

# THE WEEK:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

Vol. I., No. 45.

Toronto, Thursday, October 9th, 1884.

\$3.00 per Annum.  
Single Copies, 7 cents.

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## The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY AND LITERATURE.

Edited by W. PHILIP ROBINSON.

TERMS:—One year, \$3.00; eight months, \$2.00; four months, \$1.00. Subscriptions payable in advance.

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

## TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE counter charges brought against members of the Ontario Government before the Bribery Commission collapsed, as might have been foreseen, on investigation. The defence of the different members of the Government is substantially the same, though Mr. Mowat appears to have paid less attention to the details of the intrigue while it was going on than some of his colleagues. The avowed object of all of them was to complete the evidence of bribery; and this it was thought would best be done by some member of the House accepting the money that was offered and paying it over to the Speaker. If, two of the witnesses agreed in saying, there were nothing to rely on but one man's evidence against another, no conviction would be possible. When McKim was laying in wait for the men who held the money, a criminal prosecution could not have been intended; for the mouth of a criminal is so far closed after he pleads guilty or not guilty that anything he has to say is not taken in evidence. Oath against oath there would not have been in a criminal prosecution, and it must have been intended, in the first instance, that the House should act alone as the guardian of its own honour. That determination was departed from, and proceedings in three different forms were set on foot: an enquiry before a Committee of the House, a criminal charge begun in the Police Court and sent to the Assizes for trial, and a Royal Commission. When the case for the Government had been finished before the Commission, the Opposition in the House was free from any complicity in the acts complained of in the main charges. It is satisfactory to know that the honour of both sides of the House comes out of the ordeal unstained. At no step in the various forms of proceedings that have been gone through was the spectator ever allowed to forget that the political element was a strong ingredient in the case. Everything that could be made to wear the appearance of wrong-doing on either side was made the most of. Some parts of the enquiry were pushed to an extent which, if such proceedings became general, would make it necessary to revise current notions of constitutional procedure. Things commuted in Council might, contrary to the oath of an advisor of the Crown, have to be revealed in the Police Court, and a member of the House might be called upon elsewhere to account for what he did in the discharge of his public duty, and to say why he moved a particular resolution one night rather than another. The members of the Government answered many

questions touching the discharge of their public duties which they might fairly have refused to answer. There now remains the evidence taken by the Commission for the House to deal with, and the criminal trial at the Assize Court; but in political cases, where charges and counter charges have been bandied, it is always next to impossible to get a jury to agree.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER is to stand at the back door of the British embassy at Madrid while the British Minister to the Court of Spain engages in negotiations for a commercial treaty in which Canada is to have a special interest on one side, and Cuba and Porto Rico on the other. For entering into these negotiations the Government of Madrid has the special authority of the Cortes. As far back as February, 1881, Sir Alexander Galt brought the question of a commercial treaty similar to that now proposed before the attention of the Spanish Minister in London. This negotiation has a special bearing on Mr. Solomon's proposal to annex Jamaica to Canada. The two movements are antagonistic. The products of Cuba and Jamaica are chiefly of the same kind; and if Canada come under a treaty obligation to admit the sugar of Cuba at lower rates of duty than she admits the sugar of other countries, the margin of gain which Mr. Solomon thinks annexation could secure to Jamaica would be largely cut off. A commercial treaty would have done for Cuba and Porto Rico what Mr. Solomon aims to do for the island for which he speaks by annexation. He would find himself anticipated in a way to which no objection could be made; the commercial advantages of annexation would be almost nullified, and the political objections would remain. Of the two processes, that of which Madrid is to be the scene is infinitely preferable. A commercial treaty would give Canada an opportunity of extending her trade connections in a way that would be quite unobjectionable, while the annexation of Jamaica would present a political problem which would be almost, if not altogether, insoluble. Sir Charles Tupper finds himself in the anomalous position of an official advocate of the commercial treaty, and, as far as appears, a voluntary advocate of annexation. Success in the first move would tell greatly against the second. In her present mood, Canada is not disposed to assume the responsibility of governing Jamaica, and the politicians who may undertake to popularize the annexation which Mr. Solomon proposes will find that they have a heavy task on hand. But that the attempt may be made, should the Colonial Office press the fatal gift on the Government of Ottawa, is not at all improbable.

THE commission enquiring into the proceedings on the Jacques Cartier election protest has reached its last and worst stage. The friends of M. Mercier have undertaken to cover M. Trudel with a thick coating of black, in the belief that M. Mercier will by contrast present an appearance of angelic whiteness. M. Trudel, whatever else he may be, was the fast friend of M. Mercier, and assisted him in the extremity of his fate. And the obligation was not discharged according to promise. It was through M. Trudel, too, that M. Mercier received the \$5,000 which caused the proceedings for the disqualification of M. Mosseau to be dropped. The receipt of the money M. Mercier at first denied; and now, when denial is no longer possible, M. Mercier's friends have discovered that M. Trudel is a conscienceless scoundrel whose greatest amusement is to laugh at the sanctity of an oath. At the next stage in the mutual recrimination, M. Trudel may be expected to strike back, with all the force at his command, in the internecine struggle which has assumed a thoroughly destructive character. Such is the vengeance of party.

THE commercial treaties which the Washington authorities are desirous of forming with the States of Central and South America, without including Canada, serve to show which way the wind is blowing. A treaty in which Canada would be a party beneficially interested would only be an extension of the principle proposed to be applied to Central and South America, though the schedule would present a very different complexion. The rule which Secretary Frelinghuysen has laid down as a basis for the proposed treaties would, with some modification, find acceptance in Canada. He wishes to exclude from the free list manufactures which come into

competition with American manufactures. This is precisely what Canadian manufacturers would desire; for there is nothing they dread so much as this competition. The manufacturers of the United States, it would seem, have the same fear of Central and South America that our manufacturers have of them. So long as the manufacturers of any country are afraid to meet competition abroad, so long must they be content with the home market, unless they can get access to foreign markets by means of commercial treaties. For this reason the Washington authorities seek to force their manufactures into neighbouring countries by means of international agreements. They also desire, as far as practicable, to exclude competing products from the free list. Canada would desire to minimize the exclusion of raw products as much as possible; and on this ground the battle of negotiation would chiefly have to be fought. Starting from these premises, the successful negotiation of a treaty affecting the trade of Canada and the United States ought not to be impossible. To a model silver coin, which the Washington Government wishes to invest with the magical virtue of a universal currency, the objections which lie against substituting tokens for standard coin, to a large extent apply. Of such a token the Americans are themselves unanimous in confining the circulation to a limited amount; and an experiment which has failed at home would not be successful in Canada, where, in fact, it would unhesitatingly be refused a trial. But if a commercial treaty could not work miracles, it does not follow that it would be valueless: far from valueless experience shows it might be made.

As Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec M. Masson, the happy recipient of the office, will probably do as well as any one else. It is fortunate for him that there are no serious duties attached to the position; for the bad state of his health compelled him to resign his portfolio as Minister of Militia in the first days of 1880, and the Presidency of the Council at a later date in the same year. Two years ago he was appointed to the ornamental branch of the Legislature of Quebec; and now he succeeds to an office of which the chief duties are assumed to be social. The Lieutenant-Governorship of Quebec has, within a few years, been treated as a coveted prize; but the duties of the occupant, such as they are, have been variously performed under different governors. A Lieutenant-Governor, if he finds himself under the necessity of spreading his gold in thin layers, gives a political dinner at the opening of the session, and a ball of somewhat portentous dimensions every winter. On New Year's Day he joins his wife, if he happens to be married, in receiving visitors. These three acts comprehend all his social duties when the necessity of checking expenditure compels him to minimize on the social side. It has become usual to rest the chief utility of the Government House of each Province on the functions it performs as a social centre. Its character being official, the hospitality dispensed there may aim at impartiality, but strict impartiality it can never attain. It may be a gratification to some to fancy that they are admitted to a charmed circle from which others of their acquaintance are excluded; but it must often happen that mortal affront is given to individuals who find themselves on the border of the wrong side of the line of exclusion. As a social centre, the Provincial Government House creates more heart-burnings than it cures. The salary is large enough to remunerate the occupant for any serious duties he has to perform; but it is not large enough to enable him to fulfil all the social duties which an exacting public chooses to associate with the office. When the occupant happens to be rich, he sometimes spends, in entertainments in various forms, twice the amount of his official income. If he thinks, as he naturally will, that this sacrifice entitles him to exercise some choice in the selection of the guests, his discrimination will scarcely escape censure. Among those whom the invitations do not reach, there will be some in whose breasts the exclusion will create bitter feelings at the failure to secure recognition of their merits. So long as the social welcome accorded at the Provincial Government Houses is accompanied, as it always must be, by social exclusions the justice of which the excluded fail to recognize, the utility of the office as a social centre must be open to grave doubt.

BETWEEN assisted European emigration and voluntary Chinese emigration there is a wide difference, which labour organizations are not always willing to recognize. The Trades and Labour Council of Toronto equally objects to both. Artisans who find the market full of the kind of labour which they have to sell have a right to object to being taxed to bring out more emigrants to push them to the wall. But against voluntary emigration, be it Chinese or European, they have no ground of complaint. Many of them were emigrants themselves, and a Chinaman has precisely the same right to come here in search of employment that they for themselves claimed and exercised. The objection that the morals of the Chinese immigrants are bad is not the real motive that calls for the prohibition of

Chinese emigration to Canada; the true secret is that these immigrants are willing to work for wages which fall below the current rate. But they are not the only immigrants who are willing to do so on their first arrival, and no doubt they would be quite ready, if opportunity offered, to insist on the highest current rate of remuneration. Any immigrant who finds himself without money will, if he be a man of sense, take what he can get at the start, and the Chinaman only does in this respect what necessity not infrequently compels others to do. That immorality exists in an exceptional degree in the Chinese quarters of large American cities to which the emigrants have gone is undeniable, but this is largely owing to the fact that the emigrants consist mainly of one sex: the men who quit their native country leave the women behind. Few of these who, for sinister purposes, dwell upon and magnify the vices of Chinese immigrants, show a disposition to give them credit for their virtues. Their settled habits of industry cause offence to some with whose labour they come into competition, and, under false pretences, their very virtues are turned against them, while the weak side of their character is presented to public opprobrium. The Hoodlums of California, who have themselves no love of labour, shouted so lustily against the alleged vices of Chinese immigrants that Congress was induced to close the ports against them. Before Canada copies this act of arbitrary exclusion, which had no sufficient ground of justification, she had better pause. The economical effect of exclusion has proved a serious injury to industrial enterprise in California, where the greatest want of the hour is the proffered labour which Congress, acting on Hoodlum initiative, drove away. How to secure immigration is the problem which public meetings and conventions, in different parts of the State, are trying to solve. The Hoodlums do not supply the want which Chinese labour, if left alone, would have met. There are niches in the industrial hive which these immigrants are well suited to fill, and there is nothing in the condition of Canada to justify the Federal Legislature in copying a precedent of arbitrary exclusion which in the State most interested has, after a short trial, caused the deepest regret.

COMPLAINT of French outrage on the coast of Newfoundland comes by way of New York, where it had been sent by telegraph from Ottawa. The story, which requires confirmation, is that the commander of a French vessel of war caused the anchors of two small British vessels in port to be raised during a storm, to the imminent danger of their destruction. The announcement was recently made that an international commission had settled the respective claims of the French and English on what is called the French shore of Newfoundland; but if so, the convention does not appear to have gone into operation. There can be no doubt that by the Treaty of Utrecht the whole of Newfoundland was ceded to the English, and the privilege which the French secured of drying fish on one part of the coast was not intended to convey any territorial rights. Of late the French have been claiming exclusive occupation, which would amount to a right to the soil. During the whole of the negotiations of the Treaty of Utrecht, one point from which the British Government never swerved was to insist on the recognition of the right of Great Britain to the whole Island of Newfoundland, and this point the French finally conceded. A convention to settle the disputed claims which had sprung up was agreed upon by the two Governments over twenty years ago; but the Newfoundland Legislature, being allowed to confirm or reject, declined to give its consent. A new convention may be in danger of sharing the same fate. But whether the story of the new outrage be true or not, the longer a settlement is delayed the more difficult it will be to obtain. The rumour recently started that Great Britain was to buy off the French pretensions on the coast of Newfoundland by a cession of the Windward Islands was a pure *canard*. At that time the international convention was understood to have concluded its labours without any reference to such an exchange. A continued acquiescence in the unfounded claims of the French there has not been; these claims have always been disputed, but not always practically disallowed; and if a reasonable convention has been agreed upon for their settlement, Newfoundland would not be wise to do anything to prevent its going into effect.

BOWLES, the poet, was in the habit of daily riding through a country turnpike gate, and one day, says Mr. S. C. Hall, he presented as usual his twopence to the gatekeeper. "What is that for?" he asked. "For my horse, of course." "But, sir, you have no horse." "Dear me," exclaimed the astonished poet; "am I walking?" Mrs. Moore told Mr. Hall the anecdote. She also told him that Bowles on one occasion gave her a Bible as a birthday present. She asked him to write her name in it. He did so, inscribing the sacred volume to her as a gift "From the Author."

"BYSTANDER" ON CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS.

IN the last number of THE WEEK "A Southerner" took the "Bystander" to task, in a friendly way, for neglecting an important factor in the Presidential contest, to wit, the Negro Vote. It will be seen however that the American journals do the same. They seem to assume that the negro is for the present politically suppressed by the dominant race. It is natural to suppose that his sympathy is with the Republicans, as they struck off his chain: yet, since the removal of military pressure, and of Carpet-Bag rule, the South has been Democratic, and everybody seems to take it for granted that it will be Democratic still. The only doubt raised as to the support of Cleveland by the Southern States, is on the fantastic ground of his having been once obliged to act as hangman, and thus contracted a social taint offensive to the nostrils of Southern chivalry. With the serious character of the Negro Question, no one who has paid any attention to American problems can fail to be impressed. Instead of dying out, as was expected, the Negro race is multiplying fast, its physique is excellent, and better adapted to the climate than that of the whites; but it can never blend with the whites; intermarriage is impossible, and the concubinage which before the abolition of slavery gave birth to a mixed population has, since abolition, almost ceased. Thus there will be two races, socially as well as physically distinct, and too probably antagonistic, under the same political roof. There is nothing like this situation in history, because in all other cases slave races, when emancipated, have gradually mingled with the master race. What will be the ultimate result, nobody pretends to say: for the present, it is likely that a sense of intellectual inferiority, together with the tradition of servitude, will lead the blacks to acquiesce in the leadership of the whites, while the whites will be kept united by the fear of losing their supremacy. "A Southerner" is evidently not an optimist in his views respecting American institutions; few Southerners are; and perhaps in his prognostication of general trouble to the Union from the conflict of races at the South he overlooks or under-rates the saving effect of the Federal system, under which, so long as its essential character is preserved, each State is a little nation in itself and may keep social trouble beyond its borders. Mormonism, which is included in his catalogue of perils, may cause embarrassment to the Confederation, though there is a good deal of demagogic exaggeration on the subject; but it does not taint New England life. "A Southerner" however is mistaken in supposing that the "Bystander" "advocates" Annexation. The "Bystander" thinks that he distinctly sees, and having no motive for dissembling, he frankly avows his conviction, that the great forces on this continent are working towards an ultimate reunion of the English-speaking race. Morally he hopes, though not politically, the reunion will embrace the Mother Country of all. But he has always said that no one with a particle of statesmanship in his composition would wish to forestall opinion or force events. Commercial Union he advocates, believing that without it the people of Canada cannot reap the fruits of their industry, or enjoy their full measure of prosperity; but Commercial Union is perfectly separable from political annexation.

RUMOURS of a compromise between the Liberal leaders and the leaders of the House of Lords come to us from England, but they are vague and apparently baseless. That Lord Salisbury's mind is now going through its usual process, and that he repents of his temerity in leading his party into its present position, is more than likely; but to retire without ruinous humiliation is not easy, and the difficulty is only increased by the Tory counter-agitation. It is possible, however, even yet, that a bridge of retreat may be made. Royalty may interpose on the ground of danger to the realm from a collision between the two branches of the Legislature, and Lord Salisbury may find it consistent with his honour to bow to the wish of his sovereign, though he refuses to yield to the demands of his opponents. On which side the heart of Royalty is cannot be doubted; but its sympathies may give way to its fears; and there seems to be reason for believing that the Heir to the Crown has expressed his wish that the Franchise Bill should pass. The Royal Family, we may be sure, has some adviser, who more or less plays the part once played by Stockmar, and counsels it in its own interest irrespective of that of the political parties and their chiefs. Such an adviser cannot fail to see that if the Lords persist in the rejection of the Franchise Bill trouble for Royalty is in store. A creation of fifty new Peers, and no less a number would be required to swamp the adverse majority, would be a necessity in the last degree unwelcome, which yet, constitutionally, could not be evaded. It is possible by bringing in a Redistribution Bill to satisfy the ostensible requirements of the Peers, though by no means to remove their real objections. Mr. Gladstone will certainly avoid, if possible, the task of "mending or ending"

the House of Lords. Notwithstanding the almost Radical policy of his later years, his social connections with the aristocracy are still strong, and his elevation of the Poet Laureate to the peerage is a singular proof of the influence which the spell of rank still has over his mind. In his recent speeches his real object has evidently been by solemn warnings and adjurations to induce the Lords to give way and avert the collision which the more thorough-going Reformers of his party would very willingly provoke. A compromise is the probable issue of the present imbroglio; but the House of Lords will not have passed through this conflict, and the raking controversy to which this conflict has given birth, without being brought several steps nearer its inevitable end.

THAT the House of Commons needs reform as well as the House of Lords its conduct on the Irish question is enough to prove. "It is impossible," says an independent English journal, "to know whether the rumour that the Parnellites will in November strike a bargain with the Tories is or is not well founded." The remark is made without any expression of indignation or of belief that, in forming an alliance the profligacy of which is almost indescribable, faction would be exceeding the limit of its natural vileness. The journal proceeds to review the state of relations with Ireland. Bitter dislike of Englishmen, it says with perfect truth, is being excited by the agitators just as much as ever, and seems to grow with every English concession, and to be fed by every new example of English justice and sympathy. With Irishmen in every kind of post throughout the Empire—commanding in Egypt, governing in India, ruling in the colonies—Irishmen are entreated never to rest till in Ireland there are no Englishmen. Ireland exists by its exports to England, but all English imports are to be banned by Irishmen; and while every Irishman who chooses competes all over the earth for English appointments, the true patriot is exhorted by Mr. Redmond to boycott all who even by being passive take the English side. "What is the remedy?" asks the journal, and it answers its own question by saying that there is none. There is a remedy which would be at once effectual, without martial law, without bayonets, without the shedding of blood, or any of the evil consequences of coercion. Let the House of Commons lay aside faction, remember its duty to the country, and show a firm determination to maintain the Union: in a few months from that time the disunionist agitation will be dead. Matters would never have come to the present pass, or to anything like the present pass, nor would agrarian conspiracy and murder have ever stalked over the unhappy island, and added another deadly legacy to the heritage of hate, if in any tolerable measure patriotism had reigned in Parliament. Instead of patriotism faction has reigned unbridled and supreme. There is something peculiarly revolting in the intrigue of a section of the Tories with Irish rebellion which everybody knows they would, if they were securely in possession of power, at once conciliate with grapeshot. But Tory selfishness has a rival in that section of the Radicals which has done its best to foster what it styles the Irish revolution, and to cut the sinews of national resistance to dismemberment. These men must know well that for the sake of the Irish vote they are betraying not only the cause of the country, for which they have probably brought themselves to care little, but that of civilization. They can have no doubt what a republic of Biggars, Sextons, and Healeys would be. Even Mr. Gladstone yields to the sinister influence and fails to do what in his place seems the plainest of all duties. Surely he ought long ago to have declared that he would never consent to the severance of the legislative Union. Such a declaration from his lips could not have failed to lend strength to the loyal party in Ireland. But it would have spoiled the game of the Radicals, who want to keep the hope of unlimited concession dangling before the eyes of Disunionists till the Irish vote shall have lifted them into power. When the Irish vote shall have lifted them into power they no doubt expect, by some compromise, to avert disunion; but they may find that the subtler confederate is sometimes duped by the less subtle. The Irish leaders have the inestimable advantage of thoroughly knowing their own minds. What they are bent on having is a separate government with themselves at the head of it; and if they can help it they will not be satisfied with less. The bourne towards which all parties are at present driving is violence, if not civil war. The nation, mystified, bewildered, without a leader, clinging, in spite of what has happened, to a vague belief in the administrative omniscience of Mr. Gladstone, does not yet realize the danger of dismemberment. When it does, it will resist; and as disunion will by that time have gained great strength and confidence from the weakness of Government and the worse than weakness of the factions, it is too probable that there will be rough work, and the Irish soil, already soaked with civil blood, will drink that accursed dew once more.

JOURNALS must live, and amidst the crowd of competitors it is difficult for them to live without creating an occasional sensation. This may be partly the account of the panic articles about the state of the British navy published by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which is just now making a spirited effort to push itself into the front place. Perhaps if a French, Russian, or Italian journal equally enterprising were in the same crisis of its existence, we might have a similar jeremiad over the French, Russian, or Italian navy. Invention is now so rapid that the navy of yesterday is to-day out of date; but England has probably better means of bringing herself up to the mark on short notice than any one of her rivals. Still the question is evidently serious, and most serious for Canada, which with a large mercantile marine is wholly dependent on the British navy for protection. In the discussion set on foot by the disclosures in the British press it appears to be distinctly admitted even by those who give way least to alarm that England, while she would be clearly superior in force to any one other naval power, would have difficulty in coping with two. It is also taken as certain that the ocean would, upon the outbreak of war, at once swarm with the enemy's cruisers. England can hardly be said to have been engaged in a great naval war since Trafalgar; for in the Crimean war the Russian navy was from the outset shut up in port by the combined fleets of the Allies. We have, therefore, yet to learn what difference the new invention and a warfare unknown to Nelson would make to the British sailor in an encounter with his old enemies. It can hardly be hoped that the difference would be in his favour.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the alarm about the navy comes an alarm about overpressure in schools. In this case, too, there is probably exaggeration. The report of Dr. Clifford Browne, who has raised the cry, is held to be discredited by his preconceived opinions and by the inflation of his style. Still he positively deposes to the increase of nervous ailments since the establishment of the School Board and the institution of what was deemed their improved system. It is obvious that the mere uniformity of tasks imposed on all must entail a certain amount of overpressure in the case of the duller children. No doubt in former days the failure to discriminate between dulness and idleness, or rather the assumption that there was no such thing as natural dulness, and that every child could learn if it chose, was the source of much cruelty in schools. Apart from dulness, the languor attendant on rapid growth often incapacitates a perfectly good and willing child for mental effort. The "Bystander" is no specialist, and, therefore, his opinion can lay no claim to attention. Yet he has had some opportunities of observation, and has been led to some conclusions. He would like to see the programme simplified by striking out of it all that is pretentious, and bringing it down to that which is elementary, practical and capable of being readily taught. He would also be disposed to reduce the time, and, as far as possible, let hard work end with the dinner hour, which was the practice of the healthiest school he ever knew. The more children can be taught to help their parents at home the better; they get in this way, without detriment to their health, a training almost as valuable in its way as that which they get at school. Experience, without leading us to undervalue school training, has shown that the school by itself will not form character. In the case of mature students, at the universities or elsewhere, while there is real danger from overwork, catastrophes are often charged to that account which should rather be charged to the account of cramming at the last to make up for wasted time, heavy and unsuitable diet, smoking or late hours; perhaps sometimes to excess in bodily exercise, which is just as noxious as excess of any other kind. Late hours of study above all are fatal. Let a student rise to his work early in the morning, take some relaxation in the evening, and go to bed in good time; he will find that he can get through a good deal of reading without any danger to his health. A great English lawyer was once congratulated on the freshness of his appearance and the ease with which, at a rather advanced age, he bore his enormous burden. "Yes," he replied, "I have always worked early in the morning, never late at night. I set out in life with many friends who worked late at night; I have buried them all."

At the opening of our colleges some of the professors and students may bear in their mind the remarks made at Montreal by the distinguished President of the British Association on the study of the classics. If the President's attack is directed against the despotism of the classics which prevailed fifty years ago, he is killing the slain. He is killing the slain again, if what he means to deprecate is the devotion of two or three years of a boy's life to the weary acquisition of grammatical rules and forms. Classics are now generally optional, and are beginning to be taught in a more rational way. But there is, it may be suspected, in the minds of

some eminent physicists, a latent antagonism of a special kind to the classics as the great stronghold of the Humanities, and the chief obstacle to the inauguration of what the physicists always call a scientific education. After all, what is science? What is it but the Latin for knowledge? Why is not that knowledge of the spiritual, moral, and intellectual nature of men which can be gained only through literature, provided it be sound, just as much entitled to the name of science as the knowledge of his physical structure? It used to be said that man was the proper study of mankind. Why should it be proposed now to exclude him from the curriculum it is difficult to understand without reference to a peculiar current of opinion, which happens to be setting in strongly at the present time, but which may, like other currents before it, presently expend its force and allow the intellectual world to return to its normal condition. That the classics are the great stronghold, as well as, upon the whole, the best Manual of the Humanities, and the firmest bulwark, not against the advance of science, but against the exclusive domination of physicalism is perfectly true; and the exclusive physicist who directs his battering ram against them shows himself wise in his generation. Not that there is anything in them anti-scientific: they are pre-scientific, that is all. The Greek philosophers were the precursors of modern science, and some of them had marvellous glimpses of our latest discoveries, not excluding Evolution. Plato even overrated the importance of mathematics; but that same Plato remains beyond doubt the most formidable of all foes to exclusive physicalism, and the most powerful of all prompters to the study of that which is distinctly human in man.

It is needless to rehearse the arguments which have convinced most University men that if we wish to have anything worthy of the name of a University, with an educational area so limited as the Province of Ontario, we must combine our resources instead of dispersing them. The system of dispersion, however, had taken root not only in vested interest but in affection; it had given birth to living academical organisms with valuable associations; and the question was how, without destroying these, or divorcing University education from religious training and moral discipline, consolidation could be brought about. A solution, at once feasible and complete, seemed to offer itself in the scheme of Confederation, which, as described by the Principal of Victoria, "Would involve such a reconstruction of the Provincial University as would make the institution consist, not simply of one State College, but of a group of Colleges, as at Oxford and Cambridge, each College retaining its own endowment, powers of self-government, academic discipline, and staff of teachers." The College staff would give instruction in the subjects prescribed for the ordinary degree of Bachelor of Arts, while a separate staff, known as the University staff, would take the honour work and special subjects of the higher kind. The University, in the Senate of which all the Colleges would, of course, be represented, would appoint the examiners and confer the degrees. The existing members of all the federating Colleges would at once become members of the Provincial University. The religious character of the several Colleges and their moral superintendence of students within their own walls would remain unchanged, while they would all, through their union in the secular University, share the advantages of an adequate staff of teachers and adequate equipments of all kinds. "Confederation of all the Colleges in one University," says Principal Nelles, "implies the conservation of existing rights and privileges; it implies equality of standing in the common University; and it implies the autonomy and distinctive character of the Colleges embraced in the Confederation. It affords scope for variety, for wholesome competition, and for future indefinite development with the growth of the country." It is, of course, an essential part of the plan that University College, which is already quite distinct from the University of Toronto, should be one of the group on the same footing and under the same conditions as the rest. Confederation, not mutual annihilation, is the object in view; and a proposal to reduce Trinity, Victoria, and Queen's to the condition of mere Theological Colleges could not be for a moment entertained. The assistance of the State will be needed not only for the legislative inauguration of the new system but to compensate the outlying Colleges for the sacrifices which they will have to make in moving to Toronto. Whatever may be paid to them in the way of compensation they will soon repay by the addition of their resources to those of the Provincial University. The proposal is now, as Principal Nelles tells us, under the consideration of the Government, which has a fair opportunity of rendering a great and lasting service to the Province. There will be difficulties, of course, when things have been so long running in the old grooves; but none which, in the opinion of those who have had the largest experience in University organization, it will not be possible to surmount. Among them is not to be reckoned any narrowness,



bigotry or selfishness on the part of the Denominational Colleges, whose representatives have, on the contrary, shown the most liberal spirit and entered into the consideration of the scheme with the utmost cordiality, even where their personal leanings were rather against a change. Not in any obstructiveness or want of patriotism in that quarter will the responsibility rest if this final effort to give the Province a great University fails.

THE author of "Conventional Lies of Our Civilization" has the happiness of inscribing on his cover "*Prohibited in Europe.*" He must have used strong interest to obtain the prohibition, and thus to enable his book to run through a number of editions. It is a perfectly indiscriminate attack on every part and feature of existing civilization, and that which is indiscriminate is not only uninformative but ineffective. Revolutionists in the present day are divided into two sections taking directly opposite courses. The Socialists want a government, the constitution of which is hereafter to be revealed, to do everything; to set our parts in life, to provide us with work, to pay our wages, to educate us, regulate our marriages, and treat us in every respect as children of the State. The Anarchists, on the other hand, want to have no government at all. The present writer leans decidedly to the Anarchical side, though he does not professedly embrace that persuasion. Perhaps he might be truly described as being in favour of a moderate Anarchy with free love, but without community of goods. Communism he calls "the outgrowth of a preposterous chimera, evolved from the inflamed imagination of certain dreamers, deaf and blind to the realities of the world and human nature." It appears, then, that when all the Capitalists and other enemies of human felicity shall have been guillotined, serious questions will still remain for settlement between the Communist and the Anarch, with heavy odds, probably, in favour of the Anarch. It is only too easy to point out faults in the social organism; it is not difficult to point out faults in any organism or in the constitution of nature generally. The weather is very far from perfect and so are the arrangements of the solar system. How can we have an ideal world with droughts, floods, and earthquakes? The faults in the social organism good men and women are doing their best to cure, or at least to diminish; and if the present state of society is compared, not with ideal perfection, but with the state of society in the past, it will be seen that they are slowly making way: The more heroic method, that of revolutionary havoc and murder, was tried on a large scale in France; and the result was that instead of a disappearance of these inequalities of wealth, which are the chief object of denunciation, fortunes made under the Reign of Terror by stock-jobbing, speculation, and trafficking in confiscated lands, emerged, when the paroxysm was over, to receive the addition of titles from the hand of Napoleon. The present writer proposes confiscation, of course; and he seems, like Mr. George and other apostles of plunder, to assume that people will go innocently producing wealth for him to confiscate. He fiercely denounces stock-jobbing, and very rightly, in so far as it is a most noxious and demoralizing kind of gambling; but he is mistaken in fancying that a speculator's gains are filched from the earnings of labour: they are taken from the purses of other speculators, who must lose that the more fortunate may win; and the industrial community suffers no more than it does in the case of gambling of the ordinary kind. The writer begins to awaken serious thoughts, and the *Mene, Mene, Tekal, Upharsin* with which his rhapsody is headed has a meaning when he touches on the decay of religious belief and the hollowness of the Churches. That morality has hitherto been closely bound up with religion is a fact which Agnosticism, if it has any regard for history, will hardly deny, and it seems to follow that the failure of religion must bring with it at least some temporary danger to morality. That Agnostic philosophers, male and female, sitting round the intellectual tea-table do not at once fall to murdering and ravishing each other is true, and we take note of it to our comfort. But social hatred, envy and the lust of rapine are unchained, as any reader of the volume before us may too easily perceive; and while it is possible that we may be floating into a zone of universal felicity, it is also possible that we may be drawing near to a cataract. A fierce eagerness to grasp a share of the means of present enjoyment agitates all who are not wealthy since the hope of compensation in a future life is gone. The hope of a social ideal to be realized in the distant future is a motive which may possibly exercise some influence over highly refined minds. These incendiary fires at Cleveland show what a spirit is abroad. The writer of this book of course abjures and derides Christianity, which he fails clearly to distinguish from Roman Catholicism, as he fails clearly to distinguish European civilization from the system of Bismarck. But he and all the revolutionists of the present age pay indirectly and by way of contrast a remarkable tribute to the Gospel. The Gospel revolution was

a revolution of good will. The present revolution is a revolution of hatred, as the reader of these pages must at once perceive. Sinister passions breathe in every utterance and betray their influence in every scheme. Even a "mad sheep" like Krapotkine wants to open his new era with blood. Which of the two revolutions, that of good will or that of hatred, has so far done most for humanity, let history decide.

PROHIBITIONISTS, who sarcastically ask whether THE WEEK is a whiskey organ, may extend the charitable insinuation to the English *Spectator*, a journal not commonly regarded as a propagator of debauchery, which has been taking precisely the line taken in these papers on the Temperance question. Admitting, as every sane person does, the dangers of alcohol, and allowing that "the teetotalers have something to say for their exaggeration," the *Spectator* maintains that wine is not wickedness, and that theories raised on that basis are fallacies contradicted by a glance at the history of the world. It observes that the greatest races, the Roman, the Greek and the Hebrew, have drunk wine, while greatness has not attended total abstinence in the case of the Mussulman nations or of the Hindoos. The Sikhs drink rum, and of all our native soldiers they are the most vigorous. It might be added that the Scotch have played a considerable part in history, while they have drunk no inconsiderable amount of toddy. The *Spectator* cites the ferocious acts of Bashi Bazouks and other Mahometans as a proof that abstinence from drink is not abstinence from crimes of violence; and it remarks that thieves in England are teetotalers, and all card and billiard sharpers impose on themselves the strictest moderation. Instead of being a whiskey organist, the "Bystander," for his part, has never ceased to point to whiskey, the kind of whiskey at least drunk by our people, as the real poison, and to advocate as the one honest and effectual measure the suppression of the manufacture with due compensation to those engaged in it. If he wanted to embitter the discussion of a public question by odious imputations he might plausibly maintain that the best friends of whiskey are the extreme Prohibitionists. They will not be able, without a police stronger and more inquisitorial than any free country will maintain, to compel all men, in obedience to their fiat and that of a bare majority, to drink nothing but cold water. So much seems to be clearly proved by the experience of Maine and other districts in which their system has been tried. The use of beer and light wine they will probably succeed in preventing, because these beverages are not easily smuggled; and ardent spirits, which are easily smuggled, will necessarily become the sole drink of those who are not content with water. It is certain also that the denial of other stimulants is followed by an increased use of opium. Nobody questions the goodness of the end which the friends of Temperance pursue. But they must allow us freely to discuss the means which they propose, and to forecast more carefully than moral crusaders are apt to do, not only the immediate and direct but the remote and indirect consequences of their measure. They must also permit us to say that justice is the soul of the commonwealth, and that we cannot afford to have it summarily set aside in order to clear the way for a particular measure of sumptuary reform, however passionately desired. We cannot afford to let respectable citizens, for carrying on a trade not only lawful but licensed by the State, be treated as "bed bugs" or as "vendors of dynamite for murderous purposes." Society has set itself free by centuries of effort from the single-headed tyranny whose instrument of coercion was the sword: it does not want now to fall under a many-headed tyranny whose instrument of coercion will be the ballot.

INTEMPERANCE in drink is not the only sort of intemperance or the only sort which produces bad effects on the health both of the body and of the mind. Railway men who have employed large numbers of Irish emigrants say that the lives of the emigrants are short, and ascribe the mortality quite as much to excess in the unwonted luxury of meat as to excess in whisky. A man who has dined heavily on ill-cooked pork is at least as ripe for treasons as one who has taken a glass of wine. In voting for a Maine law the American farmer, for the most part, is virtuously condemning a vice to which he has no mind; but the ingredients of his own meals, his pie, and what he fondly calls his tea, would equally provoke the censure of a sanitary Lycurgus. Most of us, probably, eat too much. Those whose occupations are sedentary, especially, must often overload their stomachs and cloud their brains. Society has fallen into a dietetic routine which leads everyone to take a certain number of meals, the same in kind and quality, each day, whether he actually wants them or not. An amount of animal food which was not excessive in the hunter state, when the man had to spend the day in violent exertion in order to catch his game, may well be excessive for those who have to make no physical exertion at all. Possibly the craving for strong liquors itself may not be

unconnected with the over-indulgence in animal food. We are finding, too, that relief hitherto sought in medicine would be better sought in abstinence. It is not improbable that in this era of general inquiry and change we may be on the eve of a dietetic revolution which through food will extend to the physical basis of character, and that Dr. Dio Lewis may be one of its precursors, though, like most enthusiasts, he is rather apt to propound his theories in extravagant and grotesque forms. The vegetarians, as well as the anti-liquor men, have a good deal to say for themselves, if they would only be moderate and not imagine that they can at once change anything so complex and so deeply rooted in custom as human diet. Both classes of reformers, but especially the anti-liquor men, need the warning which the *Spectator* gives them against fancying that by doing what they find best for their own health and most agreeable to their own tastes they are raised to a height of moral grandeur, or that mere counsels of experience are to be elevated into moral laws, the least infringement of which is necessarily evil.

A BYSTANDER.

### HERE AND THERE.

MR. WATSON GRIFFIN'S treatise entitled "The Provinces and the States: Why Canada Does Not Want Annexation," reminds us a little of the stalwart poacher in the story, who, when summoned before the bench of justice gained his case at once by clearing the court with a rabbit pole. The treatise consists of a swift succession of curt and dogmatic statements, each of which is aimed at somebody's head. Should the conductors of any journal dissent from his views, the writer intimates that a few matches, a piece of hemp, and a lamp-post would soon settle the business for them. He then appeals to the absence of dissent in the Canadian press as a proof that the whole opinion of the country is on his side. If you do not agree with him you are a pessimist. You are a pessimist if you do not subscribe to the statement that "migration follows the parallels of latitude," that there is no thought in Quebec of reviving the connection with Old France, and that the elongated and disjointed shape of the Dominion is the most favourable to a compact nationality. You are a pessimist also, it is to be presumed, if you refuse to believe that Great Britain will be content to provide military and naval defences for a Colonial Zollverein which is to levy protective duties on her goods. "Pessimist" has evidently in these pages a technical meaning, and is applicable to persons inferior in intelligence to the writer, but neither less cheerful in disposition nor less disposed to take a hopeful view of the national destiny. This may perhaps account for the otherwise strange and melancholy fact that "there are probably more pessimists in Canada in proportion to the population than in any other country." Might not a few matches, a little hemp, and a lamp-post be effectual in lighting these gloomy faces with a patriotic smile? Mr. Watson proposes to change the names of our political parties, and to call them "National" and "Provincial" instead of Conservative and Reform. The apparent objection to calling the Conservative party National is that it has its basis in Quebec, which, as Mr. Watson himself recounts, used a national enterprise as an opportunity for blackmailing the Confederation, and by its provincial isolation rendered legislative union impossible. Horror fills us when we are told that "the descendants of United Empire Loyalists are really more like to Americans than any other class of the American people." If caution is not used in the utterance of such unpleasant truths as this the next time the writer meets one of the Denison family "somebody will be under the sod." There are remarks in this essay which would deserve attention if they could be separated from the dogmatism, the paradox, and the gratuitous personalities. But the discussion of a public question without personalities is a plant of slow growth in this Canada of ours.

"IN no part of the world are pluck, strength of body and mind, industry, shrewdness, and temperance more essential to success than in the Canadian North-West." These words are from the editorial columns of the *London Daily Telegraph*, and after the illusory accounts put forth about Canada by interested emigration agents, it is gratifying to know that the truth is becoming known. Immigrants are necessary to the development of this country, but they must be of the right class. Our English contemporary, after pointing out that for the last half-dozen years it has been the fashion for many fathers to believe that good openings for their sons were plentiful on this continent, very truly says, "It is idle for parents to send out their boys to any unsettled and undeveloped country unless there is an untold amount of 'grit' in the youngsters." Between the reports of Mr. Barneby, a Herefordshire landlord, and Mr. Baillie Grohman, author of "Camps in the Rockies," however, the *Telegraph* is at a loss. The former gentleman's experience leads him to the conclusion that without a certain

amount of capital no emigrant should take up land at all, but, commencing as a farm labourer, should work his way up. Mr. Grohman believes, on the other hand, that the best chance for a young Englishman, whether he embarks in the far West as a farmer or a cattle-rancher, is to begin with no capital at all. There is more than a leavening of truth in our contemporary's concluding remarks:—"The days, however, when fortunes were made with comparative ease have departed. Every available square mile fit for feeding cattle has now been taken up by speculators or occupied by ranchers. Money may still be made in moderation, by those who have some capital, and—what is far rarer—possess qualifications for the business. Instead of trebling their investment in twenty-four months, however, they must now content themselves with getting twenty or twenty-five per cent. interest in good years, and with sometimes having three-fourths of their herd starved to death in hard winters. Upon the whole, it may fairly be doubted whether young Englishmen 'whose heads are screwed on the right way' have not as good a chance at home as across the Atlantic. The first essentials to success are industry, sobriety, perseverance, and steadiness, and without them a 'new chum' is little likely to prosper either in the Old World or the New."

THE return of "sad autumn winds," coupled with some meteorological irregularities, have re-peopled our cities with the beauty and fashion which for some months has graced the various centres of attraction to holiday-makers. Vehicles of all kinds, plethoric with returned pleasure-seekers and top-heavy with their "traps," are seen on every hand painfully making their ways from the various railway-stations. On our principal thoroughfares may daily be noticed faces bronzed with travel or brackish breezes. Those who went away tired and somewhat discouraged after a prolonged spell of "dull times" are back to their businesses, braced up with the change and prepared to enter with renewed vigour into the brisk fall trade which plentiful harvests have, it is thought, foreshadowed. The colleges have again opened their gates; the musical world is bestirring itself; theatres have commenced to pull good houses; and the heart of the storekeeper is made glad.

THE epidemic of bank peculations in America may after all be productive of good. The question naturally arises, Why should America be so peculiarly liable to this form of fraud? In England such occurrences, though not unknown, are of the order of phenomena. The *New York Daily Bulletin* is considered to have hit the mark when it averred some time ago that the frauds are made possible by the wanton neglect of duty of the authorities who are supposed to look after the audits. The same journal makes a well-timed protest against the maudlin sentiment which speaks of absconding managers or cashiers as "victims of the spirit of speculation." Bank robberies, it says, betrayals of trust, and all the other crimes which are their concomitants, are not due to the "spirit of speculation," but to a flagrant disregard of the commonest obligations of morality. No good can come of blinking this plain fact. Such things as honour and honesty, it may surely be supposed are perfectly consistent with "the spirit of speculation." If it is not so, then the commercial exchanges are little if anything better than dens of thieves. In the New Brunswick Bank disaster the directors did not, when the crisis came, know enough about its affairs even to say where the cashier's bail-bond could be found; while, as if to match the marvellous ignorance of the directors as to what was going on, the Bank Examiner less than nine months ago described the institution—which must even then have been rotten to the core—as one of the soundest in the State. If either the examiner or the directors had been as familiar with the inner working of the bank as they were in duty bound to be, frauds would have been impossible. The only way to stop this kind of thing is for bank officials to do their duty.

IF the proposal to construct another elevated railroad in New York should be carried out, the undertaking will probably lead to the establishment of a new line of ocean steamers to land at Fort Pond Bay, at the end of Long Island, which will make a saving of two days and fifteen hours over the average present time occupied in a European voyage. A company has acquired the right to build a road from the Brooklyn Bridge to the city line, and the preliminary steps are to be taken at once. If everything proceeds as is expected, the new road will be in operation in a year's time. It will connect directly at the bridge and at South Ferry with the elevated roads of New York, and will be similar to them in nearly every respect, except that it will be run by cable. The length of the road will be five miles. This will bring the suburbs of Brooklyn within thirty minutes east of New York, and will develop property all the way to New York.

JOAQUIN MILLER has lifted up his voice with no uncertain sound against the "Wall-street speculators"—against the Goulds, the Vanderbilts, and men of that ilk. The "Danites of New York," as Mr. Miller names "the owls that roost in Wall-street," are, he says, the direct and responsible cause of tens of thousands of failures and scores of suicides each year. Nothing less vigorous than the following language will express the critic's righteous indignation at the merciless tactics resorted to by the "mysterious and invisible Danites of New York who sit behind their heaped-up millions and manage Wall-street" in the pursuit of wealth:

If we must have games of hazard and chance let us have the lottery at once, as in Italy. Better even the old California poker, with a six-shooter on the lap, six or seven aces up your sleeve; better even have to bury the man you shoot over that game, as was the generous and gentlemanly custom in California—aye, even marry his widow, as was sometimes generously done, than contend with the loaded dice of these Danites of New York.

Mr. Miller ventures, in proclaiming his belief in the innocence of General Grant and his partner Ward, to assert that their ruin was deliberately planned and carried out by the "Danites" whom they had defied. The same human vultures are blamed for the fall of the New Brunswick Bank and the suicides which resulted. In a round of visits to State prisons he found "first and last more than twenty men who had appropriated the money of others to swell the millions of these New York Danites." The press, without which these gigantic frauds could not be successfully worked, is controlled by the speculators, says Mr. Miller.

Ah, my friend, the Greeleys are dead. The newspaper of the great cities has no longer a visible body or a living soul. It is now a corporation. It has no soul, or sense, or honour, or individuality now. The great newspaper is simply a stock now. It must make money for its stockholders. It must have advertisers. It must have the advertisements of the railroads or perish. It must praise, praise, praise this road with its worthless watered stock. It must puff, puff, puff these great millionaire Danites; must help these Danites carry out their scheme to swindle the people or perish. Let one of these papers get the enmity of these Danites and, like the pale-faced boy, Ward, in Ludlow Street Gaol, like General Grant, it just as surely goes to the wall.

In this sad predicament his only hope is in public sentiment and the unsubsidized remnant of the press. Wall-street gambling will have to be dealt with as they dealt with gambling in California years ago. "The pulpit, the press, the brave and unsubsidized California press, put the gambler down in the dirt, where he belonged, and to-day the grass is growing between the flags at the door of that Stock Board."

THE absurd *canard* that the Prince of Wales had declared his intention to vote in favour of the franchise bill, though it obtained no credence amongst intelligent men, has gone the round of the press on both sides of the Atlantic. A London crank, who swallowed the story written by some satirical wag and circulated by a Sunday paper, about the Prince's republican leanings, wrote to His Royal Highness to ask if it were true. The anxious correspondent did not toil in vain. He did not obtain an autograph, but he decidedly caught a tartar. The letter he sent was politely acknowledged by the Prince's secretary, who added by desire, "as His Royal Highness is not holding any official position, any opinions to which he may give utterance must necessarily be unofficial." The formula "mind your own business" was never more politely or more neatly paraphrased. The truth is that whatever the personal political leanings of the heir-apparent may be he is most careful to avoid any appearance of partisanship. In the House of Lords, all the Royal princes when in London are in close attendance at all important debates. But they sit on the political "No Man's Land," known as the "cross benches," and as soon as a division is called they quietly disappear. There is only one exception to this rule of abstinence. The Prince and his brothers have taken a very active interest in promoting the bill to legalize marriage with a deceased wife's sister. The severe and unpleasant remarks to which this departure from neutrality on burning questions has subjected them furnish a convincing proof that the rule they generally follow is a wise one.

If Mr. Gladstone has many fervent admirers, he has some rabid detractors as well. But it is rarely that the wish which is supposed to animate some Tory minds is so nakedly expressed as in the following sentence which concludes an article in the *St. James's Gazette* on Mr. Gladstone's versatility: "We have said enough, and may very well end with a prayer that the Lord will soon deliver this afflicted kingdom from its brilliant amateur."

FROM the last batch of English papers we see that the usual difficulty has arisen in regard to the special correspondents who have been sent out at great expense by the newspapers which give them their commissions to record the progress of the Nile expedition. Lord Wolseley, who calculated all his arrangements to a nicety before he left the War Office, made no provision in his flotilla for journalists. Accordingly the correspondents are told now that they must find either boats or camels for them-

selves. These difficulties always arise, and they are always settled in one way. The public will not have reports of warlike expeditions written by the officers engaged in them; neither will they be satisfied with the despatches of the Commander-in-Chief, be they terse or glowing. In the end some provision must be made for the correspondents, and it is a pity that ill-feeling should be engendered which may last through the campaign by the exhibition of a grudging or suspicious spirit at the beginning of it.

In the most recent issue of the *London Field* which the last mail brings to hand is an editorial on "gun accidents" which is well worthy the attention of sporting men now that the shooting season is fairly ushered in. The following remarks, amongst others, will be endorsed by every sporting man:—

There is no excuse of any sort for his (the sporting man's) covering anyone with his barrels, whether at half-cock or not. If he once allows himself to be guilty of this, because he "knows that his gun cannot go off," he risks doing the same some day when, unawares, his gun may be charged. If there is an adjournment for luncheon, there is no excuse for not drawing his cartridges before he lays his gun down. Getting over a fence with a gun at full cock is, to our minds, criminal carelessness. We are fully aware that hundreds of men do it, and we are equally aware that a certain percentage of them have caused accidents thereby. The simplest fence may now and then cause a false step on landing, and no sportsman has a right to risk it. Some argue, "But suppose birds get up just as I am over the fence?" Well! for the chance of such a rise is the risk justifiable? Still less, if he has landed on the other side before the birds rise, is the extra second or less which it takes him to cock so valuable to a day's bag that he is justified in causing danger for the sake of saving that instant of time. The careless shot stands in a different and even more culpable category. A man is walking in line, gun under arm; "Hare back" is called; he wheels, with his gun still pointing muzzle down, and then covers the line as he raises it to fire. Such a man should be tabooed all entry to a shooting party in future. Another is excitable. A pheasant rockets right or left, just over somebody else's head, and he puts up his gun, covering the body of his neighbour as he does so! The number of men who carry a gun across them when walking in line is legion. They probably profess to keep the left arm up; but let it once sink, as it often does, till it hangs from the shoulder, and the gun rakes to the left. Possibly the left hand is forward, but the slightest wheel or swing of the body brings the muzzle round to cover the left of the line. In other and less important details of life we are far less lenient of censure—*e.g.*, it is a standing rule of club or public billiard rooms for new arrivals to listen, look, and not to enter just when a stroke is being played. If boys play cricket in front of windows and break them, are they absolved from blame because they "did not think" of it, and had not the slightest intention of breaking glass? Yet, if a man fails to observe simple and standard precautions with a gun, the mere fact that he cannot be supposed to have had any *intent* to do evil seems to establish a recognized special plea for still further absolving him of reprehensible neglect. If the majority of those who, directly or indirectly, cause lethal accidents with guns were sentenced to terms of imprisonment for manslaughter, they would only get their deserts.

#### TORONTO BAY: ITS POLLUTION AND THE REMEDY.

THE present condition of Toronto Bay is a disgrace to the city, and calls loudly for attention with such speed as the magnitude of the matter and the evident difficulties in the way will permit. When we call to mind the pellucid and wood-fringed bay as found by General Simcoe when he laid the foundation of the city, and which for many years constituted such a source of healthful delight and sport to the inhabitants of the place as it grew from a village to a town and then into a city, we can but call in question the conduct of those by whose indifference and neglect that charming sheet of water of half a century ago, and even many years later, has been converted into what is little better than a cesspool. The subject is one which concerns, not alone Toronto, but every growing town and city in the Dominion situated by bay or stream. It is to be hoped that the growing places—embryo cities—will take warning from the serious and almost gigantic evil, involving the health and lives of thousands, which menaces Toronto to-day. Especially, it will be well for the new centres of population in the North-West to make early and adequate preparations for disposal of their sewage, so that the streams and bodies of water in that newly-settled region may retain as nearly as possible their virgin purity. No argument is required to support the statement that inevitably, wherever the excrement of man and beast in considerable quantities, with refuse organic matter—the outcome of domestic life—are poured into a bay or stream for a length of time, a pollution of the water results which not only renders it unpotable, but during the warm season gives rise to poisonous emanations more or less dangerous to the public health. It is true a running stream tends to purify itself, and the noxious material may be carried away beyond the reach of danger; but in its passage for many a mile the contaminated water is a source of danger and may cause disease to any one who partakes of it. On the other hand, the water of a bay, especially when almost or quite land-locked, being comparatively little stirred by wind or current will become more quickly and dangerously polluted. Much of the organic matter may be deposited at the bottom; but a moderate breeze or the action of a steamer's wheels will bring the foul material to the surface and churn the decomposing mass into a pestiferous compound.

Having said so much which is of general application to all parts of the Dominion, particular reference may be made to the Toronto Bay; yet still

what is to be said is not without interest common to all. The pollution of Toronto Bay is a subject which involves several important considerations: namely, the disposal of the city's sewage, including excreta, solid and fluid, garbage derived from domestic life, and kitchen and chamber slops, which contain a good deal of organic matter, and also the cast-off products of various industrial establishments. Vile as the water of the bay is at the present time, it will rapidly become worse as the water carriage system for excreta is generally adopted. At present only a portion of the private premises is drained into the bay. An important tributary of filth is the River Don, into which for several miles from its mouth are drained directly or indirectly many private premises and a number of industrial establishments, the outcome of which is very large and very noxious. The question of the disposal of sewage for Toronto is a problem which must shortly be solved. The city has outgrown the provisions made for the sanitary requirements of civilized life. The fact that last year, according to the Report of the Medical Health Officer, there existed within the city 14,143 privy-pits alone, shows that much requires to be done. And yet if the yearly contents of these pits is put in the bay the abomination will be greatly increased. But a privy-pit, except in a rural district or small village, is most objectionable. So much so that of two evils—retaining the privy-pits, or adding to the foulness of the bay—the last, in point of immediate danger, is the least. The question naturally presents itself, Is it necessary to have either evil? If the sanitary welfare of the city demands that privy-pits shall be abolished, what shall the substitute be? The water-closet—that is a closet with water service—has been of late rapidly taking the place of the privy. But the earth-closet properly managed has some important advantages, and is doubtless preferable. Water carriage implies a great waste of material extremely valuable as a fertilizer. Even a new country cannot afford to systematically throw away material so necessary to maintain the soil for vegetable products. Beside, there are within a short distance of Toronto waste lands which could, by the aid of this very substance, be made fertile fields. How much better this would be than sending the matter to waste and to poison the water is quite evident. The earth-closet seems to offer the best means of preserving so valuable a fertilizer, and at the same time securing the public against a growing danger, due either to the existence of privy-pits or to the water carriage system. How far the system can be adopted in Toronto may be questioned. To carry it out effectually, a sufficient quantity of mould or ashes is necessary to absorb all the moisture of the excrement. To supply this and as well remove the resulting manure is thought by excellent authority to be impracticable in a place the size of Toronto. But undoubtedly a large number of houses could be thus treated; the more the better. It is gratifying to know that the number of earth-closets is increasing. If we accept this statement that the water carriage system must, at least to some extent, be continued, and this seems to be undoubted, then something requires to be done to procure other disposal of the sewage than sending it into the bay. This cannot be allowed to continue. It is bad enough now, but when the breakwater is completed and the eastern gap is reduced to some 500 feet, the channel by which the sewage may be carried out into the lake, and lake water into the bay, will permit but little commingling of the contents of the bay and the lake water. This, with a rapidly increasing population, must lead to a degree of foulness which cannot be endured. As a remedy it has been proposed to construct intercepting trunk sewers—two or more, extending eastward, by which the sewage may be conveyed to a point where it would not endanger the water supply of the city. The engineering difficulties to be overcome do not appear to be great. But the financial aspect of the matter presents obstacles of considerable moment. However the taxpayer and the City Council must make up their minds to face the inevitable. It is submitted that if proper consideration be given to the matter it will be seen that, however great the outlay of money, there will be ample return. Whatever conduces to increase public health and duration of life, with corresponding increase of comfort and happiness, is a positive gain. To make Toronto, not only a healthy place, but a delightful summer resort, is to add another attraction to the many now existing, and to cause an increased number of the most desirable class to select the place as a permanent home, which is an important consideration. Another consideration I have space only to mention is the danger, more or less possible, of contamination of the city's water supply.

W. C.

IRISHMEN have not got all the bulls. At Whitehall, just now, says an English paper, a fishmonger displays a placard on which he announces that he sells Norwegian ice made from the melting of eternal snows. This is not bad for a Cockney.

### THIS GROWING COUNTRY.

It is a frequent mistake with politicians to have their heads so full of the things which have been that they miss the import and meaning of the things which now are. The world is moving all the time, but they are so preoccupied with the past that they fail to understand the present. For instance, in 1860 the defenders of slavery in the United States, feeling secure in the memories of former easy victories, had no eyes to see the facts of the hour, which were under their noses, so to speak. They saw not that the situation had immensely changed; and, full of recollections of old days which had departed never to return, they rushed into the unequal conflict. Take another example: during the twenty years next after the time when England had fairly entered upon her great experiment of Free Trade on one side only, the cause did seem to be making some advances abroad: and its advocates were encouraged to believe that Cobden's prophecy would be fulfilled, and that Free Trade would soon sweep the civilized world. They became so possessed with this idea that they have never been able to get it out of their heads since, and the adverse experience of the last fifteen or twenty years is all but lost upon them. With France, Germany, and the United States all levying higher duties on England's goods now than they did half a century ago, the handwriting on the wall ought to be intelligible enough; but the fixed prepossessions of a bygone time will not allow them to understand it. There is a fatal significance in the fact that it is not barbarous or unprogressive nations, but the most powerful and progressive of all, that have of late years discarded Free Trade and adopted Protection. What means it, this action on the part of France and Germany in the old world, and of the United States and Canada in the new? It is proposed to establish Free Trade in the heart of Africa, and probably the thing may be done. But try it at Paris, Berlin, Washington or Ottawa, and see what success you will have.

The same may be said of most of those who are now weaving for Canada her web of destiny—on paper. Some of them are positive that nothing but Imperial Federation will save the country; while others can see nothing but our manifest destiny to be annexed to the United States. Both are victims of the same kind of optical illusion. In both cases it is not the Canada of to-day so much as the Canada of fifteen or twenty years ago that keeps floating before their mental vision. They fail to realize sufficiently that this is a growing country, and that it has been rapidly growing out of the old conditions upon which they have predicated what its future must be.

Our declaration of commercial independence, made in 1879, seems to have been the starting signal for all sorts of proposals with regard to Canada. Opponents of the National Policy, who on other matters are wide as the poles asunder, propose changes greatly different in political tendency, but alike in one point, that they would be fatal to manufactures in Canada. Imperial Federation would of course take the tariff-making power from the colony, and would vest it in a parliament sitting in London; but that Canadians would ever surrender the important powers so recently acquired is unlikely in the extreme, and the proposal needs but to be fairly stated to be recognized as impracticable. The colony will certainly not give up the substance in order to grasp at the shadow; it will not resign the reality of power to frame its own commercial policy in exchange for the airy and unsubstantial vision of a share in Imperial legislation. Why, Birmingham, Sheffield, Manchester, and Glasgow together would have more influence in shaping the Empire's fiscal policy than would be exercised by all Canada, with all Australia to boot! In the eyes of some at least of its advocates, the chief recommendation of the scheme is that it would destroy Protection in the colonies. For that very reason, if no other, the colonies will have none of it. Further, it would be driving a revolution backwards, and revolutions do not generally go that way. Having for its very bottom and basis a surrender of rights already conceded, it would be a decided political retrogression. The idea of the self-governing colonies going backwards in political freedom, while the Mother Country is making gigantic efforts to go forward, is really too absurd to be entertained.

Imperial Federation would destroy the commercial independence of Canada, and would put her progress back many degrees upon the dial. Annexation, on the other hand would blot out Canada from the map altogether. The States of Ontario, Quebec, etc., would be in the American Union, but the Dominion of Canada would have disappeared. Are we prepared for such self-extinction—for such an ignoble sacrifice of our "new nationality"? We think not. That Canada should give a majority vote for thus wiping out her independent existence we hold to be impossible. Our manufactures would in great part be wiped out too; for the Northern States, with their immense capacity for over-production, would speedily



drive Canadian manufacturers to the wall. The old fable of the dog and the shadow would get still another illustration. We should find the seat of power transferred to Washington, and would be left lamenting for the independence we had foolishly thrown away.

The commercial progress of Scotland after the union with England is not a parallel case. By the union Scotland did obtain access to larger markets, and a share in the colonial trade of which before she had little or nothing. But in both England and the United States over-production and the struggle for markets to sell in are main facts to be noted. Be it observed, too, that the struggle referred to does not slacken, but grows fiercer every year. Open Canadian ports to the competition of either Old or New England, or both, and our own manufactures would soon be largely extinguished. Our gigantic competitors would seize this market and hold it, while our hold of their markets would be at the small end of the horn.

While schemes for handing Canada over, bound and helpless, to the powers that be, in either London or Washington, are being discussed, the country is growing right away from them, to use a colloquial expression. Before Confederation and the acquisition of the North-West the ability of Canada to stand alone might have been held in question; but while people have been talking, a revolution has been hurrying on. It is most emphatically true that the case for Annexation, far from strengthening as the years roll on, grows visibly weaker every year that passes. While Imperial Federation and Annexation are pointed out as ports towards one or other of which we must direct our course, this growing country is rapidly sailing past both, towards a destiny of her own. Or let us say, rather, that already she *has* sailed past them, beyond any possibility of recall. Already this "new nationality" is too big to be sat upon and extinguished. Twenty years ago that *might* have been done; but now!

Let us try to realize a certain possibility. Say that our too industrious weavers of Canada's destiny would simply let her alone, and allow her to work it out for herself. Why not let the country go on much as it is now doing; that is to say, in its present course of expanding independence in commercial policy, in railway policy, and in everything save matters which are clearly within Imperial jurisdiction alone. Try this for ten years more, and you will be astonished to observe how the old arguments for extinguishing our material independence have disappeared. Or watch closely how the country's material strength grows from year to year, and how every year the need for our "hooking on" more closely either to the Mother Country or the United States grows less and fades away before our eyes. It is not things as they were twenty years ago, but things as they are to-day, that should be looked at. By all means let us do what it is so easy to do—give fair trial to the experiment of letting well enough alone.

JOHN MACLEAN.

### PROVINCIAL RIGHTS.

PROMINENT men from the Mother Land, as well as from the colonial seat of government, have, by their recent visits to Manitoba, drawn particular attention to the Prairie Province; and this moment of awakened interest is an opportune time to discuss a question that will ever be a cause of agitation and discontent until finally and justly settled. The leaven of party spirit has too often imparted an acrimony to the discussion of the provincial rights which could serve nought but the interests of faction, and fail of the true end in view.

Lawyers have argued this question and have given learned opinions, and these learned opinions have differed; not then, from a legal standpoint, but from one of right and justice, of expediency and a consideration for the well-being of the people directly affected by it, let it be viewed.

In former times of conquest and colonization it was, indeed, customary for the stronger party to over-ride the rights of the weaker, and to exact from them whatever tribute could be ground from a powerless or seemingly powerless people. The United States of America are the result of such a policy, and it is quite within the bounds of possibility that the ultimate good of the North-West might be achieved by similar diplomacy; but such a result in such a manner western people do not desire, nor at present contemplate. Equal rights must be a first consideration in this enlightened age to guarantee amity in any confederation of states, without which there will ever be a feeling of inferiority rankling in the breasts of those who are in the disadvantageous position, which feeling cannot fail to cause continual efforts to achieve the coveted equality, and such efforts bring disquietude and loss to the whole State.

Now what is the most important demand made by Manitoba in her contest for provincial rights? It is a demand for the same control of her public lands as the Local Governments of other Provinces enjoy of theirs. And what grounds, aside from constitutional right, has she for pressing her claim?

First, on the ground that, if she has to bear her share of the public burden, she should have resources in equality with the other Provinces to enable her so to do.

Secondly, on the ground that it would be the best policy for the whole State to establish that equality now, when the western Province is weaker; not leaving it to a day when her people, by the strength of her vote, by representation by population, can force an equivalent from an unwilling Confederation, and probably thus endanger the bonds of union. Such a day must assuredly come with the rapid growth of the West unless justice be done now.

Thirdly, on the ground that it is utterly at variance with the genius of the free institutions which we in this hemisphere boast that a section of people should be thus debarred from the administration of their own heritage for their own benefit, while other subdivisions of people under the same rule, who are no better fitted physically and intellectually for self-government, enjoy its utmost privileges. The Confederation of the Provinces emancipated us from "Downing Street"—two words that, to Canadian ears, are synonymous with political red-tape, bungling, and ignorance. Are the men who achieved that liberty to be the founders of a second Downing Street at Ottawa? When these even proposed the scheme of self-government, were they met by the same spirit with which they now over-ride the just claims of Manitoba? Was the price, in blood and money, which England paid for these colonies set forth as a reason why Canadians should not be a self-governing people? Fortunately for Canadian nationality a larger spirit prevailed in that day.

A fourth ground on which this claim may reasonably be based is one of a demand for responsible government, which, in the present case, it can well be insisted, does not exist, in so far as the administration of these lands is concerned.

It will be said that the executive power at Ottawa is responsible to the whole Dominion for the proper administration of the lands in Manitoba. Theoretically, no doubt, it is, but that is not in reality the case. Were the whole of the public lands of Canada under central control, and the revenues therefrom paid into the general treasury, then each Province would be interested in the administration of all lands in whatever part of the country. But such is not the case. We have been told that the revenue received from Manitoba is expended in her interests. If such be the case, there is no balance in the treasury from this source to interest the representatives of other Provinces. Thus they have no direct interest in the administration of these lands, and fail to hold the Government responsible for acts which do not affect their individual Provinces. This is but natural. Were the lands of New Brunswick under similar control, the representatives of Manitoba would feel little interest in the manner or result of their administration. So it is that five members, who are powerless in a House of over two hundred, are the only representatives whose interests can make them keenly watch the policy of the Government in this matter, and who hold the Government responsible—which, considering their infinitesimal minority, amounts to no responsibility at all.

The other Provinces of the Dominion desire a revenue from their own public lands, which, if properly husbanded, should keep the demon of direct taxation at an immeasurable distance from their borders; but Manitoba has nothing to look forward to but the dole extracted from an unwilling Parliament, and for which she must sue as each increasing need demands.

It is, perhaps, touching upon the legal grounds of the question to assert that the rights of a colony already well established on the banks of the Red River were ignored and British subjects bought and sold without a question as to their yea or nay. They did vote nay; but without avail; and some of them even recorded that vote in blood. That act was wrong, and was probably a fatal blow to the very rights for which it was struck; but the principle for which that rebellion spoke was right.

If Confederation is to be a happy and lasting union, then each Province as it assumes the responsibility of local self-government must have equal rights with its sister Provinces, and should be granted its just share of that with which nature has dowered the whole Confederation.

BARRY DANE.

EDITH: "Why, my darling Maud, where have you been so long? You have not been at Eastbourne for several seasons. I often think how fond you used to be of croquet." Maud: "Yes, I was, and am yet, for that matter, though I seldom play now. You did not care for it, I remember." Edith: "No, I doted on lawn tennis, and have played it every summer; in fact, I am just on my way to a game now. But whose child is that, Maud?" Maud: "Mine. I was married four years ago to the gentleman who, as you remember, was my partner at croquet the last season I was at Eastbourne." Edith, sadly: "Ah, yes, Married; and here am I, still in the market." Maud whispering: "Drop tennis and go back to croquet."

*THE PSYCHOLOGY OF COGNITION.\**

THIS little work will compare favourably with any elementary text-book on the Psychology of Cognition in the English language. One important feature in it is the recognition of *relation* as a mental element essentially distinct from *feeling*. Here Dr. Jardine avoids the fundamental error that runs through so great a part of the psychology of the day. Mr. Herbert Spencer, for example, tells us that the constituents of mind are feelings and relations between feelings, but is careful to explain that what is called relation is itself a species of feeling, distinguished by certain circumstances from feelings ordinarily so called. It has often been shown that, if feeling were the sole ultimate constituent of mind, knowledge would be impossible.

It is unfortunate that Dr. Jardine does not expressly point out that relation, which he recognizes as an ultimate and irreducible factor in cognition, rests on a synthetic function of mind. In order that a feeling may be definitely known, it must be known in relation to some other; in order that the two may be known in relation, they must be seized together; and, in order that they may be seized together, the mind must itself have conjoined them. It belongs to the very nature of mind to conjoin what Kant terms "the manifold of feeling" in unities of various kinds. This synthetic function is not to be confounded with the operation of contingent laws of association. Association supposes previous knowledge; but the synthetic function to which we refer renders knowledge possible. We have looked in vain through Dr. Jardine's pages for a clear exposition of this all-important point. One of his most explicit statements, though the expression is clumsy and fitted in some respects to mislead, is the following. After observing (p. 88) that the phenomena which appear in consciousness are feelings related to one another, he adds: "The most primitive act of thought consists in the intuition of one of these relations. And next in rank is the synthetic act by which objects or elements thus related are connected together in unity."

Admitting that relation is a factor in cognition incapable of being reduced to feeling, an important question is, What are the most general relations under which objects are apprehended? Some psychologists recognize only likeness and unlikeness; but these are properly qualitative determinations. The quantitative relations under which objects exist are radically distinct from their qualitative. The quality of an object, as known—and, for our part, we consider it absurd to speak of qualities unknown and unknowable—is feeling of some kind, real or ideal. But by the quantity of an object—its figure, its magnitude and the like—we do not mean any kind of feeling. Writers like Mr. Huxley are accustomed to talk of feelings of extension. We have no feeling of extension. When we perceive a piece of ribbon red at one end and blue at the other we have a feeling of redness and a feeling of blueness, and we think these feelings as related in space. Dr. Jardine puts this very well. "The qualities of colour, smell, hardness, etc., are simply sensations of sight, smell, muscular effort, etc., ideally transferred or projected into external space. But the space into which these sensations are projected or which they occupy is not a sensation of any kind. . . . It is therefore perhaps" (omit *perhaps*) "improper to speak of extension, figure, and other forms of space as being qualities at all. They are rather the spatial relations of qualities." (p. 83.) The system of relations under which the phenomena of consciousness must stand to one another is, Dr. Jardine thinks, completed when to the qualitative relations of likeness and unlikeness, and to the relation of simultaneous existence in space, we add that of succession in time. For an elementary text-book this may suffice; but the subject needs fuller and profounder treatment than it has received in any work with which we are acquainted.

Into the details of Dr. Jardine's treatise we cannot enter. We content ourselves with saying generally that throughout the volume there is much that is worthy of praise, and that the parts which appear least satisfactory perhaps owe their seeming imperfection to a disposition on Dr. Jardine's part to accommodate his statements to current ideas. We occasionally had the feeling that he did not recognize with sufficient boldness the conclusions to which his principles inevitably lead. The most notable instance of this is his treatment of the question of the nature of the objects of perception. While clearly pointing out that these objects, as known, depend on mind, he palter with the *insani somnium* of an unknown  $x$ , existing independently of mind, behind perceived phenomena. He leaves it undecided how far the problems that at once arise about this  $x$ , if the  $x$  be posited, can be solved, and dismisses the subject by intimating that such solution as is possible must be furnished by Metaphysics and not by Psychology. It is a pity that he should thus have suggested to his readers

that there is behind the phenomena, which in their aggregate we term Nature, any unknown  $x$  existing independently of mind, or that the actuality of what we term a material thing consists in anything else than a system of definite relations. A material world existing out of relation to mind is necessarily an unintelligible world. We do not for a moment suppose that Dr. Jardine believes in such a chimera. What we complain of is that he suggests its existence to the students for whom his work is intended.

G. P. Y.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"C" omitted to enclose his name and address.  
"OBSERVER" did not send his card.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

To the Editor of *The Week* :

SIR,—In the *THE WEEK* of September 25 there was an article on "The Witness of St. Matthew." The writer says:—"It is quite true that Evangelists do not always observe the order of time in their narrations. It is equally true that there are some events which it is impossible to refer with certainty to any particular moments in the history of our Lord." He also says:—"In any book, and especially in a book on such a subject" (mark that), "it must be easy to find statements which are inexact or unsatisfactory." I will ask permission to examine a point—surely interesting in itself—upon which the above very serious admissions, I must call them, have a direct bearing. Unless I am very much mistaken, the general opinion among clergymen is that the Lord's Prayer was taught by Christ on two several occasions, with some length of time between them. I know that some of them would be very unwilling to admit that it was not so. Let us see how the matter stands. The Prayer is mentioned once only by St. Matthew; once only by St. Luke; not at all by St. Mark, nor by St. John. It is less likely that they would have omitted two instances than one only. In St. Matthew the Prayer occurs in the midst of the Sermon on the Mount, which occupies three chapters, v., vi., vii. In St. Luke also it occurs in the midst of the teachings of that Sermon, scattered as they are in His Gospel through at least three chapters, vi., xi., xii., the Prayer being in xi. In chapter vi. is undoubtedly what is intended for the Sermon described in St. Matthew, occupying twenty-nine verses, or about a fourth part of that Sermon, and beginning and ending exactly as that Sermon does, but not containing the Prayer. In xi. of Luke, five chapters farther on, verses 9 to 13 are identical with verses 7 to 11 of vii. of Matthew; and verse 33 with 15 of v. Matthew. In St. Luke xii., verses 22 to 31 are identical with verses 25 to 34; and verses 33 to 34 with verses 20 and 21 in vi. of Matthew.

It is not, then, perfectly correct to say that in St. Luke the Sermon is scattered through three chapters, and that the Prayer occurs in the midst of them, just as it occurs, with a difference, in the midst of the Sermon on the Mount, in Matthew? It is the same Prayer, with the same surroundings, only not in precisely the same way. According to both Evangelists, Christ was, at the time when He taught the Prayer, in a mountainous or secluded place. And St. Luke tells us that before He began the Sermon He had passed the night in prayer on a mountain. There is, indeed, this difference between the two narratives, that, while St. Matthew says that, before beginning His Sermon Christ went up into a mountain. St. Luke tells us that He came down and stood in the plain. But there can be no doubt that the occasion referred to is the same, for, in both cases, the Sermon immediately follows. In St. Matthew the Prayer is taught in the midst of the Sermon. In St. Luke it is preceded by part of the Sermon, and is associated with and immediately followed by other parts. According to both narratives, there is the presence of a great multitude in close association with the occasion of the teaching of the Prayer, and I think it is not too much to assume that it is the same multitude, as there is no mention of any other. It is also to be observed that, if the disciples were taught the Prayer at an earlier period of Christ's ministry, there would not appear to have been any necessity for teaching it, a second time, at a later period. In both Evangelists we have the Sermon; in both we have the Prayer in the course of it; in both we have the mountainous or desert place, and the presence of the disciples only—unless some other interpretation can be put on St. Matthew v. 1, which would certainly seem impossible—and in both we have the proximity, not the actual presence, of a great multitude, we may say the same multitude.

We have, then, to ask ourselves whether the evidence preponderates in favour of the Prayer having been taught by Christ on two occasions or on one only; whether it may not be possible that theologians have been on this point, as admittedly on others, "unexact" and "unsatisfactory." Happily there is nothing to be really lost or gained: the one point of supreme importance is that, in any case, we have the Prayer.

I think it would not be impossible to bring the gospels of St. Matthew and St. Luke into unison on this point by making certain changes, in accordance with the difficulties admitted by the writer of the article on "The Witness of St. Matthew," and by almost all others, I believe; but it is not for me to presume to do that.

D. F.

JOURNALISTS IN CANADA.

To the Editor of *The Week* :

SIR,—Is journalism, are journalists, advancing in standing in Canada? Yes; and No. For the most part, the newspapers are growing in prosperity, and, doubtless, the newspaper men are, as the old letter-writers used to say, "enjoying the same blessing." But journalists are not accorded that position either politically or socially to which they are entitled, and which they might command were they true to themselves and to each other. It is not hyperbole to say that no persons in our modern times wield more of real influence than journalists, and it is equally true that the newspapers under their control are the ladders up which inferior persons often climb into parliamentary and other positions of prominence. Socially, the stupidest M.P. or M.P.P. that ever drew breath seems to out-rank all conductors of the press, except, perhaps, the few whales of journalism too important to be ignored. Why is this? Journalists are

\*The Elements of the Psychology of Cognition. By the Rev. Robert Jardine, B.A. Second edition. London: Macmillan and Co., 1884.

themselves much to blame. They are to blame when they allow themselves to be treated as "organists," or other than equals. They are to blame when they submit to being "patronized" by anybody. They are to blame when they personally attack journalists who may happen to hold opinions differing from their own. If politicians wish rivals bespattered, let them do their own bespattering. Journalists make a mistake when they deery each other's circulation or business. Whatever they feel, manifestations of jealousy never look otherwise than petty. Lawyers, as a profession, stand up for each other through thick and thin. Why should journalists alone devour each other for the amusement of Tom, Dick or Harry?

The journalist has to bear the sins of many. He has to take the brunt of political battle. He has often to confront the wealthy and the powerful. Frequently undeserved odium and obloquy that belong to others make up his portion.

In England, journalism has become a power recognized personally as well as politically alike by "persons and personages." The road to that proper recognition alone to be coveted by any true journalist will be found in Canada, as in England, in an attitude of dignified self-respect, and of respect towards others in the same profession, even though politically the gulf between be as wide as that which divides Lord Salisbury from Joseph Chamberlain.

CAXTON.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

To the Editor of the Week:

SIR,—When such a railway accident as the one at Pinkerton, which it is stated will cost the Company not less than one hundred thousand dollars, startles the placid intelligence of the public, the mind of some thoughtful citizen will naturally turn to the question of remedy. The average journalist, as his habit is, will think first of apology, and how delightfully safe railway travelling is in the abstract; or, as he would perhaps prefer to phrase it, on the average. The money question will come first in the consideration of a trading community, accustomed to protecting its flesh and blood by insurance premiums, thus justifying the prior mention of it in this letter. The punitive or judicial question will come next in order. We shall all be most anxious to know who is to pay in purse or in person. What but this are the judges upon the bench for? But some dissatisfied mortal who rates the sentiment of humanity somewhat higher even than the gregarious instinct will begin to plume such faculties as he possesses for a short flight, earnestly seeking to know if this class of accidents cannot be prevented. The public feeling amounts to very little, being too inexpert, enlisted on the side of the companies, or deeply fascinated with the Turkish or "Kismet" view of human and travelling existence. The journals, as hinted already, are mostly unavailable, finding it their business to make things pleasant generally, and very skilfully carrying that out—not a line of "leader" in the presence of such a catastrophe as the one we are considering! The railway engineers, being paid officials, or hoping to become so, do their duty according to their positions. And so it appears there is no space, unless THE WEEK takes the case into its kind consideration, even to propound the question: "Why should a hundred thousand dollars' worth of train and a quite incalculable value in life be allowed to roll, not four times, but any less number, down an embankment?" To view the question in this way would be to prepare to entertain it on its merits, and as far as the experience of the writer avails anything, we are a long way yet from that practical method in railway contingencies in Canada.

Yours, QUESTOR.

THE UNDERTAKERS' CONVENTION.

To the Editor of the Week:

SIR,—A recent issue contained a letter from "Prudence," under the caption of "Celebrations and Conventions," wherein he affects great astonishment at the recent "Undertakers' Convention" held in the City of Toronto, and submits the following queries for our consideration: "Can it be possible that they met together for the purpose of discussing how to improve their business, and to keep up those exorbitant prices which they charge for the burying of the dead?"

Yes, "Prudence"; we seriously met for the direct purpose of improving and elevating our calling, in the direction of acquiring, through the medium of lectures given by practical men who thoroughly understand our wants, the requisite knowledge that will enable us to successfully cope with decomposition during the brief interval that elapses between death and interment; and, paradoxical as it may appear to you, the prevention of contagion from diseases that are well known to be propagated by some of our funeral customs. As to your reflection that we charge "exorbitant prices," permit me to remind you that no tradesman subject to equal risks and exposure realizes less profit on his capital than the regular undertaker. His customer can select without pressure or intimidation such articles as he desires to procure at prices that will meet the requirements of his taste and pocket. A "radical" change may be necessary in our funeral obsequies, as in other departments of trade, but the undertaker does not occupy a singular position when he meets the requirements of the public by furnishing the goods they desire to purchase. Stop the demand and the supply will cease.

Yours, etc., W. H. HOYLE.

Cannington.

CANADIAN WRITERS.

To the Editor of the Week:

SIR,—I have read the survey of "Canadian Literature" by Mr. J. E. Collins, which appeared a few weeks ago in your journal. It will not be arguing myself unknown to admit that several names cited as those of our principal literary men are entirely new to me; for I venture to say that sixty per cent. of your readers can be placed in the same category with me. But it is at Mr. Collins' sins of omission I am most amazed. The omission that strikes one as most glaring is that of Joseph Howe's name from the list. How Mr. Collins could consider the enumeration complete without reference to the greatest orator and probably the finest poetical mind Canada ever produced, does not seem clear.

Yours truly, BLUENOSE.

New Glasgow, N. S.

DRIFTING AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.\*

NEVER a ripple upon the river,  
As it lies like a mirror, beneath the moon,  
—Only the shadows tremble and quiver,  
'Neath the balmy breath of a night in June.

All dark and silent, each shadowy island  
Like a silhouette lies on the silver ground,  
While, just above us, a rocky highland  
Towers, grim and dusk, with its pine trees crowned.

Never a sound but the wave's soft plashing  
As the boat drifts idly the shore along—  
And the darting fire-flies, silently flashing,  
Gleam, living diamonds—the woods among.

And the night-hawk flits o'er the bay's deep bosom,  
And the loon's laugh breaks through the midnight calm,  
And the luscious breath of the wild vine's blossom  
Wafts from the rocks like a tide of balm.

Drifting! Why may we not drift forever?  
Let all the world and its worries go!  
Let us float and float with the flowing river,  
Whither—we neither care nor know!

Dreaming a dream, might we ne'er awaken;  
There is joy enough in this passive bliss;  
The wrestling crowd and its cares forsaken;  
Was ere Nirvana more blest than this?

Nay! but our hearts are ever lifting  
The screen of the present, however fair;  
Not long, not long, may we go on drifting,  
Not long enjoy surcease from care!

Ours is a nobler task and guerdon  
Than aimless drifting, however blest;  
Only the heart that can bear the burden  
Shall share the joy of the victor's rest.

FIDELIS.

SONNET TO A MULE.

ILLUSTRIOUS pledge of lawless amorousness!  
Celestial kicker!—Pray assuage the ire  
That threatens from those shifting orbs of fire:  
Sweet foretastes of a saintly heel's caress.  
Yet, Muley, each who views thee must confess  
Thou hast the peaceful virtues of thy sire;  
Those intellectual hoofs would ne'er desire  
To spifficate the spirit of the press.  
In peace I titillate thine hide, and, lo!  
I grasp thy tail, and—thud! ouch!—all things melt,  
And stars and meteoric showers glow  
Above a blighted liverpad! and oh!  
Good Christians, go and feel what I have felt,  
Cycloned by hybrid heels "below the belt"!

H. K. COCKIN.

A CONVERSION.

[From the French of Thomas Bentzon.]

VIII.

HE had baptized her with her full approval. The truth, thought he, had for once made its way into that tribe of heretics, rebellious and hardened for centuries; it would be a grand example, an edifying theme for the whole parish. Vicar Fulgentius was giving glory to Heaven for the triumph of which he had been the instrument, when a man, whom no one had ever seen at the church, violently pushed open the door of the vestry, where he was alone. It was a sturdy, thickset old man, with rough, tanned features. A beard of several days' growth bristling round his face gave him a peculiarly savage look. His small, sunken eyes gleamed fiercely from beneath a pair of bushy eyebrows; his fist trembled as it clutched a stick, while standing in front of the Vicar, he looked him full in the face.

"She belongs to you," he began, without a preamble. "I leave her to you. Come and take her. . . . Yes; take her body, since you have already stolen her soul. The crime will be no greater. Robber! seducer! that is all you are; do you hear? . . . She told us in leaving us that she would die a Catholic—she, my daughter! . . . Her mother confessed it all to me; her mother, who behaved like a go-between, out of pity for what she told her; out of pity! I, out of pity for her honour, for the honour of her kindred, out of pity for her eternity, would have fastened

\* The first four verses were published in the *Century*, and copied into the eclectic department of THE WEEK. At the author's request we now give the complete poem.

down over her beforehand the stone of our family vault. I would have stood over it with a gun in my hand. But my own family have betrayed me! Behind my back a plot was woven for something worse than my murder; and my wife, my daughter were in the plot! They are nothing now to me! Lying entered my house. . . . For you a wretched girl renounced her father, renounced her religion. Nor was it to your God that she gave herself, but to a man—to yourself! Her God was yourself; if you did not understand that, it was because you would not understand it. My daughter made herself an idol of flesh and blood. Take her away!"

He brandished his stick and was gone, having allowed no interruption, without consenting to listen to one word.

The priest saw him in the courtyard of La Prée, seated motionless upon a stone, with his arms crossed and his hat drawn over his eyes, when he went, followed by a long procession of peasants singing psalms in chorus, to fetch that body which had been thrown to him with a curse.

This time he entered by the great folding door. The mother was sobbing, her face hidden in the curtains of that virgin couch which had witnessed so prolonged an agony; she did not raise her head. Little Suzette, upon a step of the staircase, looked in terror out of her large black eyes—the eyes of Simone—as those whom her father called robbers completed the abduction. And old Le Huguot, when the funeral train returned, stirred not from his place in the sun, but seemed petrified. The white banner carried by young girls, which waved over the hedges, was lost in the distance, the voices growing fainter and fainter, died away; nothing more was heard than the distant and melancholy sound of a knell ringing in the village belfry. The old Huguenot was still there, with dry eyes and clenched fists, contemplating the first defection of which one being of his race had given an example. "Abjured!" muttered he in the same tone that a soldier would have said "Deserted!"

He had forbidden his family and servants to appear either at the church or in the churchyard. The concourse was none the less at Simone's burial. The whole Catholic population of Arc-sur-Loire made it a pretext for a religious manifestation; better still, they forgot their usual parsimony so far as to subscribe (the poorest giving his penny) for a fine stone cross to recall upon this grave wrested from the camp of the Protestants the semi-miraculous conversion of a Le Huguot.

## IX.

THE funeral monument is already blackened by the hand of the winters; the farm of La Prée retains its old aspect of hostile isolation—of cold, symmetrical prosperity; but for many years no one has heard anything of Vicar Fulgentius.

After the conquest which did him so much honour he was no longer the same man; every one observed it. Pale, sad, and unceasingly pre-occupied, was he thinking over that furious malediction from the head of the family, who came to seek him right at the foot of the altar? Or had the immaterial betrothed, to whom he had given himself for eternity, returned too often to remind him of their meeting-place? Who can say whether during these hours of meditation, which he more and more prolonged, beneath the arbour where that letter had been handed to him summoning him to La Prée for the first time, he did not see passing between him and his breviary her who said, "I will never leave you again."

Perhaps she showed herself thereafter, not in that shroud-like dress, consumed before the grave by a hopeless passion, but young, beautiful, alive—the Simone of the locked diary. One evening Ursula saw her master throw into the fire, in a desperate way, as he would have burned some engine of witchcraft, a note-book bound in Persian morocco. But this execution did not suffice to give him back his freedom of mind, his militant and resolute temper. He had no more confidence either in himself or his calling; thoughts beset him which were not his own, but plainly those of Simone communicated, whispered into his ear; the noble zeal which had inflamed him of yore had spent itself in a first excess. Abruptly, to flee from the indefinable remorse that harassed his soul, he asked to be sent to a smaller, more sequestered parish than Arc-sur-Loire. His bishop granted this request, which seemed to be dictated by profound humility. But Fulgentius was to push still further his taste for self-effacement, his dread of responsibilities. He soon afterwards forsook the active ministry; the report spread that he had vanished in the depths of one of those Carthusian monasteries where the last particle of will, the smallest fragment of initiative is sacrificed; where, under the stern yoke of an unbending rule, there is no risk of going astray, of doing evil while thinking to do good. But what walls are high enough to bar the way against a remembrance—that ghost that nothing can lay.

M. L. ROUSE, *reddidit*.

It is odd to notice how difficult it is for a writer to make any change, however slight, in his signature, after it has once got into the title-page of a book. Just now, Mr. Edmund Gosse, who has dropped a W. out of the middle, and Mr. Brander Matthews, who has dropped a J. from the beginning of his name, are often annoyed by seeing themselves referred to as Mr. E. W. Gosse and Mr. J. B. Matthews. Most people have already forgotten that Bayard Taylor was once J. Bayard Taylor, and that Bret Harte signed his first book F. Bret Harte. In like manner, Mr. Austin Dobson has dropped an H. and Mr. Laurence Hutton a J., while Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse was formerly W. Cosmo Monkhouse, and Mr. Bronson Howard once parted his name with a C. Charles Dickens had left behind him two initials, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan gave up a fourth name when he entered into literature.

## THE SCRAP BOOK.

THE Toronto WEEK has made a good impression, and occupies a position of no small influence in the Dominion.—*The American*.

NAPOLÉON the Little was carried to the throne of France by a sea of blood, and was swept away by the same force. The Tory party of Canada obtained power by commercial depression, and the same relentless influence will tear it from their grasp.—*Ottawa Free Press*.

THE Federation scheme may have attractions for a few of our "aristocracy," who would like above all things a seat in the "Lords"; but the mass of the people in Canada, as in all the Colonies, believe that the present system will do much better.—*Manitoba Free Press*.

AS to the immediate future of business in our own country there is certainly no reason for desponding. The movement of goods may be comparatively slow, and the aggregate trade less than in some past years, but there is less risk in operating, from the fall in prices, and less risk too from bad debts, thanks to the caution which traders continue to observe.—*Montreal Gazette*.

AND still all political roads seem to lead to New York. Supposing the October States go their "natural" ways—Ohio, Republican and West Virginia, Democratic—it will become morally certain that the winning candidate must have the vote of New York, and that prospect would make such a battle there as tires one to think of. However, there is yet time for a good many things to happen.—*American Paper*.

A CORRESPONDENT having written to Mr. Bright with regard to an extract from one of his speeches on the franchise question which the Tories have lately been placarding in various parts of the country, the right hon. gentleman has replied that the extract as it is used is a fraud upon the electors—practically a lie—as the Tory leaders know, although they permit of, and probably encourage, its circulation.—*Manchester Examiner*.

DURING all the turmoil, all the excitement, all the numerous happenings of this peculiar campaign, there is at least one man—and he as much interested as any one possibly can be—who neither shirks, avoids nor puts off his regular duties. That man is Grover Cleveland of New York. While the governors of nearly all the other States have taken the platform on one side or the other, Governor Cleveland, having greater personal interest at stake than all the rest, has remained constantly at his post of public duty.—*Boston Globe*.

HEAVEN forbid that Canada should ever elect a President if we should be at all likely to go about it in the same way as our neighbours in the United States. Hereafter a decent and self-respecting man might well be excused for declining a nomination from either party on the simple ground that he was not disposed to make himself a mark for every form of insult and brutality. To ask a man to go through a Presidential contest is like asking him to perambulate for months amid the stench and filth of the sewers of some great city.—*Montreal Star*.

PUTTING this out of question, then, and dealing only with what is certain, the position appears to be as follows. Dependent in the most literal sense of the words on other countries for our daily bread, and obliged, therefore, to guard our food supplies in case of war; with a vast commerce to protect, and with no defence but the navy—not having a great standing army as other European countries have—we have an iron-clad fleet which is somewhat superior to that of France, but may before long be equalled, if not surpassed, by her, and an unarmoured fleet larger than hers, but in no way adequate to the work it would have to do in war.—*Saturday Review*.

THERE are more profitable modes of spending time than casting the eye down the list of dates in search of the figures '84, with a view to becoming a public nuisance when they are found. Almost everything, as it has been justly remarked, may have happened in all past time. The lady who declined altogether to read history because her motto was "Let bygones be bygones" cannot be held up as a model to the virtuous youth of both sexes. Yet there is something in the flavour of her remark which is comforting to an anniversary-ridden age. There is a great deal of possible knowledge which ought to be neglected, like the weight of the elephant in the Cambridge problem.—*Saturday Review*.

WE published on Saturday last an account of the pamphlet in which the German General Von der Goltz maintains that in the next invasion of France cavalry must be employed on a great scale, and that serious battles of cavalry and horse-artillery only may be expected. This is known to be the view favoured by the scientific German Staff; and on Tuesday the *Times* described the great manœuvres going on near Cologne, in which the Rhineland and Westphalian Corps d'Armée are engaged. They were remarkable for the great position assigned to the cavalry, which on the first day had the whole of the work to do, not a rifle being fired, and the whole of the infantry being employed in "mere strategical manœuvring." It is known, moreover, that one great reliance of the Russian Staff against invasions by Germany is on the great numbers of cavalry they habitually keep ready for concentration in Poland. The Germans cannot rival them in this arm. If this view is correct, the revival of cavalry campaigning will greatly increase the expense of armies and the calamities of war. Cavalry can never be cheap, even in a conscript service; and a mass of cavalry moving in an enemy's territory must desolate it. It cannot keep up the needful speed and carry stores, and must, therefore, live by requisitions, which, when the number of horsemen rise high, blight a district like a flight of locusts.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.



THE Canadians certainly deserve praise for the public spirit which they have shown in building railways and digging canals. Had the same enterprise contended with a climate better disposed towards man's industrial efforts, the world would be constantly expressing its admiration and wonder. No less than twenty millions have been expended on the canals of the Dominion, and the furnishing of a railway to the far-away settlers in the North-West was a thing which no amount of grumbling about monopoly will ever bring into a bad light.—*Chicago Current*.

HAPPY in their patriotism, the Welsh cherish their vernacular with a fidelity not displayed across the Channel—for Irish has no literature, and as a spoken language is dying fast—yet they have put aside that antagonism to England and the English which once characterized them. They have suffered like the Irish from an alien Church and English land laws, but neither has precluded their progress in well-being and civilization. They rightly regard the past as historical, and as concerns existing grievances they stand shoulder to shoulder with sympathetic Englishmen, not forming themselves into a separate party. The Scotch also cherish nationality intensely, but their symbolism and sentiment have no taint of sedition.—*London Daily Telegraph*.

If a man could eat as much in proportion as a bird, he would consume a whole round of beef for his dinner. The redbreast is a most voracious bird. It has been calculated that to keep a redbreast up to its normal weight, an amount of animal food is required daily equal to an earthworm fourteen feet in length. Taking a man of average weight, and measuring bulk for bulk with the redbreast, I tried to calculate how much food he would consume in twenty-four hours, if he ate as much in proportion as the bird. Assuming a sausage nine inches in circumference to be a fair equivalent of the earthworm, I find the man would have to eat sixty-seven feet of such sausage in every twenty-four hours. I mention this in order to illustrate the amount of work which is done by insect-eating birds.—*Southern Planter*.

A GREAT many English persons, who merely run over to Paris for a brief holiday, imagine that the gay capital, as they are fond of calling it, is a paradise of cheap and generous plenty. To those who have a larger and more extended experience the contrary seems the case. Within the past ten years the price of everything may be said, without the least exaggeration, to have doubled. Rents are higher, and what with Government protective duties and municipal *octroi* tolls, meat, wine, bread and vegetables have risen in price to an enormous extent. Protection has brought matters to such a pass in Paris and the large towns of France that general discontent is felt among the important classes of the population whose means are comparatively limited. The case is worse with workmen and others.—*London Daily Telegraph*.

EVERY morning's paper at New York contains the details of some new elopement of a young woman, sometimes with a coachman, sometimes with another young man. The parents who have lavished affection and luxury perhaps, upon their daughter awake to find themselves suddenly and brutally disowned by her and abandoned to the sneering wonder of the world. Sometimes the father is completely broken up, closes his home and flees, carrying his desolation with him to some secret place; sometimes, he grimly refuses all reconciliation, says "let her go," and locks in his heart the unspoken grief and nameless sting that ages men, that stills the blood and bows the bravest frame. The untrusting mother staggers beneath the betrayal of her love and the ingratitude of the daughter she has borne. How can girls be so lacking in filial regard, in the rudest sense of gratefulness and in the most ordinary prudence?—*Springfield Republican*.

DR. CRICHTON BROWNE, at the instance of Mr. Mundella, has been enquiring into the working of the English Board School System, and, much to the disappointment of Mr. Mundella, concludes that the mechanical and pedantic fashion in which the Educational Department does its work is the cause of a certain amount of juvenile insanity. Dr. Browne supports his opinion by evidence which appears satisfactory to everybody who does not look at it with the eyes of an official committed to the present system. He saw numbers of children in the schools he had visited who looked ill from overwork and want of food. He quotes statistics to show that there has been an increase of some forms of nervous disease among young people since the School Board began to work. On the face of it that does look as if the things had some connection with one another. To come to smaller matters, he heard complaints of headache and want of sleep.—*Saturday Review*.

### THE PERIODICALS.

THE publishers of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine* are deserving of great credit for the general excellence of their monthly, more especially when it is remembered that the magazine only appeals to one section of a yet limited community, and that it is issued at a popular price. The October number is a strong one, principal among its list of contents being: "The Lord's Land," No. II., by Rev. Hugh Johnston, illustrated; chapter ten of Lady Brassey's sail "Round the World"; a third contribution by John Cameron, Esq. (editor of the *Globe*), upon his experience "At Naples and up Vesuvius"; "An Alliance for Popular Education," by Dr. Vincent; "A Visit to New Orleans," by Ella R. Withrow; "The Atlantic Cable and its Workings," by Rev. Henry Lewis; and editorial notes. Commenting upon "Imperial Federation," the editor writes: "We believe that the alliance will be nearer in time and closer in character than the seer of Boston expects. We hope that men now living shall see it."

WHEN the first number of the *Andover Review* made its appearance it met with a most favourable reception. It has steadily gained in influence. What its promoters promised they have faithfully fulfilled. It is eagerly looked for by its increasing number of readers. The *Andover* is a thoughtful exponent of progressive theology, without being revolutionary or extreme. The October issue contains a number of admirable papers. It opens with "Adjustment," a poem in which truth and beauty are linked, by the venerable J. G. Whittier. Professor Harris ably discusses "The Function of the Christian Consciousness," and William M. Bryant continues his exposition of "Buddhism and Christianity." Principal Grant, of Queen's University, has a characteristic paper on "The British Association at Montreal," in which *suo more* he gives expression to his large-hearted conceptions, and "shoots folly as it flies." Not the least interesting features of the *Andover* are its short but clear-sighted editorials and conscientious book notices. Were it not against our principles, we should say this sterling theological monthly has "come to stay."

THE first number of a new literary venture, entitled *The Brooklyn Magazine*, it to hand. It is described as a "monthly periodical for the entertainment of the people," and includes comments upon "literature, society, the drama, military matters, and fashion."

WITH the October number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* begins a second volume. Three chapters of a new story by Hugh Conway take first place, and are followed by an exceedingly interesting article on "The Horse: Ancient and Modern," by Alfred E. T. Watson, profusely illustrated. The cuts accompanying William Sims's paper on "Loch Fyne" are a distinct advance upon anything hitherto attempted in the history of English popular magazines. Similarly the sketch of Heidelberg is capitally illustrated. A complete novelette entitled "The Little Schoolmaster Mark," is the last item on the list of contents.

MR. ALDEN'S *Choice Literature* for October contains the following selections from the English magazines and reviews:—"The Women of Chaucer," by Alfred Ainger; "Longer Life," "Dynamite," and "Beaumarchais," from *Cornhill*; "Mohammedan Mahdis, II.," by Professor W. Robertson Smith; "Jacob's Answer to Esau's Cry," Brooke Lambert; "The Steppes of Tartary II.," Rev. Dr. Lansdell; "About Old and New Novels," Karl Hillebrand; "Greece in 1884," Professor J. P. Mahaffy; "Afoot Across St. Gothard," James Baker; and "The Conflict with the Lords," Goldwin Smith.

### LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE "English Illustrated Magazine" will celebrate the Christmas season by issuing a double number.

MACMILLAN AND Co. will shortly issue a new edition of Charles Kingsley's poems, with a number of important additions.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made for an issue of the *Illustrated London News*, in the United States, on the same day as its publication in England.

"THE Princess Casamassima," Mr. Henry James's new transatlantic novel, is said to be his longest and most carefully elaborated work of fiction.

WITH its issue of October 11, *The Current* will appear in its new cover, and will be cut and pasted. The improvement will be a marked one, and the cover design itself is said to be a noble art study.

WE understand that Mr. John Morley is engaged upon a life of John Stuart Mill for his series of "English Men of Letters," and for the same series Sir James Fitzjames Stephens has undertaken to prepare a volume on Carlyle. Mr. Traill's "Coleridge" will be published in the course of October.

THE reprints of the great English magazines issued by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, Philadelphia, are now issued at so early a date and is so attractive a style that we are not surprised to hear of their increasing popularity.

It is said that the just-published "Memoirs" of Lord Malmesbury are highly spiced with gossip affecting the private life of many prominent English living and dead politicians. The book is the talk of the clubs, and is being reproduced in liberal quotations by the daily press.

SAMPSON, LOW, MARSTON AND Co., announce a new edition of "The Hundred Greatest Men," with special introductions by Matthew Arnold, Taine, Max Muller, Renan, N. Porter, Helmholtz, Froude, Professor Fiske and the late Dean Stanley, and a general introduction by R. W. Emerson.

THE publishers of the *Fortnightly Index* (Ann Arbor), in a prospectus of work for 1885, announce that the editorial control of this "the strongest educational journal in the West" will remain in the hands of Professors Alexander Winchell, Charles K. Adams, William H. Payne, and Charles H. D. Douglas. The *Index* is doing good work.

WHETHER the report be true that the *Manhattan* has permanently suspended publication is only known to those behind the scenes. No issue has appeared for October, however, and we fear the chances of our bright and clever contemporary's continued existence are very small, though an announcement has been put forth to the effect that a double number will appear in November.

MESSRS. FUNK AND WAGNALLS announce a manual of social usages, "The Mentor," by Alfred Ayres, and a new volume of holiday stories by Dr. Edward Everett Hale, as two of their forthcoming publications.

M. MAX O'RELL'S new book will not appear until the middle of November, when it will be published simultaneously in France, England, and America. Orders for fifty thousand copies have already been taken by the English publishers. The author has refrained from publishing the title of his book, as he feared that it might be appropriated by some unprincipled persons before his own work could be issued.

MR. A. B. FROST is guilty of a book which he calls "Stuff and Nonsense," but which Messrs. Scribner seem to think has more stuff than nonsense in it, for they have printed it in very handsome style, and will soon publish it. Mr. Frost has simply let his pencil run riot. Every funny thought that has come into his head he has illustrated, and the result is a book which will be the occasion of much hearty laughter.

ONE of the correspondents of Notes and Queries thinks that Lovelace's lines :

"Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage,"

may have been suggested by Shakespeare :

"Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,  
Nor airless dungeon nor strong links of iron,  
Can be retentive of the strength of spirit."

—Julius Cæsar, I. iii.

THE edition of the November Century will be the largest ever printed of that magazine. Besides the first chapters of Mr. Howell's new novel, "The Rise of Silas Lapham," the story of an American business man, its fiction will include "A tale of Negative Gravity," by Frank R. Stockton; "Free Joe and the Rest of the World," an illustrated story by Joel Chandler Harris; and "The Lost Mine," by Thomas A. Janvier, with a full-page picture by Mary Hallock Foote. Mr. George Ticknor Curtis contributes a paper on "How Shall we Elect our Presidents?"

REGARDING Mr. P. G. Hamerton's book on Landscape just announced, the London Academy reports that it will be illustrated with some forty illustrations on copper, of which one-half are etchings or engravings. The original etchings include "The Port of Blanzky," by Mr. Hamerton himself; "Le Bas Mendon" and "Nogent-sur-Marne," by M. Lalanne; "Lobster Fishers," by Mr. Colin Hunter, and "A Stag and Tree," by Mr. Heywood Hardy. M. A. Brunet-Debaines has also specially etched for the work, Turner's "Totnes" and Mr. C. O. Murray has etched Landseer's "Eagle Nest."

THE provisional committee named on September 25th, at a public meeting at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, for the purpose of organizing a Canadian Society for Psychical Research in connection with the Society in London, held its first meeting on Tuesday afternoon, September 30th. The Committee, after discussing various plans for the advancement of the objects in view in forming the Society, decided on suspending further action until they shall have received a sufficient number of names to form the nucleus of a Canadian Society. All persons wishing to become members of such a Society are requested to communicate with the Secretary. Address: Box 747, Post Office, Montreal.

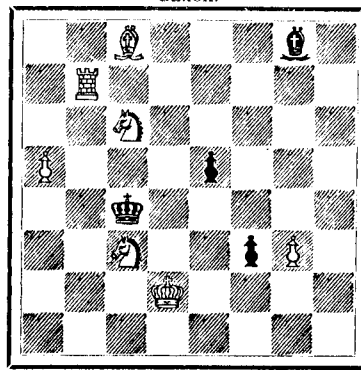
MR. MORRISON DAVIDSON, the author of "The New Book of Kings," which attempts to prove that England never had a good sovereign—not even that natural king of men, Oliver Cromwell—is about to follow this up by "A New Book of Lords." He will prove that the boast of the Peers that they are the "barons of old" is idle, for the barons who had independence enough to withstand monarchy were all destroyed in the Wars of the Roses. Nor are they the descendants of the lords who were the buttresses of the monarchy. These fell in the rising of 1640. They come of Whig corruption, oligarchical tyranny, and the timid, time-serving men who were promoted after the Revolution. Having disposed of the antiquity of the House of Lords, as at present constituted, Mr. Morrison Davidson thinks that he will divest it of all the poetry which a false sentiment sees in it. The book is to be published in full time for the meeting of Parliament, so that the Radicals may have ready to hand historical arguments for proposing to do altogether without a second chamber.

JOAQUIN MILLER liked "the decent English way of keeping your name down and out of sight till the coffin hides your blushes," and has observed it. He dined with Dante Rossetti, and met at table many distinguished men; but he has not betrayed confidence. He was present at other intellectual feasts, and, although there was strong temptation to ignore the decent custom "which forbids the mention of men in channels such as this and cuts out nearly all that is of interest in journals," he has said nothing to give offence to any. As regards himself, Mr. Miller is, contrariwise, outspoken. And this gives value to the book. The diarist tells us frankly the story of his life; how he was farm labourer, miner, pony-express man; how he practised law and was elected judge of his county; how he fought Indians, and was, indeed, "the busiest of men in trying all means to get on." "Memorie and Rime" is consequently flecked with pathos. The story of the English travellers completing the circle of the world, undertaken to restore the health of a child of ten, "a pale little cripple on crutches," is one of the most pathetic that have come to us from an American pen; and the records of the wild and checkered life led by Mr. Miller himself in the Sierras include incidents profoundly attractive.—The Athenæum.

CHESS.

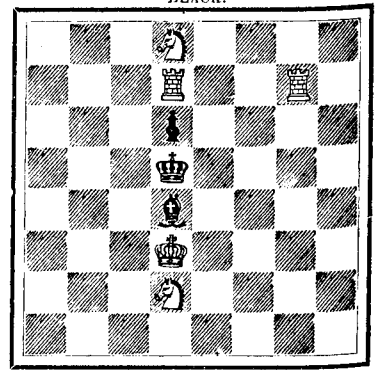
All communications intended for this department should be addressed "Chess Editor office of THE WEEK, Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 49.  
Composed for THE WEEK by E. H. E. Eddis,  
Toronto Chess Club.



White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 50.  
TOURNEY PROBLEM No. 6.  
Motto:—"Chi lo sa?"



White to play and mate in three moves.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. A., Montreal.—Will think over your suggestion. Is it not too late? D. J. W., Brantford.—A curious mistake. See below.

TOURNEY PROBLEM RECEIVED.

Motto:—"Alter ejusdem."

GAME No. 25.

Chess in England.  
Played in the Surrey Championship Cup Competition.  
(From The Field.)

Table of chess game moves between White (H. Jacobs, Croydon) and Black (G. S. Carr, M.A., Endeavour). Moves include Kt to K B 3, P to Q 4, B to K 5, etc.

NOTES.

- (a) The text move was re-introduced by Baron d'André in the Paris Tournament, 1867. Zukertort adopted it against Rosenthal in the match 1880, and more recently in the London Tournament. One of the main objects is to throw the opponent on his own resources, by depriving him of the assistance derived from book-knowledge. White may eventually, by a transposition of moves, arrive at Blackburne's variation in the Queen's Gambit, viz., 1. P to Q 4, P to Q 4; 2. P to Q B 4, P takes P; 3. Kt to K B 3, etc.

Small table showing alternative moves for White and Black, such as P to B 3, P to K R 4, etc.

- (a) If 26. B to Q 2, then 26. Kt takes Q P; 27. P to K R 4, P to K R 4, etc. (i) Evidently an oversight, which loses a valuable pawn. (j) 36. P to R 3 would have perfectly secured Black's position on the king's side. The text move might have been made afterwards; but it is hardly necessary. (k) A very indifferent move. 45. Kt to B 6 seems the better square. (l) 46. Unnecessary to take a pawn which is at Black's mercy and might be secured at any time. The pawns on the queen's side ought to have been exchanged now, and Black certainly had a winning advantage. However, we are informed by our correspondent that the strain of many hours' play seriously affected Black's judgment. (m) 50. Q to B 3 was the right move here. (n) It is to be regretted that Black should have thrown away a game which he had played with commendable ability right up to the ending. White's play was indifferent.

SOLUTION TO END GAME.

We find that, by an unaccountable oversight, we published our last end game with several typographical errors in it. The position should have been: White, K Q B 6, B Q Kt 4, P Q R 3. Black, K Q B 1, P 9 R 5 9 Kt 4. White to play. However, we believe White can win in the published position as follows: 1 K Q 5, 1 K Q 1; 2 K K 6, 2 K Q 1; 3 B Q 6, 3 K B 1 (1); 4 K K 7, 4 K Kt 2; 5 K K 7, 5 K Kt 3; 6 Kt 4, 6 K Kt 2; 7 B B 5, 7 K R 3; 8 K B 6, 8 K R 4; 9 B Q 4, 9 K R 3; 10 B Kt 6, and mates in two moves. This play may be varied, but after careful analysis we see no way in which Black can avert defeat.

### WHAT IS CATARRH ?

*From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15.*

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

Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distressing disease by the use of inhalants and other ingenious devices, but none of these treatments can do a particle of good until the parasites are either destroyed or removed from the mucus tissue.

Some time since a well-known physician of forty years' standing, after much experimenting, succeeded in discovering the necessary combination of ingredients which never fail in absolutely and permanently eradicating this horrible disease, whether standing for one year or forty years. Those who may be suffering from the above disease, should, without delay, communicate with the business managers,

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What the Rev. E. B. Stevenson, B.A., a Clergyman of the London Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, has to say in regard to A. H. Dixon & Son's New Treatment for Catarrh.

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

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I consider that mine was a very bad case; it was aggravated and chronic, involving the throat as well as the nasal passages, and I thought I would require the three treatments, but I feel fully cured by the two sent me, and I am thankful that I was ever induced to send to you.

You are at liberty to use this letter stating that I have been cured at two treatments, and that I shall gladly recommend your remedy to some of my friends who are sufferers.

Yours, with many thanks,  
REV. E. B. STEVENSON.

### Magazine of American History FOR OCTOBER, 1884.

#### CONTENTS.

CURIOSITIES OF INVENTION: A chapter of American Industrial History. By Charles Barnard. Illustrations—Portrait of Eli Whitney—Blanchard's Lathes—Portrait of Thomas Blanchard—Howe's Original Sewing Machine—Portrait of Elias Howe—Four-Web Loom of Lyall—Shuttle and Carriage—Portrait of James Lyall—McCormick's Reaper—Portrait of Cyrus H. McCormick—Portrait of Charles Goodyear—Portrait of Thomas A. Edison.

MONROE AND THE RHEA LETTER. A paper of exceptional interest by the eminent author and historian, James Schouler. A BIT OF SECRET SERVICE HISTORY. By Allan Foreman. A contribution throwing light upon certain events in the late Civil War.

THE NATION'S FIRST REBELLION IN 1794. By H. G. Cutler. A graphic and authentic account of this singular episode.

TRIBUTE TO ORASMUS HOLMES MARSHALL. By William L. Stone. Mr. Marshall's portrait in steel is the frontispiece to this number of the Magazine.

DID THE ROMANS COLONIZE AMERICA?—II. Some Epithets and Idioms in the Aboriginal Indian names. M. V. Moore.

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS contain an original letter from General Sam. Houston, giving his views on the subject of secession while Governor of Texas.

MINOR TOPICS has an interesting article on "Massasoit," by Rev. H. W. Allen.

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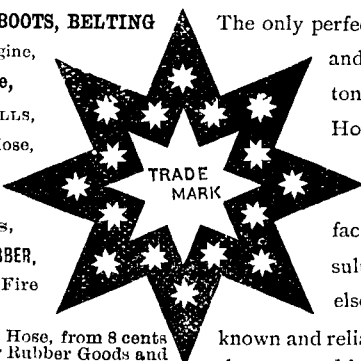
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