

THE WEEK.

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TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

It is proposed that Mr. Mowat shall receive an ovation from his party on his triumphant return from England, and that the statue of Mr. George Brown shall be erected at the same time. Nothing can be more natural, or, from the party point of view, more proper. But we cannot help expressing a hope that this demonstration will be kept entirely clear of the Provincial Exhibition. In this war of parties, to which Canadians are so desperately addicted, and in which they are losing their real liberties as well as their sense of patriotism, there ought at least to be sometimes a truce. There ought to have been a truce at the time of the Semi-Centennial, but the peace was then broken by the U. E. Loyalists, as might have been foreseen when they were introduced into the programme. There ought to be a truce during the week of the Provincial Exhibition, when we all unite for the celebration and promotion of our common prosperity; but there will on the contrary be a carnival of mutual animosity and hatred, if the occasion is taken for reviving all the bitterness of the Boundary question and the rancorous memories which gather round the name of George Brown.

AGAIN and again the absurdity of the attempt to manufacture a petty aristocracy and a sham court in Canada has been indicated. With all the weight of his distinguished position, Lord Lorne fortunately discovered how utterly out of tune with the sentiments of the country was his attempt to introduce the forms of Old World Royalty into a democratic community, where forms and ceremonies, shorn of the historic symbolisms which attach to them in Europe, instead of impressing the people, move them to laughter. It is because of the growth of this spirit that each succeeding announcement of the creation of a Canadian Knight is received with less gravity, and that there is a general tendency to laugh when the fact is made public that some worthy colonial gentleman has been dubbed "Sir Knight," decorated with a scarlet-striped Saxon-blue ribbon, and is graciously permitted to wear the motto: *Auspicium melioris cævi*. Even in England the value of titles is constantly decreasing in the eyes of the public, whilst modern decorations are at a discount: so much so that many of the best public men refuse them as rewards for political services. It was for this reason that so much disappointment was felt at Tennyson's acceptance of a peerage. Mr. Gladstone, on the one side of politics, has repeatedly declined a title, and Mr. W. H. Smith, on the other side, won not a little admiration by his refusal to be "elevated." Apart from this view of the matter, no exception can be taken to the honour offered to the Hon. David L. Macpherson. So far as such decorations can be looked upon as rewards for political services, Mr. Macpherson, as a faithful henchman of Sir John A. Macdonald, may be regarded as a fitting recipient of the honour, his occupation of the successive positions of Speaker of the Senate and Assistant Minister of the Interior entitling him to remembrance in the distribution of political plums.

FROM certain statements put forward by Canadian Tory organs in discussing the legislative dead-lock in England, and judging from arguments advanced by them in the endeavour to score a point against Liberalism generally, it would seem that the writers have ideas of constitutional government equally hazy with those held by the aristocratic irreconcilables who, the other day, threw out the English Reform Bill. With an air of profound wisdom it is asserted that the Tories, and especially the Lords, are the real friends of the people—that Codlin's the friend, not Short—in

proof of which we are reminded that the Franchise Bill was only rejected by the House of Lords because that august assembly thought the people should be consulted before passing it. The transparent dishonesty of such a position on the part of a body of men who have bitterly opposed every popular reform that ever came before them is conveniently overlooked by our Tory contemporaries, who likewise ignore the fact that the equalization of the franchise was one of the most prominent questions before the electors in 1880. But the most remarkable thing in this connection is, that leading organs in the press of so democratic a country as Canada should be found preaching the doctrine—comprehensible in an order fighting for very existence—that, when an important measure is rejected by the House of Lords (or the Senate, let us say), the House of Lords (or Senate) has a right to demand an appeal to the country. Such a demand, on the contrary, ought to be firmly resisted in the interests of good legislation and in the interests of representative government. Has it occurred to those who justify this course what it would lead to? Whenever an important measure was sent to the Upper House, that measure would not be accepted or rejected on its merits, but would be adopted or refused by the Tory wire-pullers—for hereditary and appointive assemblies will always be Tory—upon their view whether it was a good or a bad time for a general election. Nothing could be more contrary to the spirit of representative government than that the majority of those who are not returned as representatives of the people should control the majority of those who are the representatives of the people. The taunt that Mr. Gladstone's Government are afraid to meet the constituencies could only be thrown out by those who are incapable of understanding the genius of the English people, or from less creditable causes. So strong an administration is not to be frightened by such assertions as that. It was truly and aptly said the other day by Mr. Fawcett, that, "long and illustrious as had been the life of Mr. Gladstone, he never would have rendered to his country a service so important as if he proved that the House of Lords might reject a bill once, twice and thrice without giving them the claim to determine when Parliament should be dissolved, and that the duty of advising her Majesty when there should be an appeal to the constituencies should be left solely in the hands of the Minister as long as he was supported by a majority of the people's representatives."

ENGLAND is to have no assistance from the great powers in the solution of the Egyptian difficulty. It was feared from the first that French jealousy would prove the rock upon which the diplomatic ship would split, and the result has justified the apprehension. So far as Mr. Gladstone's refusal to yield the *pas* to France is concerned, the Tories are said to approve of his policy, and the Liberals rejoice to have England unfettered. Naturally England's responsibilities in Egypt are vastly increased by the failure of the Conference to attain the objects hoped from it, and the news that forty thousand Abyssinian soldiers are on their way to the relief of Kassala, and three hundred British troops have been ordered to reinforce the garrison at Zeilah, is most opportune, as showing that the Government have, after all, adopted the quickest and most effectual means of assisting the garrisons in the Soudan. The troops borrowed by Admiral Hewett from King John of Abyssinia are composed of cavalry and infantry, brave, excellent shots, and each man capable of living for days upon a bag of flour, such as can be easily slung over the shoulder. They are armed with swords, fowling-pieces or rifles, spears and shields. They are claimed to be equally brave and clever with the Mahdi's soldiers, with the advantage of being better marksmen. As ought to have been known to the party-blinded writers who have so diligently vilified the British Government for its "inaction," to despatch a British army to the Soudan at this moment—except for such guerilla service as is expected from those ordered to Zeilah—would be tantamount to sending many of them to certain death. The Egyptian soldier is unreliable; it would take too long to bring men from India; and under the circumstances the course taken must be acknowledged the only practicable one. Further comfort is to be extracted from the announcement that Stanley has—much to the disgust of the Tories, who have systematically discredited Mr. Gladstone's foreign policy—declared his belief that General Gordon is in no danger, and has several avenues of escape open to him if he should deem it advisable to retreat from Khartoum.

CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS.

INTEREST in the Presidential contest deepens. At the same time the number and complexity of the eddies and backstreams makes it very difficult to say in which direction the current is really setting, and renders prediction unusually hazardous. On one hand there is the Republican Bolt; on the other there is Tammany in dudgeon and there are the Irish wavering between allegiance to the Democratic standard and the attractions of the Jingo and anti-British policy supposed to be represented by Mr. Blaine. Butler, though he ignominiously failed to control the decision at Chicago, is still apparently manoeuvring in his own interest, and if he can keep his Greenbackers and the rest of his virtuous train together, he may possibly prevent either Cleveland or Blaine from having a majority and throw the election into Congress. It can hardly be doubted that there will be some lukewarmness, if not disaffection, among the Protectionists of the Democratic party; for though the Democratic platform declines the Tariff issue, and does not differ ostensibly from the Republican platform in its language on that subject, nothing is more certain than the truth of Mr. Blaine's assertion that the fate of the high-tariff is about to be decided. Moreover, fanatical Prohibitionism has started a candidate of its own, who, of course, will stand no chance of election, but will probably draw away support mainly from the Republican side. On the whole, appearances are propitious to Cleveland. The critical question seems to be whether the Republican Bolt will be determined and strong enough to carry New York and Massachusetts against Blaine. At present there is every sign of its determination and of its strength. It has had a meeting, attended largely and by men of mark, at New York, and put forth an address to the country, penned by Mr. Geo. W. Curtis with his usual moral force. The address founds the action of the Bolters solely on the objection to the personal character and proclivities of Mr. Blaine, the blot of corruption on his record, and his presumable hostility to administrative reform. Its keynote is that, "as there is no distinctive issue upon public policy presented for the consideration of the country, the character of the candidate becomes of the highest importance with all citizens who do not hold that party victory should be secured at any cost." In it and in the chairman's speech, Jingoism and Magnetism are glanced at, but character is held up as the main issue. These stalwart upholders of public morality are doing a great service to their country. Perhaps they are doing a greater service than they think, for little as they know or desire it, they are rebelling not only against party corruption, but against party.

WHAT says the address? "Parties now cohere mainly by habit and tradition, and since the great issues which divided them have been largely settled, the most vital political activity has been the endeavour of good citizens in both parties to adjust them to living issues and to make them effective agencies of political progress and reform." In other words, the grounds upon which these parties were formed, and which made adherence to one or the other of them rational and moral, have in great measure ceased to exist; but parties the community must have at any price: and, therefore, the chief business of the good citizen must be, the old quarrels having been settled, to invent new subjects of dissension which may take their place. In the meantime and pending the elaboration of these fresh issues, what is to be the bond of the party? What can it be, in the case of ordinary partisans, but corruption? And what is the natural fruit of corruption but the leadership of men such as the Bolters from the Republican ticket allege the Republican candidate to be? According to the framers of the address the patriotic endeavour to find new grounds of division has been unsuccessful. "No position," they say, "taken by one platform is seriously traversed by the other; both evidently contemplate a general agreement of public opinion upon subjects which have been long in controversy, and indicate an unwillingness to declare upon other and cardinal questions views which, in the present condition of opinion, might seriously disturb the parties within themselves." Would it be possible to declare in much more explicit terms that no justification for divisions into parties or for party action of any kind is any longer in existence? Are patriotic and intelligent citizens to bind themselves together in antagonism to their fellow-citizens and wage political war upon them merely out of blind deference to habit and tradition? There are still cardinal issues, says the address, but the parties are afraid to touch them. Then the parties are clearly defunct, and the organizations which have survived all reasonable and patriotic objects ought to be at once dissolved. The dissolution of one of them, perhaps of both, commences with the appearance of the Independent address.

IMPERIAL Federation seems at last about to emerge from the nebular state and present itself in a definite form. A meeting in England which

must have been important, since Mr. Forster, Mr. W. Smith and Lord Rosebery took part in it, has passed a resolution, moved by Lord Rosebery, that federation is indispensable to arrest disintegration and preserve the unity of the Empire. It is implied that, in the opinion of the meeting, unless federation can be brought about, that final step in the concession of self-government to the colonies which the meeting calls disintegration and others call emancipation is at hand. It was high time that this question shall take a practical shape and be brought to a decisive issue. Lord Rosebery and his eminent associates will no doubt give us that with which we have not hitherto been furnished—a working plan of federation, with the structure of the federal legislature, its relation to the legislatures of England and to those of the several colonies, the representation which the colonies respectively are to have in it, the subjects with which it is to deal, and the contributions of money and armaments which the colonies are to be expected to supply. They will also, it may be presumed, tell us plainly what are the specific benefits to be reaped by this huge agglomeration and what inducement is to be held out to the colonists to part with their independence, incur new liabilities, and submit to the obvious inconvenience of being under the jurisdiction of a legislature separated from some of them by half the globe. Of the leaders of our own political parties, both have declared themselves: the Liberal, curiously enough, in favour of Imperial Confederation, the Conservative against it. Sir John Macdonald's assertion of Canadian Home Rule has been decided and almost defiant. It is needless to repeat what has been more than once said in these papers. Mutual citizenship exists between the people of the colonies and those of the mother country. The "Bystander" trusts that it will never cease to exist; he even hopes that at some distant day, when the last traces of a senseless feud shall have vanished, it may be extended to the old colonists of England in the United States; and that thus not only the moral but to some extent the political unity of the English-speaking race may be restored. That he cherishes the moral unity of the race, which to him appears the one bond of real value, it is hardly necessary to assure any who have done him the honour to follow what he has said. More, he has never believed, and does not believe, it to be practicable. He cannot think that the current of events which has hitherto set so steadily towards independence will all at once change its course, or that communities which have nationality now full in view, will suddenly abjure that aspiration, and consent to become forever subordinate members of an enormous frame, the head and heart of which are to be far away.

It is perhaps more under the influence of custom and routine than in pursuance of a settled policy, that the Liberal Prime Minister of England, while he is plying his battering ram against the House of Lords, continues to propagate a titled class in the colonies. In this department, too, it is time that self-government should be conceded. The only true fountain of honour is that which springs from the national soil. A British Minister cannot discern merit across the Atlantic. He cannot tell who has done most for Canada, though he may be able to tell whose professions of loyalty to the Colonial office are loudest, and whose solicitations for the title are the most assiduous. It is needless, as it would be disagreeable, to scrutinize the annals of Canadian knighthood, and to inquire how far, in politics or in commerce, our chivalry has been the means of maintaining among us an exceptionally high standard of honour. The general effect of looking for a reward to a distant authority cannot be doubtful, and if attestation were needful, would be well attested by experience: a man will not serve Canada with his whole heart when the highest object of his ambition is elsewhere. The dispenser of these coveted baubles will always be able to exercise on our public men an influence separate from, and possibly at variance with, the interest and the opinion of their own country. Independent Australians are perfectly agreed with independent Canadians on this point. The plea that the presence of bearers of minor titles among us refines our manners, though it has been again urged on this occasion, will not bear a moment's scrutiny: our manners rest upon the more substantial basis of that mutual respect which is the offspring of equality. This is not the home of title any more than it is the home of etiquette, nor can the graces, whatever they may have been, of old world aristocracy be artificially created here. All that is really valuable in the character of the English gentleman, we may fairly hope that we shall always possess; and even in the old country an English gentleman would take fire if he were told that his sense of honour and his good breeding depended for their existence on the presence of a baronet in his neighbourhood. Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Blake have both found it more consistent with their self-respect, more patriotic, and better for their political position to refuse knighthood. To both, no doubt, the offer appeared what it really is, a subtle form of corruption. Their verdict is not less decisive against the

introduction of titular distinctions than their refusal to be anything but Canadian statesmen was creditable to themselves and beneficial to their country.

IN the last number of THE WEEK "Bystander" was taken to task, though with a courtesy of tone which, unfortunately, is not common, by "Radical," for not having done justice to the Lords in regard to their rejection of the Franchise Bill. The Lords, says "Radical," had good reasons for demanding that Redistribution should accompany Extension, and many Liberals agreed with them on that point. But this is just what "Bystander" had said. He had admitted that "the reason alleged by the Lords was sound if only it were sincere." He has always contended that every scheme for the amendment of a constitution ought to be complete, so that it may be foreseen what the practical effect on the character of the government will be. The practical effect on the character of the government is the criterion which he would apply to every measure of political change; the position that everybody has an abstract and indefeasible right to the franchise, on which some Reformers base their arguments, has always seemed to him unsound. But, unfortunately, the Lords, and notably the leader of the Tory party in the House, betrayed their hostility to the whole measure beforehand, and have thus justified the people in inferring that the objection now taken to the separation of Extension from Redistribution is put forward merely as a move in the reactionary game. After all, it is hardly conceivable that any scheme of Redistribution should pass the Commons which would sweeten Extension to the Lords, or stand the slightest chance of voluntary acceptance at their hands. What makes the moral position of the Lords desperate is the record of their conduct with regard to the Franchise Bill of 1867. They then, at the bidding of their party leaders, extended the suffrage to the populace of the cities, unquestionably in the hope of swamping, by the votes of that which was euphemistically styled the residuum, the influence of the respectable middle classes and the progressive intelligence of the country. Lord Derby himself avowed publicly that the measure was a leap in the dark, and he is known to have privately betrayed his motive by boasting that "at all events he had dished the Whigs." After this, with what face can the Lords deny the vote to the agricultural labourers, a class, if not so intelligent, worthier on the whole. The "Bystander," however, repeats that bullying the Lords is sorry work, and sure to leave evil traces on the political character of the nation. In opposing political change, they have only done what a privileged class is sure to do, and what from the days of the Tudors they have consistently done. Surprise and indignation, because an assembly acts in accordance with the natural bias of all its members, if they are not feigned, are absurd. Let the nation, if it would sustain its claim to greatness, frankly and manfully accept the necessity, reform the House of Lords, if reform is possible, otherwise abolish it, and set the good elements of Conservatism which it embodies, and which are at present practically ostracized, free to enter into some other combination, and exert a real influence under a new form.

THAT the Archbishops both of Canterbury and York, with ten bishops, should have voted for the Franchise Bill, while only one bishop voted against it, is noted as proof of a remarkable change of sympathy on the part of the leaders of the Established Church. Let us hope that it is really a change of sympathy, not merely a change of policy. After 1848 the State priesthood of France chanted *Domine salvum fac Populum*; but after the restoration of the Empire they chanted far more heartily *Domine salvum fac Imperatorem*. Not with impunity has the command of the Master, who said that His kingdom was not of this world, been broken by any Christian Church. It is only when power has passed to the people, that State bishops begin to vote for franchise bills. No Christian can read, without sadness, the annals of Establishmentarian subserviency to the powers of this world. Seven bishops voted in the majority of the House of Lords which threw out Romilly's Bill abolishing capital punishment for a theft of five shillings. Every tyranny, whether that of the Tudors, of the Stewarts, or of George III., found, it is needless to say, its most thoroughgoing supporters in the clergy of the establishment, who seemed to have been liberated from the dominion of the Papacy only that they might cower more slavishly at the foot of the throne. One bright spot in the dark record there is. The clergy, as receivers of tithes, had even more reason than the land-owners to dread the repeal of the Corn Laws; yet they made far less outcry and, indeed, accepted the measure generally with resignation, while some of their leaders gave it a decided support. Justice as well as charity suggests the inference that their reactionary course in politics was determined less by love of pelf than by desire of protection for their creed. Of late some of the clergy, especially of the ritualistic clergy, have been, or fancied themselves to be, democratic, and have acted, or affected to act,

on the principle of Lamennais: that the Church has a greater interest in the future than in the past. But the theological catastrophe of Lamennais himself is a mournful warning of the dangers which beset an attempt to reconcile Hildebrand with the Revolution. Human nature cannot be cut into halves and governed by opposite principles in different spheres. Liberty can never be congenial to a priesthood which demands the prostrate submission of the intellect and the soul. Aspiring Popes in the Middle Ages were, to a certain extent, revolutionists: they often stirred up rebellions against Kings; not, however, because the Kings were tyrants, but because they were schismatics or maintained the independence of the State. Innocent III. excommunicated and deposed the tyrant John for disobedience to the Church; but when John had submitted to the Church, Innocent, in defence of the tyrant, excommunicated the framers of the Great Charter. If Henry II. had been willing to respect ecclesiastical privileges, his arbitrary and centralizing policy would have continued to find a zealous minister in Becket. All attempts to liberalize the Church of Rome have come to nothing. Even Montalembert, whose political liberalism was blended with perfect orthodoxy, died under a cloud of Papal displeasure. Whether the Church of England will be able to cut the political moorings by which she has so long been held, and float over the waters of the democratic deluge, is a very doubtful question, especially as the Latitudinarian party among her clergy seems, since the death of Dean Stanley, to be almost extinct.

IT is the general fate of Irish parties to be broken up by personal rivalries, and personal rivalry has probably not been without its influence in bringing about the rupture between Mr. Parnell and Mr. Davitt. But the two men, though alike agitators and disunionists, represent, socially and economically, different ideas and interests. Mr. Parnell represents the tenant farmer; Mr. Davitt represents the labourer, who is really the greatest sufferer, and is often at least as harshly treated by his employer, the tenant farmer, as ever a tenant farmer was by his landlord. "Do not suppose," says the writer of "On an Irish Trout Stream" in *Macmillan*, "that the tenant farmer lives in the miserable hovels that, propped up often with fir poles to keep them from falling, bulge out here and there upon the public road. These are the homes of labourers, whose average wages in this district, which is a good one, are 1s. 2d. per day. The tenant farmers are graziers holding mostly from one to three hundred acres of admirable grass land, with tillage enough for horse, corn, and two or three acres of potatoes or roots. An English farmer would say it was underrented at twenty shillings, and would well bear the premium in the shape of good-will which these Irish tenants—not starving Connemara peasants, but substantial grass farmers—pay one another for the privilege of occupation at such a rent." Such, the writer says, is the case in a district admirably illustrative of a large slice of the south of Ireland. These tenant farmers are ardent followers of Mr. Parnell, and confidently hope under his leadership to deprive their landlords of what remains of the rent by a continuance of the agitation, without having to expend any money in taking advantage of those purchase clauses which the Government in its simplicity busies itself in framing. Nothing can be further from their minds than the nationalization of the land or any agrarian legislation in favour of the man who lives in the hovel propped by fir polls, and whose wages are twenty-eight cents a day. But Mr. Davitt being a genuine enthusiast wants to do something for the dweller in the hovel: he is an agrarian Communist, and a nationalizer of the school of Mr. George. If the British Government were Machiavellian it would not have much difficulty in getting up a conflict between the tenant farmer and the peasant; indeed, it is by no means certain that the extension of the franchise to the peasantry will not result in something of the kind. The writer in *Macmillan* says, by the way, that the tenant farmer's name is just as likely to be Smith or Jackson as O'Flaherty or Phelan, while his ancestor not improbably was a soldier of Cromwell's. So much for the poetic theory that the Land Leaguers are the representatives of the old Irish tribesmen, reclaiming from the Saxon invader the confiscated land of the tribe.

THOSE who write treatises about the three races of this Continent—the English, Irish, and German—will soon have to add to their list two more, the French and the Italian. Of the presence of the Italian race in large numbers, we are made aware in a rather unpleasant manner by the intelligence from New Jersey, where some poor Italian immigrants have been exciting the disgust and alarm of the people by eating unclean food. That people should be eating unclean food in the land of promise is certainly a doleful incident. But there are Italians and Italians. The difference between a Piedmontese and a Calabrian is fully as great as that between a Prussian and a Bavarian, and scarcely less than that between a Protestant Irishman from Ulster and a Catholic Irishman from Connaught. Since

the unification of Italy we have half forgotten that Metternich's saying, "Italy is a geographical expression," however offensive, was not untrue. The peninsula with its adjacent island, was inhabited by people of various races; and, though nominally comprehended in the German Empire of the Middle Ages, had not been really under one rule since the time of the Romans. The influences which, in the course of history, have acted upon the inhabitants of different Provinces have been as various as their origin and government. Both under Spanish and under Bourbon rule, the kingdom of Naples was singularly unfortunate. Calabria, from which a large proportion of these emigrants come, is to the rest of Italy what Connaught and Munster are to the rest of the United Kingdom. The population is backward in civilization, is uneducated, is sunk in superstition, and multiplies recklessly on a land which will not support it. It seems that to complete the unhappy parallel absenteeism prevails among the landowners. The Calabrians, however, appear to be good workers, and they are politically harmless; their thoroughly foreign character and ignorance of the English language are guarantees enough against their forming another Tammany. These poor exiles, therefore, may be welcomed without misgiving; in a happier land they will presently put off those parts of their character which lead them to eat unclean food.

THE two severest tests of national character perhaps are civil war and pestilence. The nation which preserves its humanity in civil war, and its presence of mind in pestilence, may be allowed to have established its claim to moral greatness. It cannot be said that the French have borne either of the tests well. Their civil wars, from the time of the Burgundians and Armagnacs down to the days of June, and the rising of the Commune, have been hideous orgies of ferocity; and now we see them at the approach of pestilence totally losing their presence of mind, and not only taking wildly to flight, but, in their delirium of alarm, attacking the physicians as propagators of the disease. Perhaps the people of Normandy would tell us that they are not to be pledged by the conduct of those of Southern France, in whom Montalembert still found, as he said, the evil traces of subjection to the Roman Empire, and whom Napoleon, after sweeping away their youth by myriads to fill his armies, graciously designated as *cette abominable population du midi*. The transcendent filthiness of the low quarters of Marsailles and Toulon may be assumed also to be connected with moral degradation. Among the Spaniards the trepidation seems to be as great as among the French: they are stripping naked, and sponging with disinfectants every traveller who presents himself at their frontier. Ethnology may see in this a confirmation of the theory that the Iberian race, like the Gallic, was a branch of the Celtic family. Another curiosity of the situation is the treatise of a man of science at Berlin, who, it seems, eulogizes the cholera as a beneficent instrument of natural selection, destined to remove the less desirable members of the race. This reminds us of a recent article in a popular journal of science, deprecating interference with intemperance on the same sociological ground. People hold up their hands in horror; but there is no reason to doubt the philanthropy or even the sensibility of either writer; nor is it easy to show, on the pure evolutionary hypothesis, why congenital disease or sickness should be preserved, or why agencies which weed them out of the human race should be regarded as scourges and repressed.

A BOOK by Renan is always an intellectual event, but his "New Studies in Religious History" is less of an event than anything that he has written before. The longest and most important of the essays is the one on Buddhism, that supposed rival of Christianity, the cardinal doctrine of which has, in the whirligig of intellectual revolution, curiously found its way into Europe, under the guise of the Possimism of Schopenhauer. A real rival of Christianity in the most essential aspect, Buddhism certainly is not, since it has produced nothing comparable to Christendom. In India, its original seat and the scene of its apparent triumph, it has utterly died out, while over the numberless millions outside India, who swell the nominal muster-roll of its adherents, it reigns with a languid sway, and has nowhere produced either an active religious character or anything that deserves the name of a civilization. The history of its foundation and the person of its founder, are so enshrouded in myth that doubts have been felt as to the founder's personality; but Renan seems to be right in saying that there are precepts, bearing the seal of a peculiar religious character, which attest the historic presence of a real and original teacher. Buddhism was evidently an insurrection against Brahminism and Caste. The Nirvana, which has been interpreted by some as annihilation, by others as absorption in God, is evidently an escape from endless transmigrations. It corresponds pretty closely to Schopenhauer's philosophic aspiration, which is, in effect, escape from consciousness; though the European conditions which

have produced Pessimism differ greatly from those which in India gave birth to Buddhism. Caste, however, proved to be too deeply rooted for subversion, and showed the invincible tenacity of social prejudice by completely triumphing over its heterodox assailant. So great a movement could hardly fail to leave some trace on the character of the people; and, perhaps, in the regions where Buddhism prevailed, it may have steeped in a deeper languor the quietism of the Hindoo. But a rival of Christianity, once more, it cannot be called, since it has produced no life or work which can be said in any way to rival Christendom. Even Monastic Christianity has been, or was, in its prime, energetic and fruitful, compared with Lamaism. Perhaps the most curious and important episode in the history of Buddhism is its sudden conquest of China, the last nation which upon a superficial view would have been thought likely to be fascinated by a Hindoo reverie. "Among the contrasts," says Renan, "which the infinite variety of the human mind presents, that of India and China is the most striking." Chinese society, from the earliest ages, has been founded on a basis purely human, without prophet, without Messiah, without revelation, without mythology, and has had no end in view but temporal well-being and the right organization of life in this world. The characteristic feature of the Chinese mind is its denial of the supernatural and the refusal to acknowledge the existence of anything which it cannot comprehend. Confucius was merely an economist and a moralist: when his disciples began to talk about religion, he asked them whether they knew enough about the things of earth to be busying themselves about the things of heaven. The contrast, says Renan, runs through literature and institutions, showing itself in the possession of political histories from an early date by the Chinese, while not a line of history has been written by the Hindoos. Yet Buddhism was received in China with enthusiasm. What caused the typically positivist community thus to be fascinated by the religious philosophy of the dreamy, speculative and mystical Hindoo? "Religious barrenness," says Renan, "often disposes to credulity: races of men devoid of religious originality are often predestined to believe and embrace everything." It may be so, but surely it is also open to us to ask whether we have not in the singular eagerness with which China received Buddhism, a proof that in any positivist and Confucian society there is a hidden want, and that the religious tendency of men, though suppressed and dormant, everywhere exists, ready to manifest itself as soon as religion presents itself to their view.

RENAN is a man of religious taste, but avowedly he is not a man of religious connection, so that we need not shrink from asking whether his perceptions of religious character are not sometimes at fault. When he suggests that the Raising of Lazarus may have been a pious fraud, we feel that, on any hypothesis, the suggestion is utterly revolting and inadmissible. But we also feel that his ethical judgment is astray when he sees in Francis of Assisi the nearest counterpart of Christ, and a fulfiller of the programme of Galilee. We may apply the same practical test which was applied in the case of the alleged rivalry between Buddhism and Christianity. What did Francis of Assisi create? A monastic order which in time went the way of all the rest of the orders and fell into corruption and torpor. What did Christ create? Christendom. Renan himself describes the character of Francis of Assisi as a product of the sweet and dreamy valley of Umbria. There is nothing dreamy about the character of Christ as presented in the Gospel, nor is there anything in it really ascetic; the missionary Teacher "has not where to lay His head," but His mode of living apparently is that of the people, and His mission commences at a marriage feast. Nor is there any trace of intellectual weakness in the character presented by the Gospel; whereas intellectual weakness, combined with a sort of seraphic sweetness, is the very essence of the character of Francis of Assisi. How can Renan think that the rhapsodical addresses of the Saint to his brother the sun, and his brother the wind, and his sisters the moon and the water, are the most beautiful religious poetry since the Gospels, and conceived in the spirit of the Gospels themselves? The Saint's love of animals, though amiable, is somewhat fatuous, and some of the miracles connected with it are positively silly. "Everything took in his hands a poetical and concrete turn. He lived in that state of mind in which is created the imagery which serves as the first basis for language or mythology. In a winter's night one of his disciples saw him go into the garden and make men of snow, saying to himself: 'There, that large one is thy wife; those two are thy sons; those two are thy daughters, and those other two the valet and the hand-maid. Make haste and clothe them, for they are dying of cold. But if so many cares are too much for thee, content thyself with serving the Lord.'" Surely this is not childlike simplicity such as is everywhere found in the Gospels, but childishness such as is not found in the Gospels at all.

FROM all sides stones are being flung at classical education, which now pays, like other hoary and fallen despots, the penalty of too absolute and too long a reign. The last stone was flung by Mr. Herbert Spencer, who accuses the classics of engendering militarism, the evil principle which in the religion of the Unknown takes the place of the devil. It is perfectly true that the Greeks and Romans were war-like: that they were so is fortunate for civilization, which would otherwise in its infancy have been trodden under foot by the Persian and the Gaul; as now, in its maturity, if Mr. Spencer could succeed in bereaving it of spear and shield, it might be trodden under foot by the barbarism of the Don or of Dahomey. But Napoleon and his marshals were almost as untainted by any knowledge of Greek and Latin as Genghis Khan. American character has certainly not been formed by classics; yet in what country is the worship of military glory more intense? Four men, totally destitute of political qualifications, Jackson, Harrison, Taylor and Grant, have been made Presidents solely as a tribute to their military exploits, which, in the first three cases at all events, were far from rivalling those of Cæsar. After the late war military titles were as much the rage as ever was any barbarous fashion among the tribes whose customs are recorded in Mr. Spencer's Tables of Sociology. Pensions, upon a prodigious scale, are being lavished upon soldiers, which would be scornfully denied to men who had grown grey in the civil service of the State. The great crime of classical education is that it is not education in physical science. Anathema to anything but physical science is the cry of the hour. But these tidal waves of opinion, which seem as if they would overflow the intellectual world, find their limits and at length recede. Humanity will emerge again, and the classics, as the best manual of humanity, will regain whatever place may properly belong to them in education. The old mode of teaching the ancient languages, the gerund-grinding and the compulsory Latin verses, will remain under water for ever. In the meantime classical studies are now in most universities made optional, and no one can justly complain if they merely hold their own in a fair field.

A BYSTANDER.

HERE AND THERE.

IN his address to the Ontario Press Association the President, Mr. C. Blackett Robinson, threw out some suggestions which the members would do well to ponder upon. With justifiable pride that gentleman claimed that the press of Canada as a whole is characterized by considerable enterprise, not a little literary ability, and, outside the extreme party organs, with a fairness which enables it to compare favourably with the public organs of any other country. Unfortunately the unscrupulous manner in which many prominent journals conduct their party warfare deprives the press as a whole of half its power, and renders impossible that interchange of thought and social courtesy amongst its representatives which ought to characterize citizens of the great republic of letters. Criticism, opposition, political antagonism, or commercial competition, are desirable and healthy, and when conducted on honourable lines and in gentlemanly terms rather add zest to, than interfere with, the social amenities of co-workers in "the fourth estate." But it is impossible and undesirable to bring together for mutual advancement or individual pleasure men who in cold blood dub each other cut-throats and thieves and shelter themselves under the exigencies of party. Every person who has the welfare and advancement of the public press at heart will be glad to think, with Mr. Robinson, that there are signs of an improvement. It is a reproach to the press that, in this respect, it is following rather than leading public opinion. Intelligent men of all shades of politics are revolting against the diurnal hash of billingsgate and slander that is served up to them with news of the hour, and are either turning to the independent organs or content themselves by reading merely the intelligence columns of offending papers and treat the editorial writing with the contempt it deserves.

AMONGST other results of the fierce newspaper war in Toronto is the arrangement made by the *Mail* to get duplicates of the European telegrams supplied to the *New York Herald*. But whilst recognizing the commendable enterprise shown in the collection of news, we may be pardoned for reminding our contemporary that it labours under the disadvantage of receiving intelligence specially adapted to the tastes of mediocre New Yorkers, and notably the Irish element in that heterogeneous community. This is particularly apparent in the cablegrams published anent the dynamiters, in the undue prominence given to Parnellite movements in the House of Commons, and in the prophecy that O'Brien was to come triumphantly out of all the libel suits brought against him—a prediction which was immediately contradicted by the news that a verdict for \$17,500 had been given against him.

THE Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., Manchester, England, warns young men of the better class who contemplate emigration that Canada presents no opening for clerks as such, and no intemperate or extravagant or lazy young men are wanted. There is an unlimited demand, he informs his fellow-countrymen, for strong, healthy youths and young men willing to commence and stick to farmwork in order to gain sufficient experience before taking up their own land, and he strongly recommends such to come out here and make their own terms with the farmers, rather than pay premiums to agents on the other side. So satisfied is Mr. Newett of the soundness of his advice that he has sent out his eldest son to settle in Ontario.

THERE were twenty-six failures in Canada reported to Bradstreet's during the past week, as compared with fifteen in the preceding week, and with thirty-two, nine and eleven, respectively, the corresponding weeks of 1883, 1882 and 1881. In the United States, they report 241 failures last week, as compared with 225 in the preceding week, and with 155, 105 and 75, respectively, the corresponding weeks of 1883, 1882 and 1881.

COULD not our Canadian tramway companies take a lesson from a sister company in Brighton, England? In that town an experimental car is driven by electricity, and the project is considered in every respect a success. The car runs along the shore every ten minutes, picking up passengers as it goes, and can be stopped, when hailed, as easily as an omnibus. Its motion is sliding and pleasant. Its capacity is apparently unlimited. Beyond this, and the anticipation that it will pay a handsome dividend, is the further and greater advantage that the horses which are now employed in the laborious work of dragging the tram-cars can be put to some less cruel use. To say nothing of the long hours they are made to toil, and the extremes of weather they are exposed to, tram-car horses undergo an amount of daily and hourly punishment not dreamed of by most of those who use tram-cars. Does it ever occur to such people that the strain upon a horse that is called upon to start and stop a car every minute or half minute is tremendous? The break helps, no doubt, to check the car in pulling up, but every start means a dead-weight pull. Who has not pitied some poor car horse struggling over a crossing on a wet day, plunging and nervously feeling for a foothold on the slippery pavement and still more slippery rails? And what a dead letter the bye-law against over-crowding cars is! When occasion demands, people are allowed to crowd these vehicles not only to the imminent danger of their destruction but to a degree that makes it positively cruel to the horses. The substitution of electric, or steam, or compressed air power for draught horses in tram-cars would necessitate the use of wheels all the year round, and by consequence would entail the track being kept clear of snow in winter, but this would be a by no means impossible task in the larger cities, nor would it be so costly an item as the sum now appropriated to veterinary surgeons' fees.

IT is possible that in Canada—perhaps even in Toronto and Montreal—there may be a few persons who might profit from the following remarks of an English contemporary: "A much-needed crusade has been inaugurated in London against the disagreeable habit many male persons have of swinging and twirling umbrellas and canes. It never appears to occur to such persons that the public possesses rights which they are bound to respect. Dudes, with a faint idea that they may be taken for cavalry officers unattached, frequently carry their toothpicks—which is the Anglo-Italian for umbrella—as if they intended to charge an imaginary bull-frog. Corpulent old gentlemen are also great offenders in this respect. They carry a stick as if it were a lance at rest. Twirling sticks or canes is a most objectionable practice, dangerous alike to sight and limb. Ladies frequently threaten the sight of their dearest friends in this way, and a law ought undoubtedly to be passed compelling people, if they will carry dangerous weapons, to lower the point."

THERE is a warning note and a great deal of sound sense in the following extract from the *Chicago Current*, on the Sunday question. However repugnant and intolerant the Puritan Sunday may seem to the advocates of innocent Sunday recreation for working people, it ought ever to be remembered that a loosening of restrictions must be accompanied by wise guarantees that the day of rest be used decently and in order, or it may soon be lost to those who need it most:—

The workingman should keep constantly in mind that he owes his weekly day of rest to a religious principle. Horse-races, circuses, theatrical performances and the like on Sunday, all tend to break down this principle and sentence him to uninterrupted labour. With this in mind he may have his Sunday music in the parks, but he must not have beer-fights with it; he may have his family gathering beside the still

waters, but he must not flavour the occasion with much out-door sport. If Sunday is so little sacred that Jack may play, it will soon be all work and no play for Jack, and that is what has made so dull a boy of him in many other countries.

A MOST extraordinary attempt to cross the Atlantic in a small boat is now being made by a Captain John Traynor, and not only is the tiny craft in which the attempt is being made about the smallest that has been engaged in such a venture, but Traynor is introducing an entirely new feature in his foolhardy undertaking—that of coming across the ocean by the aid of oars. Captain Traynor, it appears, left New Haven, United States, at five o'clock in the afternoon of the 7th ult., and was towed out into the sound by a local yacht. The small craft is what is called a dorry, used by fishermen on the banks of Newfoundland. It is named the Harold J. Bibber, and is only seventeen feet long. Traynor calculates that he will be able to row across the Atlantic in about one hundred days, and has provisioned his little vessel for a six months' voyage. The sole companion of the adventurer is a dog called Jumbo. It is said that Traynor's motive in making the attempt is to practically demonstrate the superior quality of his dorry as a lifeboat. Traynor said he would rely upon his oars to take him across the Atlantic. If he succeeds in his attempt Traynor will exhibit the boat both in England and on the Continent. In the despatch containing the information it is not stated what coast in Europe he intends to make for first.

MEM. for bathers. Blue bathing suits are doomed. There is nothing so remarkable about this change of fashion as that it did not occur before. Blue never was the correct colour for the purpose—it resembled altogether too closely the complexion of the average wearer a few seconds after entering the water, and besides was too near the colour of water "in bulk." Red bathing suits are much more attractive and becoming. An enthusiastic aesthete, his soul fired with the appropriateness of the change of fashion, suggests that the new suits will convey the idea that the sea which comes to kiss its new-made bride, the shore, is full of blushes.

A LONDON writer has put into plain Anglo-Saxon a protest against some modern fashions which has long been in the minds of less courageous men. He refers to the practice, too common amongst city ladies, of aping male attire and demeanour. Any tendency, he truly asserts, on the part of women to wear or imitate the manners of boys must be distasteful to the sex imitated. No one, except a masculine Miss Nancy, could ever like the close-cut hair of Rosa Bonheur, her boy's jacket, and her horsey proclivities. George Sand, who almost eschewed the name of Madame Dudevant, was well-known to the inhabitants of the Latin quarter in Paris, where she walked and strutted in male garb, to the disgust of manly men. Nearly everyone knows that Fanny Kemble rode in the saddle like a man, and dressed on such occasions as a sort of genteel jockey, a fact which did not popularize her with the gentlest of her sex nor her male acquaintances. Lady Harberton, who is the champion of the double skirt, has a decided penchant for mannishness, but the English people are not favourable to the unsexing of the softer sex. "Dr." Mary Walker is well known as the practical advocate of the wearing of breeches by women; but the "doctor" has not made any marked headway in her reform. The latest boy imitator is Miss Harriet Jay, the authoress. A visitor lately found her at her desk, at work on a serial story, "costumed in an elegant suit of black velvet, a natty short jacket, and well-fitting knickerbockers." The lady said that she generally did her literary work in that attire, and the writer thought her "exceedingly quaint and picturesque." To the average male mind this boy-imitation would not appear to be just the thing, for it disclosed that which ought to be hidden for the sake of romance—viz., the feminine proportions. The more the female form is hidden, the greater the charm. Then, again, women cannot stand, or sit, or walk like men or boys. The male attire does not correspond with their form, and lack of correspondence is not pleasant. Susan Denin and Charlotte Cushman, for that reason, were always awkward Romeos.

AFTER the Tower, St. Paul's, and perhaps Westminster Abbey, there is no London "sight" more invariably included in a visit to the great New Babylon than Madame Tussaud's Exhibition. Not only were the Baker-Street wax-works a never-failing source of delight and wonder to the juvenile mind, but children of a larger growth usually found ample reward in that exhibition for the pains of making their way to the otherwise not interesting street. Madame Tussaud's time-honoured institution has now been translated to Marylebone Road, which visitors will remember lies to the north of, and runs across, Baker Street. The new gallery is larger, finer, more fitted for its purpose than the old one in Baker Street, over the Bazaar. In the new building the accumulated treasures of the house will

be more fully displayed, and much that has been hidden away will be brought to light. The hall where the kings are is brighter, the museum of Napoleonic relics is more roomy, and the chamber of horrors more dismal and ghastly than in the old place. The new figures will be all in their places shortly, and then the public will pour to see them. The public always does. High sensitiveness thinks itself above "that sort of thing," but when no other place of amusement is prospering the moral waxworks show is certain to be well patronized. If you went in out of the heat you would find it full; use it as an umbrella and you would still find it crowded—that old gilt and garnished suite of rooms in Baker Street.

THE latest fashion started amongst the idiotic portion of society in Paris is, it appears, that of painting the finger nails with landscapes or portraits. It might be thought that no person not actually insane would be so incredibly silly as to adopt this method of personal adornment, and yet we are told that there is an artist in Paris who is making considerable sums by finger-nail painting. And yet those persons who undergo this operation would, no doubt, be full of pity for the degradation of the savage who wears a ring in his nose and tattoos his face.

A CURIOUS paragraph has been going the round of the English press, according to which the Queen has laid her commands upon the Prince of Wales that he is not to attend any private dinner where the total number of guests exceeds fourteen. And yet the peerage tells us that his Royal Highness was born on November 9, 1841, so that he will in a few months have completed his forty-third year! Says a correspondent of the *Manchester Examiner*: "I really do not profess to have any means of knowing what kind of duty the Queen expects from her family, but I cannot believe that any man of forty-three would allow even a mother and a sovereign to dictate how many, or how few, guests he is to meet when he goes out to dinner. It would truly be a dignified thing for the Prince whenever he is invited to the houses of his friends to have to send and ask how many people were to meet him before he ventured to accept. There was a similar tale going about twelve months or so ago with respect to the Duke of Albany, who, we were gravely informed, was not allowed to dine out at all without the Queen's permission. Those who invent these absurd stories simply offer an insult, intentionally or not, to the members of the Royal Family about whom they are circulated."

LORD STRATHNAIRN has put on record on the House of Lords' paper his opinion that the British army is being "inundated with short-winded, pigeon-breasted, dwarfish, and under-age recruits." It was the long-service men (he avers) who fought in the Soudan, not boys. It was the Marines who did the greatest service, who are long-service men with a pension. When we go to war we call upon the reserves for the men we want, and so weaken our second line. Lord Strathnairn is going to raise a debate in the House of Lords about the great peril England is running. Lord Hartington is not likely, however, to change the policy of the War Office at the suggestion even of Lord Strathnairn.

MR. THOROLD ROGERS is said to have written an article for one of the monthlies, giving in plain terms his views about the history and the character of the House of Lords. If it is anything like the speech which shocked the *Times* into calling the professor a scholar and a gentleman, it will be lively reading. Mr. Rogers has a direct method of speech which is very "awakening," even when it is not at all convincing.

JOINT STOCK COMPANIES LEGISLATION.

IN these days, when joint stock companies play the chief part in all enterprises which are beyond the compass of individual capital, it is desirable that the mode of organization should be easily understood, and the principles on which they rest should be such as will stand the test of criticism. The marvellous increase of joint stock companies has been greatly aided by the adoption of limited liability. Few people would be willing to make investments, the extent of which could not be gauged; many would venture when the limit of liability was definitely marked. Unlimited liability, credited with doing wonders for Scotch banking, had powerful advocates; and some thirty years ago limited and unlimited liability, in a measure, divided political parties in the United States. If limited liability had been defeated, the development of the joint stock system to anything like what it has reached would have been impossible.

The general laws of Ontario, under which the joint stock companies are formed, have been conveniently grouped together in a single volume,*

* Joint Stock Companies Manual. B. J. D. Ward.

and directions are laid down by which a charter can be obtained at a small expense. General laws to regulate the conditions of incorporation have much to recommend them. They save the Legislature much time that would otherwise be spent in wrangling over innumerable applications for charters, in which all sorts of special privileges would be asked, and they mete out one uniform measure to all to whom charters are granted. The uniform charter law is the destruction of special privilege, the dispenser of uniform rights. A charter obtained under the protection of a general law breeds no envy and excites no hostility. A less enviable fate has not seldom attended special charters. There are periods in the history of nations when a phrenzied desire to multiply charters of incorporation seizes the public; and when folly has run its course disaster is not far behind. The objection that general laws, under which companies may be chartered, tend to facilitate the schemes of promoters who take advantage of the popular phrenzy to secure individual ends, may be grounded; but experience shows that quite as much mischief has been done under special as under general charters. Never did the phantazies of the joint stock company promoter run so wild a riot as in the days of Law and special charters.

Charters obtained under general laws, whenever they are applicable, are the fairest to all interests. Under them rival companies stand on the same level of privilege; none has an unfair advantage over the others, and none can complain that it is stinted in its privileges or abridged in its rights. The principles on which the charters rest are all important. An essential provision is that which guards the capital from being tampered with. On this point the Ontario law contains an admirable provision: when the capital of a company has been paid in, it is necessary to see that it is not given back again by way of loan. This safeguard is provided in the following words:—"No loan shall be made by the company to any shareholder, and if such is made, all directors and other officers of the company making the same, or in anywise assenting thereto, shall be jointly and severally liable to the company for the amount of such loan, and also to third parties to the extent of such loan, with legal interest, for all debts of the company contracted from the time of making such loan to that of the repayment thereof." From the operation of this provision, building and loan societies are exempted, for the reason, no doubt, that these societies are supposed to receive landed security for their loans. Directors have interpreted this provision as a license to them to loan on the security of the stock of the company; and the returns show that such loans now amount to \$1,459,261.05. The exception could not have been intended to authorize this form of loan. The reason for exempting building and loan societies from the inhibition, though resting on solid grounds, does not extend to loans on the company's own stock, such loans having the effect of diminishing the company's capital by paying part of it back. And the Ontario charters treat such loans by a loan company as a reduction of the capital. The debenture debts, together with other liabilities, are not to exceed a certain proportion to the capital; and the charter expressly provides that "all loans or advances made by the company to its shareholders upon the security of their stock shall be deducted from the amount of the paid-up capital upon which the company is authorized to borrow, but this provision shall not be deemed to authorize the making of such loans." This salutary provision ought to be made applicable to all loan companies, and Parliament would do well to adopt this rule. A bank is prohibited from lending on its own stock, and just as strong reasons exist for bringing loan companies under the same inhibition. The capital is the foundation of the whole superstructure of credit which these companies raise, and this foundation ought to be secured from the liability to be mined.

It may be that building and loan societies which do business in more than one Province are not amenable to the laws of Ontario. Under the British North American Act, the Provincial Legislature is empowered to make laws for the incorporation of companies with provincial objects; and the decision of the Privy Council on the Church of Scotland Temporalities Fund shows that property held in two Provinces cannot be controlled by laws passed by the Legislature of one of these Provinces. The conclusion from analogy is clear; but the point is not beyond dispute. The *Crédit Foncier Franco-Canadien* set up business, in two Provinces, under a charter granted by the Legislature of Quebec; and when afterwards it went to Ottawa to ask a release from an obligation it had entered into at Quebec—not to charge more than six per cent. interest—the French-Canadian press raised a question of legislative competence, contending that the incorporation of such companies rested entirely with the Provincial Legislatures. But this did not prevent Parliament altering the province-granted charter of the *Crédit Foncier*. These companies are themselves not free from doubt on the point; and they sometimes think it desirable to get the sanction of the Provincial Legislatures and Parliament at Ottawa to any charter amendment they may require.

On the assumption of a divided legislative authority, which appears in fact to exist, it would be difficult to bring all the building societies and loan companies under the operation of a single law, as the banks have been; the special charters of the banks containing only a few particulars in which no principle is involved. And yet it is desirable that the public should be able to know what are the powers and privileges of any particular company. If the Federal Legislature would bring under a general law such companies as may be under its control, this desirable object would be gained; for in Ontario a general law is already in existence.

There is a periodicity, more or less regular, in the ebb and flow of the demand for charters, and the approach to high water may be taken as a symptom of general inflation. At low tide, an extinction of charters takes place, through the winding-up process. Valuable hints may be taken from the varying signs of the times; but the number of those who possess the temperament necessary to enable them to profit by such indications is small.

C. L.

GOVERNMENT IN THE NORTH-WEST.

In the article by G. B. E. on this subject, published in *THE WEEK* of June 5th last, among a good deal that is true, there are several statements which challenge criticism.

That there are abuses, very properly noticeable in the public press, that ought to be remedied goes without saying; but great allowances must be made in the case of a new country, just being opened up where new and unexpected problems must inevitably occur, and keep occurring, for solution by the puzzled government of the country. One can hardly expect to find in the frontier towns of Alberta and in the mining camps of the Rocky Mountains the machinery of the law as carefully adjusted and as smooth-running as we have been accustomed to in the eastern Provinces.

"The only government worthy of the name in the North-West are the Mounted Police" is true in the main, but it may fairly be questioned whether this is such an unmixed evil as "G. B. E." seems to think. The remark is trite—that any government is better than no government: and the lawless element of the frontier requires to be kept under by a strong and firm hand. "G. B. E." is no doubt correct in stating that western growth and eastern growth are essentially different; but he does not appear to realize the difference or its results, and certainly does not suggest a careful study on his part of the elements that go to make up western society. One can get but very little idea of the subject from visiting the towns along the line of the railway, where there is a mongrel sort of society, largely composed of riff-raff from the East.

If one compares the present condition of society in Alberta with that of Montana, Idaho, or Texas at the corresponding period of their settlement, the comparison will be found entirely favourable to Alberta. It must be remembered that it is only within the last five years at the farthest that there has been any influx of population into this district beyond trappers, miners, and whiskey-traders of former years; and that, when the Mounted Police first came into the country, this was the class with whom they had to deal, and who still form a large proportion of society in the North-West. Almost any old-timer can bear testimony to the importance of the work done and being done by the Mounted Police, which it is only fair to characterize as of incalculable benefit to the country.

As to disregard of the boundaries of judicial districts, and interference by the authorities at Regina, in the Macleod Division, at least, we have not experienced any trouble or confusion from this source. "G. B. E." has probably not devoted much time to the "North-West Territories Act 1879," or to the "Administration of Civil Justice Ordinance." A writ of summons can, of course, be served in any judicial district, just as an Ontario writ can be served out of the jurisdiction of the Ontario Court, or a writ from the County Court of York can be served on a defendant in the County of Peel; but, if by "a writ with an ominous legal name," "G. B. E." means a writ of execution, he will find if he try to enforce such a writ in the Macleod Division, even if issued from Regina, "the central sun of North-West autocracy," that he is in the language of our cousins, "way off." In the first place he must file a transcript of judgment, and then, unless the transcript be endorsed "immediate execution," wait for thirty days before he can issue a writ of execution from the court here, on which alone the Deputy-Sheriff can act. That this is the case is felt by some members of the legal profession to be unfortunate; particularly as the sheriff, whose head-office is at Regina, has jurisdiction throughout the territories. Such, however, has been the ruling both in the Calgary and Macleod Divisions of the second Judicial Districts.

"The Mounted Policeman knows no conventional line." By turning

to the Dominion Statutes it will be seen at once that the N.-W. M. P. have jurisdiction throughout the North-West Territories—unrestricted to any particular district—and hence the mounted policeman very properly knows no “conventional line,” except the boundaries of the Territories.

“G. B. E.” is wrong in stating that “until recently there was no appeal from a stipendiary magistrate except in cases involving capital punishment.” The North-West Territories Act provides for an appeal in cases of contract and of trust where the amount claimed exceeds respectively \$1,000 and \$500. The appeal in all these cases however is to the Court of Queen’s Bench in Manitoba, and if “G. B. E.” had discussed the question whether the Act professing to grant the appeal were constitutional or not, he would have discovered the real point at issue. “There is no Habeas Corpus Act in force” is an assertion for which the grounds and reasoning should have been given. The legal profession would probably be glad to receive light on the subject. However, the discussion of this and the preceding question as to appeals would be entirely out of place in any but a strictly legal journal.

In his last paragraph “G. B. E.” calls attention to a real grievance. That the same official who causes an arrest should also prosecute and try a case is manifestly contrary to all principles of justice. The difficulty is to suggest a remedy where there are so few men in the country qualified to act as justices of the peace.

C. C. McC.

LORDS AND COMMONS.

WRITING to *Bradstreet's* concerning the pending controversy between the Houses, Prof. J. E. Thorold Rogers propounds a theory which, as coming from a teacher of men, and a member of Parliament, deserves, in present circumstances, more than ordinary attention. Briefly stated, his contention is: (1) that the rights of the House of Commons and its whole constitution (including the capacity of the persons to sit in it, the franchise, and the people’s right of representation) are the result of positive enactments; (2) that the right of the Lords to sit in Parliament depends on the issue by the monarch of a writ of summons, which, there being no statutory provision to the contrary, may be withheld by him, acting under the advice of his responsible ministers, from any peer who may be considered incompetent or idle; and (3) that while the functions of the Lords is to give advice to the monarch in respect of proposed laws—advice which may be disregarded or not, at discretion—it belongs to the Commons alone to give validity to laws by their consent.

In seeking for some historical or other foundation for these pretensions, one cannot but be struck with the fact, to be read on every page of English history, that the Commons owe the vantage ground they now possess very largely to the assistance rendered them throughout their parliamentary history by the Lords. Without the constant check on the monarch given by the Lords, from the days of the Plantagenets to the victory in 1688, many of the enactments which now secure the privileges of the Commons would certainly not have been wrung from the Crown. Moreover, the very existence of many of these enactments prove that the Commons in obtaining them won a legal share in the government that they did not possess before. Previously, the government lay solely with the monarch and his nobles; and the share of these in it is nowhere specified by Act of Parliament, simply because it is a right superior to all enactment. It existed before Parliament did; and it has never since formed the subject of Parliamentary enactment, because, through long generations of constitutional layers, it has never, until Professor Rogers arose, been called in question. But the reverse is the case with the share in government belonging to the Commons. Save custom and privilege, this all rests upon positive enactments, which define the share of the Commons as one of the three constituents of the government, and generally does so at the expense of the sovereign.

Since the period of the first intrusion of the Commons into government, an almost total transference of power from the monarch to Parliament has taken place. It has not been a transfer from the monarch to the people exclusive of the nobles, but from the monarch to nobles and commons alike. Happily, within the age of memory, there has never been other than a conventional dividing line between the two orders; and it was the Peers, side by side with the Commons, that wrung from the monarch—for the Parliament as a whole—a large share of his power; which thenceforth became vested, not in the House of Commons alone, as Prof. Rogers imagines, but in the Parliament of Lords and Commons, the latter of whom gained a very large access of power, which was secured to them in every case by special enactment, while the former, gaining specially nothing beyond the information of these privileges as a constituent part of an

integral Parliament, of course needed no special enactment. Because owing to their gradual admission to new rights of government, these newly acquired principles were confirmed to the Commons by statute, while the privileges of the Lords, belonging to them before Parliament was, have not been so declared, it is surely a little too much to claim a monopoly of privilege to that branch alone, whose present law-making power, in as far as it had any existence, was so doubtful that it required to be confirmed by statute.

The power of the Crown having passed into the hands of Parliament—of Lords and Commons jointly, and as a whole—it belongs to them in their joint capacity, and not to either separately; and although under the ancient constitution the Crown might, perhaps, decline to summon certain peers to Parliament, it does not follow that its modern representative, the Cabinet, can do so likewise. The Cabinet is really nothing but the executive of the majority in the House of Commons. As such, from the force of circumstances, although it is unknown to the constitution, it has become the supreme power in the State; but, inasmuch as the ancient prerogatives of the Crown have descended, not to the House of Commons alone, but to the whole Parliament, the governing majority of the one house cannot assume the exclusive exercise of this nor any other right; it cannot ignore the other house’s share in government; and it can no more refuse to issue a writ of summons to a peer than to a borough.

In reply, it may be fairly said that the conditions of the case have of late so changed that all this, of acquired right, prescription, and privilege, is really beside the question. DEMOCRACY is here: government has passed into the hands of the people; the House of Commons represents the people, and by it alone must affairs be administered. Well, be it so; only—who are the people? Are not the Lords a part of the people? but how is their voice heard in the Commons? As now constituted, the Commons may represent a timocracy or an ochtocracy; but it does not represent a true democracy—of lords and labourers, manufacturer and artisan, farmers, priests, and peasants. Such are the “people” to whom government belongs; and though not elected by direct vote, it is none the less true that the House of Lords represents in a very real manner much of the true strength of England; for in it is seen embodied, as nowhere else, the centuries of achievement in war, letters, science, art, that have made England what she is.

In all other countries the monarch, by breaking the power of the nobles, made an easy prey of the liberties of the commonalty: but in England, mainly by reason of its identification with the common interests, this bulwark of an aristocracy has been preserved. And more; the nobles and Commons, mutually aiding, have become King!—exercising their sovereignty by a Ministry which has hitherto, it must be admitted, very fairly represented the balance of opinion in the country. But would it continue to do so if the veto power of the peers were taken away? Is our model constitutional government entirely free from the danger of growing into a despotism? *Or is it on the very verge of becoming one*—worse than that of our ancient kings—from which, perhaps, as of old an Upper House of Parliament, independent of the popular vote, alone can save us? With any other than the English people—whose sound instinct of freedom may always, we hope, be depended upon in an emergency—we should say, yes!

To trace this danger, show how and in what manner the House of Lords, while offering a ready means of averting it, may be brought more into harmony with the spirit of democracy than as an hereditary chamber would form a subject for a separate paper.

J. H. MENZIES.

THE CHURCHES.

THE Rev. Newman Hall has expressed his intention of re-visiting Canada. He expects to reach Niagara at the end of this month.

DR. HELLMUTH, formerly Bishop of Huron, and recently appointed Suffragan Bishop of Hull, England, is paying a visit to his former diocese, where he has met with a most cordial welcome.

A NEAT and commodious chapel has been erected on the Island, for public worship. The Bishop of Toronto preached an appropriate sermon at the opening. St. Andrew’s on the Island will prove a great boon to summer residents and visitors.

THE new Roman Catholic Bishop of Hamilton has everywhere in his diocese met with a favourable reception. A scheme is on foot to erect a handsome palace for him in the agreeable town of Paris. A sum of \$8,000 has already been raised for the purpose, and it is expected that the sum will be largely supplemented by subscriptions in Hamilton.

THE death of the Rev. Mark Pattison has just been announced. This typical and cultured Broad Churchman came into prominence in connection with the once famous “Essays and Reviews,” to which he was a contributor along with Dr. Temple, Lewellyn Davis, Baden Powell, and others. Mr.

Pattison was more of a *litterateur* than a theologian, and has done excellent and congenial work in the field of letters.

SOME dastard has set fire to the English Church at Burke's Falls, Muskoka. From the fact that it was burned at midnight in the summer season, it is hardly conceivable that its total destruction could have been the result of an accident. As the building was uninsured the loss falls heavily on a struggling congregation. The Bishop of Algoma makes an urgent appeal for help in the erection of a new church.

Two important Presbyterian congregations in Toronto have been a long time in choosing pastors. Charles Street congregation, vacant since the resignation of the Rev. John Hogg, who has gone to the North-West, lately invited Rev. J. K. Smith, Galt, to become their minister, but he has decided to remain at his present post of duty. St. James' Square Church, in which Principal King, of Manitoba College, so long ministered, is still without a pastor.

THE Bishop of Saskatchewan has just returned from England, where he has been for half a year raising funds for his extensive diocese. During this visit and that of the previous winter the Bishop succeeded in raising over \$55,000 including grants from societies for the Episcopal Endowment Fund, and for the Emmanuel College, Prince Albert. Nearly \$75,000 is now invested for the former fund, and \$10,000 is ready for investment for the college, and all the buildings and the additional buildings nearing completion are free from debt.

THE Presbyterian Church in the Southern States is rigidly orthodox. It can therefore readily be imagined that when a distinguished and scholarly clergyman of that Church comes out as an exponent of the theory of evolution a great sensation would be occasioned. In a thoughtful paper, in the last number of the *Southern Presbyterian Review*, Professor Woodrow argued in favour of the theory. The appearance of the article has occasioned a keen controversy. This much, at least, is satisfactory in relation to it, that it has been conducted in an excellent spirit. There has been no bandying of epithets and unworthy imputations. The mode in which the discussion has thus far been conducted marks an advance in the style of theological controversy, which too frequently had an *odium* of its own.

COMPARATIVELY little attention was directed to the English Houses of Convocation. They are now coming into prominence. There are strong evidences that the bishops and clergymen of the Church of England are approaching fuller sympathy with the people. It is a remarkable fact that on the Franchise Bill the Lords spiritual voted in favour of the measure. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York and ten bishops voted in the minority in the House of Lords, while only two recorded their votes for the rejection of the Bill. There is also a strong movement favouring various reforms in the Convocation itself. A proposal is made for the formation of a third House, to be composed of laymen, who will thus have a voice in the affairs of the Church. More satisfactory representation than exists at present is desired. The appointment of a board of missions, and the subject of deaconesses have occasioned lengthened debates. The important changes proposed have been received with considerable favour.

WITH all its wide tolerance within certain lines, it is marvellous how exclusive the Church of England can occasionally be in matters of minor import. Wide diversities as to doctrine and ritual are allowed. Divergence can be tolerated within the fold; but the spirit of exclusiveness to those without is ludicrously at variance with the large-hearted breadth that in other things characterizes this grand historic Church. A goodly number in the Anglican Church sympathize with Evangelicalism. A few in England and on this continent supposed that the time was ripe for a moderate revision of the Prayer-book, a more pronounced antagonism to ritualistic practices, and in some respects an approximation to Non-conformist Churches. They organized the Reformed Episcopal Church, in the expectation that it would afford relief of conscience, retain all that was distinctive in Episcopacy, and appeal to the popular heart. From the outset, for various reasons, it failed to meet with the sympathy and success expected. High Churchman and Evangelical alike stood aloof. The former because of its protest against most that was dear to him; the latter because it left the fold and went into the wilderness. It is now slowly falling to pieces. The other week the Rev. R. A. Bilkey, an able and vigorous preacher, left the Reformed Episcopal communion, and was ordained deacon by the Bishop of Toronto, and has become the colleague of Rev. Mr. Baldwin in the Church of the Ascension in this city.

ASTERISK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

To the Editor of *The Week* :

SIR,—If there be a fault at all in the matter, probably it lies with the "Average Man" himself, that, according to your contributor, he is "ignorant of the true inwardness of woman's rights." For there are numbers of men in the Dominion who are well acquainted with the "Woman's Rights Platform," and are consequently, I suppose, above the average, who would no doubt be happy to inform the "Average Man" if he were to enquire. Besides which, there is a good deal of literature on the subject to which he might refer were he absolutely on the search for knowledge. The "industrious gatherer of unconsidered trifles" who has taken upon himself to represent the "Average Man" in your columns has, however, evidently not been so industrious as he thinks, or he would know that the action of Ah Wung Lee on assuming his wife's name on his marriage is by no means a first example, as the British Peerage furnishes Ah Wung

Lee with a number of respectable precedents. And the fact that no interminable or costly legal process has come between Ah Wung Lee and his wishes shows that the statute books of the United States have either contemplated such an emergency, and provided for it, or, regarding it as a man's right, have set nothing in the way of it.

S. A. CURZON.

THE PIC-NIC BOY.

THE Sunday school-house-pic-nic boy is on the war-path now,
With *malice prepense* in his heart, defiance on his brow;
We know, yes, well we know he is, alack-a-day! alas!
We found it out the other day, when sitting on the grass [mirth,
With raptured thoughts of heav'n born bliss, and hearts surcharg'd with
And not a single thought betwixt ourselves and mother earth,
As suddenly we rose and found, with sad and angry hearts,
By that cub's undermining tricks we'd squashed a plate of tarts;
And when we turn'd to drown our grief, we felt at once that he
Had placed a pinch of horrid salt in each one's cup of tea,
Remarking, in his low, profane, exasperating way,
About our looking "bully cheap," and "how's yer purp to-day?"
We "ran to catch him e'er he fell," but only tore our clothes,
Whilst he had skip'd behind a tree, his finger at his nose.

But punishment o'ertaketh guilt, and has done since the fall,
"The mills of gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small,"
And this young, rising, Christian boy, who goes to Sunday school,
Is no—sweet heav'n be prais'd and thank'd—exception to the rule;
For, shortly after, prowling round amidst some stumps of trees,
He poked and stirr'd, midst other things, a nest of bumble-bees;
Oh what an active Band of Hope he suddenly became!
Such howling, acrobatic feats, would add to Barnum's fame:
He rubb'd, and scratch'd, and raced around, a sort of "as you please,"
Whilst, putting in a pile of work, those pious busy bees
Rebuked in sharp and stinging terms that low blaspheming lad,
Whose sentiments were more than strong, and less refined than sad.
O! kindly fates, who curs'd us with the school-boy's baneful glee,
Yet blest us with it's antidote—the gentle bumble-pee.

H. K. COCKIN.

THE EXPERIENCES OF SAN PANCRAZIO OF EVOLO.

From the German of A. Schneegans.

IV.

You ought to have seen the bustle and the stir, and to have heard the shouts and the exulting laughter which filled the streets of the little town of Roccastretta at daybreak next morning! The men stood in the doorways, with their large hoods drawn over their heads; while the women, their faces protected by their long black scarfs, stood gazing out of the windows. From house to house, and from street to street, the same jubilant, laughing dialogue was exchanged: "Ha, ha! what did we say yesterday? He has come to his senses during the night! Early yesterday morning we flung him into the sea, and immediately, only yesterday evening, he has sent us rain! And what a fine precious heavenly rain too! Yes, yes! Evolino is still a good honest patron; and a better, an honestester we would not ask for anywhere!"

As for Padre Atanasio, it was manifest he did not know very well what face to put upon matters. What good humoured, saucy remarks too were made at the good father's expense, as with slow and dignified step he took his way across the market place of the town, where the idlers were accustomed to assemble at early morn.

"Well, now! Padre Atanasio, you see our way was not such a bad way, after all! It has brought old Evolino to his senses again at any rate."

Padre Atanasio, however, like a prudent man as he was, did his best to present a cheerful and unruffled mien, answered all salutations with a truly beatific smile, and replied to the light banter of his parishioners with a honied sweetness.

"One never turns in vain," he said, "to the blessed saints. And although, this time, he has been rather roughly handled, and somewhat harshly treated, San Pancrazio still loves this town and its people too well to be angry thereat, and to repay evil with good is a heavenly maxim."

"All right, all right!" shouted the laughing, teasing crowd; "we know that you must talk in this way; but we know also that this rough handling had to be resorted to; and so long live Don Cesare, who proposed it to us!"

"And who also prevented good Evolino's being exposed to the torture of fire," answered little Don Cesare, with a loud voice, as he approached his friends from the by-street in which he lived, and received from all sides with dignified self-complaisance the praises, congratulations and honours of them all, as if it had been he and not the blessed Pancrazio who had gathered together the clouds, and had poured forth the vivifying and precious rain upon their fields and gardens!

An unwonted seriousness and gravity sat upon the usually laughing face of the little shipbroker; and he spoke with the dignity and elevation with which his illustrious name sake might have been accustomed to speak in the senate house beneath the shadow of the Capitol after a victory over the Gauls! A careful observer, however, could not have failed to remark the restless feverish wanderings of his eyes, and a strange convulsive twitching which seemed at times to get the mastery over his right hand, and caused

it, without any apparent motive, to double itself fiercely, as if actuated by a vehement desire to smite someone. At times, too, the same desire was manifested in the quick almost savage clutch with which he grasped the knife in his belt.

For only a short time did Don Cesare allow himself to revel in the enthusiasm of his fellow citizens. Turning suddenly to Padre Atanasio, he exclaimed:

"Come now friends, no lingering! Not an hour longer ought we to suffer our good patron saint to remain in the water. He has heard us—more quickly, also, than we dared hope, and just so quickly ought we to show our gratitude to him, and place him again with all honour in his chapel. Come along, Padre Atanasio, and Signor Sindaco must come too; for all who took share in yesterday's proceedings must bear a hand again to-day. If they will not do so, the Saint may take it into his head to do them a mischief."

All were at once impressed by the cogency of Don Cesare's reasoning, the good father and Signor Sindaco not excepted, for the latter never ventured to have any other opinion than that of the majority of his fellow townsmen. And so the whole population once more took its way to the headland of Evolo, spite of wind and rain, across the wet sand, their hands in their pockets, their hoods and kerchiefs drawn over their heads and faces; Don Cesare at the head of the procession between Signor Sindaco and Padre Atanasio.

"By the by, where is thy little sister, Carmela?" asked the father all at once, smiling slyly, and looking down sideways at his neighbour the while.

"Oh, Padre Atanasio, I am not at all anxious about her," replied Don Cesare. "She was early afoot this morning already; she gave me no peace, she was eager to catch this precious rain; the dear, good girl."

"Yes, indeed," answered the father, "a virtuous maiden is Carmela, and a pretty. Now, this is no matter of mine, but others have likewise noticed it; I should be greatly pleased, Don Cesare, if I could see both of them kneeling before the altar together. I am speaking of Nino, Don Cesare, I am speaking of Nino, who is courting her as if there were not another girl in the whole of Sicily."

Behind the good natured tone in which these words were spoken the father concealed a quiet laugh at the sarcasm which he was glad of having an opportunity of indulging in, at the expense of his neighbour. Of this sarcasm, however, the latter seemed unaware, for he replied quite seriously:

"That is going to happen very soon, Padre Atanasio, and they are to be betrothed in the chapel up yonder before the image of the good Evolino."

Both his neighbours stared at him with astonishment.

"I am sure I should like to see it with all my heart, my good Don Cesare. Only Nino appeared to us rather too wealthy for such a marriage," remarked Signor Sindaco.

Don Cesare replied quickly: "I was of the same opinion myself, Signor Sindaco, no later than yesterday; but since this morning—"

"And what has happened since yesterday?" asked the Padre with the greatest astonishment.

"I may venture to tell you, now, my good Padre Atanasio," answered Don Cesare—and had any one observed him they would have seen a roguish smile gleam from his eyes—"yesterday when we were hurling Evolino from the cliff into the sea, everybody was calling for rain! Now in what way does rain concern me? I shouted along with the others because I considered it right to join them in their prayers; but I myself, all the while, in the bottom of my heart, was calling for something altogether different."

"So, so!" ejaculated the father, and stealthily, behind Don Cesare's back, he poked Don Sindaco in the ribs, and looked round triumphantly upon the advancing throng, winked at them most significantly, and appeared, all of a sudden, in the consciousness of his seer's gift of penetrating the inmost recesses of the human heart, and discovering its most secret thoughts, to overtop the others by his head and shoulders.

"Yes, every one is allowed to do that," continued Don Cesare; "and see! the good Evolino has fulfilled the desires of the others in giving them rain, and I think that he will also fulfil thine, Don Cesare; for there is not one of them all who has meant as well by him as I!"

Meanwhile Don Cesare was not unmindful of the foreign ship; his eye roved rapidly over the horizon; but, as yet, nothing was visible, and his hopes and yearnings must, whether for good or evil, be content to confine themselves to Carmela and Nino.

They had now reached the foot of the headland.

"I think we ought to stay down here," said Signor Sindaco; "to haul the rope out of the water from above there would never do. The saint would, most assuredly, be damaged if we did so."

No one had anything to object to such a proposal. Forward was then the word. In Indian file, one behind the other, they straggled on towards the foot of the steep cliff, the Sindaco at the head, next the Padre and then Don Cesare, followed by the rest, for all the world like a procession of Capuchins. The rocks and boulders lying scattered about the beach had become exceedingly slippery; from time to time as a hooded man or maiden stumbled or rolled in more or less ludicrous postures upon the sand, or with a view to save themselves, caught hold of the clothes, arms or legs even of their neighbours, shouts and laughter ascended from the jovial throng. In this manner the whole company, heedless of the pouring rain, continued their march in the best of spirits and in the frame of mind best suited to the pious work in which they were about to engage.

Suddenly the whole procession stood stock still. Signor Sindaco, a little in advance, remained as if rooted to the spot. His face became of a chalky whiteness. His knees knocked together, and his plump and once rubicund cheeks trembled almost as badly as his knees, and the bewildered spectators were unable to decide whether it was the sharp sea breeze or

the effect of sudden horror which caused his hair to assume so erect a position.

"Holy Virgin!" was all the Signor Sindaco could utter, "holy Virgin!" His lips moved convulsively, but no other words passed them. *Vox hæsit faucibus*, his voice stuck in his throat.

"What is it? What is it?" was shouted on all sides, and all with one accord pressed forward over the smooth and slippery rocks and through the shallow water in order to obtain a nearer view, but a numbing horror overmastered them all; for there, upon the steep cliff, in a niche of the rock stood the saint, San Pancrazio, whom yesterday morning they had cast into the sea, but, horror of horrors, without his head—and his head was resting upon his folded arms—and greatest marvel of all! he carried in his hand the key of his chapel—the very key which, yesterday, they had all seen sticking in the lock was now hanging from one of his fingers!

Speechless from fright and wonder, all without exception, old and young, men and women, remained standing where they had halted: a cold sweat broke over their limbs; closer and closer they crowded together for mutual protection, while every hand made devoutly the sign of the cross on breast and forehead, and every mouth murmured a prayer to the blessed Madonna.

Even Don Cesare Slyboots, who, as we know, was well acquainted with the whole history of the miracle, felt himself strongly moved by the emotion of the others and agitated with the same agitation; he felt his knees totter under him, and his blood freeze in his veins. He crossed himself devoutly, and following the impulse in his soul, murmured, without any savour of hypocrisy: "Holy Virgin protect and save us."

Padre Atanasio, as became his sacred profession, was the first to venture forward. Pushing the trembling and utterly incapable Don Sindaco on one side, with hand uplifted and eyes raised towards heaven, he advanced; and then, overcome by his feelings, dropped upon his knees, an example which was immediately followed by the whole crowd. Then he raised his eyes, first to the place where both men and saints alike are expected to carry their heads—but here, nothing met his awe-struck gaze but the battered trunk with its jagged splinters appearing where the head and neck used to be. Shuddering, the Padre lowered his eyes to the breast of the saint, where the head was lying upon the folded arms. A new horror fell upon the bewildered Father as he looked upon this strange and wondrous apparition, and he was compelled to lay hold of the earth with both hands to keep himself from falling prostrate upon the beach as if he had been felled by a blow. His parishioners, apparently, perceived nothing of this, for they believed their pastor to be lying there in an ecstasy of devotion; and so, casting their eyes reverently towards the ground, with one accord they prayed their murmured prayers of thanks.

"San Pancrazio, dear, good, only Evolino!" prayed the crafty Don Cesare in the silence of his heart, "remember me now, and grant to Padre Atanasio a wise and prudent determination; and dear Evolino, do not forget that, above there in thine own chapel my little sister Carmela is sitting with that accursed rogue, Nino; and oh! vouchsafe also to that wanton fool, that Nino, a wise and prudent determination . . . so that no misfortune happen this day!"

To the unhappy Evolino, however, in his headless and battered condition, thought and hearing and the vouchsafing of a determination must have been a much more difficult matter than it had been heretofore when he was in the possession of all his members and all his faculties, for quite a while elapsed ere Padre Atanasio awoke from his stupor. At last, however, and all of a sudden, a bright, clear ray of inspiration flashed into his soul; and a tremor ran through his limbs.

"I understand the sign and am able to interpret it," murmured the father, whilst he kissed devotedly the feet of the saint. "Be blessed, be blessed, San Pancrazio of Evolo."

Then he arose, turned round to the anxiously expectant multitude, and opening his arms exclaimed:

"A miracle, a miracle, the saint has wrought for us! A miracle also has he accomplished upon himself! He has sent us during the night the rain, the long-looked for, much-wanted, precious rain. He has risen from the sea into which we cast him yesterday, victorious, triumphing over man's devices; and now here he stands upon dry ground, as becometh a saint. Just look at him; in token that, from to-day, a new, a holier, a purer bond of union subsists between the patron saint and the objects of his care, San Pancrazio has, with his own hand, taken from his shoulders the old heathen head which, to your detriment and in defiance of the Madonna, he has hitherto borne, and, in token of what he requires from you, he has withdrawn the key from the door of his chapel and has hung it upon one of his fingers—that you are to set up a new image in his chapel—that the old Evolino, as ye were wont to name him in memory of his heathen past, died to-day, and a new San Pancrazio enters into his place, a most holy and blessed saint, who will love you and protect you and will never more suffer the old pagan who was concealed under this honourable garb to plague your town and your land with drought and dearth and deadly pestilence?"

So spake the honest Father. Signor Sindaco nodded a hearty assent to his words, and Don Cesare, naturally, did the same. Once more the saint was placed, but this time carefully and with pious and loving hands, upon the shoulders of four sturdy townsmen; the head was confided with reverent gesture, by Padre Atanasio, to the keeping of Don Cesare, while the Padre himself, bearing the key on high in his uplifted hand, headed the procession which slowly and in deep silence wended its way to the shrine.

In the little shrine above, however, there were two beings who had passed an awful night. Like one in a frenzy and out of her senses, Carmela had thrown herself upon the earth in front of the altar. "The saint! the saint!" sobbed the unhappy girl: "it was he!—he called my

name!—I saw him!—he flew up the steep cliff—he followed me; the glory about his head shone dreadful through the night. Holy Virgin, I implore thee, protect me, pardon thy sinful child!"

Nino in vain strove to pacify and sooth her. "No," she screamed and thrust him from her, when he attempted to raise her from the ground. "I was wrong, very wrong to follow thee, Nino; the saint has warned us, and is going to punish us. Didst thou not hear how he shut the door behind us? Nino, Nino! there is only one atonement possible—acknowledge me as thy lawful wife before this altar?"

Nino was sore afraid. The form of the saint stood yet before his eyes, and do what he would he could not get rid of it. A tremor ran through his whole soul; for, no matter how careless and sceptical he wished to appear, in the inmost recesses of his heart there dwelt the old, innate fear of the unknown, of those powers of heaven and hell which, at times, manifest themselves to us in ways so strange and awful, and this feeling knocked at the door of his awakened conscience in each significant, audible beat of his heart.

A close sultry atmosphere began to fill the little chapel. Through the small round and only window behind the altar a weird gloomy light made its way scarcely distinguishable from the all-surrounding darkness. Nino groped his way to the door. He wished to open it, he desired to let the fresh night air enter: he also wished to get rid of those horrible fancies which were slowly overmastering him. But the door resisted his utmost efforts! Secure and fast it lay in lock and hinge, and after groping with his fingers for a considerable time for the keyhole, he discovered that the key had been turned and withdrawn from the lock.

"*Santo Diavolo!*" exclaimed he, and an icy shiver ran through his limbs.

"*Santo Diavolo*, the door is locked!"

"Locked, yes, locked!" screamed Carmela, and springing up from her knees threw herself again upon the earth at the threshold. "I saw him, as with threatening gesture and uplifted hand he followed our footsteps; and I heard him, and I saw him, and it is he who has locked us in his sanctuary until our offence be atoned for!"

Thus the poor girl raved in a very delirium of terror and remorse. Nino listened to her perfectly helpless. What should he do? What would become of them? Escape was not to be thought of. Firmly were the hewn stones jointed together, and just as firmly the stout old oaken door hung on its hinges, and in the morning they would come from Roccastretta to replace the saint upon his pedestal; for the rain had already come! Nino could hear it patter upon the chapel roof, and as the wind blew ever more strongly through the olive trees the big drops splashed upon the broad moulding of the altar window—and they would find him here with Carmela, alone with Carmela in the chapel! and then?—when Don Cesare crossed the threshold and found his sister here alone with him? Nino was well acquainted with Don Cesare, and knew right well what he had to expect from him! There would be a fight, a fierce fight, a fight for life and death, and Don Cesare would have upon his side all the men and all the women too, and Padre Atanasio, and Signor Sindaco, all of them would side with the insulted and outraged brother of Carmela. He had not, in all likelihood, when he wheedled little Carmela into consenting to accompany him to his farm reckoned upon such a termination to his adventure.

Ever darker the night gathered about them, ever deeper the clouds seemed to be hanging over the earth, and ever more heavily fell the rain. And as Nino heard the heavy splash of the rain upon the roof, and as the moist breath of the rain-absorbing earth penetrated into the chapel through the open window, it was as if something called out to him from the depths of his heart: "Each drop of rain now falling from heaven proclaims the wondrous power of the saint; and canst thou have any doubt as to the miracle which he has wrought in thy case?"

On the following morning when the band, headed by Padre Atanasio, halted before the chapel door with the mutilated body of the saint, and when the key was placed in the lock, and the lock grated heavily, and the door, swollen by the rain, began to move slowly and painfully upon its hinges, there was one whose heart beat fast and anxiously, one whose blood coursed like molten metal in his veins, one whose hand played, as if absently, but feverishly withal, with the haft of his knife, for who could foresee what might now happen? But Don Cesare breathed more freely and let go his clutch upon his knife, and it was only after a mighty effort that he succeeded in maintaining his self-possession, and in performing decently and with dignity the part he had determined upon playing. When Padre Atanasio, with an exclamation of astonishment, remained standing upon the threshold, and when out from the darkness of the chapel from the foot of the altar two forms stepped forward, knelt down before the Padre with clasped hands, and through the deep silence which had come upon the wondering spectators, Nino's voice reached him saying slowly:

"The saint has not merely wrought a miracle upon our fields and gardens; upon me and Carmela also a wondrous miracle has been wrought this night. How it happened ask me not. Into this chapel the saint has led us with his own hand; with his own hand he has locked the door, and with his own hand he has removed the key; and at the foot of his altar we have plighted our troth; and at the foot of his altar we pray you Padre Atanasio, to bless our union!"

Then little Don Cesare shouted loud in jubilation. "Ha!" cried he, and flourished his hand enthusiastically above his head—"it was this that I asked for yesterday for myself from good, dear, only Evolino. It was this, Padre Atanasio! To you he has given the rain—to me he has given a brother-in-law. Long live Evolino!" And in his heart he added something else which, however, he did not give audible expression to.

"Evolino!" thought he, "thou wast indeed wiser than I, and whilst I was seeking for my asses, thou was bringing me to my kingdom. Thy ships

will yet of their own accord enter our harbour; but, of his own accord, would this scamp of a Nino never have taken my little sister as his wife!"

When a few weeks later the marriage of Carmela and Nino was celebrated with great splendour in the chapel of Evolo, there was standing upon the altar a new statue of the saint, a gaily painted brandnew image which Don Cesare had purchased along with other things from the foreign ship which was lying at anchor in the harbour of Roccastretta, and which he had presented in commemoration of that day of miracles to the chapel. Don Cesare, however, had requested for himself the old Evolino, and how could anyone find it in their heart to refuse him this worm-eaten, shattered image?

At the foot of the cliff of Evolo, in the cool and fragrant arbour of the farmhouse in which Carmela and Nino had taken up their abode, Don Cesare had set up the image, repaired and carefully restored by his own hand. It was standing in a stone niche, beneath the shade of the fragrant orange trees, near the ivy-mantled Greek basin, into which flowed the crystal stream of Evolo: and it would almost seem as if old Evolino felt more comfortable in this neighbourhood, in the company of the beautiful, delicately carved bas-reliefs of his former temple, here, amidst the gently murmuring winds, than up yonder in his damp, dull chapel; for a peculiar expression of calm had settled upon his old head, stripped, as it was, of the halo, beard and hair which had disfigured it. With an olympian smile he regarded the lively young couple, who on the evening after their marriage were beginning a joyous, happy existence under his care and protection; and a gleam seemed to play over his features as Nino, who had perhaps learned something of old classic lore, taking a goblet of fragrant wine poured forth a libation upon the ground before his feet, and called out: "To the gods belong the first drops; to the gods and saints be honour and glory!"

When they had all withdrawn, and when Don Cesare also had taken leave of the good Evolino, with a friendly and grateful gesture, and when the latter was standing all alone in the quiet moonlight, a soft whisper seemed to issue from his lips:

"To the old heathen god thou feelest thyself drawn, in spite of everything, thou beloved, happy heathen people; and although new names may have taken the place of the old ones in you, ye light-hearted, good-humoured, grown children, I still recognize my former worshippers, who in sunny porticoes were wont to lay fragrant garlands on the altars of the old gods, and singing, laughing, and rejoicing, spent a joyous, happy, and innocent life!"

The everlasting stars shining in silent beauty, nodded a response, and the splashing spring as it flowed onwards to the sea murmured its comforting and friendly answer to the poor forgotten god of the winds!

J. CUNNINGHAM DUNLOP.

[*End of the Experiences of San Pancrazio of Evolo.*]

THE SCRAP BOOK.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. MOODY.

"THE fact is," said Mr. Moody some days ago, "I feel ashamed at coming to say anything here. You are much further ahead than we are in America. They have more need of me in the States than you have in England. London, sir, I regard as the most religious city in the world. There is nothing like it to be found anywhere at present, and I very much doubt whether there ever was anything like it." "That is not saying much for the rest of the world, Mr. Moody," remarked his visitor. "We have a tolerable number of sinners here." "Of course you have," replied the evangelist; "because there are so many of you altogether. But take it in proportion, and you will find that the facts bear out what I say. There is nothing like it in America, at any rate. Take, for instance, your wealthy men. In London there is such a thing as sanctified wealth. That is a very rare commodity in America. The reason for that, I suppose, is chiefly due to the fact that in London you have families that have been acclimatized to wealth. Being born to wealth, they make as good a use of it as of any other gift which they may possess. But in America our rich men have nearly all been born poor. They have heaped together vast fortunes. As a consequence their wealth is too much for them, and there is nothing to compare with the great numbers of wealthy men and women who in London devote the whole of their leisure time to the service of God and their fellow-men. Why, the other day the heir to one of the greatest fortunes in London, whose name I do not wish you to publish, stood outside our meeting and held a cabman's horse the whole time in order that the cabman might take part in the service within. Titled ladies and wealthy ladies moving in the first society have gone down into the lowest slums in the districts in which we have been holding our meetings and taken care of the children and nursed the babies while the mothers spent an hour in our hall. In some of the places they opened a *crèche*, where they each took turns in keeping the babies while the mothers were at the services. Nor is it only the wealthy who have shown such energy. About a hundred persons have followed us from place to place, and have taken lodgings in the immediate vicinity of our halls in order that they might be able to work night and day and bring in the people. That is one of the great advantages you have here. You have more people with leisure than we have in America; people who have time on their hands, and who are good enough to dedicate it to the service of their fellow-creatures. Among those who helped us very materially were converts who joined us at Cambridge. There never was a place that I approached with greater anxiety than Cambridge. Never having had the privilege of a university education

I was nervous about meeting university men. But I think I had a better time at Cambridge than I had in any other provincial town, and many of the graduates who were brought in there rendered noble service in our London campaign."

"Now, Mr. Moody, compared with your last visit to England, how does this one stand?" "Better," was the reply; "better in every respect. There has not been so much newspaper sensation; but we have had more meetings, better meetings, and the work has been of a more satisfactory character every way. For the last eight months I have addressed on an average 9,000 people every day. Tolerably large congregations," continued Mr. Moody; "and we got down to the people better. There was not so much absolute work in the slums as among the middle and working classes. As a rule, the workingman will not go to meeting until he has been home first, if only for five minutes."

"And what do you think of us, Mr. Moody? Have we improved or gone backward during the eight years which have passed since you last came to England?" "You have improved," said Mr. Moody—"wonderfully improved. To begin with, there is much more brotherly feeling, more Christian union among the various denominations, than in 1876. The number of ministers, Established and non-Established, that co-operated with us all through has been much greater, and their favour and brotherly feeling were all that could be desired. Then there is another improvement, that is very perceptible, lying on the surface of society; I mean the enormous advance you have made in temperance. Eight years ago it was difficult for me to mix in your society without being constantly pressed to drink wine. Now I may say, broadly, I am never asked to touch it, and at many places where I go it is not even on the table. Side by side with the increasing zeal of the churches there has been a most remarkable absence of abuse, and the last improvement that I notice is a diminution of caste feeling. There seems to me to exist in England a greater sense of our common humanity, permeating all classes. The rich and the poor seem to feel that there is no longer that great gulf between them which was formerly there." "This is very gratifying, Mr. Moody," said our representative. "Now, have you learned anything from us?" "I came here to learn, and I have learned one great truth." "What is that?" "The great principle of divide and conquer. That is what distinguishes London above all other cities. The Church has discovered that in order to get at men it must attack them in sections. It is of no use trying to get at men in the mass. You must split them up and deal with them in detail; and to such a length have you carried this principle that there is hardly a class of a hundred persons in London that have not a society or missionary or somebody or other specially told off to look after them. For example, you have your Policemen's Mission, your Cabmen's Mission, and look at the way your shop-girls are cared for! Why, there is a friend of mine who has every week a class of no less than eight hundred shop-girls, and another has a class of six hundred."

"Now, Mr. Moody, that, you say, is what we have taught you; what have you got to teach us?" "The great thing that you need in London," replied Mr. Moody, "is homes. Homes! there, that is your great lack. The great mass of your population is homeless. At present your poor people shift aimlessly from place to place. A man may be in a room to-day, and out of it to-morrow. There is no sense of permanence of ownership such as we have in America, where nearly every man owns his own house and his own bit of land. The home was founded before the church, and you in England stand more in need of homes than you do of churches. There are no homes in the world so well found and so beautiful as English homes; but, on the other hand, the extremes meet, and there are none so destitute and squalid, or lacking in all that makes home home-like, as the homes of many, many thousands of your countrymen."

"I am never excited," said Mr. Moody, "in my most exciting meetings. I can sleep like a top within three minutes of going into a meeting, and I can be sound asleep three minutes after leaving it. If I were to get into such a state of nervous excitement as General Booth, for instance, gets into when he addresses large meetings, I should have been dead long ago. The survival of the Booth family to the present moment is to me little short of a miracle. The great defect, if I may be permitted to say so, of your service in England, especially of the services of the Church, is that they alienate the masses by their excessive length and their lack of interest and vitality. You want telegraphic services (if I may use the phrase) if the busy men of the latter end of the nineteenth century are to attend them. None of our meetings exceeded one hour in length, and they were always broken up with plenty of singing. Long services are a mistake. In short, the great need of the Church here, as elsewhere, is sanctified common-sense."—*Pall Mall Budget*.

ANNOUNCEMENTS of reductions of wages in the protected industries are made every day with gloomy iteration. It is strange that the protective tariff idol can do nothing for its worshippers now, when there is most need of its miraculous power.—*Philadelphia Record*.

It is plain, therefore, that the cause of all these embezzlements, from those of bank presidents to store boys, is to be found in the prevailing ethics of "business" among large classes of people, who devote their whole energies to making money by any and all means, who pride themselves on success, even though it is purchased at the expense of what all business men should hold most precious—truth, honour, honesty and self-respect.—*Ottawa Sun*.

It is safe to assert that at least two-thirds of the misery and suffering attributed to the use of alcoholic beverages is due to the vile poisons with which these beverages are adulterated. Copperas, bluestone, tobacco juice,

saltpetre, coal-tar and other refreshments of that nature, which are held in solution in much of the liquor that is sold, do far more to injure the health of drinking men than alcohol does. If it were made a crime, punishable with heavy penalties, to adulterate liquor, and the law were rigorously enforced, we feel confident that there would be far less drunkenness in the land, and that the number of physical and mental wrecks caused by an over-indulgence in alcoholic stimulants would be greatly reduced.—*Ottawa Daily Sun*.

THE *Pembina Express* says: "The towns are filled with Canadians and the farms are owned by the same class of people. Fully nine-tenths of the citizens of this county came from over the Canadian border." This confirms the statement made by a Presbyterian minister of Winnipeg who last fall dedicated a church in Dakota. He said that the congregation was entirely composed of Canadians, and that in a journey over a large portion of the country he seldom met any one who was not from Canada. These people have been driven over the border in consequence of the operations of the National Policy, the Canadian Pacific monopoly, and the iniquitous land laws established by the Dominion Government. They found that the effect of the protective tariff on agricultural implements was to make a farmer's outfit cost one hundred dollars more in Manitoba than in Dakota, and that the C. P. R. and land speculators, encouraged by the Tory Government, owned the pick and choice of the lands and held them at exorbitant prices. It is not surprising, therefore, under such circumstances, that they have settled in large numbers in the United States.—*St. John Paper*.

THE news of the rescue of Lieutenant Greely and the survivors of his expedition will cause no less satisfaction in this country than in the United States. Arctic exploration is a field of adventure in which there may be honourable rivalry, but in which jealousy never appears. It is a field of hardihood and hazard in which all nations feel the same interests and hopes and anxiety as well, when, as in the present case, a body of daring seamen have been apparently lost on the desolate edges of the paleo-crystic sea. It is more than three years since Lieut. Greely and a company of twenty-five men set sail for the polar regions. The rigours of the climate and the want of food played havoc with the party. They went out twenty-five; the relief ships found only seven, and these could not have lived forty-eight hours longer. It was a brave expedition; but it was also as brave a rescue as it was timely, for Commander Schely risked much to avoid delay in his life-saving errand, through ice floes that appeared impassable, and which were only penetrated with the utmost watchfulness and care.—*Manchester (Eng.) Examiner*.

THE PERIODICALS.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN appear determined to spare no pains to make their *English Illustrated Magazine* a success. The August number is, particularly for a low-priced magazine, a remarkably excellent production. The sketch by Archibald Forbes and the poem by Algernon Swinburne alone are a host in themselves. In the former the veteran "correspondent" tells charmingly of an experience in New Zealand which he met when lecturing in the gold country. The fashionable and erratic poet sings a "Ballad of Sark" in the vague maze of far-fetched and soulless terms which with a class of latter-day hero-worshippers passes for high-class poetry. F. T. Piggott contributes a capital paper on James Ward, which is accompanied by a series of cuts from drawings by that all-too-small-appreciated artist. The paper on "A Master Builder" is devoted to a sketch of the life and work of William Wykeham, also profusely and ably illustrated. Henry J. Palmer tells how knives are made at the great English seat of the cutlery trade, and there is a very readable story named "Bab" written by Stanley J. Weyman. All this in addition to the serial, poetry, and the rest.

THE *San Francisco Overland Monthly* consists chiefly of light reading this month. Its conductors are wise in thus reserving heavier subjects for less exhausting weather—if, indeed, that be the reason. In "The Crazy Professor" we have a good story with a moral. "A Legend of the Con-Cow Indians" is well told, and some exciting experiences of snakes are related under the caption "The Snakes of India." There is good descriptive writing in a paper on "Charles Kingsley's Clovelly," and the same may be said of "The Campaign at Middletown." The curious Maori custom of "Muru" is described, and its signification made clear in what will prove one of the most readable papers of the issue under notice. In addition there are contributions entitled "About St. Michael's and the Youkon," "Old Teutonic Life in Beowulf," "Reminiscences of Henry Durant," "California Mining Camps," "Peru, Bolivia and Chili," "The Campaign of Middletown" and editorial notes.

THE *Canadian Methodist Magazine* in its August issue re-prints James Anthony Froude's eloquent paper on "England and her Colonies," in which that gentleman endeavours to show that, "in the hearty embracing of a new future, when all English-speaking races will have one interest, and English and Americans, Australians, Canadians, South Africans, shall rank side by side for the common good of mankind—there and nowhere else lies the true solution of the colonial problem." "Holy Russia," "Mount of Transfiguration," "Charles H. Spurgeon," "Life Story of Bishop Simpson," "Some Curious Kinships," are amongst the principal subjects on the contents list; and well-executed engravings of Peter the Great's statue, scenes in Russia, Stockwell Orphanage, etc., give additional interest to a good number.

THE numbers of *The Living Age* for July 26th and August 2nd contain "With Baker and Graham in the Eastern Soudan," and "The Federal States of the World," "Sophocles, and Princess Alice," "The Proto-Helveticans," "The Unlucky Dukedom of Albany," "Wordsworth's Relations to Science," "Madame de Kruedener, and Wallenstein," "Tame Snakes," "Texas as a Career," "Popular Cookery," "Prayers for the Dead," "Pathology in History," "The Extinct Lakes of the Great Basin," "Habits of Burrowing Crayfishes," "Algernon Sydney, and The Prince of Orange," with instalments of "Beauty and the Beast," "The Baby's Grandmother," the conclusion of "Magda's Cow," and poetry.

THE current *Literary Life* has for a frontispiece a portrait of Mrs. Sarah R. Bolton, a Cleveland litterateur, whose career is sketched in an accompanying paper. Will M. Clemens gives a few interesting particulars about "Some Early Magazines," and there are some well-selected cuttings from contemporary literature, notably those under the heading "Anecdotes of Authors."

THE *Southern Planter* is devoted to agriculture, horticulture, live stock, and the household, and prominent amongst papers treating on these subjects are several communications on chess in wheat, its cause, effects, and cure.

BOOK NOTICES.

SONG AND STORY. Later Poems. By Edgar Fawcett. Boston: J. R. Osgoode and Co.

This has been called an ungrateful age in which to write poetry, and only those behind the scenes know how small the demand is for this class of literary work. It is not an uncommon thing for three-fourths of a small edition to be thrown upon the hands of some aspirant for poetic renown; and yet the same work may probably have been highly eulogised by portions of the press. The latter fact is explained by the laborious and tortuous manner in which authors "get at" the newspaper critic (*sic!*), and probably obtain permission to write the fulsome notices themselves. Vanity, not success, it is which stimulates the misguided author to repeat such experiments, and at infinite cost he may eventually accustom those in his own little world to think of him as a poet, and he lives in a fool's paradise ever after. All this, of course, has nothing to do with Mr. Fawcett's "Later Poems," some of which are, indeed, of very good class. He, however, is stricken by the same madness that has caused so many modern writers to publish stuff that can by no possibility live: a clever jingling of out-of-the-way words and phrases, reading smoothly, apropos of nothing. Sensuousness is substituted for pathos, eccentricity for incident, and the result is a marrowless Swinburnianism, sans morality, sans vigour, sans anything worthy. Mr. Fawcett occasionally breaks away from this enthrallment and gives us good work, specimens of which we hope to give on another occasion. The book is charmingly gotten up on hand-made paper, printed and bound in elegant taste.

ROUND THE WORLD. By Andrew Carnegie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A handsome book from the jovial author of "An American Four-in-hand in Britain." Just the book for the dog-days; that is, the book is full of easy, entertaining reading, in good open type; is free from all conventionality or bucrum, and yet is not flippant or nonsensical. Mr. Carnegie plunges at once into the middle of things, without contents, and tells his story with a supreme disdain for chapters or any other formality. He occasionally pulls up, as it were, and throws out words of wisdom, and intersperses anecdote and humour, when the spirit so moves him. He is a living exemplification of the difference between "eyes and no eyes," but is evidently at one with Artemus Ward on prophecy—that it is safe only after the event. Withal, he is a man of strong convictions, as is seen in some of his criticisms on England's policy abroad. If every man could profit himself as much as Mr. Carnegie has done by his trip "Round the World," it would be safe to say, "go thou and do likewise," next vacation.

STORIES BY AMERICAN AUTHORS. Vol. IV. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A fourth of these tastefully-attired little volumes of holiday reading contains the following six stories: "Miss Grief," by Constance Fenimore Woolson; "Love in Old Clothes," by H. C. Bonner; "Two Buckets in a Well," by N. P. Willis; "Friend Barton's Concern," by May Hallock Foote; "An Inspired Lobbyist," by J. W. De Forest; and "Lost in the Fog," by Noah Brooks.

ARCHIBALD MALMAISON. By Julian Hawthorne. New York: Funk and Wagnalls.

This exceptionally popular book has now been published in the "Standard Library" series, in paper covers, and will probably become still more well known. Those who have not yet read the novel may be interested to know that it is a story of aristocratic life in England in the first part of the century.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN MILTON. In two volumes. New York: John B. Alden.

These dainty little volumes are published in the "Elzevir Classics" of the popular book-house, and reflect great credit upon that firm. Neatly bound in cloth, with red edges, published at a very low figure, they are sure to

be appreciated, and we hope will assist in that "Literary Revolution" Mr. Alden has set about so vigorously.

A CONCISE POETICAL CONCORDANCE TO THE PRINCIPAL POETS OF THE WORLD. By Charles A. Durfee. New York: John B. Alden.

An exceedingly useful book, and of infinite value to literary men, giving titles, first lines, characters, subjects, and quotations.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MR. BURNE-JONES, the English artist, has completed a design of a religious allegory for the decoration of the American Protestant church in Rome.

THE *Canadian Dairyman* is the latest journalistic applicant for the favour and support of the Canadian public. Its vocation is embraced in the title, and our contemporary, which dates from Montreal, will be published monthly.

PROFESSOR THOROLD ROGERS, M.P., is writing an article for one of the magazines on the constitution and character of the House of Lords. It may safely be predicted that whatever magazine his contribution appears in will at least contain one lively article.

HENRY A. ELKINS, the Chicago artist, who has just died from exposure in Colorado, will be remembered by his "Crown of the Continent," "Storm of the Rockies," and other mountain paintings. He was not a prolific artist, but his close and life-long study of mountains made what he did paint all the more notable.

"LE PRINTEMPS," by Alfred Stevens, an exquisite picture, is offered as a supplement to the *Art Interchange* of July 31. It shows a landscape, in the foreground of which is the full-length figure of a girl leaning against one of two trees which rise straight, tall and bare behind her. The immediate foreground is filled with grasses and wild flowers and birds, while a little to the left is a small tree in full blossom.

A QUARTETTE comprised of Mrs. Agnes Corlett-Thomson, Mrs. Cummings, Mr. Bryce, and Mr. J. F. Thomson, sang at the Island church last Sunday, and will furnish the musical part of the service each Sunday hereafter during August. One is led to wonder, when listening to the beauty of quartette music, why our city churches do not adopt something of that kind instead of the choir which appears to be universal.

T. B. PETERSON AND BROTHERS, Philadelphia, have in press and will issue in a few days a cheap edition in book form, of Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth's last work, "Self-Raised, or, From the Depths," originally printed in weekly instalments in the *New York Ledger*, where it proved to be the most popular story ever issued in that paper. It will be in a large duodecimo volume of 658 pages, with a picture of the home of Mrs. Southworth, on the Potomac, on the cover, and at the unprecedentedly low price at which it is published it will be the largest as well as the cheapest copyright novel ever issued in book form.

MR JOHN INGRAM's new edition of "Poe's Tales and Poems" will be published by Scribner and Welford in September. The edition will be in four volumes, introduced by a biographical essay by Mr. Ingram, and illustrated with fourteen etchings, three photogravures, and a portrait newly etched from a daguerreotype said to be exceedingly life-like. An important feature of this edition is the fragment, "The Journal of Julius Rodman," which has not appeared in any previous collection of Poe's works. Some new poems are said to have been found, and altogether the edition will be one well worth possessing.

THE suggestion of Julian Hawthorne for the Yale professorship of literature is certainly worthy of respect. His academic culture has been considerable; his reading evidently wide, though one would not suppose it systematic or comprehensive; and for sheer literary ability he holds high rank among our younger authors. He far excels the favourite American writers of fiction by virtue of a sort of demoniac power of creation, and lately develops a talent for philosophic consideration of literary art in his magazine papers. Yet whether the peculiar bent of his genius, the audacious quality of his criticism, and above all, the absence of moral purpose from his work, make him an ideal teacher of literature, may well be questioned.

NOT inappropriately, Mr. John B. Alden, the enterprising New York publisher, has named his endeavours to flood the country with cheap and good books a "Literary Revolution." Amongst the many remarkable examples of nominal-priced volumes already published is Vol. IV. of the "Elzevir Library," about which the following particulars are interesting as showing how much is offered for so little. This dainty little book contains the two famous lectures by Matthew Arnold, on "Emerson" and "Numbers"; George William Curtis' splendid Eulogy on "Wendell Phillips," and Phillips' own grand oration on "The War for the Union," also Herbert Spencer's "Philosophy of Style," and "The Coming Slavery," besides contributions from Professors Tyndall, Huxley, and Orton, and Robert Giffen. The volume includes 366 pages, neatly bound in cloth, and is sold at the low price of 35 cents. In satisfaction of the querulous who cannot understand how such low prices can be afforded, Mr. Alden states the actual cost of paper, printing and binding of this handsome volume is less than 15 cents. Lovers of good books will certainly be glad of the assurance that there is such a foundation of solid "profit" to sustain "The Literary Revolution." The publisher sends free on application, a hundred-page descriptive catalogue.

BANK OF LONDON IN CANADA.

The first annual general meeting of the shareholders of the Bank of London in Canada was held 16th July at 3 o'clock the following gentlemen being present; James A. Blair, G. W. Danks, Henry Taylor, W. R. Meredith, W. A. Gunn, W. H. Winnett, B. Cronyn, I. Danks, John Labatt, John Hunter, J. Milne, T. Fawcett, L. C. Leonard, T. Hook, Geo. Taylor, Arthur Wallace, S. Crawford, T. McCormick, J. D. Noble, and others.

The President having explained the purpose of the meeting, called upon the Manager, who acted as secretary, to read the Directors' report.

REPORT.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

Net profit for the half year during which the bank has been in operation, after deducting charges of management, and all current expenses.....	\$7,400 83
Premium, on 5,000 shares of stock issued at 10 per cent. premium.....	50,000 00
	\$57,400 83
Which has been divided as follows: Interim dividend from date of payments on Capital account.....	\$ 1,337 57
Dividend No. 1 for half year ending 30th June, 1884.....	3,939 51
Amount paid engraving bank notes for circulation.....	1,885 00
Carried to Reserve fund account.....	50,000 00
Leaving a balance at the credit of Profit and Loss account.....	\$328 75

GENERAL STATEMENT—LIABILITIES.

Notes in circulation.....	\$146,110 00
Deposits payable on demand.....	101,064 78
Deposits payable after notice.....	90,856 79
Due to other Banks.....	1,724 81
Liabilities to the public.....	\$339,756 38
Capital paid up.....	140,605 00
Reserve fund.....	50,000 00
Interim dividend.....	1,337 57
Dividend No. 1.....	3,939 51
Balance at credit of Profit and Loss account.....	328 75
Total liabilities.....	\$535,967 21

ASSETS.

Specie.....	\$3,684 89
Dominion notes (Legal Tenders).....	23,209 00
Notes and cheques on other Banks.....	69,224 77
Due from other banks in Canada.....	2,525 57
Due from agents in United States.....	8,430 79
Due from agents in Britain.....	28,498 32
Deposited in Canadian banks.....	38,755 43
Assets immediately available.....	\$174,328 77
Bills discounted and advances current.....	355,306 25
Office furniture.....	2,000 00
Other assets.....	4,332 19
Total assets.....	\$535,967 21

In presenting the above, their first statement, to the stockholders, the Board of Directors have much pleasure in being able to say that, while the business of the bank has been necessarily limited during its first six months, the progress so far made, the friendly feeling locally entertained toward us, and numerous advantageous offers of good accounts we have had, enable us to express full confidence in the future prospects and prosperity of the institution.

The Directors, having received a proposal to take the transfer of the office of the Molsons Bank at Ingersoll on very favourable conditions, have pleasure in stating that they have opened a branch at that point.

With regards to the large assets immediately available held by the bank, we would merely say that the general depression in the trade and the existing feeling of uneasiness in financial circles are the motives inducing the Board to adopt a restrictive policy for the time being, which, doubtless, will meet with the approval of the shareholders.

The Directors are pleased to express their entire satisfaction with the efficient discharge of their duties by the officers of the bank.

(Signed); HENRY TAYLOR,
President.

The President in moving the adoption of the report, said that he, together with the rest of the Directors, had great pleasure in being able to present so favourable a statement as that just read by the Secretary, and he was sure that the shareholders, after taking into consideration the unpropitious time for the organization of monetary enterprise and the comparatively inactive condition of the trade of the country in general, would agree with them that the Bank had made a most successful start. He trusted that by close attention to the business of the Bank by the Directors that we would continue to have a satisfactory statement placed before us year by year. The Bank had opened a branch in Ingersoll, and the business at that point gave promise of being a profitable one.

Since the end of the year, the Federal Bank having closed their branch in Petrolia, the Directors had deemed it prudent in the interests of the bank to establish a branch there, and although rather soon to speak positively as to the success of the departure, he had assurance that gave him confidence in the future. He concluded by moving the following resolution, seconded by the Vice-President:

That the report of the Directors now read be adopted, and printed for the information of the shareholders.

The Vice-President, in seconding the above, made a few remarks upon the prospect of an exceedingly bountiful harvest throughout Canada, and trusted that the Bank, together with many other enterprises, would feel the effect in the increase of business which would naturally follow.

The resolution was then carried unanimously.

Messrs. L. C. Leonard and G. W. Danks having been appointed scrutineers, the election of the directors was then proceeded with, and when the time had elapsed for the reception of the ballots, the scrutineers, reported as follows:

To the Manager of the Bank of London in Canada.
Sir,—We, the undersigned scrutineers appointed at the general meeting of the shareholders of the Bank of London in Canada, held this day, hereby declares the following gentlemen duly elected Directors for the ensuing year, viz.; Henry Taylor, John Labatt, I. Danks, John Morrison, W. R. Meredith, Thomas Kent, Wm. Duffield, B. Cronyn, T. Fawcett, Thos. Long, Henry S. Northrop, John Leys, jr. Your obedient servants.

(Signed) G. W. DANKS } Scrutineers.
L. C. LEONARD }

After passing a vote of thanks to the scrutineers, the meeting adjourned. At a meeting of the new Board of Directors, held subsequently, Henry Taylor, Esq., and John Labatt Esq., were unanimously re-elected President, and Vice-President, respectively.

CHESS.

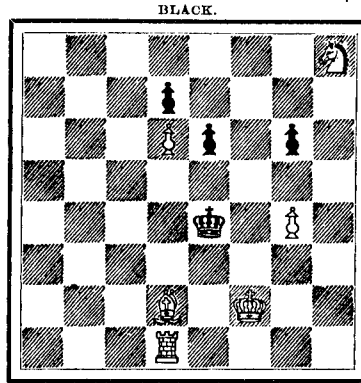
All communications intended for this department should be addressed "Chess Editor," office of THE WEEK, Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 32.

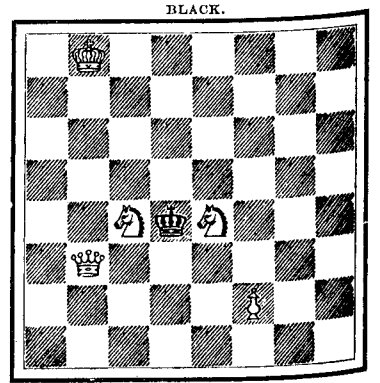
Composed for THE WEEK by J. McGregor, Toronto Chess Club.

PROBLEM No. 33.

Composed for THE WEEK by E. B. Green-shields, Montreal Chess Club.



White to play and mate in four moves.



White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME NO. 18.

Played in 1873, between Mr. J. H. Gordon, of Toronto, and Mr. G. E. Jackson, of Seaforth, in a match between these clubs:—

(Bishops Gambit.)

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
Mr. Gordon.	Mr. Jackson.	Mr. Gordon.	Mr. Jackson.
1. P K 4	1. P K 4	22. R takes R	22. R takes R
2. P K B 4	2. P takes P	23. B R 6	23. Kt K 4
3. B B 4	3. P Q 4 (a)	24. B Kt 5	24. R K 1
4. B takes P (b)	4. Kt K B 3	25. B B 4	25. P Q B 3
5. Kt Q B 3 (c)	5. B Q Kt 5	26. B takes Kt	26. R takes B
6. Q K 2 (d)	6. Castles	27. R Q 1	27. K B 2
7. B B 4	7. B takes Kt.	28. R Q 7 ch	28. R K 2
8. Q P takes B	8. Kt takes P	29. R takes R ch	29. K takes R
9. Q B takes P	9. R K 1	30. K B 2	30. K K 3
10. B K 3	10. Q Kt B 3 (e)	31. K K 3	31. K K 4
11. Kt B 3	11. Kt K B 3	32. P Q B 4	32. P K R 4
12. Castles K R	12. Kt K Kt 5	33. P K Kt 3	33. P Q B 4
13. B takes P ch (g)	13. K takes B	34. P Q B 3 (p)	34. P K Kt 4
14. Q B 4 ch (h)	14. B K 3 (k)	35. P K R 3	35. P K Kt 5 (q)
15. Kt Kt 5 ch	15. K Kt 1	36. P takes P	36. P takes P
16. Q K 4 (l)	16. P K Kt 3 (m)	37. P Q R 3	37. K B 4
17. Kt takes B	17. Q Q 3	38. K Q 3	38. K K 4
18. Q takes Kt	18. Q takes Kt	39. P Q Kt 3	39. K B 4
19. Q takes Q (n)	19. R takes Q	40. P Q Kt 4	40. P Q Kt 3
20. B B 4 (o)	20. R K 2	41. P R 4	41. P Q R 4
21. K R K 1	21. Q R K 1	42. K K 3	42. K K 4

Drawn Game.

NOTES.

- (a) Belquers favourite counter gambit. It has to a great extent superseded the old classical Q R 5 (ch).
- (b) Usually considered best. Lowenthal preferred P takes P.
- (c) Q K 2 here is bad. The text is the best move at this point.
- (d) Bad. Kt K B 3 is far better.
- (e) Q R 5 ch: would have resulted in advantage to White.
- (f) Premature, though it threatens to win a piece. He overlooks the mate if he played K Kt 3 presently.
- (g) Well played.
- (h) The only move to regain the piece.
- (i) Best. If K Kt 3 mate follows in a few moves.
- (j) Again the only move to regain the piece.
- (k) The only move to prevent immediate loss.
- (l) Forced.
- (m) B Q 6 looks better.
- (n) P K R 3 followed by P K Kt 4 would have won.
- (o) Ensuring a draw.

"THE WEEK" PROBLEM TOURNEY.

We beg to announce the following change in the programme of our 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.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1. Problems to be direct, unconditional three move mates never before published.
 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 Chas. W. Phillips.

NEWS ITEMS.

MR. MASON is the probable winner in the Handicap Tournament at Simpson's Divan, London.

MR. RUSKIN is quite justified in his admiration of the style of play favoured by the champions of former days, but his assumption that prolonged sittings and victories by the odd pawn are characteristic features of modern chess will bring him no credit for accuracy. The modern time-limit system, now generally adopted in important contests, would have been of great service in the matches of thirty or forty years ago, when players frequently consumed as much time over one move as would now only be allowed for fifteen or twenty.—Manchester Post.

It was in the quaint little village of Strobeck, and in the year of our Lord 1150, that a certain Bishop halted for refreshment, and whiled away a summer afternoon in playing chess. In 1631 Strobeck came to the front as a "chess-board" from the fact of a hunting party of nobles, with long and unpronounceable names, spending their evenings over games of chess. Again, in 1744, a remarkable game of chess was played in the village by no less a personage than Frederick the Great ("Fritz"), who was unwise enough to challenge a villager to a bout of chess, the rustic most undiplomatically walking off with every game. Strobeck woke up and found itself so famous that it resolved upon reducing chess to a science. In 1823 a chess class was attached to the school, and at the present hour the first class contains forty-eight pupils—boys and girls—whom it would be dangerous to encounter unless clad in the triple armour of the expert. Examination games are held and prizes awarded by the Geistlicher Rath.—Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

The late re-union of the Toronto Chess Club at Mr. Blackie's residence has been noticed in several of the American papers.

WHAT IS CATARRH ?

From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15.

Catarrh is a muco-purulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite amoeba in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favourable circumstances, and these are:—Morbid state of the blood, as the blighted corpuscle of ulcer, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxo-mosa, 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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What the Rev. E. B. Stevenson, B.A., a Clergyman of the London Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, has to say in regard to A. H. Dixon & Son's New Treatment for Catarrh.

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

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

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

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

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CHARLES DRINKWATER,
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Montreal, January, 1884.

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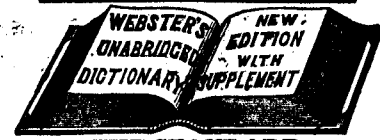
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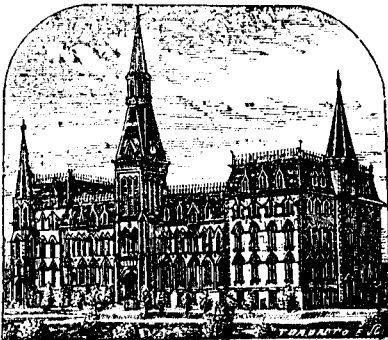
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