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The Week,

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TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

At the moment of our going to Press the Presidential Election is still undecided. It is evident that the contest is close and that the policy of the United States for the next four years, so far as it depends on the personal inclinations of the President, will be decided by a small weight in either scale. It may even be decided by something quite foreign to the main issue, such as a local revolt of repudiators against their party in Virginia. The importance of the President, however, is apt to be over-rated. He has a qualified veto on legislation, but otherwise he is an executive officer, pretty closely confined in his action by system, tradition, and the influence of his Cabinet. In the question of the hour, which is the Tariff, he has no initiative power. In the department of foreign affairs his tendencies are important; and on this account the friends of peace must prefer Cleveland to Blaine, though Blaine's own utterances have been pacific. Still more clearly must Cleveland be preferred to Blaine on the score of character. The election of a man condemned as Blaine now is by the best representatives of public morality in the country, would be a grave moral disaster. Tammany has adhered to the Democratic Party, and the best result of all, the victory of Cleveland without Tammany, is impossible. At Buffalo and in other places a great many Irish votes seem to have been attracted to Blaine by his reputed tendency to a foreign policy of violence. The grand orgy of political passion and corruption is now over, and for two or three years to come society and commerce will enjoy an interval of peace. It would be well if the respite could be employed by the leading minds of the nation in debating the expediency of retaining a mode of election which has utterly departed from the intention of the founders, and seems to onlookers about the most noxious in the world.

THE report of the state of Sir John Macdonald's health, which comes by cable, is that he is not suffering from any organic disease which could put his life in danger. This is given as the result of the examination of the physician whom he went to consult. Substantially the report may be correct; but it is nevertheless only too certain that even last Session Sir John's health showed indications of general decline. There is no available successor who is his equal in the management of men; and the choice of anyone for the post of chieftain would be full of difficulty. Neither Langevin nor Tupper is wanting in ability, but to both there are serious objections. Langevin, the idol and the slave of the Church, has a formidable, though undeclared, rival in Chapleau; and Chapleau's friends

are enterprising and relentless, but not implacable. But to placate them you must find North Shore Railways for them to purchase whenever they are short of an odd million or so. The process is one which involves not only a serious sacrifice of public treasure, but what the operators would have more to fear, a loss of public confidence. Tupper is able, but not trusted. The list of names of which these two stand at the head is soon exhausted; and the boldest might well hesitate at a choice. At present, however, Sir John's shoes are not vacant, and people are just now more particularly anxious to know, not what he went to England for, but what he is likely to do now that he has got there. The latest version of the guess-book is, that he will urge the British Government to make an arrangement by which the mails for India and China will be carried on the new overland route across Canada. He cannot hope for success unless he can show that, in point of time, this route is the shortest; and this, rumour adds, he is prepared to attempt. This is the last of the hundred-and-one causes for Sir John's visit to England, which truth-seeking chroniclers have taken so much pains to find out. The fact remains that, in the condition of the Premier's health, there was sufficient reason why the trip across the Atlantic should be undertaken.

WHETHER the municipality of Winnipeg is tottering on the verge of bankruptcy under an intolerable burden of taxes, the local press undertakes to discuss, but cannot decide. But that the taxes bear heavily upon the citizens is only too clear. The amount of this year's taxes is \$456,299.04, more than three times the ratio of the taxes to population in Toronto, Hamilton or London. One-third of last year's taxes remains uncollected, and the issue of distress warrants for the collection of arrears is producing great hardships. The percentage of taxes to the population does not give an adequate idea of the pressure of taxation. In a new city like Winnipeg, the superficial area of which is very large, the greater part of the taxes are levied on vacant lands which produce no revenue out of which taxes can be paid; and when the owners of the land have no other sources from which this want of revenue can be made good, the taxes must remain unpaid till forced sales can be made. It is this feature of the case that makes the weight of the taxes peculiarly burthensome. In a normal state of things, the taxes on the unproductive lands would be payable out of the unearned increment, otherwise they must eat into the land. An increment in a given series of years there will be; but at shorter intervals decrements inevitably occur, and the length of the period of depression is proportioned to the intensity of the inflation which preceded the periodic collapse. In Winnipeg the fever of speculation ran high, and the resulting depression brought down prices to a mere fraction of what they had been. Any assessment of unproductive land for which there is no market must be to a great extent based on conjectural values, and present taxes must come out of future profits which are a long way in the distance, or the land must be sacrificed. But if Winnipeg taxes are exceptionally high, there is much besides taxes that is exceptional there. The marvellous growth of the city has no precedent in Canada, and but few even in the United States. This is the day of Winnipeg's municipal agony. She is paying the penalty of fanciful values in the past, and of abuses in the administration of her municipal affairs. The total amount of revenue is large, but in a city of yesterday everything has to be done, and the equipment of a city is a costly business. Bad as things look, there is no need for despair; but there is need, and urgent need, for honesty and economy in civic rule; by the aid of these Winnipeg will be able to emerge from the slough of despond in which she now finds herself. At some period of their history, most American cities have gone through a similar, if less intensified experience.

IN a suit commenced in the Superior Court of Quebec, the question of the legal existence of the Jesuits as a corporation during the French Dominion will have to be decided. The heirs of the late grand chief of the Hurons of Lorette are quarrelling over the division of his real estate, and the new chief has taken advantage of the opportunity to seek to enforce the claim of his tribe to the Seigniori of Sillery. It is alleged that

this Seigniorship was conceded by the King of France to the Christian Indians, in 1651, and that the Jesuits by false representations obtained a grant of the same land in 1669. It is necessary it seems for the Crown to lend its name to this contention against the Jesuits, and this has been done. The false pretext charged against the Jesuits is that they had made considerable sacrifices to establish the Indians beyond the limits of the Seigniorship of Sillery. The allegation is also made in the name of the crown that the Jesuits never had a legal existence and were incapable of accepting grants of land. The decision of this point may have far-reaching results and may possibly lead to some inconvenience. Whatever may have been their legal right to do so, it is certain that the Jesuits in Canada did hold large areas of real estate during the French Dominion. If it should be decided that they at one time had a legal existence, the Crown would appear to meet a defeat, and though it is not probable that any legal claim to the restoration of the Jesuit's estates could be enforced on the strength of this incident, it would be used as a political lever in attempts to compel restoration. The Jesuits' estates would in any case have escheated to the crown on the death of the last member of the order in Canada; and the fact of the Jesuits once having had a legal existence would not affect the title to the property. But as a political leverage, a decision favourable to the Jesuits would give them the opportunity for which they have long been looking.

Mgr. BOURGET, who, for reasons which were held sufficient at Rome, was some years ago invited to exchange the substantial power of Bishop of Montreal for the shadowy title of Archbishop of Martianopolis, last week celebrated his eightieth birthday. Since he went into the retirement which his nominal title implies, Mgr. Bourget has ceased to play a leading part in the politics of Quebec. There was a time when his hand was felt in the political movements of Lower Canada, and in an open quarrel with Sir George Cartier, then at the head of the Government, he came off victorious. Not only did he divide the Parish of Montreal against the protest of the Premier, but he drove his antagonist from his old constituency at a general election. Mgr. Bourget's avowed aim was to subordinate the civil to the ecclesiastical authority; but in the pursuit of his object he showed so little discretion that even Pius IX. was obliged to bid him and his followers halt. Since then the ecclesiastical pressure of Rome on the politics of Quebec has been exercised with less ostentation, but not, perhaps, with less effect. In the recent attempt to form a Coalition in that Province, both parties recognized the fact that to succeed they must first get the consent of the Church. On that occasion no undue pressure was used by the Bishop or Archbishop whose consent was sought; both parties voluntarily offered their submission and meekly begged the acceptance of a surrender of their independence. But, if the Coalition had not broken down in the initial stage, the time for the Church to use pressure would have come. At the election that would have followed the Bishops would have given the priests the hint how to act. The recent elections in Beauce and Megantic do not show that any great curb has been put upon the disintegration of the Bleus. In Megantic the Opposition majority has been reduced since the previous election from four hundred and forty-four to the narrow margin of fifteen. But Mr. Irvine, who obtained the large majority, was a Castor, and besides all the Opposition votes would get some from the old friends on whom he relied when he was in the ranks of the Bleus. Deduction being made of the personal element, the result is what might have been expected. In Beauce the Bleus win, but they win by a greatly reduced majority; and it is probable that the Church did not exercise its influence one way or the other. The game of the Castors is to outbid the Bleus in devotion to the Church. This game was once played with success by the authors and adherents of the Programme Catholic, but it is not probable that it can be repeated with a like result. One sign of the times is that Anti-Masonry is carried much farther by the Castors than by the Bishops; and so little do the Ultras find encouragement in high quarters to put the brand of Masonry upon numbers of men who are innocent of any connection with the Order, that some of the Bishops have gone out of their way to show their disapprobation of the exaggeration.

BETWEEN Montreal and Saint Paul, projectors have been convinced, the railway distance can be shortened by two hundred miles. The comparison is between the present route through Toronto and Chicago and a line which would form an extension of the Canadian Pacific from Algoma Mills to Sault Ste. Marie, and thence to Saint Paul. Promoters are busily engaged in asserting the claims of the American part of this line, and report says that the Canadian Pacific Company is prepared to co-operate with an independent party to ensure the success of the project. A saving of two hundred miles, in this distance is a matter of great moment in these days

of sharp competition; and, if the Canadian Pacific Company is voluntarily to throw off the armour of its legal protection, it must be in a position to compete for the traffic that crosses the boundary line of Manitoba and the North-West.

UNDERSELLING is one of the obstacles which business men who pursue an honourable course have to encounter. The man who habitually undersells runs in a crooked groove at every turn of which bankruptcy is written. Goods sold below cost cannot be paid for in full, and very often they are not paid for at all. The trader who pays his way must sell at a profit, and he cannot afford to cut below others in the same line. The bankrupt stocks which this kind of trading brings into the market will of course be sold below the original cost by the jobber by whom they are bought at forty cents in the dollar; but this exception only proves the rule, that habitually to sell below cost is to incur the risk of bankruptcy. It is a mode of appropriating the proceeds of goods without paying the purchase money, and when carried on with deliberate design is a form of fraud which no more deserves to be condoned than shop-lifting or pocket-picking.

No business upon an equal scale is in so unsatisfactory a condition as that of underwriting in Canada and the United States. Diligent enquiries have, from time to time, been made into the causes which strike with sterility an enormous amount of capital employed in the business of Fire Insurance. The Canadian Underwriters Association, which comprises nearly all the British and American as well as local companies doing business here, has been endeavouring to find a possible remedy for the present unsatisfactory state of things. At a meeting of the Association, recently held in Montreal, co-insurance was suggested, but nothing beyond a recommendation that it should be adopted was ventured upon. It was felt that the time had not come for making such a resolution mandatory. Recommendations which no one will assume the responsibility of binding himself to carry out are generally meant for neighbours and rivals, and they are made in the spirit in which the American humorist resolved to sacrifice all his wife's relations in the civil war. Excessive insurance must be a temptation to dishonest persons to find the way to sending their goods to the highest cash market by the light of a conflagration. Co-insurance, by which the insurer would be made to take a joint risk to the extent of say twenty-five per cent., if it could be universally applied, would remove this temptation; but excessive competition among the companies for business would probably make it impossible to apply this restriction universally, and the difficulty of applying it to special classes of property would probably be enhanced by the invidious nature of the discrimination. The recommendation that mercantile stocks should not be insured for more than three-fourths of their value is not likely to be enforced. It implies that the losses caused by incendiarism in this class of risks are so great as to require the application of this check, and the necessity for extra precaution can easily be understood. But surely there must be room for discrimination. The whole body of traders cannot without great injustice be open to the dark suspicion which lurks in this recommendation. In attempting too much the Association is in danger of ending by doing nothing. The cases of actual incendiarism are probably not so numerous as some insurance experts assume; of constructive incendiarism arising from wilful or half-conscious neglect, there is probably much more. Before the resolutions now in the shape of recommendations are made imperative, it will be well to consider whether they cannot be advantageously modified. To put the business of fire insurance on a footing more satisfactory to insurers there is urgent need; but it would be useless to attempt any change which it would be impossible to enforce.

THE importance of railways as the leading interest in America, and one affording scope for the highest business capacity, has found recognition at Yale. During the current academic year, Mr. Arthur T. Hadley, a well-known writer of authority on transportation, will deliver a course of lectures to the students on the history of the transportation system of the United States; railroad business methods, and their effect on the community; foreign railways and railway legislation, and American railway legislation. All the vexed questions of pooling, discriminations, and enactments aiming at control of railway property, will be explained and criticized. Mr. Hadley will conclude his course by pointing out what he deems the present prospects and needs of the railway system. Yale does well to lead in this thing of providing students with well-reasoned knowledge of the chief business of their country. Railroads have cost perhaps one-tenth as much as the total wealth of the United States. A sound understanding of this vast and complex interest will touch and illustrate every great department of the continent's commerce.

M. FERRY, who recently permitted himself the luxury of indulging in visions of inexhaustible revenue to be derived from the conquest of Tonquin, finds himself on the brink of a yawning deficit of eight millions of francs, and conquest, still in the distance, is not to be achieved without an unknown future expenditure. M. Ferry has been bitten by the rabies of colonial empire, the foundation of which in the East is to be laid at the expense of China. To his prophetic vision, "the future is to the nations that seek expansion abroad." A sober view of the situation would lead one to look for the future of the new Indo-China Empire in the past achievements of the French in that quarter of the world. The French obtained possession of three of the six provinces of Lower Cochin China nearly a quarter of a century ago, and of the remainder, by an admiral's proclamation, five years later. When, in 1862, Tu-Duc ceded three provinces by treaty the French also exacted from him, under the name of indemnity, 20,000,000 francs. The "indemnity" now demanded, and over which the fight is now going on, has been stated at eighty millions of dollars, an amount which would pay the general deficit in the French budget five times over. This, apparently, is the "inexhaustible revenue" after which M. Ferry sighs. By such exactions, the French, if successful, could undoubtedly make money. But revenue extorted by filibustering, if we leave out of view the morality of the process, would not be found to prove a perennial spring; and the operation could not be repeated without new conquests, which could only be achieved at great expense. The harm which would be done by brigandage, distinguished by the name of war, would be infinitely greater than all the good the "indemnities" would do the conquerors. It would be vain to look for any regular profits after the expense of the forays was paid. Revolt against French rule in the conquered country would be constantly liable to break out. In the first and second years after the treaty of 1862, revolt did occur in different parts of the country. If M. Ferry were asked to-day for a balance-sheet of the whole enterprise for twenty-four years, it is probable that he would have to confess to a deficiency. The only legitimate source of revenue to which the French could look, is its trade with the country of which it claims possession. But in this direction failure must be confessed. Last year France sent to Cochin China less than one-seventh of the goods which the country imported—\$1,800,000 out of a total of \$14,000,000—and received a little more than one-fiftieth of the exports, its share being represented by a value of \$300,000 out of \$16,000,000. A cool examination of this result should convince any one disposed to take a sober view of the situation that in no legitimate way can the filibustering expedition, which France is now carrying on against China, be made to pay.

"BYSTANDER" ON CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS.

A CONFEDERATION embracing British Columbia and Jamaica, with the Continental Provinces straggling from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with two thousand miles of sea between the Continental Provinces and the Islands, and containing among other varieties of population a French nationality and a community of negroes, is such a nightmare that, in discussing it, a journalist is afraid of being the victim of a hoax. The commercial question, though it is being discussed with conscientious industry, hardly deserves attention as an element of this preposterous scheme. We can surely buy our pound of sugar without annexing the grocery and its coloured denizens. Nor need we pay tribute to the grocery in the shape of Subsidies and Better Terms, which Jamaica annexationists already scent as gratifying incidents of their plan. If Jamaica finds herself weighted in the commercial race by the Protectionism of the foreigner, let her persuade the British Free Trader to relax his purism, and try what a little retaliation will do to bring the foreigner to his senses. It is suggested that the Black Vote might be a welcome addition to the Blue, and there is nothing which may not be done by Party in quest of votes. Otherwise it could scarcely be needful to renew the protest against any dealings with Canadian nationality behind the back of the Canadian people. The Governor-General will see what the feeling here is upon the subject, and he will tell the Home Government the truth. The one thing which plainly appears is that the British Government wishes Jamaica off its hands. Well it may; the island when taken by Cromwell had its use as an outpost for English enterprise in the Spanish Main; but in later times it has been a burden, an expense, and a scandal. Its slave-owning planters corrupted British society with their vulgar extravagance; a great sum had to be paid to redeem its slaves; and since emancipation the ill-assorted and uneasy union of the two races has been a constant source to the Colonial Office of anxiety or worse. The Island, on the other hand, no doubt suffers by subjection to the fiscal system of a country to which it does not naturally belong. Nor is Jamaica the only dependency

of which, in spite of the visions of Expansionists, the British Government at this moment manifestly wishes itself rid. In the case of South Africa, as in that of Jamaica, the original motive for the occupation has ceased to exist. British communication with India is no longer by way of the Cape. As a colony the Cape, though happy in its soil and climate, is not very prosperous: the reason being, as we are told, that the native labour is bad and at the same time drives British labour away. Seven millions sterling were spent in Kaffir wars, besides the loss of many gallant lives in inglorious bush-fighting; and to troubles of this kind there appears to be no certain limit, since fresh native tribes are always coming down from the central region of the continent. There is also the Transvaal Republic, a somewhat turbulent and filibustering community with which there seems to be little hope of a stable peace. Left to itself the colony would dismiss Lord Carnarvon's fancy of a South African Empire, which is the immediate source of all its present troubles, confine its ambition to its own territory, shape its policy by its own interest, settle by a rough and practical diplomacy its relations with its neighbours, and deal with the native question in its own fashion. It would in this way probably enjoy a larger measure of prosperity, and enjoy it in greater security, than it does while it is entangled with British politics and made the sport of British parties. That British statesmen and the British nation are beginning to be sick of its concerns is apparent from symptoms which betray themselves in significant quarters, and the upholders of an Imperial policy evidently feel themselves thrown on the defensive. Turning oceans into "the water streets of a world-wide Venice," without any force but that of poetry, may be a pleasant dream; but the Colonial Office knows that an armada of iron-clad gondolas such as two Englands could not maintain would be an indispensable part of the reality.

It is almost impossible for a partisan to understand a neutral. He naturally takes him for a disguised partisan of the other side, occasionally dropping the mask and disclosing the hateful lineaments which it conceals. Surely it is possible without being particularly unfriendly to the Grits or particularly friendly to their opponents to lament their weakness and discuss its cause. Their weakness is a national evil. We have Party Government; it is devoutly to be hoped that we shall not have it forever; but we have it now; and all are agreed that to render it in any way consistent with the public good, there must be an effective opposition. An effective opposition at present there is not; the majority at Ottawa votes away tens of millions with a light heart, and walks over the Independence of Parliament Act as though it were an Act about a street tramway. We have no practical security against any excesses of legislative power. The reason of this is that the Opposition puts forth no intelligible policy and has no definite ground whereon to appeal to the people. Its leader, in his speeches, touches everything, and touches everything with skill; about his oratorical excellence there is no question any more than there is about the purity of his public character; but he leaves no broad impression on the minds of his hearers, nor does he give them any strong motive for an effort to change the Government. Let those of his followers who are exasperated at being told this inquire in the Lower Provinces, and they will learn that, in his tour there, he excited general admiration as a speaker, and yet failed to produce much practical effect. In that Midlothian campaign which overthrew a powerful government with a strong majority, the speeches of Mr. Gladstone were not discussive and panoramic; they filled the mind and heart of the audiences and of the country with the leading idea of pulling down Jingoism and setting up moderation and righteousness in its place; those who heard or read them burned to go to the poll; and in the same mood, when the election came, to the poll they went. Whether swaying popular feeling is ideal statesmanship, is another question, but this is the way in which popular feeling is to be swayed. Be the object reform of the Tariff, reform of the Senate, purification of the public service or what you will, it must be advocated in a broad way, and the importance of gaining it must be pressed home, so that the people may be led to feel that its attainment is worth a struggle. No man at present can tell at what our Opposition is aiming, or, supposing a change of Government to take place, what alteration in our policy it would bring. Angling for sectional votes goes on, now in the quarter of Fenianism, now in that of Labour or something else; but the gains of this industry are small, and they are partly counterbalanced by the revulsion excited in other quarters as well as by the embarrassments which equivocal connections in the end entail. In the meantime the Party organs, for want of a distinct and authorized issue, are committing themselves to semi-socialism, sexual revolution, and prohibitive legislation, any one of which, if the leader identified himself with it, would infallibly split the Party.

THE Temperance wave, as it is aptly called, appears to be sweeping the country. It is creditable to our people, as well as natural, that they should throw themselves eagerly into the crusade when they have been persuaded that, by simply voting for a particular law, vice and all its consequences may be at once banished from the community. Besides this it is especially true in the case of agitations that nothing succeeds like success: no sooner does it appear that the scale is turning in favour of the movement, than thousands hurry to the winning side. Politicians and Party organs, drawing a decent veil over their own past, ardently embrace the sacred cause which promises votes. In the present case the force of the churches is added to that of the platform. The clergy have really no choice; any one of them who hung back would at once be made to feel the wrath of a certain section of his congregation, comprising probably some of its leading members. Even those who are under no pressure shrink from exercising their freedom of judgment when it brings them into collision with men whose motives they respect and who, in their passionate zeal for the attainment of a great object, are apt to put a wrong construction upon difference of opinion; as though a man might not heartily abhor drunkenness and yet doubt whether the best cure for it was the Scott Act. Waves, however, even tidal waves, in time recede; and, when the swell of enthusiasm which carries everything before it at the polls has spent itself, will come the daily struggle to enforce the Act against multitudes whose tastes and habits are not to be changed in a day by the vote of a majority any more than by the fiat of a paternal despot. Experience seems to tell us plainly what the result will be. Coercion will fail in the only places where it is required: that is to say, where there is a prevailing taste for drink. No ordinary police will suffice, nor will any ordinary man turn informer against his neighbours for an act which, though he may think it very unwholesome, he cannot think a crime. The licensed and regulated trade will perish, and the revenue from license fees with it; but its place will be taken by an unlicensed trade which will deal wholly in whiskey, and that probably of the worst quality, since the risks of contrabandism must always be balanced by inordinate gains. Beer, especially if the soundness is secured (as it may be) by Government inspection, will be admitted by most people to be at any rate preferable to whiskey; but beer is not easily smuggled, and therefore it will be banished from use. Cider and light wine, which share its comparative wholesomeness, will be banished with it, while the industries connected with it will be ruined. Whiskey, well charged with fusel-oil, will thenceforth be the sole beverage of all who are not content with cold water. To close the distilleries of ardent spirits, after paying proper compensation to their owners, would be the first measure of a reformer, as the writer of these papers has constantly maintained, and still maintains. But the distilleries are left untouched by the Scott Act. They will continue to produce the liquor; and, so long as the liquor is produced, it will find its way, openly or clandestinely, to the consumer. To constrain the people to drink bad whiskey in low dens is not the result which the authors of a moral crusade desire, but it would be one more added to many instances of the unexpected effects of coercive legislation, which often makes two holes in mending one. In the meantime some of the constituencies reject the Act; and the country is becoming a chequer-board of free and prohibited districts, while on the skirts of each prohibited district there will soon arise a frontier line of taverns. It is surely time that the Dominion Legislature should take upon itself the responsibility of settling this question for the whole country.

UNIVERSITY Confederation is still under discussion, and though its friends are hopeful, and the Minister of Education is believed to be laudably staunch in favour of a measure which would give him a lasting title to gratitude, enough has transpired to show that it will not succeed without opposition. Very chilling language was held, as was noted at the time, by the Chancellor of the University of Toronto in his Convocation Speech, and it is understood that he has not attended the Conferences, but has maintained a position of neutrality which, if it is not unfriendly, is at least discouraging. His authority, whichever way he may lean, cannot fail to have great weight both with his University and with the Government. There appears to be in some quarters a strong attachment to the system of Theological Colleges such as Knox College, Wycliffe Hall, and McMaster Hall: but to ask Victoria, Trinity, and Queen's to reduce themselves to this footing is, as was said before, to invite them to self-annihilation. They would forfeit the fruits of long effort, as well as the valuable associations which have gathered round them; and they would incur the strong disapprobation of all those who understand the value of the College system and see in its combination with the free and secular University the one satisfactory mode of solving the Academical problem of the present day. Moreover, they would probably be condemning themselves to a short term of existence,

at least in that special form. The tide of opinion is running fast, and it is decidedly setting against ecclesiastical seminaries of an exclusive kind. It was on the eve of the Reformation that Bishop Foxe, the famous Minister of Henry VII. imparted to his friend, Hugh Oldham, Bishop of Exeter, his intention of founding a monastery. The Bishop, who had read the signs of the times, conjured him to abandon his intention, and instead of a monastery to found a college, telling him that if he founded a monastery his monks might be turned adrift before he was himself in his grave. He took the advice and founded Corpus Christi College which, having survived three centuries of religious and political change, remains, and may remain forever a monument of his munificence, while, if he had persisted in his first design Hugh Oldham's prediction would have been substantially fulfilled. The value of the moral and religious life which it is the special function of the college to preserve, is not likely to decrease, but rigid denominationalism apparently is doomed. Queen's has practically ceased to be denominational, though it retains a Presbyterian connection. It is to be hoped that no fond predilections will prejudice the counsels of those on whom the decision of this question formally or practically depends. For this is the last chance of Confederation. If it is not embraced, perhaps a few years hence, Cornell University, with its endowment of ten millions, may be matriculating students in Toronto. But the prospect is still fair, and Confederation having once taken place on a liberal and comprehensive basis, the work is not likely to be undone: if questions still remain, a practical settlement will be found, and even if any College at first refuses to come in, the manifest advantages of union and the manifest weakness of separation will in time overcome its reluctance.

CLOSE upon Mr. Parnell's venomous speech came another and still more signal proof of the irreconcilable character of Disunionism, and the futility of cajolery and concession. To say that Mr. Chamberlain has sacrificed patriotism to the Irish vote might be too harsh: probably by some trick of imagination he persuades himself that his policy is the best for the country, and for the Government of which he is a member, as well as for his own vaulting ambition. But whatever may be his motive, he has gone all lengths in conciliation. By him was framed the Treaty of Kilmainham. By him, as all the world believed, Mr. Forster was compelled to resign. *The Pall Mall Gazette*, edited at that time by his political second self, did its utmost throughout the whole struggle to foster revolution in Ireland, and abet the revolutionists in their resistance to the representatives of the Government. He has held upon the platform language which was sure to be construed by Irishmen as a justification of rebellion. And now, what is his reward? The Parnellites, so assiduously and humbly courted, vote against him with the Tories on a motion of personal censure, and of censure wholly undeserved, since it is totally incredible that a man of Mr. Chamberlain's sense, and in his position, should have had anything to do with the riot in the Birmingham meeting. Their object evidently is, by throwing their weight first into one scale then into the other, and supporting everything which can breed confusion, to wreck the Government and the Legislature. The profligate selfishness of faction, they hope, will betray the country into their hands; and their hope is only too well founded, when a section of the party which calls itself Conservative, and deems itself most respectable, is led by such a model of patrician principles and manners as Lord Randolph Churchill. A repeal of the Union, which would carve a hostile republic out of the side of Great Britain, would be a deathblow to her greatness, and the British statesman who consented to it would be infamous forever: yet, if the thing is to be done, it would be better to do it frankly and at once, than to let it be done by such a process as that of which the House of Commons is now the scene. In the meantime, by the blow which they have given to such an ally as Mr. Chamberlain, the Parnellites may find that they have overreached themselves. They should have waited, like the Sabines of old, till treason had admitted them to the citadel, before they crushed the traitor with their shields.

By the publication of his new volumes on Carlyle Mr. Froude has revived the controversy to which the former volumes gave birth. He defends his conduct in giving to the world all the effusions of dyspepsia and insomnia on the ground that everything ought to be known about so great a man as Carlyle. It may be doubted whether belief will continue unabated in the greatness of a man who piteously bewails himself in writing over the physical hardships to which he is exposed as a guest in a wealthy nobleman's Highland shooting-box, and the chief of which appears to be having to sleep in a French bed instead of a four-poster. Surely if there are any utterances to which Carlyle's own commandments of silence and consuming your own smoke may well be applied they are such utterances as these. The matrimonial scandal touching Mrs. Carlyle's jealousy

of Lady Ashburton owes its magnitude perhaps partly to the loving treatment of it by the biographer, who, as readers of his history know, is particularly fond of dilating on delicate topics of this kind. It is surely strange, if so much bitter feeling existed, that Mrs. Carlyle, a woman of uncommon spirit, should have consented to be her rival's guest while her husband was elsewhere. Whatever apologies the biographer may make, he can hardly doubt at heart what course would have been taken with regard to these miserable records by a true friend. The world, however, will easily pardon one who has gratified its love of gossip, no matter at whose expense. The more important question is whether a philosophy which is the manifest and almost the avowed expression of dyspepsia and insomnia is likely to be sound. When a man, being in a diseased and highly irritable condition, believes the whole world, himself and his own little circle of admirers excepted, to be a moral, political, social, and economical Gehenna, the world being in fact nothing of the sort, are the theories of life and government founded on that belief likely to afford sure guidance to mankind? On Carlyle's transcendent excellence as a painter of historical scenes and as a sardonic humorist it is needless again to dwell. In his philosophy there is nothing really positive or constructive any more than there is in that of Swift, who, under the influence of a temperament equally morbid, painted his kind as Yahoos, though among all the Yahoos there was none filthier than himself. His praise of the Past is merely oblique satire on the Present. He could not have seriously proposed the thirteenth century as a social type. His government by heroes, towards the realization of which he vouchsafes us not the faintest hint of a practical kind, is merely a condemnation of Democracy, which, no doubt, by its excessive self-confidence and self-complacency, courted his rebukes and may profitably lay them to heart. Even his histories, though they display industry as well as genius, are not essentially true; they are pictures cast by an extraordinarily brilliant, yet distorting magic lantern; in the "French Revolution," which, after all, is his best work, you do not get the actual sequence of events or the real account of the catastrophe. The character of Frederic is as false as the narrative of his battles is vivid; and the selection of him, as of Francia and other tyrants, for an apotheosis is at bottom a cynic's way of trampling on humanity. Unfortunately the common principles of morality are trampled on at the same time. Besides dyspepsia and insomnia, a third disturbing influence was at work in the brain of Carlyle and has produced undetectable results. To fancy that there is an immense moral gulf between himself and the rest of the human race, a man, whatever his professions of humanity, must have a self-esteem touching on insanity: and those who have an inordinate opinion of themselves are very apt both in act and in language to forget what is due to others. Carlyle and his fellow prophet, Mr. Ruskin, both think themselves above good manners. Carlyle calls Keble "a little Ape," speaks of Newman as a man with no more intellect than a rabbit, makes offensive remarks on the physiognomy of Mr. Bright, and designates Mr. Gladstone as "a poor Ritualist" and "a spectral kind of phantasm of a man," besides repeatedly accusing him of insincerity. Charges of lifelong insincerity are brought against other men of eminence, such as Thirlwall and Wilberforce. It is true that Carlyle's ideas about truth are curious. He prefers Disraeli to Gladstone (at least after Disraeli's offer to him of the Grand Cross of the Bath), on the ground that Disraeli is conscious of the falsehoods which he tells, while Gladstone is not; and if his hierophant is to be trusted he deems Frederic veracious because that hero, though he lies to others, did not lie to himself. Carlyle's reflections on the character of Mr. Mill, once his bosom friend, and a man from whom he had received the heartiest support when it was most needed, are deeply discreditable to him who wrote them and left them for publication. In all these cases the responsibility is shared by the biographer, who does not render his conduct in publishing insults to eminent men more graceful by publishing at the same time high compliments to himself.

SILLIER stuff than Carlyle, and Mr. Froude in faithful imitation of Carlyle, write about Political Economy will not be found in the writings of any mystic. They seem to flatter themselves that by their denunciations, combined with those of Mr. Ruskin, the "Dismal Science," as they wittily call it, has been driven out of existence. Whether Carlyle had ever fairly studied Adam Smith when he formed his judgment does not appear. Mr. Froude certainly had not. From his history of Henry VII. we learn that he took the economic Statutes, passed by the feudal land-owners to keep down the serf, for impartial arbitration between classes, stamped with the wisdom and justice of a golden age; and that he had never heard of the debasement of the currency, which, when perpetrated by Henry VIII., he interprets as a loan from the Mint. Political economy is not social morality; it simply teaches the laws which govern the production, accumu-

lation, and distribution of wealth. Nobody, it may be presumed, doubts the existence of such laws or seriously questions the utility of a knowledge of them. Nor is anything in science much more beautiful than their operation, whereby workers in different quarters of the globe are brought into co-operation with each other, and the price of the smallest article which their joint labour produces is divided with perfect and unerring justice among them all. A man who says that political economy enjoins a regard for nothing but wealth might as well say that physiology enjoins a regard for nothing but the body, or that geology enjoins us not to raise our eyes and thoughts above the earth. Mr. Froude, who scoffs at Political Economy as a creed which its professors mistake for a science, himself mistakes the creed of utilitarianism, in its lowest and narrowest form, for the science of Political Economy. It seems almost like reasoning with lunacy to argue against men who believe, or pretend to believe, that serfdom or slavery was the happiest condition for the working class, and that freedom of labour has been their ruin. What was the end of serfdom? The Insurrection of Wat Tyler, the Jacquerie, the Peasants' War; proofs all of them, not only that the labourer was miserable, but that the relation between him and his master, instead of being paternally beautiful and beneficent, was one of devilish hatred on both sides. As to Slavery, in favour of which Carlyle put forth his foolish and arrogant manifesto, there is hardly a man now at the South, even of the master class, who would bring it to life again if he could. That it was unfavourable to production is shown by the increase of production since its overthrow; while the society to which it gave birth was utterly barbarous, as all who have read the calm and judicial description given in Olmsted's "Cotton Kingdom" must know. After the victory of the North, it seems, Carlyle admitted to his friend that he had not quite seen to the bottom of that matter. His philosophy, of which his passion for slavery was the logical outcome, had led him totally astray on the greatest question of his time; and it would have beseemed the false prophet to go into an inner chamber to hide himself rather than get upon the housetop and pour his maledictions on mankind.

THE biographer of Carlyle, in giving us the intellectual history of his victim, incidentally gives us his own. A very curious history it is, and highly illustrative of the stormy zone through which opinion, during the last half century, has been passing. As a student at Oxford he fell, like most other young men of active minds and lively sensibilities in those days, under the influence of that fascinating teacher who is now held up to derision as "a man with no more intellect than a moderate-sized rabbit," and of the "little ape" who wrote the "Christian Year." The singular ease and grace of his style are the mark of a literary disciple of Newman; and it is lucky for him that in this respect his first allegiance has not been supplemented by his last. He was engaged, among other members of the party, in the composition, under Newman's auspices, of the Neo-Catholic "Lives of the English Saints," a series of narratives in which fact inevitably and almost avowedly gave way, in large measure, to salutary fiction. Nor has he, in subsequently donning the historian, by any means doffed the hagiologist. After the catastrophe of Newmanism, he passed, as it were by a sudden bound of fancy, and without any logical process of transition discernible by his readers, to the very opposite extreme, and surprised the world with two ultra-sceptical, as well as ultra-sentimental tales, "The Nemesis of Faith" and "The Shadows of the Clouds." After the lapse of a few years he reappeared as, in outward guise at least, a Protestant, the enthusiastic chronicler of the English Reformation and the unlimited panegyrist of Henry VIII. It was evident, however, that he had by this time fallen under the influence of Carlyle; that Henry VIII. had been selected on account of his arbitrary and sanguinary character for worship as a Hero; and that it was by Carlyle's moral method that the acts of the tyranny were defended, and its victims crushed under its wheels once more. Mr. Froude's nature must be very impressible and ductile, for he ended by completely surrendering himself to the sway of the Prophet of Chelsea, and repeating, it might almost be said parroting, all the prophet's judgments on men and things. Carlyle discarded Christianity, while he retained Calvinism, and believed in God, but not in a Personal God; though, if his mind could form a conception of a God without moral personality it did what no ordinary mind can do. Mr. Froude seems to be placed nearly at the same point of view, at least so far as the negative part of his prophet's faith is concerned. He lays it down, in Carlyle's name and his own, that "since Science has made known to us the real relation between this globe of ours and the stupendous universe, no man, whose mind and heart are sound, can any longer sincerely believe in the Christian faith." This seems rather a loose way of talking, as well as somewhat dogmatic. The difficulties of Christianity, whatever they may be, can hardly be said to arise from the relation discovered by

Science between this globe and the universe. The great discoverers of that relation were Copernicus, Kepler, and Newton, all of whom remained Christians, and two at least of them devout Christians. If Christianity were nailed to the primæval astronomy and cosmogony of the Hebrew Scriptures, it would fall with them; but there is nothing in astronomical or cosmogonical discovery which appears in any way to conflict with the belief that at a certain period in the history of man spiritual life and light came into the world in the person of Christ. General assertions as to the sincerity of professed believers, or their soundness of mind and heart, are not capable of being brought to a test, and must depend for their value on the authority of those by whom they are made. When a man in his general conduct is upright and veracious, and when he has no apparent motive for a false profession, it may fairly be supposed that he is sincere.

HERE AND THERE.

THE session of the British Parliament now sitting is full of grave possibilities, and is looked upon in many quarters as the most momentous since the great constitutional struggle between the peers and the people which was brought to an end in 1832. It is not to be denied that the meeting is watched with very grave anxiety. A more than ordinarily careful guard is being kept upon the great range of the parliamentary buildings, quickened by the accounts of the dynamite explosion at Quebec and the seizure at Liverpool of large quantities of the explosive. There is little risk of actual danger to members of Parliament from an explosion at Westminster. The approaches to the hall of legislation are carefully guarded by policemen of remarkable intelligence, tact, and address, under the sharp yet courteous control of an inspector of police who has the gift of being ubiquitous. There are, however, some minor anxieties connected with a winter meeting. The House of Commons, which will have the longest and the most frequent sittings, is made up largely of middle-aged or elderly men, to whom late hours and exposure to the nipping and eager midnight air of November are serious matters. Mr. Walter, the proprietor of the *Times*, does not mean again to attempt his fortunes with his electors. His reason is that at the comparatively youthful parliamentary age of sixty-six he no longer finds the House of Commons a healthy place to live in. The conditions of long life, according to Mr. Walter, are to keep the head cool and the feet warm. In the House of Commons, especially in those stirring times, men's heads get uncommonly heated by debate and other influences. At the same time their toes get chilled by the constant inpouring of cold air through the porous matting which covers a grated floor. This is more than Mr. Walter's poor feet can stand. There are other members much older, and some not so old, who are less vigorous, to whom the heated air of Parliament and the subsequent night chills are very dangerous. The Prime Minister himself, who is perfectly reckless in exposing his bare head and throat, is very susceptible to cold, while he revels in bright summer weather. No man is making a greater sacrifice or running a greater risk in exposing himself to conditions of extreme physical and intellectual tension during the sunless winter months than Mr. Gladstone, who is now in his seventy-fifth year.

REDEUNT SATURNIA REGNA.

To salve the sores of Ripon's rule erratic
A Viceroy comes from triumphs diplomatic;
Fresh from thy glozing stone he comes, Killarney,
To quench the griefs of Ind in copious blarney.

NOTHING can more certainly bring a politician who is bent on going downhill to his proper level than to give him rope enough. The comments which have appeared in the press on Lord R. Churchill's incitements to violence, his praise of the newspaper enterprise which tempts public servants to breach of duty, and perhaps most of all the extraordinary and palpable misstatements of facts contained in his speech on Redistribution, have been severely enough handled in the newspapers. What is said in common conversation is even less reserved. The undignified antics of the would-be Tory leader are being quietly noted by political students on both sides, and not least by Tories: the end is not difficult to foretell.

It would appear that other causes than the ardent pursuit of dollars and cents contribute to the hurry and worry of American life and the highly stimulating condition of existence in the United States. At any rate, so says a writer in the *London Times*. The dryness of the atmosphere and its electrical condition, he thinks, to a considerable extent accounts for the phenomena. The statements made by this writer are very curious,

though well known on this side the Atlantic. "In the dry American winter nothing is more common than for individuals to emit sparks after any sharp movement of the body. Many persons, by simply shuffling along the carpet and holding the finger to an open burner, can light the gas as if they had applied a match." In a moist climate, like that of England, the electricity which is generated by every movement is carried off by the envelope of watery vapour with which its people are usually surrounded. But the dry atmosphere of American houses, heated as they sometimes are to excess by means of stoves, prevents the rapid escape of the electricity generated by friction or motion. A thick woollen carpet under the feet prevents the escape into the floor. If, under these conditions, any rapid movement of the body is made, and the fingers are brought near a non-electrified, or rather negatively-electrified body, a spark will pass over to restore equilibrium. There is no mysterious speciality in the American atmosphere; but the dryness of the air and the thick carpet insulate us like the glass-legged stool on which, in our childish days, we stood, half in awe and half in delight, to have sparks drawn out of us by some operator or lecturer.

AN American writer the other day expressed his astonishment at the stupid indifference with which the majority of any great community will endure one or a dozen unmitigated nuisances. In many cases this attitude is due to ignorance of the fact that legal protection can be obtained against annoyances. A recent police-court decision was received with incredulity by an astonished defendant, who was charged with keeping a dog that was an annoyance to his neighbours. But the order to abate the nuisance was made and enforced all the same. Few residents in cities but have suffered from the brutal selfishness of some neighbour who persisted in keeping a pet which made day and night hideous. How distressing it is to be awakened by the dismal baying of a discontented hound, or the vicious caterwauling of a pair of feline rakes only those who have suffered can conceive. Pleasant, indeed, as a rule, is the music of the birds; but when a neighbour's lark summons one to four o'clock matins its joyous strains fall somewhat discordantly. What on earth induces the royal rooster to waken his consort and every living thing within hearing half-a-dozen times a night is past comprehension. Well might Dryden exclaim:

Beast of a bird! supinely, when he might
Lie snug and sleep, to rise before the light.
What if his dull forefathers used the cry;
Could he not let a bad example die?

There is, however, no necessity to "endure these unmitigated nuisances," nor would any right-thinking man hesitate to abate an annoyance emanating from his premises. As for those who persist in keeping noisy pets to the serious inconvenience of others, the only way to convince them that they are legally as well as morally wrong is to appeal to the nearest police magistrate.

THE Philadelphia *Progress* expresses a natural regret that "a religious journal views with alarm the steady increase of roller-skating rinks." The sectarian organ in question, we are told, professes to see a moral danger in young people of both sexes indulging in the "fascinating but hazardous pastime." The absurd pessimism which discerns continual evil in the association of the sexes is unworthy of a religion which teaches Charity as the loveliest of the graces. There is much more of Christianity in the *Progress* writer's comment: "I do not believe any such risk exists. I do not believe that young people are so easily led astray; and I do not recognize the necessity of closing the rinks at night." And not only does the "religious journal" insult an increasingly-large number of pleasure-seekers by its suspicions, but it displays an astonishing thoughtlessness. What most young men want now-a-days in order to soften down their natural masculine savagery and develop the softer qualities is more female society. The revolting language and the nauseating personal habits only too common on the street would not be nearly so likely to become second nature if the men guilty of them had in earlier life been more associated with the opposite sex. And it is from this class that a considerable proportion of those who skate at nights is drawn. When, moreover, this social intermingling is combined with a healthy and graceful recreation in public, as is the case with roller or ice-skating, it would appear to be a devoutly to-be-wished consummation in most large communities. The grandmotherly policy which would abolish the rinks overlooks the probability that many of those who are now roller-skaters were yesterday bar and billiard-room loafers or girls who listlessly paraded the public thoroughfares after a long day of sedentary employment.

A LADY correspondent to an American contemporary who had been visiting in New York says: "At Wallack's I made a discovery. At dif-

ferent places an overpowering smell of cologne, fresh and fragrant, had been a matter of much wonder to me. The wonder was out one night, when two dames in front of me at the theatre produced little bonbonieres of iridescent glass in which were confined lumps of loaf sugar on which cologne was dropped from a little tube in the corner, and then they sat and munched it, getting as jolly fuddled on Jean Maria Farini as their escorts were at the bars outside. Several friends of mine have lately seemed in a sort of daze, similar to that produced by chloral, and I find the source of their indisposition is derived from cologne and lump sugar. I would like to know what next my adventurous sex will try. Hypodermic needles, McMann's Elixir, Hoffman's Anodyne, chloral and bromide are familiar adjuncts of New York life, and now the innocent cologne bottle comes to the front as a promoter of forgetfulness."

MR. YATES'S book of gossip about himself and the men he has met is awaited with great interest in London. He is going to tell us all about his parents and his childhood. The idea of his childhood, at all events, will be novel. He will describe his education, and imitate Mr. Anthony Trollope in relating his experience of the Post-office. With as truthful a pen as possible he will unfold how he amused himself in the days of his chickenhood. There will be talk about the stage, Thackeray, Dickens, his retirement from the Garrick in consequence of his freedom with the name and habits of Thackeray; the whole entertainment concluding with his description of the founding of the *World*, of which it will be remembered, he is editor and proprietor. There will be revelations about nearly all the leading actors, authors, artists and lawyers of the day. If it is nothing else, the book will be amusing. But the most instructive portion should be that in which "Edmund" tells us what he thinks of "Henry," the member for Northampton and editor of *Truth*.

THE following unpublished letter by Thackeray is of some interest, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*.—"Kensington; W., Wednesday. Dear Ned, you ask me for a recipe for restoring your eyes to their wonted lustre and brilliancy. Very good. Here you are. Take them out and wash well, first with soap and water, and afterwards with a solution of nitric acid, white sand, and blacking. Let them dry well, and then replace them, fastening them in their places with gum water. One great advantage of the discovery is that by turning the pupils *inwards*, on restoring the eyes to their places again, a view of the whole internal economy may be obtained, and thus the precept of the old philosopher, to 'know thyself,' be readily complied with. There! Will that suit you? Eh?—Generously yours, W. M. THACKERAY."

GOOD fairy tales are so scarce that Mrs. Freiligrath Krocker's translations of the fairy tales of Brentano will be everywhere welcomed. Mrs. Krocker is the daughter of Freiligrath, the patriotic poet of Germany, who died, after a long exile from his native country, in London. Brentano was one of the leaders of the German romantic school which flourished at the beginning of the present century. His fairy tales are excellent and exquisite. It was he who restored to Germany the Lurline legend, now the common property of all poets. Heine called him caprice personified, and he possessed everything save that capacity to form which the Germans thought a necessity for the higher literature. His fairy tales are now for the first time done into English. They are illustrated by Mr. Frank Carruthers Gould. Mr. Gould has hitherto been known mainly as a caricaturist. For a time he was famous only as the artist of the Stock Exchange. He is more widely known now as the "picture maker" for the Christmas number of *Truth*. In this volume his grotesque genius finds a better expression. He adds delicacy to strength, refinement to breadth, and is as funny as ever, but with a nobler subject. He takes rank now with the better comic artists of the day.

"YOUNG man," said the Professor, "you should not allow yourself to be guided altogether by your own opinions. You should defer to the opinions of others. *Student*: "But the poet says, 'Tis madness to defer.'" *Professor*: "True; but the poet was Young when he said that."

A clergyman in Durham, some short time since, taught an old man in his parish to read, and found him an apt pupil. After his lessons were finished he was not able to call for some time, and when he did found his wife only at home. "How is John?" said he. "How does he get on with his reading?" "Oh, nicely, sir." "Ah, I suppose he'll read his Bible very comfortably now?" "Bible, sir! Bless you, he was out of the Bible and into the newspapers long ago!"

SOCIAL LIFE AT OTTAWA.

SOCIAL life as it exists at Ottawa was created by his Lordship the Earl of Dufferin. It is by no means certain that the Earl's love for the civil servants and the other society people of Ottawa would have taken the form of prodigal hospitality, but that the astute statesman saw that, after all, this was a small price to pay for the popularity that he was hunting. Popularity was always the means towards his ends. Our Canadians never heard other from His Lordship's lips than that they were a magnificent community of people, that they were great as a nation now, and predestined to surpassing greatness; but they have in late days become aware that everywhere the Earl has gone he has discovered people that were superior to any other people on the face of the globe, and are convinced that he will go on making similar discoveries to the end of his natural life. Small, indeed, was the sweetness poured upon Canadians compared with what, one of these fine days, will descend upon the head of the Hindoo. The civil servants and hundreds of others whom my Lord asked to his At Homes and to his table, and to his balls and his private theatricals, thought that he was courteous and kind, and that he was doing them an honour; but he was simply sacrificing them to his ambition. Before he came among them they were able, on their little incomes, to pay their tradespeople's bills, and have roast beef three times a week without remorse. He led them into the maelstrom where dress was all the time clamouring for money, till debt got uppermost, and flesh meat almost entirely disappeared from the table. But at the Home Office all this while they were saying: "What wonderful tact his Lordship has. How the people of Canada, whom it is so hard to please with a governor, do send up pæans to him. Some day India shall be his."

It is well to state then, that before His Lordship left Ottawa he had gone down the toboggan slide with nearly everybody in the place, and his name was mentioned at no fireside without love and reverence.

It soon came to pass that the only thing at the capital worth striving for was Rideau Hall. The young doctor from an out-lying village who came to reside at the capital was asked, while his finger was on the patient's pulse, if he had been at Rideau; and he soon discovered that to have been there was of more consequence than to hold a diploma from Edinburgh. Thus it was that some found an acquaintanceship with the Rideau people indispensable to professional success, and made vice-royalty a means to an end, as viceroyalty had done with the unfortunate civil servants. But there were some others who hailed the bailiff, or starvation itself, with delight rather than lose the honour of basking in the light of Rideau Hall. It was because of the pernicious regard for Lord Dufferin that the problem of popularity proved so difficult to the Lornes. Lord Lorne was not an adventurer. He had no ends in view which he hoped to accomplish by flattery. He therefore treated the people according to his inclination, and in deference to what he believed to be his duty. He had personal friends who gave him a regard just as sincere as was ever accorded to his more bland and sugary rival. The extent to which he entertained was exceedingly harmful, but in this regard he was fast in the Dufferin traces. His wife, however, was rigidly exclusive, as she had a right to be: only a very, very small few were ever admitted to terms of ostensible friendship. Her Royal Highness is not sentimental, at least in the matter of diplomatic friendship. The gnarled old pines that towered through the wintry weather about the Rideau grounds were very much dearer to her than the most pompous Senator in his seal coat. I have elsewhere committed myself to the statement that she took a deep interest in the welfare of our people; as to her admiration for Canadians, it was entirely picturesque and artistic; much the same as she felt for a Caspacia salmon. There was consequently much grief in the social breast; the complaints were not loud, but they were deep, and slighted society did not fall in love with Her Royal Highness. There was no special reason why the Princess should have departed from her inclinations and fling her arms around us. She had reasons to be far other than delighted with our Society. One worthy Canadian at a ball is said to have laid his hand familiarly upon her shoulder and complimented her on the plumpness of her figure. Some others intoxicated themselves, and then went on exhibition before her. On the whole, therefore, she preferred to brave mosquitoes on the Caspacia and jiggers in Bermuda. In doing her duty in art and education circles she seemed always to be happy; but it is doubtful if she will ever be able to forget our Senators.

Lord and Lady Lansdowne, it seems, have as nearly as practicable hit the happy medium. They are neither too exclusive nor too gushing; the Marquis gives evidence that he is bent on making a political career for himself, but he has chosen the wise expedient of industry and candour in attaining his ends.

The chief social time at Ottawa is during the session of Parliament, for at this period the kindred of members of the sitting Houses, and scores of others, including the pretty daughters of ambitious parents, are to be found at the capital. And the reader will allow me to state that whatever of unkindness may be noticed in the tone of this paper towards the society aspirations of the capital is not directed against the people of Ottawa so much as against those who gather there during the session from the highways and the byways. Nor will any one suppose that all, or even a considerable portion of goes-out at Ottawa can come within the category which I have been describing, or that all the civil servants are possessed of the Rideau mania. I simply have in mind that large and ambitious class that evolve their own crests. One genteel person in this country, whose father pulled his forelock when he met his betters, put, it is said, a Latin motto around an armorial looking stamp which he saw on a cast-away tobacco package, and straightway traced his ancestors back to the Norman Conquest.

When the session opens society circles take on the active phase. The chief event of the season is the State Ball at Rideau. During the time of the Dufferins one ball, attended by seven or eight hundred persons, was given each year, but the Lornes discovered that the walls of the residence could not accommodate many more than half the aspirants for viceregal recognition. Therefore two balls were given, at which attended about thirteen hundred persons. There are a good many English folk at the capital, and their dismay can be judged at discovering in a *vis-a-vis* the gentleman who carried round their coal oil or cobbled their boots. Several of these balls, however, passed over quietly, without many cases of intoxication; but in some instances the stairway has been blocked by persons who rendered themselves helpless by a too liberal acceptance of the hospitalities.

In addition to the ball, their Excellencies gave an At Home once in each week, the chief amusement on such occasions being skating and tobogganning. A very pretty sight it is to see among the tall evergreens of the park, groups of ladies and gentlemen attired in their artistically-wrought costumes. The light sea-green, with scarlet or lake trimming, seems to me to be richest and warmest-looking of those worn, though the white flannel coat, trimmed with blue, and a crimson sash, seems to find most wearers. The tuque, sometimes of Zingari colours, oftener of white and blue, or crimson and blue, with Oriental tassel, is likewise very picturesque. The sport as the toboggan lunges down the steep, fleet as if shot from a bow, is the most exhilarating that can be imagined, though one wonders at the slovenliness of his interior arrangements as he feels his heart midway up his throat. There are frozen lakelets about the grounds, and, what so many of the guests like, plenty of spirits and cake inside. For the rest the viceregal folk set limits to their hospitality by giving quiet dinner parties, or now and again holding private theatricals.

I may say that the absence of one's name from the State Ball list, as the same appears in the *Citizen* and *Free Press*, on the "morning after," means social extinction. In the newly painted aristocratic quarters of the city, the first question put to the visitor is: "Have you been at Rideau yet?" A friend of mine was so accosted, and replied: "Not yet," whereupon they all began to look at his coat and boots. There was great consternation last winter, and the Governor-General nigh undid his popularity by giving only one ball instead of two, thus accommodating only seven or eight hundred persons out of thirteen or fourteen hundred. It is said that the scene each day in a certain Civil Service department, as the time for sending out invitations passed, and no cards came, beggars description. Numbers of the overlooked ones were very glad, however, when they came to think over it all. "All sorts of cads go there, and all that sort of thing, you know," they said. The grapes are not ripe about Ottawa so late as midwinter.

Of course, Ottawa, like every other place, has its sets, and to one at least of them, it may be said, nothing of disparagement in these remarks will apply. Quiet, courteous, dignified, they accept the hospitalities of the head of the State as a matter of course, and one feels glad to be able to say that this set is not a small one at the capital.

To some, of course, I cannot help repeating, distinguished acquaintanceships are fatal. When the Prince of Wales visited Canada, he told a certain lady down the line that she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Thenceforth she never appeared in the streets without a veil, and chose perpetual celibacy. The wags have a similar story afloat now, but the payer of the compliment was not the Prince of Wales. For the benefit of any lady who, for the same reasons, has taken or may take the veil, I would recall the story in one of Scott's novels, of the old dame who informed every guest reverentially that King Charles had kissed her on the right cheek, and that no man's lips had ever touched the spot since. The gossips would, ironically, tell behind the Dowager's shoulder that

immediately after His Majesty had kissed the hostess, he paid a similar compliment, quietly, to each of the two rosy waiting-maids, and that he did not salute them on the cheek either.

J. E. COLLINS.

SCIENCE IN CANADA.

A RECENT article in the *Mail* is full of interest to Canadians, as indicating certain subjects in which scientific investigation is especially required. During the past few years Science has gained very material recognition as necessary to the more thorough appreciation of the resources of the country, and is now universally accepted as one of the subjects to be included in a university training. The recognition of its value in the first case depends on its application to practical uses, and on that alone. Any investigations the results of which have no apparent practical bearings are despised, and the individual pursuing them is regarded by the majority as a pedant comparatively useless to the State. This view, though less general in the intellectual countries in Europe, is largely favoured in Canada, greatly to the detriment of pure Science. The value of Science in a university course depends, on the other hand, principally on the training it affords, not merely developing a faculty of minute observation and quickness of perception, but also affording practice in logical reasoning and in the appreciation of relationships. The development of these faculties is promoted in a greater degree by the study of pure Science than by the direction of the intellect to Science in its application to every-day life.

We have in Canada certain faculties for the pursuit of Science as a means of intellectual culture. The principal universities give instruction in various branches, but one finds those branches most capable of being applied immediately to the advancement of industries are more especially cultivated. Others, Anthropology and Biology for instance, are comparatively neglected. It is not that these and similar studies are less efficient in affording the training to be derived from a course of scientific study, but it is rather because they are not generally understood to have that degree of capacity of application which their more favoured sisters possess. Even among these latter, however, it is rather the introduction to their practical application, than a desire for investigation of the higher truths of a development of the logical and other faculties attendant upon such investigations, that it is sought to impart.

Surely this is working on a wrong basis. The majority of the great scientific discoveries which have led to revolutions in our industries and have increased production economically, have been the sequel of investigations pursued in the domains of pure Science. In support of this statement, take the discovery of many aniline dyes, the wonderful improvements in the magnetic compass, the advancement in the manufacture of lenses for microscopic and other optical instruments, the marvellous protection against many hitherto unpreventable and incurable diseases which we owe to the investigation of the biology of the once apparently unimportant *bacteria*. There is no line of investigation, no matter how abstruse and how likely to all appearance to be barren of important results, but will yield sometime or other wonderful direct and indirect benefits to mankind.

Not only, however, is Canada negligent in the cultivation of pure Science; in the encouragement of investigations having direct practical results in view much remains to be done. Certain branches are fairly represented: thus, much encouragement is given to our mining interests through the maintenance of the Geological Survey; botanical surveys of various parts of the country have been efficiently conducted; chemistry in its application to various purposes has been largely favoured; and meteorology has very properly received a certain amount of attention. But there are, in addition to those mentioned, one or two industries which are deserving of much more encouragement than is at present afforded them.

One of these is Agriculture, with which may be included Forestry. Very little indeed has been done for these important sources of revenue. Ontario has accomplished a little in establishing an Agricultural College and a Bureau of Statistics, but there is yet much to be done by the Dominion Government. What is more especially wanted is the establishment of experimental stations throughout the various Provinces. The Experimental Department of the Ontario Agricultural College is doing valuable work in some lines; but its usefulness is prescribed to a certain extent in others. Results, too, deduced from experiments conducted in Ontario will not in all cases, be applicable to other districts where climatic and other conditions are different. In the United States this is recognized, and nearly every State has its own Experiment Station, and in addition there is a Central Department at Washington where investigations of general importance to the country are carried on. A similar Central Station might, with great advantage be established in Canada, certain

officers whose sole duty would be investigation being connected with it. The example of our neighbours across the line might be followed by the appointment of a Dominion Veterinarian, whose duties would include the investigation of epidemic diseases which not unfrequently make their appearance among our domestic animals. The value of such an officer is too apparent to require further mention.

By a Biologist much important work might be accomplished. A study of the life-histories and methods of the destruction of the various fungoid diseases by which the yield of our crops is often greatly curtailed, and concerning which there is so much ignorance, would not fail to be of untold importance. Black-knot, yellows in peaches, concerning which there is yet much to be learnt, rust, and many other forms which are all too common, as well as those occurring in destructive prevalence only at occasional seasons, would become more fully understood, and the measures to be adopted for their prevention and cure would follow. This is a subject of all the more importance since it has been comparatively neglected on this side of the Atlantic, Professor Farlow, of Harvard College, being almost the only individual who has given it his special attention, and the extent of his observations already published only shows how much is yet required before anything like a proper acquaintance with our fungoid pests is formed. A Dominion Biologist would find it in his province to investigate the numerous ecto and endo-parasites of our domestic animals, and also to conduct experiments in the adulteration of seeds by various dealers, as well as to study the conditions which govern the germinative powers of seeds. The experiments conducted by the Professor of Biology at the Lansing Agricultural College show how necessary is the examination of seed for adulteration, and how important the publication of the results have been in preventing a recurrence of it. A Dominion Chemist again would find ample work in the analysis of soils, plants, and manures, subjects which have received little attention in Canada, but whose importance is recognized fully in the United States.

Another source of revenue to the country is in great need of encouragement and protection by scientific investigation. The Department of the Fisheries has become of great importance to Canada, and something has already been accomplished by the establishment of fish-hatcheries, etc.; but this affects only our inland waters, the sea fisheries receiving little or no benefit. The life-histories of our various food fishes, their manner and times of migration, their spawning localities, their food, their personal enemies, the destroyers of their food, all these should be properly investigated. True, the Americans have done much for us in this line, but there is yet much to be done: in fact the entire fisheries of the Western coast are yet to be studied. Stations established on Vancouver Island, on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and on the Nova Scotia coast, with facilities for investigation in the form of small steamers provided with dredging apparatus and hatching-banks, would in a very short time repay the expenditure made upon them by the important aid they would afford by enabling us to adopt measures for the increase of our fisheries, by informing us of their real extent, of which we are yet comparatively ignorant, and by preventing their wanton destruction.

Apart, however, from the practical value the establishment of such departments would have, the scientific importance of their work should not be overlooked. Generalizations, of which at present we have not the slightest inkling, might be arrived at; all departments of Science would receive encouragement; a new stimulus to scientific work would be aroused in our country, and the present ban under which Science lies would be removed.

But in this search for practical discoveries let not the pure Science be neglected. Though apparently valueless at the time, it will yield abundant fruit in the future, not only by becoming in its turn capable of direct application, but also by establishing a starting-point whence new investigation may branch out into yet undiscovered realms. Who can estimate the importance of the results likely to proceed from these yet unthought-of investigations?

J. P. McM.

NORTH-WEST COMMERCIAL OUTLOOK.

WINNIPEG, Oct. 22.

AFTER "the boom" in Winnipeg, and the inevitable collapse, the hardships of commercial men were augmented to a very depressing extent when the policy of retrenchment was inaugurated by the banks doing business here, and new managers "who knew not Joseph" were sent up to apply the pruning-knife. But, notwithstanding all the aggravated circumstances, and although commercial affairs here are far from encouraging, they are tinged with a certain hopefulness which will lead the merchants to cling to business with renewed tenacity. During the three months ending August last there were only seven insolvencies, the aggregate liabilities of which were \$49,804, with estimated assets of \$34,760,

showing a discrepancy of only \$15,044, and when it is taken into consideration that there are over 2,800 trading institutions in the country the record may be left to speak for itself. During the months of July, August and September of 1883 the failures numbered eighty-seven, the aggregate liabilities of which were \$1,458,000; while the assets were estimated at \$794,000, showing a discrepancy of \$664,000. It will be interesting to glance at the following table showing the insolvencies for the different quarters from the beginning of 1883 to the present date:—

1883.			1884.		
	Insolvencies.	Aggregate Liabilities.		Insolvencies.	Aggregate Liabilities.
1st quarter	47	\$400,000	1st quarter	32	\$283,360
2nd "	45	596,000	2nd "	17	174,200
3rd "	87	1,458,000	3rd "	7	49,884
4th "	53	415,000			

The rapid descent into depression is only equalled by the rapid ascent, if not into prosperity, at least into a state of affairs the apparent soundness of which few would care to question. Wholesale dealers in Winnipeg for the most part are very hopeful, all agreeing that while the volume of business done during the past season was much less than it has been for the past two years, still it was of a more satisfactory character, and no losses of any account were experienced or even anticipated. During the months of July and August notes were met with tolerable promptitude, but in September a great many renewals had to be made. Extensions on mortgage interest had also to be secured to no inconsiderable extent. Merchants and loan companies did not, however, hesitate about allowing the extensions and renewing the paper, in view of the prospect of large cash returns from the grain which would be marketed in October and the following month.

And now that the subject of the harvest is mentioned, it calls for some distinctive observations. A great deal has been said and written about the bountiful harvest, and much speculation has been indulged in as to the probable amount that would be set aside for export. Men who, among other characteristics, have not been credited with over-hopefulness, have estimated the amount for export at six millions of bushels. The actual export will scarcely exceed, if it reaches, half the amount. It is not generally known, but it is a fact nevertheless, that a very large proportion of the crop was ruined. Just when harvesting operations were being prosecuted, the rainy season, which visits this country every fall, although usually a month later, set in, and for nearly three weeks the rain descended in torrents, with an occasional intermission of a day or two, but which was never sufficient to dry the grain and allow the farmer to proceed with his operations. The sequel is not difficult to guess. In low land, such as a large proportion of the Province is, the water accumulated, and in many important wheat districts flooded the ground. In many localities the wheat was caused to sprout by the wet. In the low-lying districts referred to, farmers were obliged to wade into the water and endeavour to save a little grain by cutting it with a sickle, and in some cases the crop was abandoned. During the rainy season the ripening process was suspended, and so the crop received a bad blow in many ways. The grain, too, was dampened and softened to a considerable extent; so that all the circumstances mentioned have combined to make an already low market unusually low to the Manitoba farmer. The best authorities estimate that the wheat will average fifty cents a bushel all round. Much of it is rejected by buyers altogether, and the grade will be a very low average taken altogether. Thus it will be seen that magnificent prospects were blighted.

It would scarcely be just to relinquish this subject of the crop without some explanation. The impression should not be taken that the effects described above are the result wholly of a bad season. By no means. In all, or nearly all, cases where the grain was sown upon fall ploughing, it had ripened and was cut before the wet weather had arrived. But the farmers in this country are learning a lesson which should have been learned ere this. Their great effort in the past seems to have been to place as much ground under crop as possible, without any regard to the manner in which the crop was put in. The result has shown that under those circumstances but very indifferent returns have been secured, and this year great loss has resulted from the false policy pursued. Infinitely better results would have been secured by a confinement to the excellent cultivation of a smaller amount of land. In the meantime, what has to be dealt with is the commercial situation here. In the interests of this country it might be noted that there is a marked decrease in the receipts of wheat from India—the great competitor of the American and Canadian North-West, in supplying the English market. During the last quarter there was a decrease of three million hundred-weights in the receipts from India, compared with the corresponding period last year. It might also be observed that there is a marked decrease in the growth of wheat in the Western States this year. The American farmers are finding it more profitable to grow corn, and have largely transferred their efforts from the production of wheat to the production of corn; and everything seems now to point to the great North-West, including Minnesota and Dakota, as being the field from which will be produced, in the course of a few years, the wheat upon which the nations of the earth will exist.

The amount of money which is daily being paid out in this country, at present for wheat alone, amounts to \$15,000; of this amount Messrs. Ogilvie, the milling kings, pay \$10,000, and have averaged that amount for the past three weeks. The same average they say will be maintained until the end of January. This means a large amount of cash scattered broadcast amongst the farmers, and consequently must mean a relative relaxation of the monetary pressure experienced in the country for the past two years. True, the Banks, the Loan and Mortgage Companies, and the Investment Companies will absorb a very large proportion of the money and send it east; but these same monetary institutions will be pre-

pared to make further advances; and so it is evident that money will circulate more freely. Agricultural implement dealers report that old notes are being fairly well met, while new ones are given to those so paying for machinery required this year. While the actual liability of the farmer in these cases will not be lessened, a great deal of money will have been placed in circulation, and the farmer afforded another year's grace in which to pay off the newly-assumed liabilities. Commercial notes have been fairly well met during the past few months, and especially this month. Real estate notes have not been met at all, except in some few instances. By real estate notes is meant notes arising out of sales made during the inflation. The difficulties are being rapidly settled, and in the majority of cases the land has been allowed to fall back into the possession of the original owners. It is generally acknowledged that the stocks carried by merchants throughout the country are probably less than fifty per cent. of what they were last year.

The most important question which affects the interests of the people of this country has now to be referred to. It is the concession of the Dominion Government in relaxing its lien of one dollar an acre upon the lands granted as subsidies to the different railway companies. By the release of the lands, capital can be raised without any difficulty on the lands of the railway, based upon the land grant. As a result of this concession alone, the construction of four railway lines will be proceeded with next summer. Already the Manitoba Northwestern Railway Company, whose line is heading for Prince Albert, has decided to construct a hundred miles next year. The Manitoba Southwestern Railway through Southern Manitoba will also be extended one hundred miles next season, and the two other companies will not be lacking in enterprise. Large districts of cultivated country will be brought into communication with our markets, and by the construction of the lines thousands of settlers now isolated will be able to come to Winnipeg and spend their money. The area of cultivated land will also be increased in a very short time. The country is filled with men who have refrained from cultivating to any great extent until the long expected railroad should reach them. Then the last great advantage that will accrue from the relaxation of the lands and the construction of railways will be a restoration of confidence, which will be rapidly followed by investment of capital. R.

LINES TO THE RUSSIAN GUNS,

which were taken by the British in the Crimean War, and presented to the City of Toronto, fired off for a joke by some students of Toronto University, in the Queen's Park at one a.m., Hallowe'en, 1884, causing great commotion in the city.

You have not drawn a fiery breath
Since far away you scattered death
Like rain from grim Sabastopol.
Now volunteers
Once more your iron mouths fill full
In better years.

And you have faced the British fire,
And you have seen each Russian spire
Throw back the gleams of fitful light,
And ruined fall.
You hold the same hot charge to-night—
Without the ball.

And does the powder's scent recall
The lurid glare, the bugle call,
The scream of British rifle shot?
You hear a groan!
In vain you hope, for it is naught
But night wind's moan.

Did you ere dream in western town
You'd be shot off by cap and gown,
Or ever hope again to wake
The midnight still,
And make a British city quake—
But no one kill?

Toronto, University College.

NATHANAEL NIX.

THE SCRAP BOOK.

THAT the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer is the exact reverse of the truth. The aggregation of vast individual wealth in the midst of general poverty is the characteristic, not indeed of barbarism, for barbarians, chiefs and people are all alike miserably poor, but of a low or arrested civilization, like that of ancient Egypt and modern India. Enormous palaces and temples, vast public monuments like the Pyramids, attest not less the pressure of wealth than that of poverty. They exist where the resources of the State are great but gathered in few hands, where labour is miserably paid, recklessly and unproductively lavished. When the first English adventurers were dazzled by the splendour of Indian courts, the hoarded gold and jewels of royal treasuries, the vast empire of the Moguls was probably less wealthy than the realm of Elizabeth or the Stuarts. The hand-loom weavers of Yorkshire, the peasants of Dorsetshire, lived in what would have seemed to the growers of coffee and silk, the weavers of Cashmere shawls and Persian carpets, incredible wealth and

luxury. The same rule holds good in the comparison of ages as in that of countries. There are in Europe and America fortunes that our grandfathers would have deemed literally fabulous; ten or a dozen, perhaps, of from ten to twenty millions each. But there are thrice as many millionaires, ten times as many wealthy and incomparably more well provided families. The returns of our own income-tax are conclusive on this point. The total income subject to the tax has multiplied almost threefold in forty years. Without entering into the statistics amassed by calculators like Professor Levi, it is clear that only a few great landowners, chiefly in or near great cities, have doubled or trebled their rental; a few score of hereditary business fortunes of the first order have grown, chiefly by saving, in the same or greater proportion. But these constitute a very small fraction of the trebled income of the upper and middle classes. A much greater part of that increase belongs to families now rich whose fathers and grandfathers were well-to-do or possibly poor; the largest by far to families which, within a couple of generations, have risen from poverty to competence. In a word, the realized wealth of the country is diffused among a greater number of wealthy, a far greater number of well-to-do, folk than forty or fifty years ago.

The rich doubtless are growing richer; the fortunate among the poor have grown rich or well-to-do. Are the poor poorer? Assuredly not. Money wages have risen rapidly, and on the whole steadily. The proportion of skilled labourers is constantly increasing and their remuneration rising. In manufactures paid by the piece the payment per pound of yarn, iron or coal, per yard of cloth may not be higher, may in some instances have fallen, but the weekly earnings of the artisan have certainly increased. The use of machinery has been extended, its efficiency vastly improved, and the advantage has not fallen solely, perhaps not even chiefly, to the capitalist. With the same or less labour, in the same or shorter hours, the piece worker can turn out a much larger total, and the price, if not increased, has never been diminished in anything like the same proportion. Even that which is classed as unskilled labour is on the whole far better paid. In the neighbourhood of London and other large towns, for example, the mere labourer receives 3s. 6d. to 4s. per diem in lieu of 2s. 6d. The peasant gets 10s., 12s., or 15s. instead of 7s. or 10s. And money wages go much further than of old. Nothing except town rent, butcher's meat and dairy produce has risen in cost. Coarse clothing, bread, sugar, tea, nearly every considerable item of expenditure in families with an income less than 40s. a week, has fallen from twenty to fifty per cent. Even meat may be had at prices quite as much or more within the reach of such families than thirty or forty years back.

Australian mutton, American beef, are literally as good as, if not better than, the home-fed or live-imported butcher meat which prejudice has raised to such extravagant prices. There can be no reasonable doubt that the labouring poor, as a rule, are far better paid, more cheaply clothed, better and more cheaply fed than their fathers and grandfathers. In every sense but one they are richer. Unhappily, in great cities, and above all in London, they are, if not worse, certainly more expensively lodged. Even here, however, there is much exaggeration. The disappearance of the cellar dwellings of Liverpool and other cities bears significant testimony to the growing wealth of one of the poorer, if not, unhappily, the poorest section of the poor. Paupers are certainly better treated, better cared for, though pauperism is more strictly defined and relief more sternly and wisely regulated than of old. Unfortunately, between the lowest ranks of regular labour and the frontiers of actual pauperism or crime there lies a large and very miserable class dependent on precarious employment, occasional charity, mendicancy, and chance pilfering—the denizens of our rookeries, the occupants of the casual wards of our work-houses. It would be rash to pronounce that these are either less or more miserable than their fathers.—*Macmillian's Magazine*.

CARLYLE AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

THERE was a great party, Prescott, Milman, Barry (architect), Lord Mahon, Sheil, Gibson (sculptor), Cupitt (builder). About Prescott I cared little, and indeed, there or elsewhere, did not speak with him at all; but what I noted of Peel I will now put down. I was the second that entered the big drawing-room, a picture-gallery as well, which looks out over the Thames (Whitehall Gardens, second house to the eastward of Montague House), commands Westminster Bridge too, with its wrecked parapets (old Westminster Bridges), and the new Parliament Houses, being, I fancy, of semicircular figure in that part and projecting into the shore of the river. Old Cubitt, a hoary, modest, sensible-looking man, was alone with Peel when I entered. My reception was abundantly cordial. Talk went on about the New Houses of Parliament, and the impossibility or difficulty of hearing in them—others entering, Milman and the rest, joined in it as I had done. Sir Robert, in his mild, kindly voice talked of the difficulties architects had in making out that part of their problem. Nobody then knew how it was to be done; filling of a room with people sometimes made it audible (witness his own experience at Glasgow in the College Rector's time, which he briefly mentioned to us); sometimes it had been managed by hanging up cloth curtains, etc. Joseph Hume, departing from certain Edinburgh mathematicians, had stated that the best big room for being heard in that was known in England was a Quaker's meeting-house near Cheltenham. I have forgot the precise place.

People now came in thick and rapid. I went about the gallery with those already come, and saw little more of Sir Robert then. I remember in presenting Barry to Prescott he said with kindly emphasis, "I have wished to show you some of our most distinguished men; allow me to introduce," etc. Barry had been getting rebuked in the House of Commons in those very days or hours, and had been defended there by Sir

Robert. Barry when I looked at him, did not turn out by any means such a fool as his pepper-box architecture would have led one to guess—on the contrary, a broad, solid man, with much ingenuity and even delicacy of expression, who had well employed his sixty years or so of life in looking out for himself, and had unhappily bound pepper-box architecture his Goshen. From the distance I did not dislike him at all. Panizza, even Scribe, came to the dinner; no ladies there; nothing but two sons of Peel, one at each end, he himself in the middle about opposite to where I sat; Mahon on his left-hand, on his right Van de Weyer (Belgian ambassador); not a creature there for whom I cared one penny except Peel himself. Dinner sumptuous and excellently served, but I should think rather wearisome to everybody, as it certainly was to me. After all the servants but the butler were gone, we began to hear a little of Peel's quiet talk across the table, unimportant, distinguished by its sense of the ludicrous shining through a strong official rationality and even seriousness of temper. Distracted address by a letter from somebody to Queen Victoria: "The most noble George Victoria, Queen of England, Knight and Baronet:" or something like that. A man had once written of Peel himself, while secretary, "That he was weary of life, that if any gentleman wanted for his park-woods a hermit, he," etc., of all which was very pretty and human as Peel gave it us. In rising we had some questions about the pictures in his room, which are Wilkie's (odious) John Knox at the entrance end, and at the opposite three, or perhaps four, all by Reynolds—Dr. Johnson, original of the engravings one sees; Reynolds himself by his own pencil, and two, and perhaps three, other pictures. Doubts rising about who some lady portrait was, I went to the window and asked Sir Robert himself, who turned with alacrity and talked to us about that and the rest. The hand in Johnson's portrait brought an anecdote from him about Wilkie and it at Drayton. Peel spread his own hand over it, an inch or two off, to illustrate or enforce—as fine a man's hand as I remember to have seen, strong, delicate, and superbly clean. Upstairs, most of the people having soon gone, he showed us his volumes of autographs—Mirabeau, Johnson, Byron, Scott, and many English kings and officialities; excellent cheerful talk and description; human, but official in all things. Then, with a cordial shake of the hand, dismissed; and the Bishop of Oxford insisting on it, took me home in his carriage.

June 25th, 1850.—Last night at a grand ball at Bath House, the only ball of any description I ever saw. From five to seven hundred select aristocracy: the lights, decorations, house-room and arrangements perfect (I suppose); the whole thing worth having seen for a couple of hours. Of the many women, only a few were to be called beautiful. I remember the languid, careless, slow air with which the elderly peeresses came into the room, and thereafter lounged about. A Miss L. (a general's daughter) was the prettiest I remember of the *schönen kindern*. Lord Londonderry looked sad, foolish, and surly. His Marchioness, once a beauty you could see, had the finest diamonds of the party, Jane tells me. Lord and Lady Lovelace, Marquis of Breadalbane, thickset farmer looking man, round steel-gray head with bald crown. *Hat nichts zu bedeuten*. Anglesea, fine-looking old man, trailing his cork leg, shows better on horse back. American Lawrence (minister here), broad, burly, energetically sagacious-looking, a man of sixty with long grey hair swirled around the bald part of his big head; frightful American lady, his wife, *a la* Cushman, chin like a powder-horn, sallow, parchment complexion, very tall, very lean, expression thrift—in all senses of the word. "Thrift, Horatio," Prescott, and the other Americans there, not beautiful any of them. By far the most interesting figure present was the old Duke of Wellington, who appeared between twelve and one, and slowly glided through the rooms—truly a beautiful old man; I had never seen till now how beautiful, and what an expression of graceful simplicity, veracity, and nobleness is about the old hero when you see him close at hand. His very size had hitherto deceived me. He is a shortish, slightish figure, about five feet eight, of good breadth however, and all muscle or bone. His legs I think, must be the short part of him for certainly on horseback I have always taken him to be tall. Eyes beautiful light blue, full of mild valour, with infinitely more faculty and geniality than I had fancied before; the face wholly gentle, wise, valiant, and venerable. The voice too, as I again heard is "aquiline" clear, perfectly equable—uncracked—that is, and perhaps almost musical, but essentially tenor or almost treble voice—eighty-two, I understand. He glided slowly along, slightly saluting this and that other, clear, clean, fresh as this June evening itself, till the silver buckle of his stock vanished into the door of the next room, and I saw him no more. Except Dr. Chalmers, I have not for many years seen so beautiful an old man.

Carlyle met Peel once in the street; he lifted his hat. "The only time," he says, "we had ever saluted, owing to mutual bashfulness and pride of humility, I do believe. Sir Robert, with smiling looks, extended his left hand and cordially grasped mine in it, with a 'How are you.' Pleasant to think of. It struck me that there might certainly be some valuable reform work still in Peel, though the look of all things, his own strict conservatism and even officiality of view, and still more the *cohue* of objects and persons his life was cast amidst, did not increase my hopes of a great result. But he seemed happy and humorous and hopeful, still strong and fresh to look upon. Except him there was nobody I had the smallest hope in; and what he would do, which seemed now soon to be tried, was always an interesting feature of the coming time for me. I had an authentic regard for this man, and a wish to know more of him—nearly the one man alive of whom I could say so much."

November 19th, 1852.—Yesterday saw the Duke of Wellington's funeral procession from Bath House second-floor windows; a painful, miserable kind of thing to me and others of a serious turn of mind. The one true man of official men in England, or that I know of in Europe, concludes his long course. The military music sounded, and the tramp of

feet and the roll of guns and coaches, to him inaudible for evermore. The regiment he first served in was there, various regiments or battalions, one soldier from every regiment of the British line; about 4,000 soldiers in all. Nothing else in the sumptuous procession was of the least dignity. The car or hearse, a monstrous bronze mass, which broke through the pavement in various places, its weight being seven or ten tons, was of all the objects I ever saw the abominably ugliest, or nearly so. An incoherent huddle of expensive palls, flags, sheets and gilt emblems, and cross-poles, more like one of the street carts that hawk door-mats than the bier of a hero. Disgust was general at this vile *ne plus ultra* of Cockneyism; but poor Wellington lay dead beneath it, faring dumb to his long home. All people stood in deep silence and reverently took off their hats. In one of the Queen's carriages sat a man conspicuously reading the morning newspaper. Tennyson's verses are naught, silence alone is respectable on such an occasion.—*From Froude's Life of Carlyle.*

CHOICE BITS FROM A NEW BOOK.

ADDRESSING himself to Lord Malmesbury, in 1856, the late Lord Derby wrote: "The Peerage is a very grave constitutional question, and I am not at all surprised to learn from what quarter the *coup* has proceeded. I am engaged in examining the case. In spite of Lord Coke's dictum, the legality is very doubtful; and the exercise of a prerogative which has been dormant for 300 years, and that without the slightest necessity, cannot be passed over without notice. My present idea is that, even *before* the Speech is read, we should give notice of moving for the Letters Patent; that in moving for them we should challenge the Government to justify their excuse, and then be guided by their tone and the feeling of the House as to a subsequent address to the Crown. We must discuss this matter when we meet."

We dined with the Hardwickes to meet the celebrated tragic actress Ristori. She arrived very late, just as we were sitting down to dinner, and made an *entrée* quite in the theatrical style—violent exclamations, gesticulations, and grimaces, giving a long history of how her coachman had lost his way, and her feelings on the subject, all in the loudest tone of voice. She calls herself thirty, but looks fifty.

Everybody is talking of a scene that occurred yesterday at the levée. A vulgar American having gone in a frock coat, with a yellow waistcoat and a black neckcloth, Sir E. Cust told him he could not pass the Queen in that costume. He insisted, and Mr. Dallas, the American Minister, took his part, and finding, after an angry altercation, that Sir E. Cust would not give way, he left the Palace with all his suite.

We gave a dinner to a large party, among whom were the Clarendons. He told me that he had gone to Lady Westminster's ball in full dress by mistake, and was the only man not in frock-dress. Some one observed in the hearing of Mr. Dallas, "Why is Lord Clarendon in full dress?" "Oh," answered the person addressed, "I suppose he has been dining with Mr. Dallas."

Dined with Lord Lonsdale. One of the guests at this dinner was a doctor who practised as a vegetarian, and during dinner consistently confined himself to green meat and grapes. He was the most singular and repulsive-looking man I ever saw, over seventy years of age, about five feet high, and completely shrivelled in body and face, the last being like parchment and of an orange colour. He held a medical commission in the army, and had been through the whole Peninsular war. Being very quarrelsome, he fought more than one duel with his brother officers. When his death occurred, a few years ago, he was discovered to be a woman! What a story of shame and misery is buried with her in her grave!

On one occasion a friend of Lord Alvanley's came for advice under the following circumstances: "Mr. — has threatened to kick me whenever he sees me in society; what am I to do, if he comes into the room?" "Sit down," replied Lord Alvanley.

Lord Derby has never been able to realize the sudden growth of the Political Press, for which he has no partiality, which feeling is reciprocated by its members. In these days this is a fatal error in men who wish to obtain political power and distinction. Lord Derby is too proud a man to flatter anybody, even his greatest friends and equals, much less those of whom he knows nothing. His son, with greater wisdom (for the day), has taken the opposite line, and with benefit to his popularity and advancement.

Lord Clarendon told me a good story of Corry Conellan, Lord Carlisle's secretary at Dublin. The Viceroy, who has taken up the ticket-of-leave men very warmly, told him the other day that he had engaged two in his house as servants. Conellan replied, "Then you'll be the only spoon left in it."

Mr. Bentinck called, and announced the death of Lord Fitzhardinge, whose last words were: "The angel of death is hovering over Berkeley Castle, and if you don't feed those ducks in the lower pond, I'll be d—d if you don't lose them all." Old habit strong in death!

Sir John Packington is a very young man of his age, both in activity and appearance. A slight figure, he is generally to be seen on horseback, and always with spurs and dapperly dressed. I remember once his keeping us all waiting at a Cabinet Council. When at last he appeared, Lord Derby said, "We have been waiting for you, Sir John." "I am sorry, my lord; but I was at Spithead." "Then," said Lord Derby, "I'll be bound there was never such a *swell* there before."

Madame de Persigny has been horribly out of humour all day. She never spoke a word at dinner, and will not answer when spoken to. She is said to be always so whenever there is a woman in the house handsomer than herself, which is the case with the Duchess of Manchester.

Sir John Lawrence is, in appearance as well as in intellect, just the

man to govern a rebellious India. He has the most determined expression of countenance I ever saw, and no one who met him this evening felt a doubt that he would hesitate for a single moment in doing what he thought necessary for the safety of the country he governed, however arbitrary the measure required might be.

At the fancy ball at the Hôtel d'Albe, the Princess Mathilde was, I hear, dressed as an Indian, and had her skin dyed brown. Her dress was of the scantiest, very *décolletée*, her arms bare up to the shoulders, with a narrow band by way of sleeve, fastened with a brooch. The body was slit under the arm to the waist, showing the skin. The drapery behind was transparent, which she was probably not aware of, as she had not died her skin in that particular place, and the effect was awful.

We were invited to Windsor. After dinner the Prince came up to Lady de Grey and Lady Malmesbury, and amused them immensely by giving an account of some ridiculous incidents that occurred at *Lévéés*. On one occasion a clergyman was to be presented. He, as the Prince said, "overshot the mark," and passed the Queen without the slightest notice. Lord de la Warr was very much put out, and began making signs to him to return. He stopped and stared at Lord de la Warr, imitating his gestures as exactly as he could, but nothing could induce him to return. Everybody was convulsed with laughter, for no etiquette could prevail against such a ridiculous scene.

Concert at Buckingham Palace. While we were waiting for our carriage to go away, Lord Derby joined us, and immediately after Lord John Russell came up. Lord Derby exclaimed, "How do you do, Lord John? You have got into very bad company." He looked round at us all with a grim smile and said, "I see I have"; when Lord Derby, looking at him attentively, observed that he was incorrectly dressed, having his *Lévéé* uniform instead of the full dress which he ought to have worn. Lord John said, "I know I am wrong, and the porter wanted to turn me out." "Oh! did he?" exclaimed Lord Derby. "Thou canst not say I did it." Of course all those around laughed at this apt quotation from Shakespeare, and no one more than Lord John himself.—*From "Memoirs of an Ex-Minister," by Lord Malmesbury.*

THE WEEK continues to improve. Its independence and its force and the subjects that it discusses are of such a nature as ought to secure for it perusal by all sensible Canadians. We want a journal like THE WEEK, and we are glad to know that we have a reading community large enough to support and appreciate it.—*Toronto World.*

HENRY WARD BEECHER has a chronic tendency to—in the expressive language of Artemus Ward—"slop over," and rarely has he given a more humiliating proof of it than in his Brooklyn rink speech on the Presidential Election. This clergyman—still holding a very peculiar position himself before the country—charges all of his brother clergymen who have testified to the immoral character of Grover Cleveland with being base, cruel and atrocious liars. More than thirty clergymen of Buffalo, of the highest standing, who have had full facilities for investigation, give the result of their investigation over their full names, are denounced by Rev. Beecher in the above fashion, because they took the course they did instead of going direct to "Mr. Cleveland with honest inquiry."—*Boston Home Journal.*

THE position of the Scandinavians at the American elections is about as we expected. Notwithstanding their principles of Civil Service Reform, and Tariff Reform, they will hardly this time sever their connection with the Republican Party. They are too conservative for that. A main reason is, as formerly mentioned, that numerous leading Scandinavians are identified with the Republican Party as holders of county offices. Some influence is exercised on the religious wing of the Swedes by the Republican Party's sympathy with the temperance and prohibition movements. The influential Swedish and Norwegian clergy are also remarkable for their tendency to follow the party which holds the reins of government. It is the same clergy which once declared for slavery as not inconsistent with the Christian religion, and not being sin in itself. The Danes seem to be more movable, and seem, as a rule, to have joined the supporters of Cleveland and Hendricks.—*Scandinavian.*

THE PERIODICALS.

THE articles in the November number of *The Andover Review* are on subjects of great interest to thoughtful readers. Professor Moore writes on "The Future Life in the Old Testament," Arthur T. Hauley on "Competition and Combination" and Professor Charles F. Richardson contributes an admirable paper on "The Perspective of American Literature." His estimate is clear-sighted comprehensive and just. The usual departments are maintained with the customary vigour and ability that have characterized the *Andover* from its commencement.

CHICAGO *Literary Life* is steadily improving. The current number contains, amongst many other interesting items, reminiscences of Wordsworth and of Jonson, and a ballad by a promising young writer named Clinton Scollard.

THE *Canadian Methodist Magazine* makes announcement of arrangements for the coming year which must ensure the continued success of Mr. Brigg's attractive periodical. The current number has, amongst many other interesting subjects, a capitally-written paper by Professor Shaw on "Whose Hymns do we Sing?" Dr. Nelles' article on "University Federation" is timely and to the point.

MANY pleasant memories will be awakened by the charmingly-written and lavishly-illustrated paper entitled, "A Visit to Eton," which appears in the November *English Illustrated Magazine*. Several other interesting articles, stories, and poems combine to maintain the acknowledged excellence of Messrs. Macmillan's publication on its entry into a second year.

IN *Lippincott's Magazine* is an article on "John Bright as a Temperance Reformer" which is well worthy attention in these days of Scott Act agitation. "A Holiday in Scotland," "American Authors and Artists in Rome" and "The Women's Paradise" are interesting reading. Other papers are, "On the French Broad" and "Domestic Pets," and there are several stories and poems. Not the least valuable departments of this magazine are "Our Monthly Gossip" and "Literature of the Day," both editorial.

THE November *Magazine of American History* comes freighted with three admirably illustrated articles of great public interest. The "Unsuccessful Candidates for the Presidency of the Nation" contains the portraits of George Clinton, Elbridge Gerry, Aaron Burr, Rufus King, DeWitt Clinton, William H. Crawford, William Wirt, Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, Lewis Cass and General Scott. The second article of the current number, "An Old Colonial College," is from the able pen of Prof. Charles F. Richardson, of Dartmouth; "Button Gwinnett" is a charming sketch by the eminent Georgia historian, Charles C. Jones, jr., LL.D.; "California's Golden Prime of Forty-nine" is profusely illustrated with scenes in camp, and views of California towns in that early period, furnished by the author, Charles Howard Shinn; "Historic Homes—Ochre Point," Newport, contains an excellent picture of the old mansion of William Beach Lawrence at Ochre Point, together with the portrait of this eminent jurist. His daughter, Mrs. Wheeler, who contributes the article, gives some graphic pen-pictures of scenes in the interesting old homestead, and describes its distinguished guests. "Original Documents" this month contain unpublished letters from Washington, Hancock, Lafayette, Dr. Franklin and others; "Minor Topics" has a sketch by Frank B. Green, of the Pre-Revolutionary Surgeons of King's County; and Notes, Queries, Replies, Societies, and Book Notices are remarkably good.

THE enterprising publishers of the premier young folks' magazines, *St. Nicholas*, have supplied a new feature in the current November number—a coloured frontispiece: "Great Grandmother's Girlhood." When it is added that the list of contents is perhaps the strongest ever offered in this or any similar magazine, it will be easy to understand that with the new volume there is abundant promise that this favourite periodical will in the coming year maintain the position accorded to it by almost universal consent—the young folks' magazine *par excellence*.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

A MAN of business trying to make his way in the world is usually too much occupied with the practical aspects of life to trouble himself much about its ornamental side. The study of colour is not much assistance to the study of customers, nor do music-making and money-making reign supreme in a man's life at the same time. A period comes, however, when he has, as it were, turned the corner—when his success is assured, and when his improved fortunes bring him into contact with men of greater culture than himself. He then begins to see, if he is a man of intelligence and innate good taste, that something more than money is required before he can associate with them on equal terms, and naturally tries to improve himself by reading, travelling, and studying art in some way. A new country like Canada follows much the same course; it must make its way in the world first and study art after. By this time we ought to be, and perhaps are, in the position of trying to hold our own with older nations in matters of culture as well as commerce. It is true we have not, nor are we likely to have during the present generation, a leisure class; but we have a large number of monied people with commercial pursuits and artistic tastes, and a much larger number of monied people with commercial pursuits and no artistic tastes. Musicians should aim at increasing the former class by educating the latter. This can only be done by much effort and some self-sacrifice on the part of professional and amateur musicians. The former must be content to do a certain, or rather a very uncertain, amount of work without remuneration, and to sink, as far as possible, professional jealousy—that most effectual barrier to the advancement of music and even to individual success; whilst the latter might render in many ways much more assistance than they now do.

The more cultivated amateurs constantly refuse to support local efforts, such as Philharmonic Societies or Classical Concerts, on the ground that, having heard the same works performed in England or elsewhere they do not care about hearing them in Canada. Such persons have it in their power to advance the cause of music greatly, instead of which they become really a hindrance and discouragement to professional musicians by declining to take a little trouble in order to bring others to the same pitch of cultivation as they have attained. These same people sit, voiceless, in our churches every Sunday, declining to assist in the choir, although, by doing so, they might be instrumental in raising the standard of church music, which is throughout the country by no means as high as it ought to be, particularly in the Church of England. The best musical services are to be heard in Presbyterian and Methodist churches, notwithstanding the grand traditions and beautiful musical ritual of the Episcopal Church. It may appear a strong assertion, but it is nevertheless true, that in no city in Canada is there a thoroughly first-class choir of men and boys doing a typical English cathedral service such as is heard in England every day

in the year, not alone in the cathedrals, but also in hundreds of churches throughout the country. This state of things is owing partly to apathy and partly to narrow-minded ignorance on the part of congregations. We have in Canada seven or eight churches professing and calling themselves cathedrals, and in most of these a large proportion of the congregation would object and many leave the church if a real cathedral service were introduced. These people wish to keep their place of worship to all intents and purposes a parish church, but would doubtless resist stoutly any attempt to remove the bishop's chair and accompanying prestige from their church. They arrogate to themselves the title of Evangelicals, and consider that a cathedral service is "Ritualistic"; perfectly ignorant of the fact that Ritualism, so-called, is diametrically opposed to the English cathedral service. Three hundred years ago there was special legislation to encourage the performance of the Canticles, Psalms, etc., in anthem form such as has been in use ever since. At the time of the Reformation the use of the old plain song was continued, and the very simplest form of music authorized, as may be seen in the Litany published by Cranmer and the musical notation of the prayer-book by John Marbeck. Gradually, however, the great composers produced more elaborate musical settings for the words, so that in 1559, in order to give some official sanction to what already existed, it was ordained by royal injunction that while there was to be "a modest and distinct song so used in all parts of the Common Prayer that the same might be understood as if it were read without singing, for the comforting of such as delight in music it may be permitted that in the beginning or at the end of the Common Prayer there may be sung an hymn or such like song to the praise of Almighty God, in the best melody and music that may be devised, having respect that the sentence of the hymn must be understood and perceived." Thus was originated the musical setting of the church services, which has been kept up ever since by a brilliant line of great English composers, and which many attendants at our Canadian "cathedrals" would like to legislate out of existence again and replace, probably, by Moody and Sankey's nigger minstrel tunes. The introduction of such a service in, at all events, one of our so-called cathedrals would be a worthy object for earnest Churchmen to work for, and the practical details would offer no difficulty, as most of these churches have for organists gentlemen of ability who are capable of conducting the service in a perfect manner.

One great impediment to the progress of music is the lack of respect shown for it by musical people themselves. It is a rarer thing to hear two musical amateurs seriously and intelligently discussing the merits and analyzing the construction of a musical composition than to hear two literary men compare notes about a book or connoisseurs criticize a painting. Music is, even by those who study it, looked on too much as a toy—an amusement for leisure hours—not as a worthy object and end in itself. Do our singers make it understood that the Philharmonic or Choir practice takes precedence over all other engagements, that it is useless to send them invitations for nights fixed for rehearsals? Do our givers of musical parties make good music the object of those parties, and intimate that they expect it to be listened to? Are our young ladies, of whom many spend several hours daily studying good music at the piano, ever moved to tears by a Chopin Nocturne as they might be, for instance, over the death of little Nell? And yet Chopin, *le plus poete que jamais*, as Liszt calls him, threw all the sorrow and bitterness of his sad life into his music. Do our audiences feel, after hearing the "Elijah" or "Messiah" well performed, that the sacred words have come home to them with a force and solemnity they never before possessed? Do our lovers of orchestral music feel, after a Beethoven Symphony, that, emotionally, it has roused in them feelings and aspirations which may even go so far as to affect their actions; or that, intellectually, the mental process of following the mere form of the composition has been of great interest, and as vigorous an intellectual exercise as the unravelling of a mathematical problem? It is to be feared that in this country this is not the case to any great extent, although in older nations which have passed the stage of mere money-making, music is an integral part of the life of the people, a thing not to be despised or surrendered any more than literature or laws.

The musical outlook in Canada, however, is not all dark. Most of our good teachers have their time entirely filled by vocal or instrumental pupils, and are doing work which will bear good fruit in the future. Music is adopted as a branch of instruction in our Public Schools, and although the results are not altogether satisfactory, still its introduction is an important point, and may in the future lead to such an official recognition of music and Government grant for its systematic teaching in some central Conservatoire as is now given to Art Schools in various parts of the country. Another cheering fact is the gradually-increasing support given by the public to the various Choral Societies throughout Canada. For many years these institutions struggled along, never paying their conductors and not always their rent. Now several are on a good financial footing, and most of them can show a steady increase of support year by year. This is a very gratifying fact, inasmuch as nothing tends so greatly to raise the standard of public taste as the works performed by these societies. True, they may not always be perfectly rendered; this can hardly be looked for in as young a country as ours; still, even a mediocre performance of an Oratorio or Cantata by a great master is a musical event which can hardly be appreciated too highly, and is far more important as an educational medium than the hackneyed programmes given by travelling concert troupes, no matter how great may be the artists engaged. The prospects in this department of music for the coming season appear to be very good. In Toronto we are promised by the Philharmonic Costa's "Naaman," Zade's "Crusaders," and Max Bruch's "Fair Ellen." The Choral Society announce Handel's "Samson," Gade's "Psyche," and "Finale," from Mackenzie's "Colomba."

In Montreal the Philharmonic will perform Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," Handel's "Alexander's Feast," and Gounod's "Redemption;" in Ottawa Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and Sterndale Bennett's "May Queen" will be given by the Philharmonic; and in Hamilton "Naaman" and the "Messiah;" whilst as far west as Winnipeg there is a good Choral Society which puts forth a programme that vies with those of older cities. Nothing, however, has been heard as yet of any attempt to celebrate on a large scale the bi-centenary of Handel's birth, next February. It would be a good opportunity for the combination of two or more societies in Toronto or Montreal for the production of his "Israel in Egypt," the stupendous double choruses of which can never be adequately rendered in this country save by such an amalgamation of forces.

Recognizing the ever-increasing activity in music and its importance, as an art, in influencing the character of the people, THE WEEK, desirous of assisting its progress as much as possible, will in future devote a larger space to this subject. The criticisms will be more numerous, and extend to performances of interest, especially by local organizations throughout the country. There will also be, from time to time, original articles on various subjects connected with musical art, whilst news of interest from other countries will continue to appear as before. It is hoped that the enlarged musical department of THE WEEK will supply a want which has often been complained of by musicians and the musical public in general.

ERRATA.—In announcing last week that string quartette concerts are to be given in Convocation Hall, University College, Toronto, we neglected to mention that Mr. John Bayley, the popular orchestral leader, is associated with Herr Jacobsen in the conduct of them. The enterprise derives its chief importance from the combination of these two artists.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

In this age of discoveries the triumphs of Archaeology and Philosophy keep pace with those of Physical Science. The last triumph is the disinterment of the Empire of the Hittites, a race associated in the Bible with the Amorites, the Perizzites and the Jebusites, and as we have been used to think, their equal in obscurity, but now declared to have extended, reigned, and left monuments of its power from the Euphrates and the border of Egypt to the Aegean. The supposed evidences of this discovery are collected in a work just published by Dr. William Wright, with a decipherment of inscriptions by Professor Sayce, a Hittite map, and facsimiles of Hittite inscriptions. Dr. Williams asserts that his revelations prove the Bible true by contemporary and corroborative evidence, putting to rout Dr. Francis Newman and all other sceptical critics of the Biblical references to the Hittites; and that the same memorials, being deciphered, confirm the Bible and bring to light a lost empire. The Hittites, it seems, contended for ascendancy with the kings of Egypt, the victory of one of whom over them has been celebrated by the Egyptian "Poet Laureate," a bard worthy of the royal patronage, since he has described the king, when deserted by his own charioteers, as overthrowing singlehanded two thousand five hundred chariots of the enemy. After enduring "longer than the Roman Empire," the empire of the Hittites was finally laid in the dust by Sargon the Assyrian at the fatal battle of Karchemish. Such is the story told according to Dr. Williams and his eminent coadjutors by the inscriptions on stones in conjunction with the Egyptian and Assyrian records. Of the stones Dr. Williams himself carried off the most important, with antiquarian rapture, from Hamah, before the face of an angry population which swarmed out to prevent the removal of the mysterious relics. At one moment a crisis, fearful to the soul of the antiquary, impended. "A greater calamity than that of the Moabite-stone tragedy was imminent. A mighty empire was about to claim its position among the great nations of the ancient world, and a few fanatics were about to push it back into the outer darkness to which history had assigned it." Hamah, or Hamath, on the Orontes in Upper Syria, has been hitherto supposed to have been a station of Phœnician commerce with the Syrians and Assyrians. This would connect it with the Semites. But the Hittites are pronounced to have been of a totally distinct stock from the Semites, and (on the evidence of their moccasin-like shoes) to have come down from the cold plateau of Anatolia. It must, however, be said, that if the two figures, of which an engraving is given from a drawing of Mr. Davis, are not those of Semites, there is no faith in noses. It is to a very shadowy existence as yet that, by antiquarian enthusiasm and the confidence of the decipherer in his occult art, the Hittite Empire has been recalled.

Two hundred thousand copies of the November *Century* have been published.

THERE is only one resident in the MacMaster Hall who is not a theologian this year.—*Fasti*.

MR. SERGEANT BALLANTINE is ready with a new volume of personal experiences entitled "From the Old World to the New."

WHITE, STOKES AND ALLEN, New York have issued the poems of Frederick Locker complete in two volumes, "London Rhymes" and "London Lyrics."

IN *The Voice* the American Prohibitionists have a weekly organ written in a much less rabid style than it is usual for them to present their case. Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls, of New York, are the publishers of *The Voice*, which in typographical appearance is one of the handsomest papers in the States.

"THE MONEY-MAKERS" is the rather significant title of a new book to be shortly issued by D. Appleton and Co., and is to be, it is understood, a reply to "The Bread-winners."

A NEW edition of "Edgar Poe and His Critics," by Sarah Helen Whitman, will be issued about December 1st, with an introduction by W. F. Channing, by Tibbitts and Preston, Providence.

MESSRS. CASSELL and Co., will shortly publish a volume from the pen of Mr. John Webb Probyn, entitled "Italy from the Fall of Napoleon I. in 1815, to the Death of King Victor Emmanuel, first King of United Italy, in 1878."

A NEW translation of "Don Quixote" will shortly be published by Smith, Elder and Co., of London. The work has been done by Mr. John Ormsby, who has added copious notes and an account of the chivalry romances which supplied Cervantes with the motive for "Don Quixote."

THE *Critic* is about to publish a series of personal and critical sketches of the best-known living American writers, under the general title of "Authors at Home." Thomas Hughes will write about Mr. Lowell, Mrs. Spofford about Mr. Whittier, Mr. Lathrop about Mr. Curtis, and Alice Wellington Rollins will give an account of Mrs. Jackson's life at Colorado Springs.

MESSRS. ROBERT BROTHERS will publish shortly a new book by the Rev. Dr. F. H. Hedge, "Atheism in Philosophy, and other Essays." Among the miscellaneous essays are "Life and Character of Augustine," "Gottfried Wilhelm von Leibnitz," "The Monadology of Leibnitz," "Immanuel Kant," "Irony," "The Philosophy of Fetichism," "Genius," "The Lords of Life."

THE editor of *The Bookbuyer* is preparing a holiday number of that valuable monthly, for which special articles on Christmas books and Christmas subjects are being written by Donald G. Mitchell, Rossiter Johnson, Roger Riordan, J. D. Champlin, Daniel C. Beard and others. A special cover has been designed for this number, and an engraving of Hébert's Madonna is being made for it.

THE new Toronto University Journal, *Fasti*, made its appearance on Friday. The neat-looking little "organ" is to be "independent," "worthy of the Provincial University," will advocate "the improvement of University College by additional endowment," does not believe in co-education, and will be vigilant in its attention to all the true interests of the University and its alumni. *Fortuna sequatur.*

WITH its issue of Oct. 25 *The Varsity* commences Vol. V. (1884-5). The management announces that Dr. Wilson will during the coming year contribute a series of papers on the early history of the university. Other interesting features will be added from time to time so as to maintain the attractiveness of the periodical. Mr. T. B. P. Stewart's Prize Poem, "The New World," is reproduced in this number.

A FRENCH journal has amused itself by collating the ingenious expressions used by M. Ferry to avoid the word "war." It seems that there is no "war" in China, but "a state of reprisals," a "capture of pledges," a "system of intelligent destruction." The last term is particularly good. The war against the Kroumers was "an enforcement of police," a "salutary demonstration," and "an operation for recalling ill-disciplined bands to their duty."

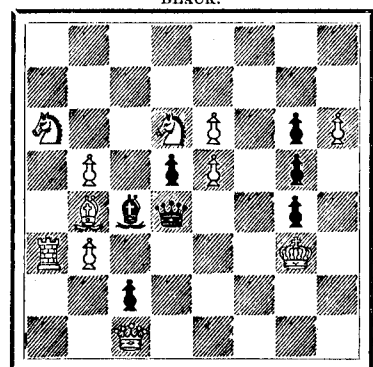
IN *Scandinavia* for October is an article lamenting and attempting to account for the enmity between the Teuton and the Latin peoples. Mr. Fleron, the writer, says the Teuton has always lived in an inclement clime, whilst the Latin has usually dwelt in salubrious atmospheres, the result being that the former is stronger, coarser-featured, pessimistic, the latter more sensitive, agile, joyous—the Teuton acting the male impersonation in human history, the Latin performing the feminine role.

The *Fortnightly Index* is just now the medium of a spirited discussion between several American educators of high standing. It is no secret that many editorials in the *Index* are written by Prof. William H. Payne, University of Michigan. The *Index* recently contained a leading editorial, entitled "The Scientific Basis of Education," presumably from the pen of Professor Payne, which was an incisive review of Mr. Sully's recent English book, "Outlines of Psychology with Special Reference had to the Theory of Education." The editorial opened with the significant sentence, "Rule-of-thumb work has had its day"; and apparently it was this sentiment that attracted the attention of President Bascom, of the University of Wisconsin, who took up the cause of the empiricists in a brisk letter, the essence of which is that "no teacher who has any mastery of the rule-of-thumb can be as poor a workman as one who has a theory with no empirical insight in its use." Doctor Bascom maintains that "nothing can be so pedantic and every way uncomfortable and abortive as pedagogy, when it comes with psychology at its back, to the timid, perplexed or dull teacher, bound to railroad him into excellence upon an even incline." It was not to be expected that these declarations would escape unchallenged; and in the *Index* of October 25th Dr. Charles E. Lowrey, of Ann Arbor, enters an emphatic protest against "this very attempt of so-called reformers to exclude all discipline save that of observation," maintains that "even quacks have sufficient insight of human nature to discover that a rational soul cannot be satisfied with observation merely," and regrets that "the learned doctor. . . has lent his name to support empiricists who would none of this rationality." Dr. Lowrey's letter is pointed and ingenious, and has the effect of putting Dr. Bascom *in loco defendentis*. It is hardly probable that an educator of President Bascom's eminence will be at a loss to justify any opinion he may have on so important an educational question; and the public may justly expect from him a full vindication of this position in regards to the "The rule-of thumb."

CHESS.

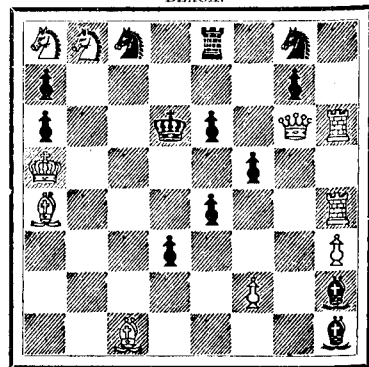
All communications intended for this department should be addressed "Chess Editor," office of THE WEEK, Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 55.
Composed for THE WEEK by E. B. Green-shields, Montreal Chess Club.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 56.
TOURNEY PROBLEM No. 10.
Motto:—"Pour passer le temps."



WHITE.
White to play and mate in three moves.

TOURNEY PROBLEMS RECEIVED.

Motto:—"Pour passer le temps."
Motto:—"Transitus."

GENERAL SCOTT AT CHESS.

(General E. D. Keyes in "Fifty Years' Observation.")

The General was fond of the game of chess, at which he was fairly skilful. I often played with him, and I think my game stood to his as about two to five: nevertheless, he beat me as often as four times in five. Whenever, by chance or skill, I gained a threatening position, he became irritable, and if I did not move quickly he would angrily ejaculate, "Have you moved?" One day we were playing in the parlour of the hotel at West Point, and Mr. Ogden Hoffman was looking on. In the process of that game, which I won, my chief was uncommonly tart. I took my time, and while I was considering a critical position, he reached out his hand and took up a periodical and opened it to an article on geology.

"Do you think," said he to Mr. Hoffman, "that I shall be able to master this subject before the young gentleman gets ready to move?" After we had separated, Mr. Hoffman came to console me, for what I might think was rudeness on the part of my chief. "What did the General say?" said I: "being absorbed by my game and determined to beat him, I paid no attention to his remarks; but if there had been a hostile tone in his voice, I should have detected it at once. That's the General's manner when he is impatient, and it never hurts me."

If the General beats me easily, it was not so with his brother-in-law, Mayo, whose game was much the strongest of the three. The two brothers-in-law agreed remarkably well, considering that they differed essentially in most particulars. Mayo came frequently to play chess, and was able to beat us both if he choose to do so. Occasionally the General won a party, and that encouraged him to conclude that those he lost were accidents. One day their game was close, and they prolonged it over an hour. In the midst of it the General left his chair to spit in the fire—he then had the habit of chewing tobacco. Finally the game ended in favour of Mr. Mayo, and the General arose from his chair and took three or four turns up and down the room in silence. Then he came near me, lifted up his spectacles, and said: "Young gentleman! do you know why I lost that game?" "No, sir," said I, "it was because I got up to spit."

GAME No. 29.

Played last week at the Toronto Chess Club between Mr. C. W. Phillips and another member of the club.

White.		Black.	
Mr. Phillips.	Mr. _____	Mr. Phillips.	Mr. _____
1. P K 4	R K 4	19. K R 1 (b)	Kt takes K P
2. Kt KB 3	Kt Q B 3	20. Kt takes Kt	R takes Kt
3. B Kt 5	P Q R 3	21. P B 5	Kt K B 1
4. B R 4	Kt K B 3	22. B K Kt 5	P K R 3 (e)
5. P Q 3	P Q Kt 4	23. B takes P ch (d)	K takes B
6. B Kt 3	B B 4 (a)	24. Q Kt 3 ch	Kt K 3
7. P Q B 3	P Q 3	25. P takes Kt dble	K Kt 3
8. B K 3	B R 2	26. Q Q 5	R K 4 (e)
9. Castles	B Kt 5	27. P takes R	P takes B
10. Kt Q 2	Kt K 2	28. P takes P	P takes P
11. P K K 3	B R 4	29. Q B 5 ch	K R 3
12. P Q 4	P takes P	30. B B 7	B Q 5
13. P takes P	Castles	31. B B 7	B K 4
14. Q B 2	B K Kt 3	32. P K R 4	P takes P
15. Kt K R 4	R K 1	33. Q Kt 4	R B 1
16. Kt takes B	Kt takes Kt	34. Q takes P ch	K Kt 3
17. Q R Q B 1	K R K 2	35. R at B 7 to B 5 and mates next move.	
18. P K B 4	Q K 1		

NOTES.

- (a) A bad move in nearly every form of the Lopez.
- (b) K R 2 should here have been played.
- (c) All unconscious of the coming storm.
- (d) An elegant finish.
- (e) Nothing better.

TORONTO CHESS CLUB.

Last week in referring to the match, Smokers v. Non-smokers, we alluded to the notorious mendacity of statistics generally. This week in referring to the return match we feel inclined to believe that figures can occasionally be truthful. The result on Thursday last was as follows:—

Smokers.		Non-Smokers.	
E. B. Freeland	0	C. W. Phillips	1
J. H. Gordon	0	W. Boutbee	1
E. H. E. Eddis	0	J. W. Boaty	1
* W. A. Littlejohn	0	W. M. Stark	1
	0		4

* Won by default, Mr. Littlejohn "turning up missing."

CHESS ITEMS.

THE Yale students have appointed a committee to draw up the constitution and by-laws for the Yale University Chess Club.

SAYS the *Elmira Telegram*:—"There was at one time in use among the Turks sets of chess men which were made of plain ivory, and hollow; and inside each piece was a tiny bell which the player rang when he captured a piece."

THE winners in the fifth annual chess tournament of the New Orleans Chess, Checkers and Whist Club are:—1. J. D. Seguiu; 2. C. O. Wilcox; 3. M. F. Factum; and 4. F. Dameron. A special prize for the best score by points against the prize winners was secured by J. P. Simpkins. The score of won games was respectively, 17½, 16, 14, 12 and 11½ in a possible 22. The tourney was a very successful one in all respects. The proposition to institute a club challenge cup has not yet carried, but will doubtless prevail in time.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

THE match between Quebec and Toronto has finally been arranged: eight consultation games, two players a side at each board will be played. The contest will probably take place November 24th, 1884.

WHAT IS CATARRH ?

From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15.
 Catarrh is a muco-purulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite amoeba in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favourable circumstances, and these are:—Morbid state of the blood, as the blighted corpuscle of uerucle, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxo-mocea, from the retention of the effeted matter of the skin, suppressed perspiration, badly ventilated sleeping apartments, and other poisons that are germinated in the blood. These poisons keep the internal lining membrane of the nose in a constant state of irritation, ever ready for the deposit of the seeds of these germs, which spread up the nostrils and down the fauces, or back of the throat, causing ulceration of the throat; up the eustachian tubes, causing deafness; burrowing in the vocal cords, causing hoarseness usurping the proper structure of the bronchial tubes, ending in pulmonary consumption and death.

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

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

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

Oakland, Ont., Canada, March 17, '83.
 Messrs. A. H. Dixon & Son :
 DEAR SIRS,—Yours of the 13th instant to hand. It seems almost too good to be true that I am cured of Catarrh, but I know that I am. I have had no return of the disease, and never felt better in my life. I have tried so many things for Catarrh, suffered so much and for so many years, that is hard for me to realize that I am really better.

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

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

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

THE WEEK.

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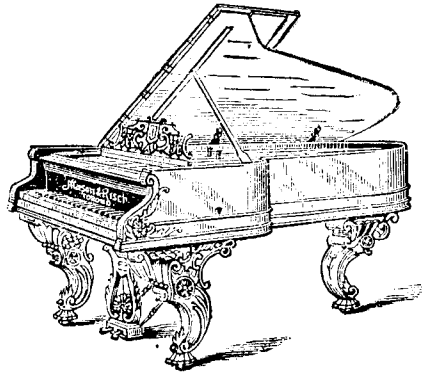
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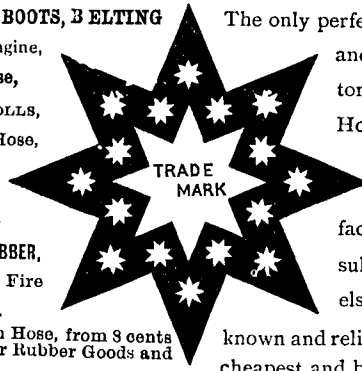
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