

THE WEEK:

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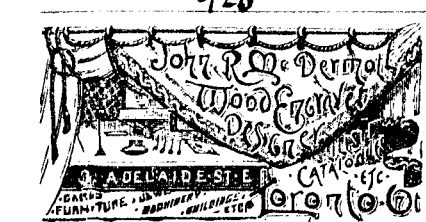
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LETELLIER DE SAINT JUST.*

THE author of this work is well known in Ottawa society, and is a prominent member of the Liberal minority in the House of Commons. He always speaks well and sensibly, and has deservedly attracted attention by his ability and the enlarged views of public policy which he expresses. He has not pressed forward to obtain notice—at the expense of character. He in no way belongs to the school of blatant politicians, who deem it a privilege to be noticed, even to be abused, and whose coarse natures consider an accusation met by some flippant Rabelaisism. M. Casgrain, who is the member for L'Islet, has been contented to bide his time, to make his reputation carefully and cautiously, to prefer a patient and honest career of unpretending attention to the public interest—to the more showy *tour de force* which *pirouettes* into notoriety. He himself is a connection of M. Letellier de Saint Just, and thus the feeling of kin, equally with that of party ties, led him to vindicate his kinsman's memory. Moreover, his theories of parliamentary government have made him peculiarly susceptible to the wound so remorselessly inflicted on the constitution, which the vindictive leaders of the dominant French-Canadian party exacted; an injury which Sir J. Macdonald could not but have thoroughly known and felt, but which he had not the courage to withstand. M. Casgrain has evidently felt that this event should not be allowed to pass away. The remark of a statesman of European celebrity comes to our mind. One who valued this distinguished man's opinion had published a pamphlet in vindication of his own character, and had sent a copy to the statesman. The reply was characteristic: "You are right in permanently placing on record this matter. You have made misrepresentation hereafter impossible, and those who have treated you with injustice will one day be condemned by their own evidence." If not guided by such a doctrine, M. Casgrain has practically acted upon it. He has made a permanent record of the proceedings against M. Letellier. In this course he may claim the consideration of the whole community; and we do not doubt that if his Party ever attain power, M. Casgrain's abilities will be favourably considered by those called upon to form an administration. The work before us is a guarantee both of his ability and his honesty, and, what is more, of his courage. It should be translated into English to be made accessible to those who do not understand French. M. Casgrain, in accordance with a frequently observed system with French writers, has introduced the whole of the official documents, doubtless desirous of firmly establishing the correctness of his conclusions; and there are many documents introduced which, except under this point of consideration, can be excised. This contribution to our political history is so important that it should be made known. To those who know French, M. Casgrain's carefully written work, unexceptionable by its care and grace of style, is all that can be desired.

M. Casgrain gives the career of many of M. Letellier's contemporaries; he has done so in a bold and uncompromising spirit. We can refer to these pages for many a graphic description. It is only this passing

allusion which we can make to them. Our business is with the central figure of the work.

It is a particular habit with many in France and in the Province of Quebec to assume names in no way belonging to them. In France, to wear a false decoration, and to use a name not your own, may bring the offender under the notice of the police. The custom is a constant subject of ridicule on the French stage, and Thackeray in one of his immortal novels makes one of his characters an actor of this character. It is not unknown among us. Thus M. Pierre Badaud, for instance, thinks fit to call himself Pierre Badaud de Saint Sauveur—so the name figures on his card. By degrees it is changed to Badaud de Saint Sauveur, to B. de St. Sauveur, till it emerges into Monsieur de Saint Sauveur. There are some modern instances of this proceeding. M. Letellier's enemies were wont to reproach him as adding Saint Just, without authority, to his name. M. Casgrain publishes a facsimile of the retirement of François Letellier de Saint Just from the Colonial corps in 1740; it is signed by Beauharnois Noequet, Vorier, and De Beaujeu, so the name has been borne by the family for a century and a half.

M. Luc Letellier de Saint Just was born May 12th, 1820, at the River Ouelle, some ninety miles below Quebec, about four miles back from the St. Lawrence; he died the 28th January, 1881, so he was in his sixty-first year at his death. The first years of his youth were passed at the College of Saint Anne. Previously he had attended a village school, whence he went to Kamouraska to a M. Bechard; among his fellow pupils were Sir G. Cartier and Dr. Taché. At college he occupied a respectable if not a distinguished place. Leaving college, he entered the office of a notary at the River Ouelle. M. Letellier came from a family of sportsmen, and he was always an active hunter and fisherman, and was known as an excellent shot. He was subsequently the originator of a game law. He was keenly alive to the necessity of exercise, and the activity of his temperament found him always ready for the saddle, or for long walking excursions. The country in which he lived is marked by much natural beauty, the wharf at River Ouelle being situated on a projecting point of the river which makes it exceedingly picturesque; and the rolling hills to the south give change and variety to the landscape. M. Letellier was thirty years old when he entered political life. He was returned for Kamouraska in the Lower Canada House of Assembly, and ranked himself with the Liberals. The phase of politics which he represented was his matured opinion, which he never ceased to entertain. Totally divested of extravagance and impracticable theories of the perfectibility of men and measures, he never mistook license for liberty. He desired a good and firm government for the country, allowing to all the reasonable and just protection we can personally claim, under the control of good and effective laws. He knew that society must be protected by solid bulwarks, and never in any part of his career can he be charged with the slightest suspicion of being desirous of opening the floodgates to reckless and anarchical folly. In 1851 Mr. Baldwin retired from public life, to be followed, in the same year by Sir Hypolite Lafontaine. The loss of these men to Canadian public life has been irreparably felt. There was a tone of personal honour with both Baldwin and Lafontaine, which in their day penetrated to the lower strata of public life. We ask any one who is capable of giving an opinion, who can form an honest judgment of our political status, if there has not been a decadence in manner—in the tone of debate, in all which makes a legislative body respectable—from the date of this Legislative Assembly to the present Parliament of Canada. We seem every session to reach a lower depth. This in praise of the past. There was in those days a freedom from the gambling and reckless spirit of the present, in which men deliberately play their reputation to gain personal advantage, and there was a high-bred courtesy in the House that we look for to-day in vain.

The Hincks-Taché administration, to use the term of that day, was formed. At least Federation has done this for us: it has given us a Ministry with a Premier. Neither Sir J. Macdonald nor Mr. Mackenzie have tolerated the fatuity of recognising a compound head. It is to be trusted every attempt to establish it will be immediately crushed. No doctrine is so subversive of good government as this division of responsibility. There can now be no excuse for its introduction. M. Letellier was beaten at the dissolution, and he remained unconnected with public life until 1860, when he was elected for the Legislative Council for the Grenville division. M. Letellier

* *Etude Historique. Letellier de Saint Just et son Temps.* Par P. B. Casgrain, C. R., Avocat député aux Communes du Canada. Quebec, 1885.

contested the election when the dissolution took place to close the proceedings. From the Hincks-Taché we bound to the Hincks-Morin Administration, and in 1854, public opinion pronouncing itself against their policy, an election again took place. Mr. Brown was then in full vigour on the *Globe*, and many of his diatribes against the improper influence of the Roman Catholic priesthood took a form which was unwise, and was particularly hurtful to the Liberals of Quebec. It provided a weapon of assault against them to their least scrupulous opponents. M. Letellier was a man with sincere religious convictions. Bred in the Roman Catholic faith, its ceremonies, its identification with ordinary life, its family discipline, its universality, commended themselves to his sentiment and intelligence; but he was desirous that the priest should be limited to his religious duties, and that what influence he could obtain should be moral, and not be damaging and aggressive. But the politicians who trade upon Church influence never fail to alarm the consciences and the susceptibilities of the clergy—with few exceptions invariably open to such impressions. M. Letellier became then one to be defamed as an atheist and a communist. It was this influence which lost him his election in 1854. He complained to the Bishop on this treatment, and the *Curé* was called upon to make public retraction. He did so, stating the fact that he had assailed M. Letellier, and that he had been called upon to make reparation; as he put it, a proof that the truth could not always be told. The elections for the Legislative Council followed in 1860. The division of Grandville embraced the counties of Temiscouata, Kamouraska, and L'Islet. M. Chapais, his old opponent, still stood face to face against him. There was the old religious cry against M. Letellier, "He was a *Rouge*," "Heaven was blue, hell was red." M. Letellier was elected. He was now in the safe waters of the Upper House. In 1862 the Government which Sir J. Macdonald and Sir George Cartier had held together for five years, since 1857, had lost public confidence. The premier was really Sir J. Macdonald, but the theories of Lower Canada exacted that it should have a compound title. After some political complications, Mr. John Sandfield-Macdonald with Mr. Dorion, assumed the Government. M. Letellier accepted the post of Minister of Agriculture.

We have no space to enter into a history of the events which led to Confederation. M. Letellier opposed the mode in which the question was taken up, and it was a view widely entertained that such a change in the constitution should not be carried in the arbitrary mode in which it was enforced. We were in a deadlock in politics, and this measure of Federation was looked upon as the means of settling the complications. The avowed principle of Federation was to destroy the antagonism which had grown up between Upper and Lower Canada. The leaders of the movement possibly foresaw that the only chance of its success was to force it through with as little hindrance as possible. In 1867 the law came into force. The old Parliament of Canada expired 15th August, 1866.

A Government of compromise had been formed nominally under Sir Narcisse Belleau on the death of Sir Etienne Taché; and on the establishment of Federation Sir John Macdonald was named Premier. It was a Cabinet of Conservatives and Liberals, the latter being represented by Mr. Aiken, Mr. Howland, and Mr. Macdougall. Mr. Howland was subsequently appointed Lieut.-Governor of Ontario, and Mr. Macdougall, of the Hudson's Bay Territory, and in a short time the Administration became peculiarly Conservative. In accordance with the provisions of the Federation Act, M. Letellier became a member of the Senate, and acted in opposition to the Government. Then came the Allan Canada-Pacific disgrace, and the Government was banished from office as a punishment for its ill-doing. Mr. Mackenzie took office, and, naturally enough, M. Letellier became a member of the Cabinet. He entered it as Minister of Agriculture. Such, in a few words, was the career of M. Letellier until 1873, the date when Mr. Mackenzie was called upon to form a Cabinet. The death of M. Caron in 1876 made the Lieutenant-Governorship of Quebec vacant. There were many circumstances which led the offer to be made to M. Letellier. M. Cauchon, who had strangely obtained admission into the Mackenzie Government, claimed it, M. Casgrain tells us; and he was not wont in any matter to be very delicate in urging his demand. It would have been an unpopular appointment. M. Letellier had everything to fit him for the position—personal appearance, good manners, and sympathy with art and literature, a generous sense of hospitality. He accepted the position, and his absence from the Senate was undoubtedly a great loss to Mr. Mackenzie.

On the 25th February, 1878, the crisis occurred which ultimately ended in M. Letellier's dismissal from the Lieut.-Governorship of Quebec. The Lieut.-Governor called upon the First Minister for the reasons which led the Executive Council to adopt measures to obtain payment of bonuses voted by municipalities towards the construction of the railway. He

complained that a bill enforcing new taxes had been proposed in the Legislature without having been previously submitted to him. A conversation took place with M. De Boucherville, in which he stated that he considered consent had been given. On the 1st March—in a lengthy communication—M. de Boucherville was informed by the Lieutenant-Governor that he could not be retained longer in his position, and the Ministry was dismissed. On the 2nd March M. Letellier called on Mr. Joly to form an Administration: the offer was accepted.

It is necessary to narrow this question, because the attempt has been made to set it on a false issue. M. Letellier was removed from office on the ground that his usefulness was gone. A party vote, sustained by all the special pleading of the side, was carried. M. Letellier has also been accused of intrigue. Never was a line of conduct so free from intrigue. It was straightforward and open to the last degree. He played on one side his own personal ease and dignity against the chance of winning nothing. He was the Lieutenant-Governor: to keep his place it was only necessary to be subservient to his Ministry, in order to be called His Excellency and to get additional allowances in any form he might ask. Nor is it necessary to ask, in the view of his dismissal, whether he was right or wrong as he determined to act. The question was, Did his prerogative of Lieutenant-Governor admit of his conduct? We will suppose that no one could have been found to accept the office of Minister; then the vote of the House, protesting against his proceedings, must have been accepted as his condemnation. He would have been removed, or been called upon to resign. Mr. Joly in parliamentary language made the policy his own. In accepting office he accepted the Lieutenant-Governor's policy. The votes of want of confidence in the Parliament of that day naturally followed. They can be held of no account. It is the vote of the new Parliament, which was to be considered. It should have been held to be conclusive, so far as M. Letellier was concerned. It is true that four members sustaining Mr. Joly treacherously abandoned him, each of whom has since received the reward of his vote on that occasion. They will be remembered in the history of the Province of Quebec.

The elections following in 1878, Mr. Mackenzie's Government was defeated at the polls, and then came the whole weight of French-Canadian fury against M. Letellier. Every passion was appealed to, every pre- Ontario knew that M. Letellier was legally and constitutionally right: against him. Sir J. Macdonald saw here the chance he had of commanding the support of Quebec. With the good government of Mr. Joly, it slip from his control. It was indispensable to break down Mr. Joly. It was equally necessary to remove M. Letellier. He succeeded in the two efforts.

It is most important to bear in mind what took place in Mr. Mackenzie's time as Premier. Sir J. Macdonald moved a resolution censuring M. Letellier. The House of Commons by a large majority rejected the motion, thereby fully sustaining M. Letellier—a fact to cast greater dishonour on the majority of the next session, who followed Sir J. Macdonald in his unconstitutional and unjust vindictiveness.

Might is not right. From the earliest days the ruthless abuse of power has often gained its object for a time. The passions of men are excited in proportion as they are ignorant and without thought, and those hurried onward by passion did not stay to estimate the force of the blow they were dealing to the constitution of Canada in every form—especially at the autonomy of Quebec. The parliamentary vote of the majority of the Provincial Legislature convened on this special question was over-ridden, and a vote at Ottawa undertook to tell the children from Quebec, who cried to their mother for help and aid, that M. Letellier was no longer of use—so must go. The memorable words of Mr. Mackenzie cannot be too often remembered. They were uttered on the 27th April, 1880, when Sir L. Tilley moved the House into a Committee of Supply; he had moved an amendment, condemning the removal of M. Letellier on the ground that "his usefulness was gone:" "If it be true that any man who accepts the position of Lieutenant-Governor can have his motives impugned, and be dismissed by this Parliament on account of his appearing to have been an opponent of the Government in his previous political views, then there is an end of all respectability in connection with our highest political circles, and an end to that independent relation between the Government and the Governments of the Provinces, contemplated in the Confederation Act."

We repeat that M. Casgrain has performed an act beneficial to the whole Dominion by the production of this work. We trust to see it translated into English, and recommend it to all who are capable of reading it in the language in which it is written.

HISTORY OF INTERPRETATION.*

WE have read this book with very mixed feelings. For whilst we cannot help being struck by the varied knowledge and wide reading that the lecturer brings to his subject, by the bold and vigorous language with which at times he clothes his ideas—yet at the same time we are disappointed—so much seems to have been taken away from us, and so little given to us in return.

In a work of such a character, perfect satisfaction throughout is not to be expected: the field is much too vast for all the parts to be adequately treated. But we do not think that as much has been done as even within the limits of eight lectures might have been. Throughout the book, often filling consecutive pages, is a vast mass of very interesting matter that, however, does not appear to be altogether necessary, and that might well have been sacrificed in the interests of the subject more immediately under discussion. Some of the movements and the persons who shared in them are treated at great length, whilst others do not receive the attention that they deserve. We instance the cases of Grotius and Hengstenberg. At times too the grouping of names—in the last chapter Gesenius, Hitzig, Delitzsch, Huther—may possibly create very erroneous impressions.

The Bible must be considered as the record of a progressive Revelation. *Πολυμερῶς καὶ πολυτρόπως*, fragmentarily and multifariously, in many portions and in many ways, Revelation was given. This is strongly insisted upon. The law is laid down that the Bible shall be approached upon the same principle of reason and learning as any other book. Men, the Archdeacon says, must emancipate themselves from “that pretence of reverence for the errors of men who were not more illuminated than are men of to-day, who in knowledge were hundreds of years behind them.” For the dogma of “Verbal Inspiration” he has no sympathy, he combats it continually. It is “at variance with the whole form and fashion of the Bible, and is destructive of all that is holiest in man, and highest in religion.” “The *πρῶτον ψευδος* of the whole unprofitable development was Biblical Supernaturalism, an irreverent identification of ‘inspiration’ with ‘verbal dictation.’ Whoever was the first to make the terms, ‘the Bible’ and the ‘Word of God’ synonymous rendered to the cause of truth and religion an immense disservice.”

Human knowledge and experience are to be brought to the study of the Bible. Revelation is to be viewed in the light of the knowledge of the present. The past has not been altogether unproductive. From each age “some element of elucidation, some fragment of knowledge, some flash of light” has been inherited. But so much evil also has arisen from false exegesis, that “he who would study Scripture in its integrity and purity must approach the sacred page with a mind washed clean from human opinions.” Thus the lecturer puts the matter. Speaking of the tendency to read into Scripture our own notions, to interpret passages without paying the slightest heed to the times and the circumstances to which they rightfully belong, he says, and we shall quote his words in *extenso*: “Till we cease to palter and juggle with the words of Scripture in a double sense—till we cease to assume that the Trinity is revealed in the beginning of Genesis, and that Canticles furnish a proof of the duty of Mariolatry; till we abandon our ‘atomistic’ method of dealing with Scripture and the treatment of its sentences as though they were magic formulæ; till we repent of the fetish-worship which made some of the Jewish theologians say that all the law was of equal importance, from ‘God is one God’ to ‘Timna was the concubine of Eliphaz’; till we give up the late and humanly-invented theories which, with a blasphemy only pardonable because it is unconscious, treated the voices of human anger and human imperfection as the articulate Voice of God; till we admit that the Bible cannot and may not be dealt with by methods of which it gives no indication, and of which we see the absurdity when they are applied to every other form of literature, whether sacred or profane,—we may produce improved forms of Rabbinism, or Scholasticism, at our pleasure and at our peril; but we shall never clearly understand what is, and what is not, the purport of the Revelation contained in Scripture.”

The eight lectures deal with the various stages through which exegesis or Scriptural interpretation has passed. Mankind stands in need of a revelation. God reveals Himself, successively displaying different aspects of His character. The Law is given to the Israelites, it is transmitted orally. Its freshness wears off, circumstances change, explanations become necessary, the literal sense seems no longer to be applicable, hence the need of exegesis. The Rabbis undertake this work of explanation. The gradually increasing intercourse of the Jews with other nations gives an impulse to the work, but along two widely divergent lines. The orthodox party—from whom eventually proceed the Targums, the Talmud,—believing

that the one thing needful is to preserve the law from any impurities through the infiltration of Gentile knowledge, hedge it around with innumerable glosses, adding point to point till the original meaning is well-nigh lost. The heterodox school, of whom Philo may be taken as a representative, develops the older system along the lines of Greek thought. Side by side these two schools exist.

Christianity introduces a new factor. The claims of both Old and New Testaments have to be considered; their mutual relationships, their differences, their contrasts. Various schools of Christian exegetes arise: the traditional, the historical, the allegorical; but they effect little, working upon a wrong principle. The Dark Ages succeed, when even the originality that marked earlier times is lacking. Vague and superstitious notions regarding inspiration become general; but men tire of this, and the reaction culminates in the Reformation. The Church is to be judged by the gospel, not the gospel explained by glosses of the Church. Erasmus, Luther, Calvin, are foremost amongst the working spirits of the time. But a spirit is raised which cannot easily be laid. Discordant elements appear on every side, disputes are innumerable, all seem drifting into an age of dogma-framing, belief-inventing; exegesis suffers. A belief in verbal inspiration is forced upon all from necessity, for Scripture must be brought forward to prove this, that, and the other conflicting view.

Dogmatism and Scholasticism seemed again about to usurp sway, fettering thought. But Spenser, Descartes, Koch, and others, appear as apostles of the different movements that tended gradually to mould thought, and, by encouraging wider learning, gave a fresh impulse to Biblical studies.

The eighth lecture is devoted to modern exegesis, but the subject is much too vast to be at all adequately treated: we cannot here attempt to unravel the maze. H.

CONCERNING KISSING.

No one will require to be told what a kiss is, and yet everyone will admit that there is some truth in the remark of the American humourist that the only way to define a kiss is to take one. We have many different kinds of kisses in this country, but we are not so far advanced in the osculatory practices as our friends in Europe. It is not a breach of Continental etiquette for two members of the male sex to embrace and demonstrate their affection for each other by a hearty kiss. A Frenchman likes to maintain his reputation of *bon enfant*, and to him is granted a privilege, which, fortunately, here, gentlemen do not enjoy, for on New Year's morning he kisses every young lady of his acquaintance whom he may meet or call upon. Although possibly we might envy French ladies in this particular, we must admit that we get a fair share of labial compliments during our lifetime. We are well nigh overwhelmed with affectionate motherly kisses long before we can appreciate or return the compliment; and then we have, amongst many others, the kiss of friendly greeting, the kiss under the mistletoe, the kiss in the ring, the automatic kiss of the actor, the kiss blown from the tips of the fingers, and the formal kiss of fashion, which is subservient to the laws of etiquette. These salutations, when between royal personages, vary in number, according to the age and rank of the person kissed, and it is a serious matter if one kiss too few or one too many be given. The stolen kiss which the innamorata,

With an easy cruelty denies,
Yet wishes you would snatch not ask the bliss,

is supposed to possess certain qualities peculiarly its own. How divinely sweet and rapturous is that other kiss, the

Evanescent touch that thrills
The ardent lover's trembling frame;
A dew which on the heart distils,
And kindles into flame,

in reference to which Dr. Walcott writes—

When we dwell on the lips of those we adore,
Not a pleasure in nature is missing;
May his soul be in heaven—he deserves it, I'm sure,
Who was the inventor of kissing.

The lover's kiss is often a lingering one. Byron speaks of the

Long, long kiss—the kiss of youth and love,

and Tennyson says:

With one long kiss, my whole soul thro'
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.

In “Locksley Hall” appears the line—

Our spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips,
a sentiment which had previously been expressed by Shelley, who speaks of—

The soft and sweet eclipse
When soul meets soul on lovers' lips.

Pleasant is the welcome kiss
When day's dull round is o'er,

says J. R. Drake, but sad, sad is the kiss of which Robert Dodsley sings :

One fond kiss before we part,
Drop a tear and bid adieu ;
Though we are severed, my fond heart
Till we meet shall pant for you.

Many poets have sung of the parting kiss, but for true pathos, tender feeling, and touching sentiment, nothing is to be found to excel Burns's little gem, entitled "A Kiss," the last two verses of which run—

Fare thee well, thou first and fairest,
Fare thee well, thou best and dearest ;
Thine be every joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure.
Ae fond kiss and then we sever ;
Ae farewell, alas, forever !
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Wailing sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

In the pages of Shakespeare many kisses are recorded. There is Romeo's kiss in the vault, and Anthony's dying kiss to Cleopatra, when he mournfully says :

Of many thousand kisses, the goodly last I lay upon thy lips.

There is the curious kiss which Pyramus gives Thisbe, through the fingers of Tinker Snout, when he represented the wall ; but the most curious of kisses ever recorded is that of Titania, when she kisses "The fair, large ears of gentle joy"—the ass. There is likewise something ludicrous about Petruchio's kiss, and we have that beautiful song about a kiss in "Measure for Measure," which runs—

Take, O take those lips away,
That so sweetly were foresworn ;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn.
But those kisses bring again,
Bring again.
Seals of love, but sealed in vain,
Sealed in vain.

Treacherous and revengeful kisses are not wanting in Shakespeare, the most terrible being that given by Othello to Desdemona before he smothers her. But what poet has not sung about kissing, and who has ever sung more beautifully than dear old Allan Ramsay, when, in the "Gentle Shepherd," he makes Patie give Roger a lesson by telling him how he managed Jenny. This is how he proceeded :

I laugh, and sae did she. Then wi' great haste
I clasped my arms about her neck and waist,
About her yielding waist, and took a fouth
O' sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth.
While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
Ma very saul came louping to my lips.
Sair, sair she flet wi' me between ilka smack,
But weel I kent she meant na as she spak.
Dear Roger, when your Jo puts on her gloom,
Do you sae, too, and never fash a thoom ;
Seem to forsake her—soon she'll change her mood,
Sae woo anither, and she'll gang clean mad.

Poets are rather unreasonable in their demands sometimes. One sings of his lady-love :

Oh let me on thy panting breast recline,
And press my burning, hurried lips to thine ;
A thousand thousand kisses let me first implore,
And after them a thousand more ;
A thousand thousand let me still repeat,
Till my joys grow as numberless as great.

Another rhymster—Sir Hamburg Williams—while demanding sweet kisses from his darling Chloe, declares that—

I'm not to be stinted in pleasure,
Then, prithee, my charmer, be kind ;
For while I love thee beyond measure,
To number I'll not be confined.

He also asserts that—

The wretch who can number his kisses,
With few will be ever content,

and a similarly-minded writer goes the length of saying that he desires so many thousand kisses that—

Scarce will arithmetic the sum explain,
Millions and millions multiply in vain.

Some very curious kiss transactions are on record. Kisses have actually been put up to auction to the highest bidder. The Duchess of Gordon, while she went about hiring-fairs in the North enlisting soldiers, used to offer the lads, along with the shilling, the alternative of a kiss. It is a well-known fact that if a lady salutes a gentleman while he is asleep, she can demand a pair of gloves. Sir Walter Scott, in the "Fair Maid of

Perth," tells how Catharine obtained a pair of gloves from Henry Smith by stealing a kiss from him while asleep ; and Gay humourously describes the practice thus :

Cicely, brisk maid, steps forth before the rout,
And kissed with smacking lips the snoring lout ;
For custom says, whoe'er the venture proves,
For such a kiss demands a pair of gloves.

The Book has to be kissed when the oath is taken. It is probably the kiss that makes the words sacred and inviolable ; but Cowper truly says that—

Thousands, careless of the damning sin,
Kiss the book outside, who ne'er looked within.

The Book itself swarms with kisses of all complexions, from the innocent kiss of Rachel at the well, or the pathetic and beautiful one of Mary when she washes the feet of her Master with tears, to the most terrible of all treacherous kisses mentioned in the Bible or elsewhere—the kiss in the garden of Gethsemane, which meant betrayal and death.

Brantford.

FLORA FERN.

JOTTINGS ALONG THE C. P. R.

THE weather at Winnipeg was unusually close and sultry, making any exertion an effort, so I spent the day of my arrival, Tuesday, June 29th, quietly at the Leland House, recommended to me as the best and newest hotel in the town. It is on a small scale, and the bedrooms, with a few exceptions, are tiny ; the dining-room, too, is badly situated, below the level of the street, making the atmosphere both heavy and cavernous, as the ventilation is naturally very imperfect : however, it is undoubtedly the best accommodation in the hotel line which Winnipeg offers. Water is abundant, and obtainable, which is not always the case, I believe, in other localities, and the proprietor and his employes are extremely civil, obliging, and anxious to promote the comfort of their guests.

Wednesday, the 30th June, was as hot as the preceding day ; but I had determined to see something of Winnipeg, and a lady friend having kindly offered to show me the city, we drove away from the Leland House at four o'clock, and found a pleasant breeze blowing over the prairie, though the sun's rays still beat down upon our heads with unabated vigour. The absence of trees in the town is a great disadvantage to both man and beast in the warm summer months. I heard, however, that the deficiency has been fully recognised by the corporation, and an Arbour Day instituted in the interests of the city. A few hundred yards from the hotel we turned into Main Street—a handsome, wide, block-paved road, the principle thoroughfare of Winnipeg, as its name indicates. When it is filled up with handsome brick buildings, no city in the Dominion will offer a finer drive and promenade than Main Street. At present I imagine it looks as Toronto did "some forty years ago," and the contrast between the few brick shops, warehouses, and banks, and the low wooden houses which adjoin them, jars upon the eye and reminds one that Winnipeg, with its population of 30,000, is a city of very recent creation. "Thirteen years ago," according to Mr. Sandford Fleming, "there was little to distinguish its site from any other spot on the river bank. The Red River was skirted by a single tier of holdings on the shore line, directly along its banks for a distance of fifty miles, known as the Selkirk Settlement." These holdings, were peculiarly surveyed and show a frontage of 240 yards, by a depth of two miles.

The first place we visited was St. John's College, about a mile from the city, on the continuation north of Main Street. We drove all round its group of buildings, including the Cathedral (so called), and the quaint old episcopal residence known as Bishop's Fort, situated on a high bank immediately above the Red River, which rolls its low and muddy waters beneath. A grove of oaks and poplars surrounds the houses, the first trees that I have seen in this part of the country, and which really refresh my eyes, wearied by the unbroken monofony of land and sky. A new white brick college has been erected on the prairie not far from the original buildings, but away from the river. I should fancy that the dean and canons would be loath to exchange their present shady retreats for the barren, treeless prairie about the new college, and hope their present residences, some of which are quite detached, will be secured to them.

We had not, unfortunately, time to get out and go over to Bishop's Fort, but after making a circuit of the place, the horses' heads were turned towards Winnipeg and we drove to the Hudson Bay stores, which occupy a fine block of brick buildings on Main Street South ; these we investigated fully. I was much impressed by their completeness in every department. We spent some time going over the different flats, and then drove out Main Street South, towards that fashionable part of the town in which most of the private residences are situated, passing on our way, a short distance from the Hudson Bay stores, the foundations of the great

hotel which collapsed with the boom and never got beyond the low stone walls, which cover an immense area of ground.

We crossed the Assinaboine, which here flows from the west into the Red River, and turned up River Avenue, past some nice new houses. Here we again entered upon a region of trees and underbrush, through which pretty roads wound and charming little villas appeared, and soon came upon the Ross Mansion, another victim of the boom, at present unoccupied and unfinished. I was delighted with this part of Winnipeg, which promises to be the most attractive suburb of the city, the houses fronting on the Assinaboine especially, having a charming situation. After winding all through these wooded roads, time warned us homewards, and we returned by way of Broadway and Edmonton Street, with their pretty villa residences, to the Leland House, where I was deposited after spending a most enjoyable afternoon, feeling quite invigorated by the strong, fresh prairie wind which blew freely over the grassy plain stretching westward from the city to the setting sun.

Thursday, Dominion Day, had been named for the arrival of the first through train from Montreal to the Pacific Coast, which was advertised to leave Winnipeg at 9.40 o'clock in the morning, and was to bear me and my friends westward to the Rockies. At breakfast, we read in the *Winnipeg Free Press* the following announcement: "The arrival of the first C. P. R. transcontinental train will be welcomed by a salute from the Winnipeg Field Battery. The two military bands will be present. The Mayor and Council will attend in a body; and no doubt there will be a large turnout of citizens to mark this important event in Canadian history." Warned by this notice of an impending crowd, we tried to get down to the station early to avoid it, and left our hotel nearly an hour before the appointed time, but even at that early hour the platform was crowded; it was almost impossible to force a passage through the seething, struggling mass of humanity moving up and down. Fortunately, I had pressed the hotel proprietor and a porter into my service to carry my valise and rugs; and they succeeded in clearing a way for me to the baggage-room to get my baggage extracted from that of the other passengers, who, like myself, had waited over in Winnipeg for the through train. I had no difficulty in getting it rechecked for Calgary; and the heavy train, consisting of nine cars, having at last drawn up before the platform, I sank a few minutes later into a luxurious seat, flanked by my valise and rugs, feeling that I was established for the next thirty-six hours. E. S.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed: EDITOR OF THE WEEK, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto. Contributors who desire their MS. returned, if not accepted, must enclose stamp for that purpose.

THE PULPIT IN POLITICS.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—The sermon of the Rev. Mr. Longley on a recent Sunday in the Dominion Methodist Church at Ottawa, was an eloquent protest, not only against that party spirit with which our land is cursed, but against that absurd but very useful doctrine, so persistently preached by the party Press of both sides, that ministers, neither in nor out of the pulpit, have any business to express an opinion even on the moral aspects of the actions of politicians. The party Press would fain emasculate the pulpit, and justify the inclusion of our Canadian ministers in what Victor Hugo calls the third sex. Because they themselves have become the mere slaves and sycophants of a faction, the party writers would like to see the other great organ of public opinion reduced to a spiritless and unmanly silence. Politics are no province of the pulpit, they exclaim; as if anything that has a moral side ought to be exempt from its criticism. As well might a tradesman who adulterates his goods protest that, because a minister ought not to engage in trade, he should not, therefore, preach against the tradesman's fraudulent practices.

The origin of this strange delusion, which, however, is firmly cherished and honestly believed in by many good people, is hard to trace. It was certainly not held by any of the founders of the great Protestant denominations now existing among us. Bishop Latimer's sermon against bribery—indeed, most of his sermons—must have given great offence to the corrupt judges and greedy and time-serving politicians of his day. The Book of Homilies abounds with vigorous denunciations, in the very plainest and strongest English, of the public and private vices and shortcomings of men in authority, from courtiers to churchwardens. John Knox, of whom, at his burial, Regent Morton said that he feared not the face of a mortal man, well deserved this tribute to his ever-faithful dealing with the sins of the great. "I have not feared to speak before many angry men, and shall I now fear the fair face of a gentlewoman?" was his reply to some weaker brethren who sought to dissuade him from attacking the Romish errors and French morality of the Scottish Court in the presence of Queen Mary herself. And the later fathers of the Scottish Kirk in all its branches, from the martyrs and heroes of the Covenant to Thomas Chalmers and Norman McLeod, never hesitated to speak their minds on the great issues of their day and generation. In an age which tolerated

not merely slavery but the slave trade, John Wesley denounced that nefarious traffic as "the sum of all villainies." Surely his disciples in Canada of this generation are only following his example in protesting against the starvation of Indians, and the traffic in Indian girls, and this, too, only hypothetically on the facts being proved, which is all that can be charged against Mr. Longley.

In an age in which every act of politicians is blackened or white-washed by party spirit, the well-meaning and right-thinking men of all classes who, having nothing personally to gain or lose by party victories or defeats, desire nothing save the peace and prosperity of their country, and the treatment of the weaker races in a spirit of justice and mercy, cannot afford either to muzzle the pulpit or ignore the independent Press, for the convenience and at the bidding of politicians. Faction on both sides would fain close both these mouthpieces of education and unbiassed opinion. The Pharisaical censors of Mr. Longley in the dreary columns of the *Ottawa Citizen* have their counterparts in the elephantine humour and pompous dogmatism of the *Globe's* attacks on the Rev. Dr. Potts and other clerical loyalists. The *Mail*, on the other hand, while properly reproving in a recent article a very foolish clergyman for comparing Sir John Macdonald to Caligula, paid a dignified and graceful tribute to the motives of character as patriots of Wm. Lyon Mackenzie and George Brown, while protesting against the obloquy with which the *Globe* continually bespatters the graves of men equally as honest and conscientious—the plain straightforward soldiers, and shrewd and able lawyers of whom the much abused Family Compact was mainly composed. The article displayed an elevation of thought and breadth of view worthy of the scholar and thinker who I presume was its author, and agreeably disappointed many who scarcely expected to see opponents—even though dead and gone for years—treated so fairly in the columns of a party organ. When will the *Globe* in its turn learn to treat dead and gone Tories—to say nothing of living ones—as somewhat better than mere tyrants and plunderers? A. SPENCER JONES.

A PLEA FOR MR. GLADSTONE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—As THE WEEK is an independent journal, and as you have several other subscribers who have the misfortune, like myself, to be Gladstonites on the subject of Home Rule for Ireland, I venture to offer one or two remarks on certain criticisms in the letter of "Liberal" in your issue of July 8th, which seem to me not to be quite fair.

1. "Liberal" refers your readers to the London *Times* as the "leading independent journal in the Empire, never to be bought, bullied, chicaned, or cajoled into advocating unpatriotic or unworthy measures—given to temperate, guarded, and measured speaking." "Liberal" may possibly know more about the "true inwardness" of the nobility of the *Times* than the majority of us, but I would ask him if the *Times* did not oppose nearly every great Liberal measure carried during the last fifty years, including Free Trade? I submit that the general opinion of the *Times* is summed up in the admirable criticism of Mr. Matthew Arnold, who says: "We have the *Times*, existing as an organ of the common, satisfied, well-to-do Englishman, and for as much play of mind as may suit its being that."

2. "Liberal" draws a most remarkable parallel between the First Napoleon and Mr. Gladstone. He says they had "the same insensibility to human suffering and wrongs, caused by their own actions, yet coupled with kindness in private life." "Liberal" is good enough to allow, evidently, that Mr. Gladstone is kind in private life, but what history has taught him, I would ask, that Napoleon Buonaparte was anything like what a model head of a household ought to be? Certainly not the memoirs of those who were nearest to him and best able to judge. I would refer "Liberal" to the "Memoirs of Mme. de Rémusat" for enlightenment on the subject of Napoleon's character.

3. "Liberal" says, continuing the parallel: "Napoleon was very greatly the abler man of the two, except in speaking. Very few of the great actors in the world's history have even been tolerable speakers. Certainly in private life, when we want able and skilful managers, captains of industry, or even cooks, we don't advertise for people who can orate for three hours at a time." In reply to the above I would say:—

1. That a comparison is not very generally drawn between a soldier and a statesman, except in a school essay.
2. That Napoleon was essentially a soldier, and that Mr. Gladstone is essentially a statesman.
3. That oratory (in the best sense of the word) is necessary for a statesman, but not quite so necessary for a soldier.
4. That oratory could be quite dispensed with in "able and skilful managers, captains of industry, and even cooks."
5. That Mr. Gladstone was never placed at the head of English affairs simply because he could "orate for three hours at a time."

In conclusion, sir, I may say that there are other criticisms in "Liberal's" letter which might be considered, but I shall be satisfied if your courtesy will accord space in THE WEEK for this brief and feeble protest from one of your readers not in sympathy with the present attitude of your journal towards Mr. Gladstone. I am, yours very truly,
Richmond, Que., July 10th, 1886. J. C. SUTHERLAND.

MR. J. W. F. HARRISON, Musical Director of the Ottawa Ladies' College and Organist of Christ Church, Ottawa, has resigned both positions to become Organist of the Jarvis Street Baptist church here. He will assume his new charge on the 1st August. Mr. Harrison was formerly music critic of THE WEEK; and his return to Toronto will doubtless be welcomed by very many old friends.

The Week.

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

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THE opening of the C. P. R. through to the Pacific coast has attracted attention in England to the great value of this Canadian contribution to the consolidation of the Empire. England has now an alternative route to India, China, and Australia, and can girdle the whole earth without touching foreign soil. It is a splendid contribution to Imperial Unity, of which Canada has just reason to be proud; and it raises her at once into a most important constituent of the Empire. Commercially, also, there can be no doubt it will give an immense impetus to this country. Not only may the railway be of great service to the trade of the mother country in case of a blockade of the Suez Canal in time of war; but also in time of peace, owing to its comparative shortness, it should become the main highway of trade between Asia and the eastern coast of this continent; and there are incalculable possibilities in the opening up of the vast habitable North-west territories. The railway is certainly the greatest industrial work ever undertaken by a country of the size of Canada, and might be deemed a fit monument to the great statesman who carried it to completion, were it not that a fitter will be hereafter found in the nation covering half a continent his genius has founded.

THE Government of the United States will do well to closely watch the action of the French Government in respect of the Panama Canal. An effort is being made to secure the sanction of the French Government for the issue of bonds to the amount of six hundred millions francs; and a writer in *L'Economiste Française*, after declaring that it cannot seriously be expected that the work can be finished with the amount named, hints at the possibility of the work ceasing to be a private enterprise, and becoming a national one. This is the French method of colonisation and annexation. When once a few French obtain a foothold in a place, twice as many soldiers are one day landed to punish some imaginary insult; the flag is hoisted; and, as it is usually a matter of protracted negotiation to satisfy or get rid of the unconscionable demands of the French Government, there the flag flies, unless it is torn down by a stronger Power. This is the method by which France has acquired a number of islands or archipelagoes in Polynesia, and her latest move in that direction was at the New Hebrides. She is not likely, it is true, to attempt precisely the same thing on the American Continent—the memory of Mexico must be too fresh with her; but watchfulness is advisable.

A sign of relief might well spring from every British heart when the result of the elections became certainly manifest last week. Gladstone has succeeded, during his lease of power, in lowering the British name and prestige in every quarter of the globe. In Egypt, in South Africa, Australasia, India, Afghanistan, Turkey, the Continent, everywhere is seen the ruinous result of entrusting the government of an empire to a mere arguer, whose great piety and equal lack of statesmanship impels him always to prefer the good of every other country to the good of his own. There can be no doubt in the non-official mind that his mischievous influence has been at work also in the present fishery dispute between this country and the States. In his and Lord Granville's feeble grasp, we could expect no other than that the interests of Canada would have been long ago ignominiously surrendered to the States, for the sake of peace, if the Canadian Government had been less firm than it has, happily, shown itself to be. The Americans have been counting on this surrender, and their chagrin at the loss of Home Rule is therefore much aggravated at the certainty that the incoming Conservative Government will compel them to observe the treaties between the two countries. The settlement of this question, now to be looked for on some fairly equitable terms, will be one good result of this election, and another will probably be the clearing away, or the precipitation, of the war cloud that has been hanging over Eastern Europe since Mr. Gladstone, by a parliamentary trick, ousted the Conservative Government from power. The Czar has since been hovering over Turkey, watching in common with the other enemies of England, in Europe and America, the progress of the Gladstone plan of doing justice to Ireland; and if that had succeeded—if Mr. Gladstone had succeeded in breaking up the British State into two or three or four States, to none of which the

colonies and dependencies of the British Power could owe allegiance;—why, then, the British Power having disappeared, the greatest obstacle would have been removed from Russia's path to Constantinople; and the whole of Europe might have been plunged in war.

THEY deceive themselves who imagine that because Mr. Gladstone has received nearly half the votes cast in the elections, therefore this granting of Home Rule is only a question of time. If Mr. Gladstone should disappear from the scene to-morrow and another election be held on the question of granting such a measure of Home Rule as he proposed, to the demand of such a set as the National League, it would be found that this seeming surrender of nearly half the nation to Fenianism, is in reality the surrender only of the ciphers under the dominion of Mr. Schnadhorst's machine, and numbers of a class whom Mr. Carlyle had in his mind when he described his country as being mostly inhabited by fools. With the removal of the object of their adoration, the victims of Gladstonolatry would probably cease this degrading cult; at all events they would not be likely any longer to practise it at the polling booths. It is true, this cult has already reached the point of flat blasphemy; but we cannot believe that the worshippers will go quite so far as to regard the defeat of their idol as a second Crucifixion, and continue their idolatry after he is physically as well as politically dead. We read in the *Daily News*, Mr. Gladstone's organ, that at Edinburgh "a touching incident was noticed during the walk along Princess-street. A blind man stood on the edge of the pavement, having a friend at his side who was blessed with sight. As Mr. Gladstone came up the seeing friend thrust the blind man's hand forward, so that it just slightly brushed the Prime Minister's coat. "Was that him?" afterwards whispered the blind man in the ungrammatical colloquialism in vogue before and since the days of the detection of the jackdaw of Rheims. On being assured that he had touched Mr. Gladstone's garment the blind man's face beamed with delight." It is surprising that he was not healed! Here is a plain comparison made between Mr. Gladstone and the Saviour of the world; and on the next day that other great and good man, Mr. Labouchere, bosom friend of Henri Rochefort, is reported to have said: "Mr. Gladstone appealed from the elected to the people." Evidently the deification of the G.O.M. is proceeding at a rapid rate: the writer of "Pilot" and "Caiphas" must be already more familiar with the gospel of Mr. Gladstone than with the New Testament. But here again we have a comparison instituted between the trial of our Lord and the trials undergone by Mr. Gladstone in his attempt to confer Home Rule on Ireland; and this is the moral condition of the men whose voice has, it is fondly imagined, rendered the concession of Home Rule, sooner or later, inevitable.

UNDOUBTEDLY, the question of Home Rule has been projected permanently into English politics. There is now a British as well as an Irish Home Rule faction: many leading English statesmen on the Unionist side are convinced of the absolute necessity of settling this Irish business, and whatever Government succeeds to power must take account of this new factor; but, it may be reckoned as certain, no self-government will be granted while Ireland remains under the government of the National League and is represented in parliament by the Parnellites. The bad character of these men, who for seven years have tried their best to wreck the legislature, and, worse still, whose hands, it is more than suspected, are not free from the stain of blood,—the suspicion that attaches to them as the representatives of domestic lawlessness and foreign outrage-mongers, has been a prime cause of the defeat of Home Rule now, and will prevent its success, until Ireland has recovered from her frenzy and is restored to moral soundness. This can be brought about only by freeing her from the monstrous tyranny that now weighs on all but the most degraded classes: the first duty of any Government must be to suppress the National League. When that is done, the now rampant scoundrelism will shrink back to its place, and the natural leaders of the people, the Irish Catholic gentry and the better class of the priesthood, will have courage to assert themselves, and assume their rightful position. And then will be the time when England will cheerfully grant the only Home Rule that can ever be granted—the right of county councils, or even a national assembly, to make by-laws—but nothing more—relating to the local affairs of Ireland. The laws for Ireland will ever, while England remains the imperial country, be made at Westminster.

UNDAUNTED by defeat, Mr. Gladstone intends, it is said, to wage a ceaseless battle for Home Rule in Parliament. This is a repetition of a threat he made several months ago; and might have been expected from the stupendous vanity and egotism of the man. He has appealed from the

classes to the masses, and the masses in their turn have emphatically rejected him; but what of that: the rule of the majority must be suspended and their decision reversed when William E. Gladstone finds himself in the minority. One would suppose there was only one understanding mind to be found in all England; but surely this crushing defeat, so contrary to previous confident predictions, ought to awaken suspicion, even in it, that it is not infallible. But no: the masses as well as the classes must now be taught that their common sense is of an immeasurably inferior order to the mind that alone and unaided conceived this abortion of a Home Rule scheme. Mr. Gladstone relies for success on the fact that frequently it has happened that a great question, taken up and agitated solely by a small advanced wing of the Liberal Party, has in course of a few years been embraced by the whole Party. So it was with Free Trade, Household Suffrage, the Disestablishment of the Irish Church; and so, Mr. Gladstone hopes, it may be with Home Rule. But he quite leaves out of sight the important consideration, that in these cases there was a large mass of Liberal opinion unenfranchised and outside the official class of the Liberal Party, and it was the spread of the principles referred to from this non-official to the official, or representative, class, and their growth within the latter, that ultimately procured the passage of the reforms; while now, there is no such outside unenfranchised Liberal opinion; all was enfranchised by the Reform Bill of last year, which gave it full power to realise its wishes; and accordingly it has spoken at the polls an emphatic No,—a thing it could not do in the other cases; and its decision must be taken to be final, unless there is expectation of teaching it that it is a wrong opinion, in which case it is on precisely the same footing, with an equal chance of reversal, as any other great question on which the popular verdict has been given.

As to the future government of Ireland let us reproduce some passages from the account given in a late number of the *Nineteenth Century* by Mr. R. Barry O'Brien, a Home Ruler, of the Administration of Thomas Drummond. "It would be scarcely an exaggeration to say that the Irish Executive in 1835-40 was one of the strongest in the world; and it was strong because it was supported by the public opinion of the country. Lord Melbourne sent to Ireland a ruler who, first among the English governors of that country, showed the qualities necessary for gaining the confidence of the Irish people and winning them over to the side of 'law and order'—viz., a knowledge of Irish history and character, an acquaintance with Irish wants, sympathy with Irish feeling, and an unchangeable determination to be consistently, uniformly, firmly just. This ruler was Thomas Drummond.* Under his powerful Administration old abuses were removed and new energies infused into the public service. Government by coercion was dropped; government by the ordinary law was vigorously carried out. . . . The character of the Government may be well judged by the men who filled the positions of Attorney and Solicitor-General. The one was Mr. Perrin, a Protestant, the other Mr. O'Loughlen, a Catholic. Both were men of eminence in their profession; both were friends of O'Connell; both were animated by zeal for the public service, and free from the taint of sectarianism. Even-handed justice in all departments was the distinguishing feature of the Drummond Administration. . . . In one case, a territorial grandee was deprived of the commission of the peace, because he had, at a public dinner, proposed a toast 'commemorative of a lawless and disgraceful † conflict; . . . in another, a police officer was severely rebuked because he had failed to charge and disperse a turbulent Catholic mob. Centres of popular lawlessness were broken up, and strongholds of Ascendancy undermined. . . . The horrible struggle between the owners and the cultivators of the soil was dealt with in a fashion new alike to tenants and landlords. On the one hand, agrarian offenders were arrested, tried, convicted, and punished with little difficulty, and without public disapprobation; on the other, landlords were censured for acts of oppression, and boldly told to discharge the 'duties' as well as exercise the 'rights of property.' . . . The popular leaders were frequently 'consulted' and always 'considered,' and the doors of Dublin Castle thrown wide open to all comers without distinction of politics, creed, or class. In fine, an Executive watchful of the interests of all classes and favouring none; vigorous in action, just in conduct, Irish in sympathy, and Imperial in aims—such was the great 'concession' of the Melbourne Ministry to Ireland. 'Put yourselves in contact, not in collision, with the people,' said Sheil in resisting Grey's Coercion Act of 1833. Drummond 'put' himself 'in contact with the people,' and died in 1840, bewailed by the nation, and leaving Ireland more tranquil, more loyal to British connection

*Lord Mulgrave was Lord Lieutenant, and Lord Morpeth Chief Secretary, but Drummond, who filled the position of Under Secretary at Dublin Castle, was practically the Irish Government.

†Drummond's words.

and the Union than she had been at any time previously, or than she has been at any time since. But after the death of Drummond the Executive system which he had introduced was gradually overturned. In 1841 the Melbourne Ministry . . . fell; Sir Robert Peel succeeded to office, and the old order of things was restored. The policy of concession and of political incorporation was arrested, and the system of class government, hand-to-mouth legislation, repressive legislation, no legislation, revived. . . . Agitation and rebellion immediately followed. O'Connor unfurled the banner of Repeal, and, for the first time, flung himself heart and soul into the struggle. Duffy, Davis, and the Young Irelanders sowed the seeds of revolution and recalled the memory and the teachings of Wolfe Tone. The idea of separation was revived, the idea of repeal was rooted in the public mind. From the death of Robert Emmet to the death of Thomas Drummond there was no separatist party in Ireland. From the death of Drummond to our own time this party has scarcely ever ceased to exist. In 1848 Ireland was in rebellion, in 1858 the Fenian organization was founded, in 1867 Ireland was in rebellion again." This we conceive is the spirit in which the future political government of Ireland ought to be moulded: while it is in harmony with the firm government proposed by Lord Salisbury, it is wholly inconsistent both with Coercion, the false "gloss" knowingly put on that proposition by Mr. Gladstone, and with the opposite course of surrender to treason proposed by himself as the sole alternative.

It is to be hoped the political opponents of Mr. Chamberlain will never forget the immense service done to the country by his siding with the Unionists and so securing the rejection of the Gladstone Bill. Whatever happen hereafter—however bitter party strife may arise between the Tories and the Radical leader, the remembrance of what Mr. Chamberlain has now done must soften the asperity. Mr. Chamberlain is at all events a patriot, and he has shown, moreover, a statesmanlike understanding and grasp of the situation that must entitle his views on any question of government to the most careful and respectful consideration: not that they were not so before, but he now bears a credential which hitherto, it must be confessed, has been lacking. The reputation of no statesman has been bettered by connexion with the Gladstone Government of 1880-5; and unfortunately the record of that Government is the record of Mr. Chamberlain's whole official life. That Government, however, with all of national disgrace that it implies has finally disappeared for ever; Mr. Chamberlain, long regarded as Mr. Gladstone's political heir, starts afresh untrammelled by the drawbacks of such an inheritance; and it is of happy augury for his future that his renunciation of the heirship has literally saved the country, by compelling an instant reference of the Irish question to the electors.

The *Globe* goes from Home Rule to Socialism, but its advocacy of the one will not be more successful than of the other. In trying to set the "masses" against the "classes," Mr. Gladstone perhaps may, as the *Globe* hopes, have sown the seed of a socialistic agitation for the "equitable distribution of future products" between the industrious and skilful producer and merchant, and the socialist agitator; but we doubt if he had any such intention. He wished simply to get his Home Rule project adopted; and though his wondrous intellect has persuaded him that he is mentally superior to all the rest of the intellect of his country—though the idiosyncrasy of his character has led him, in carrying out his plan, to receive with gratification the shameful applause of American-Irish conspirators and of the envious and exulting enemies of his country in Europe; yet we fail to perceive any ground for expecting from him any such weakness as the anarchical campaign the *Globe* hopes is now to be begun. Though Mr. Gladstone has freely used the arts of the demagogue, he is by no means a Socialist; and, at any rate, even if he were, he must feel that on the question just submitted to the electors, the masses have pronounced against him. Under his own extension of the franchise to all households, scarcely a voice outside the gaols but has been heard on the Home Rule question, and the majority have pronounced against his plan. As, however, he has been supported in Scotland and Wales, he may indeed now persist in setting race against race; but he will hardly do what the *Globe* seems to wish—promote a rebellion of the criminal—the only class now open to him—against all other classes of society; for that, though akin to the Home Rule agitation, will not help the one cause he has at heart.

The closing of the port of Batoum by Russia means simply that the Czar has again taken the opportunity offered by a weak Government in England to repudiate an inconvenient obligation. In 1870, Mr. Gladstone being in office, Russia repudiated the Black Sea clause of the Treaty of

Paris; last year, Mr. Gladstone being again in office, she seized a slice of Afghanistan; and now, Mr. Gladstone having returned to office, the Treaty of Berlin is violated. Mr. Gladstone and the Gladstone system of Government are, in fact, regarded with contempt by Russia, as by most of the Continental Powers, and each of his terms of office during the past twenty years has been signalized by some impudent claim and ignominious surrender. It is to be hoped, however, that a surrender in the present case will not be consummated. In Mr. Gladstone's present position he has no right to commit the incoming Government; and Lord Salisbury, or whoever may be Premier, ought not to be confronted, as in the Afghan affair, with a *fait accompli*, to which his predecessor has assented. A *fait accompli* there will be; but it is time England dealt in a manner different from the Gladstonian with a Power which never intends to observe a treaty a day longer than suits her convenience.

THE present election has made it clear that the assumption is quite unfounded that the Conservatives owed their strength in the boroughs, in the last election, to the Irish vote. Evidently the Irish vote in England is important only in the imagination of the Parnellites: it has in this present election turned the scale in favour of the Gladstonites only in two places.

THE following double-barreled toast, which has been variously attributed to Smeaton, Erskine, and others, it is suggested might be used at convivial meetings of the National League, after the toast of the Queen has been drunk: "Dam the canals, sink the coal-pits, blast the minerals, consume the manufactures, and disperse the commerce of Great Britain and Ireland!"

THE following confirmation of the fact that the Roman Empire had some commercial intercourse with China is given in the *Wochenschrift für Klassische Philologie*:—"In Northern China, in the province of Shansi, sixteen Roman coins have been found, which belong to the coinage of twelve different Emperors, from Tiberius to Aurelian. Inquiry has brought out, that these coins were dug up some fifty or sixty years ago in the vicinity of Ling-shih Hien."

ONE of the banners displayed at Mr. Gladstone's reception in Edinburgh on Thursday, says the *St. James's Gazette*, bore the following couplet:—

Great is thy power and great thy fame;
Far kenn'd and noted is thy name.

Mr. Gladstone's admirers do not seem to be aware that the quotation comes from Burns's "Address to the Deil," and that the succeeding lines are the following:

An' though yon lowin leugh's* thy hame,
Thou travels far:
An', faith! thou's neither lag nor lame,
Nor blate nor scaur.†
Whyles rangin' like a roarin' lion
For prey a' holes and corners tryin'
Whyles on the strong-wing'd tempest flyin',
Tirlin'‡ the kerks.

As a curious illustration of the demoralising effect of the present suspended animation of government in Ireland, says the *Spectator*, we may mention an instance of the action of the tenantry in relation to rent which we know to be true, and which we believe to be typical. While the Conservatives were in office, the tenantry of a certain landowner demanded a reduction of 20 per cent., and accepted a reduction of 10 per cent. on their rents. The Liberal Government came in, and the same tenantry then withdraw their assent, and demanded a reduction of 40 per cent., refusing to pay till it should be granted. Then Mr. Gladstone's Bill was thrown out, upon which the tenantry at once came and paid down part of their rent, with a promise to pay the rest, by way of securing their position. What can illustrate more vividly the disastrous moral effect of the present uncertainty in Ireland?"

A CORRESPONDENT writes to the *St. James's Gazette*:—"May I ask a corner in your paper to protest against one incident in Mr. Gladstone's journey to Scotland which happens to affect me somewhat seriously? The train stopped several minutes at Hawick, during which time the Right Honourable gentleman said that he "regarded Hawick as the birthplace of his family." For the last month I have been busy compiling a little booklet of views, with illustrative letterpress of the chief places where Mr. Gladstone was born. This includes front and side views of his birthplace in Wales, a bird's-eye view of Leith (where Mr. Gladstone was born), two sketches of the house where he first saw the light in Lancashire, and one of his Norway birthplace. By springing Hawick upon me after the volume had gone to press, the Right Honourable gentleman detracts from

the completeness of my book. I may add that it will be out in a fortnight, under the title "The More Famous Birthplaces of Gladstone."

In his speech at Newcastle, Mr. Morley denounced the English plan of local self-government for Ireland as unworkable. If Kerry, he said, were treated as Northumberland, Kerry must control her police; and if Kerry controlled her police, there was an end to law and order. This admission, that to give Ireland county self-government, involving the surrender of the police to the new municipalities, would involve the subversion of law and justice, is startlingly frank, and is in curious contrast with the trustfulness of Mr. Gladstone, who would, confident in their lamb-like professions, invest the National League with the government of Ireland. However, Mr. Morley would do so because he thinks that as France emerged somehow from the Reign of Terror, Ireland may do so as well, and in the process evolve a strong government of some sort. But the total contradiction between the means proposed by these two political doctors to bring about this desirable result is surely a good reason for trusting neither.

THE *Spectator* has this appreciative note on one of the soundest statesmen of the day: "Mr. Goschen grows. We cannot, in the limited space at our command, give even the chief points of his speeches this week at Darlington, Newcastle, and Edinburgh; but this we note, that they have shown in him a great popular power for dealing, and dealing not only good-humouredly, but often with great point, with hostile comment of no very scrupulous kind, and that he sticks to his brief, in spite of all interruption, and positively compels his audience to grasp his argument. He is a great political educator, and no speeches recently have equalled his in the closeness of their logic and the power of his retorts. He compelled the Newcastle people to see that some large scheme for the settlement of the Irish land question is certainly not dead, but is at most in a condition of suspended animation; and at Edinburgh he has made a very great impression, by showing the absolute impossibility of so distinguishing Irish, Scotch, and English affairs as to permit of separate Legislatures of anything like the Parliamentary type. . . . His popular speeches have indeed been models of close, lucid, and familiar argument."

It is a most significant circumstance that the public debate on Home Rule has been carried on wholly within Great Britain. Not a single great gathering has been held by the Nationalists in Ireland where the complicated provisions of the Irish Bills might have been explained to their constituents. To this day no one knows what the Irish people think of giving up the right of determining their own Customs and Excise duties, which Mr. Parnell has told them they ought to have; nor what they have to say about paying tribute, or on the question, so hotly discussed in England, as to the exclusion or non-exclusion of the Irish representatives from Westminster. In fact, the sentiment of the people of Ireland with respect to the Irish Bill is wholly unknown; and it looks very much as if it has been carefully suppressed lest it should become evident to England that in agreeing to accept the Bill as a settlement the Parnellites have been trying to impose on English credulity. They have carefully avoided committing the Irish people to the acceptance of the Bill as a settlement; but until they did so, and the approval of the Irish people were expressed openly through other channels than the Parnellites, we should refuse to believe that these speak any other than the voice of their American-Irish employers.

THE *St. James's Gazette* says:—"Mr. Gladstone's metropolitan supporters met in St. James's Hall on Wednesday. A careful examination of the platform and the auditorium showed that Mr. Gladstone's metropolitan supporters consist of Mr. Michael Davitt, ex-convict; Mr. Sexton, rhetorician in ordinary to the Irish-American party; Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Anglo-Irish journalist; Messrs. Crilly, Clancy, O'Brien, Sullivan, and other Irish members; that well-known politician, Mr. Moy Thomas; and the Chinese Ambassador. Further, of Mr. James Stuart, M.P., Professor of Applied Mechanics and Social Pruriency; of Mr. Bolton, M.P., and Mr. C. H. Wilson, M.P.; and of about five thousand Irish labourers from the East-end. Was it worth while to hold a meeting to illustrate so clearly the character and composition of the London Home Rule party, even for the sake of airing Mr. Sexton's eloquence? Old electioneering hands should have managed the business better. . . . As for Mr. Sexton's speech, it was eloquent, no doubt; but Mr. Sexton has been much more eloquent before. Let us take, for instance, his observations to the Land League meeting in Dublin in October, 1881:—"I will not mince my words, and I say that the one prevailing and unchangeable passion between Ireland and England is the passion of hate." This may be usefully compared with his protestations of regard and attachment for the English people on Wednesday evening.

*Flaming pit.

†Nor bashful nor easily frightened.

‡Shaking.

IN JULY.

I CANNOT sleep, and morning's early light,
 All soft and rosy, tempts my restlessness
 To ask from Nature what of peace she gives.
 I gaze abroad, and all my soul is moved
 At that strange calm that floats o'er earth at rest.
 The silver sickle of the summer moon
 Hangs on the purple east. The morning star,
 Like a late watcher's lamp, pales in the dawn.
 Yonder, the lake that, 'neath the midday sun,
 All restless glows and burns like burnished shield,
 Lies as a child at rest with curtain drawn.
 The forest trees are still. The babbling creek
 Winds softly through the copse and glides away :
 And the fair flowers, that lie as thick and sweet
 As posies at a bridal, sleep quietly.
 No early breeze his perfumed wings unfolds ;
 No painted butterfly to pleasure wakes.
 The bees, whose busy hum pervades the hours
 Through all the sultry day, keep yet the hive.
 And, save the swallow, whose long line of works
 Beneath each gable, points to labour's nest,
 No bird yet stirs. Upon the dewy mead
 The kine repose ; the active horse lies prone ;
 And the white ewes doze o'er their tender lambs,
 Like village mothers with their babes at breast.
 So still, so fair, so calm, the morning broods,
 That, while I know the glaring day will come,
 And bring its clouds of gnat-like stinging cares,
 Rest steals into my heart, and gentle peace.

S. A. C.

AN AMATEUR GEOLOGIST.

THAT is what I am. I am an Amateur Geologist. By profession I am a musician, playing the organ on Sundays. I write songs and waltzes, duets and polkas—just putting down the notes as they come into my head ; hardly ever making a second copy. I know how to do it, you see ; just so many bars, just such a clef, such a cadence, such a rest—the only point, by-the-way, about which I am ever dubious is the difference between a minim and semibreve rest ; but, then, no musician ever is certain on that point, and so I am not alone in my vagary. Still, though I do my work easily, if not mechanically, I become pretty tired of it after nine months' steady application. Then I give up my profession and become an Amateur Geologist. And I advise anybody with brains who may find himself (or herself ; I don't except the other sex, by any means,) tired out this approaching summer, and without the necessary lucre to take him (or her) to the sea-side or the mountains, to turn Amateur Geologist with me, and I warrant he (or she) will never regret it.

Such charming summers I have spent in various parts of Canada, clad in a tight suit of lichen-gray, with a knapsack over my shoulder and a long box in my hand with a leathern handle and a little key ! What parts of Canada ? Oh, all over ! Among the quartzites at Murray Bay, with the agates at Michipicoten, prying for amethysts at Thunder Bay, rifling the rosy dykes of feldspar at Parry Sound. Mind, I don't pretend to be able to tell you how the quartzite comes to be at Murray Bay or the amethysts at Fort William. I am only an amateur, and "cognize" these pretty things as amateur musicians take in concerts. That is what is so delightful to me. I never enjoy a concert, barring one or two very perfect things now and then, for I know too much about it. But a rock ! I know as much about a rock as the *connoisseur* in music knows about a symphony, and you know how much that is. Structure, now—that phrase "structure"—they all use that about a musical composition. So do I—about a rock.

In fact, I know so little about geology that I ought to call myself an amateur mineralogist, but that I am also interested in fossils, and dabble in palæontology. The term "geologist," therefore, covers all the ground. And now to enumerate all the pleasures, the unmixed delights, the pure satisfaction I derive from this favourite pursuit of mine.

First of all, it is a pursuit that takes me out, away from the house, into the open air, away from the town. I am a quiet person and lead a sedentary life, therefore this is good for me. Botany might do the same, and I am very fond of botany—it is an excellent pursuit, but it is inferior in interest, does not even go hand-in-hand with geology ; but for the one the other had not been.

Secondly, there is, next to the fresh air, the splendid hard-work involved in looking for specimens, and, when found, in hammering them out. Wasn't I three weeks over a stubborn brute called *Asaphus Platycephalus*, a trilobite with a flat head—as his name infers, who simply wouldn't come out of his rock ?

Thirdly, there is the delight of acquiring, and this is very pardonable and natural when the objects are not flat-headed crustaceans, but crystals of garnet, or plump little geodes that you split like a cake, or petrifications of insects and leaves, or slender crinoids with the pretty radiated structure showing at the end (that's the first time I've used the word, and must try and not do it again), or those coral things that look like wasps' nests, or shining bits of mispickel, or the æsthetic peacock-blue and gold copper ore. These are only a few of the lovely things that I personally have acquired through my taste for the science. Sometimes, if a friend who knows my

love for it, presents me with a rare ammonite or a piece of plumbago, I take it, of course, being naturally and abnormally acquisitive, I daresay ; but I don't value it as much as an end of an orthoceras that I've knocked off myself, or my first trilobite. That trilobite—shall I tell you about him ?

Well, I was spending the summer down the St. Lawrence—this is a good many years ago now—having been as far down the Gulf as Gaspé. There I had caught lobsters in their natural state of prismatic black, in company with French-Canadian fishermen, who afterwards promptly caused the lobsters to turn the orthodox brilliant scarlet of the shops by boiling them. I had stayed at Little Métis for a month or more, fishing in the Mataume, botanizing in those unequalled woods, which appear positively virgin, and sketching the great fall, more imposing than Montmorenci. I then pushed on to Murray Bay. One morning's work convinced me that here was one of the loveliest places on earth. I see it still—the queer "calash," with the driver and myself, and the hardy French pony, making the tour of the village street : I catch the purple light on the gently rounded hills that seem to encircle in comforting and Old World-fashion the primitive dwellings of the simple *habitans*. I hear some jolly raftsmen and *voyageurs* singing in the porch of the hotel,

"En revenant de la jolie Rochelle :"

and as we pass merrily and recklessly along to the sound of the driver's—

"Mush-dong, mush-dong,"

which is, I take it, *patois* for "Marche donc," I realise that we emerge upon a scene of great originality as well as beauty. For, as we still sprang and rattled along in the early morning air, I perceived the landscape to be characterised by the most singular conical mounts and hillocks, presumably of clay, and occurring in most regular lines as if planted or piled by the hands of past generations. Then, too, I marked the curious terrace, over a hundred feet high, which presented a steep clayey bank over the sea and was surmounted by another. The place seemed absolutely unique, and I resolved to stay and see it all. I got out and examined the curious mounts ; they looked much like the ancient barrows one finds on Salisbury Plain. Then the driver rattled me off again in a few moments to Cap à L'Aigle, with a promise of finding me "some gar-r-r-vel." But garnets did not appear to grow where he looked for them, and we returned to the little French hotel where I was staying. Day after day I remained strolling about in this entrancing spot. I saw the "Fraser Fall," the "Tron," the "Petit, Ruisseau," a lovely little cascade shut in by green leaves and mossy rocks that reminded one of the north-country "forces," and the "Grand Lac." I took my hammer and my long box with me whenever I went out, and soon I had collected some charming things. The garnet rocks were easy to find when I looked in the right place for them. The garnet occurred in a thin pink layer that seemed to be glued to a mixed black and white rock. I managed to split off several good-sized pieces, but I was never lucky enough to find any so-called "garnet crystals." But a prettier rock cannot be imagined than that combination of black and white and pink, especially when associated with great blocks of a pure white translucent quartzite found along the shore in great quantities, which bore bright green stains, in the rocks and plates of silvery mica an inch or two thick. Pieces of these pretty rocks were soon inside my long specimen box with leather handle, and I was almost happy. But not quite. Up to the present time I had not found a fossil. I was very anxious to do this, and looking up the subject a little I found that I was in a capital locality for fossils, and soon set to work with a will. In proceeding along the beach to Les Ecorchés I found the beds of dark grey limestone which my guide and oracle—a "Report" from the survey a few years old—had characterised as "highly fossiliferous." I was slightly familiar with shells, corals, and so on, and managed to knock out a few of these, when quite suddenly I perceived something in the rock at my feet which took my eye immediately. It was a faint shadowy shape, oblong and barred, or, rather say, ribbed. I knelt down and tried to make it out, but it was like nothing I had ever seen. I dragged a large loose stone from a pile close by and put it over it, so that the men working just around the corner at splitting some of the stones should not see it and be tempted to rob me of my treasure. Returning home, I studied up the matter and finally decided that this unknown fossil must be a trilobite. There was a discovery ! There was glory ! I used to sit and gaze at it—my first trilobite !

From the pictures in the Report he seemed to favour one called *Asaphus Platycephalus*, and so I named him that—fondly. What was the world like when he crawled about in it ? I used to wonder, and what would he think of it now, could he see it ? When I had gazed on him for three or four days at intervals, I began to get him out, but this was a three weeks' business as I have said, and then too much of the rock he was imbedded in came with him and one of his ribs got broken. But I bore him off in triumph to my room, *chez* mine host Chamard of the little French hotel, and a month or so afterwards had the satisfaction of hearing my verdict endorsed by a scientific swell I happened to know, who pronounced him (my trilobite) a fine specimen of *Asaphus Platycephalus*.

The following summer I spent on the shores of Lake Superior. My journey from Toronto to Gravenhurst was by rail ; there I took the ill-fated "Waubuno" up the lovely Muskoka River as far as Rosseau, and from there went by stage over a corduroy road to Parry Sound. This road leads, or did lead, through the most perfect wood I ever saw, filled with the rarest mosses, flowers, and ferns, and back of which bloomed in a marshy bed masses of the rare and glowing cardinal flower. At Parry Sound I stayed a week, fascinated by the gently sloping rocks of dull grey at the back of my hotel, streaked in all directions with bright yellow, rosy, and white spar. What a beginning for my holiday ! The best was to come, however, when, on the shores of Michipicoten Island, I found

delicately striped and wrinkled agates, and farther up the great lake large peices of that beautiful stone known as "jasper conglomerate," where the blood-red jasper, predominating in a pure white rock, produces, when polished, such a fine effect. At the Bruce Mines—not working—I found little copper, but more conglomerate, and at Prince Arthur's Landing I revelled in the unique specimens of purple, chocolate, buff, and white crystalline masses of spar.

One beautiful little white crystal that I procured with infinite difficulty, leaning over a ridge which looked out upon a considerable precipice, had a nugget of copper inside it, and when it was turned to the sun I screamed with delight, it shone so brightly through its crystal house. All kinds of copper ore I found up there; but the prettiest was the peacock or horse-flesh ore, all blue and green and bronze. The first day that I got it I filled my entire box with pieces of it, but the next day I had to throw most of them away as a child would have done, because of the bigger lumps and fresher beauties that awaited me.

That summer was rich in unique specimens, and I returned home with a trunk full. Year after year, summer after summer, I pursue my unenlightened way through various parts of the Dominion, usually from the first of July to the first of September: sometimes on foot, as I love best to be, that I may stop whenever anything attracts me; sometimes on a bicycle; sometimes by boat or rail. There come summers that disappoint me, too hot or too cold; there arrive localities that present inaccessible cliffs or damp and dangerous bogs of 3000 or 4000 acres, but through it all I keep unchanged my love for my darling pursuit, and to apply Wordsworth's enamored line—

"My heart leaps up
When I behold——"

a rock I have not seen before, or a fossil that I must attempt to classify, or a giant boulder in the middle of a plain, which seems to say to me, "How did I come here, and whence are these strange deep grooves and scratches on my venerable front?"

As for my technical knowledge, I have hinted that it is not very deep. I know nothing about "dip" and "strike"; I have forgotten what is meant by the "creeps" in coal mines, though I think that, if I were alone in a coal mine I should very quickly find out. An "anticlinal curve" I only know as being opposed to a "synclinal curve"; "fracture" and "flexure" with me are interchangeable terms, and so are "cleavage" and "joints."

Yet a piece of chalk on my study table, or the frond of a fern in the lump of coal brought in to my study fire, or the crinoid stem that stares me in the face when I go down on May mornings to the river to bathe, hanging my clothes on a shrub under the shady cliff; or the myriad, hard, glistening little shells that sparkle in the stone wall of my house—all tell me stories that eclipse even the marvels of Brentaus, or Verne, or Grimm. For, from the first day of creation, there has never been any fairytale so brilliant, so absorbing, so instructive, as the tale of "How the Earth Grew;" and, although I shall never be a scientist, and never write F.R.S. after my name, and never compile a monograph on "The Earth-Worm, His Habits and Origin," I still feel, whether drifting about in my bark canoe, or sleeping in my tent on some mossy northern island where the pine-scented air is so keen and health-giving, that I am in my humble but enthusiastic way, slowly learning to read that greatest of great legends. I lay stress on the value of enthusiasm. Talleyrand said, "above all, no enthusiasm!" Emerson said, "nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm." The great Frenchman spoke to Frenchmen, and the enthusiasm of the French has always been a dangerous element to call into play; he was quite right, the French can do without it. The great American spoke to Americans, and we cannot afford to do without it. We need it in every walk of life, and the Amateur Geologist most of all. Without enthusiasm he can never do what I have done, tramping, hammering, prying, digging, picking up and throwing away, climbing fences, scaling walls, going cold, hungry, and exhausted, wading across shallow streams, and hauling myself over deep ones, living on pork and beans and cold water for weeks at a time, only to find, perhaps, one coveted specimen, the darling of the Devonian seas or the carboniferous forests, which, very likely, looks to the uninterested observer "just like anything else."

And since it is true, to quote once more from Emerson, that "the crowning fortune of a man is to be born to some pursuit which finds him in employment and happiness—whether it be to make baskets, or broadswords, or canals, or statues, or songs," and that I, as a maker of songs in the winter time, find my summer employment in the open air digging and hammering, gathering strength and force of character, and an insight into the plans of the Creator and His ideas about order, I hope that many more Amateur Geologists will speedily arise and go forth this summer with me, if not in bodily presence, at least in the spiritual. And when the winter sets in their work will still be present with them as it is with me, for shelf upon shelf of shining ores and delicate corals, and polished agates, and weighty fossils have I in my pleasant study and in the entrance-hall, and again upstairs in the sitting-room, to remind me, while working away at my crotchets and quavers, of the lovely days gone, and of those, please Heaven, yet to come.

Ottawa.

SERANUS.

In preaching a charity sermon, the Rev. Sydney Smith frequently repeated the assertion that, of all nations, Englishmen were most distinguished for generosity and the love of their species. The collection happened to be inferior to his expectations, and he said that he had evidently made a great mistake, for his expression should have been that they were distinguished for the love of their specie.

THE POPLARS.

SHIVERING and wretchedly three poplars tall
Sway in the twilight of a city high,
Mire at their feet, above them cloudy sky,
Girt by the limits of a meagre wall
O'er which the thin gloom of their shadows fall.
And yet beyond them, hid from mortal eye,
The East's mysterious magic gardens lie,
Where the rapt nightingales for ever call
From bowing rose and myrtle. At a gate,
Unseen by men, an Ethiop doth stand,
Finger on lip, to lead me through the land
To the dim vastness of cool courts, where late
Watches unearthly Beauty. Ah! there be
Spells subtle woven by those wizards three!

—Macmillan's Magazine.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

A GYNECOCRACY.

"IN one respect," says Herodotus, "the Lycians differ from all other men, that they call themselves by the name of their mothers, and not of their fathers. If one Lycian asks another who he is, he will always speak of his descent from his mother, and his mother's mother. And if a female citizen consorts with a serf, the children are free-born; but if a male citizen, even the best born, takes a foreign wife or concubine, the children are illegitimate." The exclusive right of inheritance of the daughters in Lycian families secured to the women in Lycia a predominance unexampled in the ancient or modern world. Nor is it altogether a fanciful theory that much of what is peculiar in the character and history of the Lycian people—their love of home and country, of peaceful and well-ordered life, their disinclination to foreign enterprise, their neglect of foreign colonisation, their unexampled heroism and power of self-sacrifice in defence of hearth and home, of sepulchre and altar, their deep sense of religion, their cult of the dead, their love of mystery and symbolism, their yearning after future life beyond the grave—may be traced to the predominance of the female element. Pythagoras says that "piety is the most peculiar possession of women." That the ascription of these qualities to the Lycian nation is no fanciful theory will be readily granted by every student of Lycian history and Lycian monuments. One of the most interesting of these last is the one at Limyra, inscribed with twenty-four gnomes, inculcating trust in God, faith in the truth of God's word, fear of His all-seeing eye, love of honest work, patience and hope of future happiness in the midst of present suffering. It is a document which might have been written by the hero-martyr Gordon himself.—WALTER COPELAND PERRY: *Fortnightly Review*.

THE MASCULINE AND FEMININE PRINCIPLES.

THE contrast between the worldly wisdom which aims at a knowledge of men and things only that it may use them, and that deeper insight which is begotten of love, and has no purpose but loving God in the creature—as the old divines would have said with a truer meaning than is generally allowed to them—is one that seems to have haunted the poet's [Goethe's] imagination during the whole of his youth, and from which he could not free himself until he had given it a full and final expression. He saw that the difference of interest was rooted in a difference of character, and that success in this world depended on a certain narrowness and hardness in the nature of one set of men as opposed to the other: but he also saw that a gain was involved in the loss which the more gifted, and therefore the more sympathetic, must suffer. There was a spiritual compensation for all their practical defeats. In the very worst moment of their destiny, they would not willingly change places with the man who seems to tower so high above them, though they may fly to him for counsel, though they may cling to him for support when no other refuge is left. The question is one which is wide and deep as the world; the farther one follows it the more suggestive does it become, and the fuller its tragical significance. Like all great ideas it cleaves the world asunder and lays open its very core.—Macmillan's Magazine.

NATURE AND FOLK-SONG.

I SHALL always vividly remember two occasions of hearing a folk-song sung. Once, long ago, on the Bidassoa. The day was closing in; the bell was tolling in the little chapel on the heathery mountain side, where mass is said for the peace of the brave men who fell there. Fontarabia stood bathed in orange light. It was low water and the boat got almost stranded; then the boatmen, an older and a younger man, both built like athletes, began to sing in low, wild snatches for the tide. Once, not very long since, at the marble quarry of Sant' Ambrogio. Here also it was towards evening and in the autumn. The vintage was half over; all day the sweet "Prenda! prenda!" of the grape gatherers had invited the stranger to share in its purple magnificence. The blue of the more distant Veronese hills deepened against a coralline sky; not a dark thing was in sight except here or there the silhouette of a cypress. Only a few workmen were employed in the quarry; one, a tall, slight lad, sang in the intervals from labour an air full of passion and tenderness. The marble amphitheatre gave sonority to his high voice. Each time nature would have seemed incomplete had it lacked the human song.—*The Countess Evelyn Martinengo Cesaresco*.

ST. SWITHUN'S DAY, THE 15th JULY.

THE commonly received story of St. Swithun's Day is that he was Bishop of Winchester from 845-891, one thousand years ago, and a great benefactor to the once royal city where Edward the Confessor was crowned; that he desired no shrine in the chancel, no chapel in the diocese, but desired to be buried in the churchyard where the rain might fall upon his tomb, and the steps of wayfarers might be frequent. His successor, Ethelnoth, or Athelwood, had wrought for him a shrine of the purest gold, richly carved. When the Saint's body was to be removed into the Cathedral, there were *forty* days of incessant rain, a protest from the sky against his too magnificent funeral. Hence, the incident brought forth the superstition embodied in the old adage:

"St. Swithun's Day, if thou dost rain
For forty days it will remain;
St. Swithun's Day, if thou be fair,
For forty days it will rain na mair."

Such is the current belief. But let us search who or what was St. Swithun, that *his* day should be connected with forty days uninterrupted rain. It is evident, in the first place, that he was no *Christian* Saint, though an Archbishop of Canterbury (or Bishop of Winchester) in the tenth century, is said to have been called by his name.

The Patron Saint of the forty days' rain, was simply Tammuz or Odin, who was worshipped among our ancestors as the incarnation of Noah, in whose time it rained forty days and nights without intermission. Tammuz and St. Swithun, then, must have been one and the same. But as in Egypt and Rome and Greece, and almost everywhere else, long before the Christian Era, Tammuz had become to be recognised as an incarnation of the devil, we need not be surprised to find that St. Swithun is no other than St. Satan: one of the current forms of the grand adversary's name among the Pagans was Sytan or Sythan. This name, as applied to the Evil Being, is found as far to the east as the kingdom of Siam. It was evidently known to the Druids, and that in connexion with the flood; for they say that it was the son of Seithin who, under the influence of drink, let in the sea over the country, so as to overwhelm a large and populous district. (See "Davies's Druids," p. 198). Now, the Anglo-Saxons, when they received that name, in the very same way as they made Odin into *Woden*, would naturally change Sythan into Saythan; and thus, in St. Swithun's Day, and the superstition connected therewith, we have at once a striking proof of the wide extent of devil worship in the heathen world, and of the thorough acquaintance of our pagan ancestors with the great Scriptural fact of the forty days' incessant rain at the Deluge.

If anyone thinks it incredible that Satan should be thus canonised by the Papacy in the Dark Ages, let me call attention to the fact that even in comparatively recent times the Dragon—the Devil's universally recognised symbol—was worshipped by the Romanists of Poitiers under the name of the good St. Vermine. (See notes of the Society of Antiquarians of France, vol. 1., page 464; apud "Salverte," page 475.) The mystic Tau or sign of the cross, was at first the emblem of Tammuz; at last it became the emblem of Taitan or Satan himself.

EDWARD DUMERGUE

SONNET—"IN THE STUDIO."

MASTERS have sought to paint a face as fair
As thine, which ne'er shall need a frame of gold;
Great though the conquests of those hands of old,
Greater thy triumph is. Fond Nature there
In love's own labour—(such as no man dare,
E'en Raffaele, though of him we hold
Madonnas priceless)—did with truth unfold
In thy bewitching charms her beauty rare.
The fine, firm touch of Angelo did ne'er
Capture such sweetness, and his Sibyls bold
Had, by life's picture, seem'd but crude and cold,
Eclips'd by Nature's own uncopied air.
Life hath three secrets that perfection give,
Love, Truth, and Beauty! all with thee do live.

E. G. GARTHWAITE.

THE ART GALLERY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.*

AT certain intervals, which are rarer than they might be in the annals of the Press, there appears on the literary horizon a book which we all instinctively recognize as a craft whose sails are steadily filled by breezes that have often crossed our path before, but wandering and aimless. Nobody expects it, nobody predicts it, but its advent predisposes everybody to congratulation that these vagrant winds of heaven have at last been coerced into practical service. Mr. Morrison's book is of this sort. The Art Gallery of English has had a disintegrate existence, if the term be permissible, for many of us for a long time. Visions of its marvels have danced before us, echoes of its harmonies have floated among our weary commonplaces, and all the sodden mart and dusty town has uplifted itself in the glory caught from its radiant canvasses. Critical literature has long abounded in the ideas

* By A. H. Morrison, Assistant Master of the Brantford Collegiate Institute. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

of convertibility which Mr. Morrison dwells upon; but it has remained for him to give them a central thought, a connected form, and a noble continuity. We have been tolerably well aware of the existence of this gallery, we have even had glimpses through its windows; but Mr. Morrison has unlocked the door and bidden us enter.

Lest it should be for an instant supposed that this author's citation of the artistic beauties of the English language partakes, even remotely, of the nature of a catalogue, it may as well be stated at the outset that this description of our "gallery" is in itself a work of art thrice worthy to hang there. After one's first astonished dip into the translucent depths of this externally unpretending little green book, one takes plunge after plunge with all the zest of a new and delightful literary sensation, new at least in Canadian literature and delightful in any. Mr. Morrison seems to have undertaken his work in a spirit that is almost devotional; his pages read like the dictation of an exalted passion. His English is irreproachable, his thought pure and high, his fancy delicate and agile. There is an Addisonian quality in his philosophy, and one encounters passages of exquisite word-painting that worthily parallel Ruskin's famous picture of the Falls of Schaffhausen.

"I have heard the wind rise on a soft June day in even such gentle whisperings, as though fearing rebuke, wooing the leaves. By-and-bye, grown bolder with the dalliance and unchecked caress, it lifts its voice in little laughs and gurglings and harmonious trills of hilarity; while the green masses of the woodland shake their jolly sides in sympathy with the happy fellow. There follows a lull-surfeit of satisfaction, the tender interlude all hushed, only the sun-glint on the sail and the odour of summer in the air; then the first soloist sailing on ebony wing above the tree tops gives vent to his lusty "caw, caw, caw"—recitative to ox-eyed daisy and red-tinged sorrel, and nodding grass plume, and then, again—silence—followed by a little burst of tremulous applause—clap of leaf-hand and tinkling approval of ripple-lip." When have we had such dainty strokes as these among Canadian artists of the pen? But this extract might be indefinitely multiplied without conveying to the reader any sense of the complete art of the book. To borrow one of its own figures, to present any single passage is to take a mosaic from the walls of a temple, and hold it up for the sun to shine upon, a pleasant but a fruitless task. To know this temple of Mr. Morrison's building, to the glory and honour of the informing spirit of beauty in the English language, one must be familiar with every part of it. Of course it is not flawless, this beautiful erection. We are disposed to accuse its builder of self-consciousness, constant and evident; we would ask him if he expects us to believe that the author of Ossian's elemental verses coexisted with the quarrying of the monoliths of Stonehenge. It is a poetic conceit; but will the prose-writing incredulity of the nineteenth century accept it? Then of course we are disposed to quarrel with him occasionally as to the hanging of his masterpieces, notably in the prominence he gives to the word "charlatany" of Southey about Lodoro; and to tell him that his opinions of the "modern analytic school of fiction" must be the product of a long and debilitating course of romance most exclusive of modern fiction. To call Howell's people, for instance, "highly rectified spirits," is to get a long and grotesque distance from the mark. The modern school of fiction, if it is fairly subject to any reproach, may bear the blame of dealing too exclusively in the corporealities of human life, to the utter and scornful neglect of its idealities. Indeed, instead of devoting an appreciable space to the wanton destruction of the unhappy novelist of the "analytic" school, as Mr. Morrison does in his chapter on "Sculpture," this author might profitably have searched the pages of the Howells-James fraternity for wonderful examples of the chisel in literature. There is an occasional fleck in the word-painting too, which gives one an impatient suspicion of carelessness in the artist. When he spoils a magnificent description of the marine phenomenon of a waterspout, for instance, with an allusion to "the clouds bending to kiss its lowering brow," the incongruity of this is evident, and the culpability of—"the lips, like over-ripe cherries, are ever-ready to burst open and show the milk-white seeds within," need not be pointed out. In what far clime did Mr. Morrison find seeds in cherries? But these are very small spots on a sun of tranquil brilliance, the centre, we venture to hope, of a whole solar system for which Mr. Morrison's creative powers will be directly responsible.

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

THE edition of Nuttall's Standard Dictionary, published by Frederick Warne and Company, and "noticed" by us last week, is for sale by Hart and Company, Toronto.

At a time when public affairs were in a very unsettled state in France, M. de G—, who squinted terribly, asked Talleyrand how things were going on. "Mais, comme vous voyez, monsieur."

THE MAGAZINES.

THE *North American Review*, perhaps taking a cue from the success of the *Forum*, has become of late somewhat more adapted to popular taste than ever before. It loses none of its dignity, however, and prints the motto of its title-page, "*Tros Tyrusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur*," with the consistency which has always characterised it. This number opens with a bit of the East in an article on "Mohammedan Marriages," by Minister S. S. Cox, "Sunset" Cox, as he is familiarly known, by reason of his descriptive powers, to his fond and flippant countrymen. Matters of Oriental matrimony are not alluringly novel, but Mr. Cox's article presents some uncommon phases of it, and is careful and exhaustive. The short and incisive article of Cyrus W. Field, in a recent number of the *Review*, advocating the purchase by the Government of the plant and trade of the U. S. telegraph companies is supplemented by a long and able paper from Wm. A. Phillips supporting the same view, and brings forth from W. H. Preece, Chief Electrician of the British Government Telegraph System, an encouraging and corroborative letter. While much greater difficulty attends Government assumption of American telegraphic facilities than in compact England, the difficulty only shows the pressing need of such assumption, and it is probably much a question of time. Professor Gilliam has a strong anti-Chinese article, written from a purely Californian point of view, and Edward Gordon Clark presents this theory with satisfaction to himself and economists of his startlingly modern way of thinking.

"The entire wealth of mankind reverts from one generation to another every fifty years, in accordance with the average death-rate. But now, if the world's wealth, or a nation's wealth, is simply a reversion, extending through fifty years, one-fiftieth of that wealth reverts in one year. This one-fiftieth is two per cent. of the whole value. Is it not perfectly clear, therefore—a mere 'example of arithmetic'—that an annual tax of two per cent. on the value of property, collected by society and expended for the common good of society, would effect complete democracy of ownership—would give, with every child born into the world, an exactly equal share in all the opportunities and advantages of life." Mr. Clark appears to have left out of account the laws controlling the reversion of property every fifty years, and also the fact that they exist in a purely individual sense for the benefit of individuals only. There are, doubtless, people whom he will be able to persuade that the proceeds of one man's labour, gained without special opportunity, should be taxed to afford special opportunity to his less energetic or fortunate brother; but, unhappily, they are not of the class that subscribe to the *North American Review*.

J. S., of Dale, has an odd bit of London drama in this month's *Lippincott's*, "Two Passions and a Cardinal Virtue." The high life it depicts is irredeemably vulgar, and therefore false; the whole thing is *bizarre*, grotesque, blocked in too roughly, even for stage play. J. S., of Dale, should be besought to continue giving us his sombrely-delightful stories of the evolution of college graduates, in which his realism is so delicate and his metaphysics so airy. "Our Experience Meetings" contains contributions from Henri Gréville and Joaquin Miller. The former writes, with the unconscious, zestful egotism of a Frenchwoman, an exceedingly autobiographical sketch. Henri Gréville should confine herself to her especially charming fiction. I think it was the *North American Review* that printed a few months ago an exceedingly vapid article from her pen upon French novelists, and the paper under discussion amply proves that she can write no more happily of herself than of others. The brilliant Frenchwoman did not find the American appreciation she expected and deserved last winter. She was received in New York with much social enthusiasm; but the lecture which she, like all other more or less distinguished foreigners, felt compelled to deliver to the barbarians of Gotham, fell with a sad Parisian thud upon the select audience of two or three hundred who assembled to hear it. She idealizes a great deal in her novels. The lovely statue-like conception of "Cleopatra," for instance, I heard her say, she borrowed from the character of an exceedingly stout lady of her acquaintance, the mother of eleven children!

Outing for July is as full of the charm of sun and wind, forest and prairie, as that notable monthly has won the right to be expected to be. The illustrations of this number are rather better than usual, and one or two European sketches show an extension of scope that will meet with approval. The *English Illustrated Magazine* has a frontispiece of more than ordinary merit in G. L. Seymour's drawing of "A Girl of Morocco," a swarthy semi-intelligent animal, whose African traits are portrayed with remarkable fidelity.

What shall we say of *St. Nicholas*, that prince among children's magazines? Full of light, and joy, and laughter, the July number simply

supersedes the June number, as the June number superseded the May number in every quality that childish literature should possess. More than juvenile interest will centre, however, in Mrs. Burnett's charming story, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," which contains as dainty and distinctive work as she has ever done. Fast upon the heels of *St. Nicholas* comes the *Pansy*, gracious and sweet, an idyl of babyhood. Among the many excellent influences that issue from the press of the Lothrop's this periodical blossom must not be accounted least.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE MAN WHO WAS GUILTY. By Flora Harris Loughhead. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

Flora Loughhead has laid before the public a different phase of life to that which is generally chosen. She depicts sin in all its forms; shows the measure of good in bad and *vice versa*. She takes for her hero a man who has fallen—knowingly, wittingly used money which was not his own; yet from the first he does not try to palliate his crimes, but accepts the punishment resignedly. She shows how the world greets him when he appears once more; how the brand, the misery of crime clings to him; how his old love, Margaret Baxter, restores to him the true hope and courage for new life, by some kindly words spoken, at the time he had most fully realized his life was not worth living, and had made the cowardly resolve to end it.

The book makes one realise the lives of those who, from wickedness or weakness, or even from injustice, have fallen. It also shows how shameless a life may seem, and yet how much may lie hidden which would not bear the light of day. Lastly, and best of all, it shows that truth and honest perseverance may at last win the honour and approval of men.

There are very many characters, but such a work necessitates this. "Stubbs" is "unique," his easy repentance, his easier fallings, his frequent imprisonments, and his keen admiration for his own skill in burglary, invoking one's laughter. Margaret Baxter is an exceptionally beautiful character. Some of the closing scenes are heart-breaking in their intensity.

As a man who himself passes through the sharp agony and slow misery of a wasting disease becomes an infallible witness of its development in others; so the man who has experienced the deadly ravages of concealed guilt working upon a human existence, recognizes, by unerring intuition, the symptoms of moral disorder and decay.

Let men preach, if they will, the strong ties of human love, the sacred links of friendship, the holy sanctity of the marriage tie. I will show you a bond more powerful than all these, more enduring than human affection, more indissoluble than priestly rite, more tenacious than friendship; and it is the humiliating fellowship of crime. There is only one tie on earth that is stronger, and that is the bond of suffering and loss.

The book is not delicately written; it deals openly with sin. There is no beating about the bush; but many a good moral lesson may be learnt by its perusal and digestion.

WE have received also the following publications:

ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. July. New York: Macmillan and Company.
LIBRARY MAGAZINE. July. New York: John B. Alden.
OVERLAND MONTHLY. July. San Francisco: 120 Sutter Street.
ANDOVER REVIEW. July. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company.
ART INTERCHANGE. July 3. New York: 37 and 39 West 22nd Street.
MAN. May. Ottawa.
FRANK LESLIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE. August. New York: Park Place.
THE PANSY. July. Boston: D. Lothrop and Company.

THE five hundredth anniversary of the founding of Heidelberg University will be celebrated at Heidelberg in August of this year. A historical sketch of the old town, the castle and the University, by Mrs. Lucy M. Mitchell, will appear in the "Midsummer Holiday" *Century*, the August number. Seventeen illustrations from drawings and photographs will accompany the article.

THE last information from the globe-girdling wheelman, Thomas Stephens, has just reached the editor of *Outing*, dated Constantinople, June 16th. The despatch states that he arrived there the day before, and intended sailing for India on the 23rd of June. He was held nineteen days a prisoner in Afghanistan, when only ten days from Calcutta, and could easily have made his goal had the English military authorities not had strong reasons for not letting him behind the scenes on the British frontier.

THE numbers of the *Living Age* for the weeks ending July 3rd and 10th contain "Genius and Precocity," and "John Webster," *Nineteenth Century*; "Contemporary Life and Thought in France," "The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood: a Fight for Art," and "In Osman Digna's Garden," *Contemporary*; "The Laird of Redgauntlet," and "Mystery and Romance," *Macmillan*; "A Court Chaplain," and "Gustave Dore," *Temple Bar*; "Boys' Blunders," *Cornhill*; "An Original of the Last Century," *Belgravia*; Mr. Ruskin's "May Day," *Leisure Hour*; "Good Friday among the Mexican Penitentes," and "King Louis of Bavaria," *Spectator*; "A Russian Experiment in Home Rule," *St. James's*; "The United States Geological Survey," *Nature*; "A Last Century Letter," *Academy*; "The Currents of the Atlantic Ocean," *Le Génie Civil*; with instalments of "Black Crows," "Doctor Edith," and "A Sicilian Doctor," and poetry. The number for July 3rd begins a new volume.

FRIENDS having business in New York city will find the Grand Union Hotel, on 42nd Street, opposite Grand Central Depot, one of the best of the many hotels in the city. It has recently been refitted nearly throughout, and its accommodations are all first-class. Its manager, Mr. W. D. Garrison, is always attentive to the wants of his guests, and insists that the same attention shall be shown by every employee under him. We have tried the Grand Union on many occasions for a number of years past, and can cordially recommend it and its genial host to our friends, when either pleasure or business calls them to the metropolis.

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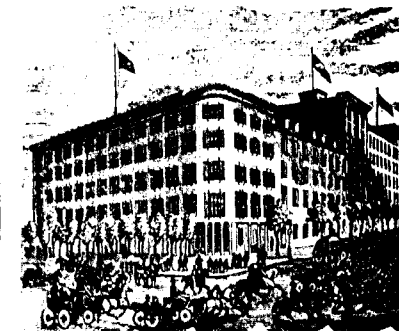
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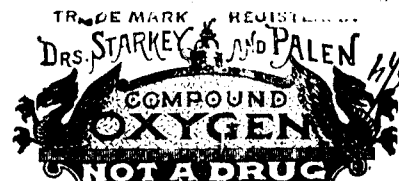
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