to the many and apparently is destined to accomplish much good."

"Bowl playing, for many reasons, stands foremost among our outdoor pastimes, chiefly because it is a light, cheerful and healthy exercise. No other game is more closely associated with genial mirth, or conduces in a greater degree to sociality and good fellowship." Such is the strain in which the game of bowls is referred to in "Mitchell's Manual of Bowl Playing," published in 1882. "It is not only a gentle and enlivening recreation," continues this panegyrist, "but in strategy and general interest is unsurpassed by any other game."

The late Earl of Eglinton, at one time Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, a great patron of the game, used the following language in regard to it: "I feel certain that the encouragement of such games as curling and bowling, especially among the poorer classes of our countrymen, will do more to promote their comfort and welfare than all the beer bills and Sunday trading bills the Legislature has ever passed."

The bools row—the bools row,
Your ain as weel as mine;
O bonnily the bools row
When summer days are fine

bursts out, in his bowler's song, "W. W. M.," who has played the game from the years of war, 1814, 1815, to the year of grace 1880. And he adds:

Then let us pray for summer suns
To make the grass grow green,
That we may hae some bonnie runs
Wi' fremmit or wi' frien.

The game of lawn bowls is played on a level green, about forty-two yards long, which should have a dry ditch or trench at each end, say a foot broad and three inches deep, beyond which should be a bank eighteen inches above the level of the green to stop the bowls at the dry ditch. Each player is provided with a pair of wooden bowls, preferably of lignum vitæ. These are made not quite spherical, but rather flatter at the ends than over the running part, as they are intended not to run in a straight line, but to take a bend or bias to one side. This bias or draw is given to them altogether by their shape, loading not being permitted, at all events not in match games. From four and one-half to five and one-half inches is the usual diameter of a bowl. There is no minimum limit, but they must not exceed sixteen and one-half inches in circumference, and, I quote from the "Rules of the Game of Lawn Bowls," compiled from Mitchell's and Taylor's manuals, Glasgow, 1882-7, which were adopted by the Granite and Victoria Clubs in Toronto: "No bowl with a draw of less than one yard and a half in a run of thirty yards should be allowed at a match." The only further machinery used in the game is a round ball of white earthenware, two to three inches in diameter, called the "jack," and one or two india-rubber mats, on which the player places one foot when delivering his bowl.

Eight players, four on a side, constitute a rink, and the men are classed as leads, second and third players, and skips or drivers, each playing two bowls. Priority of play having been decided by toss or otherwise, the first player or lead throws the jack along the green, subject to the direction of his skip, and then proceeds to play toward it, so aiming to the right or left of the jack that his bowl, when coming to rest, shall curve in as impelled by its shape, and lie near the jack or touching it. The distance of the jack may not be less than sixty feet but may be twice that. The lead of the opposing side now plays his bowl, with the object of lying nearer the jack than his rival; then the leads play their remaining bowls alternately, and bowl about is delivered by the others until it becomes the turn of the skips to cease directing and go down to play.

Now, suppose the rinks to be commanded respectively by Kemp and Geddes, the latter lying shot, half guarded, within a foot to the right or fore-hand of the jack, the back-hand or left passage to the jack being blocked, Kemp must probably draw to lie the shot. We will presume that he does so and that his bowl lies half in front of the jack and almost touching it. There is no reasonable prospect for Geddes but to ride, i.e., play with sufficient force to carry the jack away by giving unusual force to his bowl, trusting to chance that, when the jack comes to rest away from the group that formerly surrounded it, his (Geddes') bowl may lie nearest to it. But, unfortunately for him, in the position we are supposing, a bowl belonging to one of Kemp's men lies a few feet overplayed and the jack has been driven by Geddes' last bowl close to this one, which counts. Geddes has therefore to make another draw, which he does gracefully and successfully, lying the shot, 110 feet from the mat, with a dozen balls of friends and foes at varying distances in the interval. The end looks blue for Kemp; but he has plenty of grit, and bowls which have a great deal of draw, say seven or eight feet of draw. He aims, therefore, with great deliberation about that distance to one side of the jack, his ball makes a beautiful curve, and just grazing the inside of Geddes' bowl comes to rest, the final bowl and winning shot. Kemp thus wins the end, for the side which has at the finish of an end one or more balls lying nearer the jack than those of their opponents counts one point for each ball so placed.

I shall not weary your readers by discussing the merits of "touchers," meaning bowls which have touched the jack, or the demerits of "ditchers" or "burned bowls." The true inwardness of these, as well as of "raking," throwing the "kitty," deciding upon touchers in the ditch or upon bowls out of boundaries, must be learned by reference to some manual of bowling. An ordinary game consists of nine points, but competitions are often made of twenty-one ends. For prizes, the game played usually consists in Scotland of twenty-five points.

There are some thirty thousand bowlers in Scotland, and in 1882, according to "Mitchell's Manual," there were 364 clubs. These are spread over Scotland, "pervading almost every nook and corner." At the annual match between Glasgow and Ayrshire it is common for 440 players to go up to Glasgow from that famous shire, and for an equal number of "Glesca chieils" to go down to Kilwinning and Kilmarnock, Ayr or Ardrossan, and many other points, for the return match. Special rates are made by the railways for these occasions, when bowlers may ride from thirty to one hundred and twenty miles and return for a fare of four shillings, equivalent to our dollar. There are two score of bowling greens in Glasgow, and it is a rule that competitors in this annual event must play on neutral grass. The trophy played for in this "gentleman's contest" is known as the Glasgow Association Cup, won by the club which makes the greatest number of shots per rink. The competition for the Earl of Eglinton's silver tankard—provided years ago by the late Earl, who was a very fair player and a true sport—is regarded as a great event, and proud is the club whose name is engraved upon it as a reward of being a winner.

In the contest on August 2, 1888, played at various places in Ayrshire, between 105 rinks from 22 clubs in Glasgow and 34 in Ayrshire, the aggregate score made by the city clubs was 2,906, or say 27.6 shots per rink, against 3,278 for the country clubs, an average per rink of 31.2, the game consisting of 31 heads.

In the summer of 1888 a single-handed bowling tournament took place on the green of the Kingston Club, Maxwell Road, Glasgow, which lasted for fifteen days and in which some four hundred players took part. There was £200 offered in prizes, and the winner of the first prize, 100 guineas, was Mr. J. Brown, of Sanquhar, who defeated in the final tie R. W. Batty, of Kingston, and thereby became champion bowler of Scotland. The description given in the *South Suburban Press* of the contest between these two players shows some noteworthy play.

"On the fifteenth and concluding day," says that journal, "only eight bowlers were left to contest for the big prizes. The play was good, but the greatest interest was of course taken in the final tie between Brown, of Sanquhar, and Batty, of Kingston, which began shortly after six o'clock p.m. (The twilights are long in Scotland.) In the first head the former lay two, but Batty, with one of his famous rides, scattered both bowls and won by two shots. Batty, following his usual practice, threw a 'short jack' (i. e., threw the white ball aimed at a short distance) and lay on the 'kitty,' but Brown carried it, and Batty missing a 'ride,' his opponent got three shots. Brown threw a 'long jack,' and close play ensued, with the result that he added another two to his score. Still adhering to his long jack, he lay near with two, but Batty prevailed with his second bowl. Brown took one shot with his third and won. In the fourth head Brown lay one bowl before and another behind the jack, but the Kingston player, amid applause, got between them and won. Again he threw a short jack and was successful, the game standing: Batty, 4; Brown, 6.

"In the next head the players 'peeled,' or tied—6 each. Batty got one next head, but Brown at the next gained a pair, followed by another pair—game, 10 to 7. The next couple of heads made the game 11 for Brown against 9. The Sanquhar man still kept ahead, and at a further stage he had 15 to 9. At the next—the sixteenth head—the figures stood: Brown, 15; Batty, 11. The Sanquhar man got three at the next head, making 18. Batty drew a beauty and increased his score to the dozen. He followed by other two, making 14. But Brown lay at the next head with a spare bowl, which he did not throw, but turned round and passed it through his legs, amid laughter. Brown in the twentieth head rested on the jack, with another bowl behind, and thus lay game. Batty 'rode' successfully, sending his own bowl into the ditch and the jack four yards away. Brown played up, and amid applause struck the kitty, or jack, lying only a yard from it. Batty failed with his last to 'spring the winner,' and his opponent stood 20. In the final and twenty-first head Brown gained the winning point. The game had lasted for two hours and a half, was very exciting, especially at the finish, and was witnessed with breathless interest by several hundred ladies and gentlemen."

This reads to us on this side the ocean like extraordinary play, but I am assured that contests quite as close are common upon the beautifully true bowling greens of Scotland.

The pair of vagrants, as they term themselves, who wrote, under the title of "Cricket Across the Sea," a description of the tour made in Great Britain by Canadian cricketers in 1887—their first game after leaving Canada was played, by the way, against All New York at Seabright—choose the following lines as a motto for their title page:

I prize my peerless pastime for its freedom and its fun—
It revels in the grassy plain and glows beneath the sun;
I've heard of foreign pleasures that are very fair to see,
But cricket, glorious cricket, is quite fair enough for me.
And he that will not play, or pay, to help the manly game,
May lie forgotten in the grave—an unremembered name.

Quite as warm in praise of lawn bowls are some of its votaries. They would adopt, doubtless, not only the first couplet here given, but would alter the whole stanza to apply to bowling. Said a staid Pollokshields "driver" to me: "Man, there's nothing like it for the merchant or banker as a safety valve for business pressure." I agreed with him that it was a capital game for middle-aged or elderly men. "And why not for young men?" asked he, with as near an approach to anger as he ever permits himself. "I tell ye it's a grand game for the young. As

we play the game (i. e., on the Glasgow greens), it is as pure and free from gambling or other coarse elements as curling is. I trained my boy to it with a pair of small bowls, and he practised in my back yard till he became a fine player. Bless me! It's just summer and autumn curling, on grass."

Such citations as I have given, together with my own personal experience of the unquestionable benefits and pleasures of the game, may serve as my excuse for commending it to the readers of *Outing*.

Canadians have but very recently awakened to the advantages of bowling; but the manner in which it is being taken hold of, in Ontario at least, promises to make the game in a few years as popular for summer and autumn as curling already is for winter playing. In Canada the attractions of the game bring players long distances to a central point to test each other's skill. There have been bowling tournaments in Toronto of late years at which were present rinks to the number of fifteen or twenty from all over Ontario. The last Canadian tournament, for both team play and singles, was held at Niagara, Ontario, in September, 1889, on a lovely plateau, shaded by old forest trees, where the river debouches into Lake Ontario.

To attend it came white-flannelled players from the Canadian cities; blue-flannelled players from the country districts; a rink calling themselves "Sere and Yellow Western Sports," from Walkerton, on Lake Huron; an ultra-Canadian rink from Belleville, in the East; scores of players from Toronto, and a rink of good Americans from Buffalo. I may remark just here that the game is played, I believe, on the grounds of the Grosse Point Club, on Lake St. Clair, near Detroit, as well as at the Forest and Stream Club, near Montreal. For two days the spheres rolled in graceful curves upon the green, or sped like great cricket balls at "the shot." And when the Saturday evening boat came in to take the bowlers across the lake, the singles were not yet played off. So on Monday the contest was finished on the grounds of Toronto clubs, men from Niagara, Belleville and Toronto being "in it."

I may add that, in addition to a list of forty or fifty clubs given by Mitchell as already in existence in England, and several in Ireland, I hear of nine clubs in active operation in Sydney, New South Wales, and of many in various parts of India. The game has only to be known in the United States, I believe, to assure it a hearty trial.—*James Hedley, in Outing.*

"IF I WERE A WOMAN."

SINCE the days when Solomon wrote, "Which yet my soul seeketh but I find not: a man among a thousand have I found, but a woman among all those have I not found," men have amused themselves and others by saying bitter things about women. One cannot help wondering if Solomon took so many wives just to carry on his disheartening research. In this age of invention there has been a new departure, and some one has collected what distinguished men say they would be, if they were women. Of course the old leaven is there, and insinuations that woman falls vastly below her privileges abound; the authors forgetting that "God Almighty made them to match the men."

In many cases the women they would be seem as far below a true woman as that man-made monster, Frankenstein, is below a true man. But listen to Max O'Rell, who has been so busy laughing at "John Bull" and "Sandy" that he has never had time to retire into a quiet corner to indulge in a hearty laugh at himself. "If I were a woman I should expect a triumphal arch erected over each door through which I had to pass, and each floor strewn with flowers upon which I was about to tread. And if the men were to expect me to return any gratitude—that's what I would not do." And men have thought over-great expectations and ingratitude two of women's many crying sins. Ought they not to be thankful that men are not women, or what a breathlessly uncomfortable time they would have?

Edgar Saltus takes up the parable, saying, "Were I a woman I should consider that nothing was less aristocratic than unbelief." That is, fair daughters of Eve, do not believe because the religion of the man Christ Jesus is true, and because it has given you a right to be a thinking, free creature, who can throw off, through Him, the heavy bonds that the much-blamed mother of us all laid upon you, but because it is aristocratic. And 'tis said that women will sell their souls for position; what if they were Edgar Saltuses?

Will Carleton would "thank God for considering my soul worthy such an environment"; it was the Pharisee thanked God he was not as other men, and was not justified. Woman's much-bewailed vanity is nothing to such "monumental" pride as this.

Another one says, "I would not wish to be a man—until I was thirty." Wherefore, oh ye women, weep, howl, because you cannot be metamorphosed when you reach that terrifying age. Why? If, as the same author goes on to say, "beauty may allure, graciousness enchains," cannot a woman be gracious after she is thirty; and is to "allure" and to "enchain" all of life?

John Habberton thinks, "I should read and study as much as my father, husband, brother or son," so as never to be regarded as "only a woman." Strange that he does not know that though he were an Aspasia, a Madame de Staël, or a George Eliot; though he scattered pearls of wisdom, diamonds of truth, about him, wise men and perfumed dandies would superciliously smile at "a woman's

theology," "a woman's book." And does he not know that the "bad grammar" of a "father, husband, brother or son" is of far more weight with most men than the polished English of the mother, wife, sister or daughter? No, you delightful creator of "Helen's Babies," you will have to re-create man's opinions before women will be anything else but "only women."

Now, really, isn't it time that man let woman alone? The woman he would be seems in no way desirable. And then it will soon be that he must, for woman is gradually getting her "innings," and before long she will be able to hit as hard as man. Then woman will say, "If I were a man I should emulate the rose and its wisdom, . . . and be silent." L. O'LOANE.

ART NOTES.

J. PENNELL'S large work, "Pen Drawing and Pen Draughtsmen," has arrived, and we hope to give a review of it next week.

BURNE JONES has finished his picture of the "Legend of the Briar Rose," of which so much has been said in the London press, and it is now on exhibition at private view.

MISS S. S. TULLY and Messrs. C. W. Manly and J. W. Knowles have been elected Associates of the Royal Canadian Academy at the late general assembly in Montreal.

A NEW selection of engravings and etchings from Turner's "Liber Studiorum" is to be published by Blackie and Son. The copies will be made by an improved process, and will include four tinted drawings.

HIS Excellency the Governor-General visited the Academy Exhibition at Montreal last week, and expressed himself as much pleased with the display of Canadian works of art. He purchased a small water-colour drawing by F. M. Bell-Smith entitled, "The Stream From the Glacier."

MR. RICHARD BAIGENT, the well known Toronto artist, died suddenly of heart disease late last Tuesday evening. He died in harness, being at work in his studio until the moment of his death. Mr. Baigent was for years drawing master at Upper Canada College and the Toronto Collegiate Institute.

IVAN AIVASOVSKI, the painter of the picture "The Living Torches of Nero," whose horrors attracted so much attention in London a few years back, is now exhibiting three more distressing subjects which will have the same effect of making the spectator shudder—"The Destruction of Pompeii," "The Last Moments on the Ocean" (a sinking vessel), and "After the Deluge." He seems determined to outdo in the way of painting horrors his famous countryman, Verestschagin.

Of exhibitions, the following notes may be made: The sixty-fifth exhibition of the National Academy, New York, opened April 10th, and will continue until May 17th. The twelfth exhibition of the Society of American Artists was opened in the Fifth Avenue Galleries, New York, on Monday, the 28th ultimo. The forty-second annual exhibition of the Art Club of Boston, which opened April 6th, closed on the 26th. The twenty-fifth Industrial Exposition of the Mechanics' Institute of San Francisco, Cal., will open on Tuesday, August 19th, and close on Saturday evening, September 27th. The Board of Trustees announces that medals of gold, silver and bronze, and diplomas, will be awarded to exhibitions from every department of invention, art, industry, and the natural resources of the Pacific Coast. An International Exhibition of the Fine Arts is to be held in Kingston, Jamaica, next year, opening January 27th.

THERE has just been added to the attractions of the Doré Gallery, in Bond Street, London, England, a splendid picture by Mr. Edwin Long, R.A., entitled "The Market Place at Nazareth." The foreground is occupied by three maidens clothed in robes of contrasting colours, their beautiful faces unobscured by the veil which is so generally depicted in scenes of Eastern life. Beside them are their wares, which consist entirely of the produce of the land, the milk and honey with which the country has ever flowed occupying a conspicuous place. Behind them are the merchants, apparently haggling over their bargains, while close by stand the patient asses, ready to carry back the unsold goods at the close of the market. In the top corner of the picture a delicious peep of the surrounding country is given, with hills, towers and trees in the far distance. The careless attitude of all the figures, the cat and dog contentedly sleeping on the ground, and the utter absence of any appearance of hurry or bustle give that air of indolence which is so characteristic of the natives of the East. The colouring is beautifully clear and even, the foremost figure—that of a girl clothed in a black robe and bedecked with chains of silver coins—seems to stand right out from the canvas, while the olive complexions of all the characters harmonize beautifully with their surroundings, and, withal, there is a remarkable absence of that gaudiness and bright colouring so often seen in pictures representing Oriental life.

TEMPLAR.

I DETEST the very words "amateur" and "connoisseur." An amateur I define to be a person who loves nothing, and a connoisseur a person who knows nothing. If either knew or loved, he would be an artist. They, at best, know only the anatomy and dry bones of art. They

use technicalities and cant phrases which they don't understand, and fall into false enthusiasms that make you hate even what is good, and they always pretend to know and affect to feel without either knowledge or feeling.—*Conversations in a Studio.*

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

LA TRAVIATA drew a good but not a bumper house on the 30th ult., the prices being of a prohibitory nature. The gifted French-Canadian chose rather a worn-out opera for her flying visit, for neither theme nor music—if we except "Ah fors e lui" and "Parigi, O cara"—are of an especially attractive character. It is somewhat surprising that the opera has survived so long, for it is well known that Verdi himself ranks it among his least worthy productions. Albani was in excellent voice, and her acting was impassioned and spontaneous, a little womanly touch in the first parting with Alfredo bringing out the instinct of the artist. Her *cadenzas* were as brilliant and marvellous as ever, and though here and there one might trace a seeming weariness, the fulness of tone and legitimate singing were as noticeable as of yore, and the popularity of the person was enhanced by her artistic honesty. The "Sempre libera" was given with sufficient *abandon* but without exaggeration, a mean not always attained by every exponent of the role of Violetta. The artist wisely avoided the distressing cough affected by many in the death scene, trusting more to her intensity of emotion than to the slight touch of realism attained thereby. The elder Germont was in the hands of Del Puente, who is now, as ever, as an artist to his finger tips, and his singing was enthusiastically received. We notice with regret, however, the increase of the *vibrato* in his middle register, an evil which seems to be yearly gaining ground, destroying the smooth *legato* singing of the old school. Ravelli was flat, being evidently tired out and in need of rest. Signor Novara's enormous voice was decidedly useful in the concerted pieces, and in view of a somewhat weak chorus. The orchestra was fair, but escaped notice of course in the interest centred in the *diva*. Sapio wielded the *baton*.

EDWARD LLOYD AT THE PAVILION.

MONTREAL cannot say that she received the great English tenor more enthusiastically than did Toronto. It is doubtful if any singer, living or dead, ever received a greater ovation from a Toronto audience, not excepting Patti or Albani, than that which was accorded Mr. Lloyd at the Gardens on Monday night last. As an exponent of the best traditions of oratorio singing, the English tenor is admittedly *facile princeps*. His early experience as a chorister in Westminster Abbey, under the late James Tule, to whom he owes the groundwork of his supreme art, together with that gained under his relative, Hopkins of Cambridge, and later as a member of the Chapel Royal choir, has doubtless been the stepping stone to the pure, legitimate method and easy delivery which are so essentially apparent in Mr. Lloyd's singing. Without robustness of tone, his perfect production renders the faintest *mezza voce* distinctly audible, and the clear articulation, so rare nowadays, which he gives to each syllable, adds to the carrying quality of a brilliant voice. The audience was sufficiently exacting to weary the most obliging of singers, but Mr. Lloyd responded most good-naturedly each time. "Cujus Animam" was followed as an encore by Blumenthal's "Message," sung as only Reeves could or Lloyd can sing it; the exacting "Sound an alarm," from "Judas Maccabæus," by "Come into the garden, Maud," which roused the audience to a *furor*—and which the singer took at an unusually quick *tempo*—and Balfe's worn-out air, "When other lips," by "Oft in the stilly night," usually heard as a quartette. As a specimen of the purest *legato* singing we do not think the latter has ever been equalled in Toronto. Mr. Lloyd is, undoubtedly, at the zenith of his art when rendering oratorio music, which is, perhaps, the severest test of honest singing. Especially is this the case in Handel's stately music, which requires the most perfect balance and accuracy of phrasing. Monday night was a repast not often offered to Torontonians. Madame D'Auria sang the *polonaise* from "Mignon," and responded to the encore, which was the better performance of the twain, and Torrington's orchestra, which had a large sprinkling of professionals, played excellently, though once or twice the bass strings were noticeably behind the beat. Perhaps Suppé's much-murdered "Poet and Peasant" overture was the best rendered item, owing, doubtless, to its familiarity. Mr. Torrington has done, and will doubtless do greater, things with his orchestra. Arditi's quaint "Gavotte" was well played, and Mrs. Torrance's colourless "Rêve d'Amour" valse was honoured with an encore.

THOSE who are not well acquainted with the "music of the future" will have an opportunity of improving their knowledge of Wagner as a choral writer, on the evening of the 20th inst., when the Toronto Philharmonic Society purpose giving "An Evening with Richard Wagner." The late *maestro's* choruses have been generally supposed to be too full of orchestral and other difficulties to admit of their production anywhere but in the chief musical centres of the world, and are, therefore, not so generally known as they might be. Consequently a very interesting performance may be looked for.

THE BOSTON IDEALS.

COMING as they did after the Wednesday night with Albani and Del Puente it was hardly to be expected that the Boston Ideals would arouse any great enthusiasm. But,

after all, we doubt if the time made much difference. "Lucia di Lammermoor" was given on the Thursday, and though not as lamentable as the performance of "Rigoletto" on the Friday, was sufficiently feeble. The tenors on both nights might have been effaced with advantage, and the "cutting," especially in "Rigoletto," was unsparingly done. Indeed, in "Rigoletto," the two principal tenors were excised. W. H. Mertens was the redeeming feature of the cast on both nights, and his singing of the jester's trying music was artistic and gratifying. Orchestra and chorus were very weak. The "Bohemian Girl" and well-worn "Trovatore" were given on Saturday matinee and night, but neither call for notice.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

ON Saturday afternoon last the pupils assembled in the College Hall on the occasion of the regular weekly concert were given a rare treat. While visiting the College on Friday afternoon, Mr. Edward Lloyd was so struck with evidences of the genuine musical aims of the institution, that upon learning of the concert to be given the next day he most generously offered to sing before the pupils. Such an offer coming from so great an artist was at once and very gratefully accepted by Mr. Torrington. Mr. Lloyd sang during the afternoon the "Adelaide" of Beethoven, "The Message" by Blumenthal and "I'll sing thee songs of Araby" by Clay, in a manner which must have been of inestimable educational value to the many vocal pupils who were present, and who will doubtless long remember Mr. Lloyd's great kindness in singing for them. The programme for the afternoon was of an unusual degree of richness, and was exceedingly well rendered by pupils of Mr. Torrington, Mr. W. E. Haslam and Mr. H. M. Field; and Mr. Lloyd, who evidently enjoyed it, expressed the greatest surprise at the excellent results of the College work, as shown by the pupils who took part. It was of a very varied character and included piano, organ and vocal music, as well as some fine chamber compositions.

LAWRENCE BARRETT has bulletined his intention of coming to the front next season with a great original historical work, in which Thomas à Becket will be the central figure. Mr. Barrett's tireless ambition to do something worthy of the English stage is well known.

IT is stated that a volume of Reminiscences by that veteran composer, C. K. Salaman, is about to be issued. Mr. Salaman was the first to introduce Grisi at a London concert, and his first concert was given in London no less than fifty-seven years ago.

MIDDLE RHEA's manager is announcing that "Mdle. Rhea has been fortunate enough to secure a Napoleonic souvenir, which she wears in one act in 'Josephine, Empress of the French.' It is a miniature of Napoleon which the Empress used to wear in a locket. It was given to Mdle. Rhea by Prince Lichtenberg, a descendant of Josephine." It is sad to reflect that the enthusiastic admirers of Napoleon will have no opportunity of seeing this precious relic without being compelled to see Mdle. Rhea act.

YOUNG TOMMY RUSSELL, the successful Lord Fauntleroy, has been receiving a salary of one hundred dollars a week since he began to play the part, but Tommy's step-father recently became so importunate in his demands for a raise of salary, that Manager French was compelled to dispense with the services of the juvenile star. In view of the prominence gained by diminutive and precocious Thespians, the actress' husband, as a profession, may be succeeded wholly by the actor's step-father, truly a noble and elevated vocation.

COSTA'S "ELI" was announced to be performed at Hamilton last night, and Frederick Archer is billed for a recital in the Central Presbyterian Church of that city tonight (Friday).

AN interesting lecture-recital, illustrating the construction of symphonic and other compositions, was given to the students of the above institution on Saturday afternoon, in the lecture-room of the Y.M.C.A. building, by Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, of the Conservatory staff, assisted by Mrs. Harrison. The programme consisted of the following selections:—The No. 6 (Pastoral) Symphony, by Beethoven; a selection entitled "Rouet d'Omphale," by Saint-Saëns; and the "Hebrides" Overture, by Mendelssohn. In his explanatory remarks Mr. Harrison showed the origin of the symphony and its construction, tracing the development of the binary form introduced by Beethoven, the use of repetitions, and the peculiar characteristics of Saint-Saëns' style. The recital was of a most interesting nature throughout, and reflected much credit on the abilities of both Mr. Harrison and his wife.

CONSIDERABLE stir is being made in Geneva and the neighbouring French departments by a scheme for piercing the Faucilles, which would shorten the distance between Paris and Geneva by six hours.

THE mistress of a metropolitan infants' school communicated to a friend the following naïve answer of a little five-year-old girl:—The governess was delighting the children with that ever-welcome description of Eden or Paradise, with its ambrosial fruit, and its music-murmuring streams, and its two joyous and privileged human occupants. She had related to them how the man, Adam, was first created fresh from the hands of God, and how Eve was afterwards formed by the same Almighty power. Presently the speaker paused, and asked the question, "And why, children, did the good God create the woman Eve for the man?" "Please, ma'am," then answered the five-year-old, "to make Adam his coffee, mornin's!"

FALL WHEAT.

THE fields are green, and farmers spy
Their verdure with a gladdened eye,
Which sees afar the ripened wheat
Though winter's frost, and snow, and sleet
Must come and go ere Spring draw nigh.

And all the mourning souls who sigh
At withered leaves and flowers that die
Find Nature's answer at their feet,
The fields are green.

Spring's robe is first adopted by
November chill. Though Death may fly
On myriad, rustling, brown wings fleet,
His triumph yet is incomplete:—
To give their spoiler's boast the lie,
The fields are green.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

LIBRARY TABLE.

IN POTIPHAR'S HOUSE, OR THE YOUNG MAN IN PERIL. By Rev. J. F. Flint; with an introduction by H. S. Pomeroy, M.D., author of "Ethics of Marriage." New York: John B. Alden.

The gist of this book is sufficiently indicated by its title. It is made up largely of quotations from writers, lecturers and preachers, and, as intimated in the preface, its object is "to provide a guide for young men over the stormy sea that lies just beyond the confines of youth, and which all must cross before they can reach the secure haven of marriage." It is a question whether books of this kind do any good directly to young people. The effective lessons that tend to purity of thought and conduct must be learned in the home life and the social surroundings of the young; but parents and those who have charge of the young may find valuable suggestions in such a book as "In Potiphar's House."

NADESCHDA. A poem in nine cantos. By Johan Ludvig Runeberg. Translated from the Swedish by Mrs. John B. Shipley (Marie A. Brown). New York: John B. Alden.

The author of this poem was born in Finland as long ago as 1804, and gained by his works the highest reputation throughout the Scandinavian nations. For all we can learn from the biographical sketch prefaced to this volume, Runeberg may be still alive, but the productive period of his life ceased long ago. "Nadeschda" first appeared in 1841. It is a romantic poem, the scene of which is laid in Russia, in the time of Catherine the Great. It hinges on the marriage of a young prince with a serf girl, and the great Zarina and Potemkin are among the characters in the story. Mrs. Shipley translates the poem into rugged, rhythmic verse, but how far it fairly represents the original we cannot say.

WE have received from the author, Mr. J. B. Tyrrell, of the Geological Survey of Canada, a pamphlet of some fifteen pages embodying a paper on the "Post-tertiary Deposits of Manitoba and the Adjoining Territories of North-Western Canada," read before the Geological Society of America, at Washington, and the discussion thereon. The pamphlet contains some valuable information of general interest, and is very neatly got up.

NUMBER four of the eighth series of the Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science is by Frank W. Blackmar, Ph.D., and treats of "Spanish Colonization in the South-west." The chief subdivisions of the treatise are "Spanish Policy," "Comparative Colonization," "The Mission System," "Civic Colonies," and "Presidial Pueblos." The pamphlet runs to some seventy or eighty pages and is elucidated by diagrams. It is issued from the Johns Hopkins University Publication Agency.

THE May *Andover* opens with a paper by Rev. Charles Caverno on "Theistic Agnosticism Irrational." The "Revival of Hinduism" is a timely paper in view of the present religious ferment in the land of the Vedas and the strenuous efforts now being made by the Hindu native press to stem the wave of Christianity by locking hands with infidel societies and literature. Professor Hulbert, E. G. Harmer and Rev. E. H. Byington contribute interesting papers, and there are some strong editorials, which, with Joseph King's "Notes from England," and the other departments make up a good number.

PERHAPS the two most interesting papers in the *Overland Monthly* for May are "Martin," by A. G. Tassin, and "Camp and Travel in Colorado," by Dagmar Mariager. F. L. Vassault criticises Senator Stanford's scheme for the "Relief of Farmers," and A. Burrows performs a like service for the divorce question and from an unusual standpoint. A. S. Hallidie and S. S. Boynton give us the second parts of their papers on "Skilled Labour Organizations" and "Adventures in Mexico," while the poetry of the number is by M. C. Gillington, C. F. Lummis and J. L. French. "Modern Journalism" is dissected by H. Elton Smith, but without any new presentation of the subject, while the leading paper of the number is a touching little story by Mary Williams entitled "Carmen," the scene of which is laid in Southern California. The number is up to its usual standard.

A PORTRAIT of Rev. Phillips Brooks forms the frontispiece of the *Arena* for May, and Professor M. S. Shaler opens with a paper on "Rock Gases." No. III. of the "No Name" series is entitled "In Heaven and in Earth," and the Rev. Alexander Hyde supplies the sketch of Rev. Phillips Brooks' life to accompany the portrait. An interesting paper is that by Prof. Alfred Hennequin on "Characteristics of the American Drama." Other papers of varied and able tone are "The Dogmatism of Science," by R. H. Newton, D.D.; "God in Government," by Canon Fremantle; "The Cosmic Sphere of Woman," by Professor Buchanan; "The Divorce Problem," by Rabbi Schindler. Lawrence Grönlund discusses and advocates Godin's theory and Messrs. Keatley and Hartt, D.D., contribute timely papers, while W. H. H. Murray affords us another and interesting instalment of "Ungava."

IN the May number of the *Atlantic Monthly* the leading paper concerns itself about Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian, or rather Danish playwright, who, although his work is so distinctly Norse, has naught but Danish blood in his veins. His career as "playwright and poet" is interestingly traced by E. P. Evans. Agnes Repplier talks pungently about "Literary Shibboleths," and dissects the affectation which prevails as largely in the world of books and letters as in other walks of life. The solid paper of the number is by Oliver T. Morton, and is styled "Some Popular Objections to Civil Service Reform," in which the writer handles without gloves the doctrine of Rotation. Oliver Wendell Holmes gives us No. VI. of his "Over the Tea Cups," and the serials, "The Tragic Muse," by Henry James, and "Sidney," by Margaret Deland, sustain their interest. "Rod's Salvation," in two parts, by Annie Eliot, two poems by S. Weir Mitchell and Edith M. Thomas, and other papers together with the usual departments make up a strong number.

THREE Washington papers open the *Century* for May, but most readers, we fancy, will turn at once to George Kennan's Russian article "Blacked Out," with facsimile of pages blacked out by Russian censors. A very interesting paper is "A Study of Consciousness," by H. C. Wood, which succeeds the Kennan article, and is followed by still another attractive paper, "The Women of the French Salons," by Amelia G. Mason. Amelia Barr continues her "Friend Olivia," and an exciting short story is that entitled "A Romance of Two Cameras," by Eliz. W. Champney. Andrea del Verrocchio is the Old Italian Master discussed in this issue, and from all appearances the inevitable Marie Bashkirtseff has not yet ceased to excite interest. The number abounds in poetry, "Twilight Song," by Walt Whitman, and "The Fighting Parson," by Henry Ames Blood, being the most noticeable. Other poems are by H. S. Morris, J. H. Morse, and there is a sonnet by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Number seven of Joseph Jefferson's "Autobiography" sustains its interest. Various other interesting papers, too numerous to mention, together with the usual departments, serve to complete a number fully up to the usual standard.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE late Robert Browning is the subject of a sonnet by Aubrey de Vere in *Harper's Magazine* for May.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR will dedicate his new book, "Truth to Live By," to Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia.

ROBERT CLARKE and COMPANY publish this month Butterfield's "History of the Girtys"—a limited edition, printed from type.

MRS. GRANT is said to be at work upon a volume of memoirs of the General, which will include the letters he wrote to her during the war.

SWINBURNE, Edmund Gosse, Andrew Lang, and Lewis Morris are among the poets who will contribute sonnets to the Beatrice celebration in Florence in May and June.

A NEW edition of Trelawny's "Adventures of a Younger Son" will be published immediately by Macmillan and Company, forming the first volume of "The Adventure Series."

MISS JEWETT has selected from her various delightful books eight of the best stories, which will shortly be issued in the Riverside Aldine Series, under the title, "Tales of New England."

THE partnership of Frederick A. Stokes and Brother has been dissolved, Mr. Horace S. Stokes retiring. A corporation called the Frederick A. Stokes Company has been formed to carry on the business.

WE notice that the *Vindicator*, of Rapid City, Manitoba, so far esteems THE WEEK as to use one of its leading paragraphs wholesale as a leaded editorial, carefully abstaining, of course, from any allusion as to the source thereof.

THE next volume in the series of "American Statesmen" will be devoted to John Jay. It will be written by George Pellow, Esq., who has already produced some noteworthy books, and is related to the great Chief Justice.

THE widespread interest in all matters relating to American history will cause a new and cheaper edition of the admirable "Life of General Greene" to be heartily welcomed. The three volumes will soon be issued, at \$7.50 instead of \$12, from the Riverside Press.

MR. RIDER HAGGARD is described by Eugene Field as "not particularly prepossessing." He looks "like a good natured boy, that is all. His head is small, and his nose is large; he has blue eyes and red cheeks; his manner is that of a loose-jointed, companionable fellow."

A CHEAP edition, limited to 100,000 copies, of "Tom Brown's School Days," is announced by Macmillan and Company, uniform in style with their paper-covered editions of Charles Kingsley's novels, of which something over a million copies have been sold in the past six months.

ALL efforts to prevent the publication and introduction into England of the American Sheridan Ford's collection of Whistler literature having failed, Mr. Whistler himself will now, it is said, undertake a complete publication of his writings, including much that is wanting in the Ford edition.

AMONGST the distinguished Canadian *literati* invited to the McLachlan testimonial banquet given recently at the Walker House, Toronto, was Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., Ph.D., of Ottawa. Dr. O'Hagan is a warm friend and admirer of the veteran Scottish-Canadian poet.

Two brief, unsigned articles on Marie Bashkirtseff are printed in the *May Century*. They are written by women. One critic is very enthusiastic, and the other is much less so. The "views" are accompanied by new portraits of Marie Bashkirtseff and by reproductions of some of her own pictures.

In the *May Century*, Mr. Kennan has an article entitled "Blacked Out," in which he describes the methods of the Russian Press Censor. Two pages of the *Century* for August, 1889, are reproduced in *facsimile*, showing how the Censor endeavoured to prevent Mr. Kennan's article in that number from being read in Russia.

TOLSTOI's latest novel, "The Kreutzer Sonata," deals with the marriage question. It is an unusually brief story for this author, containing only 120 pages in the German. The size of Tolstoi's books is evidently in keeping with the waning of the Tolstoi craze, which has given place to the Ibsen fad, which, in its turn, is going out of fashion.

ANOTHER bit of unblushing plagiarism has come under our notice, viz., the issuing of one of Mr. F. Blake Crofton's humorous short stories, as an original production, in No. 63 of the *Magazine of Short Stories*—an English publication. Mr. Blake Crofton is Provincial Librarian at Halifax, and a well-known and valued contributor to THE WEEK.

A TWENTY-FIVE cent edition of "Marie Bashkirtseff, the Journal of a Young Artist," is announced for publication on May 15th, by the Cassell Publishing Company. It contains the same matter as the two dollar edition, and has the portrait of the young Russian girl on the cover. It is printed on good paper, and is a most remarkable book for the price.

CHARLES L. WEBSTER AND COMPANY are selling the Stedman-Hutchinson "Library of American Literature" "on the instalment plan." On receipt of the price of a single volume they deliver the complete set of eleven volumes and collect the balance in monthly instalments. This is not a new departure in book publishing, for "Appleton's American Cyclopædia" was sold on the same plan.

In "Little Saint Elizabeth and Other Stories" Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has given to the world, fond of such pabulum, another of those pathetic stories which inevitably follow when an author, having succeeded in making one accidental hit in writing of child nature, attempts to run a thousand-ton-a-day literary mill on a very thin vein of literary quartz. Little saints are very tiresome literary subjects. It is not child nature to be saintly.

MESSRS. MERRIAM AND COMPANY of Springfield, Mass., have issued a circular calling attention to the fact that the "Webster's Unabridged Dictionary," now placed upon the market by a Chicago firm, is a reprint of the edition of 1847, the copyright having expired through lapse of time. It goes without saying that to buy such an antiquated authority as the Webster of nearly half a century ago is sheer waste of money. The only book entitled in honesty to be known by the name of "Webster's Unabridged" is that published by Messrs. Merriam.

MISS JEAN INGELOW, in order to carry out a charity dear to her heart, has furnished Roberts Brothers with autographic copies of some of her favourite short poems, such as, "The Martin Flew to the Finch's Nest" (from "Mopsa"), "Goldilocks," "The Nightingale Heard by the Unsatisfied Heart," "The Warbling of Blackbirds," "Coo, Dove, to thy Married Mate" (from "Brothers and a Sermon"), "When Sparrows Build," etc., each bearing her signature with the date, and these the publishers propose to send to any address on receipt of \$2 for each poem.

MR. GLADSTONE, at the invitation of the editor (Mr. Thomas Catling), has just written an article for *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, in which he deals with the social progress of the people—presenting a review of the past, a study of the present, and a hopeful anticipation of the future of labour. After maintaining its present form for forty-seven years, the paper founded by the late Edward Lloyd is about to be enlarged, and Mr. Gladstone's article will be the first of a series of contributions by leading writers. *Lloyd's* is said to have a circulation of more than 700,000 copies.

"It was curious," says an English correspondent of the *Christian Union*, "to see how the heart of England was stirred but the other day by what was in itself a trifling incident, but, taken in connection with such a man as Mr. Gladstone, a fine and touching index of character. For two weeks previous to the beginning of the present Parliamentary session Mr. Gladstone went into residence at Oxford, residing in 'rooms,' dining in hall, meandering through libraries, just as he had done when an undergraduate sixty years ago. And his fortnight on the banks

of the Isis was not spent in idle musings; it was a period of genuine and severe study. This was Mr. Gladstone's method of recuperating himself for his Parliamentary labours!"

LA PATRIE of the 29th April criticises strongly, though amusingly, a poem in French which appeared in THE WEEK entitled "Rhapsodie d'un Vieillard." Our readers will remember that the verses in question were a tribute to the genius and gifts of Albani. But *la langue française* is dearer just now to the heart of *La Patrie* than aught else, and it declaims against the audacity of "Amicus" in rashly using a medium, the subtleties of which, *La Patrie* judges, he so faintly grasps. Finally "Amicus" is recommended to cease maltreating the sacred tongue of the Gaul if he wishes to enjoy the eternal happiness of the "chœur seraphique." All of which, contrary to French tradition, is rather more candid than courteous.

APROPOS of the coming publication of the diary of Sir Walter Scott, the *London World* says: "When Lockhart was writing Sir Walter's biography, only a few years after his death, he had the whole diary privately printed, and three copies were struck off, one of which was given to Mr. Morritt of Rokeby, and another to Dean Milman, who, with Lockhart, formed a secret committee for the purpose of deciding how much of the diary might then be published. As a matter of fact, only a small part was ultimately printed in Lockhart's work, and Dean Milman and Mr. Morritt having returned their copies of the full diary to him, he left them among his papers, and I presume that it is one of them which is going to be published, for the entire diary may now appear without offending anybody, and very interesting it will be. Lockhart turned over every shilling of the large sum he received for the 'Life' to the fund for paying off Sir Walter's debts, which amounted in 1847 (the year they were finally wiped out) to about \$125,000."

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

DEAD CITIES.

THE spell of ruined cities. Who shall see
Even in dreams their glory? In mine ear
Their names are great and strange to hear,
A sound of ancientness and majesty;
Ninus and Shushan, Carthage, Meroe;
Troja, long vanished in Achæan flame,
Crowned with dead prowess and the poet's fame;
On and Cyrene perished utterly.

Things old and dim and strange to dream upon;
Cumæ and Sardes, cities waste and gone;
And that pale river by whose ghostly strand
Thebes' monstrous tombs and desolate altars stand;
Baalbec and Tyre, and burned Babylon,
And ruined Tadmor in the desert sand.

—A *Lampman*, in *Scribner's Magazine*.

IS LITERATURE LUCRATIVE?

A COMPARISON between the profits of authors in England and authors in the United States shows a striking difference. When I remember how enormous were the gains of Sir Walter Scott, how brilliant were the profits of Charles Dickens; when I recall that Bulwer received a hundred thousand dollars for the privilege of printing a cheap edition of his novels for ten years; that George Eliot was paid thirty-five thousand dollars for "Romola," and made seventy-five thousand dollars out of "Middlemarch;" that within three months after the publication of the fourth volume of Macaulay's "History" the Longmans sent him a hundred thousand dollars, I wonder in what fairy-land these things could have occurred. I know not what Tennyson's arrangements are with his present publishers, but at one time he received the fixed sum of twenty-five thousand dollars a year for his copyrights, whether he published anything new or not. It would be interesting to compare these figures with Longfellow's yearly receipts. Trollope frankly tells us just what he received for his novels, which in many instances was not less than fifteen thousand dollars down. Mr. Roe was the most successful of recent American novelists, and yet it is doubtful if any of his much-read novels yielded him more than half this amount. Anthony Trollope's prices were not at all exceptional, every English novelist in the first rank obtaining as much, and a few considerable more. Some single books in this country, such as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "The Wide, Wide World," "Ben-Hur," have yielded their authors a large profit; but I know of no author publishing rapidly book after book whose average receipts are at all equal to those of English authors of corresponding rank. And if we compare exceptional books, England still pays much more liberally than we do. George Eliot, as I have already mentioned, is said to have made seventy-five thousand dollars from "Middlemarch." "Ben-Hur," large as the returns have been, can scarcely equal this. If a disinterested person desired to ascertain the comparative literary activity of two countries, he would naturally compare the literary journals of each with the other. Could there be a surer test? If we place before us copies of the *Athenæum*, the *Saturday Review*, and the *Spectator*, we see at once what is going on in the English world of letters. If we place by their side the only three American periodicals with which comparison can be made, the *Nation*, the *Critic*, the *Literary World*, the difference is rather astonishing. In a copy of the *Athenæum* now before me I count thirty-six columns of

book announcements and advertisements; in the *Nation*, of the same date, about seven columns, the columns being of equal length. In another number of the *Athenæum* I find twenty-three columns against four columns in the *Nation* of the corresponding issue. The other American literary journals exhibit a similar disproportion in comparison with English journals. How are we to account for this remarkable difference? —*Publishers Weekly*.

WHAT MEN LIKE IN WOMEN.

THERE is a certain something, which, for want of a better name, is called womanliness, and it is that which makes women attractive to men. A great many virtues go to make up this one great possession and they are what men like in women.

Men like, in the first place, amiability in a woman.

They like a pleasant appearance.

They like the doing of little things that are pleasant to them.

They like the courtesy of the fireside.

They like women whose lives and faces are always full of the sunshine of a contented mind and a cheerful disposition.

They like an ability to talk well and a knowledge of the virtue of silence.

They like a motherliness big enough to understand the wants of the older, as well as the younger boys.

They like a disposition to speak good, rather than evil of every human being.

They like sympathy—which means a willing ear for the tale of sorrow or gladness.

They like knowledge of how to dress well, which, by-the-by, doesn't mean conspicuously. Men are most attracted by good material, plain draperies and quiet colours; not by showy colours or designs.

They like intelligence, but they prefer that the heart should be stronger than the brain.

They like a companion—a woman who has sufficient knowledge of the world and its ways to talk well with them, who is interested in their lives and their plans and in their hopes; who knows how to give a cheering word, or to listen quietly and by a tender look express the grief which the heart is feeling.

They may sometimes say that children are a bore and a nuisance, but a man shrinks from a woman who openly declares her dislike of them. A man expects the maternal instinct in a woman and is disappointed if he does not find it.

They like women to be affectionate—there never was a man yet, no matter how stern, no matter how cold, no matter how repressive as far as his own feelings were concerned, who did not like a loving squeeze of the hand, or a tender kiss from the woman nearest to him.

These are some of the things that men like in women.—*Ladies Home Journal*.

THE LAW OF THE STREET IS "MOVE ON."

FOR the travelling public, as we have already seen, the law of the street is motion; a law not more strictly enforced by the London policeman ordering Jo to "move on," than it was in New York, when an enterprising dealer blocked the way by exhibiting to curious crowds seven sisters in his show-window, combing their wonderful hair. The court considered such an exhibition highly sensational and condemned it, and the consequent obstruction as a public nuisance. It was abated, and the public procession resumed its movement. But it is not encroachments only that embarrass public travel. The opposite courses and cross currents of travel itself cause inconvenience, and have led to a variety of rules of precedence and passage which, taken together, constitute our "law of the road." This law of the road is somewhat complex and uncertain, being still in the formative period. Pedestrians meeting each other may pass to the right or left, according to their whim. So may riders on horseback. So may vehicles proceeding along streets crossing at right angles, or passing each other in the same direction. In all four cases each is bound to exercise due care not to injure the other. But vehicles moving in opposite directions must pass each other to the right. One attempting to pass or to keep to the left, even though in a loaded wagon meeting a light one, takes the risk of possible injury without chance of redress; but his offence would not justify his adversary in wilfully running him down. For many years it was sought to establish that in the public streets, as on the highway of the sea, the stronger must give way to the weaker; that vehicles should yield to the pedestrian; but the struggle was in vain, and it is now settled that drivers and walkers must maintain mutual watchfulness and look out for each other. If, however, the driver goes at a reckless rate, especially if, as is irritatingly common, he dashes over a cross-walk, he is liable to a strict accountability at the complaint of any injured foot-passenger.—*Francis Lynde Stetson*, in *May Scribner*.

THE REVIVAL OF CHESS IN JAPAN.

THE *Japan Mail*, referring to attempts now being made to revive chess in Japan, says that during the long peace enjoyed by that country under the rule of the Shoguns the game of chess flourished. Once every year, on the 17th day of the 11th month, the masters of the game met in Yedo and fought a grand tourney in an appointed place within the precincts of the palace. Judges, umpires, strict rules and all things necessary to

the combat were provided, and after the fight was over the ranks of the various combatants were officially fixed. The number of ranks was seven in all, the seventh being the highest. Rarely did any player attain the distinction of reaching this, but the sixth generally had one or two representatives. There appears to have been a certain element of heredity in the game as played in Japan, for certain families took the lead for many generations, and the contests between their champions were a salient feature of every tourney. To this time-honoured custom, as to many another of even greater merit, the revolution of 1867 put a stop. A long era of neglect ensued for chess-players. But it did not fall into disuse because Court patronage was wanting. Its votaries still studied their gambits and elaborated their variations, and now once more the science promises to resume its place of importance. In October last a grand meeting of all the principal chess-players in Japan was organized in Tokio. Over 200 players assembled, all boasting greater or less degrees of skill from the first up to the sixth. Count Todo, the former Daimio of Tsu, who has the honour of belonging to the sixth rank, is among the chief promoters of the revival. Another meeting took place on the 18th of January, when a ceremonial in honour of the revival of chess was performed. There appears to be a considerable chess literature in Japan; one leading work contains problems the solution of which are said to make the player worthy to be placed in the sixth rank.

DR. ABBOTT ON THE CANE.

MEANTIME, greatly though we may dislike inflicting corporal punishment, it is our duty to inflict it if it is for the good of the school as a whole. From an interesting report of Mr. Fitch on American schools, published last year, I learn that "in most of the state and city regulations, teachers are absolutely forbidden to inflict it;" and that is a point well worth considering. One would like to know what punishments are reserved for graver offences; whether the teachers themselves acquiesce in this restriction; whether they are satisfied with the tone and morality of their pupils, as well as with the outward order and discipline which favourably impress Mr. Fitch; and whether there is, owing to national character and circumstances, an earlier seriousness and sense of responsibility among boys at school and young men at the Universities in the United States. It may be we can learn something from a fuller knowledge of what is done elsewhere. But meantime I hope none of my fellow-teachers will be deterred from their duty by mere abstract arguments apart from facts. "Caning brutalizes a boy," people say. I do not believe it does, unless a brute holds the cane. But if it did, bullying, falsehood, dishonesty and indecency do worse than brutalize him; and not only him, but also the innocent companions among whom he is spreading the infection of his evil habits. Under proper regulations and in the hands of experienced and responsible teachers the cane seems to me an instrument for good in English schools as at present constituted; and if, as I believe, this is the general opinion, not only of school teachers but also of school managers, it seems time that some pressure should be brought to bear upon those magistrates who set their faces against caning under any circumstances. The magistrate's son, if he went to a public school, would be freely birched in some schools, or caned in others, and if the father dared to utter a word of remonstrance against an ordinary caning he would be ridiculed by his old school-fellows and friends, repudiated by his own son, and rebuffed in any appeal to the laws. In the elementary schools the work of maintaining discipline and morality is, or ought to be, infinitely more laborious than in the schools of the wealthy; surely, therefore, it is monstrous that a punishment freely allowed in the latter should be denied to the former—and this not by any recognized interpretation of the laws, but by an eccentric and capricious abuse of the power of a local magistrate. In the infliction of all punishments, corporal or otherwise, the old and humane caution of Deuteronomy is ever to be present with us. There is to be a limit to the number of stripes, "that thy brother may not seem vile unto thee." The young teacher should bear this in mind in the infliction of metaphorical as well as literal stripes.

PALMYRA, CITY OF ZENOBIA.

WHEN Zenobia was born, Palmyra was a great commercial city of the Roman Empire. From the earliest times, when a tribe of nomads settled in the spot, doubtless attracted by the phenomenon of a copious spring in a desert land, the genius of the place was commercial. Gradually it became the centre of many caravan-routes between the Mediterranean, the Persian Gulf, Petra, and central Arabia. Its isolated position always secured for it a sort of independence; but as early as Germanicus it acknowledged Roman control in general. Hadrian celebrated his visit to the city by calling it Adrianopolis. Later on it received the *ius italicum*, and became a Roman colony. When the Persian Sapor captured the Emperor Valerian, in the year 258 A.D., we hear of a certain Palmyrene, called Odenatus, sending propitiatory gifts to the Eastern conqueror. Odenatus then enjoyed the honourable Roman title of Consul—a title which may have just been conferred in person by Valerian. However, Sapor refused the gifts, and Odenatus, who always had an eye to the main chance, promptly joined his forces with those of the weak Emperor Gallienus, who seemed a promising sort

of suzerain, and the united armies were soon victorious over Sapor. Odenatus was named Supreme Commander in the East, and though he was looked upon at Rome as a subject of the Empire, yet within his own wide realm he was practically sovereign. Our interest in him, of course, is merely for his wife's sake. Aurelian gives Zenobia the credit of her husband's successes. At any rate, the assassination of Odenatus made no difference in the power which radiated from Tadmor in the wilderness, except that this increased until it was felt through Syria, Egypt, Mesopotamia, and in Asia Minor as far as Ancyra. After a few years of actual royalty Zenobia decided to assume the name of it as well. Coins were struck in her own name and that of her son, with no reference to the Empire.—From *Tadmor in the Wilderness*, by Frederick Jones Bliss, in *April Scribner*.

THE FUNNY MAN.

WHO is that man who sits and bites
His pen with aspect solemn?
He is the Funny Man who writes
The weekly Comic Column.

By day he scarce can keep awake,
At night he cannot rest;
His meals he hardly dares to take—
He jests, he can't digest.

His hair, though not with years, is white,
His cheek is wan and pale,
And all with seeking day and night
For jokes that are not stale.

His joys are few; the chiefest one
Is when by luck a word
Suggests to him a novel pun
His readers haven't heard.

And when a Yankee joke he sees
In some old book—well, then
Perhaps he gains a moment's ease,
And makes it do again.

The thought that chiefly makes him sigh
Is that a time must come
When jokes extinct like mammoths lie,
And jokers must be dumb.

When every quip to death is done,
And every crank is told;
When men have printed every pun,
And every joke is old.

When naught in heaven or earth or sea,
Has not been turned to chaff,
And not a single oddity
Is left to make us laugh.

THE DETERIORATION OF WORDS.

A *knave* was originally a young man, in German *ein Knabe*. In the Court cards the knave is simply the page or the knight, but by no means the villain. *Villain* itself was originally simply the inhabitant of a village. A pleader once made good use of his etymological knowledge. For this is what Swift relates: "I remember, at a trial in Kent, where Sir George Rooke was indicted for calling a gentleman knave and villain, the lawyer for the defendant brought off his client by alleging the words were not injurious, for *knave*, in the old and true signification, imported only a servant; and *villain* in Latin is *villicus*, which is no more than a man employed in country labour, or rather a baily." I doubt whether in these days any judge, if possessed of some philological knowledge, would allow such a quibble to pass, or whether in return he would not ask leave to call the lawyer an *idiot*, for *idiot*, as you know, meant originally no more than a private person, a man who does not take part in public affairs; and afterwards only came to mean an outsider, an ill-informed man, and, lastly, an idiot. A *pagan* was originally, like villain, the inhabitant of a *pagus*, a countryman. It came to mean *heathen*, because it was chiefly in the country, outside the town, that the worshippers of the old national gods were allowed to continue. A heathen was originally a person living on the heath. Heathen, however, is not yet a term of reproach; it simply expresses a difference of opinion between ourselves and others. But we have the same word under another disguise—namely, as *hoiden*. At present *hoiden* is used in the sense of a vulgar, romping girl. But in old authors it is chiefly applied to men, to clowns, or louts. We may call Socrates a heathen, but we could not call him a hoiden, though we might possibly apply that name to his wife Xanthippe. Sometimes it happens that the same word can be used both in a good and in a bad sense. *Simplicity* with us has generally a good meaning. We read in the Bible of *simplicity and godly sincerity*. But in the same Bible the simple ones are reproved: "How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity, and the scornors delight in their scorning, and fools hate knowledge?" (Prov. i. 22). If at present we were to call a boy an *imp*, he would possibly be offended. But in Spenser's time *imp* had still a very good sound, and he allows a noble lady, a lady gent as he calls her, to address Arthur as "Thou worthy imp" ("Faerie Queen" I. ix. 6). Nor is there any harm in that word, for *imp* meant originally graft, and then off-

spring. To graft in German is *impfen*, and this is really a corruption of the Greek *εμφυειν*, to implant. *Brat* is now an offensive term, even when applied to a child. It is said to be a Welsh word, and to signify a rag. It may be so, but in that case it would be difficult to account for *brat* having been used originally in a good sense. This must have been so, for we find in ancient sacred poetry such expressions as, "O Abraham's brats, o broode of blessed seede!" To use the same word in such opposite meanings is possible only when there is an historical literature which keeps alive the modern as well as the antiquated usages of a language. In illiterate languages antiquated words are forgotten and vanish. Think of all the meanings imbedded in the word *nice*! How did they come there? The word has a long history, and has had many ups and downs in its passage through the world. It was originally the Latin *nescius*, ignorant, and it retained that meaning in old French, and likewise in old English. Robert of Gloucester (p. 106, last line) still uses the word in that sense. "He was nyce," he says, "and knoweth no wisdom"—that is, he was ignorant and knew no wisdom. But if there is an ignorance that is bliss, there is also an ignorance, or unconsciousness, or simplicity that is charming. Hence an unassuming, ingenuous, artless person was likewise called nice. However, even that artlessness might after a time become artful, or, at all events, be mistaken by others for artfulness. The over-nice person might then seem fastidious, difficult to please, too dainty, and he or she was then said to be too nice in his or her tastes. We have traced the principal meanings of *nice* from ignorant to fastidious, as applied to persons. If nice is applied to things, it has most commonly the meaning of charming; but as we speak of a fastidious and difficult person, we can also speak of a difficult matter as a nice matter, or a nice point. At last there remained *nice*, which simply expresses general approval. Everything, in our days, is nice, not to say awfully nice. But unless we possessed a literature in which to study the history of words, it would be simply impossible to discover why nice should express approval as well as disapproval; nay, why it should in the end become a mere emphatic expression, as when we say, "That is a nice business," or "That is a nice mess."—*F. Max Müller on the Science of Language*.

BOOK-READING HERE AND ABROAD.

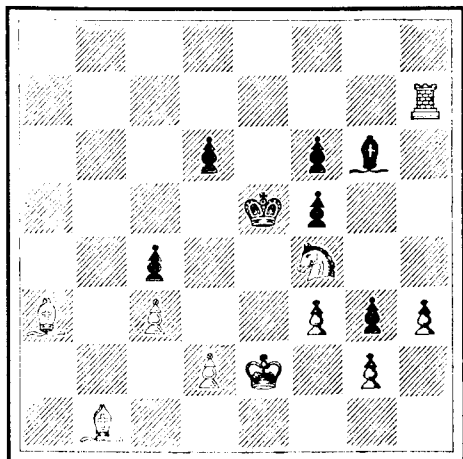
ONE of the most brilliant English successes in recent years is Green's "History of the English People." The English publishers announced about a year ago the sale of a hundred and thirty thousand copies. I know of nothing with us comparable to this. Higginson's "History of the United States" has had a very large sale, but the price is much lower. It is intended, moreover, for young readers, and there has been a large school consumption. I am not unmindful of the wonderful success of General Grant's "Memoirs"—a success unprecedented in literature. But look how many circumstances combined to make it so. A general, passionately loved, writing on his death-bed the history of campaigns that enlisted the profoundest patriotism of the people, insured for it at the beginning a vast circulation. Then we recall how it was carried by thousands of active agents to every house in the land. Never was a book waited for by so eager, so admiring a multitude. A book produced under circumstances so extraordinary, and sold by methods so special, is in no wise a test of the intellectual tastes of the people. We must compare the sale of Green's "History," not with that of Grant's "Memoirs," but rather with the sales of Bancroft, or McMaster, or Hildreth, if we would accurately judge of the comparative demand for historical literature. When the first volume of McMaster's "History of the People of the United States" appeared, it was believed to have been inspired by Green, and was hailed with enthusiasm. There were many indications of a brilliant literary and popular success, and yet the sale has not been more than a twentieth of that of its great English model. This is very significant, and is enough, of itself, to dispose of the notion that we buy more books than the English do.—*O. B. Bunce in North American Review for April*.

CITY JURIES.

A PAPER called the *Bulletin* makes a furious attack upon our jury system. We believe it is perfectly true, as the writer states:—"Juries, in the city especially, are simply farical. As a rule, they consist of a dozen men brought together from every quarter of the E.C. district, not one of them in the slightest degree understanding the business or case to be tried, and simply hoping to get away from the court as soon as possible. . . . As a rule, a strong-minded jurymen will decide any case as he pleases, and very likely he may be a friend of or biased by acquaintance with the plaintiff or defendant. It is quite a common enough affair for a jurymen, on entering the box, to make up his mind that he will not listen to a word of the case, simply determining to vote with the majority, never mind which way this may go. Many others snooze through the case. We have come across many instances where, as we say, the verdict has been determined by one man, who from the first made up his mind, and who forced conviction into the mouths, if not minds, of his companions in misery." Juries are not what they were; but, nevertheless, all the most important cases are carried by the parties themselves before juries in preference to a single judge. The non-jury list has been proved to be largely composed of undefended cases.—*Law Times*.

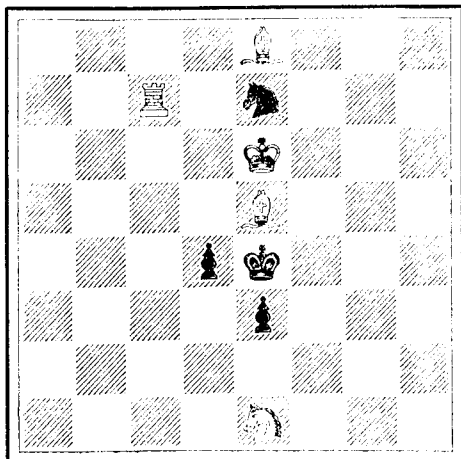
CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 459.
By E. H. E. EDDIS, Orillia.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 460.
By J. B. HALKETT, Ottawa.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 453.
Kt-K 4

In this problem there should be a Black Kt at White K R 8 instead of a White Kt.

No. 454.

- | | |
|------------------|---------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. Kt-R 5 | K x Kt at B 5 |
| 2. Kt-B 4 | K x Kt |
| 3. R-Q B 2 mate | |
| | If 1. K-B 2 |
| 2. P-Kt 6 | K-Q 3 |
| 3. Kt-Kt 7 mate. | |
- With other variations.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. B. H., Ottawa.—Thanks for your neat little problem; shall be glad to hear from you again.

GAME PLAYED RECENTLY BETWEEN BISHOP FITZGERALD AND THE LATE J. A. RUTHVEN.—From the *Baltimore News*.

ALLGAIER GAMBIT.

BISHOP FITZGERALD.	J. A. RUTHVEN.	BISHOP FITZGERALD.	J. A. RUTHVEN.
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P-K 4	P-K 4	10. P-Q 3	R-K 1 +
2. P-K B 4	P x P	11. B-K 2	B-K Kt 5
3. Kt-K B 3	P-K Kt 4	12. Kt-K 4	R x Kt
4. P-K R 4	P-Kt 5	13. P x R	P-B 6
5. Kt-K 5	Kt-K B 3	14. B x P	B-Kt 6 +
6. Kt x Kt P	P-Q 4	15. K-K 2	Kt-Q 2
7. Kt x Kt	Q x Kt	16. B x B and White forces mate in seven moves.	
8. P x P	B-Q 3		
9. Kt B 3	Castles		

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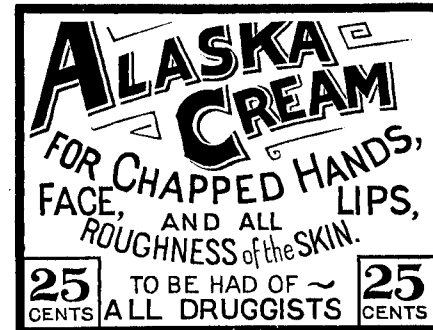
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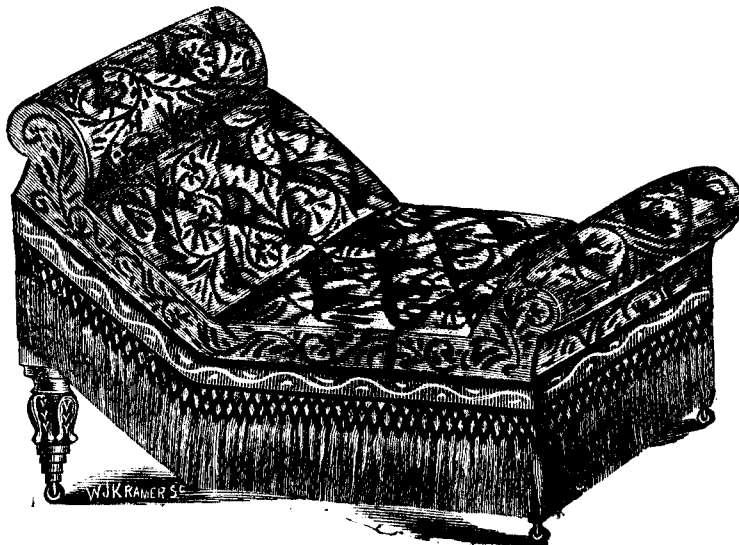
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3,048 new proposals for life assurance were received during the year for	\$7,987,000
2,671 Policies were issued by the Company assuring	6,711,143
The total existing assurances in force at 15th November, 1889, amounted to	102,639,450
The claims by deaths or matured endowments which arose during the year amounted, including bonus additions, to	2,218,115
The annual revenue amounted at 15th November, 1889, to	4,744,750
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A BRIDE'S CONFESSION

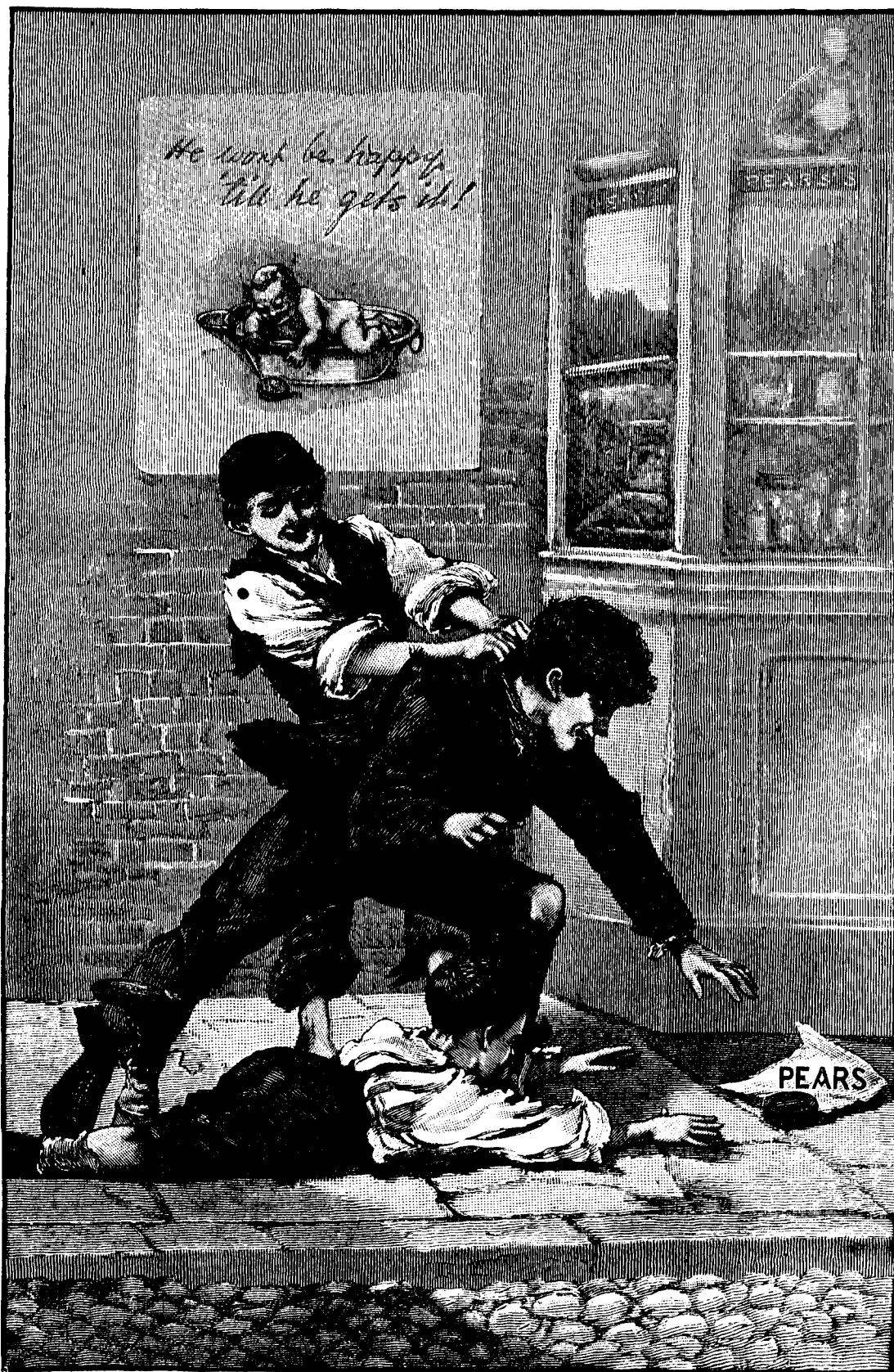
"Yes, dear, I am married now, and I am keeping house in the loveliest flat on 64th St. Well, yes, we did get married some what suddenly. My health, you know, had for some time been very delicate, and Dr. Heavyfees told mamma that he feared I would follow poor, dear sister Belle, who died three years ago from a wasting disease. Dear George was almost crazy when mamma told him what the doctor said, and I nearly cried my eyes out, but one day I overheard that 'hateful Nelly Parker' say to her mother, 'I think that George Blauvelt is just too lovely for anything, and when the girl he's engaged to dies, and they say she is dying of a galloping consumption, I'm going to step into her shoes and become Mrs. George Blauvelt; now just you wait and see.' This spring I noticed George seemed to be almost resigned to the idea that we should never be married, and the thought that that deceitful busy might get him after all nearly drove me crazy. One day I read the testimony of Lawyers Howe and Hummel as to the wonderfully invigorating effect of DR. CAMPBELL'S ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS, and I resolved to try what they would do for me. I commenced their use on the 4th of July. George had just sailed for Europe on business for his firm. On Sept. 18 he returned. I was from the use of the Wafers, by that time again a well woman, and so enraptured was he with my healthy and robust appearance that he insisted we get married the very next day. I could not say him nay, and, as you will see by my card, I am now Mrs. George Blauvelt. Do call soon and let me introduce George to you; I am sure you will like him, he is so handsome, and as good as he is handsome. Good-by; he sure not to forget."

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