

THE WEEK:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

Third Year.
Vol. III., No. 39.

Toronto, Thursday, August 26th, 1886.

\$3.00 per Annum.
Single Copies, 10 cents.

A Blue Cross before this paragraph signifies that the subscription is due. We should be pleased to have a remittance. We send no receipts, so please note the change of date upon address slip, and if not made within two weeks advise us by post card.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

Paid-up Capital - - - \$6,000,000
Rest - - - 1,600,000

DIRECTORS:

HENRY W. DARLING, Esq., President.
WM. ELLIOT, Esq., Vice-President.

Hon. William McMaster, George Taylor, Esq., Hon. S. C. Wood, James Crathern, Esq., T. Sutherland Stayner, Esq., W. B. Hamilton, Esq., Geo. A. Cox, Esq., John I. Davidson.

W. N. ANDERSON, General Manager J. C. KEMP, Asst.-Gen'l Manager; ROBERT GILL, Inspector.

New York.—J. H. Goadby and B. E. Walker, Agent.

BRANCHES.—Ayr, Barrie, Belleville, Berlin, Brantford, Chatham, Collingwood, Dundas, Dunnville, Galt, Goderich, Guelph, Hamilton, London, Montreal, Norwich, Orangeville, Ottawa, Paris, Parkhill, Peterboro', St. Catharines, Sarnia, Seaford, Simcoe, Stratford, Strathroy, Thorold, Toronto, Walkerton, Windsor, Woodstock.

Commercial credits issued for use in Europe, the East and West Indies, China, Japan, and South America.

BANKERS.—New York, the American Exchange National Bank; London, England, the Bank of Scotland

THE CENTRAL BANK OF CANADA.

Capital Authorized, - - - \$1,000,000
Capital Subscribed, - - - 500,000
Capital Paid-up, - - - 325,000

HEAD OFFICE,—TORONTO.

Board of Directors.

DAVID BLAIN, Esq., - - - President.
SAM'L. TREES, Esq., - - - Vice President.

H. P. DWIGHT, Esq., A. McLean Howard, Esq., C. Blackett Robinson, Esq., K. Chisholm, Esq., M. P. P., D. Mitchell McDonald, Esq.

A. A. ALLEN, Cashier.

Branches.—Brampton, Durham, Guelph, Richmond Hill and North Toronto.

Agents.—In Canada, Canadian Bank of Commerce; in New York, Importers and Traders National Bank; in London, Eng., National Bank of Scotland.

THE QUEBEC BANK.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, A.D. 1818.

CAPITAL, \$3,000,000.

HEAD OFFICE, - - - QUEBEC.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

HON. JAS. G. ROSS, - - - President.
WILLIAM WITHALL, Esq., Vice-President.
SIR N. F. BELLEAU, Kt., Jno. R. Young, Esq., E. H. SMITH, Esq., WILLIAM WHITE, Esq., GEO. R. RENFREW, Esq., JAMES STEVENSON, Esq., Cashier.

BRANCHES AND AGENCIES IN CANADA.
Ottawa, Ont.; Toronto, Ont.; Pembroke, Ont.; Montreal, Que.; Thorold, Ont.; Three Rivers, Que.

AGENTS IN NEW YORK.—Messrs. W. Watson and A. Lang.
AGENTS IN LONDON.—The Bank of Scotland.

COX & CO., STOCK BROKERS.

Members Toronto Stock Exchange.

Have the only independent Direct Wire giving continuous New York Stock quotations, and which are received quicker than by any other line.

Buy and sell on commission for cash or on margin.

All securities dealt in on the Toronto, Montreal and New York Stock Exchanges. Also execute orders on the Chicago Board of Trade in Grain and Provisions.

Daily Cable quotations of Hudson Bay and other stocks.

26 TORONTO STREET.

VISITORS

TO THE

Toronto Exhibition

Will find the Finest Stock in Canada of

WALL PAPERS,

LINCRUSTA

WALTON,

AND GENERAL DECORATIONS

AT

Elliott & Sons'

94 BAY ST., near KING.

THE Liverpool & London & Globe INSURANCE CO.

LOSSES PAID, \$97,500,000.
ASSETS, \$33,000,000.
INVESTED IN CANADA, \$900,000.

HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL.

G. F. C. SMITH, Resident Secretary, Montreal.
Jos. B. REED, Agent, Toronto.

Office—20 WELLINGTON ST. EAST.

A.D. 1809.

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Fire Premiums (1884) \$7,000,000
Fire Assets (1884) 13,000,000
Investments in Canada 982,517
Total Invested Funds (Fire & Life) .. 33,500,000

CHIEF OFFICE FOR THE DOMINION:

North British Buildings, - Montreal.

THOMAS DAVIDSON, Man. Director.

Toronto Branch—26 Wellington St. E.

R. N. GOOCH, Agent and Dist. Insp.

H. W. EVANS, Asst. Agent.

The Glasgow & London Insurance Co.

Head Office for Canada, - Montreal.

Government Deposit \$100,000 00
Assets in Canada 177,086 60
Canadian Income, 1885 255,325 16

MANAGER, STEWART BROWNE.

J. T. VINCENT, Chief Inspector.

Inspectors:

C. GELINAS. A. D. G. VAN WART.

W. Fahoy and W. J. Bryau, City Agents.

34 Toronto Street, Toronto.

TWO GOOD MEN WANTED to take agencies. Big money for the right man. Send at once for descriptive circulars, etc. P. O. Box 252, Toronto, Ont.

EXECUTORSHIPS.

THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CO.,
27 Wellington Street East,
May be appointed Executor by Will, or when other Executors renounce, or if there be no Will, the Company may be appointed Administrator by the Surrogate Court.

CHAS. A. WALTON, 21/52
Architect and Constructive Engineer
19 UNION BLOCK, TORONTO ST.
Architect of the Toronto Arcade.

FREDERICK C. LAW, 6/52
ARCHITECT.
MAIL BUILDING.
RESIDENCE—58 WELLESLEY ST., - TORONTO.

J. FRASER BRYCE, 22/52
PHOTOGRAPHER,
107 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.

MILLMAN & CO., LATE NOTMAN & FRASER, 26/52
PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTISTS,
41 KING STREET EAST, - TORONTO
We have all the old negatives of Notman & Fraser.

RUSSELL'S, 9 KING ST. WEST, 34/52
TORONTO, for
HIGH-CLASS WATCHES & JEWELLERY.
Watch Repairing and Jewellery Manufactured to order, special features.
Charges Moderate.

SPECIAL OFFER!!!
Europe during Storm and Calm, reduced to \$6.50; The Poets, fine cloth, gilt, 90c.; Epochs of History, 16 vols., 16mo. cloth, \$12; Epochs of Ancient History, 10 vols., very fine work, \$9; Smiles' Self-Help Series, 4 vols., cloth extra, \$4; Single vols. Smiles' Self-Help Series, \$1; Carlyle's French Revolution, 2 vols., gilt top, \$2; Land of the Incas, octavo, 10s. 6d.; The Boys of '61, full History of American Civil War, \$1.50. Sent prepaid on receipt of price. Address—LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, Drawer 2674, Toronto.

ALL THE LATEST STYLES IN Summer Suitings, Trowserings and Overcoatings. AT MODERATE PRICES.
There is no place like the Arcade Tailors. Fit and Workmanship guaranteed. Give them a call.
ELVINS & LEES,
Scotch Tweed Warehouse,
9 Yonge St. Arcade. 19/52
P.S.—Special Discount to Students.

FRANK STUBBS, 45/52
Merchant Tailor,
No. 8 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO, OPPOSITE DOMINION BANK
N.B.—IMPORTER OF FINE WOOLLENS.

HOOF OINTMENT. A PERFECT Remedy. Cures Hard and Cracked Hoofs, Scratches, Cuts, Bites, Sprains, Sore Shoulders, Galls, Swellings, etc. 16c. 25 and 50 cents.—DENSOLINE EXPORTERS, 29 Adelaide Street West.

JEWELL'S
NO. 10 JORDAN STREET.
All the appointments new and of the most perfect character. The most complete lunch room in Toronto. A superb bill of fare daily.
F. JEWELL,
PROPRIETOR.

H. SLIGHT,
CITY NURSERIES,
407 YONGE ST. 42/52
The Floral Palace of Canada.

An exceedingly well-grown stock of Ornamental and Fruit Trees of all the choicest varieties, NEW ROSES.—"Bennett," "Sunset," "The Bride," "Her Majesty." A large stock of all the standard sorts. Choicest Flower Seeds.

SHIBLEY & NELLIES, 42/52 BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS, ETC. MONEY TO LOAN.

H. T. SHIBLEY. F. E. NELLIES.
Offices: 17 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

HERBERT C. JONES, M.A., 32/52
Barrister, Attorney, and Solicitor,
NO. 26 YORK CHAMBERS, TORONTO.
Author of Treatise on "Land Titles Act, 1885."

JOHN B. HALL, M.D., 41/52
HOMOEOPATHIST,
326 and 328 Jarvis Street. Specialties—Children's and Nervous Diseases. Hours—9 to 11 a.m., 4 to 6 p.m.; Saturday afternoons excepted.

DRS. HALL & EMORY, 42/52
HOMOEOPATHISTS,
33 and 35 Richmond St. East, Toronto.
Telephone No. 459.

Dr. Hall in office—9 to 11.30 a.m. daily. Monday and Thursday evenings, 7.30 to 9.
Dr. Emory in office—2 to 4 p.m. daily. Tuesday and Friday evenings, 7.30 to 9; Sundays, 3 to 4 p.m.

R. J. TROTTER, 41/52
DENTAL SURGEON,
Corner of BAY AND KING STREETS, over Molsons Bank. Entrance: King Street.

G. SHEPHERD, L.D.S., 23/52
SURGEON DENTIST.
Office and Residence—189 Sherbourne St., Toronto.
All operations strictly first-class.

STUART W. JOHNSTON, 4/52
CHEMIST.
DISPENSING.—We pay special attention to this branch of our business.
271 King St. West, - - TORONTO.

ESTABLISHED 1859.
FINE PERFUMES. 20/52
FINE TOILET REQUISITES. THE PUREST IN DRUGS.
We are direct Importers of Sponges and Chamouis. Rose's Lavender Water, in two sizes, 25c. and 50c. per bottle.—ROBERT R. MARTIN & CO., Pharmacists and Perfumers, Cor. Queen and Yonge Sts. Always open.

MR. W. A. SHERWOOD, 24/52
ARTIST.
Portraits in Oil or Pastel from life or photograph.
ROOM 54, ARCADE, YONGE ST., TORONTO.

MR. HAMILTON MCCARTHY, 27/52
SCULPTOR, of London, England, is now prepared to execute Portrait Busts, Medallions, Statuettes, Memorials, etc., in Marble, Bronze, Terra Cotta, and other materials. Mr. McCarthy has received the patronage of Royalty, the aristocracy, and many of the principal institutions of England and Scotland. RESIDENCE—147 Yorkville Avenue. STUDIO—63 YONGE ST. ARCADE.

JOSEPH A. BURKE
(Successor to M. Croake),
Dealer in GROCERIES, CHOICE WINES and LIQUORS, CANNED GOODS of all kinds.
The store is always well stocked with the Choicest Qualities of Groceries and Liquors. Families supplied at most reasonable prices.
A TRIAL SOLICITED. 47/52
Note the address—
JOS. A. BURKE, 588 YONGE STREET

EPPS' COCOA.
GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.
Only Boiling Water or Milk needed
Sold only in packets labelled
JAMES EPPS & CO. HOMOEOPATHIC CHEMISTS
LONDON, ENGLAND 5/52

NIAGARA NAVIGATION COMPY'S
PALACE STEAMER
CHICORA, 11/13

In connection with New York Central and Michigan Central Railways.
On and after Monday, June 7th, steamer Chicora will leave Yonge Street Wharf at 7 a.m. and 2 p.m., for Niagara and Lewiston, connecting with express trains for Falls, Buffalo, New York, and all points east and west. No missing connections by this line, as trains wait arrival of steamer. Choice of all-rail or boat from Albany to New York.

PALACE STEAMER
EMPRESS OF INDIA

Leaves Geddes' wharf, foot of Yonge Street, daily at 3.40 p.m., for St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York, Boston, and all points east and west. Direct connections with fast express trains on Grand Trunk, New York Central, West Shore and Erie Railways. **LOWEST RATES, QUICK TIME, and no unpleasant transfers.** Leaving Toronto at 3.40 p.m. arrive at Niagara Falls at 7.05. Tickets on sale at all Grand Trunk Ticket offices; M. D. Murdoch & Co., 69 Yonge Street; Haggerty & Co., 113 King Street East; W. Moody, Rossin House; W. A. Geddes, on the wharf. A few more open dates for charter to society and Sunday Schools, leaving Toronto in the morning.

DOMINION LINE,
PASSENGER SERVICE.
ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS.

LIVERPOOL SERVICE.—SAILING DATES FROM QUEBEC.—Toronto, 20th August, Friday; Vancouver, 26th August, Thursday; Sarnia, 3rd September, Friday; Montreal, 10th September, Friday; Oregon, 16th September, Thursday.
BRISTOL SERVICE (FOR AVONMOUTH DOCK).—DATES OF SAILING FROM MONTREAL. Quebec, 13th August, Friday; Ontario, 27th August, Friday; Dominion, 10th September, Friday.

These steamers are of the highest class, and are commanded by men of large experience. The saloons are amidships, where but little motion is felt, and they carry neither cattle nor sheep.

Passengers by this route have three days of comparatively smooth water in the river and gulf, and scenery of the finest kind.
RATES OF PASSAGE FROM QUEBEC:—Cabin, \$50 to \$80, according to steamer and accommodation; second cabin, \$30; steerage at lowest rates.

M. D. MURDOCK & CO., 69 Yonge St.
GEO. W. TORRANCE, 15 Front St.
DAVID TORRANCE & CO.,
Gen. Agents, Montreal.

FALL RIVER LINE

THE GREAT PLEASURE ROUTE
BETWEEN

NEW YORK, NEWPORT, TAUNTON, LOWELL, FITCHBURG, NEW BEDFORD, BOSTON.

The Best Route to and from all Points in New England and the British Provinces.

STEAMERS: 13/13

PILGRIM, BRISTOL, PROVIDENCE & OLD COLONY.

The Finest Fleet of Passenger Steamers (of their class) in the world.

Steamers leave New York, from Pier 28 North River, every day in the week (Sunday trips are omitted January to March inclusive). Music on each boat by splendid bands and orchestras during summer months. From Boston trains connecting with steamer at Fall River (49 miles) leave from Old Colony Railroad Station, daily (Sundays excepted as above).

J. H. KENDRICK, Gen. Manager, Boston.
GEO. L. CONNOR, Gen. Pass. Agent, New York.

French, German, Spanish, Italian.

You can, by ten weeks' study, master either of these languages sufficiently for every-day and business conversation, by Dr. RICH. S. ROSENTHAL'S celebrated **MEISTERSCHAFT SYSTEM.** 17/13. 50¢ for books of each language, with privilege of answers to all questions, and correction of exercises. Same copy, Part I., 25 cents. Liberal terms to Teachers.
MEISTERSCHAFT PUBLISHING CO.,
Herald Building, Boston, Mass.

SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS
Are The Best

English make. Established 1860. 13/52

USED BY THE BEST PENMEN.

Noted for superiority of metal, uniformity and durability. Sold by all stationers in United States and Canada.

Hellmuth Ladies' College,

REV. E. N. ENGLISH, M.A., Principal.

Next Term commences Tuesday, September 7th. 4/5

(Please mention this paper in applying for Circular.)

ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE,

WHITBY, ONT.,

WILL RE-OPEN, SEPTEMBER 2ND, 1886. 3/3

The buildings are modelled after the aristocratic country seats of England, and are unequalled in Canada. The grounds are provided with all modern amusements that tend to promote the pleasure and health of pupils, such as a toboggan slide and skating rink for winter, and lawn tennis, croquet, etc., for the spring and autumn.

Five distinct departments of study, directed by the best professional talent, afford every desirable facility for thorough and advanced tuition.

Musical specialists, Art specialists, Elocution specialists, Commercial specialists, as well as literary and scientific specialists, should send for our new illustrated calendar, and examine for themselves the grand array of distinguished professors and teachers that direct the work of the different departments.

Favoured with a beautiful location in close proximity to the "Queen City," we are determined to make our college what some admiring patrons have called it, "The Ideal Ladies' College."

Further information or calendar cheerfully given on application to

REV. J. J. HARE, M.A., - - - Principal.

THE
Bishop Strachan School
FOR YOUNG LADIES,
WYKEHAM HALL, COLLEGE AVE., TORONTO.

6/9

The School will RE-OPEN ON TUESDAY, SEVENTH SEPTEMBER. Boarders to arrive the previous day.

Those who so desire are prepared for the examinations at Trinity and Toronto Universities; several pupils having obtained first-class honours this year. Apply to—

Miss GRIER, LADY PRINCIPAL.

ALWAYS ASK FOR
ESTERBROOK STEEL PENS



Superior, Standard, Reliable. 44/52
Popular Nos.: 048, 14, 130, 135, 161.
For Sale by all Stationers.

BROWN BROS.

66 & 68 King Street East,
TORONTO.

Have the Largest and Most Complete Bookbindery in the Dominion. 47/52

Account Books Made to any Pattern.

Bookbinding in the most elegant styles. Best material. Good workmanship.

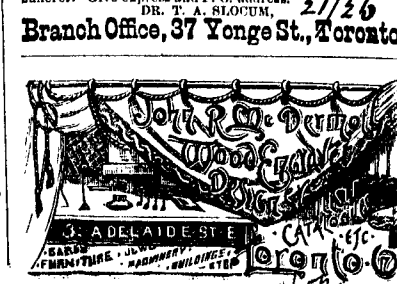
30 YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

I GURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I will send you a remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others fail, I have no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,
Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.
DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 21/26
Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto



LONDON, ONT. High Class School for young ladies. English System. Literature, Conservatory of Music, Art School. Write for illustrated circular.

McGill University,
MONTREAL.

THE
Calendar for the Session 1886-87

Is now published, and contains detailed information respecting conditions of Entrance, Course of Study, Degrees, etc., in the several Faculties and Departments of the University, as follows:—

FACULTY OF ARTS.

Opening September 16th, 1886.

DONALD SPECIAL COURSE FOR WOMEN.
September 16th.

FACULTY OF APPLIED SCIENCE.

Civil Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, Mining Engineering and Practical Chemistry.

September 16th.

FACULTY OF MEDICINE.

October 1st.

FACULTY OF LAW.

October 1st.

MCGILL NORMAL SCHOOL.

September 1st.

Copies of the Calendar may be obtained on application to the undersigned.

W. C. BAYNES, B.A., Secretary.

Address—McGill College.

THE
Toronto Paper Mfg. Co.
WORKS AT CORNWALL, ONT.

CAPITAL, \$250,000.

JOHN R. BARBER, President and Managing Director.

CHAS. RIORDON, Vice-President.

EDWARD TROUT, Treasurer. 20/52

Manufactures the following grades of paper:—

Engine Sized Superfine Papers,

WHITE AND TINTED BOOK PAPER (Machine Finished and Super-Calendered)

BLUE AND CREAM LAID AND WOVE

FOOLSCAPS, POSTS, ETC.

— ACCOUNT BOOK PAPERS:—

Envelope and Lithographic Papers.

COLOURED COVER PAPERS, super-finished.

Apply at the Mill for samples and prices. Special sizes made to order.

TO SUBSCRIBERS!

Those wishing to keep their copies of THE WEEK in good condition, and have them on hand for reference, should use a Binder. We can send by mail

A STRONG PLAIN BINDER
For 75 Cents. Postage prepaid

These Binders have been made expressly for THE WEEK, and are of the best manufacture. The papers can be placed in the Binder week by week, thus keeping the file complete.

Address—
OFFICE OF THE WEEK,
5 Jordan Street, Toronto.

MADRE E' HIJO

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

MADRE E' HIJO,

SPANISH FOR MOTHER AND SON.

24/26

CIGARS.

Exceptionally fine. For sale everywhere Try them.

S. DAVIS & SONS,

SOLE MANUFACTURERS.

BULBS.

Annual Catalogue of choice **Holland Bulbs**, containing prices of all the finest varieties of

HYACINTHS, TULIPS, NARCISSUS, and other Roots for Autumn Planting, now ready, and will be mailed free to all applicants. Address—

WM. RENNIE, TORONTO.

TENTS, AWNINGS, FLAGS,

Camping Outfits the Best in the World.

FOR SALE OR RENT.

Send stamp for Catalogue. Special discount to large buyers. 10/13

National Manufacturing Co'y.,
70 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

CHINA HALL,

49 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

Breakfast, Dinner, Dessert and Tea Services of every description of China—Painted, Enamelled and Printed from Celebrated Makers in England and France.

ROYAL WORCESTER ORNAMENTS.

DOULTON ORNAMENTS.

WEDGEWOOD & SONS' ORNAMENTS.

COPELAND & SONS' ORNAMENTS.

GLASS PATENT JAM JARS.

WHITE JAM POTS. 48/52

STONE PRESERVING JARS.

GLOVER HARRISON, Importer.

DOMINION BREWERY,

ROBERT DAVIES,

BREWER AND MALTSTER, 20/26

QUEEN ST. EAST, TORONTO.

Celebrated for the Finest Ale, Porter and Lager Beer in the Dominion.

The large and increasing demand for my Ales, Porter and Lager Beer compelled me to increase my manufacturing capacity to double, and now I can

BREW DAILY 12,000 GALLONS.

The fact that the Dominion Brewery is only seven years in operation, and that it has far outstripped all the old establishments and is now the leading brewery in the Dominion, speaks for the quality of the Ales, Porter and Lager Beer produced, and which is made from the

Choicest Malt, English, Bavarian, American, Californian and Canadian Hops.

No substitutes or deleterious substances ever used, and

CAN ALWAYS BE RELIED UPON AS PURE. My India Pale Ale and XXX Porter in Bottle surpasses anything made here, and equal to any imported.

One trial is all that is necessary to enroll you amongst my numerous customers.

Be sure you get the Dominion Brands.

THE WEEK.

Third Year.
Vol. III., No. 39.

Toronto, Thursday, August 26th, 1886.

\$3.00 per Annum.
Single Copies, 10 Cents.

CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

	PAGE
CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES—	
Affairs in England.....	Goldwin Smith. 619
The Lake of the Woods.....	C. 620
Jottings along the C. P. R.....	E. S. 620
Mr. Bayard as a Jingo Statesman.....	B. 621
Our Paris Letter.....	L. L. 621
Notes from the Continent.....	622
CORRESPONDENCE—	
Insurance.....	Canada for the Canadians. 622
The Future of Canada.....	C. F. B. 623
TOPICS OF THE WEEK—	
The Chicago Convention.....	624
Mr. Finerty's Blunder.....	624
Ill-success of the Convention.....	624
Prospects of Home Rule.....	624
The Russian and Canadian Press.....	624
Lord Rosebery on the Batoum Question.....	624
An English-German Alliance.....	625
Eruption of the Balkan Volcano.....	625
NOTES.....	
POETRY—	
Summer Vacation.....	Queens. 626
SOME OF LORD LYTTON'S NOVELS.—II.....	J. Ralph Murray. 626
THE SHIP OF STATE (POEM).....	Selected. 628
READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.....	
FAIR SLEEPER AWAKE (POEM).....	John Hulson. 629
OUR LIBRARY TABLE.....	629
LITERARY GOSSIP.....	630

AFFAIRS IN ENGLAND.

I HAVE already renounced the idea of sending news. Any private information which I may have, if it is of importance, is sure to become public and to be cabled long before my letter can appear in THE WEEK. I can only say what occurs to me about the general situation here.

THE speech of Lord Hartington to his followers, clearly and in resolute tones declaring that he will not allow a Separatist party to come into power, has produced an excellent effect. The collapse of the opposition to the re-election of the Home Secretary at Birmingham also shows that the Unionists are determined and hold together. There would probably have been no opposition at all had Mr. Matthews's character stood higher and his record as a Unionist been clear. The National Liberal Federation, which represents the extreme Radicals, has come out with a manifesto directly in favour of Mr. Gladstone's policy; but I should not wonder if the fact that, as nothing succeeds like success, nothing fails like failure were soon to be illustrated by defections from the Separatist cause. Not one English or Scotch Separatist in ten supports the policy from conviction, or would adhere to it if the personal authority of its author were withdrawn.

I continue however to regret Lord Hartington's decision not to join the Government. There is far more affinity between him and the moderate Conservatives than there is or ever can be between him and the extreme Radicals. The reunion of the Liberal Party under a leader of his opinions, which he evidently has in view, seems to me a desperately difficult undertaking; nor do I see how he can well sit, as he proposes, on the front bench of one party and at the same time be, on the burning question of the day, in the councils of the other. The immediate consequence of his refusal to join is that, in place of the strong Executive which the country so urgently needs, and which he might have given it, we have a Ministry which, as a Tory member of Parliament writing to the *Times* says, is received with general groans, and of which, there is too much reason to fear, the leading spirit is Lord Randolph Churchill. It is commonly believed that Lord Hartington is much under the influence of Sir Henry James, who is rather a Unionist in his own despite, having deeply committed himself before Mr. Gladstone turned, and is very anxious for a reconciliation with Mr. Gladstone; but I have reason to think that this is not the case. What had more weight, I suspect, was the unwillingness of some of Lord Hartington's followers to "cross the House." This is a curious instance of the influence of architecture on politics. Had the House been in the form of an amphitheatre, the dreadful formality would not have been requisite, and the much desired coalition might have taken place.

THE Belfast riots are most calamitous; but they will at all events show the world whether the hostile religions and races in Ireland are likely to lie down in peace together as soon as the moderating hand of the Imperial Parliament is withdrawn. Mr. Gladstone's Government had actually, and almost avowedly, surrendered to a lawless conspiracy, and the reign of law in Ireland had ceased. Outbreaks of violence are the natural result. But the responsibility rests partly upon Lord Randolph Churchill, who, upon the miscarriage of his intrigue with the Parnellites, went over to

deliver incendiary harangues at Belfast. To a trial of strength we may unhappily come at last, and the Swiss and Americans, in my judgment, did right in preferring civil war itself to dismemberment. But till the constitutional battle had been thoroughly fought out, an appeal to force ought not to have been named, and premature incitements to it, especially when they proceeded from a mere political gamester, were greatly to be condemned.

I WAS at a play last night of which the hero was an Irishman, speaking with his national accent and dressed in his national colours. He was received by the audience with delight. This was in London, the heart of Unionism, where Mr. Gladstone's name would call forth a storm of hisses. In the whole of this fierce campaign I have not heard an expression or seen a sign of ill-feeling or disrespect on the part of the English towards the Irish people. To foreign conspirators seeking the destruction of Great Britain or their confederates here, the "brutal English masses," as the *Irish World* calls them, cannot be expected to be very kind.

THE conduct of Mr. Chamberlain, who expressly accepts Lord Hartington's leadership, of Sir George Trevelyan, Mr. Courtney, and other strong Liberals, ought to be a sufficient answer to the allegation that a Liberal is deserting his flag and going over to the Tories because he opposes the dismemberment of his country by its enemies. Would Cavour or Garibaldi have allowed a conspiracy, say, of foreign ultramontanes to sever Sicily from Italy, or have forfeited the name of Liberal by resistance?

GREAT interest is naturally felt in the movements of Mr. Gladstone. It was believed that he was going to stump Ireland; but the design, if it was ever entertained, has been abandoned. He would have done much mischief to what he calls the "blackguard" Union; but he would have done fully as much to himself; for a party leader stumping a province in the interest of national dismemberment amidst the waving of foreign flags and rebel cheers is more than a nation with a breath of patriotic spirit left in it would bear. But Mr. Gladstone has no thought of ceasing to trouble or of being at rest. He is always sighing for repose; but there is always some imperative duty which enjoins him once more to grasp at power. His spirit is said to be buoyant and his strength still marvellous. He will do the Union much harm yet.

THE Imperial Federationists seem at last inclined to put their views in a definite form, and to take some practical steps. Now certainly is their time, if ever. I observe, however, that very little was said at the Conference about either of the two vital points, contribution to Imperial armaments and conformity to an Imperial tariff. While these are shirked, it is useless to talk either about general sentiment or about postal communication. Nor will any contribution to Imperial armaments be of much value except in the form either of regular forces, naval and military, or of cash.

THE Colonial Exhibition is still thronged and must be pronounced a splendid success. I am sorry to learn that exasperation has been caused by the exclusion from sale in the Canadian department of my friend Mr. Arnold Haultain's work on our Rebellion. I am persuaded that the sole motive was the fear, which I cannot think unfounded, of the effect which prints of Indian atrocities might produce on the imagination of intending settlers. The people have no idea of Canadian geography or of the remoteness of the scene of war; they very likely would not read the letter-press explaining the prints, and they would jump to the conclusion that to be murdered, scalped, or looted by Indians was a common liability of Canadian life. Knowing their ignorance and their openness to delusion, I believe I should myself have felt it necessary, though it would have been very unpleasant, to do what the High Commissioner has done.

London, August 11th, 1886.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

AN amusing anecdote respecting Edmond About is being told. After the first instalment of a novel of his had appeared in *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, he went to ask for his money, only to be informed that it was not the custom of the *Revue* ever to pay for the first article of any author. "Very well," said About, quietly, "if it is not your custom, no matter," and he went on his way. But when they sent to him for the manuscript of the second instalment of the story, he refused to send it, saying that it was not his custom ever to send the second instalment of a story until he had been paid for the first.

THE LAKE OF THE WOODS.

THE pilgrim who enters Ontario from the west and abides for a time at Rat Portage, the first point of importance that he reaches, is apt to be impressed with the provincialism that seems to pervade the atmosphere, in striking contrast to the cosmopolitan spirit of the west. Not many years since, when the Boundary Question was a vital problem, that freedom which is the characteristic of western communities seemed to run riot in the Disputed Territory; but now that municipal government, with its abundant officialism, has been imposed by the firm and paternal hand of Mr. Mowat, there is but little to distinguish the citizens of Rat Portage from those of any ordinary Ontario town. It is only raised out of the average by the unequalled hideousness of the town itself and the unrivalled beauty of the surrounding district. To one who knew its people well in the time of the boundary troubles, when they were divided into various angry factions, it seems odd to find them now transformed into thoroughly law-abiding and peaceful ratepayers, with a keen interest in the government policy of road improvements. Provincialism is certainly no crime, but, rightly or wrongly, the people of the North-west charge that in Ontario it finds its chosen home. Not a few of them, of perhaps a more malicious turn of mind, say that Toronto is, at the present time, its most refined and cultured exponent.

The future of most of the people of Rat Portage seems to be bound up in the ultimate success of the mining industries of the Lake of the Woods. In every direction, far down the Lake, down the Winnipeg River, and along the line of railroads, mining locations have been taken up by enterprising explorers and investors; and, even to the unpractised eye, the indications are clear that when sufficient capital is forthcoming there will be a rich return. In the meantime, however, all active operations have been effectually checked by the uncertainty amongst locatees as to title to their properties. It is true that the Ontario Legislature has enacted a mining law similar to those prevailing in the western States. But the refusal of the Dominion Government to recognize the title of the Ontario Government to the lands and minerals in the lately disputed Territory, has prevented the latter from issuing patents or mining leases. Pending this state of affairs, outside capital has not come to the assistance of those who are holding mining locations simply by right of discovery. I know a case (by no means an isolated one of its kind) where a location was taken up in 1880 and held since then, through poverty and many hardships, in the vain hope of finally securing a title. We visited the property and found it guarded, in the interests of the original holder, by a graduate of the Black Hills, a practical miner, who showed us the immense veins of quartz that traversed the location. Scarcely a fragment of the ore can be examined that does not show numerous traces of free gold. Several owners have heretofore trusted in the good faith of the Government and invested considerable capital in developing their properties, but at the present time only one shaft is being sunk on the whole lake. In every well-regulated house in Rat Portage there can always be found a collection of specimens from mines in which the head of the household has an interest, and from which "some day" he expects to extract a fortune. It is a great pity that the two contending Governments cannot join in guaranteeing security of title to those who proceed under the provisions of the Ontario Act. The treatment meted out to the settlers in the Rainy River district, some of whom have been settled there for years, is still more shameful.

While loitering about the lake we saw a party of four Winnipeg gentlemen—one of them a well-known Q.C.—embarking just below the first falls on a canoe trip of two hundred miles down the Winnipeg river, through a district almost unexplored and wholly unsettled. Their deeply laden canoes, guided by two dexterous natives, were well provided with everything, from maple molasses and hard tack to hymn-books and musical instruments. No article, however, of their luxurious outfit seemed to excite half as much solicitude as did the unadorned proportions of a rather bulky keg. Their intended course was down the Winnipeg River to its mouth at Fort Alexander, and thence along the easterly shore of Lake Winnipeg to Selkirk. The last sound we heard, as the canoes were gently borne down the current of the majestic stream, was the shrill note of an Orange party-tune, played by the Q.C. aforesaid, probably in exultation over the defeat of Gladstone, of which we had just heard.

It is singular that the beauty of the Lake of the Woods is not more generally known. But when Winnipeg becomes a great pork, wheat, and cattle centre, with rail communication to Hudson's Bay, and competing lines to the south, its millionaires will make Rat Portage a rival of Minnetonka, and will substitute lakeside villas for the unlovely Indian tepees that now decorate the shores of the lake. This land of lake, rock, and forest will always exercise a fascination over those who dwell upon the level and monotonous prairie, and are confined, in their aquatic exercises, to the waters of the turbulent and muddy Red.

Descriptions of scenery are generally tiresome and always fail to reproduce the beauty of the reality. But a trip of a few hours down the lake, passing from Rat Portage through the unexpected and picturesque Devil's Gap into the varied and ever-changing expanse beyond, would, in its enchanting beauty, prove delightful to the most *blasé* traveller. The scenery along the Rainy River (which flows from Rainy Lake to the Lake of the Woods) is even more picturesque. To understand the prodigality of nature here, one needs to learn that the Lake of the Woods, though but sixty miles in length, has fifteen hundred miles of coast-line, and is dotted with seven thousand islands. This latter statement, though undoubtedly exaggerated, does not seem improbable to the voyager, whose eye almost grows weary in watching the constant and rapid changes in the view about him. Truly, after sojourning here for a space, one can appreciate the force of the last words of a Canadian journalist, whose spirit passed away on its shores: "The beauty of the Lake of the Woods pervades me." C.

Winnipeg.

JOTTINGS ALONG THE C. P. R.

THE boundary of the Province of British Columbia is formed by the watershed of the main range of the Rockies; it commences at the summit of these mountains as they are approached from Calgary lying at their eastern base. The plan adopted by the Canadian Pacific Railway in order to obtain a passage for their road over the apparently insurmountable natural barrier which intervenes between the North-west Territories and the Pacific Coast is quite obvious to a close observer. It consists in laying the course of the line up the valley of one river towards its source in the mountains, and down the valley of another towards its mouth till the ocean is reached. To illustrate this, I will describe the course of the C. P. R. from the prairie region terminating at Calgary on the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains. It there enters the valley of the Bow River (flowing east from the Rockies), and follows it to the summit of the mountains, or boundary of British Columbia, which it crosses through the celebrated Kicking Horse Pass, then descends the valley of that river on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains till it enters the valley of the Columbia; this it follows for seventeen miles to Donald, where it crosses the Columbia River and runs for thirteen miles along its left bank, to the mouth of the Beaver River; and this it follows to the summit of the Selkirks, where it enters Rogers's Pass and descends the western side of the Selkirk Range by the valley of the Ille-cille-waet to Revelstoke, the second crossing of the Columbia River. The Gold Range of mountains now bars the way, and is surmounted by the valley of the Eagle River, crossed at Eagle Pass, and descended on the west side by way of the Thompson and Fraser Rivers through the Cascade Range to the Pacific Coast.

Donald is the principal town in the mountain region, and owes its importance to the Canadian Pacific Company, which, impressed by its favourable situation, selected it as the end of the mountain and commencement of the coast division of their road. To facilitate their arrangements they have cleared the Columbia Valley, and protected it thoroughly from fire by a judicious cutting of the bush, and have erected large workshops in which all necessary repairs between Donald and Vancouver are to be executed, besides a commodious and artistic station and lunch room and a twelve-stall engine-house. It is anticipated that about two hundred and fifty men will be permanently employed at Donald. The wide, well-gravelled yard, with its numerous tracks and lines of cars, gives the town a very imposing appearance as the eastern and western trains approach it; and the busy sound of the clang of hammer and anvil from the outlying shops indicates the bustle and activity prevailing in the Columbia Valley. The Company, in addition to their other improvements, have put up a large boarding-house for their employés, and also opened an extensive shop, which carries on a thriving business and supplies any wants which the bona-fide tradesmen of Donald cannot minister to. At present, the stock of the two shops is limited to the actual necessities of existence, and these do not cover an extensive scale. Glass, plate, and crockery can be procured; but cooking utensils and tins of all kinds must be supplied by the Company's "store."

Donald boasts a hotel known as "The Selkirk House," a frame building of modest exterior (with which I have no personal acquaintance, my own house being ready and waiting for my advent): it is beautifully situated, facing the whole eastern range of the Rocky Mountains, and forms the beginning of a long line of frame, log, and tent structures (western "shacks"), which stretch away westward down the valley, following the line of the railway, which here runs in a small cutting. About one hundred feet or more of level ground lies between the shacks and the line, filled with an untidy collection of rough stones, timber, and *débris* of all

sorts, outside of which, on the edge of the bank above the track, runs the roughest of waggon roads.

I wish I could convey some idea of this rambling street (if it deserves the name). "The Selkirk House" at the east end stands a little back from the line in an angle of its own; its neighbour is a store turned gable-end on the street, a frame building occupied by a general dealer who is also a justice of the peace; then follows a tent building with a wooden front, the "Woodbine Hotel"; to this succeed a number of saloons and restaurants which rejoice in the suggestive names of "Delmonico's," "The Ideal," "The Hub," "The Chop House"; then a few more shops and tent houses, the end of the row being formed by "The Windsor Hotel," a rival of the "Selkirk," but of still more modest dimensions. This hostelry of ambitious nomenclature occupies the last of the high ground; the bank to the west of it falls away in a low wooded bottom recalling the ancient bed of some mighty stream. The railroad is here raised high above the level of the ground, and a half-mile westward crosses the Columbia River, which has formed the western boundary of the valley and town but at that point turns due east and makes a decided loop in its devious course.

The water of the Columbia is a curious muddy green, caused by the deposits from the mountains and the melting snow, which swells its turbid current as it flows smoothly and rapidly along between its high wooded banks. It is not at all a wide river at Donald, but it possesses all the natural wild beauty that its picturesque course can give it, enhanced by the odd colour of its water, which harmonises with the deep greens of the surrounding banks and heights. It takes its rise in the Columbia Lakes, and flows in a generally direct course to the north-west for some seventy miles.—"At this point, the Columbia," says Mr. Fleming, "completely changes its course and runs almost directly south to Washington Territory in the United States." It is navigable from Golden City upwards towards its source at the Lakes—one of the most beautiful districts of British Columbia, which has lately been opened to the public through the enterprise of Mr. Thomas B. Cochrane, of Quarr Abbey, Ryde, Isle of Wight. He launched, this summer, the trim little steamer, *Duchess*, a vessel sixty feet long, driven by a stern wheel. Her engines were bought in Montreal, and shipped to Golden City in the spring; the hull was built on the banks of the Columbia under the superintendence of Mr. F. P. Armstrong, of Montreal. She has excellent cabin accommodation for eight people, and can carry forty tons of freight. I copy from the *Winnipeg Free Press* some further particulars of the new steamer and the district she has opened up, in her connection of the C. P. R. with the Kootenay Valley. "The trim little craft, *Duchess*, is now making regular trips from Golden City up the Columbia River to the Columbia Lakes, thus opening out a portion of the country which has been almost isolated from the rest of the world. There are about thirty or forty ranchers in this district who have well stocked ranches and who can raise roots, vegetables, and grain in abundance. There are also about two hundred Chinamen washing gold in the neighborhood, taking out from two to four dollars per day to the man. Gold dust is the principal specie of the country. The trip is described to be very romantic and enjoyable; it is about three days and a half. In September, large quantities of cranberries and other fruits ripen, and great numbers of bears come down to the valleys and afford capital sport to hunters, while the streams abound with fish. We have already heard of several hunting parties that intend visiting the locality this season."

E. S.

MR. BAYARD AS A JINGO STATESMAN.

NATURE is full of compensations. Men fill their minds twice a day with the big and little happenings of the whole round world, but they retain less than their fathers did, and tire sooner of the little they keep. Wherefore it is that the Press lately ceased to bother itself with what Canada was doing to our fishermen, and gave itself entirely to the sudden quarrel with Mexico over Mr. Cutting. That topic has now declined to the strictly personal question of the propriety of Secretary Bayard's behaviour toward the Government of Mexico, and that being manifestly the last stage of the affair, journalistically considered, a new flare-up on the Russo-Afghan boundary would not be unwelcome in the foreign department of our Press.

It is always the unexpected that happens, says the familiar French proverb, and the Cutting incident supplies a double illustration of it, for Mr. Bayard is about the last man in public life that we would expect to see turn Jingo, and it is rather queer that the first dispute with Mexico, after so much immoveable capital had been planted by Americans in that restless country, should be totally dissociated from any question of property right or security.

With regard to Mr. Bayard's action and responsibility the plain fact is that upon the report of the American Consul that Mr. Cutting, a citizen

of the United States, was imprisoned at El Paso, awaiting trial for an offence committed in Texas against the person of a Mexican citizen, he made a peremptory demand upon the Federal Government of Mexico for the immediate and unconditional release of the prisoner. That Government, without independent knowledge of the case, which was one arising in the local courts of the State of Chihuahua, but accepting for the moment the statement of facts submitted by the American Consul, promised immediate and friendly attention, at the same time calling Mr. Bayard's notice to an article in the penal code of Chihuahua, borrowed from the civil-law jurisprudence of Modern Europe, which would sustain the jurisdiction of the courts of that State even upon the *ex parte* statement of the Consul. Mr. Bayard emphasized his demand for an immediate and unconditional release of Cutting, and applied to Congress for a vote of approval, which was not granted. Up to this stage he had not availed himself of the information contained in the judicial record of the cause, nor applied to the law officers of the United States for an opinion as to the public law of nations applicable to the Mexican claim of jurisdiction upon the American statement of facts; nor had he, in the language or tenour of his demand, regarded the federal character of the political organization of Mexico, which, as in our own case, withholds from the central authority power over the domestic concerns of the several federated States. Not to mince words, he chose to ignore the existence of laws or of a constitutional distribution of powers in Mexico (upon which, as existing in the United States, he had so strongly dwelt in a correspondence with the Chinese Minister concerning the massacres in Washington Territory), and he saw proper to address the President of the Mexican Republic as though he were a supreme despot, in whom was embodied all the law, order, and force existent in that country.

The American people, minus an insignificant rabble along the Rio Grande, feel kindly toward Mexico; they understand how their own strength and progress unavoidably appear as a menace to the political integrity of their comparatively weak and backward neighbour; they sympathise heartily with the sentiment of nationality and independence so strongly entertained by the Mexican people; they rejoice at every sign of constitutional development and stability in Mexico; they aspire to no other rôle than that of a benevolent and disinterested patron of the little republic in whose behalf they bearded the last Napoleon. Mr. Bayard might have looked the world over for a country at which to strike a heedless or a wanton blow without making a worse choice than he has made, so far as concerns his standing with his own people. The question of motive could not be discussed here with kindness, nor probably with justice, upon present information. The unhappy statesman is at this moment engaged in an angry strife with influential sections of the Press and public men of the United States, and is conducting this collateral controversy with so much of weakness and folly as to lead me to suspect that incapacity rather than conscious purpose has had the most to do with his mischievous blundering in the direction of our diplomatic relations with Mexico. However that may be, it is consoling to see that the national sentiment is sound to the core, even against the influence of misleading appeals to patriotic inflammation, and when the constitutional leaders of public opinion in foreign affairs have abdicated or abused their functions. B.

Washington, August 21st, 1886.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

WE are passing through a truly Parisian summer—heat, scandal, and fêting. "L'affaire Boulanger" is, of course, *le plat du jour*. But a month ago the hero of the people, at this hour a veritable stag at bay, with a thousand yelping hounds at his heels, the poor Minister of War appears in anything but a flattering light. In the battle of words of which he has been the cause, certain characteristics we suspected rather dormant in the Frenchman have shone forth with dazzling brightness. We have had interminable discourses on truth and honour delivered with amusing vim. In an evil hour the General Boulanger, when charged with dire ingratitude towards the Duc d'Aumale, to whom it was said he owed his generalship, and whom he had been instrumental in dismissing from the army, denied owing M. le Duc anything, and proclaimed that he would very much like to see the letter of acknowledgment his opponents averred he had written to his former general. Whereupon a facsimile was published in several journals, and not only of this letter, but of others, in which M. Boulanger addresses the Duc d'Aumale as Monseigneur, and appears altogether by no means one of the least devoted of the officers under this general's orders. Still the imprudent Minister swore that the first of the epistles was a forgery, and the others merely conventional affairs and proved nothing. Then the papers went quite frantic—for a Frenchman to lie, for a French-

man to be so basely ungrateful, why he ought to be put out of office on the moment. Then the poor general's style was attacked, his grammar and—his beard, an unluckily fine feature of his. There are several things which are, I think, incontestible—M. Boulanger's capacity as a soldier, his lying when he denied having written to the Duc d'Aumale a letter of thanks for this latter's obtaining for him his present grade, and, on the other hand, the Duc d'Aumale's meanness in publishing the said letter. Much has been prated about honour, but very little knowledge of what true honour is has been manifested after all. It is at times no easy matter to pose upon a pedestal to the satisfaction of every one. M. Boulanger declares himself first and foremost a devoted servant of the Republic, and as such considered it his duty to exclude M. d'Aumale from the army, this latter not having won the star, as he, M. Boulanger had won it, by gradual promotion. But, considering what a general the Duc d'Aumale has proved himself, this talk has rather a false ring about it. On the other hand, that private gratitude should influence public duty seems illogical. M. Boulanger can scarcely be blamed for relegating personal feelings to the winds, when his country is in question! But he can certainly be condemned for pretending to believe that his duty which in reality he knows to be nothing of the sort. To be taunted with owing M. d'Aumale everything, he, the hero, already not a little drunk with glory! it was a hard test, but he succumbed in truly ignominious fashion. We have a sorry spectacle before us of two great soldiers who might have shown themselves great men, but figured after all as less than ordinary mortals.

The time of excitement is over, the last of the book-laden, laurel-crowned children, have left the lycées. The most interesting of the "prize-givings" which occupy almost every day of this month, was held last week in the Sorbonne. Boys from all the lycées and colleges take part here. The tribunes at either end of the great hall were filled with amusingly satisfied relatives and friends. A mass of pale-faced, excited students formed a picturesque contrast to the scores of sedate doctors in their gowns of black, with linings of purple, crimson, and yellow. After the discourse of Monsieur Goblet, Ministre des Beaux-Arts et de l'Instruction Publique, the prizes were distributed. A strange feature is that not only do the boys receive books, but ivy wreaths as well, which, however, are not allowed to figure long on their youthful heads. It is all very right to look continually upon the ludicrous side of things, but there should be some portion of our souls upon which laughter should have no effect. The lack of sentiment and imagination in some of these young Frenchmen was to be deplored. Picture an ancient Roman throwing his laurel wreath upon the roadside!

L. L.

Paris, August 8th, 1886.

NOTES FROM THE CONTINENT.

A PROVERB says a Spaniard would sell his shirt to preserve his sword. This may explain why Spain possesses 520 generals—sufficient not only to maintain an armed peace but to command all the armies of Europe. Then, everybody is a chevalier in the Peninsula. In reference to the Spanish Parliament, or Cortes, M. Vasili asserts, the more it is changed the more it remains the same. This is due to the elector being simply a voting machine, hired according to the necessities of the situation, and paid for on the ordinary principle of supply and demand. Every Government can thus obtain its desired majority. In point of stability, the finances are about as stable as the Cortes: there is no money; nothing is permanent—but the deficit; nothing more constantly promised—than the balancing of the budget. No country, save Spain, has so many newspaper readers; the Press there resembles a good deal that of France—a hundred years behind the age. Every public man has his own journal, or horn-blower; the papers are sold throughout the night, as well as during the day. The only paying journals are those patronised by the clergy; that is to say, the Carlist organs.

When the Duc d'Anjou arrived in Spain as Philip V. he wished naturally to imitate his grandfather, Louis XIV., by founding an academy similar to that of France. The consequences were nearly alike, too; the best men were not elected "Immortals," and those so honoured duly waned in talent. The Spanish, as the French Academy, has not yet completed its dictionary. Happily, this does not prevent private individuals from bringing national works to a successful ending. As in China and other countries, the ordinary theatres are patronised like cabs; that is, so much per hour—half a franc. A play lasts for a fixed number of minutes; so, during an evening the spectators are several times renewed. Spain, it is alleged, would be the happiest country in the world were politicians and functionaries but abolished—other countries, if similarly treated, might also be converted into paradises. In Spain, however, these govern-

ing classes are manufactured in the universities, and are turned out half foxes and half wolves. Spanish ladies adore courage, and the soldier who gaily exposes his life every day finds great favour in their eyes. In France, the fair sex now adore an official with a fat sinecure. This shows the Pyrenees still exist.

WHETHER the Panama Canal Company will ever find the necessary money to sink in its venture, since it shirked the parliamentary Committee of Enquiry, solicited by M. de Lesseps himself to examine its books, etc., M. Boell is of opinion that the route can never be regarded as safe for travellers' health till Colon and Panama are sanitarily ameliorated. M. Christian, after his visit thirty years ago, wrote that the climate of Colon secured the unenviable name of the region of "the grave of the Spaniards," who more than once had to abandon their galleons, the sailors having been killed off by fevers. In 1726, when the English blockaded the place, they had to raise the blockade and fly to Jamaica, fearing they would have no men left to work the vessels.

To-day, only negroes, mulattoes, chiefly officials, and a few whites, can stand the climate of Colon. The small garrison has to be changed every three months for health's sake. No woman can there survive an accouchement. Imported European domestic animals lose their power of reproduction. The heat, humidity, and miasma kill all new plants introduced. Matters are about as bad to-day, according to M. de Molinari, who has just visited the spot: for him, Colon is a cesspool, a hotbed of contagion, compared with which the Jews' dens of White Russia, Toulon, Genoa, Naples, and old Stamboul, are hygiene itself. Fire purifies all things; but in Colon, after a conflagration the ruins become filth in the midst of a morass. The side-ways, left free on the rail line from Colon to Panama, are long ditches filled with mud through which the laden mules plod up to their middle. Some shanties built on piles and in lively colours—painted sepulchres—seem to attract the eye. They are sirens, covering open receptacles for night-soil, every kind of household garbage and detritus. Waterclosets are as unknown as drains.

Panama is not quite so bad as Colon, especially the new city, save when the vaults are full and relatives do not pay for the lodgings of their dead, then the latter are ejected into the marshes. There is no sweet water in either Colon or Panama. Yellow fever rules the Isthmus, and sanitary engineering ought to precede the isthmus-piercing. The population is left free to indulge in all filthy habits, which of course contribute to augment the fetid atmosphere hanging its dead weight over the canal works and railway. The drinking water supplied both to Colon and Panama has to be brought by rail from the interior. Not the least of the blunders of the Canal Company was to commence the venture before having secured a supply of sweet water.

M. SIMONIN condemns the proposed universal language, *Volapuk*. Doubtless it would be useful to repair the calamity of the Tower of Babel. Descartes, Leibnitz, the Abbé Sicard, etc., have tried their hands on a uniform tongue, but only they themselves were able to comprehend their systems. M. Schleyer, of Constance, brings out *Volapuk*. "*Vola*" is the genitive of the German "*velt*," universe; and "*pük*" is a philological alchemy from the English to speak—hence, the language of the universe. Max Müller applauds the system. "Paul and Virginia" and Dickens' "Christmas Carols" have been put into a *Volapuk* dress. *Volapuk* is destined for the commercial world—an international medium of communication, as is the Marine Signal Code for sailors.

The commercial language of the world is English, and is destined to so continue. There are 17,000 newspapers in the world published in English, 7,000 in German, and 3,500 in French. These are the best watermarks for measuring the tide of language.

CORRESPONDENCE.

INSURANCE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—A Government measure presented at the last session of the Dominion Parliament to consolidate the various insurance laws of the country afforded an opportunity to underwriters to lay their objections to the bill before the Committee of Banking and Commerce. Strange to say, they were met in most violent opposition by a few manufacturers and representatives of foreign insurance companies, the former presenting in the arguments of themselves and legal counsel whom they had engaged the anomaly of advocating most strenuously for "free-trade" in insurance, while "ultra-protectionists" in seeking legislation concerning their own trades. If our esteemed friend Professor Goldwin Smith had been present, how his eye would have twinkled at the argument of free trade presented with so much force by Mr. Rosamond, Mr. Turnbull, and others, before a committee largely composed of the Government and Members pledged to

The Week.

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

TERMS:—One year, \$3.00; eight months, \$2.00; four months, \$1.00. Subscriptions payable in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS, unexceptionable in character and limited in number, will be taken at \$4 per line per annum; \$2.50 per line for six months; \$1.50 per line for three months; 20 cents per line per insertion for a shorter period.

Subscribers in Great Britain and Ireland supplied, postage pre. aid, on terms following:—One year, 12s. stg.; half-year, 6s. stg. Remittances by P. O. order or draft should be made payable and addressed to the Publisher.

All advertisements will be set up in such style as to insure THE WEEK's tasteful typographical appearance, and enhance the value of the advertising in its columns. No advertisement charged less than FIVE lines. Address—T. R. CLOUGHIER, Business Manager, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto. C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

"SPEAKS Suffolk as he thinks?" Not at Chicago at any rate. "Don't speak your mind," was the *mot d'ordre* at the Fenian Convention, a caution adopted in consequence of the posting of a cablegram from T. P. O'Connor, in which that gentleman said that Mr. Finerty's speech and the address adopted at Ogden's Grove had done incalculable injury to the cause of Home Rule, both in the English and Scotch constituencies. Accordingly, Patrick Ford's opening address, as was to be expected, when he was lying low, came from sugared lips, and there was nothing to conflict with his gentle words, save the motto on the wall—"We are for Irish liberty—peacefully if we can, otherwise if we must." Patrick Ford was right in his caution, and his fellow-conspirators were wise in their generation. The eyes of England are upon them; and any indiscreet candour on their part just now, with Parliament sitting, might have been very awkward for the Parnellite branch in Parliament. No wonder Mr. Parnell regarded the Convention with nervous dread: he too was watching it, with an apprehension not felt by any Englishman; and when it succeeded in separating without explicitly confirming the popular impression as to his connexion with the apostles of murder and outrage, his sigh of relief must have been most hearty.

MR. JOHN F. FINERTY'S public declaration of the willingness of the American-Irish to accept such bills as Mr. Gladstone's as a payment on account, but not as a settlement in full, closing the business, might well produce consternation in the conspirators' camp. It was highly indiscreet at that critical moment to show their hand so plainly: the thing was managed much better last spring, when, just previous to the introduction of the Gladstone Home Rule Bill, the Queen was universally toasted at the St. Patrick's Society banquets throughout British territory. Of course no one of any sense was deceived by that unwonted display of loyalty, any more than they would have been deceived if the Chicago Convention had now, with vociferous cheering, passed a resolution affirming their hearty approval of the Decalogue; but it is politic to keep up appearances: the recent elections in Great Britain have shown that common sense is as nothing to a great minority of people when weighed in the balance against the hallucination of a Grand Old Man of influence; and to throw into the scale anything that makes it clearer that this influential convert to Nationalism is labouring under a delusion, was, to say the least of it, highly injudicious.

NONE but those who are very willing are likely to be deceived by the proceedings at the Convention. By the election of a new executive, the leaders of the Revolutionary Party—the Clan-na-Gael—whose object is, by murder and outrage if necessary, to expel England from Ireland, are removed from the public eye; but they are still members of the Irish National League, and in spite of the adoption this year of a moderate platform by the League, they would next year be again at the head of affairs, if that were thought politic. If instead of withdrawing Egan, Ford, Finerty, and Sullivan from the footlights to keep company with O'Rossa behind the scenes, the Convention had reprobated the actions of these men and expelled them from the League, we should have been most ready and glad to believe that a new leaf had been turned; but the device adopted is so transparent that we must refuse to regard it as anything but a tactical measure designed to lure the British people over the precipice to whose edge Mr. Gladstone has led them. The position the nation is placed in is a most perilous one: Englishmen are essentially fair-minded; and if the mass who have opposed Home Rule from abhorrence at the past deeds of the Parnellites could be persuaded that the leopard had changed its nature as well as its spots—that Ireland really would be benefited by being placed under the Government of a regenerated National League—why, all would soon be over. It is the duty therefore of every public man in England, not to do anything to perpetuate prejudice, but to keep his wits clear, exercise constant vigilance over rogues who only profess but do not practise repentance, and take care that the people are accurately and fully informed of the true nature of the strategical movements of the enemy.

THERE are now five visibly distinct Parties in the British House of Commons—the Tories, the Whigs, the Chamberlain Radicals, the Glad-

stonites, and the Irish,—but if we scrutinise these closely it will be found that, somewhat differently arranged, they are really four parties—the Conservative, which includes the Tories, the Hartingtonian Whigs, and some reputed Gladstonites; the Chamberlain Radical, which, though numerically weak in the House, is yet an immense power in the country, for its constituents—the very cream of Radicalism—are scattered in small, independent groups throughout England wherever there are any considerable number of working men, whom they season like salt. The third party are the Gladstonites—Scotch and Welch Radicals, a few English Radicals of the better sort, and a great many of the Caucus type of whom Mr. Labouchere may be taken as an average specimen; and, lastly, the fourth party are the Irish; and these two last mentioned Parties may by a larger generalisation be separated as Revolutionists from the Constitutional lists who compose the two Parties first mentioned. It is between these two opposed groups that the future political contests will lie in reality, notwithstanding the present artificial arrangement of Parties—and on questions other than the Irish. The Irish Question is, in fact, only an incident which has precipitated the long pending division in the Liberal Party, and has revealed the Jacobinism of the extreme Radical wing of this Party. For five or six years past the alliance between the Whigs and the Radicals, under Mr. Gladstone's lead, which has kept the Liberal Party in office so long, has been crumbling away, and is now at an end; without, we believe, much prospect of reconstruction. Its *raison d'être* for fifty years past has been to enable the Whigs to modify the programme of the Radicals in the interests of conservatism; and this was possible only while the Radical Party were content to take the shafts with the Whigs on the box. This, however, they, save the small number under Mr. Chamberlain's direct command, are no longer content to do, and hence the break-up of the old Liberal Party, which can only be reconstructed, around a nucleus afforded by Lord Hartington's or Mr. Chamberlain's followers, by accessions from the Gladstonian ranks. The extreme wing of the Radical Party, who have, we believe, finally separated from the Whigs, and now form the strength of the Gladstonite Party, are the main reliance of the Irish Party for carrying Home Rule: and how slight is the prospect of Home Rule being achieved may be estimated when it is seen that against it there is the whole conservatism of England—in which for this purpose are included not only the Tories and the Whigs, but also the better instructed working class Radicals,—and the probability of Mr. Gladstone's early removal, an event that would certainly reduce the British Home Rule Party, both in the House and the country, to a mere rump.

A ST. PETERSBURG newspaper, commenting on the change of Government in England, observes that it is more than probable that the new Conservative Ministry will postpone all internal reforms, including Irish affairs, for an indefinite term, and that Lord Salisbury will take advantage of the proposed suspension for four or five months of Parliamentary proceedings, in order to distract English public attention from Irish politics by some new exploit in foreign affairs. And a Toronto newspaper referring to what it calls "an ominous little cable despatch," relating to the Afghan Frontier Commission, says that it looks almost certain that "in order to withdraw attention from pressing home problems the British Government is about to plunge into a realm of adventure, the limits of which no man can pretend to discern." This close agreement of view between Russian opinion, which just now is markedly hostile to England, and our local contemporary is noteworthy, but scarcely surprising when it is considered what incongruities will sometimes combine in a common interest. It was a Nationalist Member of the British Parliament who, when northern barbarism was threatening the civilisation of the whole world a year or so ago, expressed a hope to see the Russians stable their horses in London, if Home Rule were not granted; and sympathy with these disappointed expectations now lands our contemporary on the same point of view with the foreign enemies of England.

LORD ROSEBERY'S note on the Batoum Question is admirable; it is dignified yet cutting; and no wonder M. de Giers was "painfully surprised" at its contents. It is not likely that the Russian Foreign Minister had much to do with the closing of the port. The act was done in so unnecessarily offensive a manner that the greater probability is it was an act of arbitrary self-will and boorishness on the part of the Czar. But whoever is responsible for it, it was poor diplomacy; for, as Lord Rosebery declares, it will tend to make the conclusion of similar treaties in future difficult, if not impossible, and to cast doubt at least upon those already concluded. It has, in fact, done away with the Berlin Treaty. In face of this open violation of the Treaty by one of the parties to it, surely none of the other parties are very strictly bound by its provisions,—not

that two wrongs can make a right—but because such an observance would be an over-scrupulousness when another violates it flagrantly at his pleasure. At any rate, England was bound to refrain from sending her ships of war into the Black Sea solely by the clause which Russia has now cut out of the Treaty, and henceforth her hands are free to strike at her enemy in this most vulnerable part, should occasion arise.

THERE is a probability that the triumph of the Unionists in the late elections has averted a great European war. This effect may be only temporary: it may be that the war must be fought out sooner or later; but certainly if Mr. Gladstone had won at the polls, his success at home would have been followed by an overwhelming disaster abroad. At once an alliance between Germany, Austria, Russia, and France, against England would have been formed, and their will would have been imposed on the feeble Disunionist Ministry. It is true that for months past Germany and Russia have been visibly drawing apart; but at the last, when the question before Prince Bismarck lay between an alliance with the Czar, or with Mr. Gladstone, he certainly would not have put the fortunes of the German Empire at hazard by allying it with a Power in a process of dissolution. Now however, the case is different. Lord Salisbury's return to power is not a triumph merely of the Tories—it is the triumph of the principle of Imperialism in government, which is as much the principle of Lord Hartington and the leaders of the true Liberal Party as of the Tories, and which the nation has just declared it prefers to the principle of provincialism and disintegration represented by Mr. Gladstone. Prince Bismarck and the Emperor are two old men, naturally anxious to get the German Empire into a position of safety before they leave; and to this end the peace of Europe must be preserved. They intend to preserve it if humanly possible; to do which they have two courses before them—an alliance with Russia, which alliance would impose its will on England, or an alliance with England, which on the contrary would impose its will on Russia. Happily for England, the destruction of the last of the Gladstone Governments has again opened the door, of late shut, to England, admitting her once more to take her due place among European Powers, in a natural alliance with Germany against Russia and France. If this can be arranged, peace is assured; for with such a combination confronting them as England, Germany, Austria, and Italy we should hear much less of French gasconade or Russian infraction of treaties and disturbance of the public peace.

THE dethronement of Prince Alexander looks like a defiance flung in the teeth of the German Powers by Russia. It has been long preparing, under a different state of things; and possibly if the alliance between the three Emperors had continued, this blow would not have been struck; but that alliance having gone to pieces, and an adverse combination threatening, evidently the blow must be dealt without delay, if at all. Russia has now succeeded in ejecting the German intruders from Bulgaria, and has fully recovered her influence in the Balkan Peninsula—a situation which must cause intense disappointment to Austria. If there is any fight in this Power she surely must show it now. And England? She has only a secondary interest, we repeat, in the affairs of the Balkan Peninsula, but she now stands face to face with the fact that Russia has achieved a predominance in Big Bulgaria, which the Treaty of Berlin denied her. It was the purpose of the Berlin Treaty to divide the Big Bulgaria of the San Stefano Treaty into two States, one of which, Roumelia, was given back to Turkey, and in the other the influence of Russia was reduced to a minimum by the appointment of an independent German Prince to the throne. But now, Roumelia having been re-joined to Bulgaria and Prince Alexander dethroned, the treaty of San Stefano is practically restored. Will England consent to this? Her policy is and should be to foster the development of the several Christian nationalities in the Balkan Peninsula, that they may take the place some day to be vacated by the Porte; but it is Russia's ambition and the end of her policy, herself to take that place, and she has succeeded in the present case, temporarily at any rate.

THE authentic account of the opening of Parliament does not contain the imaginary scene at the meeting of Mr. Gladstone, Lord Hartington, and Mr. Chamberlain, sent over the wires by the Irish news agents. Mr. Chamberlain does not seem to have been at all taken aback at Mr. Gladstone's greeting: when he first took his seat, Mr. Gladstone was not present, and when he returned to it, after leaving it for a while, Mr. Gladstone having taken his seat in the meantime, there was no immediate recognition. Presently, however, Lord Hartington entered, and pausing as he passed, shook hands with the ex-Premier, who then stretched out his hand to Mr. Chamberlain.

THE translation of a Methodist minister from the pulpit to the gallows is not an edifying prospect, but when the irreverend and fiery Dr. Pepper swore "by the throne of God" to the Fenians in Council at Chicago that should Parnell send a message—"Come and help us," there would "be at least one vacant pulpit in the United States," he deceived himself if he supposed that the cloth he disgraces would save him from filling a gallows in Ireland.

THE boycotting clause adopted by the Chicago Convention advising the people of Ireland "To hurt the enemy where he will feel most by refusing to purchase any article of English manufacture, and by using all legitimate influences to discourage tradesmen from keeping English manufactures on sale," received the hearty approval of a Mr. Lynch from Quebec, who gave the Convention the surprising information that "We, in Canada, have done the same. We, in Canada, have raised a protective tariff for that purpose." We never before suspected that the N. P. was designed to redress the wrongs of Ireland. But perhaps Mr. Lynch means that "to hurt the enemy," Canada boycotts English goods? This is quite a new view of the purpose of the N. P. We wonder whether the eminent economist who propounds it can tell us which would be most hurt if England should return Quid pro Quo, and boycott the agricultural produce of either Ireland or Canada.

APROPOS of the performance of "The Mikado" here last week, it is related that a Japanese gentleman in Hamburg went to see the "The Mikado" there, under the impression that it pretended to be a native production imported from Japan. Full of his discovery that it is no such thing, he has written a long "exposure" of it to a Hamburg newspaper. The names Nanki-poo, Ko-ko, Pooh-bah are not Japanese. "They have more resemblance with the Chinese." The embroidery of the dresses is what in Japan they embroider bed-clothes with. The girls open their mouths too widely; but one is so exquisitely beautiful that "if she were only to procure a somewhat more exact belt, she would look quite like a real Japanese." For the son of the Mikado, Nanki-poo "kisses the young girls too much." Very suspicious is the embracing, as "that fashion is not known with us in Japan." Most damning proof of all, "The Mikado" is fanciful; and in Japan all plays are prohibited that do not stick to facts.

RUSSIA is said to have been at work in her usual fashion in Macedonia, with the object of causing an insurrection in that province, and so putting Prince Alexander in a dilemma. If, the Bulgarian newspapers say, the Prince favour the insurgents, and consent to accept the rulership which they may offer him, Servia, Greece, and Turkey will all be aroused; if the Prince discourage the insurgents, the Roumeliots will raise the cry that he is an obstacle to the national unity. The *Sofia Gazette* says:—"We have nothing to expect of Austria. She objects, indeed, to a Russian occupation of Bulgaria, but if Russia can recover her ascendancy here by fomenting disturbances and revolutions, Austria will not say a word by way of protest. Our only hope is in England. Lord Salisbury may be able to rebuild the quadruple alliance of England, Germany, Austria, and Turkey, which Mr. Gladstone destroyed in 1880; and, if he does that, Russia will see the prudence of letting the Balkan States live in peace. Should he fail, we see only troubles before us."

WITH reference to Lord Randolph Churchill's announcement of an intention to send to Kerry a military officer of high rank, invested with such power as will enable him to restore order there, the accounts from Kerry show that the new Government will have very hard work if it is to restore the authority of the law there, even as regards the worst class of outrages. Even the *Kerry Sentinel* (Mr. Harrington's own paper) is alarmed, and spoke recently of "the disgraceful outrages which have been almost nightly committed in this county of late," outrages which, it says, "have no intelligible cause," and which "have not been committed in districts where evictions have been most rife." "The farmers of the county," it declares, "are beginning to exclaim very generally against the intolerable prospects of the future." "The fuller details," it goes on, "which have come to hand concerning the shooting of the man Conroy" (one of the cases of inflicting deliberate torture by shooting in the legs), "give it a more atrocious complexion than it even at first wore. There was a callous cruelty evinced by the perpetrators of that deed which makes it rank amongst the foremost of those modern barbarities for which Kerry has got a terrible notoriety." That is pretty plain speaking, and shows that the party which started the conspiracy against law is shocked at the evil things which come home to roost under the branches of the National League.

REVIEWING a second series of essays in contemporary psychology (*Nouveaux Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine*) by M. Paul Bourget, the *Athenæum* says of the author's inquiry into the causes of the pessimism of contemporary France:—What, he asks, are the causes that make this state so general and so deplorable to-day? We have already noted a few of the reasons he assigns—the habit of analysis, the spread of a scientific determinism, which impairs the individual will. In addition to these M. Bourget discerns the growth of democracy, the corruption of morals, the long depression following the disasters of 1870; last, and not least, the failure of religion. Like M. Renan, M. Bourget cherishes at heart an ineradicable Catholicism. Pessimist and sceptic though he be, none the less he is a Catholic sceptic, the offspring of a long, silent Catholic ancestry, of women who lived and men who died for their religion. This accent of unalterable piety is not the least singular charm of a very singular and charming book. M. Bourget is a sceptic filled with a profound regret for the religion in which he disbelieves. It is, he exclaims, because no longer the breath of God passes across our forehead that the flower of our thought perishes there in melancholy. And, he adds, our malady is simply the need of a Beyond.

THE attention of Canadian manufacturers of agricultural implements may be profitably turned to China as a possible market for a certain sort of manufactures. If any products whatever of China find their way across the Dominion *en route* to England, agricultural implements of various sorts can be shipped in return from here better, because the distance is less, than from England; and, according to the report of Consul Jamieson on the trade of Kin-Kiang for the past year, a certain trade might be done by English manufacturers in simple articles of agricultural use,—such as spades, hoes, and pruning-hooks—if made of approved shape and quality. Pruning-hooks are in universal use during winter for cutting the brush-wood and grass which cover all uncultivated land. Manufacturers in England are lavish in distributing trade circulars where steam-ploughs, steam-pumps, steam threshing-mills, patent harrows, and so forth, are offered for sale at tempting prices; and they are disappointed, perhaps, that no orders come from China. But all these articles are out of place there. The average holding of the Chinese peasant is about two acres, and all his implements are of the simplest kind. For these there is an unlimited demand; and if it is in the power of the English or [Canadian] manufacturers to lay them down at a price to compete with the native article, an immense trade might be done. A mere quotation of prices in China would, however, Consul Jamieson points out, be of no value without specimens of the articles themselves. British manufactures have not yet reached, as a matter of fact, more than one-tenth of the Chinese population—namely, the upper and well-to-do classes. All the remaining nine-tenths are still clothed and shod—still eat, drink, sleep, and work,—as if foreign trade, so far as they are directly concerned, were non-existent.

THE Euphrates Valley Railway and the independent telegraph line through Canada, between England and the East and Australasia, are two great works absolutely necessary to be done, for the security of the Empire and telegraphic communication with Australia is now dependent on the line through the Suez Canal, which is liable to be cut in time of war; while a cable from British Columbia would give a perfectly secure alternative line. And as to the Euphrates Valley Railway, the present Prime Minister said in 1883: "The popularity of the scheme and the great attention given to it are only some of the many signs which should make Her Majesty's Government consider that the subject of connecting the Indian Ocean and the Mediterranean is one of the most important questions of the day. Its general features are thus summarised by a *Times* correspondent:—1. It would connect Alexandretta with the head of the Persian Gulf, making Kurrachee the European port of India, saving between England and India in distance 1,000 miles, and reducing the time for mails from twenty to ten days. 2. It would enable England to maintain India with a smaller European garrison, and save large sums for transport of troops, which could be sent from England to Kurrachee in fourteen days. 3. It would subject an enemy advancing towards the North-west Frontier of India to attack in flank and rear, and, combined with the projected branches to the Bolan and Khyber from the Indus line, would render India practically secure. 4. It would make the power of England quickly felt in the East, and would enable her military establishments in India to give support to her power and prestige in Europe, giving England the first strategical position in the world. 5. It would facilitate English protection of Asia Minor, and give Persia access to a port on the Mediterranean. 6. It would be easily defensible, both termini being on the sea, accessible by the forces of England and India, the flank being protected by the Euphrates and Tigris; while Cyprus, as a *place d'armes*, would cover the terminus at Alexandretta. 7. The length of the railway would be about 920 miles and the capital required under £5,000,000.

SUMMER VACATION.

[On an island in Lake Huron.]

AH! this is freedom, this is pleasure;
And my song would fain impart
This wine of gladness, without measure,
To refresh some other heart.

The breeze comes fresh across Lake Huron,
With a whiff so blithe and gay,
It wakes to life this drowsy island
To rejoice this summer day,—

An isle so calm and weird and solemn,
With a grandeur all its own;
And hence the superstitious red man
Named it for The Great Unknown.*

To lie and rest is here a duty;
And what heart would wish for more?
But Raphael's soul would grudge such beauty
Not transferr'd to canvas store.

Yet painter's grasp would hold the pleasure
That's derived from sight alone;
For every sense here finds a treasure,
And a glory of its own.

The singing birds that rouse the forest
From its quaint and sombre dreams,
Take leading part in glad, sweet chorus,
With the song of waves and streams.

While sense of touch is sweetly sated
By the breeze that fans the face,
And by the grass so cool and verdant,
Fit for fairy feet to trace.

The air around is lightly laden
With the perfume of wild flowers;
And fragrant odour of the balsam,
From these sylvan glades and bowers.

But words cannot depict each fashion;
'Tis a sweet, delightful whole,
To thrill and charm and sooth each passion
That has entrance in the soul.

Kind Nature here bestows her blessing
In a mother's own sweet way,
A kiss it is—a fond caressing,
On this summer holiday.

Marksville, Algoma.

QUEENIE.

SOME OF LORD LYTTON'S NOVELS.—II.

Rienzi, in my judgment, is the most substantial, and, on the whole, perhaps the greatest of Lytton's novels. In it he cuts Gibbon to pieces for his treatment of that period of Roman history, and apparently with justice. No doubt the ardour for his hero, which must naturally have been excited in him, makes him a little lenient to his hero's faults, but he seems to have been the first to thoroughly appreciate *Rienzi* and his revolution. As a story, the interest is perhaps a little too much drawn out; a fault probably impossible to avoid under the circumstances.

Between *Rienzi* and *The Last Days of Pompeii* there is a distinct line of difference. *The Last Days of Pompeii* is gay, light, absorbing and dramatic; the light of the bright blue skies seems reflected in its pages. One lives, whilst reading it, in the excitement of that luxurious city; with Lepidus and Sallust and the false Clodius; in the streets where handsome Glaucus drives his chariot; in the villa of the wealthy and vulgar Diomed.

You are transported across the intervening centuries to that "miniature of civilization" on the shores of the Mediterranean. *Rienzi* is of a different style. There is more history in it and less romance; a greater work by far in my opinion. Less entertaining, no doubt; perhaps less dramatic; but a book of solidity, of worth. Wars, riots, revolutions—these make rougher material to work on than the gay scenes of a luxurious city. *Rienzi* is history set with romance; *The Last Days of Pompeii* a romance borrowing brilliance from history. The most notable character in the latter is that of Arbaces, the Egyptian. To some it may be a little difficult to believe in the possibility of qualities so contrary existing together as those which are found in this wonderful man. Vulgar deceit and the most refined vices co-existing with noble aspirations and scientific knowledge; cruel, crafty, unscrupulous, debauched, but at the same time refined, proud, ambitious, and mystical—this certainly is no common creation. It must be remembered, however, that he was an Egyptian of royal descent, a pagan philosopher who had been brought up under the influence of the Roman civilization. Keeping this in view, what appears at first sight to our cold northern natures a rather extravagant combina-

* Manitoulin—Land of The Great Spirit.

tion becomes more life-like. The mysticism centreing in Arbaces lends a weirdness and gives a contrast. On that Last Day, so wonderfully described, this dark man meets his fate as his own astrological calculations had foretold.

In *Night and Morning* the influence of Dickens is supposed to be seen. Certainly there is a good deal of low life portrayed in it, but there is, for the matter of that, just as much high life in it, if not more. Such a sentence as this, perhaps, savours somewhat of the style of the supposed model:

"And thus, not from any mental accomplishment—not from the result of his intellectual education, but from the mere physical capacity and brute habit of sticking fast on his saddle, did Philip Morton, in this great, intelligent, gifted, civilized, enlightened community of Great Britain find the means of earning his bread without stealing it."

In *Paul Clifford*, also, we are treated to a good deal of low life. *Night and Morning* is a sensational, but, it must be confessed, a very touching story, with that tinge of melancholy ineffably charming.

In both the books just mentioned Lytton insists upon what I may call the philosophy of circumstances, in which I am myself a staunch believer. This does not involve a belief in the absolute power of circumstances over intellect, industry, and will. To quote Sir Reginald Glanville: "It is true that we are the creatures of circumstances; but circumstances are also, in a great measure, the creatures of us. I mean they receive their influences from the previous bent of our own minds; what raises one would depress another, and what vitiates my neighbour might correct me." We may be believers in the philosophy of circumstances, and at the same time agree with Washington Irving when he says: "It is interesting to notice how some minds seem almost to create themselves; springing up under every disadvantage, and working their solitary but irresistible way through a thousand obstacles. Nature seems to delight in disappointing the assiduities of art, with which it would rear legitimate dulness to maturity; and to glory in the vigour and luxuriance of her chance productions. She scatters the seeds of genius to the winds, and though some may perish among the stony places of the world, and some be choked by the thorns and brambles of early adversity, yet others will now and then strike root even in the clefts of the rock, struggle bravely up into sunshine, and spread over their sterile birth-place all the beauties of vegetation." Still the seeds are numerous that are "choked by the thorns and brambles of early adversity." Lord Lilburne was a peer renowned for his cleverness and worldliness; from a difference of circumstances, Gawtreys was a felon and died a felon's death. It is noteworthy that the former, the villain of the story, gets off without visible retribution. There are some readers—they who do not thoroughly consider the truths of this life—who will yet ask, "But how is Lord Lilburne punished?" Punished: ay and indeed how? The world, and not the poet, must answer that question. Crime is punished from without. If vice is punished, it must be from within.

One feature of *What Will He Do With It?* is the half ironical, half comical headings of the chapters. For example—

"Chapter XII. In which it is shown that a man does this or declines to do that for reasons best known to himself—a reserve which is extremely conducive to the social interests of a community, since the conjecture into the origin and nature of those reasons simulates the enquiring faculties, and furnishes the staple of modern conversation. And as it is not to be denied that if their neighbours left them nothing to guess at three-fourths of civilized human kind, male or female, would have nothing to talk about; so we cannot too gratefully encourage that needful curiosity, termed by the inconsiderate, tittle-tattle, or scandal, which saves the vast majority of our species from being reduced to the degraded condition of dumb animals."

"Chapter X. In which chapter the history quietly moves on to the next."

"Chapter XIX. Very well so far as it goes."

And so on. The story, though rather drawn out, is, in my opinion, one of his best.

There is a certain resemblance between Ernest Maltravers and Guy Darrel worth noticing. Both possessing great intellectual powers, they were both subject to deep but silent emotions. They had, each of them, a tendency to desert the noisy world when their natures were shocked or hurt; and they experienced the same great want in their lives. That speech of Darrel's applied to them both: "It is a subtle truth, that where a man misses a home, a link between his country and himself is gone.

... that beautiful, genial, glorious union of all the affections, which begins at the hearth and widens round the land, is not for the hermit's cell." The two lives show the intimate connection between social and domestic sentiments, and the healthy exercise of intellectual talents. Darrel's life also shows the harmfulness of excessive pride, even in its most enticing form—the pride of family honour and repute. What may be a virtue in one set of circumstances is often the very opposite at another time, or if carried too far. We also see how Providence is apt to keep persistently standing in the way of the attainment of some object upon which we have wrongfully set our hearts.

From *What Will He Do With It?* to *Pelham* was a great fall for me. To be sure I ought to have commenced with *Pelham*. But what a change! Truly not like the same writer at all; so much so that it was almost a trouble to read the book at first. Attempts at wit and humour sadly dull. Lord Vincent is the most over-done thing in the world—a man quoting Latin on every conceivable occasion. The story is of the narrative kind, after Lesage and Smollett. The faults are too many to notice. As the story proceeds it improves and becomes very interesting. It certainly exhibits a most wonderful experience for a man of twenty-two as the

author was. You remember that remark of Arnold's, that for criticism to be worth anything the world and the world's experience must have come some considerable way. Now, if this be true of criticism, how much truer must it be of the novelist's art. No one can write a good novel who has not had a large experience of the world. Now Lytton's experience of the world, as shown even by this novel of *Pelham*, would seem to be surpassed only by his knowledge of books. The story, however, is pedantic throughout. The aim seems to be to show that out of the most frivolous customs and worldly conventionalities profit may be taken by a person who is not wholly shallow and without the power of observation. A man may mix with the world, laugh at it, and enjoy it without being wholly worldly. "They are not all Israel that are of Israel." The story was commenced when the author was only eighteen.

Kenelm Chillingly is one of the most melo-dramatic of the whole number. It wants, however, the force of *What Will He Do With It?* having no character comparable to Guy Darrel. Kenelm is an extremely clever, thoughtful young man, with all the advantages of wealth and social position, who, nevertheless, cannot be prevailed upon by his ambitious friends to enter the arena of active life. Disgusted at the deceits and expedients of political life, he becomes listless and discontented. He is misunderstood by the world and considered eccentric. Not given to making friends, even amongst the gentler sex, he is generally reputed and believes himself to be a woman-hater; generous and somewhat visionary, he feels no link with the pushing, selfish mass. He was a man with great dormant energy, but without an object. At last he falls in love. In the words of Charles Lever, "Life had now an object, and that, if not always enough for happiness, is sufficient at least to rouse those energies, which, when stagnant, produce despair." But the awakening was not for long. Although his love is returned, circumstances command that she shall marry another. Again Kenelm is thrown back upon himself. After a year's travelling he determines to return and see her, hoping thus to be cured of his wound. He finds her in her grave—dead of a broken heart. She had left a letter for him enclosing a ring which he had given her long ago. Another period of despair, and after the lapse of years he returns, fit material for a statesman. "Ah! perhaps we must—at whatever cost to ourselves—we must go through the romance of life," he exclaims, as he rouses himself from a reverie on Westminster Bridge, "before we clearly detect what is grand in its realities. I can no longer lament that I stand estranged from the objects and pursuits of my race. I have learned how much I have with them in common. I have known love; I have known sorrow." The story is too melo-dramatic for my taste. Lytton's stories, indeed, as a rule, do not end in glorious sunshine—he is too realistic for that. He generally kills his first love, and not infrequently leaves to the imagination of his readers facts concerning the after-life of his hero which would not have been uninteresting to know.

I had reserved for last place my comments upon *Ernest Maltravers* and *Alice*, but I find that I have already passed the limit of space which I had set myself for this paper. They certainly deserve an elaborate notice more than some of those which I have mentioned, especially as they are somewhat psychological in character. But the philosophy in these novels of Lytton's I shall not touch upon. I found it most difficult to analyse, and must leave my estimate to be corrected by future study. At one time the author seems rationalistic, at another he is quite an apostle of the imagination and of the instincts. On a cursory examination I should be inclined to call him a philosophical dilettante.

I must not omit the old accusation of characters a little over-done. In this category I should place Squire Brandon with his parentheses, and Caxton with his quotations.

In bringing this paper to an end let me quote a writer upon whom I have already more than once drawn. "It is certain," says he, "that no man ever made and kept a genuine success in so many different fields as those in which Lord Lytton tried and seemed to succeed. But he had splendid qualities; he had everything short of genius. He had indomitable patience, inexhaustible power of self-culture, and a capacity for assimilating the floating ideas of the hour which supplied the place of originality. He borrowed from the poet the knack of poetical expression, and from the dramatist the trick of construction; from the Byronic time its professed scorn for the false gods of the world; and from the more modern period of popular science and sham mysticism its extremes of materialism and magic; and of these and various other borrowings he made up an article which no one else could have constructed out of the same materials. He was not a great author; but he was a great literary man."* I shall not attempt to examine where the line which divides the man of genius from the man of talents lies; I shall not attempt to say what makes a great author and what a great literary man, but this opinion I may venture to express, that if ever versatility constituted genius, Lytton was a genius; and if ever the power of writing pleasing and instructive novels was considered a valid ground for claiming the title of great author, Lytton can claim the title. In the phrase so dear to Macaulay, he was a man of many parts.

J. RALPH MURRAY.

Montreal.

OF William Howitt this strange and happy thing is said: "He was one of those rare men of whom we might say that had he to live over again he would, apart from mistakes to which humanity is liable, repeat the life which has just closed so peacefully."

* McCarthy's review of the literature of the reign is the poorest chapter in the whole of his history. It gives one the impression of his having been in a hurry to close up the volume and be done with it. I have given his criticism of Lytton because it is the only one of which I knew. He was evidently not much in sympathy with the man.

THE SHIP OF STATE.

(HORACE.—BOOK I, ODE 14.)

AD PATRIAM.

SHIP of the State, beware !
 Grapple the port ; fling all thine anchors down.
 New floods, new eddies, bear
 Thy frail and shattered hull to shores unknown.

See how the rower faints upon his oar !
 Hark to the groaning of the mast
 Sore-stricken by the Libyan blast !
 Thy shrouds are burst ; thy sails are torn,
 And through thy gaping ribs forlorn
 The floods remorseless pour.

Dare not to call for aid to Powers Divine ;
 Dishonoured once they hear no more ;
 Nor boast, majestic Pine,
 Daughter of Pontic forest, thy great name,
 Old lineage, well-earned fame,
 The honours of thy sculptured prow ;—
 Sport of the mocking winds, nor feared, nor trusted now !

Alas, my country, long my anxious care,
 Source now of bitter pain and fond regret !
 Thy stars obscured, thy course beset
 By rocks unseen ; beware !
 Trust not soft winds and treacherous seas,
 Or the false glitter of the Cyclades.

Stephen E. de Vere.—*The Spectator*.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

IS EDUCATION WASTED ?

THIS morning I am altogether miserable ; half stifled by bronchitis ; walking a difficulty ; the brain weak—this last the worst misery of all, for thought is my only weapon against my other ills ; rapid deterioration of all the bodily powers ; a dull continuous waste of vital organs ; brain decay. This is the trial laid upon me, a trial that no one suspects ! Men pity you for growing old outwardly ; but what does that matter ? Nothing, so long as the faculties are intact. This boon of mental soundness to the last has been granted to so many students that I hoped for it a little. Alas ! must I sacrifice that too ? Sacrifice is almost easy when we believe it laid upon us—asked of us, rather—by a fatherly God and a watchful Providence ; but I know nothing of this religious joy.

The mutilation of the self which is going on in me lowers and lessens me, without doing good to anybody. Supposing I became blind, who would be the gainer ? Only one motive remains to me : that of manly resignation to the inevitable ; the wish to set an example to others ; the Stoic views of morals pure and simple. This moral education of the individual soul, is it, then, wasted ? When our planet has accomplished the cycle of its destinies, of what use will it have been to any one or anything in the universe ? Well, it will have sounded its note in the symphony of creation ; and for us individual atoms, second monads, we appropriate a momentary consciousness of the whole and the unchangeable, and then we disappear. Is not this enough ? No, it is not enough ; for if there is not progress, increase, profit, there is nothing but a mere chemical play and balance of combinations. Brahma, after having created, draws his creation back into the gulf. If we are a laboratory of the Universal Mind, that Mind will at least profit and grow by us ! If we realize the Supreme Will, may God have the joy of it ! If the trustful humility of the soul rejoices Him more than the greatness of intellect, let us enter into His plan, His intention. This, in theological language, is to live to the glory of God. Religion consists in the filial acceptance of the Divine Will, whatever it be, provided we see it distinctly. Well, can we doubt that decay, sickness, death, are in the programme of our existence ? Is not destiny the inevitable ? and is not destiny the anonymous title of Him or of That which the religions call God ? To descend, without murmuring, the stream of destiny ; to pass, without revolt, through loss after loss and diminution after diminution, with no other limit than zero before us—this is what is demanded of us. Involution is as natural as evolution. We sink gradually back into the darkness, just as we issued gradually from it. The play of faculties and organs, the grandiose apparatus of life, is put back bit by bit into the box. We begin by instinct ; at the end comes a clearness of vision which we must learn to bear with and to employ without murmuring upon our own failure and decay. A musical theme, once exhausted, finds its due refuge and repose in silence.—*Aniel's Journal*.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

ON March 30, 1603, Elizabeth died, and with her last breath the fortune and even the personal safety of Raleigh expired. We may pause here a moment to consider what was Raleigh's condition and fame at this critical point in his life. He was over fifty years of age, but in health and spirits much older than his time of life suggested ; his energy had shown signs of abatement, and for five years he had done nothing that had drawn public attention strongly to his gifts. If he had died in 1603, unattained, in peace at Sherborne, it is a question whether he would have attracted the notice of posterity in any very general degree. To close stu-

dents of the reign of Elizabeth he would still be, as Mr. Gardiner says, "the man who had more genius than all the Privy Council put together." But he would not be to us all the embodiment of the spirit of England in the great age of Elizabeth, the foremost man of his time, the figure which takes the same place in the field of action which Shakespeare takes in that of imagination, and Bacon in that of thought. For this something more was needed, the long torture of imprisonment, the final crown of judicial martyrdom. The slow tragedy closing on Tower Hill is the necessary complement to his greatness. All this it is easy to see, but it is more difficult to understand what circumstances brought about a condition of things in which such a tragedy became possible. We must realise that Raleigh was a man of severe speech and reserved manner, not easily moved to be gracious, constantly reproving the sluggish by his rapidity, and galling the dull by his wit. All through his career we find him hard to get on with, proud to his inferiors, still more crabbed to those above him. If policy required that he should use the arts of a diplomatist, he overplayed his part, and stung his rivals to the quick by an obsequiousness in speech to which his eyes and shoulders gave the lie. With all his wealth and influence he missed the crowning points of his ambition ; he never sat in the House of Peers, he never pushed his way to the Council Board, he never held quite the highest rank in any naval expedition, he never ruled with only the Queen above him, even in Ireland. He who of all men hated most and deserved least to be an underling, was forced to play the subordinate all through the most brilliant part of his variegated life of adventure. It was only for a moment, at Cadiz or Fayal, that by a doubtful breach of prerogative he struggled to the surface, to sink again directly the achievement was accomplished. This soured and would probably have paralysed him, but for the noble stimulant of misfortune ; and to the temper which this continued disappointment produced, we must look for the cause of his unpopularity.—*English Worthies*, by Edmund Gosse.

ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, FIRST EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

IN his single person he typifies all the passion and profligacy, all the reckless turbulence and insatiable ambition of the troubled times in which he lived ; but those three most notable actors on the stage of later English politics—the modern demagogue, the modern party leader, and the modern parliamentary debater—are in him foreshadowed also. There had been demagogues before Shaftesbury, but no one before him had shown that it was possible to sway the judgment of a senate within the walls of its chamber, and to wield the passions of a mob outside. There had been party leaders before him, but none who, sitting in one House of the Legislature, had organised the forces and directed the movements of a compact party in the other. Debaters of the modern type there had never been until Shaftesbury appeared. . . . It is in Shaftesbury that we first meet with that combination of technical knowledge, practical shrewdness, argumentative alertness, aptitude in illustration, mastery of pointed expression, and readiness of retort which distinguish the first-rate debater of the present day. . . . His parliamentary oratory is to this day a living thing ; but it is his achievements as party leader, it is those qualities of organisation and command which enabled him to convert the first subservient parliament of Charles II. into a force of passive resistance to the anti-national policy of the sovereign, and to use the three succeeding parliaments as powerful engines of attack upon the Government and Court party—it is these performances and powers which secure to Shaftesbury a memorable place in the history of the development of our constitution.—*English Worthies*. By H. D. Traill.

FROM whatever causes he adopted the principle, Cooper was, from the day on which he left Charles I., an ardent parliamentarian. It is, we hold, legitimate to argue that for the supremacy of parliament in the face of a threatened despotism, rather than from pure self-love, he left and contended against Cromwell ; that for the supremacy of parliament he confronted and was largely instrumental in breaking up the army party after Cromwell's death ; and that for the supremacy of parliament he aided, in union with many other servants of the Commonwealth, in restoring Charles II. Nothing appears to be clearer than that the monarchy was restored chiefly because in the average English mind it and parliamentary government, long in abeyance, were inseparably connected. And we believe that this feeling for parliamentary supremacy will be more and more found to be the key to the general course which Shaftesbury adopted throughout his life.—*The Athenæum*.

DR. HUGGINS, the very distinguished British spectroscopist and astronomer, had at one time a magnificent mastiff named Kepler, who was the possessor of rare canine gifts. At the close of a dinner or luncheon-party, Kepler would march sedately into the room and set himself down at his master's feet. The Doctor would propound to him various arithmetical questions, which the dog invariably solved without a mistake—even extracting square roots off-hand with the utmost promptness. Where complicated processes were involved, Kepler would give more consideration, and sometimes hesitated as to where his barks ought finally to stop ; but he always gave the right number. The cake which was to reward him was held up before him during the exercise, but Kepler never removed his eyes from his master's face until the solution was arrived at, when the cake disappeared instantly. The explanation of these wonders is that while Dr. Huggins was perfectly unconscious of suggesting the proper answer to the dog, Kepler had acquired the habit of reading in his master's eye or countenance some indication that was not known to the Doctor himself. Kepler was, in fact, a mind reader.

FAIR SLEEPER, AWAKE!

[Translated from the French.]

BEHOLD the morning light appearing,
The birds are round your window peering;
Their sweetest songs they trill, and shake,
Their voices and their warblings gay,
In tuneful language seem to say:
Fair sleeper, now, awake, awake!

They wait, sweet darling, for your leisure,
Till you will give to them the pleasure
Their food from your fair hands to take.
Then give the welcome that they prize;
Come, pretty one, come quickly rise:
Fair sleeper, then, awake, awake!

Your lover, too, his greetings bringing,
While their first songs the birds are singing,
Thus early does his couch forsake;
Ere on the hills the sunlight falls,
In his sonorous tones he calls:
Fair sleeper, rise, awake, awake!

Côte St. Paul.

JOHN HUDSON.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE TRANSFIGURATION OF CHRIST. By Frank Wakeley Gunsaulus. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

The Christian religion has been the prolific source of noble literature. From Bossuet to Beecher, and long before, no time has lacked a man who should find in his spiritual life inspiration and incentive to achievements in letters of the purest beauty and most exalted power. The expression of spiritual thought, wrought out by process of a master intellect, has a literary value which is quite beyond comparison or computation. This value is evident upon every page of Mr. Gunsaulus's book, which consists of eight lectures, in which the transfiguration of our Saviour is regarded in every possible aspect from every conceivable point of view. The subject of the volume is only directly concerned in seven, the introductory chapter being devoted to "The Nature and Method of Christian Thinking," and forming a very admirable exposition of the attitude in which any discussion of the subject should be carried on.

The book glows with beauty and throbs with faith. It is written with keen, clear, penetrative insight into man's nature as revealed by Divine illumination, no less than into the Divine law as it may be revealed to man's intelligence by the same illumination. Mr. Gunsaulus's pen is that of a scholar, and he enriches his pages with thought from all sources. His diction is pure and high and fine, and he has an exquisite, unobtrusive poetic vein. The reverend author has written for the few not for the many. His sentences are almost always intricate, frequently obscure. But to say that the thought that lies hidden in them is well worth the exertion of search is to praise it very faintly. Here and there, moreover, is a passage, the innate beauty of which shines out unclouded. This, for instance, where the author speaks of Froude's comparison of Cæsar to Christ:

To our eyes, the position of Cæsar in the mind of Rome was the last achievement of the decaying spirit. It was the raising of a man from earth, by colossal effort, into the stature of a god. To our eyes, also, the place of Jesus in the consciousness of humanity was the first fact vouchsafed to note the inspiration of the rising spirit. It was the approach of the living God, the inspiration of the rising spirit. It was the approach of the living God, to effortless and waiting souls, in the form and substance of a man. As the evening of Paganism left the race with the apotheosis of a Cæsar, the morning of Christianity broke with the incarnation of God in Christ. The evening darkened into midnight, with man crying up to God; that midnight retreated before the morning, with God answering down to man.

THE STORY OF THE NATIONS. GERMANY. By Baring Gould. NORWAY. By Hjalmar H. Boyeson: New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

Of the literary signs of the times that of a marked improvement in juvenile literature is perhaps the most prominent. When one reflects upon the senseless objectless stuff that was served up between impossible covers for the instruction and delectation of one's own infancy, ranging from the delirious extravaganza of Jack and the Bean Stalk to the goody-goody contents of the Sunday School libraries very mildly stimulating all through, with a nasty little moral insinuated at the end of each chapter, the progress we have made in the direction of wise, clever, entertaining reading for children becomes remarkably apparent. In the present two volumes of "Stories of the Nations" we have two more instalments of what has proved

to be a most excellent thing. The idea is to give in simple, clear, and graphic language, as attractively as possible, the history of all the nations that have attained prominence or especial note in the world. The philosophical, picturesque, and noteworthy relations of the various periods and episodes to each other and to universal history are presented; the myths that cluster around the shadowy beginnings of all history are related; the actual life of the people in all its homeliest phases, during each successive period in their development, is carefully depicted. Neither are the poets and novelists of the country neglected; and some, though too little, prominence is given to its growth in art. The names that appear as sponsors for the other volumes form more than sufficient guarantee of their value. Sarah O. Jewett, E. E. and Susan Hale, Arthur Gilman, and others equally well known. The volumes already issued are most creditable in every respect. The illustrations are especially worth noting for their copiousness, importance, and excellence of execution. Professor Boyeson's book will form delightful reading for more than the children, so permeated is it with the inalienable poetic charm of his writing, in whatever form it appears. The undertaking commended itself in advance, and we do not doubt that as further volumes appear they will increase the commendation.

THE OLIVE LEAF. By Hugh Macmillan, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E. London: Macmillan and Company.

"The Olive Leaf" is another of those interestingly didactic volumes, adapted to the popular intelligence, in which Dr. Macmillan traces the hand of God in all His works. A very short text heads each chapter, but the reverend author's intention seems to have been less the writing of a series of sermons than of pleasantly instructive essays upon Nature in her common every-day phases, with such spiritual benefit as could be derived from their suggestiveness. Dr. Macmillan is an enthusiastic naturalist, and with much valuable information he has communicated many of the tender unscientific impressions which only the born lover of Nature is privileged to receive at first-hand—results of private interviews which she grants only to a favoured few. There is something very gentle and winning in the author's recital of his observations. The style is simple enough for the understanding of a child. The moralising is of a plain, straightforward and manly variety that will commend itself to every reader. The author possesses a graphic descriptive power, and the transcription of his loving familiarity with leaf and lichen, flower and weed, is a very special charm of his book.

FLOWERS, FRUITS, AND LEAVES. By Sir John Lubbock, M.P. F.R.S. London: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

There are not many literary men in the British House of Parliament: it is a pleasant commentary upon the character of public life in England that there should be any. Mr. Morley is one of the foremost of English *litterateurs*; Mr. Justin McCarthy has already distinguished himself in letters; the notorious Labouchere is reported to be writing a novel; and we owe to Sir John Lubbock much more than the interesting little volume just issued by the Macmillans. "Flowers, Fruits, and Leaves" is a scientific discussion and explanation of various botanical phenomena. The book is full of interest both to the learned and the unlearned, is nature as she is translated by the scientist. The distinguished author made a grave mistake, however, which will seriously interfere with its popularity, when he designated the plants by their cumbrous Latin names only. The popular name, for the enlightenment of the unbotanical, should have accompanied the scientific. The book is splendidly printed and copiously illustrated.

MISCELLANIES. By John Morley. Vol. II. London: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

To French thought, "in the great century of its illumination," the second volume of Mr. Morley's "Miscellanies" is wholly given over. In the persons and works of Bauvenarges, Turgot, Condorcet and Joseph de Maistre, the religious, social, and political phases of the unresting activities of this period of ferment, are subjected to the clear, cold scrutiny of a mind above all things accurate, assisted by a temperament above all things tranquil. Indeed, the peculiar virtue of Mr. Morley's style is the calm, self poise with which he writes; the judicial quality of his opinions communicates itself, somehow, to his expression of them. In all Mr. Morley's books one has a sense of reading the dictation of an intelligence untrammelled by any prejudice, having risen by force of will above all disturbing or distorting influences to a point of view which commands all sides of the situation.

SCRIPTURES: HEBREW AND CHRISTIAN. Arranged and edited for young readers as an introduction to the study of the Bible. By Edward T. Bartlett, A.M., and John P. Peters, Ph.D. Vol. I. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

This is an undertaking which should receive general and enthusiastic support, for it is vastly needed. The best of the present methods of Bible study are cumbrous, difficult, and unattractive, and most of the juvenile Bible literature now existing is weak, or stupid, or silly, or in some way calculated to implant wrong ideas of the truth they are intended to impress. This is simply the story of the Bible in the words of the Bible, condensed and rearranged into the utmost clearness and logical sequence. The work is performed by reverent and competent hands. The idea is an admirable one, and the result will doubtless be that our young people will approach the study of the Bible with the intelligent expectation and desire of mastering at least its historical significance, which at present they do not. The first volume includes Hebrew tradition and history from the Creation to the Captivity. At the head of each chapter is placed, for reference, the Bible chapters from which it is taken. A list of dates is given, also tables of weights and measures. Nothing which could conduce to the assistance of the young student is apparently omitted. The volume is well bound in cloth, and clearly printed. We heartily commend it.

CANADIAN ECONOMICS. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

This portly volume contains about the most valuable information with regard to things Canadian that has been placed before the public for many years. It consists of the papers read before the Economical Section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at its Montreal meeting two years ago. These papers were prepared, it will be remembered, by the gentlemen most eminently fitted for the honour in the country, and many names distinguished in public affairs, literature, and science, from Halifax to Winnipeg, are shown in the index. Of course these papers are devoted to a wide and interesting variety of subjects—transport, agriculture, mining, banking, and the social problem as it is in Canada, are a few of the most important. The scope is invaluable to the student of his country's resources and prospects, the opinions authoritative, and their presentation most agreeable in nearly every case. "Canadian Economics"—no dry-as-dust report, but an attractive and scholarly discussion of the present condition of our country—should be in every library.

HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO. By William H. Prescott. Vol. I. New York: John B. Alden.

Again gossippy old "Prescott's Mexico," the discursively entertaining pages of which were first given to the public over forty years ago, is placed upon the market, cloth bound, well printed and cheap, illustrated too, with the familiar warlike picture of the gallant Hernand Cortez for a frontispiece, and numerous maps scattered through the volume. The enterprising Mr. Alden has chosen a most timely occasion for the reissue of this valuable work, and its excellent and convenient library form, its cheapness, and the widespread interest in Mexican matters that exists at present, will doubtless combine to give it an appreciative reception.

ALDEN'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE. Vol. III. New York: John B. Alden.

The third volume of this excellent series extends from Boileau to Byron inclusively. While it is by no means fitted or intended to take the place of works upon any literature, it will be found a wonderfully convenient addition to any of them. The compiler makes little pretence at criticism, but gives a compendious biographical sketch of varying length to each author, with more or less copious extracts from his works. The selections are usually well made.

PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT IN CANADA. By C. C. Colby, M.P. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

An urgent need for such a book as Mr. Colby's has long been felt in Canada, especially by the younger generation. Elaborate works have existed, but a book like this, cheap in form, simple and clear in statement, broad, careful, and penetrative in treatment, has not heretofore been in the market. We would sincerely advise all young Canadians who want an accurate and compact idea of the institution under which they are privileged to live, to buy and read Mr. Colby's admirable treatise.

CITY COUSINS. By Mrs. W. J. Hays. New York: Thomas Whittaker.

An inoffensive little Sunday school story of the rather old fashioned sort, nicely bound and printed, adapted to the age of nine or ten, where it represents a more than ordinarily callow intelligence.

THE JEWISH ALTAR. By the late John Leighton, D.D. New York: Funk and Wagnalis. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

This is a work upon Old Testament Typology, which students of theology and others will find highly valuable. No one can read it without finding his understanding of The Jewish Altar Service vastly enlarged. With much of the accepted interpretation of the Mosaic Ritual the author's views conflict; but he supports them with scripture and logic which his opponents will find difficult to confute.

We have received also the following publications:

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE. August. London and New York: Macmillan and Company.
ATLANTIC MONTHLY. September. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company.
HARPER'S MAGAZINE. September. New York: Harper and Brothers.
LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. August 21. Boston: Littell and Company.
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW. August.
NINETEENTH CENTURY. August.
CONTEMPORARY REVIEW. August. Philadelphia: Leonard-Scott Publication Company.
LIBRARY MAGAZINE. September. New York: John B. Alden.
ECLECTIC MAGAZINE. September. New York: E. R. Pelton.

THE season at the Grand Opera House will commence the first week in September with Mr. and Mrs. Florence in "The Flirt." The Opera House has been recently thoroughly renovated, the main entrance newly painted and decorated, and another entrance opened from Johnston Street in connection with the Manning Arcade. Mr. O. B. Sheppard has just returned from New York, and promises an unusually attractive season, among the engagements made being—Adelina Patti and company, the Florences, Mrs. Langtry, Sara Bernhardt, the successful comic opera "Erminie," and the American Opera Company.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE "war story" in the September *Wide Awake*, by Mrs. Helen Campbell, entitled "In the Turtle-Crawl," describes the terrible experience of some of her ancestors in the Seminole War.

MRS. S. M. B. PIATT has a long Irish ballad in the September *Wide Awake*, written at the United States Consulate at Queenstown, commemorating a touching occurrence on Queenstown Beach last year.

THE September *Wide Awake* will have an entertaining contribution from Hon. S. S. Cox, United States Minister to Turkey, entitled, "L'Enfant Terrible Turk," richly illustrated from Turkish photographs.

D. LOTHROP AND COMPANY have in press another of Madam Spyri's charming stories, entitled "Uncle Titus," translated by Lucy Wheelock. These stories, in brightness, simplicity of style, and genuine wholesomeness, are among the most delightful books for young people, and have become very popular in America.

REV. RUFEN THOMAS's many admirers will be glad to know that a story from his pen, "Grafenburg People: Fiction, but Fact," is soon to appear in print. Dr. Peabody, writing of it, says, "I am charmed with the vivid portraiture, the strokes of wit, humour and merited satire, the breadth and loftiness of Christian faith, charity, and aspirations that give character to the book."

THE MODERN JEW: HIS PRESENT AND HIS FUTURE, is the title of a small volume by Anna L. Dawes, about to be issued by D. Lothrop and Company. The real dramatic tragedy which invests the history of the Jews as a nation is apt to be lost sight of in the prosaic details of their every-day life. Miss Dawes makes a strong plea for their establishment in Palestine, and touches the finer traits of their character in a masterly manner.

PHILADELPHIA is shortly to have an addition to its literary publications in the form of a weekly illustrated juvenile magazine to be started by Mr. John Wanamaker, the millionaire merchant of that city. The illustrations are to be coloured, and the text will consist of short stories, sketches, and verses. No name has as yet been decided upon for the new aspirant for the favour of the juvenile public. It is to be hoped that Mr. Wanamaker's new periodical venture will bear less of a personal advertisement colour than his *Book News*.

MESSRS. HENRY HOLT AND Company have availed themselves of a new invention in flexible cloth book covers to start a series of novels convenient for travel and out of doors, and at the same time better able than paper-covered books to resist such wear. They appropriately call it "The Leisure Season Series." The price will be fifty cents a volume. The first number has just appeared. It is a new impression of Miss McClelland's successful novel, "Oblivion," hitherto obtainable only in the "Leisure Hour Series." The second number will be a new novel by Mr. Thomas Wharton, author of "A Latter Day Saint."

MRS. ROSE HARTWICK THORPE, author of the famous poem, "Curfew Must not Ring To-night," is collecting a number of her later verses and ballads for publication in book form. The most important poem will be entitled "Remember the Alamo," as yet unpublished, which the author regards as fully equal, if not superior, to her "Curfew." Mrs. Thorpe is at present a resident of San Antonio, Texas, and is described as a tall, slender lady of thirty-five years, with raven brown eyes and hair, and a singularly attractive face that at once commands attention. The writing of "Curfew," she says, was suggested to her by the reading of a love story in April, 1867, when she was a mere country girl, not yet seventeen, residing with her parents at Litchfield, Mich., without the least thought of ever achieving literary distinction. The poem was written by her roughly upon a slate, after school hours, while studying her lessons, her parents' objection to literary work compelling her to write the poem behind her arithmetic, under the pretext of it instantly secured wide popular approval and a name for its young author. "It raised to my side yearly hosts of new and delightful friends." The poem has been translated into nearly ten languages, although its author has never received one penny of remuneration from its publication in any language or form.

Emerson and Prescott

THE PELEE ISLAND VINEYARDS are situated upon Pelee Island, Lake Erie, the most southern portion of the Dominion of Canada. The Island is in the middle of Lake Erie, being fifteen miles south of the most southern point of the Canadian mainland. The Island, from its favourable location, is peculiarly adapted for the successful cultivation of the grape.

The first vineyard (Vin Villa), comprising forty acres, was established in 1866; the entire vineyards of the Island now show an acreage of two hundred acres. Messrs. J. S. Hamilton & Co., of Brantford, have acted as sale agents for the vineyards for the past twelve years, and made shipments of the choicest vintages of the Island vineyards daily to all parts of the Dominion. The fine quality of the Pelee Island wines has done much to redeem the character of Canadian wines. The prices have been reduced this season, so that their standard brands—Dry Catawba, Sweet Catawba, Isabella, St. Emilian, St. Augustine (a sacramental wine), and Claret—are placed at the following reasonable prices:—5 gallon lots, \$1.50; 10 gallon lots, \$1.40; 20 gallon lots, \$1.30; 40 gallon lots, \$1.25; F. O. B. at Brantford.

These wines can be obtained from the following reliable firms:—Berlin, William Metcalfe; Collingwood, Best & Nettleton; Hamilton, James Osborne & Son, N. D. Galbraith; Kingston, James Crawford; London, A. M. Smith & Co., Fitzgerald, Scandrett & Co., John Garvey, T. J. McDonough, Somerville, Cannon & Co., Dodd & Bro., Elliott Bros., John Scandrett, J. C. Treblecock; Montreal, F. Kingston, Mathieu & Bro.; Ottawa, Bate & Co., Kavanagh Bros., P. Paskerville & Bro.; Owen Sound, Parker & Co.; St. Catharines, R. Fitzgerald, F. Maguire; Port Colborne, D. Gibbons & Co.; Toronto, McCormick Bros., 431 Yonge Street. These firms will furnish these wines at the prices mentioned above, adding freight from Brantford. Catalogues or wines can be obtained from Messrs. J. S. Hamilton & Co., Sole Agents for the Pelee Island Vineyards, Brantford, Ontario.

The greedy grasp of monopoly is broken. The short-sighted policy of seeking \$1.00 profit from each of 1,000 readers gives place to the more liberal plan of asking a few cents profit from each of a million readers, (\$1.00 multiplied by 1,000 equals \$1,000, but 2 cents multiplied by 1,000,000 equals \$20,000). Surely the most brilliant products of American literary genius are wanted by the millions. The expiration of copyright enables me now to publish beautiful editions of some of the most famous writings of EMERSON, IRVING, PRESCOTT, and HAWTHORNE. I here describe two volumes which I offer as representative of their authors, and as specimens of new styles in book-making recently introduced by me.

In the highest civilization the book is still the highest delight. He who has once known its satisfactions is provided with a resource against calamity. Angels they are to us of entertainment, sympathy, and provocation, whose embalmed life is the highest feat of art.—EMERSON.

Life being very short and the quiet hours of it few, we ought to waste none of them in reading valueless books; and valuable books should, in a civilized country, be within the reach of everyone, printed in excellent form, for a just price.—JOHN RUSKIN.

Ideal EDITION is the name I have adopted for the new form and style in which I issue these and many other celebrated works. It is almost universally pronounced unique and beautiful, as neat and graceful as it is convenient, easy for the eye, perfect in form for hand-holding and equally well adapted for the library shelf. Description is inadequate. To be seen is to be appreciated.

If a book is worth reading, it is worth buying. No book is worth anything which is not worth much. We call ourselves a rich nation, and we are filthy and foolish enough to thumb each other's books out of circulating libraries!—JOHN RUSKIN.

Books that can be held in the hand and carried to the fireside, are the best, after all.—SAMUEL JOHNSON.
"Knowing that I loved my books, he furnished me, from my own library, with volumes that I prize above my dukedom."—SHAKESPEARE.

Nature and OTHER ADDRESSES is the volume I have chosen to represent Emerson. It is the work which most greatly contributed to his fame. It treats of: 1, NATURE; 2, COMMODITY; 3, BEAUTY, 4, LANGUAGE; 5, DISCIPLINE; 6, IDEALISM; 7, SPIRIT; 8, PROSPECTS; 9, THE METHOD OF NATURE; 10, LITERARY ETHICS. It is printed from Long Primer type, on fine heavy paper, and bound in fine cloth, beveled boards, gilt top, for the price of 40 cents; or, in half Morocco, marbled edges, 65 cents.

Prescott's MISCELLANIES best represent this author, in the estimation of many readers, and I therefore offer, in one volume, his biographical and critical essays on: 1, CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN; 2, CERVANTES; 3, SIR WALTER SCOTT; 4, MOLIERE; 5, ITALIAN NARRATIVE POETRY. Intypography and binding this volume is uniform with the "Nature, Etc.," of Emerson. Fine cloth, beveled boards, gilt top, price 40 cents; half Morocco, marbled edges, 65 cents.

Great OFFER. As the most effective means of advertising these and numerous other standard and popular works which I publish, I offer, for a short time only, sample volumes of the two books described, as follows: For 25 Cents a copy of EMERSON'S "Nature, Etc.," in cloth, as described, will be sent post-paid. For 40 Cents a copy of PRESCOTT'S "Miscellanies," in half Morocco binding, as described, will be sent post-paid. This gives you the opportunity of securing a specimen of each author, and each style of binding, at only nominal cost, and they will be sent as specified, only, at the reduced price—if wanted otherwise, full price will be charged.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, 132 pages, 4 cents; Condensed Catalogue, free. The best literature of the world at the lowest prices ever known. Address **JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 393 Pearl Street, New York.**
The Alden Book Co.: Clark and Adams Streets, Chicago; 420 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada. [Mention this paper.]



Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution will be established. Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Discharge, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Eating Ulcers. Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating, and nutritive properties. For Whooping Cough, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. It promptly cures the severest Coughs. For Torpid Liver, Bilioousness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, it is an unequalled remedy. Sold by druggists.
DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS—Anti-Bilious and Cathartic.
25c. a vial, by druggists.

WM. DOW & CO.,
BREWERS,
MONTREAL,

Begin to notify their friends in Ontario that their
INDIA PALE ALE
AND
EXTRA DOUBLE STOUT
IN BOTTLE 39/52
May be obtained from the following Dealers:

- IN SARNIA T. R. Barton.
- WOODSTOCK Nesbitt Bros.
- STRATFORD James Kennedy.
- HAMILTON Sewell Bros.
- TORONTO Fulton, Michie & Co.
- BELLEVILLE Caldwell & Hodgins.
- PETERBOROUGH H. Rush.
- PICTON H. M. Bunbury.
- NAPANEE M. W. Pruyne & Scr.
- KINGSTON J. S. Henderson.
- N. K. Scott.
- OTTAWA Bate & Co.
- Eb. Browne.
- Geo. Forde.
- J. Casey, Dalhousie St.
- P. J. Coffey.
- BROCKVILLE Fitzsimmons Bros.
- W. J. McHenry & Bro.
- Clerihue & Whaley.
- Bann & Mervin.
- PRESCOTT John P. Hayden.

COAL AND WOOD.

During the next ten days I have to arrive ex Cars, 2,000 Cords good Dry Summer Wood, Beech and Maple, which will sell, delivered to any part of the City, at

SPECIAL LOW RATES.
ORDERS WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

OFFICES AND YARDS:
Corner Bathurst and Front Streets. Yonge Street Wharf.
BRANCH OFFICES:
51 King Street East. 534 Queen Street West. 390 Yonge Street.
Telephone communication between all offices.

P. BURNS.

CATARRH
CATARRHAL DEAFNESS
A HAY FEVER
NEW TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and Eustachian tubes. Microscopic research has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby these diseases are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home. A descriptive pamphlet is sent free on receipt of stamp by A. H. DIXON & SON, 303 1/2 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.



Received the Highest Awards for Purity and Excellence at Philadelphia, 1876; Canada, 1876; Australia, 1877, and Paris, 1878.

Prof. H. H. Croft, Public Analyst, Toronto, says:—"I find it to be perfectly sound, containing no impurities or adulterations, and can strongly recommend it as perfectly pure and a very superior malt liquor."
John B. Edwards, Professor of Chemistry, Montreal, says:—"I find them to be remarkably sound ales, brewed from pure malt and hops."

JOHN LABATT, LONDON, Ont.
JAS. GOOD, AGENT, TORONTO.

TAYLOR & BATE,
ST. CATHARINES, ONT.,
BREWERS!
ALES, PORTER,
— AND —
LAGER BEER!

Equal to any on the Market. Purity guaranteed.

WOOD ENGRAVING
TORONTO ENGRAVING CO.
 (BRIDGEN & BEALE)

The Cosgrave

Brewing and

Malting Co.'s

CELEBRATED

PALE ALES

AND

EXTRA STOUTS.

AWARDED MEDALS AT

PHILADELPHIA, - 1876.

PARIS, - - - - 1878.

ANTWERP, - - - 1885.

PRINTERS & BOOKBINDERS.

We are the sole manufacturers of

BLACKHALL'S LIQUID AND ELASTIC
PAD GUM,

For Office Stationery and all Printed Forms.
No bindery is complete without our gum, which
is the cheapest and best manufactured in Canada.
Put up in 2-lb. and 5-lb. tins, and in bulk. Send
\$1 for a 2-lb. trial tin.

J. H. GRAHAM & CO.,

10 KING STREET EAST - TORONTO.

Asquam House,

Shepard Hill, Holderness, N.H.

Open June 10.

Four miles from Ashland, N.H., on the Boston
and Lowell R.R., seven miles from Centro Har-
bor and six miles from Plymouth. Surrounded
by three lakes--Asquam, Little Asquam and Min-
nisquam, and by mountains. Hotel stage will
be at Ashland to meet trains from Boston.
Special rates for June and September.

L. H. CILLEY, Proprietor.

NEW BOOKS

HIDDEN DEPTHS. By H. M. F. Skone. 35c.
LIVING OR DEAD. By Hugh Conway. 25c.
THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE.
By Thomas Hardy. 20c.
ARMY SOCIETY. By J. S. Winter. 25c.
CANON FARRAR'S LECTURES. Cloth
Binding. 45c.

All Canon's Lectures in Pamphlet Form
from 3 cents to 19 cents each, at

F. QUA & CO.

49 KING STREET WEST.

Successors to J. BLIZARD & CO.

ELIAS ROGERS & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

COAL AND WOOD.

HEAD OFFICE:

20 KING STREET WEST.

BRANCH OFFICES:

415 Yonge Street. 769 Yonge Street
552 Queen Street West.

YARDS AND BRANCH OFFICES:

Esplanade East, near Berkeley St.; Espla-
nade, foot of Princess St.; Bathurst St.,
nearly opposite Front St.

WATCHES!

Retailed at Wholesale Price.

Below we quote prices for Genuine
AMERICAN WATCHES,
WALTHAM OR ELGIN.

Put up in solid 3 oz. Coin Silver Cases, dust
proof. Movement and case fully guaranteed
by special certificate, giving number, grade
and quality of silver.

2 1/2 oz. Open Face, dust-proof, Broadway. \$8 00
3 oz. Hunting Case, dust-proof, Broad-
way. 9 00
3 oz. Hunting Case, dust-proof, Elgin. 9 00
3 oz. Hunting Case, dust-proof, P. S. Bart-
lett. 12 60
3 oz. Hunting Case, dust-proof, Appleton,
Tracey & Co. 24 50
3 oz. Hunting Case, dust-proof, Dominion
(same grade as P. S. Bartlett). 9 00
3 oz. Hunting Case, Peerless Chicago
(same grade as P. S. Bartlett). 9 00

CHAS. STARK,

52 CHURCH ST., TORONTO,

Manufacturers, Importers, Wholesale and
Retail Dealers.

120 page catalogue, with 1,000 illustrations
free on application.

SCIENCE.

The only weekly Scientific
Journal in America published
for the educated reading public
in general, and not catering to
any particular trade, profession
or branch of science.

ACCURATE MAPS.

SCIENCE is the only American journal
that systematically publishes Accurate Maps
of those regions which attract, from time to
time, the world's attention. The readers of
SCIENCE have recently had large and
trustworthy Maps of the Isthmus of Panama,
Roumelia, Afghanistan, the Polar Regions,
the Congo Free State, New Zealand, showing
location of recent volcanic disturbances, and
other centres of interest.

POLITICAL SCIENCE.

SCIENCE is now presenting a discussion
on disputed questions in Political Science,
between the adherents of the so-called old and
new schools. To this discussion able articles
have been contributed by Professors Sumner
and Hadley of Yale, Laughlin and Taussig
of Harvard, Ely of Johns Hopkins Univer-
sity, James of Philadelphia, Simon New-
combe of Washington, and others.

TERMS:—Subscription for one year, U. S.
and Canada, \$5; To foreign countries, \$6; Trial
subscription, for three months, \$1; Science with
Political Science Quarterly, \$6.50; Science with
Nature, \$10.25.

"The value of this comprehensive scientific
weekly to the student, the scientific worker,
the manufacturer, and to the whole of that large
and daily-growing class to which scientific knowledge
is a necessity, can hardly be over-estimated.
With this month (June) closes the seventh vol-
ume and the public will be glad to learn that the
publishers intend to so enlarge the scope of the
journal as to keep its readers au courant with the
progress of scientific investigation in all its fields.
The article on artificial butter, of which we gave
a summary, the map of the oil and gas wells of
Ohio in the last number, the letters from corre-
spondents at London, Paris, Vienna, St. Peters-
burg, Tokio, and elsewhere, the important papers
on economics from such men as Sumner, New-
comb, Ely, and Seligman, and the excellent re-
views and comments give evidence of the wide
range of investigation and discussion dealt with
in Science. No student, business or professional
man should be without it."—Montreal Gazette,
July 6, 1886.

Send 10c. for Sample Copy.

ADDRESS—

SCIENCE,

47 Lafayette Place, New York.

FRESH

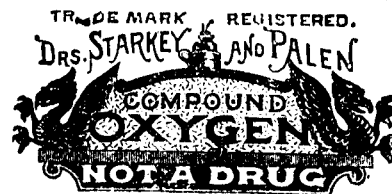
Books for the Schools.

Sheldon's Short German Gram-
mar. \$0 60
Deutsch's Select German Reader. 0 90
Boisen's Preparatory German
Prose. 1 00
Grimm's Marchen. 0 75
Ybarra's Practical Method in
Spanish. 1 20
Mitchell's Hebrew Lessons. 1 80
Shaler's First Book in Geology. 1 00
Rensen's Organic Chemistry. 1 20
Shepard's Inorganic Chemistry. 1 12
Chemical Laboratory Note-Book. 0 35
Coit's Chemical Arithmetic. 0 50
Colton's Practical Zoology. 0 80
Sheldon's Studies in General
History. 1 60
Teachers' Manual to Sheldon's
History. 0 80
Hall's Methods of Teaching His-
tory. 1 30
Allen's History Topics. 0 25
Pestalozzi's Leonard and Ger-
trude. 0 80
Rousseau's Emile. 0 80
Radestock's Habit in Education. 0 60
Gill's Systems of Education. 1 00
Compayre's History of Educa-
tion. 1 60
Peabody's Kindergarten Lec-
tures. 1 00
Gustafson's Study of the Drink
Question. 1 60
Palmer's Temperance Teachings
of Science. 0 50
How to Use Wood-Working
Tools. 0 50
Guides for Science Teaching:
nine numbers, 10 to 40 cts. each.
Clarke's How to Find the Stars. 0 15
Clarke's Astronomical Lantern. 4 50

Send for full Descriptive Catalogue.

D. G. HEATH & COMPANY,
3 Tremont Place, Boston.

16 ASTOR PLACE, 185 WABASH AVE.,
NEW YORK. CHICAGO.



1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

CANADA DEPOSITORY:

E. W. D. KING, 58 Church St., TORONTO.

No Home Treatment of Compound Oxygen
genuine which has not this trade mark on
the bottle containing it.

A WELL-TRIED TREATMENT

For Consumption, Asthma, Bron-
chitis, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Headache,
Debility, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and
all Chronic and Nervous Disorders.

Treatise on Compound Oxygen free on ap-
plication to E. W. D. King, 58 Church
Street, Toronto, Ont.

DAWES & CO.,

BREWERS AND MALTSTERS,

LACHINE, - P. Q.

OFFICES:

521 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL.

20 BUCKINGHAM ST., HALIFAX.

383 WELLINGTON ST., OTTAWA.

LIGHT READING FOR LAZY DAYS.

Hardy's "The Wind of Destiny."
Cloth. \$1 50
Hardy's "But Yet a Woman"..... 1 50
Mrs. Hunt's "Ramona"..... 1 75
Crawford's "A Lonely Parish"..... 1 75
Stevenson's "Prince Otto." Cloth.. 1 20
Dowling's "The Wreckers"..... 1 50
Mrs. Cameron's "In a Grass Coun-
try"..... 0 90
Mrs. Wister's "Violetta"..... 1 50
Balzac's "Eugenie Grandet"..... 1 75
Meredith's "Evan Harrington"..... 2 25
Sir Henry Thompson's "All But".... 2 00
Crawford's "Dr. Claudius." Paper. 0 60
Crawford's "Mr. Isaacs"..... 0 60
Oliphant's "Effie Ogilvie"..... 0 60
Baker's "Making of a Man"..... 0 60
"The Man Who Was Guilty"..... 0 60
"The Cruise of the Alabama"..... 0 60

WILLIAMSON & CO.

TORONTO.

TODD & CO., Successors to

QUETTON ST. GEORGE

& CO.,

WINE MERCHANTS.

PORTS,

SHERRIES.

CHAMPAGNES,

WHISKIES.

BRANDIES,

LIQUEURS.

Orders by Letter or Telephone promptly
attended to.

16 KING ST. WEST TORONTO.

MESSRS.

O'KEEFE & CO.

BREWERS & MALTSTERS,
TORONTO, ONT.

SPECIALTIES—

ENGLISH HOPPED ALE

In wood and bottle, warranted equal to best
BURTON brands.

XXXX PORTER

Warranted equal to Guinness' Dublin Stout
and superior to any brewed in this country

CANADIAN, AMERICAN, AND BAVARIAN
HOPPED ALES AND PORTER.

Our "PILSENER" LAGER

has been before the public for several years
and we feel confident that it is quite up to the
best produced in the United States, where ale
and lager are fast becoming the true temper-
ance beverages; a fact, however, which some
cranks in Canada have up to the present
failed to discover.

O'KEEFE & CO.