

THE WEEK:

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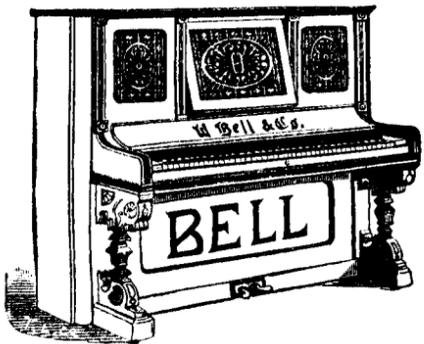
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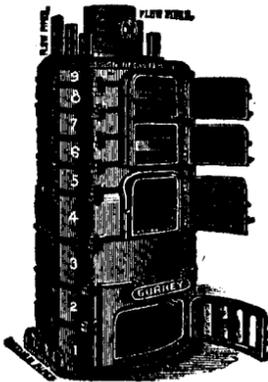
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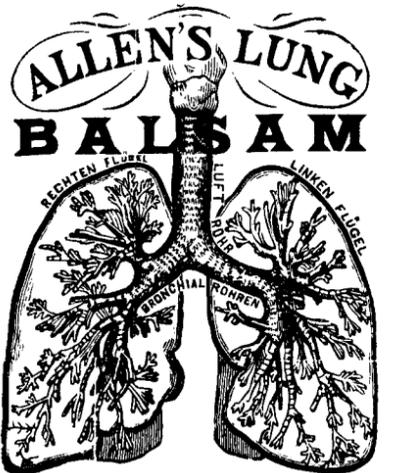
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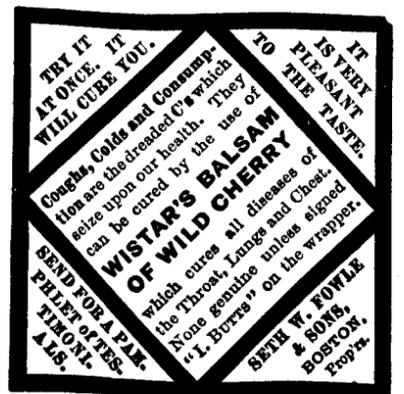
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WHATEVER may be the real merits, whatever the ultimate outcome of the great agitation which is now shaking the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec to their centres, it is pretty evident that one immediate result will be, as we have before observed, the breaking up, to a considerable extent, of the old party affiliations. That this part of the process can hardly fail to be politically healthful, may be inferred from such speeches as that of Mr. Dalton McCarthy, on the 12th inst., at Stayner. We have been and still are unable to see in the Act, which, it is becoming daily more apparent, was the occasion rather than the cause of the present excitement, the dangerous attack upon either Protestant or Anglo-Saxon rights and liberties which makes it so obnoxious to Mr. McCarthy and many other prominent citizens. Even now, after reading Mr. McCarthy's forcible and argumentative speech at Stayner, we are still unconvinced that the reference of the question of the sale of the Estates claimed by the Catholic Church, and of the disposal of the money commutation agreed upon in settlement of that claim, to the acknowledged Head of that Church, involved any such recognition of Papal authority in the civil affairs of the Province or the Dominion as that the conception of which makes the Act, naturally enough from their point of view, so intolerable to Mr. McCarthy, and others of his way of thinking. But apart from this antecedent question and the uncertain but probably serious consequences likely to ensue, we should be disposed to congratulate the country upon the event which could elicit from so old and loyal a partisan a public address so independent, manly and patriotic as this last one of Mr. McCarthy's. There is, it is true, something incongruous in Mr. McCarthy's strong professions of Conservatism, and of a wish to retain his connection with the so-called Conservative Party, at the same time that he is declaring his resolve to enter upon a course which logically leads to the overthrow of long established customs and laws, and a radical reform of the Constitution. But so long as the claims of honour and conscience are kept

supreme, and those of party loyalty relegated to a subordinate place, the main point is gained and names are a matter of comparative indifference.

IN the fact that the Incorporation of the Jesuits and the Jesuits' Estates Act are the occasion rather than the cause of the present outbreak lies the special danger of the situation. If we were sure that such expressions as those of Mr. Mercier, Col. Amyot and others at the recent Quebec Celebration, and those constantly emanating from *La Vérité* and other Quebec papers of Ultramontane type, really represented the feeling and aspiration of the mass of the people of French Canada, we should despair of finding any peaceful means of laying the spectre of race antagonism which is now arising to haunt the Confederation. If, indeed, the ambition of French Canada is not content with the status of a locally self-ruling partner in an "all-Canadian arrangement;" if its aspiration is as *La Vérité* declares, to found here "a nation which shall perform on this continent the part France has so long played in Europe," if this can be established, then all loyal British-Canadians will be of one mind with Mr. McCarthy, that prompt and vigorous action should be taken to settle a difficulty which, if not peacefully settled in this generation, must inevitably be settled by the bayonet in the next. But is there any sufficient reason to believe that the great majority of the people of Quebec really entertain any ideas so absurd as those attributed to them? They are an excitable people. Their orators are eloquent and fiery; they are never at a loss for brave words, and they are now speaking under what is to them great provocation. But do not the French-Canadians after all appreciate British freedom? Do they not prefer British forms of Government? Do they not know, moreover, all the more cool-headed and sensible among them, that such an ideal as that ascribed to them is utterly visionary; that they are a minority in the midst of an English-speaking race, ardently devoted to English ideas, institutions and freedom, and that in the presence of such a combination of circumstances the very idea of founding an alien nation with the tricolor as its emblem, on American soil, is an absurdity? France could not help them if she would; probably would not if she could. France probably cares little for them. We do not believe they care much for France, and without France what could they do against Canada and England?

INCREDULOUS as we are in regard to the majority of our fellow-citizens in Quebec being under the sway of the absurd and impracticable ideas ascribed to them by their own orators and press as well as by ours, we can but regard the Anti-Jesuit agitation as a mistake to be deplored. It places Ontario Protestantism in a false light. It compels the English-speaking majority to enter upon the work of constitutional reform at a disadvantage. But it is clear that what has been done cannot be undone. The issue has been raised, perhaps unnecessarily, or at least prematurely; but having been raised it must now be settled. The two Provinces can hardly resume their former relations to each other. The old compact will have, in all probability, to be replaced by a better one before we can again have peace. The blame for this result does not belong wholly, perhaps not even chiefly, to the English-Protestant agitators. The utterances of the French-Catholic leaders have done much to make reconciliation impossible. What then is to be done? Neither Mr. McCarthy nor any other thoughtful leader of the agitation has now any expectation that the obnoxious Act will be disallowed, and if it were, the tension of the situation would be increased rather than relieved. Many of those who had no sympathy with the outcry which started the present agitation are forced to recognize the changed situation which is its present result, and to admit the necessity for a new departure. Perhaps this departure may as well be taken from the point from which Mr. McCarthy declares his intention of setting out at the next session of Parliament as from any other. When he stands up to move that the law establishing a dual official language in the great North-West be expunged from the Statute book he can hardly fail to have the sound, common-sense judgment of every English-speaking Canadian—and we should hope

that of very many French-speaking Canadians—in his favour. His argument on this behalf is irresistible. The absurdity of printing the *Official Gazette* in English and French, when there is not in the North-West Council a single French-speaking member, must be obvious to every unprejudiced mind.

BUT why should not Mr. McCarthy or some other statesman rise to the level of the occasion? Why not go much farther and propose a permanent settlement of the whole controversy on a broad basis of genuine "equal rights"? Why not say to our French fellow-citizens, "You are, yourselves being judges, no longer the feeble few you were at the conquest, and at the time the Quebec Act was framed. You are justly proud of your numbers, your strength and your ability to take care of yourselves. Surely then you no longer need the special privileges which, in the moment of your weakness and humiliation, you sought and obtained from Great Britain. We, your English fellow-subjects, claim no advantage. We ask no privilege which we are not willing you should share, but we are no longer willing that you should enjoy privileges and advantages conferred by law and guaranteed by the Constitution which we do not share?" On what ground of fair play could a revision of the Constitution in this sense be objected to? Take, for instance, the tithe system. The French have a perfect right to the free exercise of their religion which was guaranteed to them at the Conquest. No true Protestant would think of objecting. If they approve a tithing system no one would propose to interfere with their management of their own Church in their own way. But no longer let British law and Canadian power be pledged to enforce the compulsory payment of tithes upon any man because he happens to be a Frenchman and a Catholic. The powers given to the French clergy in this respect should never have been conferred. As Mr. Francis, afterwards Baron Maseres, pointed out, when under examination before a Parliamentary committee in regard to this and other points, the conferring of this power was a measure of very doubtful propriety and one which, unaccompanied with restraints upon the Bishops, might be of dangerous consequence. It certainly, he added, and the argument is still unanswerable, could not be necessary to the satisfaction of the Canadians themselves, because the option of paying tithes, or of letting it alone, could never be disagreeable to them. Who knows that the French would not now listen to reason in regard to this and other matters? Only let reason be reason, which, it seems to us, Mr. McCarthy's is not when he talks of taking the French in hand to make them British in sentiment, and of precluding them wholly from having their children taught their own language in schools supported largely with their own money. The total exclusion of the French language from French schools would be a strange kind of "equal rights."

NEWSPAPERS of every grade are busily discussing the very delicate question raised by the marriage of Hon. Mr. Foster, the Minister of Finance. The issues involved are unhappily of too much importance in their bearings upon a question which lies at the very foundation of our social well-being to be passed over in silence, however much we shrink from touching upon them. The question, as all our readers know, is simply whether the divorce secured by Mrs. Chisholm in a Chicago divorce court, and for a cause not recognized by Canadian laws as sufficient, can be legally valid in Canada. If it be not, and the weight of opinion and presumption, it must be confessed, seem to be on that side, the logical result is too apparent to require statement, and too painful to be freely discussed. Into the moral aspects of the affair we do not propose to enter. Primarily the moral question is one for the individual judgment and conscience, though in the case of one occupying one of the highest positions of the land it is impossible to dissociate that question from the closely related one of the effect of the example and precedent. Canadian notions in regard to the sanctity of the marriage tie, and its indissolubility save for the gravest cause, are very rigid, and we dare say, in the opinion of some of our neighbours, puritanic. In comparing the results with those which appear under the operation of the later system of our

neighbours, we have no reason to be dissatisfied, and we venture to think that very few thoughtful Canadians desire a change to a looser practice. For this reason they are disposed to be more severe in passing judgment upon any one in a position of authority, who may throw the influence of his example into the wrong scale. The position of a Cabinet Minister in such respects should be, they naturally think, above suspicion.

THE millers' grievance is evidently one which cannot much longer be safely ignored by a Protectionist Government. It is unquestionably a substantial grievance. Nothing can be more glaringly inconsistent with any rational theory of protection than the state of the tariff under which the millers have to pay on the quantity of wheat required to produce a barrel of flour, a duty considerably higher than that imposed upon the imported barrel of flour. The discouragement to the flour-making industry involved in such an arrangement is clear to the dullest perception. It is no wonder that the millers, tired with fruitless remonstrance, are organizing for political warfare. They can hardly be expected to enter into sympathy with the Government in its embarrassment, or to see why their industry alone should be made to bear the burden of that embarrassment. The difficulty which meets any attempt at readjustment is, however, a very real and tangible one. It is not simply that, as one Minister from the Maritime Provinces is said to have put it, to raise the duty on flour to a dollar a barrel would involve the loss of four or five seats to the Government in his Province. That may indeed mean that in all the sea-side constituencies taken together the number of votes taken from the Government side of the House by so unpopular a measure would be demonstrably larger than any number which the millers of Ontario could reasonably be supposed to control. To the self-seeking politician such an argument might be arithmetically conclusive. But the real objection lies deeper, in the fact that to the dweller in the East a tax on flour is really a tax on the daily bread of his family, and such a tax is indefensible on any sound economic principle. The shortest and safest way out of the difficulty would evidently be the reduction or removal of the tax on wheat, unless it can be shown that this tax really increases the price of grain for the Ontario farmer. As this price is ruled by the foreign market, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to show that such is the case.

THE address delivered a few months ago by Mr. John King, M.A., before the Canadian Press Association, on the Amended Criminal Law of Libel, and now published in pamphlet form, is a clear exposition of the present state of both Canadian and English law in regard to the matter. Mr. King, while pointing out that the effect of recent amendments of the law in Canada is to throw a greater protection than formerly around the person charged with this offence, shows that our legislation is still in several respects behind that of England in the security afforded to newspapers against malicious prosecution. It is, for instance, enacted by the English law of 1888 that "no criminal prosecution shall be commenced against any proprietor, publisher, editor, or any other person responsible for the publication of a newspaper, for any libel published therein, without the order of a judge at chambers being first had and obtained." Another provision of this latest English legislation on the subject makes the husband or wife of the accused a competent, though not a compellable, witness. Another and still more important safeguard given by the English, but not by the Canadian, legislation, is that of the Act of 1881, in virtue of which a magistrate has power to receive evidence as to the truth, fairness and accuracy of the newspaper report which is the basis of the prosecution, and if, in his opinion, there is a strong or probable presumption that a jury would not convict, he may dismiss the case. Mr. King admits that, owing to the difference in the qualifications of the magistracy and other circumstances, there may be some difficulties in the way of Canadian journalists securing the fuller measure of protection afforded by the English law, but these are not, he thinks, insuperable, while the weight both of argument and of evidence supplied by English experience would be on their side in pressing for similar amendments.

MANY of the non-legal readers of Mr. King's address will be surprised to learn that the English laws governing prosecutions for libel are more favourable to the liberty of the press than those of Canada. It is hard to

reconcile with the facts, as presented by Mr. King, such statements as those recently published in the English papers with regard, for instance, to the late music hall tragedy. In that case, it will be remembered, the manager of an acrobatic troupe was fatally stabbed by one Curragh, just as he was entering the hall to give his performance. Inquiry elicited the fact that Curragh's mind had been unsettled by brooding over the cruel treatment to which his daughter had been subjected as a performer in the troupe of Letine, the manager referred to. The details of the girl's story, as given before her death, were most pathetic. She was sent on the stage to perform difficult feats when she was too weak even to dress herself, and they had to leave her stockings on under her costume to hide her thinness. "I thought I should die," she said, "but I didn't care if I did; indeed I wished I might do so." Three times they put a boy upon her shoulders, and three times she let him fall off, etc. The result was that only a few months after she had left home a bright, healthy girl, she returned to die in a rapid consumption. The case may have had a good deal of influence in securing the passage of the recent legislation by Parliament forbidding the employment of young children in theatres. But the point that strikes us particularly in connection with Mr. King's pamphlet is the fact that the wretched father could get no aid from the press in seeking redress. "With the law of libel as at present administered," says the *Christian World*, "no editor dared take up the case." This was, probably, after the failure of an attempt to obtain legal redress, through lack of evidence sufficiently clear for the courts, though the main facts seem to have been beyond dispute. Does the English law afford less protection against actions in the civil courts, of which Mr. King does not particularly speak, than in the criminal? Or can it be that English juries are more liable to be influenced by prejudice in cases in which the newspapers are concerned?

EVEN those who are most firmly convinced of the propriety and necessity of the disallowance for the second time of the Quebec District Magistrates' Court Act, will be glad that the Dominion Government has at last appointed two additional judges for the Montreal courts. The necessity for these judges has, as is well known, hitherto furnished a plausible pretext for the action of the Quebec Legislature in creating the court which is now deprived of legal standing. As *Le Courrier du Canada* says, "The Legislature of Quebec has obtained what it wanted. The two judges demanded by it have been nominated to supply a want of judges. . . . Mr. Mercier's magistrates are therefore superfluous." This suggests the reflection that the dilatoriness of the Dominion Government in making these appointments was indefensible, and was largely to blame for the Acts by which the Local Legislature has twice transcended its powers. Apart from the admission implied in the tardy appointment that the additions to the Bench were needed, the fact that the sudden disestablishment of the Magistrates' Court leaves 4,000 to 5,000 cases pending, affords sufficient indication of the previous lack of judicial facilities in the district. In view of the fact that the Superior Court is evidently overworked, and that the interests of litigants have suffered and are still likely to suffer in consequence, it is difficult to see any good reason why the Dominion Government should not accede to the request of the Montreal Bar, increasing the amount with which Magistrates' Courts are empowered to deal from \$50 to \$100. The change would no doubt do much to relieve the congestion from which the court and the clients are evidently suffering, and could hardly be detrimental to the ends of justice.

THE mission of Hon. J. J. C. Abbott to Australia in, as we suppose, the double capacity of a member of the Canadian Government, and a general commercial agent, will commend itself to the hearty approval of all parties. We are not, indeed, so sanguine as some of our contemporaries as to the possibility of establishing at an early day, any very large or profitable trade relations with our fellow colonists at the antipodes. But the Government has, no doubt, done well to take the Australians at their word, and, seeing that they did not care to send commissioners to us, send one to them. It is not worth while to be punctilious about such matters, and, under the circumstances, it is perhaps but reasonable that Canada should take the initiative in any advances towards closer business relations. That there are serious difficulties in the way of any considerable extension of those relations is easily seen. Not the least of these is the immense distance which many

of our products will have to be carried by land before advantage can be taken of the western water route which is relied upon to make the Australian markets accessible. Then, so far as manufactured articles are concerned, there is the further difficulty of competition with those who are able to carry on the processes on a much larger scale, and with superior facilities. At the same time all experience proves that enterprise and energy count for much as conditions of business intercourse. The fruits of profitable commerce are, other things being equal, or nearly equal, plucked by the hand that is most actively and diligently outstretched for them. There must be at least some lines of trade, there may, possibly, be many, in which these two most prosperous of British colonies—albeit they are on opposite sides of the globe—can profitably serve each other. Canada has few men better qualified either to discover and report upon these lines of trade, or to represent the Government and people of Canada in a business transaction, than Mr. Abbott, and his opinions and recommendations will carry great weight in Canadian business circles.

IF one could gain access to the inner consciousness of the statesmen who are from time to time responsible for the foreign policy of Great Britain, he would probably discover that the possession of vigorous and powerful colonies in different parts of the world does not aid to make the life of a British Prime Minister, or Foreign or Colonial Secretary a bed of roses. When we remember on the one hand the tremendous obligations resting upon them to maintain, as far as possible, friendly relations with all foreign countries, and imagine, on the other, the pressure to which they are continually subjected by one or other of the colonies for vigorous measures in maintenance of colonial rights, we can readily fancy these statesmen almost envying the lot of those rulers who have no irrepressible colonies to vex them. Just now, for instance, Canada has its troubles in regard to both the Atlantic and the Behring Sea fisheries, and is not a little disposed to regard the action of the Home Authorities in these matters as weak and almost pusillanimous. There is also Newfoundland, threatening through the mouth of some of its prominent citizens, to secede and join the United States, unless more vigorous protection is given it against French aggression. Then, again, to say nothing of the unrest beginning to manifest itself among the native millions of India, and the recent almost rebellious attitude of one or more of the Australian colonies, there is Sir Hercules Robinson, the popular Governor of Cape Colony and High Commissioner for South Africa, resigning because not permitted to pursue a sufficiently enterprising policy, and declaring that in South Africa Imperialism is played out, while the newspapers of that colony are hurling vigorous accusations of "moral cowardice" and desertion against the Downing Street Authorities. Experiences of this sort can scarcely tend to enamour the British Government of the scheme of Imperial Federation, under which the representatives of these pertinacious, and sometimes pugnacious, outer kingdoms would have a voice, and eventually, as we are told, a controlling voice, in determining the foreign policy of the Empire. But, perhaps the steadying influence of even the small share of the load of responsibility and cost which would have to be borne by each member of the Federation would have some effect in repressing the ardency of youthful impatience and ambition.

THE testimony given before the United States Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, bearing upon the matters involved in that clause of the Committee's instructions which directs it to "inquire fully into the question of the regulation of commerce carried on by railroad or water routes between the United States and Dominion of Canada, and to report what legislation on the subject, if any, is necessary for the protection of the commercial interests of the United States," illustrates in a very curious and interesting manner how closely interwoven are the political with the commercial relations of the two countries. It is evident that Canada has little reason to fear any restriction of commercial intercourse as a result of the Committee's inquiries. The Boards of Trade and other representatives of the business interests of both the New England and the Western cities are clear and emphatic in testifying to the great benefits conferred by the competition of the Canadian roads, and in protesting against any curtailment of the bonding privileges hitherto accorded to those roads. For instance, Hon. William L. Putnam, the leader and spokesman of a delegation of citizens and attorneys sent by the Portland Board of Trade to plead the

cause of that city before the Committee, declared openly: "We all know in Maine that the moment the Canadian lines are interfered with, the moment this bonding business is obstructed, an arbitrary rate will be put upon us, which will be a loss of not less than \$225,000 a year to the people, which they cannot afford to pay." The representatives of Boston and other cities were not less outspoken. With interested friends so many and so influential on the other side of the line the Canadian roads are pretty sure to get fair play, and it is very evident that nothing but an intense irritation, such as no reasonable action of a Canadian Government is in the least likely to provoke, could warrant President or Senate in venturing upon a non-intercourse policy which would redound to the injury of so many people and cities of their own country.

THE Collector of Customs in New York has taken a commendable step in seeking to put a stop to the practice of sending junior clerks and other irresponsible youths to the Custom House to swear out manifests. The case referred to by the Collector, in which he found that a lad whom he questioned knew nothing about the contents of the manifest which he was expected to verify under oath, has, we have no doubt, hundreds of parallels. We have known a youth in Toronto leave his situation with a respectable firm, mainly because he was too conscientious to do this business of oath-taking at the Customs, which was assigned him as a part of his work. It was not that he had any reason to suspect anything wrong in the invoices, but simply that he could not honestly testify to a statement of the correctness of which he had no knowledge. The matter is worthy of the attention of employers and others who agree, as every thoughtful man must, with Collector Erhardt, that "no worse training could be given to a lad than to teach him that the taking of an oath is purely a formal matter; false swearing or subornation thereof is as heinous an offence when committed in the Customs' service as if it occurred in a court of justice." And making oath to that of which one has no certain knowledge is practically false-swearing.

THE war in Egypt promises now to be of larger dimensions than was at first expected. It seems likely that the band of Dervishes with whom Colonel Wodehouse came into contact is but the advance guard, possibly the feint movement of a formidable invasion. At all events the hastening of British troops to the scene indicates that the situation is regarded as somewhat serious. Whatever may be the character and immediate outcome of the struggle, it can hardly fail to have the after-effect of fixing attention upon the somewhat illogical and nondescript position and policy of Great Britain in Egypt. There is force in the contention of the *Paris Herald* that if England thinks the presence of the troops in Egypt necessary not only for the protection of the European community there, but, as "a safeguard of humanity and civilization," she should have the courage of her opinions, and adopt decisive measures for taking Khartoum and ruling, or at least protecting, the whole country. It will not unlikely become evident to her own people, as well as to others, that she has hitherto been doing either too much or too little for the civilization and good government of Egypt and North Africa.

THE flight of General Boulanger and the absorbing influence of the Exhibition have produced a comparative lull in the storm of French politics for some months past. But the crisis is now drawing near, as is evident from the extraordinary scenes which were of so frequent occurrence in the Chamber during the last days of the session. The result of the elections which are now likely to be precipitated will be looked for with interest. Whether Boulanger will find himself seriously handicapped in the race by the various disabilities to which he is subjected remains to be seen. The charges of embezzlement and conspiracy brought against him would affect his chances more seriously were it not that the High Court before which he is to be summoned is regarded by his adherents as simply machinery devised by his enemies for his destruction. That which will perhaps more effectually hamper him in the elections is the new law, reasonable enough under the circumstances, which forbids a candidate to offer himself in more than a single constituency. It is by no means unlikely that his personal prestige might otherwise have secured his election in many places in which he may be unable to secure the success of an adherent. There will, no doubt, be stirring times in France during the next few months.

THE ANGLICAN CONTROVERSY.

IN commenting upon the proceedings of the Lambeth Conference some time ago, we drew special attention to the proposals of the Committee on the subject of the reunion of Christendom and of the Churches. It was then suggested, as it has been oftentimes, that the Anglican Church, as standing midway between Romans and Protestants, was well adapted to be a centre of union; and that, as the parent of many of the sects, and as tolerating within her borders various types of doctrine and ritual, she was the natural receptacle of the now divided and scattered members of the body.

It may seem a strange comment upon such a theory to remark that the English Church, of all existing communions, shows the greatest number of divisions and controversies; that, while inviting other Churches to find their unity in her communion, she should be exhibiting to the world the spectacle of a house divided within itself. In England at the present moment two somewhat fierce battles are proceeding, the one over Church architecture, in which the Bishop of London is the nominal defendant, the other over ritual, in which the Bishop of Lincoln is called to account for alleged violation of the law of the Church in the celebration of divine service.

Here in Toronto we have had some not dissimilar experiences. Not many months ago the Anglican communion was deeply agitated over the teaching of Canon Knox-Little. More recently the subject of ritual was hotly and vehemently debated in the Synod of the Diocese of Niagara at Hamilton; and during the last few weeks some busybodies have been employing people to stand at the doors of Churches and distribute offensive anti-ritualistic tracts. Does this look as though the Anglican Church were a quiet haven in which all the fleets of Christendom could find shelter?

Certainly the question is a very natural and reasonable one. But for all that, there was truth in the saying of De Maistre, that, in more ways than one, the hope of the reunion of Christendom lay chiefly in the position of the Anglican Church; and Dean Stanley was not far from wrong when he said that the Church of England was the "Themistocles of the Churches." Other communions would put themselves first, but most of them would give the second place to the Church of England.

We did not take part in the Knox-Little controversy at the time, because it did not seem to be carried on in a manner that was likely to be profitable to either party; but we kept a good deal of the correspondence on the subject with a view to future use; and it is now before us. A very bewildering collection it must appear to any who are unfamiliar with ecclesiastical history; but one which is not without instruction for those who know something of the inward development of Anglicanism, and who remember the invariable exaggerations of partisan controversialists. It may be worth while to note some of these statements, and to point out the right and the wrong of them in a general way.

We have, then, one gentleman maintaining that Mr. Knox-Little's teachings on the Real Presence and Eucharistic Adoration are not merely doctrines tolerable and tolerated by the Church of England; but that they represent the true meaning of the formularies, and substantially, the traditional teaching of the Church. On the other hand, we have a gentleman of a different school declaring that such doctrines have no place in the English Church, and that the teachers of them had better go to Rome at once. Again we have three different views of the Anglican Church generally, one asserting that it is essentially Catholic, another that it is purely Protestant, and a third that it is the best of all Churches, although unfortunately it retains some Roman elements which were not purged out at the time of the Reformation. It may seem strange; but, apart from the blundering way of expressing their meaning, there is a good deal of truth in all of these three statements.

The English Reformers undoubtedly meant to be Catholic. They were not setting up a new sect but merely removing what they regarded as corruptions which had crept into the Church in the course of its history. So far as they joined with other reformers in protesting against Papal sovereignty and mediæval innovation, they might be called Protestants; but no one who knows anything of the English Reformation would think of the Church of England as a new Church, a thing built up from the ground from the foundation. Its historical character is precisely the same as that of its great Cathedrals and Churches. All is essentially the same, only that some features are removed. The controversy then about Catholic and Protestant is a

very silly one. It is a mere fight about words; and when the actual historical facts are considered, it will cease to have any interest or meaning.

It is very strange that an English clergyman should speak of any Roman errors as being left in the English Prayer Book. It is strange, because he must have accepted that book, and promised to use it and none other, and use it as it stands. But it is still more strange, because it betrays an amount of ignorance which could hardly be thought possible in an accredited teacher belonging to a body so learned as the English clergy. The teaching of the Church of England may be true or false, or it may be partly true and partly false. With these questions we have, at present, nothing to do; and we do not propose to consider them even for a moment, much less to pronounce upon them. But, as a simple matter of fact, the Church of England holds and teaches no doctrine which is peculiar to the Church of Rome, as distinguished either from the Greek Church, or from the early Catholic period in which the Eastern and Western Churches had not yet broken asunder. We may believe or disbelieve what the English Church teaches, for example, on the Sacraments and the Ministry; but at least we cannot deny, if we know anything on the subject, that her teaching is that of the second and third centuries. And it would be droll indeed to speak of such teaching as Roman error. To a Unitarian the Nicene Creed may seem Roman doctrine; but all the Evangelical Churches hold every doctrine of that symbol, and would resent such a description of its contents; yet that would be almost as accurate as to speak of the differences by which Anglicanism is distinguished from Presbyterianism or Methodism as being Roman.

The case becomes somewhat more difficult when we turn to the conflicting statements of the opposing parties on the subject of the Holy Communion. Here we meet with the irony of history. In the baptismal controversy extreme high churchmen sought to thrust the evangelical party out of the Church of England. In the eucharistic controversy Low Churchmen tried to do the same office for the Ritualists. The High Churchmen said that every one should teach the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration in their sense, or quit the ministry of the Church. The effort was defeated. The Low Churchman's position was legalized. It was now absurd to say that he had no place in the Church. It might be said that he did not quite take the words of the formularies in their obvious meaning, that an unprejudiced examiner would probably understand them differently; but the case was settled, and, moreover, it was shown clearly that such a meaning had been put upon the words from the time of the English Reformation.

The case is only slightly different with the Ritualists. Certainly no one reading the Communion office and the articles would say that the teaching of Mr. Knox-Little, for example, represented their natural and obvious meaning. The words "Real Presence" may mean anything, so we need not quarrel about them, unless they are explained in a manner to which we may take exception. The Eucharistic Sacrifice may or may not be a Christian doctrine, a portion of the faith of the Church, and it is undoubtedly lawful to teach it in the Church of England, for it is nowhere condemned. But it is equally certain that it is nowhere asserted. So again, eucharistic adoration is so far from being inculcated that it seems to be forbidden by the rubric at the end of the Communion Service. Moreover, it cannot be truly said that this neo-Catholic doctrine has been the traditional teaching of the Church of England. It is very different from Hooker's, and Hooker has been regarded as perhaps the noblest representative of the completed English Reformation. Attempts have been made to claim the authority of Cranmer and Ridley; but it is seldom that much success has been achieved without some garbling of the extracts. Even writers like Andrewes, although using phraseology nearly resembling that of modern Ritualists, can hardly be said to support their whole contention; and even of these perhaps hardly half a dozen could be found in the whole collection of Anglican theologians.

It is, then, very far from the truth to say that this extreme doctrine of the Eucharist represents normal Anglican teaching. But, on the other hand, it is absurd to say that those who teach this doctrine have no place in the Church of England. Their place has been vindicated, just as that of the Low Church Party and the Broad Church Party was vindicated, by the decision of the supreme tribunal of the English Church. The position of Low Churchmen was challenged in the baptismal contro-

versy and the Gorham judgment declared that it was safe. The Latitudinarians were attacked in the case against writers of the "Essays and Reviews," and it was decided that they were within their rights. In the Eucharistic controversy, the Bennett judgment acquitted the high sacramentalists; and so they must be contented to work side by side, or else they must go their way and find contentment elsewhere; for at least they cannot make a clean sweep of those from whom they differ; and it would be much better for all parties to make up their mind to this, and to quietly recognize that others have rights as well as themselves. If this were done, the party religious newspapers would cease to be the scandals which they are now felt to be, to the Church and the world.

We have said nothing here directly on the subject of Ritual; perhaps we may return to that subject again. But there is one reflection which we would humbly submit to controversialists in the Church of England and elsewhere—namely, that they should have some faith in the Law of the Survival of the Fittest. Great is truth, and it will prevail. To doubt it is to have a very weak faith. Of course we must contend earnestly for the faith; but that does not mean railing at those who differ from us. If we are terrified lest error should triumph, then we must already have begun to doubt whether we ourselves are holding the truth. And it is the same with ritual. Every church is in a state of evolution in the matter of public worship. It is only the other day that the first organ was used in a Scottish Presbyterian Church. Forms of prayer are now not very uncommon with Presbyterian and other Protestant denominations. Psalms are chanted. Gowns are worn. In the English Church the surplice has become almost universal in the pulpit. Is anybody the worse? Does any one imagine that the course of development will stop here? It would be absurd to fancy such a thing. Doubtless many men have done foolish things in trying to discover what is best, and many more foolish things will be done before we discover the "fittest;" but, on the whole, we are unlearning some errors, and we are learning some truths, and "he that believeth will not make haste."

THE PRIZE RING.

NO human being, except perhaps the cynic and the scoffer, can feel much satisfaction in contemplating the incidents connected with the recent prize fight. Is it not about time that we should cease from the insincere and hypocritical talk which is so abundant on all such occasions? Do we mean to have prize fights or do we mean to prevent them? Mr. Carlyle mentions that, when poor Louis XVI. was confronted by the Revolution, it was supremely necessary that he should give a clear and distinct answer to its demands, that he should say, Yes or No. Instead of such distinct answer, the poor king could only say, Yes and No; and we know the result. He could not win with such a programme.

It is very much the same with the war against prize fighting. We have laws against it. We punish those who take part in it, when we can catch them; but we take no measures to stop the publication of all the disgusting details of the fight. Our newspapers—all the daily ones—have the fullest and most particular accounts of each "round," its concomitants and results, filling column after column of space which, one should imagine, might be devoted to better things. And then (crowning absurdity!) the same paper which, in the person of its reporter, seemed to revel in the combat, in the person of its editor, mounts the rostrum and discourses in the most sanctimonious, if not exactly edifying, manner, on the wickedness and brutality of prize fights! After ministering to the morbid craving of the public, the ministering angel tells us how horrible and disgusting it is of us to care for the pabulum which he provides, to buy and read the paper upon which a good deal of capital has been expended in the express design that an unusually large edition should be purchased and perused. *O tempora, O mores!* And we thank God that we are not as other men, or even as those Spaniards, who have bull-fights.

Probably the "able editors" who are, just at this moment, the subjects of a good deal of sarcastic comment on the part of the general public, will reply with the Roman Emperor: *Non olet*; or they may content themselves with the reflection, in plain English, that it pays. But they might very easily carry this war into the enemy's country. They might retort upon their critics, "Who are you that charge us with inconsistency? You are the people who make these laws. You—the long-eared public—are the people who send members to Parliament to make these

laws against prize-fighting. You would vote against any one who refused to support a measure for putting down the Ring; and yet you are the people who demand these reports. If one of us should believe in the sincerity of your denunciations of prize-fighting and suppress the reports of them, the paper that should practise such heroism would inevitably suffer for it; for this long-eared public, which brays about the brutality of the Ring, would convey its patronage to another paper which would furnish the 'disgusting details.'"

Such is the reply which the long-suffering editor might make to a censorious public. And it would be just, for his inconsistency is but the reflection of our inconsistency. He blows hot and cold—the one in his reports, the other in his leading articles—just because we blow hot and cold. But he has an excuse which we have not. He lives by it, and we do not. And we compel him to it. We will not let him live unless he is inconsistent, as we are. He must give us the reports, or we shall not buy his paper; and he must denounce prize-fighting, or we shall think badly of him and think of transferring our custom to another shop which has a higher moral tone. O thou long-eared public, if thou hast any sense or possibility of shame, hide thy foolish face, and hold thy foolish tongue, and suffer this much-enduring editor to earn his bread if not quite honestly, yet as honestly as can be done by one who has to cater for such a public.

All this may seem mere fooling, but the matter, in fact, is very serious. It is greatly to be feared that there is a great deal of this humbug infesting our judgments and our language in regard to public morality, and it is just as well that, when a very flagrant case comes up, we should look well into it. Such a case is now before us in the Prize Ring; and we are not sorry that statements which are often made on the subject in an abstract form should be reduced to the concrete, so that they may receive a more practical handling.

If we have so far made our meaning clear, it will now be apparent that there are only two courses before us which can be defended as consistent. The one is to permit the prize fight and regulate it; the other is to suppress it, and to prohibit the reports of all actual combats. We hardly think that any considerable number of persons will be found willing to legalize prize fighting, although most people will agree that this would be far better than the present state of things. Nothing can be much worse than the keeping of a law on the statute book and allowing it to be systematically broken. Our experience of the Scott Act has abundantly satisfied us on that point, if we needed any such satisfaction. There is, however, no great danger of the infringement of the laws against the Ring in the Dominion of Canada; and we may allow our neighbours to take care of themselves.

In what respect, then, are we affected by these encounters? Only as they are reported in our papers and read by our fellow-citizens. But for these reports, so far as we are concerned, the thing would be as good as non-existent. It would do harm only to the principals and to the spectators. Now it is absurd to expect that the conductors of newspapers should suppress these reports. That might, of course, be done if they would all agree together to adopt such a course. But what would happen? Enterprising publishers would bring out special sheets giving all the details of the fray, and the public would buy them, and indemnify themselves by purchasing fewer of the virtuous sheets which had sacrificed themselves on the altar of public morality.

Evidently, this will not do; and therefore there is but one rational and consistent course which can be taken by those who denounce the Ring. They must agitate for a law which shall make penal the publication of any of the details of the fight. Why not? Some of our courts prohibit the publication of parts of the evidence given in trials, on the ground that it would be injurious to public morality. Those who honestly believe in the degrading character of prize-fighting are bound to give effect to their convictions in this manner. Let them take the thing in hand at once "or else hereafter for ever hold their peace."

AMONG the great water-ways which show the triumphs of modern and engineering skill is the Manchester Ship Canal in England. The canal, which is about 35 miles long, with a normal width of 120 feet on the bottom, and a constant depth of 26 feet, commences with certain docks and basins in the city of Manchester and follows the Irwell to its junction with the Mersey, and the Mersey to near Runcorn, crossing the two rivers thirty times in a distance of 14 miles.

JULY FIRST AND JULY FOURTH.

LAST week Canada and the United States celebrated their national fate days, if they may be so described. The former's celebration was confined mainly to Ontario. Quebec does not take much stock in Dominion Day. The Maritime Provinces take no interest in it whatever, except in so far as it awakens feelings of unrelenting animosity against the promoters of the Union scheme. In the United States there is little of this sectionalism, lest it be in some portions of the South. From Maine to Mendocino every heart pulsates with national pride. In fact, the Americans as a people are the most devout admirers, and even worshippers, of self and country that the round globe affords. The Fourth of July is to them a day of idolatry—a day when the whole nation on bended knees pour out their adoration of the land handed down to them through the courage, wisdom, and patriotism of Washington and his fellows.

This difference between Canada and the United States, this national pride and union on the south side of the 49th parallel, and on the north side national apathy and threatened disintegration, are facts of the first importance to the Canadian people. That they are facts, undeniable and un denied, is unfortunately too true. We would like above all things to be able to say that the Canadian people are as wedded to their country, institutions, and ideas as are the people to our south. But the every-day evidences of the opposite are so very self-apparent that the pleasure is denied us. In the one country there is more concentrated devotion to the Eagle, and all that it symbolizes, to the square inch, than in the other is rendered to the square acre to the Beaver. Thus much we have never yet heard questioned. The stranger who travels through both countries successively is impressed profoundly by this excessive patriotism in one, and extreme indifference to nationality, and all that it implies, in the other. The American he finds imbued, well-nigh to the extremity of infatuation, with the idea that his country is the axis of the world. This is possibly due in great measure to the ignorance of the average American of the resources and capabilities of lands other than his own. Whatever the reason, the fact remains that the United States is to the typical American the alpha and omega of the universe. Beyond its horizon he sees but faintly, and discerns nothing that removes from his mind the early inculcated idea that his country heads the list, and that he himself is the most important citizen that dwells within it. Were the Canadian similarly impressed with the importance of his country and himself it would be an unmixed blessing to this country. Perhaps we should not desire him to be quite so absorbed with country and self as the American is. The latter's patriotism too often degenerates into nauseating conceit, and Fourth of July orations, when deprived of froth and fustian, not unfrequently leave nothing but a residue of abominable bumptiousness. But while the Canadian should avoid the vanity and overweening love of self and country that distinguishes the American from all other groups of men, he should also emulate the strong and pervading spirit of nationality that is found in the very fibre of the American people. For this appreciation of country is after all the rock upon which all enduring national structures are built. Without it no country can develop into a lusty manhood. The Johnsonian dictum that patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel was never intended as other than a joke. Its unique author probably knew the value of patriotism as well as any person of his time. At all events, had his shade the privilege of attending a Fourth of July celebration, and listening to the outbursts of panegyric grandiloquence that constitute the essence of such occasions, it would be apt to realize with considerable force that patriotism is not an attribute peculiar to the worst elements of society.

That the First of July should witness less striking manifestations of patriotism in Canada than are observable on the Fourth of July in the United States, is, perhaps, to a certain extent to be expected. Five millions of people cannot raise as loud a din as sixty millions. Nor can a Dominion twenty-two years of age exhibit such imposing evidences of development and growth as a nation that has more than capped its century. But while a fit comparison is impossible at the present time, it is possible by going back in American records to the time when the United States was no older than the Dominion of to-day. Yet when even this is done, it will be found that the Americans when emerging from their teens were just as superabundantly loyal as when they were drifting into their second century of national existence. So that from whichever standpoint we view this question, the conclusion is irresistible that the Canadian is no match for the American in the matter of devout and abiding patriotism to the land he owns.

How, then, comes it that we Canadians are so comparatively destitute of that stirring loyalty that obtains in the United States? and how can we add to our present stock, both in quantity and quality? Our answer to the first question is that the authors of Confederation are not a little to blame for the lack of spirited and universal loyalty. The Dominion was not an outcome of a desire on the part of all its component parts for the introduction of the Federal system of government. It was the result more of a political wirepulling than of a movement endorsed by the people of the several Provinces. The Americans, on the other hand, fought for their independence, and laid the foundation of their nation in their own blood. This absence in Canada of a popular desire for union marks Confederation as an issue forced upon the people; and a constitution

that has its origin in a political deadlock, and for its basis aversion, would much better have never been evolved. Again, there is a lack of loyalty because of the differences of race and religion that obtain. This is a tender subject to deal with. If you prick the delicate scarfskin of French-Canadian vanity, you immediately find yourself in a sea of trouble; or if you venture to insinuate that the Orange and Protestant elements are not as perfect as if they had just escaped from Paradise, you expose yourself to contumely and contempt. Here, then, is a dilemma. Every difficulty can, in a sense, be overcome by ignoring it, it is true. But we do not propose this method of escape. We intend saying, at the risk of incurring displeasure, that the French and English, Catholic and Protestant elements of this country are the bane of Confederation. Were we all English or all French, all Catholic or all Protestant, there would be little trouble and a vast amount of common loyalty, together with common aims and aspirations. But things are not so. The American people are all pulling in one boat; the Canadian people are pulling in two boats. The English and Protestant element is steering one way, the French and Catholic another. All this is so perfectly plain and commonplace that we shall not dwell upon it. We mention it only for the purpose of making clear our point that there can be no homogeneity without singleness of aim and unity of heart and hand, and as we have not these at the present time, we have no genuine loyalty. We may anticipate the objection that the United States has many conflicting elements and yet a decided unity and oneness of purpose, by pointing out that there is no parallel in that country to the condition of affairs that exists in the unneighbourliness of Ontario and Quebec, and the widely divergent interests of the two.

Another reason why there is no well-spring of loyalty ever bubbling up and refreshing and invigorating the people is that this is a country "of magnificent distances" if ever there was one. The old simile about the bundle of faggots tied together at the ends comes in very happily as an accounting cause. We in the Maritime Provinces know little of the Upper Provinces. We look upon the Ontario man as a stranger from a remote land, while our visitors from the New England States are regarded as next-door neighbours. Take the Anti-Jesuit agitation as another illustration. What does the average Nova Scotian know or care about the upshot of this voluminous and acrid controversy? His interest in it is an unknown quantity. And yet is not the very stability and permanence of our system of Government seriously threatened by this rancorous dispute? Quite true it is that by-and-by, when the whole country is more thoroughly intersected with railways, the remoter parts will be brought somewhat closer together; and with the resulting increase in trade and travel may come a union more profitable and inspiring. In the meantime, however, we would do wrong to overlook the fact that there is very little solidity about this Dominion. In the number of its square miles it presents to the outside world an imposing spectacle, but to those who are familiar with its configuration its bigness by no means atones for its straggling and disbanded character.

Assuming then that all we have said, and much more in the same line, is true, what is to be done to bind the Dominion more firmly together and make it as full of loyal enthusiasm on the First of July or some other day as the United States is on "the glorious Fourth?" This is a problem that is worth engaging the attention of the best minds in Canada. Upon its solution, and its speedy solution, depends in great measure the well-being of this country. Without that heart and soul faith in the future of the Dominion which gives for its outer semblance high-spirited and determined loyalty, Canada can never, as Artemus Ward would say, amount to "shucks."

Having said this much let us now turn to the kernel of the question, and discover, if we can, the *raison d'être* of Canada's lack of loyalty and the United States plethora of it. To be brief, we believe it to be due to a great extent to the independent status of the one and the dependent status of the other. The United States is a nation; Canada is a dependency. The Americans are citizens; the Canadians are subjects. The one country generates its force from within; the other gets it from without. The one has absolute power; the other relative power. One is a nation; the other a mere "apron-string" colony.

This, we take it, is the secret of the First of July indifference and Fourth of July ebullient enthusiasm. It is true that were Canada erected into a nation she would still have the French problem on her hands. But time might, under the new order of things, work a peaceful solution of the difficulty. The great North-West would, we believe, be rapidly peopled had we a strong national Government at Ottawa and a sturdy, full-blooded loyalty to the new nation coursing through Canada's veins. And with a large English population the French problem would be quickly settled. There would then be no cherished dreams of a French-Canadian nation. There would still be that undercurrent of jealousy and distrust between the Protestant and Catholic cults that has its being wherever the two come into collision to anything like the extent they do in the Upper Provinces. But this is absolutely unavoidable under any régime short of the establishment of the Messianic Kingdom upon the earth.

Some may be disposed to object to the premises herein assumed, namely, that Canada has not a fraction of the loyalty enjoyed by the United States. But we must not be misunderstood. We recognize that of loyalty to England there is all that could be desired. We go further: we say there is more than is desired. Loyalty to England,

somebody has said, is disloyalty to Canada; and of the two evils we should prefer to choose the least. Loyalty to Canada we consider as the paramount duty of every Canadian; loyalty to England should be secondary. Our interests all lie in this direction and not on the other side of the Atlantic. The Canadian who does not feel that he has a great heritage, and is not possessed with a desire to see it brought to the highest attainable state of development, is not a worthy son of this country of vast potentialities. And believing as we do that the best in Canadian life cannot be wrought out so long as we are subjects and not citizens, we are led to the conclusion that the independence of this country is the most desirable lot that could befall us. Our national fête day would then be celebrated with quite as much éclat as is the Fourth of July by our ebullient cousins.

C. P. MCLENNAN.
Halifax, N.S., July 4th, 1889.

A YEAR AGO.

If what I dreamed

A year ago this very autumn day,
When the last pennant of the maple streamed
Their red adown the dull November gray;
Had it been true—this dream I dreamt of you—
Life not so soon had cold and dreary seemed,
For all its light was centred, dear, in you.

If what I dreamed

Of your deep faith, and love, and strength
Had been but so, the lagging length
Of these twelve months had swiftly gone;
But I awoke ere matin song,
And found it all untrue—this dream I dreamed of you.

Had this I dreamed

Of you, as champion of the right,
Been true, in stainless armour tight
You still would be, as I then deemed,
My valiant, fearless knight:
I sorrowing find untrue—this dream I had of you.

Had I but dreamed

Of what has come ———; but no,
Better the little light that gleamed
Than dark unlit by aught of glow.
We all must dream, and who
But finds some dreams untrue—like this I dreamed of you?

EVA H. BRODLIGUE.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

IT would be but a doubtful compliment to Lord Salisbury, to suggest that "he builded better than he knew" when he transferred the Permanent Secretary of the Foreign Office to the diplomatic service, and sent him as minister to Washington. Far likelier is it that His Lordship knew exactly what he was doing and why he did it. Be that as it may, I have taken fair measure of the new minister in sundry interviews that I have had occasion to seek with him, and venture a prediction that he will prove a success in every fair meaning of the phrase.

Sir Julian Pauncefote has been well endowed by nature for performing a good part in the world. He is a tall, handsome, distinguished-looking man, and his thoroughly English physiognomy and bearing are the reverse of drawbacks to the making of a favourable impression upon those that meet him. His manner is both winning and dignified, inviting approach without excess of familiarity. He seems to be without a particle of affectation, and taking naturalness in the sense of its being the highest development of a man according to the best traditions of his descent and environment, he is among the most natural of men I have met. One feels, when in his society, that for him in his intercourse with others, there are no marked-off periods of *déshabille* and *grand tenue*. His conversation, at a first meeting, appears noticeably free and open, untinged by the vagueness wherein members of the diplomatic profession are supposed to wrap even their ordinary sentences; but it is neither verbose, nor platitudinous, nor indiscreet, and I could not imagine the speaker under an impulse or necessity to go back upon his course, to invoke silence or tender explanation in respect of anything that may have been said. In fact what Sir Julian does say is uttered with such ease of language and tranquillity of manner, and carries along its high quality with such spontaneity, that one is obliged to reflect upon and to recall the particulars of a conversation with him to discover, or to realize, that the impress of a legal training and of a rare experience in judicial affairs and matters of state has transformed itself into an instinct that, without exterior manifestation, leads him never to say anything inconsiderately or idly, or of a trivial character. In other words, he has the inward seriousness of an English nature with the outward grace of a Frenchman or Italian in expression, a combination peculiarly adapted to this country, wherein the original English stock has been modified in the direction of liveliness and lightness.

Foreign residence and much intercourse with foreigners has saved, if it has not relieved, the new minister from that insularity of mind and taste that imparts an undesirable rigidity to the characters of so many of his otherwise cultivated countrymen. By reason of this quality, his attitude towards what is novel in American life is sympathetic rather than critical, and has had much to do in

winning for him the considerable degree of popularity that he already enjoys, and which is too deeply founded in a hearty respect for the man to wear itself out easily, or to lead to degeneracy in his position or influence. Our phlegmatic President has expressed himself with something like warmth as to the impression made upon him by "Sir Julian," and the very messengers at the Department of State have felt the charm in the appearance and manner of the British minister, and hasten to open the door of the *sanctum* to him with a kindness that abates not within. He has failed not in what may be regarded as the supreme test, with the gentlemen of the press. He receives them all; shows them that they are not unwelcome visitors; gaily rallies them on the powers of invention occasionally displayed by their craft, and, with infrequent exceptions, answers all their questions; for Sir Julian is one of the fortunate men in public life to discover that reporters, as a class, have a proper sense of the limitation upon the range of topics open to them in the practice of interviewing, and a habit of dealing fairly, in their reports, with those that deal courteously with them. As to interviewing itself, his own words to me were: "I have not the least objection to it; it is the custom of the country and I have no wish to put myself in opposition to it, and see no reason why I should wish to do so." He receives numerous clippings and marked papers containing articles or paragraphs about himself, many of them fictitious and some even absurd; but, as he says, they are quite inoffensive and nearly always cast in a kindly spirit.

The minister is a robust, joyous man, and an energetic but methodical worker. He speaks with remarkable candour of what he considers his good fortune in being unexpectedly appointed to his present post, and of his hope to make a success of the opportunities offered by it. He apparently has the faculty of grasping a subject in a masterly manner and of presenting it in a fair and just light, and I shall be greatly disappointed in my estimate of him and his immediate future if he does not materially contribute to a strengthening of the many bonds of amity between Great Britain and the great Republic, and do something towards the maintenance of good feeling and pleasant relations between the English-speaking nations of this continent. However that may be, I don't see how Lord Salisbury could have done better than he has done in sending as Her Majesty's Envoy to the United States so manly and capable a representative as Sir Julian Pauncefote appears to be, and in breaking the bonds of official custom in order to do it; and it is a real pleasure to me to be able to intimate to Canadians the manner of man to whom some of their greatest interests are in part entrusted.

B.

THE CURFEW TOWER, WINDSOR.

QUAINT old Curfew tower! The very name calls up visions of William the Conqueror, and of the days when the poor Saxon churls withered under the heel of the Norman barons. Surely this is one of the most interesting features of Windsor, and yet the ordinary tourist wholly ignores it, not condescending to visit it or say anything about it. I have often wondered when reading accounts of Windsor Castle, why it is so seldom that any mention is made of this curious old tower. Why is it that one of the most interesting features of the place is so often passed unnoticed? Indeed, the day we were there the *genius loci*, the keeper of the tower, exclaimed at our appearance, saying we were the first visitors he had had for a month, adding, sadly, that "tourists seldom came to visit his old tower." I have ventured, therefore, to write a few words about that portion of the place and of our day at Windsor for the sake of the Curfew tower and all its interesting associations, not forgetting to include the loquacious belfry-keeper among the list of attractions.

It will be quite unnecessary for me to go over in detail the first part of our day's sight-seeing. Windsor Castle and most of its surroundings are so much and so often written about that the subject is well nigh worn threadbare. Suffice it to say that we really saw the whole place thoroughly, for had we not come from far off lands to see all that was to be seen? The party consisted of a pretty bright young Russian girl and two Canadian maidens, all full of life, spirits and energy, and not likely to leave any stone unturned, where there was so much that was fraught with interest. We explored every nook, walked "in and out and all about," till at last turning to our guide book for a hint where to seek "fresh woods and pastures new," we read the following sentence, which we had overlooked before: "Curfew Tower to be seen any day on applying to the Belfry Keeper of the Tower." Then a little further on: "The Curfew Tower, the oldest part of the castle, stands near the centre of the Horseshoe cloisters. It contains a peal of eight bells, the chimes of which play every three hours, at three, six, nine and twelve o'clock. The tower, with its interesting crypt or dungeon, can be inspected on applying to the Belfry Keeper, who lives in the Tower." Evidently these sentences do not, as a rule, strike the everyday tourist as anything interesting or likely to lead to anything worth seeing. For of the crowds who had surrounded us at every other part of the castle none were to be seen wending their way in the direction indicated. However, when Canadians and Russians go sight-seeing, they are bound to see all or perish in the attempt. So we turned our steps to the Horseshoe Cloisters, and presently found ourselves in a quiet and pretty green quadrangle, surrounded by low picturesque red houses with latticed windows. A notice-

able hush was all around, a relief after the buzz and hum by which we had been somewhat overwhelmed during the previous part of the day. On the broad verandah which ran in front of these houses we saw an elderly gentleman sitting at ease in his armchair reading and smoking. He looked surprised at our advent, but in answer to our apologies for having taken the wrong road, and thus trespassed on his domain, politely showed us the narrow pathway which led us in the right direction. And now we stand in front of the Curfew Tower. No one is in sight. We climb the stone steps that lead up to the entrance, and find ourselves in a sort of hall, with doors on either side and some very dilapidated ladder-like stairs before us that seem to stretch up into the roof. We hear voices above, but wait patiently; presently an old man comes slowly down the stairs. Such an old man: slight, short, white-haired and bright-faced. His stoop, the too-usual attendant on age, made him look shorter than he really was. His attire was not striking: no fine uniform nor gorgeous livery.

His oft-washed bluish shirt, open loose collar, and well-worn grey trousers did not make him look much like one of the retainers of the Queen of England. Yet this was the keeper of the Tower. We said we wanted to find the keeper of the Tower and to be shown over the place. "I am he," said he cheerfully, "I'm the keeper, and I'll show you all over in a minute or two, but there is a young officer up there now, with a friend, just wait till they are gone, and I'll show you everything. He often comes to see the old place, but he is going soon. Come and sit in my little room for a minute," and he opened the door to the left and ushered us into a tiny apartment. "What a dear quaint room, and how tiny!" we exclaimed. "Yes," said he proudly, "it's mine: here I have lived for over fifty years, here I was when King William was on the throne, here I was when he died, and here I am still, and I always take care of my own rooms myself," he added, triumphantly, as though the labour of looking after these apartments would require the strength of a Hercules.

We chatted away and looked at all his curiosities, pictures, etc., and found him so merry and the repose so agreeable, that we were quite sorry when we heard the young men come down the stairs and call "John," no doubt to give him a parting tip. "Yes," said he, coming back and resuming his conversation, "I'm old John Halliday and here I've been for more than fifty years, and now if you will come I'll show the old place," and, with his stick in hand, he started in front of us, up the steep stairway, pausing half way up to warn us that one step was very long, another very short, and that a person might easily fall if not accustomed to the queer uneven way. At the first landing we found ourselves in a large room, the whole size of the Tower, lighted by those slits in the wall that were in vogue in olden days and took the place of our modern windows. These ruin-framed peeps at the outer world always delight me, and I go from one to another and take in the different views as if I were in a gallery of *chefs-d'œuvre*. At one of these windows stands an old cannon, a curious looking implement of war, captured by Cromwell and placed there by him to help to guard the Tower from its rightful owners. There is also a very old clock, with a long inscription underneath it giving its history, which is most interesting. I wished to copy this to keep as a memento of the place; but time will not stand still even for such a purpose as this, and perforce I give it up. As old John was impatient for us to climb higher, we hastened after him to the top of the Tower. Here he had many anecdotes to relate, and as we stood on the roof and looked down on the narrow streets of Windsor, he told how once, when Henry VIII. was king, a butcher had his stall "just down there," pointing to the buildings below us, and the poor man, too outspoken for the times he lived in or his own safety, was heard declaiming against the king for marrying Anne Boleyn. He was seized, condemned to death and lodged up in this part of the Tower; and our guide showed us a little alcove where he was chained fast to the stone wall. A young nobleman determined to save him from his impending fate, and managed to elude the jailers and get in through a trap door, which the guide showed us; before however he could accomplish his humane purpose, the king appeared on the scene, and the young lord only saved his own life, by disappearing through the trap door, and leaving his humble friend to his fate. The butcher was ultimately hung, and our old friend showed us where the king and queen are said to have stood and watched the murder from one of the other towers. So graphic was old Halliday's description that we almost feared if we turned round, we should see the form of the wretched man dangling from the parapet. With the grim cruelty of the times they hung him from the side of the wall that over-looked his own little home, to add, if possible, one more touch of bitterness to his end. Looking down from the spot on the busy, bright street below, it is hard to realize that not so long ago such things could be. Truly "Man's inhumanity to man, makes countless thousands mourn." When we left the upper part of the Tower and were led down underneath to the crypt or dungeon, then indeed we felt more inclined to wonder that the earth did not open and swallow up the perpetrators of the cruelties we heard about.

When man first pent his fellow-men
Like brutes within an iron den.

We saw little tiny niches in the wall, with hardly room to kneel in, where the condemned criminals spent the last sad night of their lives. There was the spot where the tortures were used: the thumbscrew, the rack and that most agonizing of all, the drop of water, when the un-

fortunate victim was compelled to stand for hours, with the water, drop by drop, falling on his head, till it seemed to burn into his very soul. Now, the crypt looks harmless enough, but one can imagine the horrors of the "good old days," when chained fast to the wall, in darkness, dampness, torture, and starvation, a high-born Lord or humble peasant dragged out his days, thanking God for the death that was the only end of his misery. We were not sorry to ascend once more to the bright light of day. Our tour of the place was ended, and we bid farewell to our garrulous old guide, pressed some shillings into his not unready hand and turned away. He followed us to the gateway to say, "Good-bye," and, "Young ladies, when you go back to Russia and to Canada, don't forget old John Halliday, and when you come back again, be sure and look for the old man." It had pleased him greatly to think we had come from such distant lands to visit his dear old Tower.

Yes, old John, you may have had visitors since that bright August day, but I venture to say none more enthusiastic than we were. To use a quaint phrase, "We think long of that day."

Poor old man, I wonder if he is still there; he was hale and hearty, and, though ancient, like the Tower of which he was the loving guardian, seemed to think he would be there for ever, ready at any time to welcome us back. Regretfully we turned away from Windsor Castle, took a short walk through the town, a hasty little refreshment at a confectioner's shop, from the windows of which we could still see our friend, the Curfew Tower. Then we had to run for the train, and so away from Windsor, with a glimpse at Eton as we whirled by in the train to London.

But as one of our party said: "It had been a day without a flaw," and will be always a specially bright bit in our recollections of our English trip. Perhaps this little sketch of the Curfew Tower with its crowd of historic memories may induce some visitor to turn his steps towards it when he goes to Windsor Castle. He will, no doubt, be as pleased as we were. I only hope he may still find the same dear old man to act as his guide, philosopher and friend.

M.

LONDON LETTER.

IF you are fortunate enough to possess a home within a drive of the Royal Heath you double the pleasures of Ascot. First there is the delightful country house breakfast, with green sloping lawn and shining pools, to decorate the landscape. Terraces, with not a tuft of grass on the gravel, lead to corridors of laurel and rhododendron, arbutus and ivy, which cool the June sunbeams as they filter through the closely matted hedges. Something pretty and precise in this well-ordered scenery, in leafy arcades and trim paths, recalls the time of Watteau, and the entrance of a Shepherdess or an Arlequin would harmonize better with these glades, than the orthodox frock coats and tall hats, or the latest modes from Paris, which are here the uniform. Then there is the drive past lonely Bagshot heath, decked with gorse and heather coming faintly into bloom (see, Claud Duval stops his Lordship's coach, and forces his Lordship's daughter to dance a *coranto* with him under the firs pointed with pale green in payment for the return of those twinkling diamonds in the leather jewel-case), through Swinley Wood where forest trees stand in bracken, and so by way of the temporary railway station, flanked with tents to shelter the countless passengers, onto the course.

The Melbourne race course is the finest in the world, they tell me—a fact I can hardly believe, for there can be no finer sight than Ascot, I am sure. Lines of coaches crowded with charming faces and charming gowns—the paddock and stables, the grand stand, the enclosure, betting ring—can't you imagine them all? To the right is the winning post. Round the bend of the three-mile course the Royal carriages come into sight with their picturesque convoy of huntsmen in Lincoln green, and servants in scarlet. The Royal advent is heralded by the Master of the Buckhounds, Lord Coventry, a descendant, by the way, of the gentleman to whom Selwyn and Gilly Williams introduced us long ago. The cheering runs like a *feu de joie* and smiling and bowing princes and princesses pass over the turf which is to be the scene of the day's victories and defeats. Immediately the horses file in front of the pavilion, first at a walk, then at a canter. At last the racing begins, and I have leisure to notice the likeness of the scene to any sporting prints of the last century. The jockeys wear the same crude colours, assume the same harsh, straining attitudes. One doubles himself over his horse's shoulder; a second stands in his stirrup till the sky shows blue between himself and his saddle; a third, his left arm cramped over his bridle, his head almost touching his horse's mane, with his right arm flogs his lagging mount towards the front. In the rear, embodied despair and perplexity either urges the horses forward or yields with a faint heart to destiny. Pullers, if any there be, are not detected by the spectator, I think. Each man appears to do his utmost, and to fail, if fail he must, with desperation and grief. Meanwhile the crowd, with its tremor and outcry, grows and grows.

After the last race comes the stampede. Ladies, who have turned their pretty "books" into gold, as the dead leaves were transformed in the fairy tale, muffle themselves in all manner of wraps, and hasten, with men on whose expressive faces you can read the history of the day, through the spacious imposing atrium of the Temple of Racing; then, gaining the road, they are at last in the dusty clouds encircling the gateway.

Not Herne's Oak, standing in the green drives of Windsor near a thousand years, nor the Coronation Stone from Stone which has survived double that period, can have outlived a finer holiday than the Ascot week of 1889. Exquisite breezes blew over the heath. White clouds dappled the radiant sky. Silver-gray mornings broke into delightful days, all blue and gold, which melted into cool delicious nights—days of many-coloured pleasures. Nights of peace, of starlight, and of deep shadows lying thick over the spreading mysterious lawns which wore so different an aspect when ablaze at noon. By the touch of a hundred friendly dim hands of turf, or leaf, or flower, by the sound of a score of musical murmuring voices from among the rustling laurels and firs, the gardens, enchanted till cock-crow, were as a cordial to the most restless and dissatisfied among our company. Not even the tinkle of an everlasting banjo from the upper terrace, the laughter that followed the latest Cockney joke, the echo of the tiresome London shibboleth, had any power to disturb the tranquillity, though we talked in the accent of the world in which we live, of the day's racing, of the luck of the owner of Donovan, of Lord Fife's engagement to Princess Louise of Wales (an odd sign of the times, this latter piece of news); most of us spoke quietly, so as still to be able to listen to what the wind was whispering to the standard roses, to the great hollyhocks in the border of the sundial. From an aimless jest one turned to the groups of flowers, colourless in this light, in the old-fashioned beds near the sundial: a story was left half finished because someone cried out at the brightness of Mars or Venus, or called from the hedge to announce a wonderful discovery of honeysuckle: and more than once when our Mascotte, yearning for the piano and the drawing-room, recommended a move, he was as much ignored as if no one had ever hung on his words of wisdom or successfully taken his tips, a proceeding which most of us had indulged in during the day. The calm wonders of those cool long midsummer nights were more in our thoughts as we turned back into the London streets after our week's holiday than the splendours of the hot midsummer days full of pleasure and excitement. The brilliant stars ("melancholique" is a term that by no means fits them, surely), the graceful branches etched against the grey sky, the half-darkness scented with all the odours of Araby, these things, ordinarily marvels enough, were commented on as if they were miracles wrought for our benefit alone and for these few country nights. Yet in town, though we have the same sky, and restless trees, and scented flowers, and west winds, nobody heeds. There is no time to notice what is above the clustering roofs: no one cares for any sound but the sound of human voices, and the music of the Bijou Orchestra. I think one is spell-bound in the Season, and the eyes of the town, touched with Puck's famous ointment, fail to see that palpable donkey's head, fail to see the gentle joy, though wreathed with garlands, possesses long furry ears. Some day soon Oberon's power will return, for after Henley Regatta, the matches at Lord's, the week at Goodwood, the Season is over, and one wakes to find that, like Titania, one has been enamoured of an ass.

Mr. Roper's pictures, shown in a gallery opposite Burlington House, full of faults, trivial, tiresome as many of them are, yet have certain attractive qualities which are refreshing in these days of artists home from Paris, who paint (as Millais says) with a broken French accent. Mr. Roper's birds (better than his figures, invariably ill-drawn and careless) are interesting to us whose thrushes have no red waistcoats, and whose woodpeckers boast no golden wings; his flowers are charming and full of feeling whenever they occur in any of the pieces; and the glimpses he gives us of Canadian hills and lakes, of islands in the Pacific, and tracks in Australia, make up in their old-fashioned simplicity and truthfulness for the want of vigour and individuality in their treatment. Mr. Roper knows, in a measure, how to paint; he has plenty of admirable subjects with which he has done the best he can; but his best is not very good, by reason of some lack, I think, of training. To have something to say, and to be able to speak in a manner that everyone can understand, that is much. But if you stutter, and stop for words, eventually using those least effective, you will never make much of an orator. In like manner Mr. Roper stammers and repeats himself; he is easily pleased with commonplace bits of colour and composition; his work has no personality; he is too much of a painter, too little of an artist. The school in which he learnt has not been strict enough, and the models he studied have not been, as they should have been, of the finest to be procured.

"Teaching in a Sunday school the other day," writes T. R., I asked one of the little girls what God did with the rib he took out of Adam's side. 'Please 'm, he made it into soup,' was the answer I got without a moment's hesitation."

WALTER POWELL.

PROHIBITION may be beautiful in theory, but put to the true test of practice, it fails.—*Albany Express*.

A LETTER from Mr. H. M. Stanley, read recently before the Royal Geographical Society of London, contained an extremely interesting reference to the arrow-poison used by the natives on the lower Congo. Mr. Stanley says that several of his party, being hit by the arrows of the natives, died almost immediately in great agony. The poison was found to consist of the bodies of red ants, ground to a fine powder, and then cooked in palm-oil. This mixture was smeared on the arrow heads; its poisonous effects are due to the formic acid which is known to exist in the free state in red ants. This acid is also found in the stinging nettle.

RONDEL OF SWEETS.

SWEET was the bed of mignonette,
Sweeter my lady's lips and eyes,
As we together, 'neath flushing skies,
Trod the rose-garden, dewy-wet.
The morning star had waned and set,
The green earth smiled to the gold sunrise.
Sweet was the bed of mignonette,
Sweeter my lady's lips and eyes.

Big brown bees in the blossoms met,
Rifed kisses without disguise:
Spurr'd to a deed of bold emprise,
Those I stole were more honied yet!
Sweet was the bed of mignonette,
But sweeter my lady's lips and eyes.

Bermuda. BESSIE GRAY.

MONTREAL LETTER.

ABOUT three miles from the city on the road that runs to Lachine lies the property which has been purchased for the erection of the Provincial Asylum. For more than two years this building has been in course of completion. The plans of many similar institutions were examined; the most mature experience was consulted; and the requirements of physical comfort and mental solace have had the advantage of every branch of science in its present advanced condition. The grounds are finely situated, and provide ample room for future extension, as well as for gardens and farms meantime. In spite of the fact that this hospital was the outgrowth of intense feeling caused by revelations of the system of farming out insane patients to private individuals and to religious institutions, and that the subscriptions at first were footed in the enthusiasm of the moment, the fact has come to light that a very large number of these subscriptions have never been paid, and the Governors have had under discussion the best method of securing, not only this debt, but funds to secure the completion and equipment of the institution. The building itself is expected to cost \$110,000. It is by the most approved plan, with ample water supply and drainage, modern heating and ventilation, with conveniences for cremating all refuse. The furnishing and grounds are calculated to require about \$50,000 more, and the governors confidently appeal to the sympathetic and philanthropic in the Province for aid, solicited and unsolicited. Montrealers in our good Queen City are hereby reminded of an obvious duty, if not a privilege. At the suggestion of one of the Governors, it has been proposed to approach Government in order to tax the Protestant population of the Province. But if a systematic visitation of the asylum could be inaugurated, more than abundance would be forthcoming.

Few who have known Montreal long enough to be interested in her very stones can pass up Beaver Hall Hill without missing what was at one time incorporated into her existence, as a centre of religious activity. The old-fashioned square temple of Zion Church, puritanical in its simplicity of architecture, and puritanical in its earnestness of purpose, has fallen into the hands of the Philistines. Concerts and dramatic performances, with the clatter of printing presses on all sides, desecrate the sainted memories. After many years' wandering in the wilderness of affliction, the congregation, rallying again, have commenced another and more up-town edifice, which is well on the way to completion. The venerable and venerated name of the late Dr. Henry Wilks is one which, at any moment, may kindle enthusiasm in the breast of Zion Church.

The clergy of the Wesleyan Church have just made their changes of pastorate. The Rev. Dr. Antliff, who has also duties connected with the Theological College, has been transferred from Dominion Square to Douglas Church, and is succeeded in Dominion Square by the Rev. Samuel Rose from Brantford. The Rev. Mr. Bond has been replaced in the West End by the Rev. Mr. Flanders, and the Rev. Mr. Hall in the East by the Rev. Mr. McCann. Mr. Hall has been appointed to the Principalship of the French Methodist Institute. Mr. McCann has a brother in the Toronto R. C. Cathedral.

The Sunday-Schools are one by one engaging steamers for their summer outing, and the employees of the *Witness* have just perpetrated their field day. By special car across Victoria Bridge, to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Beattie, pressman and compositor, rank and file repaired and mingled in friendly sports. Boats and sculls were in requisition, in fact, races for old and young, married and unmarried, running and jumping, and jumping and running, with bouquets to present and songs to sing, the literary army wrestled till set of sun in the humorous, the pathetic, or the eloquent.

What with telegraph and telephone electric wires, public and private, Montreal bids fair to present to the bird's eye-view a fabric of coarsely woven metal netting. Long and meekly have we borne, without hope of belief. The companies, enriching themselves out of our properties, were next to passing a law that no Montrealer could build a house without consulting them as to the site, when they are brought suddenly to a halt. One noble citizen (we shall canonize him) having had his roofs riddled and re-riddled by these companies, whose men, it appears, work mostly at night and always regardless of damage done, and failing to receive redress, has courageously ordered all the abominable things off his roofs. Protest is useless.

Our canon is inflexible. They must go. The City Attorney has been appealed to, and says it is a question of charter, and of the right of the civic courts to deal with the rights of private property. The Chamber of Commerce has a petition before the Road Committee asking that all these nuisances be placed under ground. Perhaps, by the one hook or the other crook, we shall be able to call our own, our own.

The Philharmonic Society is organizing its coming season. The programme will comprise Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," Sullivan's "Golden Legend," and Dvorak's "Spectre's Bride." The "Legend" is a special favourite of Her Majesty's.

Summer travellers are charmed with the improvements in the Windsor. Painting, tinting, fresh damask, new carpets, and an infinite renovation in detail, as well as *en masse*, have rejoiced the eyes of guests, and will doubtless rejoice the hearts of the shareholders in due time.

VILLE MARIE.

PROGRESS AND WAR.

WAR estimates increase, and even in sea-girt England conscription, or something like it, is proposed. With all our enlightenment, philanthropy and democracy, after William Penn, Cowper, and Wilberforce, after Voltaire and Rousseau, after Jeremy Bentham, the Manchester School and John Bright, and alas! after nearly nineteen centuries of Christianity, we have war, still war, apparently on a larger scale than ever, taking away millions from the plough, devouring the harvests of industry, threatening again to fill the world with blood and havoc. The only question is through which of the several craters, the Franco-German, the Pan Slavic, the Anglo-Russian, or the Austrian, the eruption will break out and the lava torrent flow.

To the despairing secretaries of peace societies, by an address from one of whom the present paper has been suggested, it seems as if, in the substitution of reason for the sword, no advance had been made. This is not so. In the first place war, instead of being normal, has among civilized nations become occasional. The Assyrian or the Persian conqueror made war as a matter of course and spent his summer in campaigning with his mighty men of valour as regularly as the servile portion of his population spent it in gathering in the harvest. So did Timour and Genghis Khan. So did the heirs of Mahommed while their vigour lasted. So did the feudal lords, in whose lives the excitement of war was varied only by the excitement of the chase. So, it may almost be said, did the little city republics of Italy, though these learned in time to do their fighting with mercenaries. But now war is an extraordinary occurrence; there must be a *casus belli*, and diplomacy must have been tried and failed. We have had long spells of peace. Between the Napoleonic War and the Crimean War there was so long a spell of peace that the world began to think that the hounds of war would never slip the leash again.

In the second place the peace sentiment grows. Charles V. told a soldier impatient for war that he liked peace as little as the soldier himself, though policy forced him to keep the sword in the sheath at that time. Even in Chatham's day a minister could avow that he was "a lover of honourable war." Palmerston, though he felt like Chatham, would hardly have dared to use the same language. Burke was as philanthropic as any statesman of his day, yet he seemed to regard as an unmixed blessing national success in war.

In the third place fighting, whereas it used to be every man's duty and half of every man's character, at least among freemen, is now a special trade. The Servian constitution was a polity combined with a muster roll. The political upper class in Greece and Rome was the cavalry. The ridiculous ceremony of touching a turtle-fed mayor or an old professor of science with a sword and bidding him rise up a knight reminds us that all honour was once military, and that saving in the Church there was no other high career. Conscription may be said to be a relapse into the old state of things. A relapse it is; but it is felt to be exceptional and the offspring of the present tension, while England still holds out against it, and America, even in the desperate crisis of the Civil War, resorted to it only in the qualified form of draft with the liberty of buying a substitute.

In Europe the present spasm of militarism may be said to be in some measure not occasional only, but accidental. With all our historical philosophy and our general laws, there are still such things as accidents in history. There are at least events which turn the scale, and which we cannot distinguish from accidents. Had Gustavus Adolphus lived it is a moral certainty that he would have continued to conquer, and that the whole of Germany would have been wrested from Austria and Rome; but a wreath of mist floats over the battlefield of Lutzen: Gustavus is separated from his men and falls, and half Germany remains Austrian and Roman. Disease carries off Cromwell before he has begun to decay, and when a few years more of him would have founded a Commonwealth, or more probably a Protestant and Constitutional dynasty, and torn all that followed from the book of fate. This system of vast standing armies, and the prevalence of the military spirit, are largely the offspring of the great wars caused by the military ambition of Napoleon, as the political convulsions of the last half century have been in no small measure the results of the struggle of the nations against him for their independence, which for the time pro-

duced a violent reaction in favour of the native dynasties. But Napoleon as a master of French legions was an accident. France swallowed Corsica in the year of his birth, and, like Eve when she swallowed the apple, "knew not eating death." Corsica was an island peopled of old by exiles and outlaws, an island of savagery, brigandage, and vendettas, out of the pale of moral civilization. Napoleon was an incomparable general, and a great administrator of the imperial and bureaucratic kind, but in character he was a Corsican, and as completely outside moral civilization as any brigand of his isle. He had several thousand Turkish prisoners led out and butchered in cold blood simply to get rid of them; he poisoned his own sick for the same purpose. Never did the most hideous carnage, or the worst horrors of war, draw from him a word of pity or compunction, while Marlborough, hard-hearted as he was, after witnessing the slaughter of Malplaquet, prayed that he might never be in another battle. Lord Russell saw Napoleon at Elba, and he used to say that there was something very evil in Napoleon's eye, and that it flashed when his visitor spoke to him of the excitement of war. In other things this man was equally a moral savage. His passions were under no restraint of decency. He took a lady, as Taine tells us, from the dinner table to his bedroom. When Volney said something which displeased him, he gave him a kick which laid him up for days. For truth and honour he had no more regard than a Carib. A Corsican lust of war and rapine was and remained at the bottom of his character. Master of France and her armies, this arch-bandit, by his personal barbarism, prolonged a series of wars which otherwise would have closed with the subsidence of the Revolution and the repulse of the allies. It is true that a policy of glory was up to a certain point adapted to the military vanity of France. But Madame de Rémusat tells us, in her Memoirs, that the heart of France went out no longer with the armies after Friedland; and in 1814 Napoleon, on his way to Elba, was afraid to pass through the south of France because the people would have torn him to pieces.

Some causes of war, so far as the civilized world is concerned, are numbered with the past. We shall have no more wars for sheer plunder or rapine, like those of primeval tribes. We shall have no more migratory invasions, like those of the Goths and Vandals, the Tartars and Avars. Setting aside Napoleon, we can hardly be said to have had, of late, wars of mere territorial aggrandizement. The British Empire in India has grown by successive collisions with barbarous neighbours and in wars generally defensive, the most notable exception being the conquest of Scinde, which was greatly condemned on that account, and the Russian empire in Asia may be said to have grown mainly in the same manner, though Russia, as the most barbarous Power, is still the most given to plunder. Next to Russia in barbarism comes France, in spite of her veneer, and the attempt to seize the Rhine Provinces was an act of uncivilized rapine qualified only by the fancy that the Rhine was her natural frontier. Religious wars we have not religion enough to renew; though the fact perhaps is that they were in reality less wars of religion than wars of Churchmen in defense of bloated Church Establishments which were attacked by those who attacked the faith. "That new and pestilent sect which assails all sacraments and all the possessions of the Church," is the description given of Lollardism in the old Statutes of Lincoln College by the two bishops who founded the college for its repression. *Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum* has been chanted a little too often. All that murderous zeal would scarcely have been displayed if there had been no Archbishopric of Toledo.

On the other hand, as in the medical region, while old plagues die out new plagues appear, we have now a rising crop of wars of national sentiment, producing by the passion for restoring ancient and half-obliterated lines of nationality or race, awakened largely by historical research, which has thus strangely become the procuress of ambition and war. The seeds of historic fancy sown by such writers as Thierry are springing up armed men, while the United Kingdom is distracted by antiquarian demagogism which seeks to restore the map of the twelfth century. The most formidable of these movements in Panslavism, in which the race passion is allied with the military barbarism of Russia and with the tendency of the agonized Czar to divert Nihilism into the channel of aggrandizement. Among the most terrible wars of the Middle Ages were social and agrarian wars, such as the rising of Wat Tyler and the Jacquerie. With some of these religion was wildly mingled. Religion mingles with social and agrarian war no longer, but of wars purely social and agrarian we can by no means feel sure that we have seen the end. All the world is heaving more or less with the subterranean fires which broke through the crust at Paris and Cartagena. Where we have not yet social or agrarian war we have dynamiters, moonlighters, and anarchist uprisings like that at Chicago. To mere hunger, which was the source of peasant revolt in the Middle Ages, is now added socialistic aspiration working in the half-educated breast, while the beliefs in the providential order of society and in a future compensation for those whose lot is hard here have lost their restraining force. Property will hardly allow itself to be plundered without fighting, and a conflict of classes may possible ensue not less savage than the Jacquerie or the Peasant War. In that case the trained soldier is likely to find abundant employment in the service of armed repression if not on more glorious fields. Whether we have got rid of the commercial wars, of which the last century was full, must depend on the progress of Free Trade. To a war such as that which has been going

on in Egypt it is not easy to assign a place in the catalogue. Our enemies say that it is a bondholders' war. We say that it is a war partly for the security of one of the world's great commercial highways, partly for the advancement of civilization and its protection against the barbarous Arab. In either case it is exceptional, and can hardly be said to denote a revival of the military spirit or to cloud the outlook of the secretary of the Peace Society for the future.

Why has not Christianity put an end to war? Why has it not put an end to government and police? If the words of Christ were fully kept there would be no longer need of any of these, and in proportion as the words of Christ are kept the need of all three decreases. But all three, like the institutions of an imperfect world and an imperfect society generally, are provisionally recognized by the Gospel. Soldiers are told not to give up their calling but only to give up extortion. Two religious soldiers are introduced, the centurion whose servant Christ heals and Cornelius. Military imagery is employed which would have been incongruous if all war had been sin. "Warring a good warfare" is a synonym for zeal in the ministry. The Christians under the Empire, though they were growing Quakerish as well as ascetic, objected not so much to bearing arms as to the religion of the standards. The religious consecration of war, by prayers for a victory, singing *Te Deums*, blessing colours, hanging them in the churches and so forth, is certainly a curious mode of worshipping Jesus of Nazareth; but it goes with separate nationality, which is a partial denial or postponement of the brotherhood of man. State Churches have naturally carried these practices furthest; yet the free Churches of the United States prayed for victory and gave thanks for victory in the Civil War as lustily as any State Church. Of Quakerism let us always speak with respect: it made Voltaire pay homage to Christianity; but as an attempt to forestall the advent of the Kingdom of Peace it has failed, though not without doing something to hasten it. On one occasion perhaps it even, by misleading a Czar as to the temper of Great Britain, helped to bring on a war. Still more hopelessly unpractical as an attempt to set the world right is Tolstoi's Christian Nihilism, which would sweep away at once army, government, law courts, and police, all safeguards for nations and men against lawless violence, all restraints upon evil men. Tolstoi apparently would give up civilization to barbarous conquest; he would let any brigand or savage who chose kill him—lay waste his home and abuse his wife and daughters, rather than "resist the evil;" and much his brother the brigand or savage would be morally improved by this meekness! His picture of war is thoroughly Russian, and applies only to a conscription of serfs. The best of "My Religion" is the proof it gives that something besides military barbarism is at work, in however chimerical a form and on however small a scale, in the mind of Russia. In speculating on the immediate future such reveries may safely be laid aside. They are in truth recoils from Russian despotism and militarism rather than deliberate views of life.

Between the ecclesiasticism which is a false growth of Christianity and militarism there is a more sinister connection. Fraud prefers force to reason and a reign of force to a reign of reason. The fighter, the priest can fascinate and use, the thinker is his irreclaimable enemy. Every one knows to what an appalling height this ecclesiastical militarism is carried by De Maistre, who paints the Christian God as an angry deity requiring to be constantly propitiated by the steam of blood from the fields of carnage, and the soldier as the appointed minister of this vast human sacrifice. The passage might have been penned by a Mexican hierophant in defence of the human sacrifices which he offered to Huitzilopochtli. People were somewhat startled by a sermon of the High Church Professor Mozley on War. There is nothing in it which approaches the hideous paradox of De Maistre, but it certainly speaks of war with an acquiescence bordering on complacency. It is not a reproduction of the Sermon on the Mount.

Democracy, it was hoped, would put an end to war: it would make government industrial and would not allow the people to be made food for powder. War was the game of kings which the people would never play. When we were told that Athens and Rome were warlike it was easy to reply that Athens, and still more Rome, was a republican oligarchy of slave-owners, not a democracy. Political institutions may be altered, but old habits and sentiments are not worked out in a moment, and it may be too early to pronounce on the tendencies of democracy in this or in other respects. But so far certainly there has been no magic change. It might have been expected that the French peasant as soon as he had a vote would use it to rid himself of the blood-tax; yet conscription goes on with universal suffrage. In the United States no political capital is better than military renown. Four Presidents, Jackson, Harrison, Taylor and Grant, have been elected on their military record alone; Scott, McClellan and Hancock were nominated on their military record, and Garfield and the present President were helped by it in their elections. In England, an old war power, no one has been made Prime Minister or promoted to any high office except a ministry of war or marine, merely for military achievements. The Duke of Wellington, whom the Americans always cite as a parallel to Jackson, had played a great part in the affairs of Europe, and was the real political leader of his party. Popular literature, public monuments, statues in squares and streets, all things that appeal to the public taste and feeling attest the continuance of the military propensity, and if you see a crowd gathered at the window of a print shop the chances are that the attraction is a battle piece. On every State occasion the chief part of the pageant is the

military parade. An eminent moralist in New York the other day, in an address on the celebration of the Centenary, took exception to this habit, saying that the army was only a sad necessity of our imperfect civilization, and that if the soldier marches in the procession, so ought the hangman. The fact however is that the soldier marches and the hangman does not. From the propensity to warlike bluster democracy is certainly not exempt: the vulgarity of its liability, to which it is half-conscious, inclines it that way. It wants to prove that it is not a shop-keeper. Nor has it hitherto shown itself in sentiment particularly meek. "The country right or wrong" is a saying not of monarchical or aristocratic origin. It might be difficult to say which is most subject to gusts of passion, a Czar or an unbridled democracy, filled with insolence by the flattery of its demagogic press, which at the moment of critical contest between reason and pride or anger is sure to throw itself in a body on what is deemed the patriotic side.

War altogether is tremendously expensive to democracy. It has to care for the private as if he were a general, and the prying correspondent is there to see that the same is done. In the Austrian armies during the last century there were very few surgeons. The medical and hospital arrangements of the Federals in the Civil War were of the costliest and most perfect kind. Smollett, in his account of the Expedition to Cartagena, has told us what sort of provision sufficed for the common soldier and seaman under the aristocratic government of England in 1741.

Manchester used to hope that free trade would put an end to war. Unfortunately, free trade itself has made far less progress than Manchester expected. The fact, however unpleasant, is that by universal suffrage government has for the time been made over to lower intelligences than those of Turgot, Pitt, Peel, and Cavour. Protectionism is the commercial creed of blind cupidity, and among uneducated and hungry multitudes blind cupidity prevails. In thinking that free trade, even if it would become universal, must bring in its train universal peace, Manchester no doubt reasoned too much from its own character and tendencies to those of the world at large; it forgot that nations, especially nations which are not highly commercial, and, still more, Czars and Emperors, have tempers as well as interests. But Manchester is assuredly not wrong in thinking that Protectionism is as certainly a source of the ill-feeling between nations which leads to war, as with its rings and its lobbies it is a source of the corruption which pollutes politics. The two sources of Anglophobia in the United States are Irishry and Protectionism. "Tail-twisting," both in Congress and in the Press, means either subserviency to the Irish vote or twenty per cent. more on pig-iron; and if ever the two great English-speaking races should shed each other's blood it will be to glut the hatred of the Irish or to fill the pockets of the master manufacturers. As to the workmen, they are beginning to see the truth.

Science is now changing the fundamental beliefs, and, through them, the life of man. Its growing empire is the great fact of our epoch. Is it a minister of peace? By its general influence on the minds of men, it can hardly fail to dispose them to the settlement of differences more by rational methods and less by the arbitrament of the sword. In time this will tell. At present we have a Prussian aristocracy and bureaucracy highly scientific in a certain way, and at the same time military in the extreme. The Universities, it is said, conquered at Sadowa and Sedan. In no art has inventive science made greater practical improvements than in the art of destruction. We began to think, indeed, that military invention would itself kill war, inasmuch as there must be an end of fighting when to fight was mutual annihilation. What may happen in the end, and when all the resources of mechanics and chemistry have been brought to bear, it would be rash to say. Hereafter dynamite may work changes in war and in the balance of social and political power as great as those which gunpowder wrought, or as the long bow wrought before gunpowder. But so far the only consequence of military invention seems to be that the armies stand farther off from each other. The carnage is not so great as it was in the days of the sword, the spear, and the bow. The long bow in the hands of the English archer seems still to bear off the palm of destructiveness from all rival weapons, ancient or modern. In questions of numbers mediæval chroniclers, as a rule, are totally untrustworthy; but at Crecy the dead were counted on the field and were found to be thirty thousand, a number considerably larger than that of the victorious army. It is true, no quarter was given in those days to any but those who could pay ransom; still, the proportion is far beyond that of any butcher's bill in recent wars. The archer seems to have discharged his arrows almost as fast as bullets are discharged from a breech-loading rifle; his sight was not hindered by smoke; his eye was not taken off the mark; he could shoot only by drawing the bow string to his ear, in doing which he necessarily took some sort of aim, whereas the rifle, soldiers tell us, is often fired wildly and from the hip. Of the tendencies of naval invention we have had no experience except the confused combat of Lissa, in which a wooden ship rammed and sank an ironclad, while little seems to have been learned from the general result. We even still hear predictions of a return to wooden ships.

What dynamite may do in the end no one can tell. Its chief exploits so far have been in the field, not of war, but of Nihilist assassination. Yet we cannot help surmising that it and the other new explosives will be a power, and will alter the balance of forces if society should drift, as there is at present some reason to fear, into an era of social war,

The new arms do not appear as yet to have turned the balance in favour of untrained patriotism against discipline and regular armies, so far at least as the infantry are concerned. On the contrary, more perfect drill seems to be required when the soldier in skirmishing order has to act by himself without the support of the touch. Cavalry, however, the more expensive arm and the more difficult for anything but a regular government to create, has been rendered almost as useless as elephants except in the character of mounted riflemen. There seems to be a difference of opinion as to the future value of field artillery, which again is an arm of wealthy and regular governments. The whole history of the American Civil War indicates that the long-range weapons have made the defence of positions much easier than the attack; and this again perhaps is rather in favour of irregulars and insurgents.

In one not unimportant respect military science, with its ironclads, its nitro-glycerine projectiles, and its long-range rifles, certainly makes for peace. Its tendency is to strip war of its picturesqueness, its pageantry, its brilliancy, its romance, and thereby to rob it of its fascination and destroy the attractiveness of the soldier's trade.

Farewell the plumed troop and the big wars
That make ambition virtue! O farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing pipe,
The royal banner and all quality,
Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war.

A great battle in times of old, especially before gunpowder, must have been a most magnificent and thrilling sight. Think of such a field as Cannæ, with the great columns of Roman legionaries, in their glittering armour and with their nodding crests, drawn out on one side, and on the other side, the Carthaginian soldiery in their picturesque costume; Hannibal's Spanish infantry in their white kirtles; the wild Gauls stripped to their waists for the fight, and the dusky squadrons of Moorish cavalry! Think of a great feudal battle, or even of one in the time of Marlborough or Napoleon! Such a sight would fire the blood. But now nothing would commonly be seen but puffs of smoke running along the crowns of the two positions. General Meade told the writer that in the whole course of the Civil War he only twice saw the enemy in large numbers, once in the retreat from Richmond and again at Gettysburg. At Gettysburg Lee's infantry came out only to be massacred. So in naval warfare: Trafalgar, with the French and Spanish fleets drawn out in line ahead and Nelson's two lines bearing down upon them, must have been superb: now there would be nothing but "ramming" under a pall of smoke. The fleet at Spithead before steam was a sight of peerless majesty and beauty, and might well have stirred in the sailor-boy's heart the wish to sail with Howe, Jarvis, or Nelson. But who, as Farragut said, or would have said if the version had then been revised, would like to go to Hades in a tea-kettle? A naval review is still a vast display of power: in that respect indeed it dwarfs the navy of Nelson. But power is not majesty or beauty. Hydraulic force excites our wonder but does not fire our blood.

Against this we ought, perhaps, to set the influence of the war-correspondent in glorifying and stimulating achievement. On the other hand, the war-correspondent imports into the camp an influence unfavourable to subordination and discipline which bids fair to add to the difficulties of command. One knows what Marlborough, Frederick or Napoleon would have done with a war-correspondent.

Whatever may have been added to the attractions of the soldier's trade by the hope of plunder or prize-money is fast departing. Princely mansions were built by the captains of Edward III. out of their French plunder. While Napoleon levied large contributions on the countries which he overran, his marshals plundered like bandits. One of them, as the story goes, used to show in his gallery a picture to which, as he said, he attached a particular value, because it had saved the life of an excellent woman. It had belonged to a convent in Spain, the abbess of which had hidden it on the approach of the French, but being threatened by the marshal with hanging had produced it just in time to save her neck. I remember an old admiral who had made his fortune in the French war by commanding a crack frigate. But even at sea it seems there will soon be no more prize-money: certainly there will not if commerce can have her way. The armies and fleets will be confined, as it were, to their tilting lists, and peace will be reconciled with war. However, we have not yet reached this point.

Of Arbitration, as of Free Trade, people have expected too much. Still its introduction has been fruitful and is significant. There can be no reason why all commercial treaties, at all events, should not contain an arbitration clause. But the range of the remedy for the present at least is limited.

So long as mankind is divided into nations there will be national rights to assert and defend, and the cannon must be the last resort. But recourse will be had to it more unwillingly, and no longer for secondary objects. We shall at least have no more wars for epigrams. Communities and their governments will become more industrial, and therefore in the main more inclined to peace. Free trade, if the world has not fallen into its dotage, will make way, and will, in some degree at least, fulfil Manchester's hopes as a peacemaker. The material unification of humanity, which Mr. Cyrus Field with his cable has done so much to further, will increase the sensibility of the whole frame. By the reporter's art the horrors of war are brought more vividly before us all, and if they could be brought before us in the reality, such of us as

had hearts and were not moral savages like Napoleon, or steeled by fanaticism like De Maistre, would join the Peace Society. No man who has seen a field hospital after a battle is likely to talk or think lightly of war. Thus the process of gradual extinction is pretty sure, though the time may be long and the relapses many. We speak of war between nations. There remains behind the possibility of widespread war between classes, traversing national lines, as did the religious wars of the sixteenth century. This cloud just now is growing darker. After all it may disperse, or even fall in a beneficial shower of industrial reform. But the present aspect of the social sky warns all who have an interest in order to qualify themselves by a training in arms for resistance to anarchism and pillage, so that social and industrial problems may be solved by reason and humanity, not by dynamite or the guillotine.

It must be remembered, too, that outside the civilized world, of which we have been treating, there are still masses of barbarism, or of comparative barbarism, against which civilization may yet have to be defended. Russia, saving a few Turgeneffs and Tolstois, is hardly open as yet to the influences of civilization which make for peace. The Mongol or the Arab, without becoming morally civilized, may learn the use of the Martini-Henry and of the rifled cannon. Americans think they have shut out war. They certainly have for the present if they will only celebrate Washington's centenary by calling to mind his counsels, and bid their politicians abstain from meddling with the affairs of European nations to catch the Irish vote. The Indian wars are a mere matter of frontier police, and if the Government were more faithfully served by its agents, they would, probably, soon be at an end. For another secession there is no visible line of cleavage: tariff differences are quite insufficient to produce disruption; and the negro problem, to whatever other solution it may tend, has no apparent tendency to war. With Canada there is not the faintest chance of war unless she is involved as a dependency of Great Britain, and all questions of that kind will presently be solved by the re-union of the English-speaking race in North America. But who will guarantee the Americans against an eventual struggle with the Chinese for the Pacific Coast? That vast reservoir of population being full to the brim must overflow, and it can overflow only on the Pacific slope and Australia. At present Acts of Congress shut the door, though they do not shut it very close; but the Chinaman may learn the art of war; he is reckless enough of life and not wanting in intelligence, though he may be wanting in morality. Who, again, will guarantee the Americans, if they become entirely commercial and unwarlike, against aggression on the side of the South American Republics, the people of which evidently can fight, and are not likely for some time to be civilized out of fighting habits? A great multitude of Mexicans was beaten at Buena-Vista by a small American force, but it was a mob armed with the refuse of European arsenals. Properly drilled and armed Mexicans might do better. They made a fair stand against the French.

That war is an evil, and that all, especially we civilians who stay at home and read the newspaper while soldiers shed their blood, are bound to do our best to avert it, and to keep down the passions which give it birth, right-minded men with one voice proclaim. There is not a greater or a baser criminal than the journalist who panders to international hatred. At the same time war has been an educator in its way. To it we largely owe our respect for discipline, our ideas of self-devotion, of chivalry, of honour, and even our emancipation from the abject fear of death. Something may come hereafter in place of the military element in character and life; but at present we can hardly imagine what, without it, character and life would be. Nobody is nobler than a good soldier or sailor, nor, though it is his calling to take life, is anybody more humane. War is now in fact a great school of humanity. It teaches men to control the fiercest passions at the time of their fiercest heat. In former days no quarter was given: we hear of no prisoners after Greek battles. Now it is murder to kill the wounded. A cloud rests on the memory of Cromwell because he put to the sword the garrisons of Drogheda and Wexford. No quarter had been given on the other side. Rinuccini, the papal envoy, tells us exultingly that in a battle won by the Catholic rebels no prisoners had been taken. The garrisons of towns which had refused to surrender on being summoned were in those days regularly put to the sword. The Catholic armies in Germany and the Low Countries put to the sword not only the garrisons but the inhabitants of towns which they had taken by storm. Witness the storming of Magdeburg. Prisoners are now treated with comparative kindness. In America when the Civil War was at its height I saw the table of Confederate prisoners at the north set out by the enemy on Thanksgiving Day with a good Thanksgiving dinner. Of the two sets of passions it seems to me that those which are excited by a presidential election are rather worse than those which were excited by war.

There is one class of pleas for war on which it is not pleasant to dwell. Probably it has served in a cruel way the purposes of natural selection. Probably it has also served to keep down population, the unlimited growth of which is revealing itself as a danger to mankind, so that even America, who used to welcome wanderers from all lands begins to think of shutting her gates. The consequences of the *Pax Britannica* in India, combined with the imperial precautions against local famine have evidently been an immense increase of population, followed by a pressure on

the means of subsistence, which is ascribed by foreign critics to the tyrannical exactions of the British Government. But the most cynical physiologist would hardly think of letting loose the dogs of war to keep down the growth of population.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE LOVERS.

O THE roses red 'mid the dark leaves showing!
O the warm blue dome and the large stars glowing!
O the soft south wind on the garden blowing!

O the rose of life in the heart of a lover!
O that life were love all the sad earth over!
O that life were love with no grief to cover!

"I'll write your name with petals of roses—
Of this crimson one, whose proud breast uncloses
To the waiting stars, and her love discloses."

She laughed, "Then, pray, place your own beside it,
Lest it lonely grow, with no grace to hide it,
And the ghost of the rose in the night should chide it."

"And the stars," he said, "will look down upon them;
And each thoughtless breeze will have care to shun them,
Lest, passing too near, any wrong be done them."

"And the sisters fair of the dead rose, lying
In the crimson letters, will know that dying
She was raised to life in thy name; and sighing

"Their sweetest breaths in a perfume tender,
An incense holy their love will send her;
While the dews of heaven their freshness lend her."

With happy laughter I heard them roving
Through the garden-paths. To my window moving
I glanced at the walk where the rose lay, proving

In its wasted life a sweet love-fancy,
And to new life raised by love's necromancy,
Though the spell to guess passed my penetrancy.

O the roses red 'mid the dark leaves showing!
O the warm blue dome and the large stars glowing!
O the soft south wind on the garden blowing!

O the rose of life in the heart of a lover!
O that life were love all the wide earth over!
O that life were love with no grief to cover!

J. H. BROWN.

A SKETCH IN PROFILE: THE SELF-SEEKER.

IF I were asked to name the most common type of human being, I should without any hesitation proclaim the Self-Seeker. There is a great variety of human types, each possessing some specific peculiarity not to be found in any other; but discarding these, recognizing simply the leading traits that are known to be more common among the race, three types or classes are distinguishable, viz. :—
(1) Those whose sole aim in life is exclusively personal; (2) those whose interest is divided between themselves and others; and (3) those who are indifferent, or who are inspired by no aim, having very little interest in themselves and none in others.

The Self-Seeker belongs, of course, to the first class. He is a very numerous type, and is to be met with everywhere. Commerce and the professions include him in their lists. You find him on 'Change, and behind the counter; at the Bar, and in the Pulpit; on the street and in society. In short, he dominates the social fabric, and gives to it a complexion not detected at first sight. As man should not live by bread, or for bread, alone, so neither should he rob or crush his neighbour, that his own pockets may be filled, and his peace ensured. But doctrines and principles, which are excellent things in theory, and which are adhered to by most of us in their dormant state, are repelled the moment they become personal and active. That a man should not rob his neighbour, or figuratively trample him under foot to gain an advantage, is universally admitted to be wrong—in theory; in practice, it is a cardinal principle. Certainly this does not apply to every man, God forbid,—only to the Self-Seeker, but he is a very important factor to reckon with. Laying aside, therefore, what is right in principle, what do we find? The Self-Seeker who pursues his methods undismayed. He would no doubt form an interesting study for the psychologist, but I intend to examine him on a more popular basis. Have I ever met him? Every day he hails me on the street; he invites me to accept his hospitality; to purchase his goods, and implores me to repent, and lead a better life. That will bring peace and happiness in the world to come. We all know him, although sometimes we are not aware of his presence. He takes care not to intrude his peculiarity—diplomacy is his forte, insinuation his weapon.

The Self-Seeker is dominated by a desire to gain, whether it be money, position or popularity. The aim dictates the methods, and the end justifies the means. We know the end—self; the means must be ingenious. He lacks no confidence, he is moreover no stranger to courage. He is deliberate, cunning, hypocritical. He has, or should have, keen perception, and be able to detect rapidly the weak spots in one's character, if the end is to be attained. But let the thoroughgoing Self-Seeker only be considered here. He moves cautiously at first, but none the less persistently, from beginning to end. He acknowledges the importance of time and the value of opportunities. Personal comfort is of secondary consideration to him, the object aimed at is all in all. Discretion is a jewel; justice

and fairness may have their place, if they do not stand in his way. He is likeable, ostensibly confiding to a fault, and is always "disinterested." Your interest he considers, not his! He inspires confidence in you, and reciprocal relations are at once entered into. He weaves for you a net, into whose meshes you are unconsciously drawn and you feel that you have at last found a friend. And the Self-Seeker moves steadily forward. He resorts to his friends for their assistance, he makes out a plausible case for himself and they consent. Another step has been gained. Something may go wrong with your affairs or your position may be jeopardised. But there is nothing wrong with the Self-Seeker. He moves upward and inward, you, downward and outward. Or he gradually rises, injuring no one in particular, by dint of the methods peculiar to himself. There are a hundred ways in which he manifests his potency, whose source can never be traced.

That the Self-Seeker is no benefit to society needs no demonstration. He is rather an incubus, a positive evil. For while we would emulate and applaud every laudable effort to success in life, we deprecate that success which is attained unscrupulously, or at the expense of others more worthy, and which is meant to benefit one man only. As success is relative, so should it remain. The Self-Seeker, while he glories in his achievements, and thanks his stars he can enjoy all the fruits to himself, forgets not only the virtue of gratitude, but that he is a member of the human family.

The Self-Seeker cannot generally be regarded as a man of ability. I say this advisedly. Some remarkable exceptions are nevertheless on record. Those possessing marked ability, and with confidence in themselves, usually rely upon themselves, if they are of the progressive type. But the Self-Seeker relies upon his wits, upon the simplicity and usefulness of others. He is prepared to take chances with the rest, and he usually succeeds satisfactorily, at least to himself.

If there could be diffused into society a broader and deeper feeling of sympathy; if it were possible to establish more friendly relations between man and man; and if all would be pleased to recognize the brotherhood of mankind, a new and universal happiness would not only be experienced, but the Self-Seeker would become a relic of the past.

G. S. A.

ART NOTES.

ON DIT that Mr. O'Brien's exhibition of water colour drawings of Canadian scenery is attracting favourable attention in the English metropolis. Especially noticed are his sketches on the British Columbian coast.

Mr. Bell-Smith, encouraged by the success of his private exhibition at the Canadian Institute here, has postponed his visit to France for a time, and has departed for the West for another collection of Rocky Mountain sketches.

Mr. T. Mower Martin is just despatching his large water colour of "Canadian Woodlands" to Philadelphia, where it will adorn the collection of Mr. Wm. McGeorge, the famous lawyer, who has purchased it from Mr. Martin's studio, when in Toronto last week.

By the way, we understand there is a duty of thirty per cent. on all paintings entering the U. S. from Canada, but none on works of art entering Canada from anywhere. Would it not be well to have reciprocity in art, as well as in small fruits? This would be a good field for our Royal Canadian Academy to show its use as an institution for the encouragement of art. It is not to be thought that the artists of the U. S. are so much afraid of competition from the north as to insist upon raising a tariff wall against Canadians, who, as at the last Montreal exhibition, always welcome, and, in fact, invite them to exhibit and sell their pictures here.

TEMPLAR.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

BOTH the Toronto College of Music and the Toronto Conservatory of Music have entered upon their summer Normal Session of teaching. These institutions, both equal in the sight of the public, deserve all the patronage they get, and are no doubt largely patronized by summer students.

AN unusual exodus of Canadian musicians this year to the Mother Country is reported. Mr. Arthur Fisher, Mr. Dingley Brown, Mr. Barron, of London, Mr. Thomas Martin and others, are all abroad. Mr. Dingley Brown (of Ottawa) has in preparation a scheme for the establishment of a Conservatory of Music in his city. The idea so successfully carried out by Mr. Edward Fisher two years ago, will likely find exponents all over the Province.

THE summer addition this season to our local staff is Mr. Lyman Wheeler, of Boston. Mr. Wheeler is an imposing, grey-haired gentleman of many years' experience in voice culture, and will, no doubt, place some aspects of the divine art before his pupils in a new light. Last year Mr. Agramonte, of New York, made the same attempt. There is something to be said against the influx of American musicians into Canadian towns, and yet there is more to be said in favour of it, since a current is thus set up between the countries which is in many ways beneficial, and reciprocity in art is very good at all times—better than reciprocity in—fishing.

IN the July number of Harper's, Mr. Howells, in that child-like, one-sided manner which has ever distinguished

him, in writing of "The American Drama" actually finds enough of value and importance in plays like "The Old Homestead" and "A Rag Baby" to deduct conclusions as to the future of the American stage from their attempts at dialogue and action. It seems almost incredible that any person of average culture should mistake for original genuineness a scene so akin to the hackneyed melodrama of the old Surrey theatres, or the exterior of Grace Church lit up within and surrounded by Salvationists yelling a puerile hymn, or the perhaps pleasant and homely but limited and well-worn surroundings of a New England kitchen. When Mr. Howells' gaze falls—he tells us—upon "these girls" singing their "wild hymn," he "cannot refuse to join in their exaltation." Similar expressions of innocent delight and childish gratification in connection with *Wandy Googan*, as played by Mr. Harrigan, and the situations in that droll (dull?) farce of "A Rag Baby" appear to emanate from feelings of actual pleasure in witnessing these distinctively American creations. The fact is, Mr. Howells—and to be fair, not alone Mr. Howells, but dozens of others with him—is wasting his substance and good paper and ink into the bargain, trying to make what he never will—distinct American schools of literature and drama. The New England type was new and distinct when it came into view. It is distinct and pleasing if no longer new to-day. The Wild West type was new once and strictly powerful. It is powerful still—witness the success of Buffalo Bill—though no longer new. Apart from these the consolidation and mixing of so many alien races in the Republic prevent any new types. The dweller in towns, the educated and cultivated American must ever approach a normal English or European type. A distinctive American drama of the future is as impossible as an American language.

THE *Musical Times*, while lauding the certainly marvellous versatility of Prof. Herkimer—a kind of West-End æsthetic Rousseau, painter, etcher, sculptor, author, machinist, milliner and musician—affirms in gentlest tones that the music of his last operatic idyll has still the marks of the amateur about it.

ACCORDING to the most recent notices Mr. Edward Lloyd, Sarasate, M. de Pachmann and Saint Saëns are the chief foreign visitors for next season. D'Albert—the pianist and composer—may also come.

GILBERT and Sullivan are popularly known in London as "The Cynic and The Knight." Their new opera will not be ready until next winter.

CORNEY Grain's latest sketch is entitled "My Aunt's In Town." The German Reed entertainment at which he assists is perhaps the most unique and charming in all London and should never be forgotten by visitors from this side.

THE "Appendix" to Sir George Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians" has at last been issued. The volume is carried down to the deaths of Carl Rosa, Murska, and Theodore Steinway—practically a few weeks ago.

I HAVE found it very difficult to persuade many of the cultivated Toronto theatre-goers into the idea that they missed a great artistic treat in not patronizing Coquelin when he was here last winter. They still persist that it was all *in French*, or that it was not *good French*; or that since it *was French* it *must* have been improper. Coquelin—it is feared—will never revisit Toronto. Let any who go abroad this season, try, at least to see him as "Mascarille."

THE Comedie Francaise will soon be left entirely without the great men who have maintained its name for the past twenty years. Coquelin, Delaunay and Maubant have retired; Thiron and Barre are invalids, and hardly ever perform; Got must in the natural course of things soon quit the stage, and Febvre has just sent in his resignation, which, however, according to the regulations of the establishment, will not take effect until twelve months hence. Worms and Mounet-Sully will soon be the sole survivors of one of the French theatre's most brilliant periods.

A NEW theatre is to be erected for this year's "Passion Play" at Oberammergau, which will cost \$25,000, and the new costumes and scenery will involve further outlay. The Prince Regent of Bavaria has ordered several alterations to be made in the text of the play.

LIBRARY TABLE.

BERT LLOYD'S BOYHOOD. By J. Macdonald Oxley. Philadelphia: Published by the American Baptist Publication Society. Toronto: Standard Publishing Co.

We have here a book possessing a claim upon our interest, proceeding, as it does, from the pen of a Canadian already well known in the world of letters. Mr. Oxley is perhaps wise in his generation, when he issues a volume undertaken in the simple, honest, manly way that has evidently prompted this story for boys, which will no doubt be included in many Sunday-school libraries. From a literary point of view the book is well written, the escapades are fairly original, the dialogue natural, and the *morale* flawless. It is nicely bound in cloth, but supplied with illustrations unequal to the merit of the story and its cover. Perhaps in a future edition this may be remedied.

SUMMER TOURS BY THE C. P. R. Third edition.

No better handbook, including maps, all necessary information, and capital illustrations could be found, than this

excellent little publication. Copies can be had free on application to any agent of the Company, or by enclosing a two-cent stamp to the District Passenger Agent, King Street West, Toronto.

St. Nicholas has a varied table of contents, suited to almost all ages, certainly to all tastes. The colonial sketch, "Grandpapa's Coat," reads very like Walter Besant, there is plenty of pretty child-like verse and the usual number of well-drawn sketches.

Cassell's Family Magazine contains the sweet, simple, thoroughly English sketches and short stories that have been for so long associated with its name. Hygiene, domestic, science, fashion, art, music, love, and medicine, make up its contents for July, in addition to which there is an entertaining article on the "South Pole," and a chapter on "The Working of the Telephone." The interests of the home cannot be better served than by this charming periodical, so wisely and brightly edited.

Harper's, for July, contains more purely American matter, both in execution and spirit, than usual. The "Banks of the Brandywine," "Great American Industries," a paper on the decline of "American Stamina," and another on the famous men of the State of Iowa, make up the contributions. A paper on the palatial aspects of St. Petersburg is profusely illustrated with appropriate sketches, and "Les Porteuses," a graphic West-Indian sketch, supplies more picturesque material. Edwin Abbey and Alfred Parsons combine in seven quaint old-world pictures. The fiction and poetry are not, perhaps, as interesting as usual, but the three or four editorial departments are particularly good. Wordsworth's exquisite sonnet on "Sleep," supplies matter for two of Parsons' illustrations, the larger one being singularly suggestive of Turner.

THE *Century* opens with another of Mrs. Van Rensselaer's finely illustrated papers on the English Cathedrals. The reader is in this issue introduced to Winchester—historically one of the mightiest of all these famous structures, so beautiful to-day in the light of their marvellous architectural form and in their stone-engrained sentiment. The sketches accompanying the excellent letter-press are seventeen in number. A striking sketch, drawn by Mary Hallock Foote, serves to invest a short paper on the Far West with additional interest. "Inland Navigation of the U. S." is represented by a readable article and numerous graphic sketches of the luxurious palace steamers of the country, following which is a short tribute to the "Advance in Steamboat Decoration," by Mrs. Van Rensselaer, who, with characteristic national versatility, steps from the old Norman precincts of Winchester, on deck of a Fall River steamboat. George Kennan, the authority on Siberia, contributes a long, readable paper on additional Russian subjects, partly illustrated by the versatile Henry Sandham. The remaining article of importance is upon the subject of "Indian Reservations," a topic as interesting to Canadians as to the people of the Republic, and to undertake the presentation of which, no doubt, the author, Frederic Remington, is thoroughly well qualified.

THE *Fortnightly Review* for July (New York: Leonard Scott Publication Co.) opens with a masterly paper on Massinger, by Mr. Swinburne, who complains that his subject has been neglected among the other brilliant minds of the Elizabethan period. A strong reply is made to the "Appeal Against Women's Suffrage," which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* for June. William Archer has a paper on "Ibsen and English Criticism." Edmund Gosse contributes an appreciative notice of Edward Fitzgerald, the translator of "Omar Khayyam," while another literary paper is furnished by Professor Dowden, whose address on Goethe and the French Revolution, delivered as President of the English Goethe Society at Westminster, is reproduced. W. S. Lilly contributes an essay on the "Ethics of Punishment." An anonymous writer discusses "Swiss Neutrality," taking as a text Prince Bismarck's present dispute with the Republic. J. Theodore Bent contributes a graphic picture of "How the Shah Travels in Persia," from personal experiences; and Sir Henry Pottinger describes a remote Swedish island, Nordansker. The number concludes with an interesting account of "Father Damien and Leprosy in India," by Edward Clifford, and a note on "Leprosy and its Causes," by Dr. Abraham.

THE *Contemporary Review* for July (New York: Leonard Scott Publication Co., 29 Park Row) opens with an article on "Cheap Missionaries," by Meredith Townsend. Walter Besant contributes what is practically the first published account of the "First Society of British Authors," founded in 1843, when it was felt that the treatment of English authors by their own and American publishers called for something to be done. It is singular that this early attempt to secure international copyright should not have been more successful than many a later one. J. M. Barrie writes on Thomas Hardy, whom he regards as a typical storyteller. Henry H. Gibbs contributes a "Colloquy on Currency," in which bi-metallism is discussed from all standpoints. Mrs. Haweis writes on "Jewels and Dress," indicating the proper and most judicious use of jewellery. Professor Sayce contributes a paper on "Primitive Home of the Aryans," which, he maintains, was in north-eastern Europe, and not in Central Asia, as has been so long accepted. Julia Wedgewood discusses the influence of women in an article entitled "Male and Female Created He Them." The number concludes with an article on "The Position of the Irish Tenant," by J. J. Clancy, M.P.

THE *Nineteenth Century* for July (New York: Leonard Scott Publication Co., 29 Park Row) is unusually rich in attractive articles. Mr. Gladstone opens the number with his stirring "Plain Speaking on the Irish Union." Harold Cox discusses the "Eight Hours Question," which he regards as the best solution for the problem of over-production, though he doubts if it can be obtained through agitation through the trades unions alone. The great Fourth Bridge is described, with illustrations, by the engineers having the work in charge. Lady Eve Quin describes a little-visited portion of Asia in a brief, sprightly account of "Sport in Nepal." The "Appeal Against Women Suffrage," which attracted so much attention in the June number, is replied to by Mrs. Fawcett and Mrs. Ashton Dilke, both of whom take strong exceptions to the position assumed by the protestors. Karl Blind, taking as a text the recently erected monument at Rome, contributes a paper on "Giordano Bruno and New Italy," discussing Bruno's life and works, and seeing in him a symbol of renewed hope for united Italy. Sir Morell Mackenzie writes on "Health-Seeking in Teneriffe and Madeira," describing the islands and their climate, and noting the complaints for which they are best adapted. The number concludes with a paper on "The Persia of the Shah," by J. D. Rees, in which he gives a graphic picture of a country which is not, he claims, properly known in Europe or America.

PERHAPS Canadian readers in looking over the current number of the *North American Review*, will go at once to Justin McCarthy's paper entitled "The Throne in England." This is a short but all-round expression of opinion on the question of Monarchy versus Republic, and the subject is approached with that freedom which denotes more the novelist than the historian. Though deficient in style, having probably been turned off in the intervals of hard professional political work—it presents both sides of the momentous question, and while free from a fawning servility, is yet thoroughly respectful and loyal, and Mr. McCarthy, while acknowledging that much of the glamour of the throne is gone, does not admit that the throne itself is in immediate danger of going. Four tributes to the late Allen Thorndike Rice include one cabled by Lloyd Brice. Viscount Wolsley's second instalment of "An English View of the Civil War" appears in this issue; also a thoroughly out-spoken and manly article on "A Plague of Office-Seeking," by Gen. Collis, depicting the small worries that distract the heads of bureaus at Washington, and the strain put upon so many of the nation's best men. A paragraph on the anglicizing of French names near the frontier has already gone the round of the Canadian press. Kate Field sends an article on "Alaska," supplying many new data, and the subject of "Discipline in American Colleges" is commented upon by seven distinguished professors, including our own Sir William Dawson with his thirty-three years of experience at McGill University. Sir William, without any trace of egotism, pays a willing tribute to the students, who, year after year, graduate from the Montreal Alma Mater: "Canadian students," he says, "are hard-working, and not too self-asserting." Doubtless, plenty of hard work and the right usage of moral suasion will, together, do much for a class of young men who are proverbially difficult to manage. Another item of importance to the literary community this time is Maurice Thompson's note entitled "Foreign Influence upon American Fiction."

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

A NEW novel from George Meredith is said to have for its theme "The Romance of Journalism."

THE *Athenæum*, while praising Prof. Hardy's "Passe Rose," is very hard upon the versatile Mr. Gunter's "Frenchman."

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH is in London where he has gone to finish a poem of the time of Queen Elizabeth that he began some years ago.

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT is to receive \$7,500 a year for editing a children's department in a syndicate of English and American magazines.

THE publishers of the *North American Review* announce a continuation in the future of the policy adhered to by the late editor, Allen Thorndike Rice.

No apology is needed for placing before our readers Prof. Goldwin Smith's suggestive paper, entitled "Progress and War," which appears in *Macmillan's Magazine* for July.

MDME. ALBANI scored a new triumph as Eva in the "Meistersinger" last week in London. Her grand style is no doubt essential to the correct interpretation of Wagner's heroine.

THE condition of Wilkie Collins is very critical. Tennyson, on the contrary, has lately manifested marked improvement in his health, and it will not be long before he issues a new lyrical poem.

THE table of contents included in Longmans, Green & Co.'s prospectus of *The New Review* for July is very inviting. M. Eiffel, the Countess of Cork, and St. George Mivart are among the contributors.

Two of our rising poets contribute to current American periodicals—Duncan Campbell Scott in *Scribner's*, and William Wilfrid Campbell in the *Century*. We print in another column the latter poem, "Vapor and Blue."

MARSHALL P. WILDER, a diminutive American humourist, is convulsing all London and is seen at all the good houses. He is, we may suppose, a mixture of the two Gros-smiths and another versatile American, Frank Lincoln.

A LIFE of General Boulanger, issued by Messrs. Sonnenschein, will soon be ready. The sooner the better, for much of the interest once felt in this theatrically-inclined leader is already spent. Count Dillon's private secretary, Mr. Frank Turner, is engaged in the task.

"Who cares for 'She' when he can have Hester Prynne? For 'Cleopatra' when he can have Rebecca?" Thus the *Critic* disposes of one side of Mr. Rider Haggard's work. There can be little doubt that in "King Solomon's Mines" he struck and exhausted his best vein.

THE August *Atlantic* will be specially notable for a five-page poem by Mr. Lowell. It is said to be not only the longest poem Mr. Lowell has written for years, but the strongest and most felicitous in thought and expression. Its title "How I Consulted the Oracle of the Goldfishes" suggests something of the nature and charm of the poem.

MISS AGNES HUNTINGTON has super-added to the glories of her London engagement as "Paul Jones," the still greater glory of a successful concert at the Hotel Métropole, the proceeds of which go towards charity. "Paul Jones" as a work of art is very slim, indeed, but doubtless serves as an introduction to *chic* and dramatic intensity.

"The Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe," by her son Rev. Charles E. Stowe, is now passing through the Riverside Press and will be given to the public early in the autumn. It will be a book of peculiar personal and literary interest, and will appeal to a host of readers on both sides of the Atlantic. It is to be a handsome volume, embellished with fine portraits and other illustrations, and will be sold by subscription.

A STATUE in memory of Admiral de Coligny is to be erected in the garden of the Protestant Church in the Rue de Rivoli, the expense of which has been borne by a numerous Protestant contingent. In this connection it is interesting to note that the name of an educational institution in Ottawa has lately been changed from plain "Ladies' College" to "Coligny College." The memory of the gallant martyr is not going to be allowed to fade.

THE home of Jean Ingelow is an old-fashioned, cream-coloured stone house in Kensington, surrounded by handsome grounds and embosomed in flowers and shrubs. The poet is far advanced in middle life, but keeps her wonderfully soft and youthful expression inviolate—the index of a true and beautiful mind. Her winters are spent in the south of France, and when at home, her mornings still in writing, although she no longer publishes much.

A PARAGRAPH in a recent number of the *Boston Home Journal*, after describing the visit of a detachment of Americans to St. Andrews, N.B., goes on to say that the visitors "are all very enthusiastic about the place, and there is no question but that the fact that it is across the borders, where they use the English stamp, and pounds, shillings and pence, hold sway, where the Custom House is the gateway, giving the flavour of foreign travel, will aid the real attraction of the place to popularity."

THE frontispiece of the August issue of *Scribner's Magazine* will be a striking portrait of Lord Tennyson, engraved by Kruell from a recent photograph. Recognition is thus made of Tennyson's eightieth birthday which occurs in August. The same number will contain a short essay by Dr. Henry van Dyke on Tennyson's earliest poems published with his brother; and the end paper, by Professor T. R. Lounsbury, of Yale, will discuss Tennyson's attitude towards life in youth and old age, under the title of "The Two Locksley Halls."

No theatrical event in London for many months has been so talked about, and given rise to such animated discussion, as the performance of Henrik Ibsen's "A Doll House," which is now in its first week at the little Novelty Theatre. It has been performed in London before, but only in a carefully conventionalized version of Messrs. Jones and Herman, when it was a complete failure. That which makes it doubly interesting, and its success peculiarly significant, is the fact that it is not only a dramatic but a social and moral experiment. Ibsen is a moralist first, and only then a dramatist, and this is the true explanation of the failure of his play when adapted to the accepted dramatic requirements: with its morality, its very life was taken from it. This also accounts for the discussion which the present performance has aroused.

THE London correspondent of the *N.Y. Critic* is the charming novelist, Mrs. L. B. Walford, author of "The Baby's Grandmother," among other delightful books. Her house is a fine old three-storied country mansion, Cranbrooke Hall, and affluence and culture are present in every detail. Mrs. Walford's stories are singularly English; refined, accurate, healthy pictures of ordinary men and women; they bear the marks of great mental insight, tact and sympathy. "The Baby's Grandmother," it will be remembered, appeared originally in *Blackwood's Magazine*. The sketch of Teddy, that of the shy Earl his brother, and the perfectly delightful situation caused by the youthful charms of Lady Matilda, the grandmother, and the passive matronliness of Lotta, her daughter, cannot soon have faded from the minds of those who read this charming serial.

A RECENT number of the *King's College Record* contains an appreciative notice of Mr. Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., a frequent contributor to the periodical press, and the author of a volume of graceful verse, entitled "A Gate of Flowers." Referring to the volume, the *Record* says: "Beginning at the end of the book we find a lyric, 'My Path,' which

charms us by its manly tenderness as well as by the poetry it contains:—

I know not where my feet may tread in future years,
Through garden walks of dreamy flowers in fragrant bloom,
Or down the narrow, thorny way beset with toil,
That winds thro' vales of sacred tears.

I know not if the purple morns will ope for me
Rich gifts of pearls and jewell'd crowns;
My path may be a lonely waste of blasted hopes,
Nor lamp nor star lend kindly cheer that I may see.

I only know that faith will light my future way:
That, torch in hand, I cannot fear the darkest hour
That round my path may spread its gloom,
If heaven direct my steps through endless day.

Let us take a stanza from the opening poem:—

How oft I've walked the same old path,
And plucked the floweret wild,
And dreamt a dream of peaceful hope
That lulled me as a child!
How oft in amber light of morn
I've peeped among the trees
And watched the leaves in sportive joy
Betray the morning breeze!

Mr. O'Hagan's work has a seriousness in it that might alone justify one in putting faith in his future, but apart from this seriousness, which is a prime essential to all true poetry, we note that the writer fears not that he may appear 'worked up.'

THE THRONE IN ENGLAND.

THE main bulwarks of the throne in England are, or I should rather, perhaps, say were, three in number. First and most ancient was the sentiment of loyalty, more or less deeply tinged with the principle of divine right. Then there came—a sentiment or a conviction of much later birth—the comfortable belief that monarchy was an institution necessary for the stability of a state. The errors and extravagances of the first French Revolution strengthened this idea very much in the minds of Englishmen in a past generation; the doings of the Commune had an effect of a somewhat similar nature at a time nearer to the present. The English *bourgeois* got it into his head that only a monarchy could keep a state stable and prosperous. The feeling of security was the second great sustainer of monarchy in England. The third—the one great sustaining power now—is the quiet love of Englishmen for old-established institutions and their strong dislike to any manner of sudden and violent change. Now, let us consider how these chief securities of the throne have been affected by modern conditions in England. I think it will hardly be disputed that the old-fashioned, chivalric, sentimental feeling of personal loyalty has little or no active existence among English population just now. We do not profess any longer to worship and adore any royal personage. We do not believe that the king's face gives grace, as the old ballad puts it. We should as soon think of professing to believe in the healing charm of the royal touch for the king's evil. These beliefs and professions were the natural companions of the principle of divine right; and they faded with it. There is no place for them in the practical life of the modern world. An Englishman now feels the highest respect for the monarchy and for the royal family; but it is a respect which has nothing whatever of the romantic in it. Some Englishmen and many more English women adore the Court and the throne and the members of the royal family with the adoration of the snob for rank and the mean hope of the snob that he or she may be allowed to come within the light of their glory. But that feeling is not in the least like the old-world sentiment of loyalty. The people who cherish this more modern principle of devotion are not people who would be of the slightest use to the throne if the throne were in any danger.

One very common danger to other thrones can hardly be feared for the throne of England. It is not in the least likely that there will be any difficulties about the succession. Whence is the danger to come? Well, suppose, for example, that we were to have at any time another George the Third—a conscientious, wrong-headed, obstinate man, who would insist on interfering in foreign politics; in overruling his ministers; in directing a foreign policy of his own. It is surely not impossible that such a monarch might come up again in England. Now, let us go on supposing a little more. Let us suppose that the policy of such a sovereign were to involve us in war—in a war the people generally did not like. Let us suppose that a conscientious and popular minister resigned office rather than carry out the war policy, and knowing that he could not get the King to accept his ideas. Very well, some other minister is found; England goes into a struggle which her people do not like; and suppose that under some conditions of peculiar disadvantage her armies are defeated at first. Does any one believe that the throne would be able to withstand this shock? I certainly do not. The English people are wholly unused to defeat; I mean, of course, the defeat of one of their great armies in a great war. They could bear with patience a little reverse in South Africa, because all the world must know that it was but a mere accident, to be retrieved as soon as they could send out the men to do it. But a defeat of an English army at the hands of the Germans or the Russians—what a ferment of national passion would not that create in England! And if it were known that the policy of the Sovereign had made the war which had opened with such disaster, is it not quite on the cards that the crown might get knocked off in the convulsion?

Of course, no such crisis could arise in the life of Queen Victoria. She has always been, as I have said, a thoroughly

constitutional sovereign. Several times has there occurred in her reign a crisis where England seemed to be brought quite to the edge of a great war and where it was commonly understood that the sentiments of "the classes" went one way and the sentiments of "the masses" went the other. The Queen was supposed to have her inclinations, like other people; but if she had them then, unlike other people she kept them to herself, and they were not allowed to interfere for one instant with her duty as a constitutional sovereign. If she had been a woman of a different character, she might have found without some difficulty some statesman willing to persuade himself that her views were right and were his views also. The same that is said for the Queen may, I have no doubt, be said for the Prince of Wales. I do not suppose there would be the slightest likelihood of that genial and experienced man of the world attempting to be his own foreign minister, or, indeed, having any relish whatever for the work of such an office. Therefore I can say readily that I do not see any immediate chance of danger to the monarchy from undue and disastrous interference on the part of the sovereign. In any case, the danger would, according to my view of possibilities, be confined to the field of foreign policy. I can hardly imagine an English sovereign now setting himself against the wish of the great majority of the people on any question of domestic policy. Every one understands the domestic policy too well. The nation cannot be plunged blindfold into disastrous domestic legislation. But foreign policy is a totally different thing. The English people have often been led quite unconsciously up to the very verge of a foreign war, into which they never could have been plunged with their eyes open. Then at the moment of crisis it is so easy to get up a cry that the flag of England has been insulted and that the national honour requires to be vindicated. An interfering, head-strong sovereign and a pliant minister would have little trouble between them in so managing things as to make the people of England believe for the moment that the war, which was the fruit of the king's and the minister's own policy, was forced on them by the aggressive policy of a foreign state.

There is much of the Socialist spirit spreading through the great towns, where the contrast between growing wealth on one side and growing poverty on the other is forced upon the attention of hard-working, ill-paid, ill-fed men and women. It is perfectly true that, if all the money voted annually to all the various members of the royal family were distributed among the poor of England, the national distress would not be sensibly alleviated. But hungry people do not argue in that way. They only see that enormous sums of money are yearly paid to a certain family, and they ask what that particular family is doing to earn the money. In London, at all events, the newspapers in by far the largest circulation among the poor are the radical Sunday papers, which are always attacking and denouncing the manner in which public money is lavished on the royal family. Take a very different sort of paper read by a very different class; I mean my friend Mr. Labouchère's *Truth*. *Truth* is high-priced; it lies on drawing-room tables and club tables; it is not read by the poor; it is a "society" paper altogether. Yet it is constantly showing up the cost of royalty, the sham offices created to gratify royalty's relatives and friends, the waste of public money on royalty's empty palaces and disused parks. Society, as I have said is decidedly loyal; yet it reads and perhaps quietly chuckles over Mr. Labouchère's remarks, all the same.

The sum of all this as it shows itself to me may be put in a few lines. The glamour of the throne in England is gone. The dread of republican institutions is gone also. The vast majority of the population care nothing about royalty. There is nothing to hold on to, if from any cause royalty were to make itself unpopular in England at the time of some great national crisis. It is, at least, not impossible that we may one day have a bad king in this country; and in that case it seems to me that a complete change of system would be a more natural and probable event than a mere change in the succession.—*Justin McCarthy in the North American Review for July.*

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

ANTI-SABBATARIANISM.

PRESIDENT HARRISON'S practice of taking a Sunday outing from his White House workshop every week during the hot season, and the equanimity with which this method of recreation is accepted by the religious public, illustrate in a most striking manner the change that has come about in the observance of the first day of the week. Mr. Harrison's plan has usually been to board a yacht on Saturday, spend the next day in ease on the vessel down the river, or perhaps put outside the Capes at the mouth of Chesapeake Bay towards night, and get back to his desk some time on Monday. A fortnight ago he introduced a variation by taking a trip to Cape May on Saturday, giving the next day to enjoyment of the beauties of that resort, and returning to Washington on Monday. In every case the main feature of the outing has been the opportunity to spend Sunday away from the scene of the week's work, and where there would be no imperious demand of other duties, like attendance on religious services, which a Presbyterian elder might feel bound to discharge if he were within sound of the bell on the church which he regularly attends.

A quarter of a century ago it would have been impossi-

ble for a President to pursue this course without provoking severe criticism. The war, of course, introduced a solemn element which would have made Lincoln's indulgence in a weekly yachting trip over Sunday grate with uncommon force upon the public mind; but if there had been no war, Lincoln could not have done twenty-eight years ago what Harrison does now, except at a loss of public respect which he could not safely have incurred. The religious newspapers would have overwhelmed him with long lectures on the dreadful example he was setting the young, ministers would have preached about his bad conduct, Sabbath-observance societies would have printed tracts on the pernicious character of such "Sabbath" outings. On the other hand, nobody whose opinion is entitled to weight enters any complaint against Mr. Harrison for the way he spends the day, and so straight an organ of New England Puritanism as the Boston *Congregationalist* makes the following editorial comment upon the matter:—"President Harrison is reported to be annoyed at the criticisms of his yachting trips from Saturday to Monday. They are sensible excursions, and will do him needed good, and we trust that his critics will hold their peace."—*The Nation*.

VAPOUR AND BLUE.

DOMED with the azure of heaven,
Floored with a pavement of pearl,
Clothed all about with a brightness
Soft as the eyes of a girl—

Girt with a magical girdle,
Rimmed with a vapour of rest—
These are the inland waters,
These are the lakes of the West.

Voices of slumberous music,
Spirits of mist and of flame,
Moonlit memories left here
By gods who long ago came,

And, vanishing, left but an echo
In silence of moon-dim caves,
Where, haze-wrapt, the August night slumbers,
Or the wild heart of October raves.

Here, where the jewels of nature
Are set in the light of God's smile,
Far from the world's wild throbbing,
I will stay me and rest me a while,

And store in my heart old music,
Melodies gathered and sung
By the genies of love and of beauty
When the heart of the world was young.
—*William Wilfrid Campbell, in the Century.*

WASTING THE MIND.

WRITING in her journal, Dorothy Wordsworth says that her brother "wasted his mind in the magazines." In Wordsworth's case the process of waste could not have lasted long, since for the greater part of his life he disregarded periodical literature, and even seems to have left the newspapers unread. When quite young, he proposed starting a magazine, but happily the project failed; for no man could have been less fitted for the steady labour of journalism. But whether Wordsworth wasted his mind or not, it is certain that most men are liable to do so in one way or another, and the expression is so suggestive that it may serve as a text for a little discourse.

I suppose there are few of us so virtuous as not to be sometimes tempted to waste our minds. Intellectual exertion is always an effort, and it is pleasant to cherish the delusion that we are doing something when we are really idle. There is many a man who never tests the powers of his mind at all. He will not take the trouble to find out what he can achieve. He is content with routine, and plods through life with mental powers scarcely half alive. There is nothing easier than intellectual rust, and no complaint more insidious. Temptations and excuses abound. We are weak in body, perhaps, or troubled with a want of pence, or allured by the claims of society, or by what we choose to regard as family obligations. It is not every person who, like the judicious Hooker, will study Horace while he is tending sheep. Most of us think it is enough to do one thing at a time, and if it taxes the brain, are apt to find it irksome. The necessity of bodily exercise is universally acknowledged, but the mind may waste and shrink from want of use without any regard or compunction. "Never to be doing nothing" was Sir Walter Scott's maxim; "Never to do anything that you can avoid doing" is practically the maxim of the man who allows his intellect to dwindle for lack of exercise. To waste the mind is to make both mind and body more liable to disease.

How to guard against waste is the difficulty. It is not the eternal plodder who turns his mind to the best account. George Eliot's Mr. Casaubon, in spite of his devotion to what he considered learning, was the most intolerable of fools. And if a man is blessed with the large intellect which Dorothea Brooke in her ignorance attributed to Casaubon, there is the danger that he may be tempted to cultivate it at the expense of his heart, which is the worst kind of waste.

Waste of mind may be due to frivolity, but it may be caused also by a culture that is more ambitious than wise. We want to know about too many things in the present day, and are content that our knowledge should be super-

ficial so long as it supplies us with food for conversation. A man is ashamed to say he is totally ignorant of a subject about which everyone is talking, and therefore, instead of considering whether it is worth knowing, he "crams" for society. In one sense, as I have observed already, we cannot know too much, the deepest intellect is also the most expansive; but in days of infinite distraction, of magazine theology, of exhaustless publications and superficial books, of sensational fiction and society gossip, the temptations to waste the mind under the plea of improving it are well-nigh irresistible. The Vicar of Wakefield's eldest daughter thought she was well-sick in controversy because she had read the disputes—in "Tom Jones"—between Thwackum and Square, the controversy between Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday, and the discussion in Defoe's "Religious Courtship." It is possible, despite the vaunts of culture daily sounded in our ears, that there are readers who have so wasted their minds on trivial matters as to resemble Olivia Primrose in their incapacity for understanding how ignorant they really are.—*J. D., Illustrated London News.*

THE VELOCITY OF LIGHT.

LIGHT moves with the amazing velocity of 185,000 miles a second, a speed a million times as great as that of a rifle-bullet. It would make the circuit of the earth's circumference, at the equator, seven times in one beat of the pendulum. For a long time light was thought to be instantaneous, but it is now known to have a measurable velocity. The discovery was first made by means of the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites. Jupiter, like the earth, casts a shadow, and when his moons pass through it, they are eclipsed, just as our moon is eclipsed when passing through the earth's shadow. Jupiter's shadow far surpasses in magnitude that of the earth. His moons revolve around him much more rapidly than our moon revolves around the earth, and their orbits are nearly in the plane of the planet's orbit. Consequently they all, with the exception of the fourth and most distant satellite, pass through the planet's shadow, and are eclipsed at every revolution. Roemer, a Danish astronomer, made in 1675 some curious observations in regard to the times of the occurrence of these eclipses. When Jupiter is nearest the earth, the eclipses occur about sixteen minutes earlier than when he is most distant from the earth. The difference in distance between the two points is about 185,000,000 miles, the diameter of the earth's orbit, or twice her distance from the sun. It takes light, therefore, sixteen minutes to traverse the diameter of the earth's orbit, and half that time to span the distance between the sun and the earth. Light is thus shown to travel 185,000 miles in a second, and to take eight minutes,—or more exactly, 500 seconds,—in coming from the sun to the earth. It follows that we do not see the sun until eight minutes after sunrise, and that we do see him eight minutes after sunset. When we look at a star we do not see the star as it now is, but the star as it was several years ago. It takes light three years to come to us from the nearest star, and were it suddenly blotted from the sky, we should see it shining there for three years to come. There are other methods of finding the velocity of light, but the satellites of Jupiter first revealed its progressive movement.—*Youth's Companion.*

ROUTES TO THE EXPOSITION.

THE chief routes to Paris, taking London as the starting point, are those of the South-Eastern Railway, London, Chatham, and Dover, and London, Brighton, and South Coast. The Folkestone and Boulogne, the Dover and Calais, and the Newhaven and Dieppe routes, may be taken as another method of describing these three. The old route to Paris is that well-known one by Folkestone and Boulogne, and this the South-Eastern Railway describes with a parent's partiality as "the quickest and best route." The "Express Daily Fixed Service" occupies eight hours only, the cost being—first class, single, £2 17s. 6d.; return, £4 18s. 3d.; and second class, single, £2 3s. 6d.; return, £3 18s. 3d. The route in England is well known—it is by Tunbridge, Ashford, and Shorncliffe, to Folkestone, where the fast steamers are taken for Boulogne, whence the railway runs *via* Amiens and Creil to Paris, through a country not very picturesque. A second route is that of the London, Chatham, and Dover, by Dover and Calais. Through the scenery of Kent, by Canterbury, Dover is reached, and the *Invicta*, *Empress*, *Victoria*, or other steamship, quickly "ferries" the passenger over the Channel; it being claimed that the sea-passage is "sixty minutes only." Entering the "Nord" train, when on French soil, there is little to interest until Boulogne is reached, when the route becomes that to Paris just referred to. The "Express Service" fares are—first class, single, £3 1s. 6d.; return, £4 18s. 3d.; second class, single, £2 6s. 6d.; return, £3 18s. 3d.; and the total time taken by the journey by this express service is 8½ to 9½ hours, according to the train chosen, a midday train being the quickest. The third route, that by Newhaven and Dieppe, is one which has been much expedited of late years. Passing Croydon and Lewes, Newhaven, the port of departure is reached, and well-furnished passenger steamers await the trains. From Dieppe the route is by Rouen, Acheres, and through the forest of St. Germain, and thus on to Paris. The fare by this route is—first class, single, £1 14s. 7d.; return, £2 16s. 3d. The time is not stated, but it is much the longer route.—*The Gatherer, Cassell's Family Magazine.*

REALISM—SO-CALLED.

To some folks everything is unreal but Zolaism, the Morgue, discourtesy, breach of good manners, the refuse-heap. Man is unreal clothed in skin; the only genuine man is he who has been excoriated, with every nerve and muscle and vein exposed; the canvas only is real, not the "Madonna di San Sisto" looking with her ineffably earnest eyes out of it; lamp-black and treacle and old rags are the reality, not the "Book of Psalm and Song," printed out of the former on the transubstantiated latter; catgut and deal and brass only are real, not the sympathy of Beethoven, not the march from the Kementate in "Lohengrin," played on the instruments manufactured out of these vulgar materials. The pelting rain is real, not the gilded evening cloud that contains the stored moisture; in a word, that only is real, and commendable, and to be observed, which is gross, material, offensive. I know that the sweetness and fragrance of that old culture which was but another name, as I have already said, for charity, is passing away, like the rising incense, perhaps again to be caught and scented only in the courts of heaven. I know that it is in fashion now to be rude and brusque, and to deny oneself no freedom, and exercise on oneself no restraint, so as to be quite natural. But what is that save to revert to social Andamanism and Bosjesmanism—to savagery in its basest and nastiest form—to renounce the form as well as the power of culture.

Phædrus tells in one of his fables of an old woman who found an empty amphora of old Falernian wine; she put her nose to the mouth and sniffed and said, "If you smell so sweet when void, how sweet you must be when full."

Well! let us say that half the politeness and grace and charm of society is unreal. It is the aroma of the old Falernian. How much better, no doubt, if the vessel be full of that most precious old Falernian, that perfect courtesy of heart which suffereth long and is kind; vaunteth not itself, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, believeth all things, loveth all things, endureth all things. But, I ask, is not an empty amphora of Falernian more grateful than one full of assafœtida?—*S. Baring Gould in Temple Bar.*

THUNDER.

How silence grasps the warm and pulsing air!
Silence, which takes the blackbird by the throat,
And stays the throbbing of each warbled note,
Now stills the new-born leaves, which, trembling there,
Hang motionless; as suddenly upbear
Huge crawling clouds, like castles set afloat,
With frowning battlements and liquid moat,
Lit by lithe lightning's eager flame and flare.
Then springs to sudden birth with sullen roar
The wild storm-king, full-armed and fiercely strong;
And, echoing round the hill tops o'er and o'er,
His war cry sounds which Echo doth prolong,
Till through the storm-rent space the sad rains pour,
The sun gleams forth, and earth is filled with song.
—*London World.*

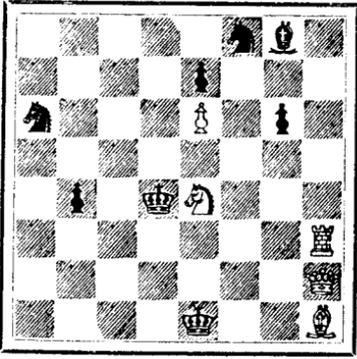
WIDOWS AND WIDOWERS.

THERE are over 800,000 more widows than widowers in England. In France for every 100 widowers there are 194 widows. These facts lead the *Westminster Review* to treat the growing disposition of men to marry late in life as a very serious evil of modern society. Such men usually marry younger women, who, in the natural order of things, may be expected to survive them. Even where widowers enter again into matrimony, they do not often take for wives women of a corresponding age, but young maidens, who are likely to be left widows. The greater longevity of women has even induced some philosophers to advise that, on the contrary, the wife should be older than the husband, and there have been some notable marriages where that was the case. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts and Madame de Staël, for instance, were much older than the men they married. The law of nature commonly stands in opposition to such unions, though it cannot be denied that the woman with whom a lad first falls in love is very apt to be much his senior. He would marry her, if she would have him for a husband, but she looks on him as a mere boy, and usually refuses to take his love seriously. The natural tendency of women to marry older men seems to be as strong as it is for men to marry younger women, else the amorous lads would receive an amount of encouragement which might put the average superiority in age on the side of the brides. Nature, therefore, arranges all that in a way from which it cannot be diverted by any review article. We agree, however, that it is best for the man and for the race that he should marry early, if he is to marry at all. Any great disparity of age between husband and wife is a misfortune. It is better for them to grow old together, so that in the usual course of nature the man and the woman will reach the end without any great difference in time between them.—*The New York Sun.*

THAT the editorial page may soon disappear altogether is a dreadful possibility; and if it is to be committed to the care of the elegant essayist, writing over his own signature, there will remain no reason for its existence in its present form. The pressure for space in every great daily is severe, and it now requires a stern front to hold the three or four columns sacred for editorial utterances. Give the news editor his opportunity and he will abolish the essayist without a qualm of conscience.—*The Century.*

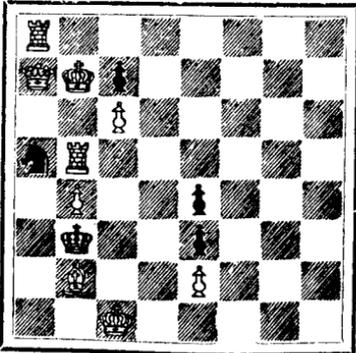
CHESSES.

PROBLEM No. 375.
From German paper.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 376.
By D. FAWCETT.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 369. White. Black.
1. R-B 3 K x R
2. Q-Q 2 moves
3. Kt or Q mates. H. L. R x Q
K-K 4
2. Kt-Kt 5 + K-K 4
8. Kt-B 7 mate.
With other variations.

GAME PLAYED JANUARY 18TH, 1889, IN THE CANADIAN CHESS ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENT.

Between Mr. A. T. Davison, of the Toronto Chess Club, and Mr. COOKE, of Montreal.

RUY LOPEZ.

White. MR. COOKE.	Black. MR. DAVISON.	White. MR. COOKE.	Black. MR. DAVISON.
1. P-K 4	P-K 4	19. B x B	Q x B
2. Kt-K B 3	Kt-Q B 3	20. R-Kt 1	B-Kt 4
3. B-Kt 5	P-Q R 3	21. Kt-R 4	Kt-K 4
4. B-R 4	P-Q Kt 4	22. B x Kt	P x B
5. B-Kt 3	Kt-B 3	23. Kt-B 3	B-B 5
6. Castles	P-K R 3	24. Q-B 2	K R-Q 1
7. P-Q 3	P-Q 3	25. K R-Q 1	R-Q 2
8. P-K R 3	Kt-K 2	26. Q-K B 2	Kt-Kt 4
9. P-B 4	B-Q 2	27. P-R 4	Kt x Kt +
10. B-K 3	Kt-K 3	28. Q x Kt	Q R-Q 1
11. Q-Kt-Q 2	B-K 2	29. P-Kt 3 (a)	Q-R 6
12. Kt-R 2	Q-B 1	30. K-B 2	Q-R 7 +
13. P-K B 4	K P x P	31. Q-Kt 2	B x P +
14. B x P	Castles	32. K-B 1	Q x P
15. P-Q R 4	P x B P	33. K-K 2	Q-Kt 5 +
16. B x P	R-Kt 1	34. Q-B 3	Q x Q
17. P-Q Kt 3	Kt-R 2	35. K x Q	R x R +
18. B-Kt 3	B-K 3	36. R x R	R x R +

And White resigned at the 54th move.

NOTES.

(a) Bad. White losing the Pawns and the game.

The annual report of the Astronomer Royal for the year 1888 states that the mean temperature for the year was 47.7 degrees, being 1.6 degrees below the average for the last forty-seven years.

BULGARIAN BRIGANDS.

A BAND, having captured some merchants, demanded a ransom of £2,000, to obtain which a youth of the hostages was sent. After arduous efforts he brought back £400 in a bag, being all he could raise. The chief came out to receive him, and, kicking the bag aside, asked him how much he had brought. On being told, he calmly replied, "Go again, and bring every pound of that £2,000 by Saturday, or your father and the rest will lose their heads." The young fellow, in terrible grief, asked if he might interview his father ere he went away. That was kindly granted, and the old man was brought and allowed to converse with him. While this was proceeding, however, the chief rather sternly interrupted them, saying, "I think it best to show you that I am not to be trifled with." Whereupon the father was instantly seized, his head was struck off, taken up and then tossed toward his horrified son. "There! take that, and say the other heads will follow if that money doesn't come soon!" The money came.

Still more ferocious is the following:—A Bulgarian priest, known to be travelling to a certain place with the collections of his diocese, was pursued thither. The brigands, however, were too late—a day behind. While the inhabitants of the little town were away at their daily labours in the fields and woods, the band entered it, but to their chagrin found that they had miscalculated, and so had lost their intended victim. They then met a girl and two boys. They finally hewed them limb from limb, and then nailed or hung up their ghastly remains, where the returning parents might weep their eyes out over them.

In another case, having made captives and being pursued, the brigands bribed an old ferryman to take them over a swift river. Once across, they turned on the poor man and flung him into the stream.

The brigands we have seen so far have revealed no touch of romance in their expressions, but frequently a brutal ferocity coupled with low intelligence.—From *Travel Tide*.

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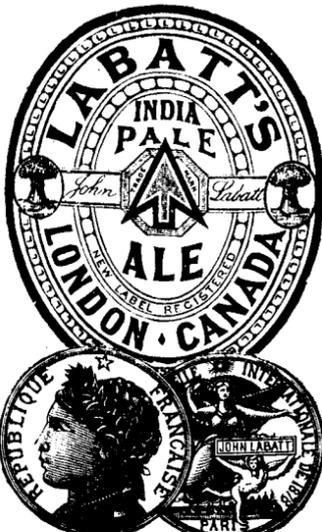
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Rev. P. J. Ed. Page, Professor of Chemistry, Laval University, Quebec, says:—"I have analyzed the India Pale Ale manufactured by John Labatt, London, Ontario, and I have found it a light ale, containing but little alcohol, of a delicious flavour, and of a very agreeable taste and superior quality, and compares with the best imported ales. I have also analyzed the Porter XXX Stout, of the same brewery, which is of excellent quality; its flavour is very agreeable; it is a tonic more energetic than the above ale, for it is a little richer in alcohol, and can be compared advantageously with any imported article."



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For years my daughter was troubled with Scrofulous Humors, Loss of Appetite, and General Debility. She took Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, in a few months, was

Of the Eyes, Lungs, Stomach, Liver, and Kidneys, indicate the presence of Scrofula in the system, and suggest the use of a powerful blood purifier. For this purpose Ayer's Sarsaparilla has always proved itself unequalled.

I was always afflicted with a Scrofulous Humor, and have been a great sufferer. Lately my lungs have been affected, causing much pain and difficulty in breathing. Three bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla have relieved my lungs, and improved my health generally.—Lucia Cass, 360 Washington ave., Chelsea, Mass.

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Since then, whenever she feels debilitated, she resorts to this medicine, and always with most satisfactory results.—Geo. W. Fullerton, 32 W. Third st., Lowell, Mass.

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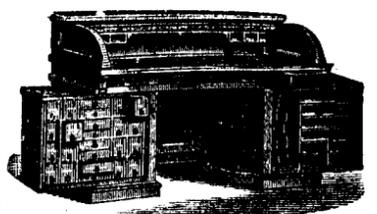
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