

THE WEEK:

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The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY AND LITERATURE.

Edited by W. PHILIP ROBINSON.

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THOSE members of the British Association who landed on our shores ten days ago do not need to be told that, in the alternation of the seasons, Canada is amply redeemed from the reproach of being uniformly the snow-clad region which the imagination of Voltaire painted it. Whether the beavers which the country contained, and in which, from the hatters' point of view, an English wit professed to see its whole value, were worth the heads which the acquisition cost, will never again be asked. It will be safe for our visitors to trust what they see and feel, though some caution may be necessary about accepting as gospel everything they hear. They will not draw too sweeping conclusions, even about the weather, from the experience of a few days, much as individual comfort or the reverse depends upon the indications of the thermometer, when it registers in the nineties. They will hear much vouched for as the opinion of Canada; though they would find, if they remained long enough and travelled far enough, by comparing what they hear in different places, that authorized interpreters of Canadian opinion are not easily found. To find people who will undertake to tell what Canada thinks, and wills, and intends to do, on any possible line which the future opens to her, is not difficult. But the listener, if he move from one Province to another, will hear very different things vouched for as the unalterable aim and purpose of the country. Without moving from any given spot within the four walls of a single room our distinguished visitors may hear affirmed, with equal confidence, the most contradictory views of what Canada wishes for, aspires after, and will inevitably embrace. There are still to be found persons who believe, or affect to believe, in the perpetuity of the nominal colonial dependence at which we have arrived. They will tell you that the present state of things will have no end; that it is the most natural, the best, the happiest, the safest possible. It is true the men whose faith is of this robust texture are not a great majority, are not numerous in fact; but on special holiday occasions they make up in vehement assertions what they want in numbers. In the same room in which lingers this antique form of opinion, discarded by the majority of Englishmen more than a century ago, every variety of its opposite may be heard. In different parts of the country, what passes on the spot for Canadian opinion takes on a great variety of hues. In Nova Scotia a stranger will often have occasion to doubt whether he is in Canada at all. He will be liable to hear Canada spoken

of as a somewhat distant country, which Nova Scotia has its own reasons for not liking; that the Province most loved that autonomy of which it was bereft by Confederation, and that "better terms" have not healed the sore inflicted by the violence of a forced union. In Manitoba, mutterings of an ultimatum to be sent to the Federal Government may struggle for a hearing amidst the rejoicings over a good harvest. The condemnation of the duties on agricultural implements will be heard in tones loud enough to recall the objections of the Southern States to a protective tariff half a century ago. In Quebec the wind will be found to set not less strongly in favour of Provincial autonomy. The advocacy of a protective tariff, heard in Ontario and Quebec, finds no echo in the Maritime Provinces, Manitoba, or British Columbia. The truth will at last dawn upon the mind of the visitor that much of that which passes for what Canada thinks, believes, feels, wishes for, and is resolved upon, is peculiar to the locality from which it derives its colour, that it is local sentiment which is attempted to be passed off as national. The truth is this young confederation, composed of heterogeneous materials, has no great national smelting pot through which to pass refractory populations and bring them all to a common consistency. Provincial angularities remain; the original rills of local feeling continue to run in the old channels, some of which get broader and deeper; new differences have been developed with the settlement of Manitoba and the North-West; localism is put in the place of patriotism. The situation is aggravated by the representatives of Federation pursuing a course which produces undue friction in the working of the governmental machinery; the Provinces are spurred into an acute sense of the assumed violation of their rights, and the two authorities, local and federal, are very much in the attitude of men who have put one another, with something of mutual defiance, at arm's length. In this state of things, to presume to interpret authoritatively Canadian opinion, as a whole, is an impossible task and a vain pretence. Nevertheless, the members of the British Association who are now in Canada will find a country, the study of whose capabilities and resources is not unworthy of their regard.

WHATEVER through traffic across the continent it may be possible to attract to the Canadian Pacific Railway, the directors of the company will take means to secure. Mr. Van Horne has told the British Columbians that steamers will be put on to connect the Pacific terminus of the road with China and Japan. As the vessels will be the property of the railway company, no second interest will be able to prevent the through rates being put at competitive figures. In the absence of other controlling influences, the bulk of this traffic will go to whichever company will undertake to carry it on the best terms to the shippers. The policy of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, in this particular, is the only one that can bring success. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that a large part of this traffic will be found to be easily attainable. The American trans-continental lines, with the combinations they can make, may be relied upon to make a desperate fight for the chief prize. American shipping, thanks to the ruinous policy of left-handed protection, is at a low ebb, and no signs of recovery are apparent. Over the Americans we shall have, in this contest, one advantage, and they will have one advantage over us: we have not debarred ourselves from buying steamers in any country and utilizing them; the Americans could not, under existing laws, naturalize a foreign vessel of any description, if the life of their commerce depended upon it. But the American trade with China and Japan is relatively large; and the greater part of this trade is almost certain to be distributed through the agency of the American railways. The English trade with China and Japan is the prize which the Canadian Pacific Railway may hope to share. To be successful, the company must put through freights down to a competitive figure which no rival can underbid. These rates, it is not improbable, will leave but little profit. But whatever may be the result of the venture, an enterprise of such daring and magnitude will deserve success.

THE shipment of grey cottons from Canada to England is an incident which has no significance beyond marking the necessity which exists for relieving a glut in the market. Canadian mills have manufactured more

cotton than Canadians can buy; and the experiment of a sacrifice market has to be tried. It is always convenient, when it is possible, to relieve a glut by shipping to a foreign country. For this purpose there have been times when England found a convenient market in the United States; and the United States, in turn, found such a market in Canada. Fifty or sixty years ago, as well as at a more recent date, loud complaints were uttered against the United States being made a dumping ground for the surplus stocks of British manufactures; complaints which were often, but not always, well founded. When the goods were consigned and sold by auction, as they often were, there could be no mistake as to the nature of the transaction. But the day came when what the Americans had complained of they were too glad to imitate. And now, all too soon, comes the turn of Canada. Just now she wants a sacrifice market for cottons, the manufacture of which, only three or four years ago, was exceptionally profitable. It was these exceptional profits that did the mischief. Too many wished to share them, and in the attempt they succeeded in preventing either themselves or others making any profits at all in the business. Two mistakes that were made aggravated the effect of the accumulation. As nearly all the products of the various mills found a common centre, the rising excess was distinctly seen and ought to have been checked, instead of which it was encouraged by advances on consignments for which there was no consumptive demand. This first mistake was followed by another, when the mill-owners found it impossible to contrive any better means of reducing the surplus than a rise of prices, which, in solemn conclave, they decreed. But the decree could not, as anyone not a mill-owner could have foretold, be executed. But the heavy decline of prices, which the large surplus stocks made inevitable, came. Then, for the first time in his life, the Canadian cotton manufacturer discovered that a sacrifice market, of which he had previously had a not unnatural horror, was a good thing, and might even prove the plank of salvation.

THE amiable philanthropists who would impose prohibition upon an unwilling people as a panacea for all social ills would do well, in some temperate interval, to read Mr. J. T. Agg-Gardner's paper on "Compulsory Temperance," in the *Fortnightly Review*. The result of the forthcoming fight upon the Scott Act in Halton will not necessarily represent the views of the residents of that county, since, whilst every prohibitionist may be counted upon to vote, a large number of opponents of the Scott Act will prefer to run the risk of its passing rather than by expressing public disapprobation of its intolerance bring upon their heads the vituperations of the prohibition faction. So that, should a majority declare against the re-enacting of that measure, it may be safely predicted that a large proportion of those affected object to its provisions; whilst, should it be re-enforced by anything less than an overwhelming majority it may be because many anti-temperance voters will have abstained from registering their opposing franchises. In the paper referred to it is shown that the attempt to suppress drunkenness by Act of Parliament in Great Britain has been a conspicuous failure. Sunday closing, it is pointed out, is in force in Scotland, Wales, and partially in Ireland. In Scotland the arrests for Sunday drunkenness in 1882 were at the rate of one in every 1,476 of the population; in England and Wales (the latter not at that date having adopted Sunday closing), they were one in every 1,631. In England, during the six years from 1877 to 1882 there was a decrease of convictions for Sunday drunkenness of 5½ per cent.; in Scotland there was an increase of 10 per cent. So that the Forbes-Mackenzie Sunday Closing Act in the latter country has been an inconvenience to the public, an injustice to the publican, a profitless and needless infliction. In Ireland five cities were exempted from the conditions of the Irish Sunday Closing Act, and a curious result of that measure has been to increase the drunkenness of the localities under its operation, and decrease the drunkenness in the exempted cities. In Wales six months sufficed to convince such competent judges as police inspectors, chairmen of quarter sessions, boards of guardians, ministers of religion, that the Sunday closing of public houses merely substituted the excessive drinking of shebeens and clubs for the moderate drinking of public houses. Mr. Gardner quotes the opinion of Dean Stanley:—

The drunkenness of the upper classes in the last century penetrated all the higher society of the land. But when, by a few resolute wills here and there now and then, there was created a better and purer standard of morals in this respect, it perished as if by an invisible blow. The whole of educated society has placed it under their ban, and that ban was ratified in heaven. It is this same public opinion which, if it can once be created in the humbler classes, will also be as powerful there. They also have, if they will, the same power of retaining, that is of imprisoning, condemning, and exterminating this deadly enemy; by this means alone will it disappear from them as it has disappeared from the society of others who once were as completely enslaved.

And then concludes:—"On the other hand the friends of Local Option and of Sunday closing and other kindred nostrums, ask us to bend to the gust of passion, to abandon self-control, and to lean on the State for help

and guidance. It is not difficult to decide which of these two methods is most in accordance with the English character."

THE late gathering of U. E. Loyalists at Niagara, was distinguished for nothing so much as an overflow of froth. There was an implied threat in one speech that, in a given eventuality, certain militia colonels would appeal to the men under their command to oppose by force the decision of the people of Canada and the Parliament of Great Britain. It will be sufficient to remind those who applauded the menace, if any there were, that Canada is not Mexico, and that the placid contemplation of rebellion is not the beau ideal of loyalty.

BEN BUTLER throws stones, with fair show of impartiality, at both Democrats and Republicans. His address on the presidential election is a long speech, inculcating the duty of continually burning incense under the nose of the workingman: a task which he abundantly fulfils himself. But it is not difficult to see, through the smoke, that the central figure is intent upon nothing so much as preparing to make the apotheosis of Ben Butler. But Butler gives everything to brawn and nothing to brain. "All that God vouchsafes to man," he tells workingmen, "are yours in the sight of high heaven." For "capitalists" and "monopolists"—the latter he sometimes finds in the most improbable places—he reserves great store of malediction. Through the favour of the Supreme Court, he will henceforth enrich the workingman with an abundant supply of greenbacks, the currency of the future. Without the least acknowledgment, the General steals Blaine's thunder about American control of the Panama Canal; but he will not be the richer for the larceny. Ben Butler's sharp eyes have detected a "British party in this country [the United States] who ape the British aristocracy" and "wear clothes that are imported." Butler's professed aim is to hold the balance between the two parties now and achieve complete success—eight years hence. In a close contest a few votes may turn the scale either way. But that Ben Butler will ever be President of the United States is not among the possibilities of the future.

THE American Bankers' Association meets once a year, ostensibly to discuss the commercial outlook, to compare notes, interchange opinions, and in some degree the better enable its members to cope with the exigencies of their several positions. In reality, the meeting is, perhaps, first of all, a brief holiday—too brief even if it were given to an earnest interchange of opinions, to allow opportunity to go over the whole situation. It is a waste of time to read papers which might as well be printed in the *Bankers' Magazine*, and still more so to enforce at undue length propositions which, to receive general acceptance, require only to be stated. "One name paper," without some substantial security at the back of it, is so manifestly inadmissible that no elaborate essay is necessary to prove that it ought not frequently to be accepted. The proper way for bankers to deal with financial panics was the chosen theme of the President of the Association, and his remedy was free loaning. He placed undue stress on what the Bank of England has done, in successive panics, under a suspension of its charter, and the reference is chiefly valuable for what the speaker failed clearly to see: the magic effect produced by the power of the Bank, or a belief in that power when it did not yet exist, to extend relief to people who were supposed to be on the brink of perdition for the lack of Bank of England notes. Suspension of the charter, removing the restriction which otherwise practically existed to the further issue of notes, once brought a cure by calming excitement, without an actual issue; and from first to last the issue of notes under a suspension of the charter has been insignificant. The mere belief in the power of the bank to afford relief in itself did much towards bringing back the reason of men which panic had frightened away. But a bank to be in a position to lend freely, during a panic, must keep its reserves well in hand; and it cannot administer the remedy required if it be unduly hampered with legal restrictions. The President of the Bankers' Association, recognizing this fact, holds that a voluntary increase of the legal reserves of the national banks is not less necessary than the removal of the restriction which Congress has imposed on these banks in respect of the note issue. The usury laws, of which he also suggested the repeal, point a strange anachronism in a great commercial country like the United States; but it is difficult to believe that, for the American banker in his general dealings, the usury laws are much more than a dead letter. The rule must be that they are evaded; but there is always the danger that some one may insist on invoking the law, which he helped to break, against his partner in the transaction. If American legislators were not so slow to learn economic truths, they would, without delay, abolish the usury laws in the interest of borrowers, in the delusive hope of protecting whom they were enacted. It is impossible not to feel

that all the good it is capable of is not got out of this annual gathering of bankers. To do so, some systematic action is necessary; and this implies some preparation. If every delegate would contribute the experience of the bank he represents to the elucidation of the great practical problems which banks are called upon, in their daily practice, to deal with, the net result could not fail to be of great value. It should be understood in advance what are the chief points on which the united experience of bankers is required; the information could be systematically collected, and put in shape for practical application.

ONE of the most interesting papers of the month is that contributed to the *Century* by Joseph Edgar Chamberlin on the "Foreign Elements in Our Population." The author, with a view of throwing light upon the changes which are taking place in America as the result of continuous immigration, makes a careful analysis of the last census returns. The American nation, he reminds us, is in the formative stage, and the problem, Which type—Angle, Dane, Saxon, or Norman—will become dominant? is still to be solved. Of the 50,155,783 persons who form the population of the United States, 14,922,744 are of foreign birth and parentage, the remainder being native, coloured and Indians. The complete fusing of these different races is recognized as impossible. Nevada, Arizona, Minnesota, California, Utah, Wisconsin, Montana, Wyoming, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and New York, are, in the order named, the least American States—having the largest proportion of inhabitants of foreign birth. The most numerous element in this foreign population is the German, of whom there were in 1880 over 1,966,742, or 3.9 per cent. of the whole. The Irish-born is the next largest element in the foreign population. Of Irish there were 1,854,571 at the last census—equal to 3.7 per cent. The immigrants from Great Britain—English, Scotch, and Welsh—numbered 917,598; whilst British America contributed 717,157. There were, moreover, 440,262 Scandinavians in the country in 1880, and 104,468 Chinese. Rhode Island is shown to have 26.4 per cent. of foreign-born population, and 51.9 per cent. of foreign parentage—principally Irish, with a strong sprinkling of French Canadians. "As the fruitfulness of these two strong new Roman Catholic elements is considerably greater than that of the old inhabitants, it is plain that Rhode Island must be a future stronghold of the Roman Catholic Church, and the character of the people is likely to be modified from grave to gay, from serious to mercurial." This presupposes fusion. In Massachusetts and Connecticut, the situation is practically the same as in Rhode Island. The New England States are not likely to undergo marked change. In New York State the immigrant races stand in such proportion as to offset each other, and prevent the preponderant influence of any. The Western States are most profoundly affected by immigration. In Ohio the influence is strongly Germanic; the same remark applies to Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Iowa. Minnesota and Dakota have a preponderating Scandinavian element in their foreign populations. Nevada, Arizona, and Utah are mixed; California, Oregon, and Washington are tinged with Chinese immigrants. The summary shows the Germans are the most numerous body of foreigners in fifteen States, the Irish in twelve, and of the remaining States and territories, thirteen have more Irish than German, and seven have more German than Irish. The Chinese lead in five States and territories, the British American in four, the British in two, the Mexicans in one, the Scandinavians in one, and the West Indians in Florida. "The Wisconsin man of the near future is likely to be almost a German, while the New Englander (supposing the elements to combine) will be at least half an Irishman." "But, in the meantime, all come to speak in a single dialect; all come under the assimilating influence of an intensely active commerce; and all accustom themselves to diversity of views on religion and politics without social separation on that account. May we not assume that such a state of affairs will tend to make the people a single and homogenous nation, in spite of local diversity of origin?"

THE current *Century* has an able and candid editorial upon the political education of the American people. The writer, premising that never was there so great need of intelligence and virtue in public affairs as now, suggests that one cause of the intellectual character of English politics is "the presence of a body of able popular teachers animated by regard for the general good, and capable of representing themselves effectively by speech or writing." He attaches great importance to *viva voce* popular political instruction by such men. "We doubt if the speeches and debates of the public men of any nation have ever been of less weight or less fitted to instruct and guide the people than those of our own politicians during the past ten years." Strong words, but in all probability literally correct. On the other hand, "The influence wielded by the

leading (English) members of Parliament seems to be little diminished by the great and growing influence of the press, and is still one of the most potent agencies in the formation of English opinion." It is pointed out that two great abuses considerably detract from the influence of the American press. "There is a tendency on the part of its conductors to publish what will please their readers rather than that which will instruct them"—a state of things which comes from the pecuniary motive by which they are influenced. The second abuse is the influence of sinister interests upon the press. But high-minded, capable public speakers would be beyond these influences, and the writer does not see why such should not be produced in America. Indeed, "we should not be surprised if they should eventually become more numerous here than anywhere else in the world"—a prognostication which appears somewhat sanguine, but the fulfilment of which every patriotic American would hail with unmingled satisfaction.

THE editor of *Mahattan*, contrasting the reception accorded to Sir Lepel Griffin's book on America with that which Mrs. Trollope's work met half a century ago, says: "The production of Mrs. Trollope was received (in America) with a howl of anguish. Our fathers were desolated at the bad opinion that lady had of us. But in five decades what a change! Sir Lepel's book has not called forth the least indignation—hardly a smile of derision." The public, continues our contemporary, substantially tells Sir Lepel that he is welcome to slander the Republic as much as he likes. "If it makes him feel good, it does no harm." If he can find a publisher, "he is at liberty to paint us as black as the 'old boy' himself, in any number of volumes." No intelligent person will deny that Americans have become more independent of European opinion during the last fifty years; but the bitter attacks upon Matthew Arnold and Sir Lepel which have lately appeared in the American press give a peculiar colour to the "I don't care" of the magazine writer referred to.

THOSE of us who are concerned with the English mail arrangements—and who is not?—will rejoice in the knowledge that on and after the first of September the British Post-office authorities will, month by month, select as mail steamers those vessels which have made the most rapid passages between Liverpool and New York, instead of adhering to the old system of contracting for a year with one particular line. By the plan just adopted the services of the fastest ships will be secured. Hitherto it has not by any means been the rule for the mail steamers to be the swiftest, and there is every reason to believe that the system of monthly contracts will effect a large improvement in speed and punctuality.

OLD COUNTRY papers report that croquet is again coming to the fore, and that lawn-tennis is going down. It is a moot question yet whether the same thing can be said of Canada, though there is no question but lawn-tennis has developed into a non-social and physically difficult game—two serious drawbacks to ladies. "It is a splendid game, but it calls for too much exertion. The girls get overheated, lose their tempers, and strain their muscles. Croquet, on the other hand, is a quiet game. It requires skill, but may be played in leisurely fashion. It offers unrivalled facilities for a little quiet flirtation 'before folk.' Hundreds of ladies have croquetted a husband to one who has driven him to court at tennis. Furthermore, croquet is a less expensive game, and one which may be enjoyed by old as well as young."

THE ST. GEORGE'S UNION AT CHICAGO.

THE Convention of the North America St. George's Union at Chicago is a significant example of the growing tendency to social fusion between the two sections of the Anglo-Saxon race upon this continent. The hope of a moral reunion of the race at all events is neither chimerical nor treasonable. It was in an evil day, not for Anglo-Saxons only but for humanity, that the rupture took place and the American colonies, instead of parting from their mother in the fulness of time and in peace, broke away from her in enmity. That there was wrong on both sides history will say, whatever may be said by Fourth of July oratory. Nor ought it to be forgotten, though by American historians it certainly is forgotten, that the division extended to England herself. The Whig Opposition it was that, by weakening the arm of the Government, enfeebled, and, upon the first serious reverses, stopped the war. The feud, which had originally been only between the Crown and the colonists, ought soon to have died out; but it was kept alive by American Jacobins of the Jefferson school who got up the war of 1812, and desperate efforts are now being made to revive it by the common enemies of our race. The hearts of most native Ameri-

cans, however, are ready for a perfect reconciliation. If any society extending its arms over both sections can help in any measure to promote that reconciliation, it will do good service at a critical time. The Anglo-Saxon race has some traditional principles still to uphold, and some special qualities still to impart. It is still the great missionary of law combined with liberty. England expects every man—not only the sailor or the soldier, but every man—to do his duty: to keep the straight path; to be an honest and faithful worker, not a charlatan or a sharper. If her sons emigrate, she expects that they will display the impress of her character and continue to do her honour by becoming thoroughly good and loyal citizens of the land to which they go. At Chicago there are many Canadians—not less, it is said, than fifteen or sixteen thousand. The place seems specially to attract the enterprise of our Canadian youth. And it is pleasant to hear that in the midst of so many temptations to seek wealth by gambling speculation, the Canadians, as a rule, are reputed to keep the better path of fair and honest labour. They bear on them a good trade-mark, and their character seems to find, as characters always will, a good market.

The main object of the St. George's Societies is the relief and comfort of English emigrants. Comfort, such as the sympathy of a fellow-countryman can afford, the exile may often need in his days of loneliness and home-sickness. But the societies now feel the increasing necessity of putting a check to improvident emigration. What check could be devised was the subject of discussion at Chicago. People in England still believe that everything in human shape must be a welcome addition to the population of "a new country." So it was when the country was really new. But these communities have lived fast; they have lived many centuries in one, or half of one; in some respects they are already old. In some callings, especially those of the lighter and more intellectual kind, such as that of a clerk, there is no longer any room for new comers. The poor emigrant, who lands in the delusive hope of getting such employment, finds himself in the midst of all this teeming industry and wealth as lonely, helpless, and hopeless as if he were a wanderer in a desert. England will have to choose some new receptacle for her pauperism, if her pauperism is to be sent abroad.

The St. George's Societies also satisfy, in common with a number of other associations, such as those of the Freemasons and Oddfellows, the craving for a special bond of fellowship. Nothing can be more natural than such a craving on this continent where there are no ancient centres of association, where even family connections are difficult to maintain, and the numberless grains of humanity are as loose and as shifting as so much sand. And surely no secret society or organization of any kind has a bond more rational or elevating than that of common attachment to such a mother as England. If it were only as a periodical renewal of Englishry, membership would be worth having. But some such combination is also much needed at the present moment, in the United States at all events, to save the English name and those who bear it from disrespect. Englishmen are not clannish; they are perhaps even too self-reliant and too much disposed to isolation; they are not given to political intrigue or cabal, but to the regular pursuits of industry and business; nor does their independence permit them to submit to the leadership of any Boss who may undertake to organize them and lead them to the ballot for plunder. They do as England would bid them do—they become thoroughly and heartily American citizens. How completely this is the case appeared when a reference to the relations between the United States and Canada evoked a momentary difference of sentiment in the Convention. The races which are more clannish, and which do follow a Boss, enforce by the unity and solidity of their vote the deference of the politicians and of the political press. In a community which owes to England its best blood, its language, the best portion of its literature, the fundamental principles of its laws and of its polity, the English name is constantly insulted and reviled. Nor is this a social misfortune only. We are in danger of falling completely under the sway of the clannish races, commanding, by their imposing show of organized voting power, the subserviency of the politicians.

The members of the Chicago Society were more than hospitable to their guests. Not only did they entertain us sumptuously, but their kind and thoughtful attention made the days of our visit days of real pleasure. Of course, they took pride in showing us the miracles of their Chicago. Those miracles are too large a theme for the present paper, but may, perhaps, be touched upon in one to come. The banquet was in every sense a perfect success; and when the Convention finally adjourned, and we broke up, singing "Auld Lang Syne," it was with the feeling that for the space of three days we had been once more just what we were before we saw the coast of England fade from view. As one generous sentiment does not kill, but enhances others, we shall all be better Americans or Canadians than ever.

A CANADIAN DELEGATE.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

WE learn from time to time of the progress of the Canadian Pacific Railway. One day the daily papers assure us that on the Eastern section track-laying has reached the "fifty-fourth or the fifty-fifth mile west of Sudbury." Another day we are told that in the Rocky Mountain region track-laying has been carried to a point ten miles, or eleven miles, "beyond the Summit"—still westward. We have less in the form of definite information of the progress eastward from Kamloops on the Pacific side, or in that portion of the Lake Superior country lying between the "fifty-fourth or fifty-fifth mile west of Sudbury" and Port Arthur. When, however, it is stated on excellent authority that some thirteen thousand men are at work in the Lake Superior country and six thousand to seven thousand in the Rocky Mountain region, we may safely assume that the work is being pushed on rapidly, and that large drafts are being made on the thirty millions of dollars which a confiding Parliament recently pledged to the Railway Company. It is not long since the Company caused to be announced that the entire work from Montreal to the Pacific Ocean, at Port Moody, a distance of 2,892 miles, would be completed by the end of next year, or six years within the time permitted by the contract with the Government. It was intimated, at the same time, that the twenty-seven million seven hundred thousand dollars retained by the Dominion Government would be more than adequate to finish the contracted line; in fact, that there would be several millions over. We have no doubt that the Company's representative who made the interesting announcement believed that he was not too enthusiastic on either of these points, and if these hopeful predictions be realized so much the better for all concerned. We may add that in the references, further on in this article, to work remaining to be completed we have accepted the figures and estimates given by the Company's officers, and if the event fail to justify the prediction the fault will not be ours.

It is now too late in the day to protest against what many thoughtful Canadians have regarded as an exceedingly hazardous enterprise: one beyond the resources of the Dominion, one which seemed to them wholly unjustified by any supposed political or commercial advantages likely to result from the expenditure of so many millions of public money, and the pledging of the public credit to the proverbial "last dollar" to ensure its construction and ultimately its maintenance. There have been grave differences of opinion on the subject. But the Rubicon has been crossed; the moneys have been not only pledged but largely expended. The great railway is, no doubt, nearing completion.

The sections at present under construction are the following:—North of Lake Superior, from Sudbury to Nepigon, 487 miles; and in the Rocky Mountains, from Stephen to Kamloop, 281 miles. On the Lake Superior section the track has been laid to a point fifty-six miles west of Sudbury, and to a point twenty miles east of Nepigon, leaving 411 miles of a gap between the ends of the track. Construction forces are now at work covering the whole of this gap, which we are assured will be completed so that trains will be running over it by May, 1885. In the Rocky Mountain section, where construction is going on at both ends of the gap, the Company fully expect the track will be laid to the Pacific Ocean by November, 1885. While the filling of these gaps involves large expenditures, their construction being probably the most costly, per mile, of the whole contract, their completion, however, is now a matter of certainty, and then the country will be brought face to face with the questions: What will they do with it? Will it pay?

These are important questions, not only as far as they relate to the Company's and its stockholders' interests, but as affecting the public treasury and the public interests generally, and they are questions which may be discussed regardless of the origin of the enterprise or the complications surrounding its birth. It must be conceded that the Company starts with many advantages. It is perhaps the only enterprise of the kind in existence that has a nine years' dividend actually in hand, which at the present market price of the shares gives the investor a return of 6½ per cent. per annum on his capital. The Company has no other fixed charges than the interest on the loan from the Government, which a million and a-half per annum more than covers.

The entire Canadian Pacific System is being constructed, equipped and officered in the most thorough manner, and from all the information we have received we believe that its cost to the shareholders, when finished, will be so much less per mile than that of any of its competing lines that it will have no difficulty, while doing well for its shareholders, in, at the same time, serving its customers and settlers along the line of country it traverses cheaper and better than any other trans-continental line. It must also, we think, be conceded that much ability and foresight have been

displayed in securing to the Canadian Pacific Railway the control of the new line (Ontario and Quebec) running through the heart of the fertile Province of Ontario and connecting with the whole railway system of the Western States, and with navigation of the Upper Lakes. Nor do we doubt that the proposed "short-line" extension of the system to winter ports in the Maritime Provinces will bring in returns commensurate to the portion of the cost of construction which will have to be provided by the Company.

As to the main line extending, let us say, from Montreal to the Pacific Ocean—what can we reasonably and safely predict its traffic will be? Our information in regard to much of the country and its possibilities is still imperfect and vague. "What will the country between Lake Nipissing and Winnipeg produce for railway traffic?" ask the doubting Thomases. Well, there is an abundance of timber in parts of the country; there is, no doubt, great mineral wealth in course of development; there are the resorts of tourists and sportsmen; there are extensive and growing fisheries along the shores of Lake Superior; and there will, no doubt, be a considerable population settled in this region, now that the most of the territory is formally coming under the laws and administration of the Province of Ontario, settlers whose wants and industries will create traffic for the railway. There are several million acres of land north and west of Lake Superior of as fine agricultural nature as is to be found anywhere in the Ottawa valley, which will be rapidly taken up and settled. While this is quite true, it is well known that the country from Lake Superior west to the Pacific Ocean, traversed by the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, is a much finer agricultural country than that traversed by the Northern Pacific Railways, from Duluth to the Pacific Ocean. Travellers over both lines unhesitatingly pronounce in favour of the land on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. If this be so, why should not the Canadian Pacific Railway, with all its advantages over the Northern Pacific Railway of smaller fixed charges for interest, a better country to operate in, and the greatest advantage of all, having its own line from ocean to ocean, not be able to make as good a showing the first year after the completion of its line as did the Northern Pacific for the year ending the 30th June last—within eight months of the driving of the golden spike in September.

Gross earnings of the Northern Pacific Railway for the year ending 30th June.....	\$12,556,237
Operative Rents and Taxes.....	7,476,812
	<hr/>
	\$5,079,425
Interest on Bonds.....	3,882,341
	<hr/>
Balance.....	\$1,197,084

Land sales for the year 473,712 acres; realizing \$2,155,235.

Why? let us ask again, should not the Canadian Pacific be able to do as well? But independent of the question of local traffic, the Lake Superior section of the line was an absolute necessity to ensure the commercial success of the enterprise. Without the through line north of the lake, the Canadian Pacific would have had no control over the traffic going into the North-West. The "west bound" business would have continued to go over the G. T. R. and its American connections as it had done in the past, and the so-called Canadian Pacific Railway would have been simply the western extension of the American railway system, and not in any sense a Canadian Pacific Railway.

In British Columbia the indications for traffic are most encouraging. The silver mining and smelting business promises to be large. Gold mining, cattle raising, and fish (salmon), canned and fresh, are some of the sources of traffic in sight, and as to the Asiatic traffic, overtures are already being made to the Government and to the Company for placing a line of steamers on the route between the ocean terminus of the Pacific Railway and Yokohama and Hong Kong. It is stated that passengers by this route from England to Hong Kong will save ten days over the present Suez Canal route. There is, we think, no need to fear that there will not be a fair trans-Pacific business from the opening of the line.

As for the prairie section, it cannot, we think, in fairness, be doubted that ultimately along every inch of the track there will be a traffic-contributing population through a thousand mile stretch of farming country, the lands, as far as tested, having been found not only habitable but fertile, producing in perfection wheat and all the other grains of the temperate zone, with every variety of root and vegetable. Recent agricultural and meteorological tests show that what has been spoken of as "sterile" land in a portion of this tract is capable of yielding superior crops, and while we write fields of excellent wheat are being harvested on the railway company's experimental farms situated in localities the soil of which had been ignorantly pronounced unfit for cultivation.

So far, then, as the lands north and south of this portion of the railway are concerned, we may regard them as valuable contributories to the traffic of the road; and, judging from the fact that with a population in the entire North-West not exceeding 200,000, the surplus yield of wheat for the current year is estimated at 7,000,000 bushels, some idea can be formed of the traffic possibilities not a few years hence, and when a million of people engaged in farming operations will be providing traffic for the Canadian Pacific. The very fact, too, that wood is scarce in the fertile prairie region suggests an extensive traffic for the road in lumber and coal—lumber both from the east and the west, and coal from the Souris country, and from the Saskatchewan, the Belly and the Bow Rivers. That there is an abundance of lumber in the vicinity of Lake Manitoba, the Lake of the Woods, and portions of the Superior section, is not less certain than that it is found in abundance in the Rocky Mountains, or that geologists, mineralogists and practical miners unite in their testimony in regard to the wonderful extent and number of the coal deposits of the North-West. If "the proof of the pudding is in the eating," the actual mining operations and the actual consumption of a superior quality of North-West coal must set at rest all disputes in regard to the question of the future fuel supply of the North-West, thus not only ensuring the settler protection against the winter's cold, but providing the railway with a remunerative and never-ending source of traffic. As the North-West is not likely to become a manufacturing country, and as the protective tariff is not likely to be repealed, it follows that importations from the old Canadian Provinces must always be on a very extensive scale, guaranteeing a great traffic from east to west. It may be well, also, to point out that in the country lying along the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains is found the natural grazing ground of horses and cattle, the choicest territory for grazing in the whole of the North-West. Looking at what has been accomplished in less suitable territory in Montana, at the demand for Canadian cattle in England, and at the advantage which Canada has acquired in England through freedom from disease in her shipping stock, there cannot be any risk in counting upon a grand development in cattle raising in the vicinity of the Rockies, where the pure and abundant mountain water, nutritious grasses, and a moderate climate combine to produce the finest beef that has yet been seen in Canada, and for the smallest expenditure that has, so far, been known in any cattle-raising country. When the present local market for these animals has, to a considerable extent, disappeared—as it will with the completion of the railway and the withdrawal of the Mounted Police—the ranchers will look abroad for their market, and this market can only be reached by means of the railway; hence, a very important item of traffic for the road, one which must steadily grow with the increasing wants of England's population and with the spread of information with regard to the superior quality of the North-West supply.

It is, of course, difficult in the limits of a single article to indicate, even in general terms, the wide range of traffic, from a variety of sources, which a great railway such as this, spanning an entire continent, is capable of creating for itself. We may point out, briefly, the shipment of North-West wheat for consumption in parts of British Columbia. As regards the traffic to be created by railways running north from the Canadian Pacific and beyond the North Saskatchewan River, opening up immense tracts of the finest agricultural lands, and developing ultimately the Peace River country and other regions where prairie lands abound—whether these railways be built by the Canadian Pacific Company or, what is quite as probable, by other railway corporations—the traffic of the main line must be greatly benefited by them. In this connection it may be noted, *en passant*, that these "feeders" will connect with regions where oil flows in the greatest abundance—with coal lands, wheat lands, timber forests, great grazing tracts, and other traffic creating territory of vast extent, and only awaiting the impulse which will ultimately be given by capital and settlement.

On the whole, then, it would appear, now that the Canadian Pacific Railway is a fixed fact, that, without taking into consideration the possibility of its becoming a great route for certain portions of the commerce of Europe with China, Japan, and Australia, it stands an excellent chance of handling an enormous and remunerative traffic. The railway stretches through every variety of climate and soil, and will be fed by all the products and industries that are known in the temperate zone. It opens up one of the world's greatest wheat fields, probably one of its greatest coal fields as well. The line from Montreal to Port Moody places in Canadian territory the shortest of all American trans-continental railways, as well as the railway with the easiest grades, and of the most excellent construction. It pierces some of the world's grandest, as well as most beautiful, natural scenery. The work, once consummated, will stand as one of the greatest railway undertakings in this age of great and daring enterprise. This much

may be said without regard to its conception or the political necessities which have given it Government favour, or made it a target for the Government's enemies. Now that it has become one of the institutions of the country, and the agency for opening up to settlement and civilization the vast interior of what was in the past termed "the great lone land," and since it may, if properly utilized, be the means of adding indefinitely to the population, the wealth, the strength, and the prestige of the Dominion, we can only hope that the reasonable expectations of its promoters may be realized and the manly courage, the scientific skill, and the remarkable energy of builders and proprietors have their just reward. X.Y.Z.

ENGLISH-CANADIAN LITERATURE.

A NUMBER of writers in our newspapers and periodicals glibly speak of "Canadian Literature" as if we really did have a literature that might be said to be Canadian. There is no Australian Literature, no Heligoland Literature, no Rock-of-Gibraltar Literature: neither is there a Canadian Literature. A number of books have been written by English-speaking colonists here, but the majority of them have the tone of the kitchen of the empire: the histories are the record of happenings which are regarded only with respect to their relation to the Motherland; the fiction and *belles-lettres*, generally, have the limits of the municipality and the flavour of the log-hut. I suppose some will call this "an attack on Canadian Literature," but it is really nothing of the kind: to say anything else would be inaccurate, to expect anything better, absurd. We are yet only the pioneers of the future Canada; our wealthy classes are not yet born; and a people who have their sleeves rolled up could be no more expected to read than to produce polite literature. I suppose that, in a sort of a way, with respect to flavour and local colour, we would soon have a Canadian Literature if Canada were a nation in the harmony of her provinces as well as in name. We are not now united, except by legislative cords that cut into the flesh of one another, for we are all pulling in different ways: so that if we did speak of a literature we would be obliged to subdivide the term and say, "a New Brunswick Literature," "a Nova Scotia Literature," "a British Columbia Literature."

But a good many important works have been written in Canada, several of which will go to swell the stock of English Literature; the term "English Literature" meaning that wealth of letters contributed by literary workmen in every part of the globe where the English language is spoken. In presenting the list of our writers, I shall confine myself to those who have written books; though many of such writers, in my judgment, are far inferior to several who have never permitted themselves to indulge in anything beyond an unbound essay, a short story, or a fugitive poem.

In historic literature we have a number of books, most of them very poor, the balance of them not very good. On the whole, Mr. McMullen's "History of Canada" is the best. The author had no other historian to steal wholesale from, but was obliged to resort to the original documents. Many of his facts, however, he got out of the air, where there is always plenty of information. It was through such means that came about all the carnage at Montgomery's tavern. The book has little style or literary merit, though here and there it is vigorous; sometimes it is picturesque, while it is, on the whole, fairly comprehensive and lucid. A number of other writers conceived the idea of outrivalling Mr. McMullen, but none of them has succeeded. Mr. Withrow recast the McMullen volume, and scrupulously reproduced all the inaccuracies, giving special prominence to the slaughter at Montgomery's tavern. The book is written in an easy, semi-slovenly style, exhibiting no superior quality, and flowing over with a sentiment of abasement before the British Crown. Mr. Tuttle wrote two tremendous volumes on the history of the country, but the work is slatternly, uneven, and inaccurate. The latter portion of it, dealing with recent events, is not to be trusted at all, for each of the public actors treated of seems to have written the part relating to himself. Hence, as I have elsewhere stated, the effect is to remind one of "a large crowd of persons tied together someltime by a rope, each one pulling in a direction contrary to his neighbour." Dr. Henry H. Miles wrote a conscientious book, entitled, "Canada Under the French Regime." The book has no more movement or enthusiasm than a block of wood, but it is exceedingly valuable as a painfully accurate and cold-blooded record of events. Mr. Robert Christie wrote a work in five volumes, known as the "History of the late Province of Old Canada." There is a vast but exceedingly ill-ordered and undigested array of facts in this volume. There is no index or device of any sort to point the searcher to the fact that he may desire; and there is no style or literary merit in the work. Of much the same class is Dr. Caniff's "Bay of Quinté," though the

author loves nature, and here and there gives a bit of description poetical and picturesque in treatment. Mr. Archer's "History of Canada," though a jumble, is on the whole well written; and Mr. Hannay's "History of Acadia," though only a fragment, is of some historic value, and displays a moderate share of literary skill. Mr. John Charles Dent's "Last Forty Years" is also a fragment; it is accurate and fairly conscientious, but it is on too dead a level, exhibiting none of the qualities that make the histories of Carlyle, of Froude, of McCarthy, full of interest as well as moving pictures. Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin's name is also in the list of historians, his work being "The Irishman in Canada." This book is biographical, rather than historical, and is written with a lightness of touch and much vivacity. More sober and solid is a sister book by the late Mr. Rattray, "The Scot in British North America." The early portion of this book showed vigour, and much research and painstaking, but the latter part was flabby, inane, and careless. Mr. Charles Lindsey wrote a vigorous book, "The Life and Times of William Lyon Mackenzie." Bearing in mind that the subject of the history was the father-in-law of the author, impartiality could not be expected. Accuracy however might have been, but expectation is solaced with wood cuts representing a slaughter at Gallow's Hill. Yet, for all its bias, slovenliness and inaccuracy, the work is valuable. Thomas D'Arcy McGee was better as an orator than as an historian. The swinging of arms and the pounding of a desk may be effective on the stump, but it is not in place when writing history. In the "Popular History of Ireland," Mr. McGee is for the most part vigorous, is often brilliant, but he frequently boils over like a pot. If we could count Mr. Goldwin Smith upon our list, then might there be some excuse for us obtruding our colonial output upon the world's notice. But his pen is seen in England and the United States, as well as in Canada; so that we can set no claims above the other countries save such as we get from his domiciliation. Prof. B. J. Harrington's book, "The Life of Sir William Logan," will prove of interest and value in all quarters. Mr. George Stewart, jun., has laid Canadian Literature under very much obligation. He is probably the most industrious writer in the country, and he is always readable. His "Canada under Lord Dufferin" is his chief work, though he has accomplished lesser literary projects innumerable. Mr. R. W. Phipps, our well-known pamphleteer, has given the country some valuable and very readable literature on forestry; Mr. G. Mercer Adam has always been identified with our literature, saying good words for it when it hardly deserved good words, and blowing breath into its nostrils when it looked so like a corpse. Dr. Scadding's book, "Toronto of Old," is a readable, polished, and valuable addition to the historic literature of the country. The writer of this paper has contributed two books, the "Life and Times of Sir John Macdonald" and "Canada under the Administration of Lord Lorne."

In fiction we can make only a wretched exhibit. Mr. Kirby's "Le Chien D'Or," although crude, and full of jarring colour, is the best novel published in this country. The works of Prof. De Mille, our best novelist, can hardly be called Canadian, for the author took his manuscripts, and very properly, to another country, where their merit was seen and appreciated. Mrs. Moodie and her sister, Mrs. Traill, wrote some pleasing and meritorious fiction which was, after a long time, fairly received. Mr. Huntington produced a political novel the other day—a work that I regard as the poorest of the kind ever published, at least by a man of Mr. Huntington's ability. In taking stock of fiction and essay-work I must not make an omission, which I regret I inadvertently made elsewhere, and that is of the name of one of our most able lady writers, Miss Louisa Murray.

The late Dr. Alpheus Todd spent much of his life and energies in collecting and tabulating material on the British Constitution, and the result of his researches and study is "Parliamentary Government in England," and "Parliamentary Government in the Colonies." From their author's stand-point, these books are valuable, but I am not able to find much regard for them. Lieutenant-Colonel George T. Denison wrote a very clever work, "The History of Cavalry," etc., for which he obtained the Czar's prize of a purse of roubles. The book is reprinted in nearly every civilized language, and is a standard in the Military Service of many European countries. The author is always cool and self-possessed, but a red flag has the same effect upon him as a member of another order of creation; and it seems to me, that our friend, when he sees the Royal arms, and hears the clink of swords and the blare of bugles, imagines himself to be a relation of the Queen. Dr. G. M. Grant has a place too in our letters. His chief work is "From Ocean to Ocean." Mr. J. G. Bourinot is enthusiastic, but it would seem as if at his nativity the physician inserted a "fourteen puzzle" into his head. His writings on the "Intellectual Development of Canada" are of some merit, however.

In poetry we have some that is very good, and some that is exceeding bad. In these days nearly every sentimentalist writes verse; and he not alone writes poor verse, but he gives himself airs, adopting the affectations and the attitudes of some gymnast writers of the modern school. About a thousand silly young men in this country repeat the following line till they grow drunken and inspired:

"And his heart grew sad, that was glad, for his sweet song's sake,"

and, inspired, they go away and endeavour to write in the same strain. Not in this category is Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts. His note is original, virile, and manly. His range is wide, and his work full of sensuousness and colour, and the music of happy as well as skilful word arrangement. Dr. Mulvany is master of a rapid, nervous, passionate note. Charles Heavysedge was a true, and, in some senses, a great poet. His "Saul" will always hold a place in English song. John Hunter-Duvar sings upon a sweet, antique instrument, and gives us much delicious verse, quaint and full of the flavour of the olden time. Miss Kate Seymour Maclean sings a note with the true ring and feeling, and since the publication of "The Coming of the Princess" shows distinct evidence of advance. Mr. John Reade has done some highly cultured work, through which we often hear the voice of a very sweet singer. The list might be enlarged by the names of Mr. Evan McColl, Miss Mountcastle, Mr. Barry Stratton, Mr. Ramsay, Mrs. H. K. Cockin, and several others, in all of which one will find some verse that is good, and in some, work that is frequently excellent. Mr. S. Dawson's "Study of the Princess," in literary criticism, stands foremost for its discrimination, insight and finish.

In science we have very prominent names and conspicuous work. The names of Sir William Logan and Prof. Wilson are known far and near, and Dr. Dawson has much more than a Canadian reputation. Then we have such names as Prof. Bailey, Prof. Hind, and Prof. Macoun, all industriously and skilfully garnering and putting to the general stock of English literature.

J. E. COLLINS.

TORONTO.

THEORISTS in the matter of city-planning have enjoyed advantages on this continent. They have found here, on many occasions, a clearer field for their experiments than elsewhere. In the United States, Philadelphia, Washington, and other places have been laid out from the beginning in accordance with idealistic schemes. For systematic regularity, these cities would meet with the approval of Sir Thomas More himself. In a utilitarian point of view, the results have been sufficiently satisfactory. Boston and some of the other older towns of the Union came into being casually, as it were, and spread afterwards in a cramped, circumscribed sort of way, somewhat after the manner of the old walled towns across the Atlantic, and their later inhabitants have been put to much trouble and expense in overcoming consequent inconveniences, from some of which they are not entirely freed to this day.

In Canada there have been experiences of a similar character. Through the circumstances of their original development, Quebec and Montreal, and even Kingston, are all more or less affected in the direction and dimensions of their streets, and assessments for the needful straightenings and enlargements have been heavy. Our modern Winnipegs, Brandons, Reginas, and other burghs that are to be hereafter in our great North-West, will, doubtless, profit by their acquaintance with the past of their elder civic sisters, and be saved from several public inconveniences in the future.

Happily for Toronto, the town was from the very first laid out, like Philadelphia and Washington, in accordance with the theories of the idealists, and it has had scarcely anything to correct in its general ground-plan, which was simply that of a parallelogram divided into parts by straight streets, generally sixty-six feet in width, running east and west, traversed by straight streets of about the same width, running north and south. Its site, a widely-extended, gently-sloping plain, admitted of this; and from the time of its first projection in 1793, on a very modest scale, hard by the outlet of the River Don, to the present, when, through a populous suburb and a park, the gift of a private citizen, its borders all but touch the Humber, some six miles westward of the starting-point, the germ-idea of the place has not been materially departed from. One thoroughfare, north and south, was staked out on the Toronto plain, some years ago, of the exceptional width of 132 feet, but grave persons of the period shook their heads and pronounced the notion extravagant, and even visionary. It has come to pass, nevertheless, that this thoroughfare is a reality, and its width is not considered now as being anything especially out of the way for a street which seems likely to be in the future the axis of Toronto, its dividing line into east and west.

Unfavourable to the picturesque as is the parallelogram arrangement of streets in theory, in practice a good deal of impressiveness often results therefrom, and even beauty, so long as the roadways are wide, and the building-lots continue to be spacious. Fine vistas are secured, and, in certain localities, the array of comfortable residences coming in quick succession on both sides, is a sight quite pleasant to see. The free currents of pure air, too, which this arrangement permits, and the facilities which it affords for a good system of sewers, are points in its favour.

Their city planned from the beginning on ideal lines, the inhabitants, as their riches have increased, have shown themselves well-inclined to give some play to the ideal in their practice in several respects. Their churches, for example, have become very numerous, and quite sumptuous. From several points of view, the sky-line is agreeably varied by the spires, towers, gables, turrets and pinnacles appertaining to these, while below the buildings themselves are most of them good specimens of style and substantial masonry, with extensive grounds surrounding them in several instances, tastefully planted and carefully kept; the church itself consisting not merely of a solitary temple, as formerly, but of a cluster of apartments or halls, all of them rendered necessary by the exigencies of the revived church-life everywhere in these days—schools, lecture-rooms, class-rooms, and libraries, to say nothing of appliances in some of them for the more convenient furnishing forth of acceptable mundane refreshments to large social gatherings on festive occasions.

Again, from the extraordinary multiplication of very beautiful residences on every side, round and in the town, it is evident that a high ideal of a refined domestic life is present to the minds of a great number of the well-to-do among the inhabitants. But a tendency to the ideal in another direction has, of late years particularly, asserted itself, in the deliberate pulling down of barriers and throwing open to the public view the groves and other ornamental surroundings of private residences. A laudable desire is thus shown to come near to the condition of a perfect community, wherein moral defences suffice for the protection of property, and implicit confidence is put in the civility and good will of neighbours and the public at large. To plan houses and lay out grounds from the very first so as to conform to the new practice, is now, as a matter of fact, quite common. All this is cheering as evidence of social progress. It likewise contributes to the general good appearance of the town. Already a certain noble air of spaciousness has been given to several thoroughfares and to the grounds bordering on them, an effect promoted also by the modern fashion of boulevarding.

Then again, stroll round and inspect the educational institutions of the place, from the Universities and Departmental Establishment downward, and see how many things there are in their internal and external arrangements and their respective environments, which more than come up to the imaginings and hopes of the old speculative writers on such subjects.

Or let the Benevolent Institutions be visited, the hospitals, asylums, refuges, homes for young and old, and let the general roominess and pleasantness of each be noted, or go to the fields set apart for athletic sports and games, to the parks, the grounds allotted to Industrial Exhibition purposes, or for the encouragement of horticulture; or drop in on a sunny day—and there are a great many such in this region all the year round—at the banks, at the places of business of the wholesale merchants, at the offices of the large law firms, at the chambers of the judges at Osgoode Hall, or at the great printing houses. Is there not a bright, airy, ideal aspect about them all, as seen at the present hour in their comparative newness? Are there many places where the multifarious affairs of men are carried on under conditions more favourable, on the whole, to happiness, health, and length of days?

The exceptions to the rule which will occur, are temporary, and they are engaging the attention of the proper persons. Three court houses on different sites have been seen in Toronto during its brief history, two of them abandoned, and the third about to be abandoned, not on account of decay, but from having become ill-adapted to the wants of a rapidly growing community. A fourth is to follow immediately, of dimensions and capacity suited to the city and county. In like manner at least three sets of parliamentary buildings have been seen here, also on different sites. Before many years have passed away, a fourth set, worthy of the Province, will grace Toronto.

H. S.

LORD LORNE'S "Canadian Pictures, Pen and Pencil," has just been issued in London. It is non-political, and gives a glowing account of the resources of Canada. The writer, in inviting emigration to Canada, waxed enthusiastic over the democratic institutions of the Dominion. "Canadians," he says, "know that no political agitation, however successful, could enlarge their freedom, and there is nothing to disturb their perfect peace and satisfaction."

THE ST. LAWRENCE EN FETE.

If our majestic river seems at present somewhat more deserted and destitute of large craft than we should expect the great water highway of this part of our Dominion to be, it is, at least, temporarily gay and alive with small vessels of every description, bright with flag and pennon, making summer holiday among the green mazes of the Thousand Isles. The capabilities for *villeggiatura* of this unique and magnificent play-ground for our people are being, year by year, more and more widely recognized. The longing to get away for a time from the heat and hurry of city life to the tranquil sylvan influences of cool sequestered shades and waving boughs and many sparkling waters, and the

Sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,

is consciously or unconsciously acting more and more strongly in drawing ever-increasing numbers to seek pleasant summer retreats for a few weeks of refreshing rest. Of course it is a comparatively small number who feel the full force of Wordsworth's meaning in our quotation; yet, that the latent feeling acts unconsciously through the complex mass of influences that guide the movements of the unreflecting, there is little reason to doubt. Even to the most frivolous pleasure-seeker there come times and seasons when, in the presence of unspoiled nature, the

Motion and the spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things,

asserts itself to overawe and subdue, at least for a time, the lightest nature. And the great advantage of a "*villeggiatura*"—as the Italians call it—over all mere excursions is, that such ever-varying influences of the day or night have a fair chance to make themselves felt in their full purity and force. How much we lose for example, by hurrying into lighted rooms as soon as the daylight is gone, those know who love to hold communion with the beauty of the night, with its wonderful cloud scenery, its flashing meteors, and calm unchanging stars.

It is, therefore, no slight boon that, in the very heart of a well-settled country—ere long, doubtless, to be thickly peopled—we have such a charming wilderness, set in the grand breathing-space of our broad river, interlaced and subdivided by the rippling waters, and generally so rocky and unarable in its character that Mr. Henry George himself would acquiesce in its being set apart from purely utilitarian uses, as a great pleasure-ground. That it should be kept, as far as possible, as a pleasure-ground for the people, the present writer has always strongly advocated. If all the islands were allowed to become private property, and so monopolised by those able to purchase or lease, and to put up more or less costly permanent abodes, it would be doing a wrong to the fast-growing people of Canada which could hardly be undone, while it would not confer any proportionate benefit on the richer purchasers. Already not a few of the islands in the Canada waters are thus occupied by summer abodes, sometimes tasteful, sometimes very much the reverse, and so long as the greater number are left unspoiled in their native wildness and beauty, we need not grudge the present island dwellers their pleasant homes. But, as the Canadian Government still has so many islands in its own power, let it be chary of parting with them, remembering that they are held in trust for the Canadian people for generations to come. Many a toil-worn breadwinner, who can only spare a few days and a few dollars for his yearly summer out and that of his family, can compass a tent and a bivouac on an island, to whom either a summer residence or a summer hotel would be a utopian dream. Let a certain proportion of the islands, then, be kept intact for this large class of our people, and guarded from rude spoliation or disfigurement by the nearest lighthouse-keeper or other officer appointed for the purpose, and such wise and liberal provision will earn the gratitude of unborn generations.

To the summer tourist who can afford time for a leisurely cruise in steam or sailing yacht among the tortuous windings of the islands, nothing can be more charming than to follow them in and out at will, threading a sudden picturesque bend like that of "Fiddler's Elbow," gliding through a narrow canon-like channel, with lofty, seared crags above, like that at the head of Wells' Island, mooring his boats in some shadowy bay or some still lagoon, almost encompassed by drooping hemlock or light birch or beechen boughs, and studded with the dark, glossy leaves and snowy stars of the water-lily—a nook in which it costs little to imagine that naiads and dryads might bathe and dwell. But the only representatives of the nymphs wear irreproachable summer toilettes and broad hats trimmed with white muslin, as they sit beneath their sun umbrellas "in the stern of the wherry," or under the striped awning of the swift little steam yacht, or oar or paddle in hand helping to propel the slender skiff or

canoe over the placid waters. The darting steam-yacht, indeed, is seldom quite out of sight or hearing. You encounter it at every turn, frequently with a retinue of light skiffs in train, taking an American fishing party on a day's pic-nic, and, as you see them suddenly dart out from some lonely water alley, you remember that in the most solitary bit of wildest, loneliest nature—as wild and lonely as when the Red man's paddle alone broke the perfectly mirrored reflections—you have only to take a short row to find yourself in the centre of the gaiety, and fashion, and extravagance of an American pleasure resort; for the three main American centres—Clayton, Round Island, and Alexandria Bay—are swarming with summer sojourners and casual tourists. The steamboats plying on the route are daily crowded with passengers; yachts, large and small, are skimming up and down the beautiful channel which divides Wells' Island from the American shore, where both islands and shore are thickly studded with light summer villas in all possible styles, more or less fantastic. As you round the eastern extremity of Wells' Island, after passing the pretty, quiet nook in that part of it called Westminster Park, you pass into a sort of fairy-land succession of semi-Chinese chateaux and boat-houses, abounding in pagodas and bridges, till one could easily fancy oneself in the midst of the scenery of the willow-pattern plate. The trim lawns and flower-beds, the bright little yachts and skiffs, the generally festal air of the whole *coup d'œil*, with the village of Alexandria Bay and the mammoth Thousand Island House in the background, are in striking contrast to the wild solitude of Fiddler's Elbow, but are rather stimulating than refreshing to the seeker after rest. It is, however, a pretty little Arcadia, or would be, if the city sojourners would be content to cultivate a little more Arcadian simplicity, and leave artificial luxury and extravagance behind them in town. But a certain class of humanity is always hopelessly *Philistine*, and has to a great extent lost its capacity for simple and natural pleasures.

The view from the top of the tower of the Thousand Island House is simply magnificent, one which would be glorious anywhere, but in this generally flat region, is doubly appreciated. Down below, stretches the great river, calmly and softly blue, dotted here and there with pine-crested islets, a vista stretching almost as far as Brockville. Looking upward, the eye takes in point after point of wooded shore, group after group of deep green islands, and to the right the richly wooded mass of Wells' Island—some eight or ten miles long. Scarcely less beautiful, though less extensive, is the view from the tower of the pretty Norman hotel at the "Thousand Island Park," of Wells' Island. The "Park" itself is a pleasant summer resort for people who do not object to live a good deal in public. The tents and cottages along the shady margin of "Crystal Bay" look tempting enough from the river, and the opportunities for boating and fishing are unlimited. But the crowds of fashionably dressed visitors that throng the promenade beside the dock and lounge about the hotel piazzas, take away sensibly from the idea of *rusticating*; and privacy there is none. The sojourners, however, seem to take it all with great equanimity, and very possibly the novelty makes up for the inconvenience to those who, unlike our American cousins, have any objection to this description of public life. The semi-religious character of the "Park," so prominent in the beginning of its history, has to a great extent disappeared. Occasional lectures or sermons from eminent American clergymen, with now and then an advertised "attraction" of a quartette from New York choirs, are all that maintain this feature of the place.

Coming up from Wells' Island, by the charming crag-bound strait already noticed, you emerge on a wide bay, called Erl Bay, rather unhappily noted for boating accidents, the western extremity of which is formed by a long, bare hill, at the end of Grindstone Island, one of the largest and most northerly of the American islands, famous for its granite, which is worked for commercial purposes. This is the spot which has, this summer, been chosen for the encampment of the American Canoe Association. Coming upon it in the slanting light of afternoon, it is a pretty sight, the long, undulating hill of a rich, soft, golden tint, the dark green fringe of trees by the river edge, and near, and partially in their shade, the clusters of tents, arranged according to the several clubs, while, in front, drawn up on the beach, lie all the canoes which are not skimming about on the calm or lightly rippled waters. These are mainly of the "Rob Roy" build. Some are made of ordinary painted wood, others of a kind of thin polished "vener," painted to imitate the orthodox birch-bark. Most, if not all, have provision for putting up two fairy-like sails, which, in a light breeze, carry them on with what seems the very perfection of water locomotion. When a number of these are winging their way over the blue water, like so many huge water-fowl, varied by the blowing white sails of schooner or yacht, or by the swift, straight course of a panting steamer, the river looks *en fête*, indeed.

Our Canadian summer is all too short. It is well to use it while it lasts, for the open air rest and refreshment for which human nature periodically craves. One thing our islands need, besides the preservation of a number of them for public use: the creation of a large Sanatorium, where those who cannot afford even a tent, still less a hotel bill, might come and get, for little or nothing, the fresh air that they, too, need and long for. Who will take the initiative in such a philanthropic movement?

FIDELIS.

NOTE ON SHAKESPEARE'S "TEMPEST."

In the elaborate article on the drama in the new edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica *Masks* are thus described:—"The Mask was a more elastic kind of composition, mixing in various proportions its constituent elements of declamation and dialogue, music and dancing, decoration and scenery. In its least elaborate literary form—which of course externally was the most elaborate—it closely approached to pageant; in other instances the distinctness of the characters and the fullness of the action introduced into its scheme brought it nearer to the regular drama. A frequent ornament of Queen Elizabeth's progresses, it was cultivated with increased assiduity in the reign of James I., and in that of his successor outshone, by the favour it enjoyed with court and nobility, the attractions of the regular drama itself." The writer observes that, "while most of the later Elizabethan dramatists contributed to this species, Shakespeare only incidentally in the course of his dramas expended upon it the resources of his fancy." The two plays in which the resources of Shakespeare's fancy appears to be so expended are the "Midsummer Night's Dream," and "The Tempest." Both appear to have been written in honour of marriages, the affianced pair being in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" Theseus and Hippolyta, in "The Tempest" Ferdinand and Miranda. The pageant presented before Ferdinand and Miranda corresponds to the burlesque performed before Theseus and Hippolyta. In both plays there is more of incident, show, declamation and dialogue than there is of character; neither greatly demands the skill of the professional actor, and therefore both might well be performed, as *Masks* commonly were, by amateurs. It can hardly be doubted that the "Midsummer Night's Dream" was performed in the presence of "the fair vestal throned by the west," while Elizabeth is also apparently wooed to the marriage from which she coyly shrank in the passage beginning "Thrice blessed they that master so their blood." All allow that "The Tempest" was written not later than 1613. Malone says that he had ascertained from some old records that it was acted in the beginning of that year by the King's players before Prince Charles, the Princess Elizabeth and the Prince Palatine. Frederic, the young Elector Palatine, afterwards the unfortunate king of Bohemia, had come over to claim his bride, Elizabeth, the charming and popular daughter of James I., to whom he was married on February 14, 1613. If Malone is right, there can be little doubt that the affianced pair are represented by Ferdinand and Miranda. The language of the mythological personages in the pageant, and the "donations" which they "estate on" the lovers, seem suitable to a royal wedding, while in the descriptions of their domains there are touches appropriate to England. It would be going too far to say that in the character of Prospero there was a direct allusion to James I. But James was the father of the bride. Prospero is a learned Prince "in the liberal arts without a parallel," as the King thought he was; and James, if he witnessed the performance, would hardly fail to be tickled by Ferdinand's exclamation:

Let me live here for ever;
So rare a wondered father and a wife
Make this place Paradise.

He would be pretty sure, too, to see in the conspiracy of Stephano, Trinculo and Caliban a caricature of the conspiracies against himself in the early part of his reign, perhaps of the Opposition in the House of Commons.

The notion that Prospero is Shakespeare himself, who here breaks his wand and takes leave of his art, seems improbable. Shakespeare is not autobiographical, nor is such a conceit in his style. "The Tempest" may be his latest play, but there is apparently no reason for supposing that he felt his powers gone or had resolved to write no more when his life, at a not very advanced age, comes (if Ward's story of the drinking-bout is true) suddenly to an end.

G. S.

An amusing cablegraphic error in all the dailies is the changing of "Tid Bits"—"choice pieces"—the name of a weekly eclectic paper, to "Tid-Bits"—which is utterly meaningless. A rival paper is called *Rare-Bits*. The secret of their popularity is that they are calculated for occasional or momentary reading *pour passer le temps*.

THE CHURCHES.

CONFLICT in the old world with political and social progress does not interfere with the efforts of Roman Catholicism on this continent. Monsignor Capel has been eloquent, insidious, witty and polite, as occasion required, and his mission is said to have been successful in securing well-to-do converts for his church. Now it is rumoured that Canada is to be favoured with the presence of a native Cardinal Archbishop. The honour, it is said, is to be conferred upon Archbishop Taschereau, of Quebec, who is at present in Rome. People are not so easily frightened as they were in 1851, when all England was agitated over the elevation of Dr. Wiseman. French Canadians will be proud of their Cardinal, adherents of the Church of Rome will be gratified with this mark of distinction, and people generally will regard the affair with indifference.

RITUALISM is a decidedly disturbing element in the Anglican communion. It is really wonderful to what length people will go in defence of Ritualistic practices, and with what fervent heat others oppose them. In Canada we have never yet reached the degree of excitement common enough in England, but here there are occasional ebullitions of intense zeal for the purity of worship, or for the beauty of worship, as respective partisans regard it. Down by the sea there has been for some time considerable sensitiveness on the subject of Ritualism. The rector of Christ Church, Fredericton, has by some been considered an offender, in that of late he has been manifesting altitudinarian proclivities. The vestry is agitated over the affair, but a majority are clearly of opinion that the rector should be sustained.

MONSIGNOR CAPEL has paid a visit to Winnipeg, where a crowded audience met in the Opera House to listen to his lecture on "Freedom of Intellect under Catholicism." As the same lecture has been repeatedly summarized, having been delivered in a number of cities in the United States, the novelty is in some degree lessened. The lecture was clever, plausible and adroit. The Hon. John Norquay presided at the distinguished divine's boundary award between reason and revelation. Mgr. Capel also preached controversial sermons in St. Mary's Church, and was presented with a congratulatory address.

WINNIPEG has had two church openings within a week or two of each other. The fine new English Church was opened by the Bishop of Saskatchewan, who preached impressive and appropriate discourses on the occasion. Last week the new edifice for the congregation of Knox Church, Presbyterian, was opened, the Rev. H. M. Parsons, Toronto, preached morning and evening, and the pastor, Rev. D. M. Gordon, in the afternoon. The building is a good specimen of ornate English gothic.

A FEW enthusiastic individuals are busying themselves in the endeavour to organize a new Presbyterian Publishing House and to start another paper in connection with that denomination. They are behind the age. The time is past for that kind of religio-commercial enterprise. They may not think so now, but they will be convinced of it when they have succeeded in losing their own money and that of people who have been induced, under glowing but impossible promises, to invest in a Quixotic enterprise.

THE nearest approach to the holy fair, made memorable by Burns, is the recreation camp of the present day. Under the guise of religion, immense crowds, by means of reduced fares and extensive advertising, are lured to the fashionable resorts run in the interest of pious stockholders. To their credit be it said, the bacchanalian orgies, prevalent in Burns' day, are absent, but in other respects it would be difficult to note much improvement. The heretical and orthodox are judicially intermingled. Dr. Thomas, of Chicago, utters his scorn of theological dogma, and the strictly orthodox but sensational preacher of the Brooklyn Tabernacle orates from the same platform. The pilgrims to the camp, after paying their admission fee, can be entertained in cottage, tent or hotel for a liberal money consideration, and when the allotted time is over, and the last hadji has departed, the shareholders, who have no thought of making a gain of godliness, proceed to divide the spoils. Why, bless you, it is a "business transaction."

In the September number of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*, Principal Grant, of Queen's University, has an able article on "Organic Union of Churches; How far should it go?" In his own characteristically liberal way he shows that recent unions effected among various branches of Presbyterianism and Methodism have awakened desires in more thoughtful minds for a wider and more comprehensive union of existing churches. He is of opinion that the Congregationalists and Presbyterians ought to unite, since there is really nothing to keep them apart. The doctrinal differences between Presbyterians and Methodists are more pronounced, but he thinks that a *modus vivendi* might be found by the exercise of mutual tolerance. An amalgamation with the Church of England would, at present, be still more difficult on account, among other things, of the dogma of apostolic succession. Still, even this, in the Principal's view, does not present an insuperable obstacle. There might be concessions on both sides. John Knox favoured a mild episcopacy when he appointed his superintendents. It is certain that for many reasons a closer union of the Protestant churches is eminently desirable. It would effect a wonderful economy of resources, enable the church to undertake more effective work among the destitute, advance the work of missions, and be more in line with the Saviour's prayer "That they all may be one." The conclusion to which the Principal comes is thus expressed:—

How can this thing be? It must come from God, but each of us can help to prepare the way and each of us is responsible for what he is able to do. We must talk it up, write it up, preach it up. We must work for it, make sacrifices for it, pray for it. The great thought will then take possession of the heart and mind of the Church, and the Church will say that the thing must be. And when it comes to that, those who are opposed had better stand out of the way.

ASTERISK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. P. Ottawa.—Your M.S. to hand; too late for use this week.
LARRATT W. SMITH.—Reply to your question next week.

LOCAL OPTION.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—When Parliament permits its enacted legislative wisdom to become subject to local approval, it practically re-delegates its power to local influence. It gives up one of its essential functions, as acting for the good of the whole circle, in favour of any one section or series of sections, and before so doing it must pre-suppose each section more capable than itself of considering, not only which is good for itself, but what is good for the whole, in adopting or rejecting its legislation. That is, in matters which of necessity affect the whole, and differing in this from ordinary municipal law. Parliament originally emerged from chaos, and it re-creates chaos by setting county against county, city against city, and each divided against itself. And it cunningly escapes censure for crude legislation and imperfect administration by throwing the onus of failure upon the people themselves. And it accomplishes this, singular as it may appear, by not going far enough on the new lines. It leaves the acceptance or rejection of its measure to the will of a local majority within certain defined parliamentary extensions. Why should there be any such arbitrary extensions? Why not grant the privilege to wards in cities, and sections in countries? This would intensify chaos. But why should not the power be granted to hundreds of populations living closely together? Why not to a dozen, why not to half a dozen, to three, to two, to one? When we arrive at number one as the extremist extension for local option, we once more breathe freely—we are all friendly again to go on as before. And if Parliament wishes to know what the voice of the people is it must ask us all in the usual way, and act accordingly. And it must also, as Mr. Leonard Tilley admits, take into account that in any radical change of policy it must be supported by a majority strong enough to carry out its policy. A fraction over one-half could scarcely put the other half into prison for non-obedience. Power of accomplishing must always accompany any practical, common-sense LEGISLATION.

FROM GLOOM TO LIGHT.

Some years after the Restoration, an aged cavalier—whose sons had died fighting for the lost cause, whose estates had been confiscated during the Protectorate, and whose claims for past services had been ignored by the worthless court of the second Charles—entered Lincoln Cathedral to pray.

EXILED from Hope, all gloomy seems my way,
O'er my dark life despair holds bitter sway
As, bending low beneath my cross of sadness,
I seek with aching heart the aisles of prayer;
For, oh! methinks the rays of joy and gladness
Can never pierce the gloom of that despair
Which, ever growing, seems to be
So truly all in all to me.

And, as I slowly pace the column'd aisle
That semi-cleaves this grey, historic pile,
The vast Cathedral, bath'd in golden glory,
Reflects fair evening's carmine-tinted sky
Athwart the chancel-window's painted story
Of One who for our surety came to die.

As the soft trilling of a wayside stream
With gentle murmur soothes the wanderer's dream
Fall the loved tones of Him, the meek and lowly,
Born on the anthem's sweetness to mine ear,
Telling how He, the Lord of Heaven, most holy,
Is, if I only trust Him, ever near.

How small my sorrows seem, compared with those
Whose awful ending bore dark Calvary's woes.
My early lands and home I lost. With sorrow
And a grudging heart I saw them pass away;
But He resigned a throne whose glorious morrow
Welcomes the heart that scorns its King to-day.

Slowly the waning streams of golden light
Merge in the shadows of descending night,
As Hope, at Faith's low call, comes softly stealing
From the fair mansions of the truly blest,
And, as I bend in supplication kneeling,
Soothes all my gloomy doubts and fears to rest.

What care I now, though outward shadows fall,
For now I know, ah me, so well, that all
Those dreadful mists of gloom and doubt which shaded
The landscape of my heart, so long o'ercast,
Beneath the sunshine of His love have faded
In the receding outline of the past.

* * * * *
As the weird gloaming weaves the shroud of day,
His parting breath in silence passed away;
And the sweet organ's grandly solemn pealing
And soften'd cadence swell'd unnoticed where
The moon's pale beams of silver fell, revealing
A suppliant in the attitude of prayer,
Whose soul had fled this vale of woe
To meet the loved of long ago.

HERWARD K. COCKIN.

THE SCRAP BOOK.

FROM A PROSCRIBED BOOK.

IN those countries where the Parliament is a truth, and the monarch is only a figurehead, patiently endured, as in England, Belgium, and Italy, the laws and decrees proclaim lies, when they are issued by manifestations of the royal will, for they are the results of the Parliament's will and take effect whether the king accepts them or not. The Cabinet ministers lie when they make use of the customary phrases: "On behalf of his Majesty we recommend," "By his Majesty's command," "We have the honour to recommend to his Majesty," "so and so," for they know, and every one knows, that the king has not recommended or commanded any thing of the kind, and that the "so and so" recommended to him is usually an established fact before they lay it before him, entirely independent of his wish or decision. Every one knows, too, that the monarch is obliged in reality to obey without question the designs and decisions of the Parliament and Cabinet. The king lies in every word in his address to Parliament, when it assembles, if he speaks in the first person, for the address is not at all the expression of his own sentiments, but a document whose composition is due entirely to others, who place it, when finished, in his hands, and he reads it as a phonograph repeats the sentences that have become spoken into the receiver. The king lies when he accepts the fiction that the prime minister is the man of his choice, in whom he has the utmost confidence, for he is not at liberty to follow the dictates of his own wishes, but must select and conform himself to the person pointed out to him as the man for the place by the majority of the people's representatives, although he may detest him in his heart, and vastly prefer some one else.

The king lies again when he signs, and allows to go forth as the expression of his will, the documents, appointments, etc., which are brought to him by the Cabinet ministers merely for his signature, and which are sometimes exactly contrary to his genuine wishes and convictions.

In those countries where the will of the people is really constitutionally enforced, the position of the monarch is ignominious, but the fiction of his supreme authority is so skilfully concealed, and the external honours and personal advantages and pleasures directly connected with the maintenance of his royal position, are so numerous and important, that we can understand how men of self-esteem and little sensitiveness can condescend to assume the role of a puppet whose tongue and limbs are set in motion by the strings pulled by the members of the Cabinet. But in those other countries, where the Parliament is a political imposition, the part of the puppet is played by the representatives of the people, and it is much more difficult to understand how men worthy of the name can find in the petty gratification of their vanity any compensation for the humiliations which, as members of the Legislature or Parliament, they are obliged to endure.

We can understand how a king in his magnificent palace, in his becoming uniform, in receipt of his splendid allowance, only hearing the most exalted expressions of respect, "gracious Majesty," "illustrious Highness," and so on, falling like snowflakes about his ears, surrounded on all sides by luxury and the most exaggerated outward forms of homage, we can understand how he can forget that the will of the people is the actual sovereign, and that his glittering pageant of royalty would vanish entirely if he were to attempt to play the role in earnest. But how can the members of Parliament in a sham limited monarchy consent to make themselves ridiculous by speeches without effect, gestures without purposes, and votes without results; this is what we cannot understand. Neither the undisguised contempt of the prime minister nor the calumnies of the press subsidized by the Government, deter them from their task. Can it be that they are sustained by a secret hope that some day the Parliament may become in reality what it now only appears to be. But such a hope or desire is impossible to any one who accepts and believes the fiction of the divine origin of the monarchy. But in fact there is no middle course. An absolute monarchy on one hand, a republic on the other. Any compromise is a fraud and a lie, and a Government which calls attention to the dilemma deserves the gratitude of all enlightened minds. But it ventures much in doing so. It lays itself open to the attack of some politicians who might say, "If logic is trumps, then the Government is the chief liar and hypocrite. If the will of the Emperor is the will of God, how dare you set up a Parliament that even in appearance seems to limit the imperial will by the will of the people. Either you are convinced that the people are entitled to a voice in the management of the country, which means that you believe in a republic, or else you have not the slightest intention of admitting the right of the people to assist in the government; you intend to do as you please in everything, and the Reichstag to be a nonentity in every way as regards the management of affairs. In this case the entire parliamentary elections, discussions, votes, etc., are a conscious lie. Either Republicans or liars. There is no middle course."

In addition to its political side, the lie of a monarchy has also its purely human side, against which reason and truth revolt as much as against the former. The fiction of the augustness and supernatural attributes of the monarch humiliates and degrades in their own eyes all those who came into personal contact with him, for they laugh at it in their hearts. The spectacle of the king's existence has always been a comedy to those who had any share in it. But each one played his part with zeal and apparent conviction of its reality; he never stepped out of his role, and while on the stage, he took every possible pains to present the spectators, from whom he was separated by the fiery barrier of the footlights, with a poetic delusion which he never allowed to fade, and only the few confidants who were admitted through the small stage entrance were allowed to see that the

magnificent palaces of the scenery were nothing but old canvas, that the jewels and gold embroideries on the royal vestments were only paste and tinsel, and that the hero, between two grandly heroic declarations, whispers to some one behind the scenes his longing for a glass of beer. But the modern actors in this comedy are continually forgetting their roles, and ridiculing them, ridiculing themselves and the honourable public. I would entreat you not to fear, not to tremble. My life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life. No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are; and there indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.—*Max Nordau's Conventional Lies of Our Civilization.*

IN LONDON.

WALKING about the London streets, which are a more fascinating study than anything to be found indoors, you are interested in finding that not only do you see people who look like Dicken's descriptions of his characters, which would hardly have seemed probable, but people who look like Cruikshank's pictures, which never seemed possible. Speaking of this to a well-known American writer, who spends much of his time in London, he acquiesced, adding that he had often been struck with the faces from Hogarth's pictures he met in London crowds. Perhaps there was in Dickens even more of the genius of reporting, which is certainly genius of a high order, than he had credit for.

During two months in London I think I have seen more drunken women than drunken men in the streets. Statistics of this kind are apt to be misleading, of course. I happened to see more public drunkenness in Paris than in London, and yet in hard drinking London no doubt takes a long lead. But the drunken women and the drinking women that are among the sights of the poorer quarters in London are not pleasing to the eye of an American, who is not accustomed to see women on either side of the bar. Here they are to be found on both sides. Barmaids serve the liquor in almost every "public-house" or "gin-palace," and in every one you pass you can see women drinking. Sometimes there may be only a few, and sometimes they form a large share of the crowd. You will often see respectably dressed women, apparently well-to-do, walking openly into these places, and evidently thinking nothing of it. They may be going in merely for a glass of beer, but their less prosperous sisters are more likely to be taking gin. The barmaid seems to be regarded as one of the established institutions of the country. It is the custom to speak of her as the "pretty barmaid." Perhaps this was true of the first generation of barmaids, but it is not easy to find the justification for it now. The barmaid of the period has a business-like, resolute look, as if she could exercise the functions of an American "bouncer" on occasion, but those we happened to see were certainly not beautiful. An American (from Wisconsin) told an Englishman, with some Western intensity, that in America the man who put a woman behind the bar to sell his whiskey would be lynched by the men who drank it. The Englishman seemed very much amused.

There was a most impressive moment in one of Spurgeon's sermons a few Sundays ago. He was urging his hearers to prayer against a besetting sin. "Let us breathe it now," said he, and as he raised his hand it seemed as if with that act he lifted the vast congregation up on the heights of prayer. There was perfect stillness, and you could feel that the whole assemblage was silently praying. The sermon was plain, direct, matter-of-fact in the highest degree, absolutely without sensationalism of any kind, and showing little claim on the part of the preacher to brilliancy or eloquence. A preacher more unlike Beecher, with whom it is natural to compare him, could hardly be imagined. He seems to owe his great success to the strength of character and that mysterious quality called leadership.

In one of the State apartments in Windsor Palace we were vividly reminded of one picturesque custom—an echo of feudalism, but itself of modern date. On opposite walls of the Guard Chamber are perched two small silken flags, fresh in colour. These are renewed every year by the Duke of Marlborough and the Duke of Wellington respectively, and this curious annual tribute is the sole condition on which these noblemen hold their titles and estates. A failure to pay it would work a forfeiture. The attendant said that on the next day the Duke of Wellington's year would expire, and his new flag would be due. There has been no intimation in the newspapers that the title has lapsed, and it is safe to assume that the noble Duke was on time.—*New York Tribune.*

SCRAPS FROM ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

In the year 1880 there was observed throughout the whole Benedictine Order, and especially at the famous Abbey of Monte Cassino, which was the cradle and is still the centre of its organic life, the fourteenth hundredth anniversary of the birth of its illustrious founder, St. Benedict, in 480. The celebration was a natural one. Benedict may justly be styled the father of Western monasticism, which received its first impetus and its mould from his informing hand, since all later religious orders, or at least all established before the Reformation, are directly or indirectly modifications of his rule. To celebrate his centenary is in fact to keep the birthday of monasticism in the Latin Church. The institutions of monasticism seemed almost to imply seclusion from the world—that the cloister was the sole or the shortest road to heaven; and if it be true that "the Benedictine statutes still remain a living code, written in the heart of multitudes in every province of the Christian world," that is partly due to the remarkable union in the person of their author of those opposite characteristics, active and passive, which usually divide mankind—he had the instincts at once of a worker and a thinker, a ruler and a recluse; and his whole nature was dominated by that fervent yet profound en-

thusiasm without which no man in any age—least of all in such an age as his—can hope to exert a lasting influence over his fellows. Benedict was born at Nursia, in the Duchy of Spoleto, in 480, of respectable parents, and, if we may credit Mabillon, gave early presage of his future sanctity by singing enthusiastic hymns in his mother's womb.

It is a common temptation of rulers ecclesiastical and civil to imperil both alike by confounding uniformity with unity. This is one of the stock charges of Protestant controversialists against the Church of Rome, but it has in fact a wider application. The French Minister of Public Instruction who boasted that at the same minute, which he could tell by looking at his watch, the children in every school in the country were learning the same lesson, and the French bishop who boasted that his clergy was an army to which he had simply to give the word of command, "march, and they march," betrayed a common addiction to the regimental method of administration. Uniformity was their notion of unity.

It has been justly observed by a recent writer, that not the least important side of the history of the Christian Church is written in her hymns, that is, of course, the history of her internal development and religious life.

A good specimen of dynastic prophecy may be found in the old English proverb of Elizabethan days:

When hempo is spun,
England's done,

where the five letters of the word "hempo" stand for the five Tudor monarchs (Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary and Philip, Elizabeth), and the chances of invasion or revolution at Elizabeth's death are indicated.—*From Ecclesiastical History, by H. N. Oxenham.*

"SOBERING-UP."

AN enterprising American has initiated a new system of what is called by the *cognoscenti* "sobering-up." This ingenious person is the proprietor of a Turkish bath which he keeps open all night. When gentlemen drink a little too much at night, he explains, they come to him, and are put through a process which enables them to recover in time for their business engagements of the next day. "I have known men who were brought here who could not walk, and in a few hours we would send them away able to assume the most trying business responsibilities, and they would walk as well as Weston." It is not surprising to hear that the house is crowded every night. The guests are afterwards conducted to the sleeping chamber, which contains thirty or forty cots. In the morning they are called, and, after a cold shower-bath, they are turned out "right as a trivet." The owner of the establishment then told the following story:—"Last spring a young man who was about to be married to a rich young woman living in the suburbs came into the city one morning to get his certificate. He was a timid sort of a person, and before going to the county clerk to call for what he wanted he took several drinks. He met a friend in a saloon and got very full. Somehow between him and the friend the certificate was procured. He was to have been married at six o'clock, and he was brought here in a carriage about two o'clock so drunk he could not stand. His friend, who was also pretty well soaked, piteously bemoaned the fact that the wedding would have to be postponed and both parties disgraced. But, sir, we put them both through the process and started them away to their train a little after five o'clock as sober and dignified as judges of the Supreme Bench."—*Pall Mall Budget.*

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.

—*Agnes Marile Machar.*

THOU U. E. Loyal Rooster proud,
Why thus our slumber break?
Victorious bird, crow not so loud,
Or History will awake.

THERE are very few facts in the life of a presidential candidate that do not come to light during a campaign. It is announced of ex-Governor St. John that he ran away from home when twelve years old; was married at nineteen and became a widower at twenty; became a California miner, and was chased barefooted by redskins over snow and ice for two days; was wrecked on the Sandwich Islands; became a country lawyer in Illinois; was a soldier during the war, ending as colonel, and lastly became Governor of Kansas.—*Mail.*

WITHOUT Castle Garden and the consequent supply of immigrants there is not an iron furnace nor a coalmine in eastern Pennsylvania that could be operated three months.—*Philadelphia Record*.

THE evidence of Sir John's defeat by Mr. Mowat is now complete, and the victory of this Province over her determined enemies is reason for rejoicing by all upholders of provincial rights.—*Ottawa Free Press*.

THE worthiest name proposed for the Governorship of Quebec, so far, is that of Mr. Chauveau; but, we presume, if Sir Hector Langevin has concluded that he is unable longer to cope with Mr. Chapleau, he will demand and obtain the preferment.—*Montreal Witness*.

PARTY planks to catch votes are sometimes of the most rotten and immoral character. So it is with planks of the Republican and the Democratic parties; so it is with the arch-humbler Ben Butler. We cannot clear Canadian statesmanship of the same offence.—*Presbyterian Witness*.

THE most hesitating and sceptical must now be convinced that Manitoba is unsurpassed in her resources as an agricultural country. We assert, without fear of successful contradiction, that Manitoba, to-day, possesses more natural attractions than any other province, state, or territory that we know of.—*Brandon Sun*.

It will be seen that, taking population into account, Halton has had far more crime and vagrancy than other counties having no large towns or cities. And we are quite justified in denying the affirmation that prohibitory liquor laws are effectual in removing, or even reducing, these evils.—*Hamilton Spectator*.

THE business man who retains in his employ young men whose habits in the matter of gambling he has reason to suspect; the employer, be he in private business or a director of a corporation, who continues in a position of trust a clerk whom he has reason to believe is betting on ball games or gambling in stock, is a partner in his crime if he becomes a thief. He has furnished the occasion of his fall.—*N. Y. Independent*.

THERE has been big borrowing of money and large investment of reputation both for common sense and common honesty, in that hideous hoax the Canada Pacific Railway. The "Premier," as they call him on the other side of the Detroit River, has gone in for it, "promoted" it, bragged, lied and bet what slazy reputation he had to gamble on, so that quite a number of dupes in England have an idea the road is really an asset, and has a value.—*Detroit Commercial*.

THE Ottawa Government are in need of some new cry, or some grand scheme with which to occupy the public mind and draw away attention from their collapsed fiscal policy, their extravagance and misrule. Annexation of the West Indies is just such a scheme as would suit the occasion. And then what patronage it would give in the appointment of governors, judges, senators, postal, customs, and inland revenue officials in all the forty islands and islets!—*St. John Telegraph*.

The *Current*, of Chicago, and THE WEEK, of Toronto, seem to be fully justifying their claim to existence, and the latter journal has added various new features in its change in editorial management. The contributed articles maintain the high standard taken by this journal from the first, the able notes of "Bystander" (Professor Goldwin Smith), of course, being a leading and ever-interesting feature. The reception which our Toronto contemporary has already met, abundantly justifies the belief of its projectors—that there is a field for an independent journal such as THE WEEK has so far proved itself to be.—*Continental*.

PARTISANSHIP has been expelled from literature, and is being expelled from religion; it finds its last refuge in politics, where party organs indulge in wicked vituperation, malicious slander, and meaner insinuations, and still are patronized and applauded. In this great Parliament which the country is convening, the *Christian Union* recognizes but one campaign legitimate for any Christian man to take part in: a campaign against partisanship, with all its foul annunciation of falsehood, slander, and malignancy, whatever honourable disguise it may hypocritically assume, whatever honourable cause it may assume dishonourably to serve.—*Christian Union*.

It is an undisputed fact that the game of cricket is played in America. No one who has ever mingled with the cultured sons of Boston or the blue-blooded scions of Philadelphia can for a moment doubt that fact. But the truth must strike the most ardent lover of the naturalizations of English manners and customs on foreign ground that cricket does not bloom readily in America. The game is not indigenous to the soil. The hard hitting and sharp fielding of base-ball please the American spectators better, and the American lad would rather display his muscle by making a three-base hit than manifest his skill by a cool-headed defence of his wicket against the work of a long-headed and clever-handed old bowler. Cricket, sad to relate, is generally voted slow in America. It does not prosper at all in the rapid, rushing vortex of New York life. A few years ago there was more cricket-playing done in America than there is to-day. That shows what a poor hold the game has on the affections of the people. But Philadelphia and Boston play cricket, the former with all its soul. Philadelphia is *sui generis* in all things.—*Saturday Review*.

LORD SALISBURY knows that the Government are as anxious as the Opposition to deal with Redistribution, and that if the Franchise Bill passes this year, a Redistribution Bill is as certain to be introduced next year as the year is certain to arrive. He is also well aware that the reason why the Government want to pass the Franchise Bill is that they may be able to deal more thoroughly than would otherwise be possible with the redistribution of seats. In point of fact his only fear is that their scheme will be too comprehensive and too efficient. He can still venture to tell us that the House

of Lords have not stopped the Franchise Bill. "We have," he says, "attached a condition to the passing of it, namely, that it shall be made complete, but if it is made complete, we shall pass it with pleasure." If Lord Salisbury had given full expression to the thoughts which were then present to his mind, he would have said, if the Redistribution Bill pleases us we shall pass both bills, but if it does not please us—and it is sure not to please us—we shall reject both. This statement would have made all the difference; it would have been as true as the statement he did make was fallacious and obviously calculated to produce a false impression.—*Manchester (Eng.) Examiner*.

BUT while politics are coming more and more to the front, political parties have reached a state of decay which can only end in disintegration. They are fictions with no reality to correspond to them, forms from which the quickening spirit has passed, and which, though, like so many forms, they may long survive the ideas of which they once were the expression, and yet doomed sooner or later to meet with the fate of everything hollow and unmeaning. Parties which had their origin in a difference of principle may degenerate into factions fighting for place. They must so degenerate when either of the conflicting principles has achieved a final and irreversible triumph. But the party discipline which rests on no other basis than convenience and self-interest can only be kept up as long as no vital new problems present themselves for solution. The moment such fresh problems come to the front, not even the most furious efforts of party wire-pullers will long avail to keep the new struggle within the old boundaries. To-day it is the question of official integrity, to-morrow it may be the question of free trade, which will act as a solvent upon the old party combinations. But sooner or later the combinations must go. Men will break loose from a classification which has become purely artificial, and form themselves into fresh groups in accordance with their varying views of the living problems of their own time.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

HOWEVER, it is only now and then that colonial questions come to the fore, and they are invariably looked upon as subsidiary to other questions. In his "Expansion of England," Professor Seeley remarks that we constantly betray by our modes of speech that we do not reckon our colonies as really belonging to us; for, if we are asked what the English population is, it does not occur to us to reckon in the population of Canada or Australia. Sir Henry Parks complains that the colonies are regarded as not belonging to the English people at home in the same sense as one part of the nation belongs to all the other parts in the United Kingdom. Perhaps it is that we as a nation have not yet risen to the height of the inspiration that Raleigh and Burke did, or perhaps we are simply puzzled at the growth of a problem which has developed almost in spite of us, and has no historical analogy. The colonies of Greece and Rome were never colonies in the sense that our English colonies are. A very brief consideration will show us this. Much later still, the old effete colonial idea was, that the conquered countries were simply the property of the parent state, and existed wholly and entirely for her benefit. Some of the Portuguese and Spanish explorers added a crusading spirit to their adventures, and set up altars and crosses in all kinds of out-of-the-way places, to show that the new country was taken under God's tutelage as well as that of their king. The very names they gave to islands and countries, such as Ascension, St. Croix, Natal, prove how religion followed their explorations. However, our ideas have considerably changed on this subject, and with regard to the notion that the colonies exist solely for the benefit of the parent state, we have gradually come to see that this is a false one. Their independent growth and self-supporting life have forced the truth upon us; but we do not sufficiently reflect how this altered relation may effect us.—*London Quarterly Review*.

BOOK NOTICES.

ALDEN'S MANIFOLD CYCLOPEDIA OF KNOWLEDGE AND LANGUAGE. With Maps and Illustrations. New York: John B. Alden.

Sixty-four "specimen pages" of this gigantic work are to hand together with a prospectus. Mr. Alden has already laid the literary world of this continent under immense obligations by issuing ridiculously cheap editions of valuable books; but in the "Manifold Cyclopaedia" he promises to entirely eclipse all his previous projects. It is proposed to include in the twenty volumes which will complete the work: an unabridged dictionary of the English language; concise dictionaries of the Greek, Latin, French, German, Italian, and Spanish languages; cyclopedias of biography, geography, science, natural history, history, illustrations, religious literature, mechanics, agriculture, and domestic matters; dictionaries of the Bible, of synonyms, autonyms, noted characters, classical quotations, antiquities, medical and law terms, and men of the time—in short, whatever comes within the entire circle of human knowledge. Moreover, the whole will be beautifully printed, copiously illustrated, and is offered to the public on such exceedingly easy terms as places it within the reach of every student.

THE CONVENTIONAL LIES OF OUR CIVILIZATION. From the German of Max Nordau. Chicago: L. Schick.

It is only seven months since this translation was offered to the public, and already it has passed through a seventh edition. Whether the well-advertized announcement that it was "prohibited in Europe" has assisted to its success is an open question, but the fact that the work is not of a nature to appeal to the general reading public seems to favour that idea. It contains some extraordinary writing, but can hardly be called pleasant reading. "We are surrounded on all sides by lies and hypocrisy,"

—that is the text, and Mr. Nordau preaches a very dismal sermon upon it. There is scarcely a redeeming feature in civilization according to him. Religion, society, government, marriage, everything is "a lie." One expects every moment to be told that the author himself is something of the sort. But it is all ably done, and with all its bitter hatred of royalty, and aristocracy, and "poms and ceremonies," is not Nihilistic—is not even thoroughly Socialistic. Stripped of its rancour and exaggeration, it is a clever advocacy of the opinions and aims of advanced continental intellectual revolutionists. In the words of his translator: "Max Nordau condenses into one volume the results of the investigations of specialists in all the fields of modern thought, combining them with much that is original, and presenting the whole in a way that readily explains the fascination exercised by the book upon its readers. They may not wish to follow the author to all his conclusions, but they cannot help honouring him for his manly courage and respecting the sincerity of his convictions."

STORIES BY AMERICAN AUTHORS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs.

Volume V. of this popular series is now on the book-stalls, and well sustains the position obtained by the previous ones. It opens with a novelette by Henry James, entitled "A Light Man," "Yatil," by F. D. Millet, "The End of New York," by Park Benjamin, "Why Thomas was Discharged," by Geo. Arnold, and "The Tachypomp," by E. P. Mitchell, are the names and authors of the succeeding stories. Handy, good, and cheap.

MINGO AND OTHER SKETCHES IN BLACK AND WHITE. By Joel Chandler Harris. Boston: James R. Osgood and Company.

Everybody knows how charmingly "Uncle Remus" writes, so all will be prepared to hear that the collection of sketches under notice form a most excellent book. "Mingo," one of Mr. Harris's "black" characters, is a quaint word-picture of a Georgian negro, whose simple heart preferred to remain in service after emancipation—whose idea of freedom was, that if he was "free to go he was free to stay" near those he had served and loved. The other stories, notably "At Teague Poteet's," are equally well done. Readers who loved "B'rer Rabbit" better than the dialect it was written in, will be pleased to know that "Mingo" is the only story in this collection told in dialect.

THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. New York: John B. Alden.

Mr. Alden has reprinted this excellent book in handy shape, handsomely bound in full leather, with gilt edges and back. The light conversational form in which the painter and *litterateur* makes known his opinions on the possibilities of a satisfactory intellectual life under various forms of existence is one of the principal charms of the well-known work.

VESTIGIA. By Geo. Fleming. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

DIANE CORYVAL. No Name Series. Boston: Robert Brothers.

"Vestigia" is a clever book—it goes without saying that Miss Fletcher always does write well. But why does she get so dismal? The plot of this novel is in Leghorn, and includes the usual proportions of love, scheming and tragedy. It is, however, carefully written; but one is glad to get through the book, and to end the feeling of depression it induces.

The second book is an account of the lives and loves of a couple of foolish young French artists—for Diane, as well as her lover René, was a painter. Of plot there is not a pretension; but for all that the novel is pleasant reading, and gives a very faithful idea of country life in *la belle France*. Albeit one feels very much inclined to metaphorically kick the contemptible "hero," and to scold Diane for continuing to love so limp a lover.

THE FAINALLS OF TIPTON. By Virginia W. Johnson. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs.

This novel has already gained for itself a wide popularity, nor can one rise from its perusal without conceding the justice of the verdict. There is not only a live plot, but it is intricate, and interest is sustained from first to last. There is wide variety of character portrayed, and the movement of the story never flags. Withal, the author uses excellent language, and the smooth, well turned sentences add not a little to the charm of a capital novel.

ON LIBERTY. By John Stuart Mill. New York: John B. Alden.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, by George William Curtis. The War for the Union, by Wendell Phillips. New York: John B. Alden.

Two wonderfully neat, cheap reprints issued by this enterprising publisher.

WE hear that Major Shepherd, R.E., has written a book about Colorado and the prospects of the cattle business. The volume will be opportune, as the Wyoming cattle trade through Canada is before the public. Besides the useful information given by an intelligent observer, the book, we hear, possesses considerable literary merit. Messrs. Chapman and Hall, London, are the publishers.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

THE near approach of the Opera Season in Toronto is heralded by announcements of comic opera and sensational pyrotechnics in the Pavilion. Mr. Roland S. J. Barnett is the controlling spirit of the promised performances, and if it were not that he has been so successful in similar speculations on previous occasions, one would be inclined to discount his liberal announcements. There seems every reason to believe, however, that the series of representations which commence to-morrow (Friday) night, Aug. 29th, will at any rate deserve the hearty support of the public of Toronto and vicinity. Mr. Barnett has arranged for his New York Ideal Comic Opera Company to give, during the four weeks of their projected stay, "Billie Taylor," "The Mascotte," "Giroflé-Girofla," "Princess of Trebizone," and others, just as the public taste may demand. The stage of the Pavilion has been specially enlarged, and the company bring their own scenery. After each performance, a grand out-door display representing the "Burning of Chicago," with the minutest realistic effects, will be given. It is intended to make this a strong feature, for which purpose a real fire-engine and firemen, with hook and ladders, have been engaged. The cottage in which the fire is said to have originated will be represented, and even the traditional cow which is credited with originating the big burn by kicking over a lamp will have its counterpart.

RESIDENTS in Toronto are fortunate in having their favourite island made so attractive as of late. In addition to the really good music supplied by the Queen's Own Band on each fine evening; to the various exhibitions, natatory and otherwise; and to the concert and variety performances recently given, they are now offered a free performance of "Pinafore" each day by the St. Quentin Company.

IN Chicago, an excursion boat has been fitted up for theatrical performances. During her trips across the lake, comic opera will be given. Dear old "Pinafore" is to be the initial performance, and the Grau Opera Company will take its chances in it.

A NEW comic opera by Gilbert and Sullivan will be produced, it is said, simultaneously in this city and London in December. The later works by the authors of "Pinafore" and "Patience" have not proved so popular as the two just named. It must be admitted that the public is becoming tired of going to see a new opera many scenes of which bear a resemblance to others in operas already popular. Perhaps repetition of oneself is inevitable in the same class of works, but, granting this assumption, it would appear preferable for authors and composers to cease writing altogether, at least sometime before they have altogether written themselves out. Gilbert and Sullivan's first comic operas were something new; now every accession proves stale and sometimes unprofitable. I am inclined to believe that Gilbert and Sullivan have worked their peculiar mine for all it is worth, and that in order to achieve another great success they will have to hit upon some new form of musical extravaganza or secede from the field completely. Sullivan has not yet written a truly serious musical work, for his oratorios, "The Prodigal Son" and "The Light of the World," are undeniably weak as specimens of the grand oratorio style. I doubt very much whether Sullivan has the peculiar talent to produce works of a serious and elevated order. Of course nothing that I have written here must be taken in disparagement of the opera yet to be heard; it may turn out another "Pinafore," only of a higher order, as it is reported to be. —*Freund's Weekly*.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

BEN JONSON's own copy of the "Faëry Queene" with marginal notes in the "rare" dramatist's own handwriting was put up at auction in London a few weeks ago. It brought a fine price, after spirited biddings.

MR. CARLYLE's life in the City of London, from 1834 to 1881, is the main material for Mr. Froude's fourth volume of biography. There are interesting pen-pictures of many eminent men contained in its chapters.

THE *Literary Life* for September has for its most valuable reading a paper entitled, "Pioneer Writers of the West." *Life* claims to be the only journal "devoted exclusively to literary men and women and their works"!

SOME time ago attention was called to a composite picture of the "Aileen" Rounding a Buoy, painted and photographed by Messrs. Cagen and Fraser, of Toronto. That capital piece of work has since been photographed and reduced with highly successful results.

THE *Academy* (London) says that the review of the Old Testament, which was finished last month, does not include the "Apocrypha," but that it is not improbable that some members of the committee will continue to meet, though not at Westminster, and undertake a revision of the "Apocrypha" on the same principles.

A REMARKABLE book has recently made its appearance in Paris. It is by Abbé Rocca, an honorary Canon of the Romish Church, and a warm personal friend of Father Curci. It is entitled "Le Christ, la Pape, et la Démocratie." The writer makes a vigorous attack on Ultramontanism. He says the "clock of the Vatican is behind the clock of Redemption." The Abbé denounces the present policy of the Vatican as being the great cause of the impiety of the day, violently separating Christianity from the cause of democracy and of progress in every sense, both social and scientific. It is a book likely to cause some commotion.

THE following epitaph, which may be seen in Portland, Oregon, appears in the *Spectator's* column of "Rare Epitaphs":—

Beneath this stone our baby lies,
It neither cries nor hollers,
It lived but one and twenty days,
And cost us forty dollars.

THE Evangelical Alliance meets next week in Copenhagen. Many of the representative men of the various churches have gone, or are on their way to the Danish capital, to take part in its proceedings. It was intended that the meeting should be held in Stockholm, but the Swedish Church dignitaries successfully opposed it and the change was accordingly made. Even this does not satisfy the ecclesiastics of the Swedish church. They have devised a plan by which any of their number who might desire to go to Copenhagen are to be prevented. A church conference has been summoned to convene in Stockholm during the time of the Alliance meetings.

STRANGERS in Paris are often surprised that they do not understand the language better. After they read this they will understand why. It is the Parisian conjugation of the verb *dormir*:

Je dors. Nous ronpillons,
Tu pionsces, Vous tapez de l'œil,
Il casse une canne, Ils piquent leur chien.

To this, might be added the irregular verb *mourir*:

Je crève, Nous tournons de l'œil,
Tu claques, Vous remerciez votre boucher,
Il dévisse son billard. Ils cassent leur pipe.

THE young folks' *St. Nicholas* is full of good reading and capital illustration as usual. Frank R. Stocton supplies a story called "The Queen's Museum," which will delight young Canada, as well as young America. The opening chapters of "The Dalziels of Daisytown" give promise of an exciting *denouement*. In "Swordsmen of the Deep" it is told how fish fence and fight. "Living Cameos and Bass Reliefs" is the title of a paper telling how boys and girls can have lots of fun. "Henny's Horse" is a story, and the "Ninth-Spinning-Wheel Story" relates all about Daisy's jewel-box, and how she filled it. Brian of Munster is the "Historic Boy" of the month. "Fräulein Smidt Goes to School," "A Story of a Wee Frog," "Marvin and His Boy Hunters" (continued), and the "Very Young Folks' Department," all beautifully illustrated, complete the list, with the exception of the poetry.

THE *Saturday Review* thus concludes an unsparing anatomization of Mr. Edgar Fawcett's "Song and Story":—"Perhaps it may seem to some readers that we are breaking a butterfly. The only answer is that a butterfly of this kind has to be broken now and then for the good of the public and as a warning to other butterflies. The origin of Mr. Fawcett's errors is perfectly clear. He very properly thinks that poetry ought not to be commonplace, and he very improperly thinks that he can secure this result by using all the uncommon words, all the uncommon constructions, all the most far-fetched terms of thought, that he can devise. In fact he takes literally the advice (originally given half in jest, and in reference to a language whose circumstances and history are wholly different from the circumstances and history of English) to 'study the dictionary.' He studies the dictionary, and he finds that Shakspeare used 'sequestration' in the sense of 'retirement.' Off goes Mr. Fawcett with his prize, and writes—

Egypt, with calm Imperial sequestration,
Uttering the genius of a mighty nation;

which—sequestration having one sense only, and that a definite and technical one, in modern English—produces an effect which, if not nonsensical, is absurd. He finds in Bacon the word 'alterant,' and he goes and writes of 'Pure Nature's alterant charms,' thereby suggesting to the reader some vague idea of a pill, powder, or other 'alterative.' Passing from vocabulary to metre, he writes a poem of love and religious doubt in triple rhymes throughout, conscious, doubtless, that it would be very troublesome to do, and forgetful that, except very sparingly and carefully used, the triple rhyme always has a burlesque effect in English."

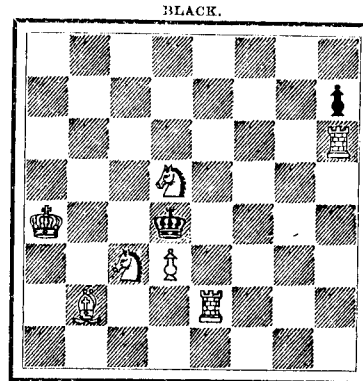
IT is a curious fact that a large majority of literary men invariably seem anxious at some period or other of their career to test by the medium of anonymous publication the value of public opinion with regard to their own work. "It is not perhaps generally known," writes a correspondent, "that 'The Lady of Lyons' was brought out quite anonymously, and that on the night of its first production, beyond Macready and Bulwer Lytton himself, no one in London had been allowed to know the secret of the authorship of the play. Between the acts Dickens, who had been one of a delighted audience, went behind the scenes to talk over the play with Macready and Bulwer, congratulating Macready on his wonderful impersonation of Claude Melnotte. Dickens was in raptures with the whole thing, and asked Bulwer what he thought of it. Bulwer affected to find some fault with the plot, and suggested improvements here and there in the various situations. 'Come now,' said Dickens, 'it is not like you, Bulwer, to cavil at such small things as those. The man who wrote the play may have imitated your work here and there, perhaps, but he is a duced clever fellow for all that. To hear you speak so unfairly is almost enough to make one think that you are jealous.'" The papers the next morning lauded the play to the skies, even going so far as to suggest that it would be well for Mr. Bulwer to take pattern by this unknown writer, and try to improve himself in those particular points in which the anonymous author of "The Lady of Lyons" had been so brilliantly successful. About a fortnight later Bulwer's authorship of the play was made known, to the mingled consternation and amusement of the critics and the general public.

CHESS.

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

PROBLEM No. 38.

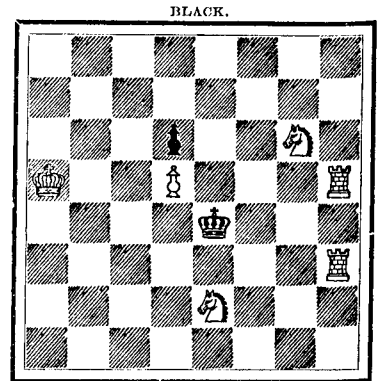
By Chas. W. Phillips.



White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 39.

By J. B. Fisher.
(From *The Field*.)



White to play and mate in three moves.

AN INSTRUCTIVE END GAME.

The following beautiful ending lately occurred in the Hastings (Eng.) Tournament between Mr. F. W. Womersley and Mr. H. Colborne. Black (Mr. Womersley) K Q Kt 6, B Q B 6, B K 3, P's Q Kt 7, K B 4, K Kt 5, K R 6. White (Mr. Colborne) K K 2, B Q Kt 1, B Q B 5, P's K B 4, K Kt 3, K R 2. The pieces stood thus after White's 72nd move. The lookers on thought it was a drawn battle, but Mr. Womersley declared he could win. The position is such as is likely frequently to occur, and the principle of winning is therefore very instructive. There may be more speedy methods of winning though we doubt it. However, if any of our readers discover one let us have it.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
H. C.	F. W. W.	H. C.	F. W. W.
72.	B K B 3	88. K B 2	K Q 6
73. B K 3	K Kt 5	89. B K 3	B B 6
74. K B 2	K Kt 4	90. B Kt 6	K Q 7
75. K Kt 1	K B 3	91. B K 3 ch	K Q 8
76. K R 2	K Q 2	92. K Kt 1	K K 7
77. K Kt 1	K K 1	93. B Kt 6	B K 8
78. K B 2	K B 2	94. B B 5	K B 6
79. K Kt 1	K Kt 3	95. B Kt 6	B takes P
80. K B 2	B Q 4	96. P takes B	K takes P
81. K Kt 1	B K 5	97. B B 2 ch	K takes P
82. B R 2	P Kt 8 (Q) ch	98. K R 2	K B 6
83. B takes Q	B takes B	99. B B 5	P B 5
84. B B 2	K B 2	100. B Kt 6	B B 4
85. B R 7	K K 3	101. B Kt 1	P Kt 6 ch
86. B B 2	K Q 4	102. K R 1	B K 5
87. B R 7	K K 5	103. B Kt 6	Mates in two.

GAME No. 21.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

Played in the Handicap Tournament at Simpson's Divan.
(From *The Field*.)

Remove Black's K B P.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
Mr. Hirsch.	Mr. Günsberg.	Mr. Hirsch.	Mr. Günsberg.
1. P to K 4	Kt to Q B 3	25. R to B 7 (d)	B to R 5
2. P to Q 4	P to Q 4	26. R to K 2	Kt takes B
3. P to K 5	B to B 4	27. R takes Kt	B to Kt 4
4. Kt to K B 3	P to K 3	28. K to Q 2	K R to B sq
5. B to Q 3	K Kt to K 2 (a)	29. K to K 2	B takes R (e)
6. B to K Kt 5	B to Kt 5	30. K takes B	R takes R
7. P to B 3	Q to Q 2	31. B takes R	R to Q 2 (f)
8. P to K R 3	R to R 4 (b)	32. P to K 6	R to K 2
9. P to K Kt 4	B to B 2	33. K to B 4	P to B 3
10. Q Kt to Q 2	P to K R 3	34. K to B 5	K to B 2
11. B to K 3	P to Q R 3	35. K to Kt 6	P to Kt 3
12. Q to B 2	Kt to B sq	36. K takes P	P to B 4
13. Kt to R 4	Kt to Kt 3	37. K to B 6	K to Q 3
14. Kt to Kt 6	R to K Kt sq	38. P to K R 4 (g)	P to Kt 5
15. P to K B 4	Castles	39. P to Kt 5	P takes Kt P
16. Castles, Q R	B takes Kt	40. P takes K Kt P	P takes B P
17. B takes B	K to Kt sq	41. Kt P takes P	R to R 2
18. P to B 5	Kt to R 4	42. P to Kt 6 (h)	R takes P
19. Q R to K sq	Q Kt to B 5	43. K to Kt 7 (i)	P takes P
20. Kt takes Kt	Kt takes Kt	44. P takes P (k)	K to K 2
21. K R to B sq	Q to Kt 4 (c)	45. K to Kt 8	R to R 7
22. Q to Kt 3	P takes P	46. P to Kt 7	R to R 3
23. Q takes Q	P takes Q	Resigns (l)	
24. R takes P	B to K 2		

NOTES (ABRIDGED).

- (a) Better than 5. B takes B.
- (b) Better we believe to play 8. B takes Kt. In trying to keep his Bishop Black loses too much time.
- (c) Threatening to win a piece.
- (d) 25. B Q 2 followed by 26. Q R K B 1, would have been better.
- (e) "Another such victory and we are lost."
- (f) Compulsory; else the Pawn could not be stopped.
- (g) White had plenty of time for this. 38. P R 3 would have secured the Queen's side against Black's threatened counter-attack.
- (h) White ought to have played 42. P R 4, followed by P K 7, if Black plays 42. R takes P.
- (i) A hasty move, throwing away a well deserved victory. 43. P K 7 wins.
- (k) A last attempt might here have been made, 44. K B 8, etc.
- (l) White might have continued yet, for there are many chances of a draw. With correct play Black should win, but the ending is not easy.

"THE WEEK" PROBLEM TOURNEY.

For the best three-move problem contributed to THE WEEK, on or before the 1st December, 1884, we offer a prize of ten dollars in chess material; and for the second best a prize of five dollars in chess material.

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2. Each competitor to enter as many problems as he pleases.
3. Joint compositions barred.
4. Rectification of problems allowed to closing date.
5. The problem on a diagram with motto, and having solution on the back in full, to be mailed in an envelope, addressed "Chess Editor, THE WEEK," Toronto, and a simultaneous envelope bearing inscription "Problem Competition," containing motto, name and address of the sender, to J. H. Gordon, 111 St. Patrick St., Toronto. The problems to be exclusive property of THE WEEK until the award of judges.
- Want of compliance with any of the above rules will debar problems from competition. The standard of award will be:—Difficulty, 15; Beauty, 15; Originality, 15; Variety, 10; Economy, 10; Correctness, 10. The judges will be Messrs. H. Northcote and C. W. Phillips.

WHAT IS CATARRH ?

From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15.

Catarrh is a mucopurulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite amœba in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favourable circumstances, and these are:—Morbid state of the blood, as the blighted corpuscle of ulcer, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxæmia, 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 mucous tissue. Some time since a well-known physician of forty years' standing, after much experimenting, succeeded in discovering the necessary combination of ingredients which never fail in absolutely and permanently eradicating this horrible disease, whether standing for one year or forty years. Those who may be suffering from the above disease, should, without delay, communicate with the business managers,

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

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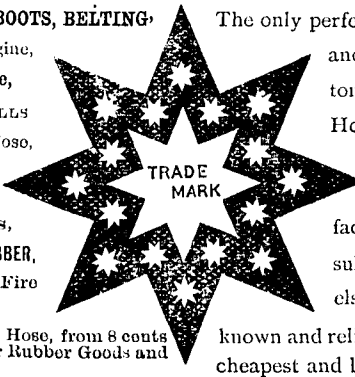
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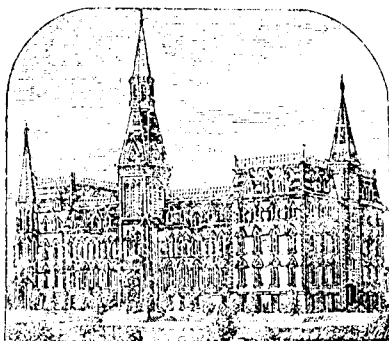
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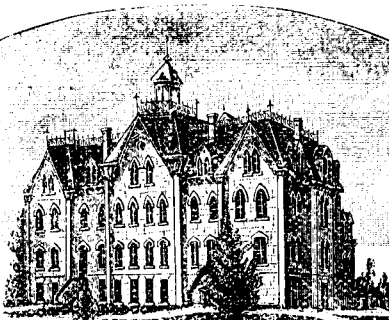
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