

THE WEEK.

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The Week,

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Edited by CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

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TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

Mr. CARLYLE once put forward a curious theory of multiplied personality. When A and B, he said, were engaged in conversation, there were really not two people so engaged, but no less than six. There was A as he appeared to B, and there was A as he imagined himself to be, and there was A as he really was; while B of course appeared as one person to A, as quite another person to himself, and yet was present in his true character, which was distinct from either. But even Mr. Carlyle would find it difficult to say how many individuals are wrapped up in the two figures which occupy so much attention in the Provincial House of Legislature as the Prime Minister and the Leader of the Opposition. Mr. Mowat and Mr. Meredith might each be said to have not three but thirty separate personalities, when viewed from the numerous standpoints which have been taken up in regard to them since this fifth Parliament of Ontario assembled. To speculate upon what the real party leaders may be like, or what their own opinions of themselves may be, would be a profitless task; but it is curious to note the different structures raised by different people upon what may be called the Mowat or the Meredith basis. To the Conservative members the Prime Minister is a usurper, a time-server, steeped in political crime in order to retain the leadership of a party returned to power by sheer weight of dollars and cents. Mr. Meredith, on the other hand, in the eyes of the ministerial party, is an unscrupulous politician, convicted of disingenuousness and malpractices, and the head of a party of corruption. The respective political organs, finding the language of polite society unequal to the task of describing these gentlemen, fell back upon that of the tap-room, and have exhausted the vocabularies of Billingsgate and the Slang Dictionary. The disinterested Public, meanwhile, estimates the objects of all this criticism, the one as a well-intended, successful, not over strong politician; his antagonist as an amiable gentleman of average capacity, who has been compelled by circumstances to do some things he would rather have left undone.

NOTHING could better illustrate the rapid manner in which Canadian public life is becoming Americanized than the fact that even the proposal to erect new parliament buildings for Ontario has been made a party question. This ridiculous position has been forced despite the protest of sensible men on both sides the House.

WITH incomprehensible unwisdom, and to the infinite discredit of political morality, the details of the Weekes perjury case are still dangled before the public by means of a correspondence in the public prints, the object of which is to shift the responsibility of the unwholesome affair upon the shoulders of some scapegoat, no matter whom. If the discredit which recent election malpractices have brought upon the heads of those who promoted them should have the effect of preventing such abuses in future, the exposure of one and the humiliation of the other will prove of public benefit.

THE unblushing effrontery with which the game of grab is being played in Ottawa is highly entertaining. Seeing the Oriental lavishness with which millions are being distributed, bankrupt Quebec insolently threatens to revolt from the Government if not conciliated with a share of the spoils, and Manitoba querulously asks what is going to be done for her. The proposal to establish a government printing office is a thinly-disguised scheme to place a few more fat appointments at the disposal of the executive. Meanwhile the unhappy taxpayer, with a beautiful faith, contributes his hard-earned money to the pool from which other gentlemen, who do not like work, are continually grabbing.

THE financial condition of the Dominion has been the subject of somewhat unfavourable comment by the *Springfield Republican*. Our contemporary points out that whilst the United States have reduced their debt by one-third, the Canadian debt has been doubled, being now \$158,466,714, and an additional \$30,000,000 is demanded for railway enterprise. The American debt represents about \$30 per capita; that of Canada, nearly \$50, and the tax per head is in the latter case \$8.80, as against \$7.90 in the States. But it is only fair to remember the different conditions of the two Governments. That of the United States has done a great work, and is paying a great debt, while the young Dominion is called upon to undertake the building of a transcontinental railroad over uninhabited mountains and prairies, in a region where ice and snow, bears and blizzards have it pretty much their own way.

BRADSTREET'S weekly returns of commercial failures are discouraging, though they are not considered to be indicative of more than temporary depression, and merchants are sanguine that an improvement of trade will set in with the spring months. In Canada there were sixty-six failures during the past week, as against thirty-five in the corresponding week of 1883, and thirteen in the same week of 1882. From the United States two hundred and forty-three failures are reported as having occurred during the week just expired, whilst in the corresponding weeks of 1883 and 1882 there were two hundred and twenty-one and one hundred and seventy-two, respectively.

It is clear that under the Act which permits grocers to sell excisable liquors, a traffic has sprung up not contemplated by the originators of that statute. It is just as palpable that a large amount of surreptitious drinking daily takes place in groceries. Though there is abundant evidence that one disastrous effect of selling alcoholic preparations in grocers' stores is an increase in female drunkenness, it is absurd to contend that men do not also largely use these places. The police are perfectly cognizant of an organized system, with watch-words and other precautions, by which grocers sell drink by retail in contravention of the law, and that there are numbers of such "shebeens" in every city where men meet daily and hourly for the consumption of beverages on the premises. This is demoralizing in every sense of the word, and ought to be suppressed. The licensed victuallers will seriously compromise themselves if, as is rumoured, they throw their influence into the scale of the grocers in resisting the abolition of, or reduction of, grocers' licenses. They are wrongly advised in regarding this movement as only "the thin end of the wedge" of prohibition. Numbers of good citizens outside the temperance party favour the reform of the abuse referred to, who would hesitate to entertain the idea of prohibition.

CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS.

THE "Bystander Papers" are not editorial, but the opinions, expressed without reserve, of an individual writer. Those who hold the opposite opinions are equally at liberty to advocate their views in the columns of this journal. It was the special object of the founders of THE WEEK to provide a perfectly free court for Canadian discussion.—EDITOR.

SUCH a demonstration as the University dinner can hardly have failed to impress upon the minds of the people of the Province the fact that a question of real importance has come to a head. Universities, like professions, do not exist for themselves but for the community. That they are merely places of education for the rich, though a prevalent, is a totally fallacious notion. In the first place, if properly organized, they afford the ladder by which aspiring merit, even when born under the lowliest roof, may mount to eminence, wealth, and fame. But, in the second place, if they are provided with sufficient means for advancing learning and science, a function not less proper to them or less important than that of education, they make their beneficent influence felt by every grade and in every department of society. Honour to labour by all means; only let us not forget that the work of Bacon's or Newton's brain is labour, and worth more than the labour of ten thousand hands, not only to philosophers or astronomers, but to humanity. Fate sometimes has agreeable as well as disagreeable surprises for us. Ten years ago university confederation seemed to be coming. There were speeches and conferences; there was in different quarters a most hopeful manifestation of interest in the subject. But local jealousies, pecuniary difficulties, denominational fears interposed. Provincial opinion was at the time under the influence of a narrow, selfish, and ignoble dictatorship, to which all generous aspirations, and all who shared them or tried to give them expression were alike hateful; the movement flagged and expired; there appeared to be no hope of its revival; we seemed to have sunk back finally into the "one-horse" system. Only a great university can be a good university; only a great university can support a worthy staff, library, apparatus; only a great university can confer degrees which will be of any value or afford an assurance of competency to the nation; only a great university can do anything of importance for the advancement of learning and science; only a great university can produce the atmosphere in which learning and science flourish; only a great university can be a powerful organ and focus of intellect in the community—all this continued to be affirmed, though in desponding tones, and it all remained unconfuted, but it also remained ineffective, and the advocates of high education had begun to turn their minds elsewhere. Suddenly the movement is renewed, and with greater vigour than before. A wealthy and generous man holds out, as it is understood, to a denominational university the hope of a large addition to its endowments if it will migrate to Toronto; a proposal to give assistance out of the Provincial funds to the college which is identified with the Provincial University, gives birth to a debate which excites interest in the general subject; and we find ourselves in a moment almost on the threshold of confederation. Even at Trinity, where it might be supposed that the spirit of religious separation would be strong, the tone of the discussion which took place the other day, though adverse to the endowment by the State of a "mammoth college," was far from adverse to confederation. To men trained as the Trinity staff have been, in the English universities, a federal university with colleges enjoying autonomy within their own gates, is the familiar model. They know that under such a system the life of the college is not lost in that of the university, but on the contrary is rather the stronger of the two, and gains in intensity by the emulation with other colleges. Probably when their thoughts recur to Oxford or Cambridge, it is not the image of the Sheldonian Theatre or of the Senate House that rises in their minds so much as those of the quadrangle, chapel, and hall of their own college. Not a sentiment, not an association, not a memory, except such as are purely local, will be disturbed by confederation. In truth, the vitality of colleges may be said to depend on the adoption of that policy, for as universities some of the existing institutions assuredly will not live forever. Sectarian enthusiasm is waning; support from that source will fail; and in the end the choice will lie between decay and migration to the centre. For religion, all the security possible is afforded by the control of each college over the religious teaching within its own walls, and the fair representation of each in the governing body of the university, which will give a veto on any professorial teaching adverse to religion: though the truth is that, as a lecturer generally wishes to please, not to affront, his audience, offences of this kind are not likely to be often committed. Each denominational college may continue to exercise its university power by granting its own theological degrees. This is an age of religious disturbance, of a free press, and of open book-stores. A university protected by tests is now like a city with gates of brass, but

without walls. Maynooth excludes doubt by immuring the student's mind; but no system less monastic, none which a Protestant or Anglican College could enforce, would shut out the intellectual influences of the age. There will of course be difficulties, and serious difficulties, in the process of confederation; there will be rival interests to be adjusted, jealousies to be removed, misgivings to be allayed; but the policy itself presents no inherent obstacle; it is the one which seems to meet, as no other policy can, at once the intellectual and the religious needs of our time. Nothing else can give us a great university; for it is evident that the further endowment, on anything like the necessary scale, of any one college by the State, if the Government could be induced to propose it, would meet with insurmountable resistance. In one of the debates on the extension of the British franchise, Mr. Lowe spoke with horror of the dreary and monotonous level of democracy, on which any mole-hill was a mountain. The orator was a strong Conservative; and to buy political picturesqueness by the retention of unjust privilege is to buy it much too dear. Yet a democratic society has its liabilities as well as its blessings. We cannot have here the historic grandeurs of the old world; but we may have grandeur in the shape of institutions which, by attracting the free and rational allegiance of the people, and by presenting centres of national pride and attachment, shall reconcile the justice of democracy with the loftier and richer sentiment of the old *regime*. Nor is there any institution more likely to play this part than a university, of which the honours are open to all merit and the benefits universal. Destiny offers to the members of the Provincial Government an opportunity which it is to be hoped they will not want the spirit to embrace. There have been junctures in Canadian history when the occasion called for the man, but the man did not appear.

THE intervention of Mr. Houston in the debate respecting co-education seems to show that the "Bystander" was, at all events, right in connecting that plan with the general movement of sexual change and perhaps with some other schemes of beneficent innovation which society, at least that part of it which is not gifted with flashing insight, must be allowed a little time to consider. Mr. Houston thinks it unnecessary to state, what everybody must know, that the "Bystander," in his notes respecting co-education, has contented himself with dogmatizing on the subject and has not cast on it a ray of helpful light. We are all, perhaps, rather apt to take the reasoning of others for dogmatism and our own dogmatism for reasoning. Mr. Houston, no doubt, believes that he is reasoning when he peremptorily dooms to derision and contempt as "fossil anachronisms" all universities which fail without further deliberation to embrace his view. It may surely be doubted whether a male university, such as the great universities of Europe, with a world-renowned staff, leading the van of intellectual progress and promoting literature and science as well as teaching thousands of students, even if it should take a little more time to ponder over the question of admitting female students, will be in very imminent danger of sinking into derision and contempt. "Ludicrous" as it may be, nothing is more certain than that in the United States co-education has hitherto failed as a general system, the immense majority of parents having continued to prefer separate to mixed places of education for their daughters. The fact is patent and rests not upon the personal evidence of President Eliot, though there is not a man living whose evidence on these subjects is worth more than his. But the "Bystander's" attitude on this question is somewhat misinterpreted by Mr. Houston. He does not obstinately oppose an experiment which a certain number of worthy people desire; he only prays that it may be tried in the safest, not in the most hazardous, manner, and that it may not, by the fanaticism and petulance of a tyrannical minority, be violently thrust upon all the universities at once. He proposes that female students shall be placed under some special guardianship. In the United States, it may be, thanks partly to the new turn given by co-educationists and sexual revolutionists generally to female ideas, there are young ladies who, under any system or absence of system, are as safe as icebergs. But all young ladies are not as safe as icebergs; at least Mr. Charlton does not think they are. If they were, why should not our female colleges redeem themselves from the reproach of fossilism and anachronism by the admission of a few young men? Has nature placed the duty and happiness of women in the line of domestic affection or in that of intellectual ambition? That is the question which demands a distinct answer before we plunge into fundamental change. If it is wrongly answered, and the error is carried into practice, a false direction will evidently be given to the aspirations of women. That intellectual ambition is higher than domestic affection, and that learning is worth more than beauty of character are positions tacitly assumed by sexual revolutionists, which some of us still take leave emphatically to deny. At all events

nature has instituted sex and ordained that it shall exercise a profound influence over the whole of our moral, social and economical life. To flout it as "Orientalism" is not to get rid of it, or to assure the success of an yco-educational policy which refuses to recognize its existence.

PERHAPS in order frankly to define his position, the "Bystander" ought to confess that, whether in the case of men or women, he is not an unlimited believer in the benefits of a long general education apart from any practical object. If a young man is destined by taste and circumstance for a learned or scientific profession, to a university of course he must go. The heirs of wealth also will embrace the best chance of escaping its corrupting influence, and becoming something higher than mere consumers of the fruits of the earth, by giving themselves a university education; though the advantage is apt to be greater to them than to their fellow-students. But of these there are not many here. In other cases, when once a youth has received a practical education, the sooner he enters some honest calling by which he can make his bread and enable himself to marry and maintain a family, the greater probably his chances of usefulness, virtue and happiness will be. In a highly civilized community his education does not end with his schooling; he continues daily to imbibe ideas and information at every pore. His calling itself, if it is above mere routine, sharpens his faculties as well as mathematics; domestic affection refines his feelings as much as poets; and his character is elevated by honourable industry and the sense of self-support. It is perfectly true, and has been proved in signal instances, that the highly trained intellect when it brings itself to apply to business details shows superiority in rapidity and method; but how often does it bring itself to apply? Even the students in agricultural colleges too often with a knowledge of scientific farming acquire a distaste for the farm. It is one of the objections to the system of small universities that, by bidding against each other in facility of graduation, they tempt into literary callings men who would be better engaged in practical pursuits. A single Mrs. Somerville is insufficient to assure us that when we have turned our own women into university graduates we shall not have to look abroad for housekeepers and mothers.

In England the session of Parliament has opened in a manner most disastrous to the nation. At the very moment when all loyal citizens ought to be laying aside or adjourning their party differences, and standing shoulder to shoulder in the defence of the Union, party spirit breaks out with the utmost fury. The immediate offenders are the extreme Tories, notably "Randy" Churchill, as by a public which amuses itself with his scampishness and absurdity, the leader of the "Fourth Party" is called. The day of statesmanship must indeed be gone, and that of stump oratory must indeed have come, when the mere possessor of a glib and rattling tongue, of whose eloquence the chief element is freedom from the restraints of sense and self-respect, can be regarded as a possible aspirant to the Conservative leadership, once held by Sir Robert Peel. With a cynical effrontery, in which no Tammany demagogue would have been so lost to shame as to indulge, the heir of the name of Marlborough has avowed that his principle in politics is victory, no matter by what means it may be obtained or what "moralists," that is, men of honour, may say; and this view of the conduct which becomes an English gentleman in public life he has not failed to illustrate, by openly leaguuing himself, for the overthrow of the Government and for his own advancement to place, with men who are openly aiming at the dismemberment of the nation. As a party chief, if the ring-leader of a mutiny can deserve the name, he has marched from one exhibition of folly to another, and shown, it might be supposed, all who are not drunk with partisanship, what, under such guidance, the councils of the State would be. At one time it was evident that the state of delirious excitement and vituperative frenzy in which he lives had brought on, as its natural consequence, a nervous collapse. Yet he and his section are supported, tacitly at least, by the kindred spirit of Lord Salisbury, whose immunity from the restraints of a high-minded and self-sacrificing patriotism is not less complete, nor his unwisdom really less profound, though, being a man of genuine talent, he knows how to assume a greater dignity of form. Sir Stafford Northcote lends himself with evident reluctance to a policy of violence, which he has not power to resist: he might be a worthy country gentleman, but, unfortunately for himself, he has succeeded, by a long course of somewhat servile assiduity as a partisan, in creeping upwards to a position in which to be weak is almost to be wicked. On the other hand, it must be owned that Mr. Gladstone has failed in doing that which, when the integrity of the nation was in peril, it was clearly his duty to do, and he might easily have done. He ought to have restrained the excesses of Mr. Chamberlain, whose only hope of gaining the object of his greedy and unscrupulous ambition lies in his being able to use his chief for

the present as a stalking horse, and who might, therefore, have been silenced by a single word. By justifying and virtually abetting disaffection in Ireland, by leaguuing himself openly with its authors, steeped as they were in loyal blood, by denouncing and trying to cripple loyal resistance, by reckless appeals to political passion, by stirring up social war, by threatening whole classes with confiscation, and at the same time holding out vague hopes of boundless plunder to the populace if it would support his designs, Mr. Chamberlain has done his utmost to drive the Conservatives to desperation, and to bring on this calamitous storm. There are in England masses of solid worth, sober sense, steady industry and genuine patriotism, which only need a trustworthy leader; but, thanks to the party system, they can find none. The common enemy meantime hovers between the camps of the two factions, ready to avail himself of their divisions for the promotion of his own designs; and thus the most powerful nation of the world is actually in danger of being dismembered by a rebellion which has not a particle of military force, and which an hour of patriotic unanimity would scatter to the four winds. Let all communities which are under the rule of party take warning by the example.

In the struggle on the Egyptian question, Mr. Gladstone's eloquence seems to have triumphed. Would that eloquence, as it influences an audience, could influence untoward facts! The conclusion, however, was foregone. The Liberal party has still a majority, irrespective of the Irish vote, and whatever dissensions there might be among its sections, the effect of a direct motion of censure is always to send straggling partisans back into their lines. They murmur to the Whip, and they growl in their speeches, but they vote. The Radicals, moreover, know that the defeat of the Gladstone Government, and the advent of the Conservatives to power would be at once followed by a dissolution and a general election, in which the appeal would be to the existing constituencies, whereas the Radical policy obviously is to pass the Franchise Bill, and hold the election with the extended suffrage. Sir Stafford Northcote when, spurred on by his extreme followers and his imperious colleague, he advanced with rueful visage to the attack, must have felt that defeat sat upon his helm. After all, the vacillation of the Government in Egypt, calamitous as its effects have been, was the vacillation of the country, which has accepted with natural reluctance and misgiving the new burden imposed by destiny. Imposed by destiny the burden is, since the route to India is by Suez; and under one name or another, Egypt will henceforth be an adjunct of the Indian Empire.

THE shudder which runs through American society at the marriage of a white woman with Frederick Douglas has a significance ominous for the social future. Frederick Douglas is not a pure-blooded negro, and he is about the only coloured man in the States who has risen to anything like eminence. Yet the marriage of a white woman with him is a portent. How can these races fuse? Without fusion, how is equality possible? And without equality, how can there be a real republic? The Roman Commons, in their constitutional struggle, insisted not only on political right, but on the right of intermarriage with the Patricians, and they showed their wisdom is so doing. After the war, when the negroes were emancipated, the prevalent belief was that the race would die out; and for a time its numbers did decrease, the slave being too stupid and shiftless, when turned adrift, to find himself a livelihood. But that solution of the problem is no longer within the range of possibility. The negro race is increasing and likely to increase. Its physique is fine; in the museum of the British College of Surgeons there is a model specimen of the human form, the original of which was a negro: only the brow is low. But fusion is more out of the question than ever, since slavery is at an end and with it the connections between overseers and black women, from which a numerous breed of half-castes sprang. The mental weakness of the negro is at present not less marked than his physical vigor, and while it lasts the political difficulty will probably continue to be settled, after a fashion, by the submission and practical elimination of the inferior race. But this, while it may prevent disturbance in the Southern States, can hardly fail to give the South as a whole a political character so unlike that of the truly democratic North as to be hardly capable of harmonious partnership under the same set of institutions. The future of the South and its relations to the North are still a mystery, and would form an excellent subject of political study for anyone who thoroughly understands the South. Such indications as there may be of any mental improvement in the negro would be an essential element of the inquiry. His achievements in S. Domingo, and wherever he dwells apart from the superior race, hold out as yet extremely little hope. In the meantime economical, and with it social, change is coming from a more beneficent source. The depressing and brutalizing grasp of slavery being removed, manufacturing and mining industries appear

to be rapidly growing up in the Southern States. At the beginning of the present year there were 1,276,422 spindles and 24,873 looms, an increase of 562,433 spindles and 9,651 looms in three and one-half years. The value of the products of the Southern mills was \$21,000,000 in 1881; it had risen to \$40,000,000 last year. The New England manufacturers will soon require protection against the South, which has the advantage over them of raising its cotton on the spot. Georgia and the Carolinas are the chief seats of this progress, while Florida has her share. In Alabama over 1,000,000 tons of coal were mined last year, and the same wealth, both of iron and coal is possessed by Kentucky and Tennessee. "All these coal, iron, and cotton areas," says the *Chicago Current*, "will within twenty years be under transformation from purely agricultural regions to beehives of manufacturing industry. Old conditions must pass away; the thunder of the steam-hammer and the roar of the furnace, and the whirr of the revolving machinery of cotton mills, are forces more potent than those of self-seeking politicians to break a solid South, dissipate prejudices and equalize political forces." There is momentous truth in this, and if historical confirmation is needed, it will be found in the fact that the North of England which, since the development of manufactures, has been the land of English Liberalism, was the stronghold of Royalism and of all that remained of Feudalism in the time of Charles I. Yet in spite of manufactories and mines, of the thunder of the steam-hammer and the whirr of the cotton mill, the negro problem, social and political, will remain. The fact will remain that two races which cannot intermarry cannot unite and can hardly fail to be more or less hostile to each other.

A BYSTANDER

HERE AND THERE.

APROPOS of the latter-day mania for analyzing foods, and the apparent delight which scientists take in making us uncomfortable by discovering deleterious qualities in almost everything we eat and drink, the *Manchester Examiner* says: "The object of all research, of course, is to discover the truth; but in the interest of the contentment of mankind generally it may be said to be a beautiful dispensation of Providence that the people of the globe generally are not supplied with eyes of microscopic power." It appears that a gigantic electric microscope has lately been exhibited at the Crystal Palace. By its assistance a picture of a drop of unfiltered water was projected on a screen, with the result that there were seen floating about in it numbers of creatures likened to serpents, crocodiles, and forms and figures like those of antediluvian monsters. Sugar and salt, beef and vinegar, cheese, and, of all things, snuff, were magnified with similar results. From the description, this new instrument is more merciless than Herr Teufelsdröckh in his dissection of men from whom all sartorial disguises had been stripped.

AH SIN, the almond-eyed conserver of the pig-tail, continues to be a thorn in the side of his American and Australian fellow-workman. The outcry against the "Heathen Chinese" throughout the Western States, and more particularly in California, is so great that legislative means of checking his immigration are sought. A measure introduced for this purpose by Senator Wilkins is now under consideration by a sub-committee appointed by the Washington Parliament, and is understood to meet with considerable favour. On the other hand, the *Nation* roundly charges the opponents of Chinese labour with envy at "the spectacle of Chinese frugality, industry, and cleanliness," and says these qualities are the reason for American detestation of Chinese. A San Francisco correspondent replies that the bestialities of the Chinese are repugnant to civilized peoples, adding that they might be passed over did there seem to be any possibility of correcting them by allowing their perpetrators to stay, to cast in their lot with Americans, to become citizens of the State, as other immigrants become its citizens. But it is pointed out, that even the bones of John have to return to China—the safety of his immortal soul demands the pigtail and a final resting-place within the borders of the Flowery Kingdom. Damnation is for him averted *per contract*, and his forwarders to these shores agree to return him, dead or alive. "And this is the conclusive argument against the Chinaman. Not that he works for too small wages, not that his rate of living is too low, but that he comes here as a parasite—to feed upon our substance, not to increase it. In and about the city of San Francisco there are many thousand Italians, who, with the Chinese, monopolize certain work, especially market-gardening and fishing on the Bay. They live for at least as little as the Chinese, they work for as small wages, they have made it impossible for Americans to compete with them in their chosen labour; yet no man ever heard any Californian propose a restriction of Italian immigration. The Italian comes here to stay; his family, if he has any, comes with him; poorly qualified as he is to become

a citizen of a republic, he is welcome. We have faith to believe that his children will be an improvement over their father."

As usual, an undue significance is given in the American press to the announcement that a "mass meeting" was held on Saturday in the Princess Hall, Piccadilly, London, "for the purpose of denouncing the policy of the Government." The cablegram adds that an overflow meeting took place in St. James' square. Now, the Princess Hall is of very limited proportions, and therefore no importance ought to be attached to the fact that an "overflow meeting" was found necessary, especially when it is remembered that Saturday afternoon is a half holiday for the majority of employés in London. But in estimating the value of mass meetings in the metropolis it is more important still to remember that the slightest pretext is sufficient to bring together a huge crowd of what might be called the floating population of the streets—a constituency which, on Saturday afternoon, includes the average working man, the professional loafer, the man who loafs because he can get no work, the genuine rough, the thief, and the pickpocket. Those who are familiar with so-called people's "demonstrations" in Hyde Park and Trafalgar Square know perfectly well that widely divergent reasons will call exactly the same crowd together—a crowd which, as a rule, does not include the employed artisan, and cares as little about politics as it does about the origin of species, and which, like the Irishman, is homogeneous only in being "agin the Government," whoever is in power. These agglomerations are always critical, and shout with cheerful impartiality for the downfall of Government or the extension of the suffrage. These are the people who cheer Mr. Bradlaugh to the echo, accompany him to Palace Yard, and who would laugh at his execution. This residuum—the great unwashed—is the stuff "mass meetings" in London are usually made of. Baron Borthwick, Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Randolph Churchill, who were the speakers at Princess Hall, make use of this element to impress the country and foreign nations, but nobody in London is deceived by such meetings. Just as Lord Beaconsfield used the Music Hall Jingoos to bamboozle the country, so the tail of the Opposition uses the mob in its attempt to discredit Mr. Gladstone. In fact, the whole policy of the insubordinate Tories is based upon Gladstonophobia, which in turn is the outcome of a cheap Jingo effervescence.

THE Athens Archæological Society has decided to make researches at the bottom of the sea in the Bay of Salamis, where the famous naval battle between the Greeks and Persians was fought. The water is not very deep in the Bay, and it is hoped that the enterprise will succeed. Since the Greeks lost about fifty and the Persians nearly two hundred galleys, which have since been lying undisturbed at the bottom of the sea, it is thought that it may be possible to bring up some complete specimens, or at least portions of them, which may afford more accurate knowledge of the naval architecture of the old Hellenes and the Persians than can be gathered from their writings. The attempt is looked forward to with great interest.

A GREAT public benefit is to be conferred in Paris. The "pledges" left by the poor in the bureaux of the Mont de Piété are to be liberated by a Government grant of over 3,000,000 francs. What this means to many a starving being left in perforced idleness—by the forfeit of the very instruments of labour, upon which a few francs, to save a dying child or find bread for hungry mouths, have been raised—may be easily imagined. Strange that a Government performing such an act of charity should at the same time turn a whole colony of honest toilers adrift!

DISCUSSING the Reform Bill now before the Imperial House of Commons, in its most caustic style, the *Saturday Review* says:

If differences of opinion as to proposed methods are easily smoothed over, it will be wholly unnecessary to reconcile the conflicting reasons and motives which will induce Liberals and Radicals to vote for any measure which Mr. Gladstone proposes. In a humorous story published long ago a set of jovial boon companions apologize to one another for taking a dram. One of them takes a glass of brandy because the day is sultry, and another because he has felt unusually chilly all morning. Only one out of half a dozen confesses he takes his dram because he likes it. The proportion of those who like the coming Reform Bill will perhaps not be much larger, but there will be no lack of excuses for conformity. Mr. Chamberlain avowedly hopes to dis-establish the Church, to introduce payment of members, and in some indefinite way to mulct the richer classes, and especially the landowners, for the benefit of the poorer. On these grounds he supports household and eventually universal suffrage and equal electoral districts. Mr. Forster desires to maintain the Church Establishment, and it may be presumed that he disapproves of all Mr. Chamberlain's revolutionary measures; but he likes a dram because the day is chilly; or, in other words, he also supports a uniform and low franchise and equal electoral districts. There can be little doubt that Mr. Chamberlain judges more accurately than his less violent ally of the future consequences of democratic despotism; but many politicians have, like Mr. Forster, accustomed themselves to regard the diffusion of electoral power as an ultimate object. Mr. Forster himself passed the Ballot Bill, which has done more than any other measure to destroy the influence of the upper and middle classes. When the work is completed by the impending Bill, he will perhaps regret the destruction or insecurity of the best national institutions.

WITH the emancipation of women—whatever that may mean—one of the burning questions of the hour, it is suggestive that Mr. Gilbert has chosen that fashionable eccentricity as the protoplasm from which to evolve his latest topsy-turvy structure, "The Princess Ida." With stinging sarcasm he enlarges upon Tennyson's oft-quoted—

Prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair.

In the second act there is a tableau of girl-graduates at the feet of Lady Psyche, who expounds the classics, and thus describes the lord of creation—

Man will swear, and man will storm,
Man is not at all good form;
Man is of no kind of use,
Man's a donkey—man's a goose;
Man is coarse, and man is plain—
Man is more or less insane;
Man's a ribald—man's a rake—
Man is Nature's sole mistake.

ONE who had frequent occasion to hire vehicles in almost every civilized country has described "Cabby"—*cocher, gondolier*, what you will—as a "necessary evil." The necessity for the fraternity will hardly be disputed, and the discussion of its moral status may safely be left to *The Hackney Carriage Guardian*, a journal recently started in London to advocate the rights and declaim the wrongs of "that familiar figure who guides the wobbling hansom or perches on the box of the dawdling four-wheeler." Probably no other calling numbers in its ranks so heterogeneous a body of men as cab-driving does. The average Cockney Jehu delights to level his profession upwards by claiming noblemen for "mates." Many of us have had personal experience of this amiable weakness, and have been indebted to some enthusiastic knight of the whip for personal acquaintance with fellow-workers who could trace an unbroken descent from the Norman invasion. The reason such men drift into the calling of hack-driving in London is not far to seek. A large proportion of those who fall from affluence formerly kept horses for riding or driving purposes. Such unfortunate wights, having descended step by step the social scale until the patience of friends is exhausted and pride is gone, either turn rooks and blacklegs, at the imperious bidding of want, or adopt the only "trade" they know—driving—and are fain to do for bread that which they were wont to do for pleasure.

Not long ago there died in a Kentish work-house a baronet who, forty years before, was one of the best whips who ever tooled a four-in-hand from the White Horse Cellars. He was not rich, but was universally loved for his merry and devil-may-care style. Five years ago the ere-while envy of young bloods about town was seen in a Strand gin-shop taking "two-pennorth" with a "fare" whom he had driven in a hansom that was standing at the door. Some acquaintances, more hospitable than thoughtful, plied the aristocratic "cabby" with liquor until he became loquacious, forgot his "team" outside, related how he drove the Brighton coach, with the Duke of—on the box seat, in a blinding snow storm, "in so-and-so's year," and gave repeated assurances that he was "Sir —, Baronet," adding, "there's no better blood in the House of Lords this minute than runs in my veins." Enquiries proved his assertions to be correct in every particular.

THERE are unmistakable signs of the revival of boxing on this continent and in England. Scarcely a town or city of any magnitude but has its gymnasium, and most of these have their boxing classes. It is natural for such a form of athletic exercise to be popular among Anglo-Saxons, acting, as it does, as a kind of safety-valve to pugnacious instincts. Apart from this, boxing is valuable as developing self-command, caution, watchfulness, calculation, not to say almost every muscle in the human body. For these and other reasons "the noble art of self-defence" is deservedly popular. But there is danger that under cover of so-called "glove contests" fighting for money or prizes will regain more or less of its former popularity, and debase by its attendant brutalities. It is possible, in a fight with "hard gloves," to inflict almost as much punishment as with the naked fists. A recent "glove fight" in the Albert Hall, Toronto, was nothing less than a prize-fight for the "gate-money." From the published reports it appears that the contestants fought fourteen rounds, and the features of one at least were scarcely recognizable when the sponge was thrown up. Of course this was expected by the crowd that witnessed the fight. They knew—and all sensible men know also—that professional boxers do not fight for love, and they went to see these men fight for the receipts at the doors. Modern boxing bears very small resemblance to that of fifty years ago. "Sparring" with the gloves was only a means to an end; now it is both the end and the means. The test of a good man is not how many blows he gets in. The quality of the blow should determine its value, and a straight left-hander from the shoulder given without a return may fairly count twice as much as one delivered in a bungling way. A man who

stands his ground and stops or eludes each attack is obviously entitled to more credit than one who is all over the ring. If the hits are equal, the prize ought to be awarded to the man who does the most work in attacking. But perhaps the point which a good judge most carefully observes, and a bad one most disregards, is that science which is known as "timing." A blow which meets a man as he comes forward has usually more effect than two which strike him as he is standing quite still, or four which overtake him as he is drawing back. Now the art of timing depends partly upon so delivering the blow that it meets an advancing foe, though it also has to do with the quickness of sight which perceives when an enemy is uncovered for a fraction of a second. It is obvious that these matters ought to be regarded by a judge in arriving at his decision.

Enough has been said to show how much more there is to be noted in judging these matches than the uninitiated suppose. The same reasons which make the office of judge so arduous make it also necessary to the making of a good boxer that he should have had long and careful practice with a variety of opponents. It is for these reasons that boxing never has been and never can be so nearly reduced to the condition of an exact science as fencing or single-stick.

THE politeness of the French nobleman who recently shot himself in the Hotel de Paris at Monte Carlo was worthy of Beau Nash himself. It will be remembered that just before he "retired" the late Count sent some twenty bouquets to as many ladies of the *grand* and *demi-monde* with compliments and regrets that unavoidable circumstances prevented him from further continuing their charming acquaintance. It is related that the late Lord Hertford—the "Lord Steine" of Thackeray—when dying in the presence of a noble friend and an apothecary, said to the one, "good-bye, Tom," bowed gravely to the other, and then gracefully expired. Of another nobleman whose politeness remained at command when the dews of dissolution were upon him, the story is told that, in response to the importunities of a leech who brought a draught which he said would certainly cure, the dying man replied, "I'm sure it will, if it comes from your hands," swallowed the potion, and died.

"THE pity of it, oh! the pity of it!" that girls who are to be wives and mothers should be allowed to grow up with so little idea of domestic matters generally! is the lament of a lady who writes upon domestic economy for children. Without the slightest idea of being cynical, the observant writer points out that the pulse of the average paterfamilias is largely affected by his dinner, and after reminding us that the Queen has set an excellent example in the way of teaching her children cooking, she says:

When girls are sent away to school, it is not easy to train them well in domestic affairs; but much may be done before their school days begin; it is but bad policy to leave it until they are ended. The keeping up of accomplishments, and the round of social duties and pleasures, make the taking up such a study as the art of cookery almost impossible except in a dilatory manner, the worst of all ways in which to take up anything. Besides this, though an added experience may be brought to bear on the subject, there is not the same zest for it as will be shown in the early days, when the more stinky and messy the productions, the higher the state of enjoyment. A girl of eighteen or twenty will enjoy putting on a love of a bibbed apron and dainty white sleeves, will go to the kitchen and mix a little fine pastry daintily, her hands when once she has mastered the art, being infinitely fitter for this than the cook's; but she will not, with any degree of willingness, trim, skewer, and prepare a piece of meat for roasting or boiling; nor will she care to baste or watch the same. The smell of the meat will seem objectionable, the fire scorching, and, probably because of the unpleasantnesses, she will give up the whole thing in disgust. If, however, she had made acquaintance with these same when a good healthy girl of ten, her added years would but show her how daintily to cook a good dinner, and still keep herself in the perfect freshness of ladyhood for the drawing-room.

THE ostrich-like conduct of Lord Salisbury and many other English peers, in refusing to see or hear any danger to the House of Lords and pooh-poohing suggestions for its reform, is not shared by all members of that august assembly. A paper by Lord Dunraven in the February number of the *Nineteenth Century* has attracted considerable attention in England. In it the writer admits the existing peerage is too numerous, and would distinguish between a peerage as a distinction and reward for merit and a peerage as conferring of necessity the right to legislate. His Lordship, moreover, goes a great deal beyond this by proposing that the Upper House should be elected for a term, say, of nine years, but, in order to make the change continuous though gradual, should be divided into three classes, each class going out in rotation. Lord Dunraven is not to be understood as wedded to the idea of having the House of Lords elected by the whole body of Peers only. On the contrary, he sees clearly many disadvantages which would arise from such a scheme, and proposes alternative plans by which, in his opinion, the balance of parties in the House might be made to fairly correspond with that of parties in the country. The most significant thing about the whole article is the admission which runs throughout that the reform of the Upper Chamber is a clear matter both of necessity and expediency.

THE C. P. R. BY THE KICKING HORSE PASS AND
THE SELKIRKS.—VI.

THE SUMMIT.

FIVE miles on this side of the Summit, the located line for the railway leaves the Bow River, which had guided it thus far into the heart of the Mountains, and up the north side of which we had journeyed from Calgary. At this point the river, still broad and strong, is seen circling away to the north, while our course was across it and to the west, along an angry stream called Bath Creek. The origin of names all over the West is usually some personal incident. The Bath received its name from an involuntary bath that Major Rogers took on one occasion in its ice-cold waters to the great amusement of subordinates, whose manner of life makes them incapable of sympathizing with anything short of drowning, starvation, or death in some way. After four miles of Bath Creek, we again diverge to the west, up a streamlet called Summit Creek, and by it we soon reach the Summit. Some engineers, dissatisfied with the Kicking Horse Pass, which extends from the Summit down the western slope of the main range of the Rockies to the Columbia, maintain that, by following the Bow or Bath Creek farther up, it would be possible—perhaps by a tunnel or two—to strike the head waters of the Blueberry River, and so reach the Columbia by the well-known Howse Pass. To determine this finally, and because it would be difficult to push work down the Kicking Horse in the winter months, railway construction ceased a month or two ago near the junction of Bath Creek with the Bow, and a party was sent, under charge of Mr. Hogg, C. E., to make new exploratory surveys in north and north-west directions. If Mr. Hogg succeeds, his line will be very little longer than that now located, which, after reaching the mouth of the Kicking Horse, has to strike thirty miles to the north before crossing the Columbia. It is of no consequence whether this thirty miles of deviation from a straight course is made on the east or the west side of the main range. Should Mr. Hogg fail, the Kicking Horse Pass will be accepted as a *pis aller*. It is not an ideal pass, but it is no worse than it has all along been known to be.

From Hillsdale to Castle Mountain and on to Bath Creek, the scenery becomes more and more striking. Women and children may see it now by rail. A few months ago, only people in the most vigorous health could assert that the beauty was compensation sufficient for the fatigues involved in an expedition. Soon after leaving Calgary, we met an acquaintance with his face turned homewards. He had gone a few miles up the valley, and had had enough of the Bow. All that he could tell us of the scenery was that "it was terribly dusty." And so it was. The endless teaming for the thousands of men engaged on construction had cut up the rude trail, and it was "terribly dusty;" and forest fires were mingling their dense smoke with the dust. But our luck stood us in good stead. Enough rain had fallen just in advance of us, to lay the dust and put out the fires. Near Castle Mountain we passed through spruce and Banksian pine that had been swept by fire three days previously. Two mules had been burnt, and their drivers were thankful to escape with their lives. The fires were still smouldering, bursting out here and there up the sides of the mountains; and the effects of the smoke curling up and round the bare cliffs by day, and of the fires burning brightly at night, were superb. As we neared Bath Creek the smoke increased so much that we could not see distinctly to any distance. To the south, a magnificent range extends from Hillsdale in a succession of clearly defined peaks; a cone 5,000 feet above the river, with a glacier curtaining one of its sides; next a pyramidal mass, and then a cube with one side scooped out and filled with snow. This we were told, was Mount Lefroy—so called in honour of General Lefroy, who, in his younger days, did good exploratory work in the Rockies. Next to it comes a saddle-shaped summit, and other peaks with crater-like depressions filled with snow and ice; all alike bold and distinctive. To the north, Castle Mountain is the most characteristic. Beyond it, the blackened poles, that the fires had left as grim monuments of their fury, gave the country a desolate appearance. Where the flames had not reached, all was beautiful; in the valley, dark spruces and the lighter green of scrub pine alternating with the more tender green of the aspen; along the sides of the mountains the forests extending upwards, at first in solid blocks, then more sparsely, and then as solitary trees and shrubs; and, above all, the bare rock towering high in naked majesty.

Before starting up Bath Creek, we completed our packing arrangements. George, whom we had engaged at Hillsdale as packer, had gone ahead to select horses for us out of a number that were grazing here, and to engage Dave, a pal of his, to act as cook. Our dunnage, buffalo robes, blankets, tent, provisions, cooking utensils and axes, were made up into packs, averaging as nearly as possible fifty pounds in weight, and of con-

venient shape. Three of these were tied firmly by the diamond hitch to the pack-saddle, and the horse was then considered to have a sufficient load for the trail before him. Each of us was mounted, and we had six pack-horses; Calgary, Buckskin, Steamboat and Methodist being such knowing old stagers that their names may be chronicled. At nightfall we came upon two parties of engineers, in a little grassy park through which a creek was meandering, about half a mile on this side of the Summit, and camped with them. Next morning the sun shone brightly through the cloudy atmosphere. Our little park was completely surrounded by spruce whose branches are small and of the same size all the way to the top so that the trees are not unlike monumental pillars. Lofty mountains look down over these; to the south a double-peaked Parnassus, the sides patched and ribbed with snow; and beyond it a range, like Salisbury Crags, Edinburgh, fissured vertically, and ending in a great bluff of rock immediately overhanging the Pass. Right behind them towers a loftier peak, with a glacier down its side; and farther west, successive ridges and peaks. To the south, we see only one mountain. Moving slowly off from camp, we soon reached the little lake from which Summit Creek issues. Here the Pass begins, a level plateau extending about four miles from east to west; a string of three lakes along it mirroring the great mountains, that rise up on both sides for 5,000 feet above the 5,300 feet that is the altitude of the Pass. From Summit Lake runs the creek to the east: Link Lake in the centre neither receives nor, so far as can be seen, sends forth the tiniest rill; and from the third and largest, the Kicking Horse river, a fine stream fifty feet wide at the start, rushes out like a mill-race, and every mile it runs its speed increases. From the side of the first lake, the mountains to the south open out, tremendous gorges between them filled with snow slides that extend down to the spruce-clothed foot hills. Peaks, bluffs and ridges, with the intervening gorges, make up a magnificent panorama.

"This," remarked George, who had seen all the transcontinental railways, "will be the boss route for scenery." After returning by the Northern Pacific we agreed with George. The Union and Central Pacific I had seen eleven years before, only to acquiesce in the judgment of the tourist who, looking in vain for the promised sky-kissing summits, returned, convinced that "there were no Rocky Mountains." At Sherman, between eight and nine thousand feet above the sea, the railway winds along a great bare plateau, a few little peaks in the distance more like mole-hills than mountains, alone breaking the monotony of the scene. The Northern Pacific railway is much better, but the mountains, as a rule, are too far away from the line to be seen distinctly. At every turn the guide-books call upon you to burst into rapture, but the raptures refuse to come. But, up the valley of the Bow, for sixty miles from Padmore's, and down the Kicking Horse, and across the Selkirks, we are all the time within touch of the most striking rock formations I have ever seen. Not so lofty as Mounts Hooker and Brown, farther north, nor as Mounts Baker and Tacoma in Washington Territory, they are so rich in detail and so completely within the range of vision that they constitute a veritable picture-gallery. There is an endless succession of pictures, each a complete whole, that satisfies the eye and mind of the beholder. The beauty of mountains is not only in height and mass. To me, the mountain forms of Mull and Skye in the Western Highlands of Scotland had a fascination that I did not find in the Alps; and I think that poets prefer the Alps to the far loftier Himalayas.

George and Dave became our fast friends before the journey ended. George was a Virginian, English by descent. His father, a colonel in the southern army, had fallen at Antietam, and George had lived a wandering life from boyhood—a scout with Custer, a boss-packer from Mexico to Cariboo, a sagacious frontiersman, ready for any emergency, cool, wary and self-respecting. Dave was a full-blooded Englishman, long enough a frontiersman to know the dialect and the ways of "the boys," but still English to the backbone, strong and stout, with a merry twinkle in his eye, except when he considered it his duty to grumble or blow off steam; animated with a sacred fury for cooking and eating, and ready to work as long as the pot kept boiling. The unforgivable sin in an employer was a larder ill-supplied. "I'll work with any man, but if I'm to work, I must eat," was the position from which you need not think of budging him. "How did that old bilk in Idaho treat you?" George asked him on one occasion in my hearing. "I have nothin' agin him," was the answer in a calm, judgmatical tone, "except that he starved me, and starved me with rotten grub." All the pay in the world, or any fancied necessities of the case, would evidently never efface from his memory that bad bacon, on which he had subsisted for a few days or weeks. When toiling through the mountains, Dave sometimes indulged in visions of the delights he expected to find at Kamloops. Meeting him in the street an hour or two after our arrival, looking rather gloomy, I asked him what he thought of the village. "It's

a mean place," he answered; "they give you a thimbleful of rum for a glass, and charge you twenty-five cents for it. You can't get a real good hooker under a month's wages." Dave had a true Englishman's respect for his master, most refreshing to find on the Pacific slope, of all places in the world. I think it must have been out of respect for us that he invented an ingenious substitute for profane swearing, which I would recommend to all who at odd times feel that "an aith wad relieve" them,—as the Scotch beadle put it, to his minister. When angry at man or horses, you could hear him, far ahead or in the rear, denouncing them as "buzzard-heads." This good round word enabled him to express his feelings so satisfactorily that he used it on all occasions as a safety-valve. One evening that he had hung his red bandana handkerchief on a branch near the camp-fire to dry, his attention was called to the fact that it was beginning to burn. "Ah, get out of that, will you, you buzzard-head!" yelled Dave, as he whipped away the offending bandana and threw it into a stream that ran beside the tent. I hope my readers will pardon these reminiscences, which are given simply that they may understand how and with whom we travelled, and that they may accompany us on our journey with some human sympathy.

The first day's march down the Kicking Horse was toilsome enough in all conscience. The trail ran straight up and down a succession of precipices so steep that it would have been impossible to sit in the saddle, even if we had cared to burden the horses with our weight. As we toiled after the pack-animals, I felt quite sure of the origin of the river's name. The poor brutes get mired in muskgs, or their feet and legs entangled among slippery, moss-covered boulders, or in a network of fibrous roots, that they are all the time kicking, plunging and sprawling. It seemed to me that a kicking horse would be the one distinct picture graven on the mind of every one who had ever tried to make his way through this valley. I gave the explanation with the utmost confidence to the junior member of our party, but he suggested, as a better, that it was quite evident that no horse would have a kick left in him at the end of the journey. These attempts were as creditable as the guesses of the antiquary or philologists with reference to the derivation of disputed symbols and words, but, unfortunately, an Edie Ochiltree, in the persons of some Stoney Indians whom we met in the evening, blew our theories to the winds. They declared that the origin of the name went back to an experience of that Dr. Hector who accompanied Captain Palliser on his expedition. Hector was a Highland athlete, who could out-walk, out-climb, or out-starve the toughest Indians. Stories of his wonderful feats and medical skill and kind-heartedness are told in the North-West to this day. Well, his horse kicked him when he was in this valley, and the Indians attached sufficient importance to the fact to give the river the name which it has borne since, "the horse-kicking river,"—the name which is now known all over the continent in connection with the Kicking Horse Pass. Why the Pass should receive its name from the river that runs down the western slope of the mountains, instead of from the one that runs down the eastern slope, I could not find out. Certainly the Bow deserves the honour. It is the guide of the railway for 120 miles from Calgary to within sight of the Summit, and a more temptingly open and beautiful roadway, into the very core of a great mountain range, could not be desired; whereas the Kicking Horse is followed for only forty-seven miles, and as to the grades that will be necessary in that section, it is enough to mention that a descent of 2,700 feet is made by the river in its short course. It is impossible to feel very grateful to the Kicking Horse. When rivers get their deserts, the Pass will be called the Bow River Pass; but, until that time comes, we had better continue to call it, under protest, if that will help, the Kicking Horse Pass.

THE DOOM OF LITERARY COMMUNISM.

It is not a little singular that while the American apostle of Communism is having the garments stripped from his crude land theories in England, Mr. Dorsheimer, in the House of Representatives, is clothing the nakedness of American publishing morality, and setting on its feet, in its right mind, the American conscience in its dealings with the hitherto unprotected literature of England and the European Continent. The simplicity and directness of Mr. Dorsheimer's Copyright Bill, which casts aside all negotiations for international treaties, and hampers itself with no conditions as to where and in what manner the book to be copyrighted shall be manufactured, are proof alike of the practical common sense of the originator of the measure, and of his earnest desire to take the simple line of duty and justice, in a matter that has long been a reproach to the people of the United States. Mr. Dorsheimer has evidently taken up literary copyright as a simple question of moral right, and with the least circumlocution has framed a Bill that opens the door to no controversy or

delay, and furnishes the easiest and most satisfactory solution of the international copyright problem.

The text of the Bill, which is designed to give protection in the United States to books, maps, and dramatic or musical compositions, the product of a foreign author, is to the following effect, viz.: "That whenever any foreign government shall accord to American authors the same rights that their own have, then, by executive proclamation, the foreign author shall have the benefit of our (U.S.) laws." This, it will be seen, is the spirit and letter of the existing English system, and the reciprocity will at once establish international copyright between the United States and Great Britain and end the reign of literary piracy on the American Continent. It would be ungracious, in view of the passing of this act and the righting at length of a great wrong, to look very closely into the motives which have incited to this act of tardy justice, or into the condition of the American book trade which, while it has enriched itself on the spoils of the foreign book market, has brought the native one to the verge of ruin. Piratical publishing, it is obvious, however, has run its course, and met the fate which poetic justice in the long run deals out to dishonesty and wrong. In the glutted book market, where license has had unlimited sway, and one publisher has become the prey of the other, it does not now pay to pirate a book. The trade in cheap reprints has been run to the ground, and protection in some measure, to make reprinting profitable, has become a necessity. This, all engaged in the trade, including the type and paper maker, the publisher and bookseller, the printer and binder have come to admit. Sick of the situation, the Dorsheimer Bill is hence hailed as a relief and a remedy, and it is more than probable that it will be permitted to become law. This is all the more likely as the measure has an active ally in the American author, whose work has been crowded out by the cheap reprints. For years, American literature has had no chance of competing on equal terms with the productions of the foreign author. This state of things is now about to pass away.

How far the American public will suffer protection to be applied to literature, and be passive under the wiping out of the cheap reprint, remains to be seen. Their pride in their own literature, which will now emerge from its years of repression, will console some, while to others will be thrown the sop of a reduction in the book tariff, the effect of which will not only be to cheapen the imported book, but to keep down the cost of the authorized reprint. The masses, of course, only care as yet for the daily paper, and as newspaper proprietors and conductors have no liking for their field being encroached upon by cheap books, they have no motive but to keep quiet while Mr. Dorsheimer's Bill goes into effect.

In this great but silent revolution going on across the line, has Canada no concern, and is there no voice in our legislative halls to speak for her? When is Canadian literature to have rights abroad the equivalent of those which Imperial enactments oblige her, in the case of both American and English works, to respect at home? Let our public men show the people what Canadian interests are; and either by treaty or by native legislation get or take the rights we ought to have in this, to us, important but neglected matter of domestic and foreign copyright.

G. MERCER ADAM.

INSIDE A NEW YORK NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

JOURNALISM has probably been brought to a higher state of perfection in New York city than anywhere else. Whether a New York journal is ahead of a London journal of the same calibre is another thing. A London journal is carried on under several different conditions and has different objects in view from its American counterpart. In fact the strength of an American newspaper lies in its reporters; in an English paper, in its special correspondents.

With this remembrance in mind, that it is the reporter that makes the American newspaper, it is easy to see a consequence,—a man cannot become an editor, or even a general editorial writer, without having served his apprenticeship as a reporter. A man who goes to New York to become a journalist, or even a literary writer, simply starts on his career by becoming a reporter on one of the large papers like the *Herald*, *Tribune*, *Sun*, *Times*, or *World*, and it is in that excellent school that he learns that crisp, racy and reckless style of composition that characterizes every American paper from Maine to California.

About 1,000 men in a year go up to New York to seek admittance to one of the large offices. Very few of them ever get past the boy who runs the elevator, the elevator boy having a naive and facile way of discouraging them from proceeding further. Those who do get upstairs have letters of introduction in their pockets to the editors. It may be roundly stated that a letter of introduction from a man whom the editor is willing

to oblige is the only way to be received into one of the large offices at the present day. I am aware that it is popularly held that a man has only to write some brilliant article on some subject that has been overlooked by everyone else and present it to the editor to be received with a "come and take my chair, my brilliant friend." Mr. Howells countenances this belief by committing one of his heroes to that course. The method is now, however, only available in Kamschatka. In the first place the editor in New York has an excellent staff to rely on and is in no need of brilliant recruits. In the second, it is difficult to find a subject which a New York reporter has overlooked.

Once in the office and duly enrolled on the books as a reporter, a man begins to look out on life with different eyes. This will be readily seen when one watches his course of transformation from an ignorant layman to an omniscient professional. When he sees the editor he turns his back on his old world pretty effectually. In a New York office the general staff is as follows: First, the editor-in-chief, who is generally part owner, is always a prominent politician with his eye on the presidency, and directs the policy of the paper. His salary is from \$15,000 to \$20,000 a year. There is, next, the managing editor, who gets \$10,000 to \$12,000 a year. He sits in his office off-and-on from two in the afternoon till two in the morning. He does not write; he has control over 200 or 300 men, and his duties chiefly consist in seeing that the sub-editors get that share of the "space" in the next day's issue which the importance of the matter they have in hand demands. He has a thorough knowledge of newspaper work in every department, and has the eye of a hawk for the comparative value of news. The whole harmonious working of the office depends on him. Then come the city editor, the day editor, the night editor, the correspondence editor, the telegraph editor, the editorial writers, the "ed. head" writers, the "night-desk" men, the routine men, and the reporters, making up a staff of about seventy men. Of these the city editor and one or two of the editorial writers are chief. They get about \$5,000 a year each, but their duties are very different. Of the city editor I will speak presently. Of the editorial writers it may be said that their lot is happy. They are the only men whose hours are respectable. Their work is light; they are generally literary men of eminent standing, and they are frequently the correspondents for English and foreign papers by which they double or treble their income. They are nearly all promoted from the reporters' ranks, though for some special subjects outsiders are employed. For instance, the writer of the weekly or bi-weekly commercial editorial is a broker from the "street;" and similarly, in special cases where a special article may be wanted, a specialist is employed. The regular staff consists of five or six men who average from \$2,000 to \$5,000 each. They have the use of a fine library, have their subjects daily distributed to them by the editor-in-chief, and are composed of the picked journalists of America. They average in age about thirty-five, a man under thirty being rarely found there.

Of the other editors, the day and night editors exercise a sub-manager-ship under the managing editor. They are always promoted reporters, and their work is merely routine. The correspondence editor reads, marks, learns and inwardly digests the vast amount of advice gratuitously given the paper on which he works, from Vanderbilt to O'Donovan Rossa; he also edits the foreign correspondence. The telegraph editor comes to the office at seven in the evening and works till half-past two in the morning, clipping, arranging, and re-writing telegraph matter. The "ed. head" writers, of whom there are usually two, have similar hours and write short paragraphs on the news of the day as brought in by the reporters or telegraphed. All these are promoted reporters.

Then comes the city editor, who has control of the whole city department and under whom are the reporters. He is generally as sharp a newspaper man as is in New York, is well read, a smart writer, and has an unerring "nose" for news. He knows everybody and everything and every place in New York. It is he who makes the paper "readable" for the vast mass of people. He is always an enthusiastic journalist and has had a brilliant career as a reporter. He loves his paper better always than his wife. The office is his home and has been for years. In all his instincts, habits, virtues and vices he is journalism incarnate. His salary is about \$5,000 a year; but he is next candidate for the managing editorship, and is on the high road to the editorship-in-chief. His duties are to give each reporter his daily work, but to do this he must know from day to day all that is going on in the city, he must scent news while it is yet afar, he must know to a nicety the comparative value of news, and he must know where always to send his men to obtain the information required. Having a staff of from thirty to forty men under him, he is of course shrewd enough always to pick out the best man for any work in hand. His life has generally been as follows: He is probably a graduate of Harvard or Ann

Arbor. As a reporter he has distinguished himself for energy and for a capacity for distinguishing what is news from what is not news. He has been through all the grades of general, police, and political news-reporter. He has been sent by his chief to attend conventions in various parts of the country. He has then been put to the "night desk" to be trained for the editorship. Here his duties were to read all the copy sent in by the reporters and reduce it by judicious cutting and re-arrangement to its proper length and uniformity of style and character, and to correct all mistakes of orthography or reference. Then he reaches by natural gradation the city chair.

The duties of the "night desk" men are rather curious. There are generally three men at the work; and they commence operations at six in the evening, continuing them till two or three in the morning. Each newspaper in New York has a style of its own. It also has a vocabulary of its own, banning the use of certain words and phrases from its columns, and, ordaining a special mode of spelling or reference. For instance, adjectives are frowned on, the abundant use of capitals discouraged, and certain ways of beginning a paragraph forbidden. All these things are well-known to the night desk men and their duties correspond. The copy any reporter brings in is ruthlessly made conformable to these rules. It is rare then for a new reporter on reading his copy as it appears in print to recognize the thing he wrote the night before. All his little jokes have been cut out. His favorite expressions have gone into the waste basket. His classical allusions have gone where classical allusions deserve to go, and in fact his brilliant column has become a very matter-of-fact, terse quarter column. It is the night desk men whom every reporter curses, but must conciliate, for within certain limits they are omnipotent.

Well, it is after these that the reporters come,—the reporters who are at the bottom of the ladder, but who, as I have said, are the backbone of the American newspaper.

The reporters of New York are, as a body of men, well educated, sharp, and before all things, energetic. They are not as sharp as Western reporters they are not as respectable as New Orleans reporters, but in education and energy they are ahead of any reporters in the world. They go to their work with the recklessness, and contempt for obstacles, of war correspondents. They are nearly all clever writers, the majority are university graduates, and the good work of a good New York reporter is well worth study as a model of the way, in the newspaper world, in which the subject should be handled.

When a reporter, by means of his letter of introduction, is handed over to the city editor to be turned into a newspaper man, he finds himself in a large handsome room, fitted up with desks and pencils and papers, amongst thirty other young men of his own age. They are lolling about reading the papers, discussing the news, and are nearly all smoking cigars. It is midday and they have just returned from breakfast. Presently, from the editor's sanctum, a book is brought out and placed on the table. In it is a list of all the events that are to take place during the day, such and such meetings, arrivals, departures, cases of crimes to be investigated, men to be interviewed, trials to attend, etc. Opposite each item is written a reporter's name, thus signifying that such item is to be his special care during the afternoon. Having ascertained their business, the reporters flock in to consult the city editor about the manner in which the work is to be conducted, and to get his advice and instruction. Half an hour later the office is deserted. From one end of New York to the other the reporters are distributed each about his special business. About five o'clock they return and begin to write up what they have been engaged on, and so they continue till six o'clock, when a second book is brought out and a second assignment of work made. The evening has its own duties, and the reporters having dined go to perform them, returning to write up again from eleven till two o'clock, when their work for the day is over. Practically then their work may be said to last from midday till a couple of hours after midnight, or fourteen hours a day. And their pay? It is anything, according to their value and the paper their are working on, from \$15 to \$70 a week.

But the life of a reporter in New York has much in it that is so interesting of itself that I reserve it for a separate paper. R.

THE Hon. Wayne McVeigh contributes to the March *Century* a paper on "The Next Presidency," in which the ideal president is pictured, and the author ventures the opinion that the political party nominating the man who approaches nearest that ideal will be successful in the coming election. Another important essay in this forthcoming number of *The Century* discusses methods for "The Suppression of Pauperism."

"GRANT AND JULIUS CÆSAR."

THE comparative standard by which military heroes are judged will always differ as widely as the standards and prejudices of the judges themselves. Thus we see the Hon. Mr. Belford, of Colorado, comparing General Grant with one of the greatest soldiers of antiquity; while Col. Denison is of opinion that he was a pure creature of accident, who simply "happened to be in command when Lee was defeated." The writer served under Grant during the great struggle, and his experience led to very different conclusions; so much so, that he ventures to think Mr. Denison must have formed his opinions upon misrepresentations of the real facts.

In attempting to do justice to a soldier who has had unintentional injustice done to him, we will commence at a point which found Grant a division commander under Halleck. We may say that his successes in the West covered so wide a range of conquest as to forbid more than the briefest synopsis. This occupied two seasons (1862-3), and included three campaigns, fifteen great battles (exclusive of the three general assaults on Vicksburg), among which were some of the bloodiest of modern times, besides many of lesser importance. Col. Denison tacitly concedes that Grant never lost a battle in the West, but he forgets to say that McClellan did not either form or train the armies which followed him to victory there. He also forgets to tell us that at Fort Donaldson, a stronghold considered impregnable, stored, armed and garrisoned to stand any siege from any force, the number who surrendered to Grant after three days' desperate fighting, almost equalled his own entire command, and was the greatest, at that day, who had ever laid down their arms at one time on the continent of America. He omits all mention of the terrible action at Pittsburg Landing, so full of fate to the American people, where Grant, coming upon what already seemed a lost battle, "with odds against him * * * inspired his men with confidence * * * and wrested victory from despair." He deems it unnecessary to mention that both great battles at Corinth were fought against overwhelming forces, and that, after both battles, the dead and severely-wounded Confederates left on the field more than doubled the Federal casualties by actual count. He is good enough to admit that Grant "did some good service around Vicksburg." People generally have the same idea, somewhat magnified, however, in face of the following officially epitomized report of the result of the operations: "The defeat of the enemy in five battles outside of Vicksburg, the occupation of Jackson, the capital of the State of Mississippi; the capture of Vicksburg with its garrison and munitions of war, and the opening of the Mississippi from its head waters to the Gulf of Mexico; a loss to the enemy of 37,000 prisoners, over 10,000 killed and wounded, and thousands scattered, who can never be collected and reorganized; arms and munitions for an army of 60,000 men, besides an enormous amount of other public property, and much more which was destroyed by the enemy to prevent its capture." Grant's losses in accomplishing this result were 8,575 men, viz: 943 killed, 7,095 wounded, and 537 "missing," which means either killed or captured.

The campaign of the Cumberland included the battles of Perryville, Stone River, Chickamauga, and Chattanooga, otherwise variously known as Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, besides the siege of Knoxville and a great many smaller battles and skirmishes. Of the whole series Chickamauga was the only one wherein the North suffered a serious reverse. Of 50,000 men that Rosecrans took into this action he lost over 25,000 killed, wounded, and prisoners, beside 51 cannon. Bragg, who opposed him with about the same number of troops, which were reinforced during the progress of the battle, by Longstreet's corps, reported a loss of over 20,000 killed and wounded, and was so crippled he could not pursue. But receiving further reinforcements from Virginia, he closely besieged the Federals in Chattanooga. Grant at once relieved Rosecrans, and coming from Vicksburg, took personal command. Jefferson Davis, who made a special trip from Richmond, considered Grant's doom so surely sealed that he detached Longstreet to wrest Knoxville from Burnside. But Sherman was approaching by forced marches from Vicksburg, "with only two days' rations, without trains, living on the enemy's country, without a change of clothing, and with but a single blanket or great coat to a man, though it was the end of November, from myself to the private inclusive," as he himself says. The rapidity of his march utterly astounded the Confederates. Throwing himself into Chattanooga, Grant took advantage of Longstreet's absence and immediately attacked Bragg in his fortifications. How he out-generalled, out-fought, and utterly routed his enemy in the "Battle above the Clouds" is too well known to call for comment. Among the fruits of this victory, which ended Grant's operations in the West, were 40 cannon, over 6,000 prisoners, and the raising of the siege of Knoxville by the rapid retreat of Longstreet into Virginia. Thus, opposed by brave and determined enemies, led by the ablest generals of the South, often in face of greatly

superior forces, operating in regions whose topography made them easy of defence, and continually surrounded by an active and bitterly hostile population, the "man of chance" had, besides immense captures of stores, prisoners and public property, and with a loss of killed and wounded much lighter than his enemy's, conquered for his cause an empire, as it were, vast in area, fertility and riches; and now held in practical submission, if not yet in full allegiance, the entire territory west of the Alleghanias.

Coming to the year '64, when placed in supreme military command, what do we find? The great political uncertainties, both at home and abroad, made the outlook far more desperate than the military situation would suggest. The duplicity of Louis Napoleon in seeking to induce combined European action in favor of the South, his invasion of the neighbouring republic of Mexico, and establishing an empire on its ruins, the hostility of the "ruling classes" in England, who were striving to incite the British Government to acts of hostility, the machinations of the "copperheads" in sympathy with the slave-holders, and the draft riots and negro butcheries by the Irish thieves, thugs and "greek-fire" vagabonds of New York and other large cities of the North, all combined to make it compulsory that Grant should adopt the "hammering" process, it being now a political rather than a military necessity, in order to prevent foreign intervention, to accomplish certain results within a certain time no matter at what cost. The "fact" is not "undoubted," but absolutely untrue, that he refused to exchange prisoners. It was purely a political question with which he had nothing whatever to do. It was decided by the treaty-making power of the national government, and exchange was refused because rebels would thereby be acknowledged as belligerents, and this would have involved foreign political complications. The imaginary cruelty which his critic condemns in Grant is applauded in Frederick the Great, whose record was one uninterrupted series of brutal butcheries and massacres, unparalleled cruelty and treachery, broken treaties and perfidious desertion of friends. Kind-hearted to his soldiers, Grant looked upon the cruelties of war as the necessary price of his country's future tranquillity, a fact clearly demonstrated by the generous conditions offered Lee when completely in his power, and by the resulting circumstances which gave birth to the historic epigram, "Let us have Peace." His magnanimity to his enemies is further proven by the chivalrous manner in which he treated his prisoners at Fort Donaldson and Vicksburg, after receiving their "unconditional surrender," while his loyalty to his comrades is aptly illustrated by his conduct toward Sherman, when the latter entered a formal written protest against his "breaking loose" from his base before Vicksburg, by handing him back the protest (instead of forwarding it to the War Department) after the movement had proved a complete success.

Grant's admirable report, the accuracy of which has never been questioned even by his enemies, and the same from which his critic quotes in reference to the "hammering" process, the following: "The resources of the enemy and his numerical strength were far inferior to ours, but as an offset to this, we had a vast territory with a population hostile to the Government, and long lines of communication to protect, to enable us to supply the operating armies, and it is a question whether our numerical strength and resources were not more than balanced by these disadvantages." His army, as Col. Denison informs us, was composed in large part of substitutes and conscripts, which would seem rather an impediment, and contrasts strangely with his subsequent statement that it "had been formed and trained by McLellan in the early part of the war." Instead of Lee having 50,000 men in his "Army of Northern Virginia," as alleged, he had over 65,000 "present for duty" on the Rapidan, according to his own reports subsequently captured at Richmond, besides "interior lines," which gave him immense advantages of concentrating and choosing positions. Instead of Grant's losing 100,000 men to Lee's 18,000 between the Rapidan and the Chickahominy, the actual losses were: Grant, 65,551 killed and wounded, 9,856 "missing", and 5,000 prisoners, total 80,405; Lee, 52,000 killed, wounded and "missing", and 8,500 prisoners, total 60,500. Both generals had from time to time been largely reinforced. Grant's objective point was Richmond, Lee's object to keep him as far as possible from Richmond. If Grant was four times severely defeated, as his critic says, how did he get there? Probably by being so stupid as not to know it, and so kept "hammering" away. The same story is told of Scott in Mexico and Wellington at Waterloo. According to all rules of military etiquette Wellington was beaten at Quatre Bras, but he "hammered" away and "happened to be there" after Napoleon found it convenient to leave. It was Santa Anna who accused Scott of being a like fool. Lee, however, "one fit to rank with the greatest generals of all ages," has not left this record of his great enemy.

Of a part with other criticisms are, (1) that had Grant commanded in 1862 on the Chickahominy, instead of McClellan the army would have

been destroyed; and (2) that the position gained by changing his base, after the terrible battle of Cold Harbor, might have been reached by water, in the first place, without the loss of a man. McClellan's "campaign of the Peninsula" two years earlier is a complete refutation of the latter charge, which is further disproved by the then recent failure of Butler, who had been "bottled up" at Bermuda Hundred with the "Army of the James." The secret of it was that Lee possessed "interior lines" which, probably, better than any other man living, he knew how to use. Regarding the first statement, McClellan's great ability is acknowledged by all military writers; but the generally prevailing opinion is that there were at least two occasions during his campaign of '62 when, had Grant been in his place, he would have entered Richmond. The first was after the battle of Mechanicsville, when McClellan had 95,000 men on the right bank of the Chickahominy, almost in sight of Richmond, and between that city and the main body of the army of Lee, who held the left bank. He also held all the bridges and fords and with 20,000 or 25,000 men could have continued to hold them against any force brought against him, while only 20,000 Confederates under Magruder, lay between him and Richmond to oppose the 70,000 or 75,000 he might easily have spared for its capture. But he let the golden moment pass, Lee "turned" his position and he was obliged to change his base to the James, precisely as Grant did two years later. The next occasion was after the battle of Malvern Hill. In this desperate action Lee's army was completely broken up and demoralized, and the panic at Richmond was as great as at its final capture by Grant. But McClellan again hesitated and to the consternation of his subordinates ordered a retreat. Though personally popular with his generals, every corps and division-commander was disgusted with this order and protested against it, and there was a strong disposition on the part of some of them to disobey his orders and advance on the rebel capital now within their grasp.

But McClellan was a *political* general. He did not wish the overthrow of his army, but he desired to prolong the war till the expected advent to power of the Democrats. Like other less-noted men, at later dates and nearer home, his subserviency to party made him disloyal to his country. Grant was a Democrat also, *but a soldier first*, a patriot always, "true to his comrades, and true to his cause;" and as Washington was the father, so will the name of Ulysses S. Grant be remembered as the saviour, of his country, while the name of America endures. A CANADIAN.

OTTAWA NOTES.

THIS has been a busy week in the Legislature. The committees have been at work; the House of Commons has sat every night until late, and even the Senate met, preparatory to beginning to make ready to do some thing. But the lobbies have been the scene of the hardest work. It is a strange thing that no "promoter" seems willing to trust his measure or his scheme to an unaided Legislature. Even bills that are good in themselves, bills that one would never notice in the mass of legislation before the House, are made the excuse for more or less button-holing of honourable members. The increase of lobbying seems to be in double ratio to the importance of the bill. With such a measure as the Canadian Pacific Loan resolutions before the House, involving a big corporation and its big rival, to say nothing of half-a-hundred minor plots and quarrels, political and commercial, the extent to which lobbying is carried on is a marvel. Since last week the situation on the Canadian Pacific question grew for a time more threatening for the Government, but Sir John Macdonald's tactical skill and his steady determination to carry his point seem to have won for the Ministry at least a respite from their troubles. Sir John gave notice more than a week ago that he would move for precedence for the Pacific Railway resolutions over all other business until the vote upon them was recorded. From day to day, however, he put off bringing his motion before the House. This meant, of course, that his Quebec followers were not ready to vote upon the question, and that some arrangements with them would be necessary. It was noticeable that during the early days of the debate, hardly a French-speaking Conservative remained in the House. To-day it was made evident that Sir John had succeeded in reducing the insubordinates, for, at the very beginning of the sittings, he moved his resolution to give precedence to the great question of the hour. The Opposition submitted an amendment, which was voted down by the usual majority. So that we are now in for a long siege of talk on the one subject. It will seem like a revival of the days of 1880-81, when the Canadian Pacific railway contract was before the House day after day for weeks.

But what at first looked like another difficulty threatened the Government early in the week. The Grand Trunk, which has hitherto contented itself with harassing the Canadian Pacific in the money-market, gave indica-

tions of a determination to enter the political field, and to attack, not merely its rival, but the Government which supplies that rival with the sinews of war. Some of the chief officials of the Grand Trunk became conspicuous in the lobbies, and a pamphlet was issued containing the correspondence between the Premier and the Company's manager, in which the latter broadly hints that if Sir John *will* persist in giving the Canadian Pacific money, he must either see that it shall not be used against Grand Trunk interests, or take whatever consequences the political enmity of Mr. Hickson, his superiors and subordinates, as policy may dictate. This, of course, has provoked a miniature war of pamphlets. There is no doubt that the building of lines to compete with the Grand Trunk is within the limits of the Canadian Pacific charter. There is just as little doubt that, if competition with the Grand Trunk is established, it will be hailed with delight by the people of Ontario, many of whom have never known the time when the Grand Trunk monopoly was not a factor in their daily lives. If the Liberals and the Grand Trunk fight against the Government and oppose the proposed loan to the Canadian Pacific, it will look, to the eye of the ordinary man, very much like a fight between two sides. Try as they may to escape it, the Liberals will suffer from the imputation that, while opposing monopoly in the North-West, they are supporting it in Ontario. This will discredit them in the Province, which has hitherto been their stronghold. On the other hand, the Government will be able to appeal to the people of Ontario for their gratitude for having broken the old monopoly. What then if they have given a few millions to Quebec and the Maritime Provinces; Ontario will give them good support, while in the Reform ranks the men will fight feeling that they cannot justify the whole cause for which they are fighting. If Mr. Blake has any skill as a general, now is the time to use it.

In Mr. Blake's absence to-day, the leadership of the Opposition was assumed for the time being by Sir Richard Cartwright. It is worth while to notice that fact. Sir Richard had the opportunity of giving the Government a thrust, and he did it very neatly. When Sir John moved that the Pacific Railway question have precedence, the knight—the only one now in Parliament on the Reform side—rose and protested, and, when Sir John Macdonald assured him that the motion would be passed, moved the amendment spoken of above, that further information was desirable before the discussion was proceeded with. The fact that this was voted down will be a good election card for the Liberals. A small but patriotic Opposition refused access to the public documents is calculated to rouse sympathy. By the way, Sir Richard had a relapse from his goody-goodness the other evening. The cry that the Opposition is wanting in patriotism—which is usually answered in long and laboured speeches by the innocent Opposition man—roused the member for South Huron, and he declared, with all his old-time ardour, that they "would not sit still and be charged with want of patriotism, at any rate by the heroes of the Pacific Scandal," a statement which called forth cheers from the Opposition and groans from the Ministerial side of the House, just as his denunciations used to during the last Parliament.

This week the Parliament Buildings showed evidences that the usual sessional invasion of military men was in progress. The annual meeting of the Dominion Rifle Association was held on Wednesday, and that of the Dominion Artillery Association on Thursday. The Governor-General was present at each and delivered an address. Without any disrespect to the riflemen or artillerymen, it may be said that, so far as the interest taken in the meetings by the general public is concerned, His Excellency's speech was the principal feature on each occasion. His Excellency had nothing particular to say, and he said it briefly and with good taste. Each association elected a new president. The Riflemen chose Lt.-Col. Kirkpatrick, Speaker of the House of Commons, in place of Col. Gzowski, A. D. C. to the Queen, who retires after fifteen years of earnest work, not only as president, but as the best friend of the Association. Maj.-Gen. Luard, who is going to England on leave, was succeeded, as President of the Artillery Association, by Lt.-Col. Irwin. While the Riflemen had to regret the loss of the Kolopore Cup, which was held in Canada the previous year, their comrades in the other society had the satisfaction of seeing on their table the Marquis of Lorne's cup, for the competition in a "go as you please" shift of ordnance, won for the second time by the Canadian team sent to Shoeburyness. There was a feature common to both meetings which could not but strike a disinterested spectator as strange. The English military style of bearing and conversation was copied by the chief men in both. The glory of the profession of war was insisted upon if not directly, at least by inference, by almost every speaker, and yet the very men who were so exceedingly military spoke of the team to Wimbledon or the team to Shoeburyness as first-rate immigration schemes. It was a combination of glory and business rather difficult to understand.

Ottawa, Feb. 15.

ED. RUTHVEN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WALT WHITMAN AND JOAQUIN MILLER.

To the Editor of The Week :

SIR,—Joaquin Miller furnished THE WEEK of 24th January with some interesting literary gossip, and "secrets of the shop." He told us how Walt Whitman had refused to write his tribute verses of sorrow for the dead Garfield, even when his brother poets pressed him to do so, and thereby to earn the proffered \$100 that was so important a sum to him. Mr. Miller explains the refusal in this way: "He was poor, but bear it forever in testimony that he was honest, and would not promise to sell that which he felt God had not at that moment given him to sell." This theory does not strike me as being altogether the right one. Walt Whitman had already sung of the death of another President in an outpouring of immortal verse. Abraham Lincoln had been the Leader, the Captain, the Hero of the old soldier-poet.

Let me recall to your readers in what words he lamented the chieftain's death in the hour of his country's triumph:

"O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring.
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead!

"O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up, for you the flag is flung, for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths, for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning.
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

"My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won:
Exult O shores! and ring O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck, my Captain lies
Fallen cold and dead."

Could the writer of that wonderful threnody have placed another President's name beside that of his dead Captain? No! it was too sacred a memory with him, and if Walt Whitman chose to speak I am confident he would tell us that was the reason why he refused to write upon the sad but minor event of Garfield's death.

Yours, etc., J. D. EDGAR.

Toronto, February 11th, 1884.

THE RECENT CELESTIAL PHENOMENA.

To the Editor of The Week :

SIR,—Scientific men seem to have arrived at the conclusion that the remarkable sunsets of a few weeks ago, were due to the presence of volcanic dust from the irruptions in Java, floating at a great height above the lower stratum of the atmosphere. I have not seen it referred to that in *White's Natural History of Selborne* is recorded that like phenomena were observed in the summer of 1783, during great earthquakes and volcanic eruptions that happened in Italy. White speaks of "the peculiar haze, or smoky fog, that prevailed for many weeks in Britain, and even beyond its limits, as a most extraordinary appearance, unlike anything known within the memory of man"; and adds: "by my journal I find that I had noticed the strange occurrence from June 23rd to July 20th, inclusive, during which period the wind varied to every quarter without making any alteration in the air. The sun at noon looked as blank as a clouded moon and shed a rust-coloured, ferruginous light on the ground and floors of rooms; but was particularly lurid and blood-coloured at rising and setting. All the time the heat was intense. The country people began to look with a superstitious awe at the red, luring aspect of the sun; and, indeed, there was reason for the most enlightened person to be apprehensive, for all-the-while Calabria and part of the Isle of Sicily were torn and convulsed by earthquakes; and, about that juncture, a volcano sprang out of the sea on the coast of Norway."

D.

To the Editor of The Week :

DEAR SIR,—In one of your paragraphs in last week's issue, Feb. 14th, in your department "Here and There," you take occasion, according to my view, to slander Englishmen. Evidently the words are hastily and thoughtlessly put together. An Englishman cannot be accounted lazy because he will not work on Sabbath or even Saturday afternoons, and maybe the Belgian or French peasants would be no better if they were deprived of their numerous Saints' Days and national holidays. It is generally admitted that industry produces wealth, and when a nation is wealthy it must have been and is industrious. Now contrast the position of the English with the Belgian or French nations, or any other nationality in the world, and see in which country most wealth can be found? Which nationality has been the pioneer in commercial enterprise, explorations, and every description of labour? Wherever heavy, laborious work is being performed, digging canals, erecting immense stone structures, etc., how many Belgian, French, Negro, or industrious Chinamen can be found in the crowd? Let history supply facts and figures.

ENGLISHMAN.

HAROLD, THE JUDGE. *

Who calls on Harold, Harold the King,
For justice and recovering?
Man against woman! love 'gainst love!
Justice be done as by God above.

Love thou hast had by thine own confessing,
Caresses in change for thine own caressing:
Entangled each in the body's mesh,
Each has had love; the love of the flesh.
If nothing more, whose fault? whose lack?
Whose loss? and whose the giving back?

She was but woman; thou but man:
Knowing how small her woman's span,
Why claim the bargain was a cheat?
Let be! Grass can not grow to wheat.
Alas for both that ye could not fashion
Aught else but this from all Love's passion!
Alas for both that your souls could bring
Naught to maintain Love's blossoming!
Whining, thou bid'st me arbitrate;
Thus I award and adjudicate—

She shall restore thy sleep and youth,
She shall give back thy honour's truth;
Thy days and thoughts shall again be thine,
And life-blood drunk as the lover's wine—
When thou restore what she has spent,
Fill up the measure of her content,
Give those high gifts whose lack made sinning
In her—God pardoned at its beginning.
If these thou hast not, justice asks but this—
Each shall restore the other's kiss.
Thus do I right thee; thus do arbitrate;
Thus Harold the judge does adjudicate.

FREDERICK A. DIXON.

THE ADVENTURES OF A WIDOW.

By EDGAR FAWCETT, author of "A Gentleman of Leisure," "A Hopeless Case," "An Ambitious Woman," "Tinkling Cymbals," etc.

VI.—Continued.

Just then a tall, sallow gentleman, with small gray eyes and a nose like the beak of a carnivorous bird, laid his hand on Kindelon's sleeve.

"Powers has just asked me to write the Fenimore Cooper article for his new American Cyclopædia," declared this gentleman, whose name was Barrowe, and whom Pauline had already met.

"Well, you're precisely the man," replied Kindelon. "Nobody can do it better."

"Precisely the man!" exclaimed Mr. Barrowe. "Perhaps I would be if I were not so overwhelmed with other duties—so unmercifully handicapped." He turned to Pauline. "I am devoted to literature, madam," he went on, "but I am forced into commerce for the purpose of keeping starvation away from my family and myself. There is the plain, unvarnished truth. And now, as it is, I return home after hours of hard, uncongenial work, to snatch a short interval between dinner-time and bed-time for whatever I can accomplish with my poor tired pen. My case is a peculiar and a pathetic one—and this Powers ought to understand it. But, no; he comes to me in the coolest manner, and makes my doing that article for him a question of actual good-nature and friendly support. So, of course I consent. But it shows a great want of delicacy in Powers. He knows well enough that I am obliged to neglect many social duties—that I should not even be here at this moment—that besides my daily business I am besieged with countless applications from literary people for all sorts of favours. Why, this very week, I have received no less than fourteen requests for my autograph. How are my wife and little ones to live if I am perpetually to oblige inconsiderate and thoughtless friends?"

"Your complaints would indicate," said Kindelon, rather dryly, "that Powers has not offered you the requisite cheque for proposed services?"

Mr. Barrowe gave an irritated groan. "Kindelon!" he exclaimed, "do you know you can be a very rude man when you want?"

"You've told me that several times before, Barrowe," said Kindelon, quite jovially, moving on with Pauline.

He did this briskly enough, to prevent the indignant Mr. Barrowe from making any further reply.

"I'm afraid you'll have trouble with that man," he said to Pauline, presently, "if you admit him into your *salon*."

* See H. C. BUNNER'S "Harold the King," in January *Manhattan*.

"I have read some of his essays," she answered. "They are published abroad, you know. I thought them very clever."

"So they are—amazingly. But Barrowe himself is a sort of monomaniac. He believes that he is the most maltreated of authors. He is forever boring his friends with these egotistic lamentations. Now, the truth of the matter is that he has more to solidly congratulate himself upon than almost any author whom I know. He was sensible enough, years ago, to embark in commercial affairs. I forget just what he does; I think he is a wholesale druggist, or grocer. He writes brilliantly and with extraordinary speed. His neglect of social duties, as he calls them, is the purest nonsense. He goes wherever he is asked, and finds plenty of time for work besides. This request from Powers secretly pleases him. The new encyclopædia is going to be a splendid series of volumes. But Barrowe must have his little elegiac moan over his own blighted life."

"And the applications from fellow-authors?" asked Pauline. "The requests for autographs?"

"Pshaw! those are a figment of his fancy, I suspect. He imagines that he is of vast importance in the literary world. His sensitiveness is something ridiculous. He's a far worse monologist than I am, which is surely saying a great deal; but if you answer him he considers it an interruption, and if you disagree with him he ranks it as an impertinence. I think he rather likes me because I persistently, fearlessly and relentlessly do both. But with all his faults, Barrowe has a large, warm heart. Still, it's astonishing how a fine and true character can often enshroud itself with repellent mannerisms, just as a firm breadth of sea-rock will become over-crustured with brittle barnacles. . . Ah, Whitcomb, good evening."

A corpulent man, with silver-gray hair and a somewhat pensive expression, was the recipient of Kindelon's last cordial sentence of salutation. After he had made the needful introduction, Kindelon said, addressing Pauline while he regarded Mr. Whitcomb:

"This is the author of no less than five standard histories."

"Kindelon is very good to call them standard, Mrs. Varick," said Mr. Whitcomb, in a voice quite as pensive as his face. "I wish that a few thousands more would only share his opinion."

"Oh, but they are gradually getting to do it, my dear Whitcomb!" declared Kindelon. "Don't make any mistake on that point. A few days ago I chanced to meet your publisher, Sours. Now, an author must stand pretty sure of success when his publisher pays him a round compliment."

"What did Sours say?" asked Mr. Whitcomb, with an almost boyish eagerness.

"He said," exclaimed Kindelon, "that Whitcomb was our coming American historian. There, my dear sir, what do you think of that?"

Mr. Whitcomb sadly shook his silver-gray head. "I've been coming," he murmured, "ever since I was twenty-eight, and I shall be fifty-seven next May. I can't say that I think Sours' compliment meant much. It's got to be a sort of set phrase about me, that I'm coming. It never occurs to anybody to say that I've come, and I suppose it will not if I live to be eighty and totter round with white hair. No; I shall always be coming. . ."

As the gentleman repeated this final word he smiled with a kind of weary amiability, still shaking his gray head; and a moment later, he had passed from sight.

"Mrs. Varick," now said a cold, rasping voice to Pauline, "have you managed to enjoy yourself, thus far? If you recollect, we were introduced a little while ago. . . Miss Cragge, you know."

"Oh, yes, I remember, Miss Cragge," said Pauline. "And I find it very pleasant here, I assure you."

Miss Cragge had given Kindelon a short nod, which he returned somewhat faintly. She was a lady of masculine height, with a square-jawed face, a rather mottled complexion, and a pair of slaty-blue eyes that looked at you very directly indeed from beneath a broad, flat forehead. She was dressed in a habit of some shabby gray stuff, and wore at her throat a large antique cameo-pin, which might have been unearthed from an ancestral chest near the lavendered laces and faded love-letters of a long-dead grandmother. She was by no means an agreeable-looking lady; she was so ungentle in her quick, snapping speech and so unfeminine in her gaunt, bony and almost towering figure, that she promptly impressed you with an idea of Nature having maliciously blended the harsher traits of both sexes in one austere personality, and at the same time leaving the result sarcastically feminine. She seldom addressed you without appearing to be bent on finding out something which she thought you might have to tell her, or which she would like you very much to reveal. Her affirmations often had the sound of interrogatories. She had none of the tact, the grace, the *finesse* of the ordinary "interviewer;" she went to her task rough-handed and undexterous.

"I'm glad you like it," she at once said to Pauline. "I know you've moved a good deal in fashionable society, and I should be gratified to learn how this change affects you."

"Quite refreshingly," returned Pauline.

"You don't feel like a fish out of water, then?" said Miss Cragge, with a sombre little laugh. "Or like a cat in a strange garret? . . . I saw you at the opera, the other evening. You were with Mrs. Poughkeepsie and her daughter; I was downstairs in the orchestra. I go a good deal to places of amusement—in a professional way, you know; I'm a dead-head, as the managers call it—I help to paper the house."

"You are rather too idiomatic, I fear," now said Kindelon, with a chilly ring in his tones, "for Mrs. Varick to understand you."

"Idiomatic is very good—excellent, in fact," replied Miss Cragge, with a pleasantry that barely missed being morose. "I suppose you mean that I am slangy. You're always trying to snub me, Kindelon, but I don't mind you. You can't snub me—nobody can. I'm too thick-skinned." Here the strangely self-poised lady laughed again, if the grim little sound that left her mirthless lips could really be called a laugh, "I know the Poughkeepsies by sight," she continued, re-addressing Pauline, "because it's my business as a newspaper correspondent to get all the fashionable items that I can collect, and whenever I'm at any public place of amusement where there's a chance of meeting those upper-ten people, I always keep my eyes and ears open as wide as possible. I'm correspondent for eight weekly papers outside of New York, besides doing work for two of the city dailies. I never saw anything like the craze for society-gossip nowadays. One good story from high-life, with a moderate spice of scandal in it, will pay me six times as well as anything else. They say I'm always hunting about for material, and no wonder that I am. The thing is bread-and-butter to me—and not much butter, either. You see, the rich classes, here, are getting to represent so large a body; so many people are trying to push themselves into society. And when they can't elbow their way into the swell balls and parties, why, the next best thing is to read about who was there, and what they had on, and who led the German, and what they ate and drank, and how the house was decorated. It seemed a queer enough business for me, at first; I started with grand ideas, but I've had to come down a good many pegs; I've had to pull in my horns. And now I don't mind it a bit; I suppose Kindelon would say that I enjoyed it. . . eh, Kindelon? Why, Mrs. Varick, I used to write book-reviews for the *New York Daily Criterion*, and my pay kept growing less and less. One day I wrote a very careful review of a book that I admired greatly—it was George Eliot's 'Middlemarch,' in fact. The editor-in-chief sent for me. He named the article, and then said, 'I hear that you wrote it. It's a very fine piece of work. 'Thank you, sir,' I replied, with a tingle of gratification. 'Yes, a very fine piece of work, indeed,' continued the editor; 'I read it with much pleasure. But don't do that sort of thing again, Miss Cragge—we've no use for it on the *Criterion*.' After that I became less ambitious and more mercenary. There's no use pounding against stone walls. The reading-public will have what it wants, and if I don't give it to them, somebody else will be only too glad to take my place. . . By the way, Mrs. Varick, do you think that Miss Poughkeepsie is going to marry that Scotch earl—Lord Glenartney?"

"I can't tell you, really," said Pauline. She had made up her mind to dislike Miss Cragge very much indeed. At the same time, she felt a certain pity for her.

Kindelon began to press quietly forward, and Pauline, who still had his arm, by no means resisted this measure.

"I've been very candid," called Miss Cragge, while the two were slipping away from her; she spoke with even more than her usual blunt, curt manner. "It was because I knew Kindelon would be apt to say hard things of me, and I wanted to spike a few of his guns. But I hope I haven't shocked you, Miss Varick."

"Oh, not at all," said Pauline, as blandly as her feelings would permit.

"You were a good deal disgusted, no doubt," said Kindelon, when they were beyond Miss Cragge's hearing.

"She isn't the most charming person I have ever met," replied Pauline. "I will grant you that."

"How amiably you denounce her! But I forget," he added. "Such a little time ago you were prepared to be exhilarated and. . . what was the other word? . . . to fraternize with most of the company here."

She chose not to heed this last stroke of light irony.

"Are you and Miss Cragge enemies?" she asked.

(To be Continued.)

A CONTEMPORARY thus balances accounts in the Egyptian business:—
England—all loss and no profit. Mahdi—all prophet and no loss.

EVENINGS AT HOME.

AMERICAN "NOTIONS" AT HOME.

THERE are few towns of any size in the United States in which what is called a "Notion Store" is not found. There is not a bazaar, or a hardware, or a stationer's, or a turner's shop, or any other of a distinctive character, that does not include among its miscellaneous wares an astonishing number of useful devices and patented inventions of a small and exceedingly cheap description, generally classed as "Yankee notions." Should you chance to admire some wonderful little contrivance, from a glove fastener to a patent automatic pudding-maker, your friend will say, "You can get one at the notion store." It is not, however, these commodities I am now going to describe, but some ingenious devices in the way of fancy work done by feminine fingers at home.

There were brought to a house where I was staying some six weeks before Christmas a number of little wall mirrors of various sizes, all well finished and with beautiful bevelled glass, but all in perfectly plain, broad, flat frames, one white, another ebony, a third of maple, and so on. I rather wondered at the tasteless, heavy frames, and for what purpose such mirrors could be intended, but thought nothing more of them until some days afterwards, when I found the daughter of the house at her easel surrounded by the identical mirrors, on whose frames she was busy, and where were bursting into blossom tasteful sprays of flowers. She had sketched in all her subjects, and nearly finished one of them, the black frame, now brilliant with scarlet poppies and white clematis. She had chosen her subjects to suit the colour of the frame—on one clustering convolvuli, on another roses and a lovely trailing vine. The sprays did not extend all round like a stiff wreath, but were massed in one corner, trailing in a natural way along two sides and, here and there, even on to the glass, where a bud or leaf broke the stiff outline, and where a flower, half on the frame, half on the glass, produced the prettiest effect possible. She borrowed her ideas from anywhere—a china vase, a Christmas card, arranging the sprays to suit her purpose, and, if we must not too closely criticise the finish of this rapid oil painting, the general effect was excellent, and the work good enough for the purpose. All girls aspire to paint in oils, which they use from the very first drawing lesson. A girl just in her teens came home one day laden with a number of wooden bowls, from the size of a teacup to one foot in diameter, which, as soon as her back was turned, were relegated to the kitchen. "Where are my bowls?" cried Nessie in tribulation, when she came back and missed them. "We thought mamma had ordered them for the kitchen," explained an elder sister. Why, no; I'm going to paint them," protested the girl; and forthwith they were carried off to the drawing school, to reappear in due time—and a very short time it was—completely covered with paint. In the largest was a landscape with a sunset reflected in a very opaque lake. In another sat a bird on a spray. In a third fluttered a butterfly over a flower, and the toilet table or the library would now find uses for the transmogrified bowls. The numbers of "notions" Nessie would bring home and lavish her paints upon regardless of cost, was a daily surprise. Little fringed fans, horse-shoes and plaques in cardboard pallettes in imitation of ivory to "decorate in oils," and bits of pottery. Anything that could be placed or hung up, or pinned up somewhere found scope for her painting craze.

But another "notion," which is, I believe, peculiarly American, is the "crazy quilt." There are some among us who can remember the astonishing array of patchwork quilts which covered the walls of the United States section of the first great International Exhibition. Until then, no one dreamed of a patchwork quilt being a work of art. But the "crazy quilt" is a new development keeping pace with the luxury of the age. It is composed of small scraps of rich materials of any and every unsymmetrical shape, and from two to five or six inches long or broad; and the art is to arrange and fit together these numerous scraps of curves and angles, and so to oppose or blend the colours as to produce a generally brilliant and harmonious effect. The smallest pieces of silk, satin or velvet are available, and the more irregular they are the better the effect under skilful treatment; if these are fitted and sewn on the wrong side, the nicest work is required. An easier though more laborious method is to lay the pieces upon a foundation of some soft and sufficiently strong material, then tacking the overlapping raw edges. You can better watch the effect this way, only, when every piece is tacked, the joins are to be covered with chain stitch or button-hole stitch in embroidery silk. You can then vary the colours of the chain stitch, and supply a warm or a neutral tint where needed. By the way, it is said that the idea is to a certain extent Oriental, some Japanese picture, in which was a sort of "crazy," tessellated pavement composed of odd fragments, having suggested it. A large undertaking, requiring much time and patience, is a quilt of this kind; but for cushions and smaller articles the work is equally suitable. These are a few of the American notions at home.—*The Queen.*

THE story goes that a certain Anglo-Saxon entered into a Parisian restaurant with intent to eat, drink, and be merry. Wishing to inform the waiter of his hunger he said, "J'ai une femme!" to which the polite but astonished waiter naturally responded, "J'espère que madame se porte bien?" Whereupon the Anglo-Saxon makes a second attempt at the French for hunger, and asserts, "Je suis fameux!" to which the waiter's obvious reply is, "Je suis bien aise de le savoir, monsieur!" Then the Anglo-Saxon girded up his loins, and made a final effort, and declared, "Je suis femme!" to which the waiter could answer only, "Alors madame s'habille d'une façon très-étrange." After which the Anglo-Saxon fled, and was seen no more.

THE PERIODICALS.

WE have received the first number of *The Art Union*, the organ of the newly established American Art Union, which, during the few months that have elapsed since its organization, has already done so much for artists and the fine arts in America. Incorporated May 11th 1883, the society has held two exhibitions, and has disposed of American pictures to the value of \$17,000. The periodical before us, to which we extend our heartiest welcome, will commend itself to all art-lovers. This issue comes accompanied by an etching by Farrer, very broadly and effectively treated. To subscribers to the *Union* will be given a proof on India paper of Walter Sherlaw's large etching, from Eastman Johnson's painting, "The Reprimand."

ST. NICHOLAS for February opens with one of Mr. Elbridge Kingsley's exquisite wood-cuts engraved from nature. It is called "A Midwinter Night." An article by Mr. W. L. Fraser entitled "An Engraver on Wheels," tells about Mr. Kingsley and his novel methods of work. The second of Miss Alcott's spinning-wheel stories is a delightful one, with the title "Tabby's Table Cloth." No. 14 of Clara Erskine Clement's readable and valuable "Stories of Art and Artists" deals with Albert Dürer, and is very finely illustrated. Mr. W. O. Stoddard continues his story "Winter Fun," and Mayne Reid's "The Land of Fire" grows more and more absorbing. There are poems by the venerable poet Christopher P. Cranch and by E. Vinton Blake. Of course there are also valentines, the best of which—and it is exceedingly good—being that by R. T., entitled "To My Valentine, Aged One." A good story for girls is Margaret Sidney's "Griselda's New Year's Reception." One of those interesting and practical papers for which this magazine is noted is "Pigmy Trees and Miniature Landscapes," by Mr. John R. Congell. E. S. Brooks contributes No. I. of a series on "Historic Boys," the subject of this sketch being Marcus, the boy magistrate, who afterwards became the Emperor Marcus Aurelius.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE REPORT OF THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION FOR 1883.

PARLIAMENTARY Blue Books, as a rule, can hardly be termed "light reading"; but the Annual Report of the Minister of Education ought to be an important study to those who follow the administration of education in Ontario, with interest in the work of the schools rather than with interest in education as a political question. It is to be regretted that a report so valuable to the public and to the teaching profession should contain no later statistics than those appertaining to the year 1882. Surely the statistics of 1883 might be compiled and presented fresh to the House within six weeks of the following year. But with the statistics we do not propose here at any length to deal, so we shall not dwell on the staleness of the Departmental returns; nor have we occasion at present to comment on what used to be the stock-criticism on this report, that though compiled and printed, the wont was to hold it back from the public until, in the evolution of official etiquette, the legislature was called together, the state ceremonies had been gone through with, and the House had settled down to its normal condition of dull decorum.

For a moment, however, let us look at those statistics in which the public are presumedly concerned, as they affect either the pockets of the taxpayer, or have an influence, more or less direct, on the efficiency of the Provincial educational system. And first, let us call attention to the relative cost of the education of the pupil in the Public and in the High Schools, and to the expense to the Province of the teacher-in-training at the County Model and Normal Schools. In the Public Schools the cost per pupil, averaging the whole expense of the educational machine in the rural districts, cities, and towns, is \$6.42: in the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes it is \$27.56—a contrast sharp enough to incite the disbeliever in higher education to rebellion. The cost of the professional training in the Normal Schools, so far as we can make out from the report, is in the neighbourhood of \$50 per pupil, an amount, it is to be feared, far higher than the character of the work and service rendered is worth.

In connection with this matter of the training of teachers one point is here worthy of note, viz.: the disproportionate number of third-class certificate holders, whose interest in their work is either very slight, or their desire for increased pay, which the possessor of a higher grade certificate can always secure, is undeveloped. The number teaching under new County Board third-class certificates is 3471; the number teaching under Provincial certificates of the second-class is 2169; the number holding a first-class certificate is only 246. Of the character of the work done in the schools, served by this large contingent of third-class certificate teachers, the intelligent reader is in a position to judge for himself. We are accustomed to beat the big drum of glorification over the achievements of our much vaunted educational system. In presence of the fact we have mentioned we have need to be more modest.

The salaries paid to our teachers in recent years, it is pleasing on the other hand to state, are on the increase, though the average on the whole is still low. Male teachers in *counties*, receive \$385 per annum; female teachers, \$248: in *cities*, the former receive \$742, the latter, \$331: in *towns* the former receive \$576, and the latter \$273. In this wealthy Province, it is not creditable that the rewards of educational service are such as the figures denote. In many establishments the uncertificated cook is better paid.

A gratifying fact is noted in the Blue Book, in the improved condition

of the school buildings throughout the Province. We wish it were possible to say as much for their equipment and æsthetic adornment. The frequent absence of wall-maps, globes, and apparatus, and above all, of a good reference library attached to each school, is a serious drawback to its efficiency and usefulness; while, in the unrelieved ugliness, in many cases, of the school surroundings, the eye and taste of the pupil is left wholly uncultivated.

The percentage of pupils attending the schools for a portion only of the year, and the large number that leave them before their schooling can by any stretch of courtesy be said to be over, are facts brought to light by the report, and upon which neither our educational authorities nor the people of the Province can plume themselves. Before the Legislature and the municipalities are asked to increase the grants to the Public Schools—and agitation with this object in view has begun to show itself—this matter of school attendance should be minutely investigated.

The gatherings throughout the year at the County Teachers' Associations are referred to in the report with approval, though to get the full benefit of these professional conferences, the presence of every teacher should be compulsory, and the greatest care be taken to provide interesting themes for discussion, and programmes sufficiently attractive to ensure a full attendance.

Turning to the Reports of the Inspectors, we come to material more provocative of comment than that which we have so far dealt with. The reports show the inward working of the schools, with remarks by the supervisors of the educational machinery on many points which have been and still are subjects of heated controversy, in connection with the curriculum of studies, the text-books in use, and the methods of teaching. But this section of the Minister's Report opens so large a field for criticism that we shall have to defer to a future issue the task of handling it.

G. M. A.

["BUT YET A WOMAN," BY ARTHUR S. HARDY, BOSTON: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.]

This novel, by a hitherto unknown writer, disputed with "Mr. Isaacs" the honour of being regarded as *the* hit of the season of 1883. Professor Hardy's characteristics as a writer are altogether unlike those of Mr. F. Marion Crawford. Such prodigality of genius as has enabled Mr. Crawford to pour out from unjaded brain four stories within the year, could be expected of Mr. Hardy by no reader who had made himself acquainted with Mr. Hardy's methods and the distinctive qualities of his work. "But Yet a Woman" has as yet had no successor. It is a story carefully elaborated, polished *ad unguem*. It must have been written slowly. It displays neither the charm nor the ill-effects of the running pen. There is no haste in it, neither is there very much unnecessary loitering. Still the story is to us a little disappointing. We can hardly understand the enthusiasm which it has excited—an enthusiasm quite comprehensible in the case of "Mr. Isaacs". Mr. Hardy observes microscopically; he analyzes with delicate skill; dissects with the keenest of lancets. He has clear judgment, and, therefore, justly relates his causes and effects; he has poetic feeling, imagination, and hence can vivify his creations, can cast the purple of ideality over his scenes and happenings. With such fine excellences he has made a book which every one ought to commend, but over which few could be expected to rhapsodize. Yet such cynics as editors have certainly rhapsodized over it; whence our wonder! To us it seems a book to please, not to absorb one. Its life moves through fine blue veins; it throbs not warmly enough, not redly enough. Only here and there, in the Spanish episode, are we suffered to be conscious of a pulse. As a consequence, our feelings are not very ardently enlisted upon the side of any one of the characters, unless it be old Antonio. On this account also our sympathy is less with the sweet maiden Renée, than with the beautiful and self-sacrificing young widow Stéphanie Milevski, who has lived and endured, and whom we are almost permitted to think of as endowed with like passions to ourselves. It is a certain pleasure to point out that the work does contain one slip; we discovered after a lynx-eyed search, a plural subject with an unjustifiable singular verb. We cannot conclude this notice, however, without giving a specimen of Mr. Hardy's accurate and original character painting:—

"There are some men who reach the downward slope of life without succumbing to Penelope, Phyllis, or Phryne. Such men are rare; nevertheless they exist, for M. Michel was one. During the forty years that had elapsed since he left the Lycée Louis-le-Grand many women had crossed his path, of whose charms he was not ignorant and to whose influence he was a debtor. More than once they had softened his convictions and purified his ideals, for he was neither a hermit nor a scoffer. * * * Still, for M. Michel, woman existed as it were *en masse*, as says the proverb, 'he admired the forest without seeing the trees.' Indispensable to society as the flowers of the Luxembourg to the gardens in which he took his daily walk, it had never occurred to him to appropriate either the one or the other. He admired neither one nor many women, but only woman. Indeed, some of M. Michel's friends had affirmed that it was precisely this eccentricity which rendered him so agreeable. In his society they escaped for a time that mania of appropriation which even a coquette tires, at times, of provoking; with him one could lower one's guard without danger, and indulge in a certain *abandon* with security."

["ENGLISH LYRICS." D. Appleton and Co., New York.]

A curiously-assorted collection of lyric poems from the pens of great English writers forms the ultimate volume of the "Parchment Library," to which are appended some useful notes by the Editor.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF LUTHER, by Mr. Froude, which appeared in the *Contemporary Review* has been reprinted in volume form by Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

At the warerooms of Messrs. Mason & Risch, this evening, will be given the third "Evening Concert" of the Toronto Quartette Club.

MISS CARRIE REEVES, daughter of the famous tenor Sims Reeves, is said to have scored a success in her *début*. This will somewhat compensate for the great disappointment Herbert Reeves has been to her father.

THE Chicago critics have been saying that there is genius in every wrinkle of Mr. Irving's eyebrow, and that god-like power is manifest in the bendings of his little finger. Also that Ellen Terry has a plastic soul, as responsive to emotion as an Æolian harp, and that her wind-blown tresses do not bear the marks of moral crimping-irons. Is there not poetry in the City of Pork? In one week Irving was able to wrinkle that eyebrow and to run that little finger over 17,000 dols.

A MAN shall be judged by the company he keeps. So the tastes of a community may be estimated by the companies (theatrical) it most liberally supports. Measured by this standard, the city of Toronto contains a large sprinkling of amusement seekers who have a preference for spicy performances; for the "Devil's Auction" had crowded houses during the whole of last week. No legitimate play has been attended with such success for a long time. The Queen City seems to be cultivating a taste for naughty shows, with a strong preference for such as include a ballet costumed to the verge of indecency.

IN Toronto general complaint is made of the extortionate prices demanded for seats at the forthcoming Irving-Terry performances in the Opera House. The management have sold a large quantity of tickets to speculators whose rapacity has raised the prices from 100 to 150 per cent. over the advertised rates. This has naturally excited the indignation of lovers of legitimate performances, who protest against being charged fancy prices each time a good company comes along, after steadily supporting the average indifferent ones at ordinary rates. The remedy is in the hands of the play-going public. Let them on all similar occasions refuse to pay more than the billed prices, and neither management nor speculators will repeat the experiment.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

ON DIT that a Toronto evening journal is moribund, and is not expected to last many days.

LITTEL'S LIVING AGE has in its last issue judicious selections from the greater magazines and reviews.

AT the meeting of the Canadian Institute on Saturday evening a paper was read by Professor J. B. McMurrich, on "The Skeleton of the Cat-Fish."

ARTEMUS WARD's mother, Eli Perkins, and Josh Billings have each had a legacy of \$35,000, left by Colonel Hunt, a millionaire lumberman of Michigan.

THE current number of *Manhattan* contains a very readable article on "What will become of Egypt" by William W. Loring, Pasha, and a paper on "Creation or Evolution" by George Ticknor Curtis.

MR. JOHN T. HAWKE, manager and editor of the lately defunct *Hamilton Tribune*, has purchased the *Palladium of Labour*, recently started as an evening Hamilton labour organ, and will shortly transform it into a two-cent daily.

IN *The Continent*, for February 20th, is an exceedingly interesting, compact, biographical essay, entitled "The Friend of the Dyak," by James Macdonald Oxley, of Ottawa. The friend of the Dyak, of course, is Rajah Brooke.

HERBERT SPENCER complains of the inexcusable misrepresentations of the Duke of Argyle in criticising Spencer's "Data of Ethics." He charges the Duke with twisting his language until it does not bear the remotest resemblance to the text.

THE JOYS OF LIFE, Emile Zola's new book, is in press and will be shortly published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. It is the literary curiosity of the season, being a novel of passion, whose interest, it is deemed, lies in its truth and pathos.

"THE CONFESSION OF AN ENGLISH HASHISH-EATER," is the title of an unpublished work by De Quincy, which will shortly be issued. It was written in the last years of the author's life, and the MS. was discovered on the backs of some illustrations, in a book which was for many years in De Quincy's possession.

THE autobiographies of George Augustus Sala and Edmund Yates, which are promised for an early date, are looked forward to with great interest in London. It is to be hoped they will not cause so much disappointment as Serjeant Ballantyne's "Reminiscences," which were expected to be so very spicy and entertaining, but which were merely the perfunctory writings of had man who d promised a work he afterwards "funked."

THE Messrs. Stoddard, of Philadelphia, have had the enterprise to project and bring out the first of a series of four quarto volumes, under the title of "The Encyclopædia Americana," which is in the nature of a supplement to the ninth edition of "Encyclopædia Britannica." The design of the publication is to extend and complete the articles in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," which deal with American subjects, so as to make them more satisfactory and more serviceable, supplying what that work has designedly or otherwise omitted, and adding what has come into view by the lapse of time since the volumes of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" left the press.

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CHARLES DRINKWATER,

Secretary.

Montreal, January, 1884.

THE FEBRUARY

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY

CONTENTS.

FRONTISPIECE. Portrait of George W. Lane, late President of the New York Chamber of Commerce. From a photograph.

OUR TWENTY-ONE PRESIDENTS. George Cary Eggleston. I. The First Ten—Washington to Tyler. Illustrations: Portrait (rare) of Washington—Portrait of John Adams (executed in London in 1783)—Portrait of Jefferson—Portrait of Madison—Portrait of Monroe—Portrait of John Quincy Adams—Portrait of Jackson—Portrait of Van Buren—Portrait of Harrison—Portrait of John Tyler.

THE HOUSES OF THE MOUND BUILDERS. Cyrus Thomas, Ph. D. With an illustration.

TRIBUTE TO GEORGE W. LANE, late President of the New York Chamber of Commerce. Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D.

THE GRISWOLD FAMILY OF CONNECTICUT. I. Professor Edward E. Salisbury. An exhaustive sketch—historical, biographical and genealogical—showing the part taken in public affairs by various members of this notable family during successive generations from the beginnings of settlement in Connecticut. Fresh information from English and other sources adds greatly to the interest and value of the contribution. It will be completed in March.

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS. Sir Henry Clinton's Original Secret Record of *Private Daily Intelligence*. Contributed by Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet. Introduction and Notes by Edward F. De Lancey. Chapter V. (Begun in October.)

MINOR TOPICS. Letter from Lyon Gardiner Tyler—Cavalry Fights with the Comanches.

NOTES. A Wall Street Incident—Historic Silver—Funeral Expenses in the Olden Times—Mrs. Volckert P. Dow.

QUERIES. Washington Buttons, illustrated—De Wolf—U. S. Ensign.

REPLIES. Is it the First American Coin?—Colonel David Crockett—Lafayette's Regrets.

SOCIETIES. New York Historical Society—Maine Historical Society—Buffalo Historical Society—Wisconsin Historical Society—Rhode Island Historical Society—Chicago Historical Society—New England Historic, Genealogical Society—Massachusetts Historical Society.

BOOK NOTICES. Library of Aboriginal American Literature. No. III. The Guegüence, a Comedy Ballet, edited by Dr. Brinton—The Lord is My Shepherd, the Twenty-third Psalm, in Song and Sonnet, by Rev. Dr. Wm. C. Richards—Memorial of John Farmer, A.M., by Le Bosquet—Archives of Maryland, edited by William Hand Browne—Maryland in the Beginning, by Neill—Appleton's Guide to Mexico, by Conkling—Autobiography and Letters of Orville Dewey, by Mary E. Dewey—The Andover Review.

"The matter furnished in this periodical is valuable for all time, as presenting historical facts not accessible in books of history. The illustrations and papers are of the finest, and the numbers during a year make two elegant bound volumes."—*The Indianapolis Journal*.

"The *Magazine of American History* has ceased to be an experiment, and become a necessity among the students of the history of early American days. Each number during the year 1883 has been full of papers upon subjects of national and local interest, and not these alone, but papers of import to historical students in other countries. It is well and finely illustrated, and with deserved maintenance will be a repository which no student can afford to overlook."—*New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, January, 1884.

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WHAT IS CATARRH ?

From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15.

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

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

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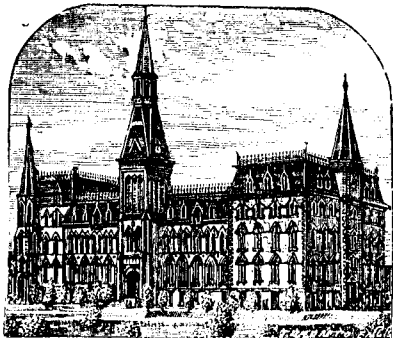
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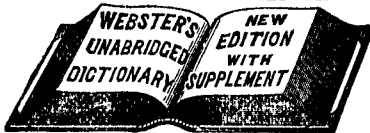
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