

THE WEEK.

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The Week.

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

By the retirement of Sir Charles Tupper from the office of Minister of Railways, Sir John A. Macdonald loses an able Cabinet Minister and a faithful henchman. There is every reason to believe this step was induced by personal rather than political causes. Sir Charles's health has for some time been precarious, and this fact probably accounts for his selection of the English High Commissionership on the choice of that or the Canadian office being offered by the Premier. He will be much missed by his colleagues in Parliament, where he had been for some time recognized as deputy-leader. Whatever may be the estimate put upon Sir Charles Tupper as a politician, it is unquestionable that his name will be intimately connected with the history of Canada since Confederation.

THE Toronto Parliament-house dynamite scare was a god-send to the dailies, coming as it did when there was a dearth of news. Of course it was immediately made a party question, and the leading organs vied one with the other in evolving reasons why the destruction of the Ontario Legislative Buildings should be compassed by t'other side! Surely the force of folly could no further go! The impartial observer was inclined to look upon the whole thing as a hoax; but the presence of a fuse and other necessities for the explosion of the cartridges discovered, tend to a conviction that, at any rate, the authors wished to be thought in earnest. The most probable motive that suggests itself is such an one as would influence the Irish dynamiters to an outrage—the necessity of doing something, if only to get up a scare, to bring in subscriptions. At any rate, this is the more rational theory, pending the discovery of further evidence.

THE letter from a "Brewer" which appears in another column claims an indisputable right for compensation, with a moderation of tone in strong contrast with the diatribes of intemperate advocates of prohibition. Nothing could be more repulsive and discouraging to thoughtful social reformers than the attitude of those who would apply a quack remedy for intemperance, with an utter disregard for the rights of others. No respect can be felt for enthusiasts who declare that the example of the real temperance man is more productive of evil than that of a drunkard, and who refuse to recognize the vested interests of a body of men licensed by the state to pursue an honest avocation. The whole controversy is conducted upon

false premises. It is gratuitously supposed by prohibitionists that all who do not openly oppose the attempt to enforce total abstinence from alcoholic drinks favour their doctrines, whereas nothing could be further from the truth. A large majority of the more reputable part of the community—and whom it is not for a moment claimed are teetotalers—are silent in the matter, not because they sympathize with prohibition, but because by avowing their sentiments they would expose themselves to the intolerance of extremists who would stigmatize them as whiskey defenders. And so the prohibitionists, led by men who would as readily force upon the country a state religion as a prohibitive liquor law, by their clamour deceive short-sighted politicians, who in turn bid for their votes whilst detesting their doctrines. The true remedy for the undoubted evils of intemperance is to be found in high license, heavy taxation of strong liquors, and the prevention of adulteration in the case of lighter drinks. Total suppression only results in illicit sale, secret consumption, and a contempt for law.

SIDE by side with complaints of the apathy shown in making arrangements for the Toronto semi-centennial, come reports of the enthusiastic manner in which preparations are being made in Montreal for the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of St. Jean Baptiste. More than this, the date of the latter festival immediately precedes that of the former—from Tuesday the 24th to Saturday the 28th of June. The promoters of the French fête have not only entered into the preliminaries with vigour, and made arrangements on a scale of unparalleled magnificence, but—what is a point of vital importance to its success—are at an advanced stage with the preparations. They are sanguine enough to hope their programme will attract even more people than the Ice Carnival did. So encouraged do they feel at the support promised from many Canadian and American towns that they are reported to have spent ten thousand dollars for the trappings and costumes for allegorical characters which will promenade the city. In addition to spectacular attractions, music, sport, banquets, et cetera are projected. It is, to say the least, unfortunate for Toronto that so strong a programme should be offered at such a date, and is one more reason, if that were necessary, why the semi-centennial celebration of its civic birth should be postponed to the fair week. Otherwise the executive committee must lose no time, or they will find Toronto's semi-centennial eclipsed by that of St. Jean Baptiste.

THE inaction of the British Government in Egyptian affairs is incomprehensible when taken in conjunction with reported appeals for assistance from General Gordon. That he is considered to be in danger by many persons in England is evidenced by the repeated attempts made to organize a "relief fund"; but the attitude of the press in refusing to recognize the movement, despite the unsparing manner in which the Government's policy is condemned, would seem to indicate that Gordon's position at Khartoum is far from desperate. It must be remembered, also, that not only did General Gordon declare his intention of bringing about a peaceable solution of the Soudan difficulty, and refuse military aid, but that in previous instances he has shown wonderful resources in raising money and maney's worth. As Governor of Darfour in 1873, at Gondo-Koro, and other places, he raised large sums and wrote to his Government—he was then employed by Khedive Ismail—that he and his army were amply provided for for many months. If, however, the desponding report that Gordon thinks Khartoum in jeopardy should be confirmed, then grave responsibility will rest upon the British Government for not having sent the reinforcement it is said Gordon demanded. But Mr. Gladstone is not usually rash, and must have some good ground for the calm confidence with which he apparently awaits the issue of events.

THERE were twenty-one failures reported to Bradstreet's as having occurred in Canada during the past week, as compared with twenty-five, sixteen, and two, in the corresponding weeks of 1883, 1882, and 1881. During the same period one hundred and fifty-one failures took place in the United States, as against one hundred and thirty-two, ninety-six, and one hundred and sixteen, in the corresponding weeks of 1883, 1882, and 1881. About 80 per cent. of the failures were those of traders whose capital was under \$5,000.

CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS.

THE grave and memorable words of Chief Justice Hagarty in his charge to the Grand Jury on the Conspiracy case against the violence of party feeling, must have been uttered with special reference to the organs of party press. Violent indeed the language of those organs has been; violent to the verge of frenzy and beyond; for they have not shrunk from charging political opponents with having laid dynamite in the Parliament buildings. But what can we expect? Is this anything but the inevitable outcome of the established system? It is not the business of a party journalist to be judicial: his business is that of the advocate, and we must be thankful if he keeps his advocacy tolerably within the bounds of truth and decency. He would be guilty of usurpation or hypocrisy if he played or pretended to play the judge. The writers on whose public utterances the merited censure of the Chief Justice falls, when you meet them in private are found to be not only able and highly educated but genial, candid, and open-minded men, whose conversation you enjoy and whose judgment you respect. When duty calls they take up their pens in the party quarrel, as the soldier shoulders his musket in the quarrel of his sovereign, and like the soldier in storming Badajoz they sometimes forget the humanities of war. They are only supplying what the public taste demands. The people of Canada have become absolutely besotted with party: no milder term will adequately express this state. They are like the Blue and Green factions at Constantinople, whose fury was in direct proportion to the futility of the quarrel. They cannot be induced to look at anything but party politics of the narrowest kind, and the vast majority of them probably read only one paper. The soul of the community is absorbed in the national cockfight; and these poor birds, when they drive their spurs into each other, do nothing but what they have been trained, fed up and tarred on to do. By the equitable mind and the feeling heart they will be regarded with pity as they lie after the fray with torn plumage and bleeding crests. Something, however, has been gained. We hope some day to have better things in the press than organs of party passion, but we have had things which were a good deal worse. We have had powerful journals used not for any public purpose however narrow, but as the engines of personal interest or malignity, and in those interests systematically assassinating character, and deliberately crushing independence of thought. This at all events is numbered with the past, and we can work, with less damage, even through a cyclone of that sort of mutual vituperation which comes, perhaps, more from the pen than from the heart.

If there has been nothing to hinder the "Bystander" from condemning Sir John Macdonald's dealings with the franchise, his appointments to the Senate, and his choice of agents for elections and other political purposes, in language which the Grit journals have deemed it worth their while to reproduce, what is there to hinder the same pen from criticizing with equal freedom all the other parts of the same man's public conduct? Why should the "Bystander" be deemed by any unbiased reader open to the suspicion of covertly supporting Sir John Macdonald's policy under the mask of independence? A partisan's idea of impartiality, of course, is entire agreement with his opinions and prejudices; any agreement short of entire he regards as a mere cloak for treasonable sympathy with the other side. The Government of Sir John Macdonald is sustained by questionable, or worse than questionable, means; he has too often employed bad men as well as sinister influences; such a system as that of which he is the head is demoralizing, and right minded men must desire to see it brought to an end. But his policy is not the offspring of Tophet. It is the offspring of a Confederation called into existence without a strong popular movement, by a deadlock among the politicians, and which, being made up of jarring interests, and ill cemented, cannot be held together without the free use of intrigue and sometimes of corruption. All that has been said in these papers for Sir John Macdonald is that circumstances are more to be blamed than he; that he is not devoid of patriotism; that he has done what he thought best for the country so far as the necessities of party would allow him; that he has kept at least one pair of hands clean amidst great temptations; and that by his rare address and powers of management he has probably spared us a good deal of corruption, and generally minimized the evil. People who hold out for blackmail till the division bell has rung are not to be governed by appeals to principle; and the question is whether any Prime Minister would have brought us off with a smaller amount of blackmail than Sir John Macdonald. Nobody commends Walpole's corruption, but everybody makes allowance for the necessities of a Minister who had to contend with the dangers of a disputed succession, with the fury of unscrupulous factions, and with a House of Commons as venal as the politicians of Quebec. Perhaps, after all, Walpole's worst offence was

not his purchase of votes, but his allowing himself, rather than resign office, to be drawn against his conscience into war with Spain. Mr. Blake knows as well as anybody that to give Ireland Canadian Home Rule, in other words, to put her on the footing of a transatlantic dependency, is impossible, and that to foment the revolt against the Union is to sound the trumpet of civil war; yet, to capture the Irish vote in Canada, he foments the agitation against the Union. The coarser crime is not always the greater or the more serious in its consequences to society. If to bribe with money is bad, to bribe with confusion and bloodshed is worse. In all this "Bystander" may be mistaken; and he may be mistaken in thinking that the reason of Mr. Blake's ill success as a leader, notwithstanding his high reputation, his ability and his excellence as a speaker, is that he has no rival policy to oppose to the policy, or the system, of his astute antagonist. But the error does not proceed from political leaning to either side. "The Bystander" heartily wishes that he was a fourth part as sure of the correctness of his own judgment as he is that he is free from partisan feeling, as well as from the shadow of personal interest in these affairs, and that, apart from any public objects which may be at stake, he would not hold up his hand to give one party an advantage over the other.

SCARCELY had the last words been written when another strong appeal was made on Mr. Blake's behalf to the Irish vote by a writer whose articles everybody believes to be of more importance than those of an ordinary journalist, and who by claiming for Mr. Blake the credit of having forced Sir John Macdonald's hand in the case of the Home Rule Resolutions, partly exonerates Sir John. Paddy has probably the wit to see that necessity rather than affection is the parent of these caresses; and if Paddy has not, his spiritual adviser has. The Catholic vote is always the last refuge of statesmen in distress. Mr. Blake will receive in return for his self-abasement just so much support as may enable him to effect any object which the priests may have in view, and he will then be bidden to depart in peace. If he doubts this he had better consult the experience of the Liberal party on the other side of the water. Nor will he have reason to complain of perfidious treatment unless, laying his hand upon his heart, he can sincerely declare that he is himself actuated by no motive but genuine sympathy with the Irish Catholics and their cause. Had he, in the decisive moment of his political career, grasped the hand of Destiny instead of dallying with it, and been steadily true to the cause of which he had assumed the leadership, and to the friends who had enlisted under his banner and shown that they were ready to follow him with devotion, he would not now be sitting in the political gate and holding out his hand for an obolus to the Archbishop of Toronto or to the Jesuits of Quebec. But he has the name, without the habits, of the Puritan sea king who founded the naval tactics of England. He allowed the *Globe* to "whip him into the traces," and since that time, though he has been always showing ability both as a speaker and as an administrator, he has never had any policy on which he could found an effective appeal to the intelligence or the heart of the country. He has been forced to fall into the ways of the ordinary political strategist and cultivate the art of vote-hunting, of which his adversary is an incomparably greater master than he is. Perhaps he may congratulate himself on his inferiority in a black art. At all events he does not possess the skill which can capture one vote without fatally estranging another, and at the next general election he will find that he has not only made all the Orangemen and many members of the other societies his mortal enemies, but roused from their electoral apathy a good many Englishmen who, if they do not wish to dominate, do not choose to be trampled on, and are determined not to be made accomplices in the dismemberment of the United Kingdom. In the meantime it would be shameless to call on a Liberal, by his allegiance to his cause, to follow a leader who is bidding for the favour of the Irish Catholics, which he cannot win without rivetting upon us the yoke of a power radically hostile to every article of the Liberal creed.

IT is not in the least likely that any practical step will be taken during the present session of Congress in the way of commercial legislation. Henceforth serious attention will be given to nothing except the preparation of the two parties for the coming Presidential election. But Reciprocity is evidently alive. The presence, the other day, of a member of the Canadian Government at Washington seemed to indicate that the negotiations opened between the two Governments had not been abandoned, and members of Congress inclined to liberal opinions on commercial subjects are moving in the same direction. The American lumbermen do not oppose, they appear to favour, the free admission of Canadian lumber; probably not a few of them have an interest in timber limits on this side of the Line. To the Protectionists, who must now be beginning to feel that

there is no hope of maintaining for ever the wall of China, free trade with Canada would be likely to seem the least injurious as well as the most natural concession to growing opinion which they could make. A renewal of the old Reciprocity Treaty, or something as near to a renewal as circumstances will now permit, is no doubt the measure under discussion between the Governments and the limits of their present views. But why stop short of this? The fate of the old treaty, overturned in a moment with all the industries which had been built upon it, by a gust of international animosity, is enough to warn us of the precarious character of all such arrangements, even when the difficulties of negotiating these, and of satisfying all the interests on both sides, have been overcome. Nor do they rid us of that intolerable nuisance, the custom house, or of the evils of its inseparable companion, smuggling. Why not make the boon at once complete and lasting? Why not enter into commercial union, and bid the custom house disappear for ever from the fair face of this continent, so far as the intercourse between its own communities is concerned? There would be difficulties of detail, no doubt, in arranging the terms of Union, both with regard to the Tariff and with regard to the Excise, which would also require adjustment, though they are likely to be diminished by the progress of fiscal affairs in the United States; but to overcome difficulties for the attainment of vital objects is the province and the pride of statesmanship. The one great material benefit which it is possible for legislation to confer upon the people of Canada is free commercial intercourse with their own continent. All along the border, especially our people, look upon the barrier which daily meets their eyes with an earnest desire for its abolition. Any possible loss of revenue would be swallowed up in the magnitude of the commercial gain, and it might be compensated at once by a reduction in needless expenses of government. The politicians, whose interest is distinct from that of the people, will say, no doubt, that commercial union might be fatal to political separation. But if reciprocity, which the politicians themselves are trying to bring about, does not weaken political separation, why should commercial union be fatal to it? In the North-West the absence of commercial union bids fair to produce a revolt against the tariff, in which political separation will be swept away. Here is a policy, if any body is in quest of one, better than cringing to priests for the Irish Catholic vote.

THE North-West has to a lamentable extent been made an asylum for disreputable or discarded politicians. This was to be expected: party claims its prey. But there is no reason to doubt that in framing regulations for the new country the intentions of the Ottawa Government have been good, or that it has spared any pains in its endeavour to give them effect. Its misfortune is that, like the Government of George III. in former days, it is making ordinances for a community not under its eyes, and of the needs and grievances of which it receives information only at second hand. Hence the discontent which appears now to have spread from the farming to the mining population. From the region of Silver City comes the report that the miners there are beginning, like the farmers of Manitoba, to talk about secession, and that some of them are taking their departure for British Columbia, whose mining laws, founded on those of the States and Australia, are of the most liberal character. Extraordinary powers have been vested by the Ottawa Government in its local agent, not appointed at the date of this information, but sure, as the people of the district thought, to be some broken-down politician. This functionary not only is to have paternal authority over those in quest of locations, but is to be sole judge of all mining disputes, investing at times large sums of money, while the only appeal is to the Dominion Land Agent at Winnipeg. A ditch cannot be dug without the permission of the Minister of the Interior, and Ottawa reserves to itself auction rights over mining districts which are contrasted, by those concerned, with the liberal treatment of miners and their customs across the Line. The communities of the North-West at present are weak; when they become strong they will break the yoke of Ottawa and its politicians. The notion that this vast and distant territory can be permanently treated as an outlying property or tributary appendage of Old Canada will certainly evaporate before many years are past.

To call the principle which is now visibly gaining ground in the United States Free Trade is a misnomer, and one which has not a little prejudiced the discussion. Free Trade implies the total abolition of import duties, which nobody has proposed. The United States must, like other countries, have their tariff, and adjust it to their own commercial circumstances. England herself is not a Free Trade nation; she raises twenty millions sterling annually by customs, and her practice in this respect is deplored by the thorough-going advocates of Free Trade among her own people, who propose to do away altogether with customs, and supply their place by

direct taxation. But she levies her taxes not for the purpose of Protection but only for that of revenue, nor does her Government take more from her people than the necessary expenses of the State. By this policy her wealth has, within the last forty years, been enormously increased, though her actual resources, her land and coal, have remained the same. The Government of the United States is now taking from the people at least a hundred millions annually more than the necessary expenses of the State, and taking it for the purpose of Protection, that is to say, for the purpose of keeping up the profits of certain capitalists, and forcing into certain manufactures labour which would be more profitably employed elsewhere. It is impossible that so palpable an absurdity and so manifest a wrong should fail practically to impress the shrewd intelligence of the American people, though it has been closed against the theoretic demonstrations of the Free Trade essayists and envoys of the Cobden Club. In Massachusetts, the heart of Protectionism, a powerful Tariff Reform League has been formed. Its constitution declares "that the present enormous surplus in the national revenues above the public requirements is demoralizing and dangerous, and should be cut down by removing the burden of taxation from the necessaries of life, and not from whiskey and tobacco, and that the policy of taxing imports not for revenue but for the purpose of obstructing trade is unsound." This declaration is just as applicable to the policy of Canada, in its measure, as to that of the United States. With reference to both, it might be expressed in more downright language. Government is entrusted with the power of taxation solely for the purpose of defraying the national expenditure; if it takes more, it abuses its trust and robs the people. Amidst all the economical dissertations which have been written or uttered on the subject, far too little prominence has been given to this argument from plain justice.

"LISTENING to infidel Bob."—"A big and delighted assembly at the Academy of Music."—"Even the ticket speculators busy at the doors of the heathen church."—"The orator fires away with his accustomed vigour." Such are the Pentecostal phenomena that, according to a New York journal, attend the promulgation of the New Gospel by Col. Robert Ingersoll. They certainly differ considerably from those which attended the publication of the Old Gospel by Paul of Tarsus. Paul did not charge seventy-five cents for admission, nor did he deliver his message to a big and delighted assembly with the studied accents and histrionic tricks of the platform mountebank. It may be added that he bore himself, as Free-thinkers have admitted, "like a perfect gentleman," and neither traduced the paganism against which he preached, nor vilified its professors. "Founders of inquisitions, builders of dungeons, makers of chains, inventors of instruments of torture, tearers, and burners, and branders of human flesh, stealers of babes, and sellers of husbands, and wives, and children, and they who kept the horizon lurid with the faggot's flame for a thousand years are in heaven to-night. I wish heaven joy." Such is Col. Ingersoll's presentation of the faith which has made Christendom, with its morality, its charities and its missions. In one of his lectures he travestied the Day of Judgment, and represented a perfectly virtuous man as sent to hell for not believing in the literal truth of the book of Jonah, while an abandoned scoundrel who did believe in the literal truth of the Book of Jonah was at once admitted to heaven. It is thus that he, as a minister of new truth, depicts to an ignorant and excited audience the religion of Luther, Pascal, Chillingworth, Chalmers, Channing, Maurice, Frederick Robertson, and, it may be added, of Kepler, Locke, Sir Isaac Newton and Faraday. It is a matter of course that he should charge rational Christianity with a literal acceptance of the figurative language employed in the Old Testament to bring the idea of God and His doings home to primitive minds, and "delight" his "big audience" with the absurd deductions to which figurative language, taken literally, must always lead. This is his special game, and its success ought to be a warning to those who persist in using the Old Testament and reading it in churches as if it had been written for Christians. Christianity, Col. Ingersoll says, is kept alive only because so much money is invested in it. That, it seems, is the sole reason why so many able and learned laymen who have no inducement whatever to profess one belief more than another continue to be Christians. It seems from what the New York journal says about the ticket speculators that in the new religion of humanity, also, some money is invested. The other day the great prophet of the new dispensation was seen employing all the artifices of the most unscrupulous advocate to save from justice, with the help of a dishonest jury, the gang of scoundrels which had committed the Star Route frauds. Now he arraigns Providence for conniving at the existence of roguery and asks why, if there is a God, he does not overrule, in the interest of justice, the wrong decisions of human courts of law.

MR. GLADSTONE'S case is a hard one. Subdued at last by age and toil, struggling against disease, harassed night after night in the House of Commons by Lord Randolph Churchill and his crew of aristocratic ruffians—there is no ruffianism like the aristocratic—with the set purpose of breaking him down, and at home guarded by policemen against the knives of the Irish, for whose sake he has been encountering a storm of odium and deeply imperilling his reputation as a statesman, he is at the same time carrying a load of care which would crush any ordinary man, and to which every day seems to add fresh weight. That he was not the man to deal either with the Irish or with the Egyptian question, both of which required a coarser fibre and a more military cast of mind, may be admitted without being unmindful of the high tone of morality which in both cases he has preserved, and which, with regard to the Egyptian question at least, has perhaps done the country a greater and more far-reaching service than would have been done by a policy more immediately successful but less moral. Shrinking from territorial aggrandizement and determined to keep the path of righteousness, he has evidently been very unwilling to accept at the hands of destiny the protectorate of Egypt. He has desired, apparently, to find a middle term in the rule of Gordon, with whose religious enthusiasm he is also likely to have great sympathy, for in his own character there is a great deal of the Puritan mingled with the High Churchman, and it will be observed that he gets on extremely well with the Presbyterian clergy of Scotland. He has, at all events, made it manifest to all but the frantic enemies of England that she is not rapacious but sincerely disposed to moderation. He has done this at the expense of, at all events, temporary embarrassment and miscarriage, with which, however, Parliament has no right to reproach him; for Parliament itself, torn with selfish and anarchic factions, has not only been able to lend no steady impulse to the government but has rendered it almost impossible for government to take a decided line. Vacillation and inconsistency have not been confined to the Cabinet. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, it seems, is now vehemently denouncing the Ministry for not promptly declaring a protectorate; but Mr. John Morley, who was the editor of that journal only a year ago, is not less vehemently demanding the evacuation of Egypt in the House of Commons. France, after having been treated by the English Government with the utmost cordiality and frankness, and having, nevertheless deserted her diplomatic partner, and left England to contend single-handed with the insurrection of Arabi and all the difficulties which ensued, is now, as might have been expected, showing her jealousy, and apparently inclined to take a hostile course, though it is doubtful how far the Government shares the feelings expressed by the journals. That Bismarck is in actual league with her is unlikely, but his object throughout has been to divert French enmity from Germany to England, and he will no doubt do, without scruple, whatever may further that end. There is, however, nothing for it now, so far as can be seen, but to go forward, establish, with all possible courtesy towards other powers and consideration for their reasonable claims, a Protectorate, or an effective control of some kind, and face the risk, whatever it may be, setting it down, with many other risks, and with much blood shed, and treasure spent, to the account of the Indian Empire. French ambition may be satisfied with the prospect of annexing Syria when the Turkish Empire breaks up, and it is fortunate that the filibustering propensity which has led France to extend her dominions in the remote East will, at the same time, bind her over to keep the peace towards maritime Powers. Yet there is, perhaps, more danger now of a collision between England and France than there has really been of a collision between any two Powers since the Congress of Berlin, incessant as the rumours of war have been. War is so unspeakable an evil at all times that it seems treason to humanity even to suggest that there are times when it is less an evil than it is at other times, or circumstances in which it brings with it some sort of compensation. But France, by forcing war on Germany, made Germany a nation. If she should now force war on England, she may re-animate British patriotism. The unstrung sinew of national vigour may be braced again; faction, demagogism and cant may be swept aside; the course of political dissolution may be arrested; anarchy, in Parliament and elsewhere, may be repressed; and perhaps genuine worth, at least of a military kind, may be called by stern necessity to the front, while stump oratory is sent to the rear. The nation may find a leader, and the insoluble Irish problem, real danger pressing, may find, like the problem of South German Disunionism, a swift and decisive solution.

"THE Church has done more to degrade woman than all the other adverse influences put together." Such, according to the *New York Times*, was the declaration with which the Nineteenth Century Club was greeted by Mrs. Cady Stanton, a leader of Female Suffrage, Co-education, and the Woman's Rights movement generally in the United States. We have

long ceased to be shocked by anything that can be said against the Christian Church or Christianity, and have made up our minds that they must stand upon their own merits, tested by free discussion, or fall. But surely nothing could mark more distinctly than this utterance of Mrs. Cady Stanton, the radical character of the sexual revolution, or more thoroughly justify those who have tried to awaken public attention to its gravity, and to enforce the necessity of forecast and deliberation, instead of light gallantry, and careless acquiescence. The Christian Church may be, as Mrs. Cady Stanton appears to think that it is, the organ of a debasing superstition; but it has, beyond question, been the life and the formative force of Christian civilization, that is of all that has hitherto been worthy of the name, except the short-lived, narrow, and morally questionable civilization of Greece and Rome. Notably, it has determined the relations of the sexes, the law of their union in marriage, the special functions of each in the double life, and the special excellences, distinct though co-equal, to which each is to be taught to aspire. To denounce it, therefore, as a greater source of degradation to woman than all other adverse influences put together, is to sound the trumpet of doom to the family, to home, and to social arrangements generally, as they now exist. Mrs. Stanton would hardly aver that the lot of her sex within the pale of Christendom had been worse than without that pale, even taking into account those privileges of women under the Roman Empire which embodied in the code of that time are now held up to us by the lawyers as the model of conjugal jurisprudence. What she and those who agree with her mean, probably, is that the Christian Church has upheld the distinctions of sex, at the same time that it has maintained the moral equality of the sexes, and that it has confined the duties of women to domestic and private life; and this cannot be denied. Christianity does not care very much for power, whether material or intellectual, seeing that the force of the mightiest of mankind compared with the force manifested in the universe is that of a mere pismire; but it cares much for pure affection, self-devotion, duty, holding them to be, if anything is, divine. It sees nothing degrading to man or woman in obedience where obedience is necessary, in respect for the headship of the family, in acknowledgment of the guardianship of affection. It holds up not intellectual ambition, or commercial success, but maternity as the crown of woman. The Christian Church may, at any rate, say for itself, that of all the nations given into its hands not one has perished, though some of them, Greece for example, and Spain, have been brought to death's door by conquest or mismanagement. We are not without the means of conjecturing what the efforts of the Woman's Rights theory when put into practice are likely to be upon the vitality of the Anglo-American race. What is now most wanted is a distinct programme of the new sexual dispensation from the Women's Rights point of view, dealing plainly with the questions of maternity and of the family. We shall then be enabled to choose deliberately, and with our eyes open, between the system of Christianity and that which is tendered to us in its room.

It might have been supposed that American journalists, when they discovered that the supposed criticism of Matthew Arnold on American character was a hoax, would have been glad to withdraw the foul abuse which, in their paroxysm of wounded self-esteem, they had poured not only on Matthew Arnold himself, but on all English visitors to America, and even on the British Government and people. At least it might have been thought that they would mark their sense of the position by their silence. Instead of this they "cheerfully reiterate" what they call their "denunciation of distinguished English beggars" and desire us to believe that it was written with full knowledge of the hoax, and as the expression of a deliberate opinion. Perhaps, indeed, it was too much to expect that those who, after receiving eminent men with every outward mark of respect and hospitality could turn round and revile their late guests as "beggars" and "tramps" would have the grace to retract injurious utterances, or to wish to undo a social wrong. Emerson lectured in England, received "the recognition of private hospitality," and afterwards wrote freely about English character, habits and institutions. Was he a "tramp" and a "beggar?" Is hospitality shown to men of eminence only that it may be repaid by them in flattery? However, all this is of little consequence. What is of more consequence is that the moral drawn by THE WEEK from these revelations of American feeling at the time of their occurrence should be laid to heart by those who are concerned, and that English "tramps" and "beggars" when engaged in "replenishing their exhausted purses" in the States, instead of "receiving the recognition of a private hospitality," to which apparently somewhat onerous conditions are attached, should henceforth pay their own hotel bills. Then they will be at liberty to say what they think true. At all events they had better keep clear of the "irritable race," and choose the hospitable roof of the American man of business, who is not rendered preternaturally sensitive by rivalry with English

writers, and in whose heart unkind feeling towards England is now almost extinct. One mistake, perhaps, Mr. Arnold made. He had better not have chosen Emerson as the subject of a lecture in the United States. The worship of Emerson, we have been frankly told is national; certainly it is not universal, for it would be very hard to find a trace of his influence, not very easy to find a reference to his opinions, in any great French or German writer. If you do not thoroughly believe in the Siamese elephant, discretion forbids you to lecture on him in Siam, and all the more if you have reason to believe that the natives themselves are vexed with a suspicion that his divine whiteness is partly paint. Mr. Arnold has probably said at least as much in praise of Emerson as he thinks, and he has said a good deal more than any ordinary intelligence can follow. A BYSTANDER.

HERE AND THERE.

AN extraordinary story is being told in Court circles, and is being retailed by the Spiritualists, as to the reasons which induced the Queen, at the last moment, to alter the arrangements for Prince Leopold's funeral. It is said that a short time before his death, dancing with an intimate friend, a lady of Danish birth, of great personal beauty, and the wife of an English peer, he was rallied by her upon his unwonted abstraction. His answer was that his sister Alice had come to him in the night, warned him of an approaching calamity, and told him not to trouble, for all would soon be well. The royal duke, like his mother, the Queen, seems to have accepted supernatural visitations as real, and he told the lady he would prefer, if anything happened to him, to have a military funeral. Her ladyship, the recipient of these confidences, wrote a letter to a high Court official telling him the story, and he laid her communication before Her Majesty. At once the Queen ordered her dead son's desires, expressed in life, to be fulfilled. Hence that change at the last moment which led to so much perplexity and inconvenience.

"THE Duchess of Albany is the daughter of a petty German prince, whose dominions are not more extensive than the cabbage garden on an English nobleman's estate." So states a writer in an English Journal. Her father made his consent to the marriage conditional upon a settlement of \$30,000 per annum being made in case his daughter became a widow. The royal duke was in receipt of \$125,000 a year from the date of his marriage. It is remarkable how tenaciously these pensioners hang on to dear life. For instance, the Duchess of Cambridge is between eighty and ninety years of age, and for thirty-four years has been in receipt of \$30,000 a year from the public funds. She is furthermore lodged at St. James' Palace, has a residence at Kew, near London, and her children are educated at the expense of the long-suffering tax-payer. The following salaries are now being annually paid from the same patient source:—Crown Princess of Prussia, \$40,000; Princess Christian, \$30,000; Princess Louise, \$30,000; Duchess of Cambridge, \$30,000; Duchess of Mecklenburg, \$15,000; Duchess of Teck, \$30,000; Princess of Wales, \$50,000; Duchess of Albany, \$30,000.

A well-known Toronto divine at a recent dinner stated that Her Majesty's allowance was only half a million of dollars annually. There was considerable astonishment amongst his hearers at the rev. gentleman's ignorance. It may be a fitting time to point out that the exact yearly amount voted by Parliament for her privy purse was \$1,925,000. In addition to this the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster bring her in some \$200,000 a year more, besides which it is more than supposed the Queen is in receipt of a large income out of investments made of money saved from her allowance.

AMONGST the matter-of-fact signs of the times may be noticed the number of peers of the realm who are now actively engaged in commercial pursuits. The sign is surely one of good omen, for till recently, members of our titled aristocracy were wont not only to be regarded, but also to regard themselves, as mere ornamental puppets. A few like the recently deceased Duke of Buccleuch, or the present Duke of Bedford, became practical agriculturists; but in other respects, to hold a title was a sufficiently powerful social bar to all commercial enterprise. At present the Earl of Shrewsbury—premier Earl of England—is a large cab proprietor, and the recent procession of his thirty well-appointed "Forders"—an improved style of "Hansom"—was watched with keen interest during its course through the fashionable streets of the west end of London, in which aristocratic neighbourhood his Lordship's cabs ply for hire. The Marquis of Salisbury, by nature more cut out for a country gentleman than a political leader, is proprietor of a large jam factory, the fruit being grown on the home farm. The Marquis of Lorne's brothers were the first of title to

become members of the Stock Exchange, and now Lord Scarsdale, like Lord Verulam, has started a huge dairy and butter factory.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, the cock-a-hoop member of the British Parliament who causes his leader so much trouble, is to visit the United States after the close of the session. This is the young gentleman whose attempts to "bluff" Mr. Gladstone have brought upon him such condign castigation as would have effectually and permanently suppressed anyone less pachydermatous. But the leader of the "fourth party" has nominated himself the successor of Benjamin Disraeli—and "all the world wondered." He married a daughter of Leonard W. Jerome, of New York, and will no doubt have "a good time" on this side the Atlantic.

THE Arnold-Chicago episode, hoax though it was, continues to exercise the minds of our American cousins. The Springfield *Republican*—generally a moderate, and always a well-written, journal—professes to derive great amusement from Mr. Arnold's visit, his sayings and doings. "Of all that he said here the only memory that remains is that he found Emerson no poet, from lack of form, and no philosopher, from lack of system. Mr. Arnold diminished his standing in a degree that none of our English visitors for a generation has lost. He had become a realist and a philistine, and given the lie to his own message. When he failed to recognize the work of Emerson in exalting the thought of America, he revealed his own hopeless limitations." Our contemporary opines that whereas Mr. Arnold addresses culture, Mr. Emerson appeals to humanity—not to a privileged aristocracy, but to an educated people. Mr. Arnold's surface impressions are true enough, "but they are all he gained from his visit." He has "a slow and narrow habit of mind." There was "little in the substance of the hoax that was not based upon things he said whilst here." He showed a disposition to "sweep the characteristics of the country under a few preconceived ideas, like an agent for a museum of civilization." The great critic's critic rejects Mr. Arnold's anticipation of America's future—when refinement, succeeding commerce, will bring a grand and beneficent civilization—and says if that ideal is prophetic, their whole democracy is a failure and their Government but a temporary expedient.

It is rather too much to find the American press gravely lecturing the press of England because it complains of the United States Government for allowing the murder of English people to be openly plotted in their midst. The New York papers, in telling Englishmen to mind their own business, simply add insult to injury. We know what a howl of rage would go up from New York if Londoners were to allow a paper to be published there periodically advocating the destruction of the city by dynamite. The American Government, in refusing to put a stop to the proceedings of O'Donovan Rossa and miscreants of that stamp, simply declines to fulfil one of the first duties of civilized life, and the disgrace is none the less because their conduct is beyond all question simply to be attributed to a desire not to lose the vote of the lowest class of Irish who live in the States.

AMERICAN economists are seriously discussing the future of the United States wheat industry. From recently-collated statistics it appears that agriculturists number about seventy per cent. of the total population. This must eventuate in a production which will touch the limit of demand, and that time is being hastened by the opening out of wheat fields in other parts of the world. India and Australia are entering into competition with this continent, and its position as the world's granary is not long assured. America must look for new markets for her vast surplus produce—for the grain which, it is held, the farmer must sell at any price—for the dry goods which protected manufacturers have produced until they are overwhelmed with stocks in excess of the wants of the people. "But," say the Manchester *Examiner*, commenting on this, "when the United States begin seriously to look for new markets, the fact will be forcibly brought home to the national mind that purchasers of its overplus will require America to take their products in return, and that an exchange of commodities is prohibited by a Protective tariff."

STILL another centenary: this time the hundredth anniversary of American Methodism. The general conference—a quadrennial gathering—met this year at Philadelphia, and had important business to transact. It is the "privy council" of the Methodist church, controlling the polity and government of near two million members and some twenty-five thousand ministers. A leading topic of discussion was the limitation of church membership, and the abolition of the itinerant system. New bishops are to be elected, and the Temperance question was considered.

IF the Springfield *Republican* is rightly informed, Chicago is to have genuine London hansom cabs. A company there has bargained for one hundred of them made in London itself, and they will come over, with drivers and harness, in a month or two. The fare will be twenty-five cents for a mile and a half, fifteen cents a mile thereafter, and sixty-five cents an hour. Says the *Tribune* in regard to the matter: "The striking resemblance which Chicago now bears to London will be considerably intensified!"

IN connection with the recent announcement that Mr. Parnell had sued and recovered from a tenant, Mr. West, arrears of rent, it is instructive to note the extraordinary position of the "no rent" agitator. He has posed as an enemy of Irish landlords, and has consistently preached the doctrine that they were rack-renters. He has constantly claimed for the tenant a right to the benefit of every dollar he may spend in permanent improvements. Yet, in the lease granted by him to Mr. West, there was a clause expressly defining it as a "bar to all claims for compensation, past and future, and also in lieu of all claims for disturbance." No person will deny Mr. Parnell's right to recover his rents; but what will his dupes who contributed to the £40,000 honorarium think of him as the advocate of landlord and rent abolition? The landlord land-law reformer is not the first man who has discovered how difficult it is to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds.

FOR some time past a petition has been left open for signature at the respective offices of the chief military organs of the day, which will in due course be presented to Her Majesty, and which has for its purport the restoration of Baker Pasha to his old rank in the British army. The petition is being largely signed, not alone by comrades to whom his social qualities had endeared him, but by officers and non-commissioned officers of other regiments, to whom he was best known as one of the most brilliant of light-cavalry commanders of the day, as well as by civilians in all ranks of life. The Prince of Wales, himself colonel of the Tenth Hussars—Valentine Baker's old regiment—is well-known to favour his restitution. There is a precedent for such a step. The late Lord Dundonald, for alleged discreditable transactions in connexion with the Stock Exchange, was imprisoned, fined, removed from the navy, and degraded from the Order of the Bath. A quarter of a century later he was reinstated and given the rank he would have held had he never been expelled. He was subsequently employed afloat, and restored to the Order of the Bath.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL boy was asked: "How many boys are in your class?" he said: "If you will multiply the number of Jacob's sons by the number of times which the Israelites compassed Jericho, and add to the product the number of ephahs of barley which Boaz gave Ruth, divide this by the number of Haman's sons, subtract the number of each kind of clean beasts that went into the ark, multiply by the number of men that went to seek Elijah after he was taken to heaven, subtract from this Joseph's age at the time he stood before Pharaoh, add the number of stones in David's bag when he killed Goliath, subtract the number of furlongs that Bethany was distant from Jerusalem, divide by the number of anchors cast out when Paul was shipwrecked, and subtract the number of persons saved in the ark, and the remainder will be the answer."

HERE is another puzzle for the curious. A correspondent is involved in domestic perplexities. He writes:—"I got acquainted with a young widow, who lived with her step-daughter in the same house. I married the widow; my father fell, shortly afterward, in love with the step-daughter of my wife, and married her. My wife became the mother-in-law and also the daughter-in-law of my own father; my wife's step-daughter is my step-mother, and I am the step-father of my mother-in-law. My step-mother, who is the step-daughter of my wife, has a boy; he is naturally my step-brother, because he is the son of my father and of my step-mother; but because he is the son of my wife's step-daughter so is my wife the grandmother of the little boy, and I am the grandfather of my step-brother. My wife has also a boy: my step-mother is consequently the step-sister of my boy, and is also his grandmother, because he is the child of her step-son; and my father is the brother-in-law of my son, because he has got his step-sister for a wife. I am the brother of my own son, who is the son of my step-mother; I am the brother-in-law of my mother, my wife is the aunt of her own son, my son is the grandson of my father, and I am my own grandfather."

THE late Charles Reade left behind him quite as large a mass of biographical matter, and that in as entirely confused a state as his contemporaries expected. Several of his literary friends are at present overlooking the collection of manuscript, and portions of it will appear in print during the year.

THE MORALITY OF AIDING TO COMMIT CRIME.

THE discussion of the moral and social aspects of the bribery case has now reached a point at which the expediency of the method employed to entrap the offender seems to be put forward as a sufficient justification of the act. A reply on this branch of the question may, therefore, be exused.

It is recorded in an ancient Book of great authority, that it was a "slandrous report" to affirm of the early Christians that they said, "Let us do evil that good may come." The advance of the moral influence of Christianity is therefore small when we find members of a Christian body politic, not only contending that the end justifies the means by which it is attained, but also contending that the enticing to completion of a crime, the apprehension and punishment of men who might have been deterred from consummating their guilty intentions, is a good or a desirable end. It has remained for devout men to close their missals, from which they lisp fervently, "Lead us not into temptation," and champion the right, the morality, the expediency of leading men on into temptation, deep, deep—of weaving the net around them, close, close—until there is no hope of delivering them from the evil which is thrust into their grasp, until there is no escape from the punishment which is being prepared for them. Is that morality? Is that expediency?

For the benefit of those who aver that it can be done, let us detach from the code of morals all Christian doctrine, and let us ask whether it is for the benefit of society that men who find intending criminals should not seek to prevent the actual commission of offences, should not consider it expedient to plant the seeds of reform in soil where they may take root, but should rather lead the would-be criminals on until they have committed overt acts, have consummated their offences, with the sole object of apprehending and punishing them as a warning to others. The theory of the law is to prevent the commission of crime. The interests of society require it. Punishment is not inflicted for the satisfying of revenge, but as a deterrent to others than the punished offenders. To aid the commission of an offence in order that the offender may be punished as an example to others is to fall far short of what it is possible to do for the good of society. If it is in the power of any one to intercept a would-be criminal, and prevent the actual commission, or the repetition, of a crime, is there not a duty to that man as a member of society to stand in his way and prevent his further degradation? There is a duty owed to every criminal as well as to every innocent man, and the duty to the criminal, who needs guidance out of evil and not into it, and who needs a reforming and not a debasing influence, is a higher one than the duty to an innocent man who needs no hand to rescue him. And when a man sees his fellow-man on the verge of crime, with everything at hand to make him a convicted criminal except the means to carry out his act, and, instead of putting out a hand to rescue him, furnishes the means for the completion of the crime, and thus helps to sink him deep into degradation, for fear he should escape punishment, that man is recreant to his duty, an immoral man, and a traitor to society. Would not society be better served if every man in the community who had formed a guilty intent were intercepted and barred from the actual commission of crime, than if every such one had the means furnished him to consummate his offence, in order that he might be held up as a terrible example to others?

If it is a satisfactory result to be able to add one more crime to the calendar, to count so many more criminals in the community, so many more cells filled, and so much more money expended in bringing men to justice, well and good for those who can think so. If all the crude material of crime were to be worked up and manufactured into complete criminals, what a state would society be in! what a dignified, honourable, elevating, and charitable occupation—the polishing up and finishing off of half-made criminals! We cannot prevent men from forming evil intents, but we can prevent them from committing overt acts of crime, if they are discovered soon enough.

Mr. Wood will get few men to agree with him that the same beneficial result "would not have been effected if the game had been merely blocked," instead of carried on until there was a complete case for the courts. If the ministry felt that, they felt that the moral tone of the House was low. They felt that they could not depend on persistent refusal to be bribed—persistent kicking down stairs, as Mr. Wood phrases it. The better view seems to be that exposure and contemptuous treatment of the offenders would have deterred others from similar attempts, would have shown that the House was on its guard, would have shown that the men who were approached were impregnable and jealous of their honour, would have shown that their dignity and honour held first place in their own estimation—and the whole community would have been with them. It does not improve their position in the

least to hint that the proof would have failed in a court of justice, if the aggressors had been checked when the first proposal was made. To say so is merely to say that the witnesses were not credible, and that the more reliable testimony was required.

To defend the act on the ground that the Ministry were justified by the instinct of self-preservation, is simply to assert that party exigencies produce good morals. People of that creed will defend the episodes of "send along another ten thousand;" "make a big push;" and "speak now;" and people of that creed must also first show that it is a matter of expediency, and one for the good of society, that a Party Government should be maintained at all hazards. That is placing the matter on a purely political basis, which is entirely foreign to the scope of this discussion. A reference was made in the first article on this subject, which was intended to show the difference between the use of decoys to detect the commission of offences against property, such as larceny, and their use in the detection of offences against the person. The reference was not thoroughly understood. Let us, however, accept Mr. Griffin's example of a virtuous woman who, being solicited on the street by an infamous scoundrel, led him to her father's house where he received his due reward.

The reference to an actual case prevents one from enquiring (without fear of personal offence) whether such a woman's self-possession did not exceed her modesty, whether her own fair reputation or the punishment of the offender were uppermost in her mind, and where she learned the strumpet's act so well as to completely deceive, and decoy into a house "an infamous scoundrel," without being even suspected of being a virtuous woman. In order to make the case more nearly like the one under discussion, we must intensify it. Suppose such a woman to have simulated consent, to have invited a repetition of the advances, and under her father's instructions to have led on the aggressor until he had left undoubted and inefaceable evidence of his guilt. Will any one pretend to say that the moral tone of both father and daughter would not have been lowered? A virtuous woman does not hold out her honour for sale, even if she does not intend to part with it, neither does an honourable man.

To say that there is an irreparable injury done in the one case and not in the other is simply to say that a man's honour may be trifled with, a woman's may not. And to say that the injury done to the member who took the money is not irreparable, is begging the question. That depends entirely upon the morality or immorality of the transaction, and is the very thing to be demonstrated. If the offenders had been enticed within reach of the authorities of the House as soon as the approach was made, and had been there and then approached and punished by the House, their case would have been the exact parallel of Mr. Griffin's illustration. But as it stands it is not.

If the alleged conspiracy had been a conspiracy to assault and beat Mr. McKim with sticks, and he had informed the police, and if the police had told him to let the conspirators proceed until they had belaboured him sufficiently to have left undoubted evidence of their assault, will any reasoning man say that Mr. McKim would have consented to this in the interests of justice and for the good of society? The fact that a man will allow his honour to be tampered with, when he will not submit his body to blows, proves nothing more nor less than that his honour is made of tougher material than his bones.

It has been argued that the acceptance of the money had not the effect of debauching or corrupting the acceptor; that, though honour was held up for sale, honour was not in reality sold. We have now the aid of the decision of a court of justice upon this branch of the case. It has been decided that the money received by Mr. McKim is his property (we question if the right to coerce the Speaker to hand it over to Mr. McKim's creditors is left open). The decision proceeded upon well understood principles of law: that, where a man conveys property to another for an immoral—not necessarily a criminal—purpose, the title to the property passes to that person, and it becomes his absolutely. He can only be divested of it with his consent, or *in invitum* by process of law at the suit of his creditors. On this principle the money given to Mr. McKim cannot be recovered back and must therefore belong to him. Will any apostle of purity, who alleges that Mr. McKim's moral tone has not been lowered, will any such an one tell us what Mr. McKim, an honourable man, has given in exchange for the money which he received?

It may be well to disclaim any intention to defend the accused, or their action. They have their counsel, and they are in the hands of justice. Reference to their case has been studiously avoided, and the course adopted by THE WEEK in refusing to discuss their case while it is before the courts cannot be too highly commended. Criticism of the mode of detection is not a defence, and cannot be distorted into a defence of the accused or of their act.

E. DOUGLASS ARMOUR.

IS IT DECADENCE?

WE sometimes see a little child of a few years old smitten with atrophy. Food fails to nourish it. The flesh, as it were, evaporates from the feeble limbs, and the babe's face gradually assumes a look of extreme age. Such is the aspect of the intellectual life of Canada. It seems old in infancy, and withered before it bloomed.

Some twelve or fifteen years ago Canadian journalism reached the nadir of debasement. Owing to causes which it is not necessary to particularize, in time a marked improvement took place, and, coincident with this appeared signs of a general intellectual awakening, which, to people who loved an ignoble power more than national progress, was gall and worm-wood. It was not uncommon then to find in ephemeral literature evidences of mental vigour, fulness of knowledge, and independent thought. Young Canada marched forward in what seemed the light and life of a larger day. Much there was to stir a generous mind with admiration, much to inspire and justify sanguine hopes. What blight fell on this out-budding? Where are the flowers, where the fruit we should have seen? Were the movements as of life the result of external influences? Were they rather galvanic than organic? Be they what they might, nothing can be more certain than that stagnation speedily followed those manifestations of real or apparent, of inborn or factitious, energy. As in all human affairs, source and stream in this degenerate age of our history are so mingled as almost to defy analysis; the pure effect of one day becomes an efficient cause on that which follows, and to appraise the influence of any person or event is as difficult as to define the boundary line between the realms of free-will and fate.

Among the phenomena which have accompanied this decline stands, in offensive prominence, that which might well seem to be its main cause—a marked falling off in the quality of the writing in our leading journals. But though this can be immediately traced to the employment of a lower and lighter kind of ability, at the dictation of commercial or political considerations or of both, and though in a country where newspapers are so universally read, it is hard to exaggerate the moulding power of the press, we are inclined to class the want of freshness, the reliance on detraction, the evident preference of abuse to argument, among consequences rather than causes. Had the intellectual life of Canada been vigorous it would have thrown off the infection. But the fount of our inspiration, it is to be feared, was shallow. Once antagonized by material interests, enthusiasm grew pale, and the light which lit us for a space soon burned so low that hardly a glimmer or spark remains. The fact is, the sturdy spirit which can live for an idea, and if necessary go into the wilderness with it, has not yet been acclimatized with us. Here is something for national searching of heart; because, until that spirit is ours, real greatness, individual or national, is a star in a distant sphere, beyond our grasp, beyond even a first conception of what it is. Had the ardour of those hopeful years burned on, men who are now in middle age, common-place "dollar-getters and breeders of dollar-getters," would have grown into figures of moral and intellectual excellence; society would have a depth and glow and sparkle, only conspicuous by their absence to-day; politics themselves would have had at least to assume a virtue; and the rising generation would be entering active life with more inspiring thoughts than cynicism and an eye for the main chance can supply.

We shall be glad if time proves that we take too gloomy a view of the situation. When to the despondent prophet all seemed unrelieved wickedness in Israel, there were yet seven thousand who had not bowed the knee to Baal; and it is possible that what we deplore may prove part of a progressive undulation, not a section of a depraved curve. It may be that flame will again burst forth and the light be brighter than before. The reflux wave may rush forward and register a higher mark. Otherwise the future is indeed a dreary prospect. Scepticism, which involves Canada with the rest of the world, is apt to make people think that there is nothing for which it is worth while either to live or die. Our peculiar position relying on a distant arm for defence is not conducive to heroism of any kind. The most prominent and, at the same time, most useless of our institutions fosters flunkeyism and false displays, while making the dude the ideal of fashionable manhood. A democratic people, with no great private estates, with no conditions whatever to set one section of the community apart from, and above the rest, and with only common red blood in our veins, we have an exotic Court planted afresh at intervals, the officers of which are invariably the rump of the young lordling class, and a bastard aristocracy, with tin-foil decorations, looking for favours, not to the people of Canada, but to the decrepid trunk of feudalism beyond the sea. The mode of conducting political controversy in and out of parliament declares war against mental progress. To change a man's opinion is

a crime. Let a politician lay down a proposition; does his opponent try to prove that it is fallacious? By no means. He directs his energies to prove that ten or twelve years before, the infamous propounder of a new idea held different views. For the mastery of this convincing rhetoric *Hansard* is an invaluable mine. Not only will he confront and, as he thinks, triumphantly ask you with your views of a remote period: ten to one you will be triumphantly asked whether some dead man with whom you never had anything in common except belonging to the same party did not, thirty years ago, say something very different from the peccant utterance for which you are now arraigned. In the newspapers this sort of stuff is considered the highest effort of dialectics, and is always distinguished by italics, small capitals, or black letters. The least pretence of having independent views is a deadly sin, and the rank and file of a party, only too glad to have their thinking done for them by others, are ever ready to "kill" the man who is presumptuous enough to show impatience of political servitude. The ideal statesmanship among Canadians, old and young, is mere manipulation of men, and the highest political character seems to be the masking with lofty pretensions hypocritical manoeuvring for sectional support. The whole thing is rotten. How can we expect the people to develop under such conditions a taste for what is wholesome and pure in political thought and action? They are at the mercy of a vile system in which the dead and half-putrid hog beats the living cow every time. Where is it to end? Can we expect anything better than such scandals as that which made the last days of the late session of the Ontario Parliament inodorous? How can we look to see anything superior to gutter-slingers in newspapers, and pensioners, nepotists, and corruptionists in politics?

Is there any hope? There is hope. The awakening referred to above was not the expiring glow of what had once grown and matured and culminated. It may have been like the anticipations of the distant spring which we see in soft winters, when the chestnuts bud, and the sparrows, deceived, think the time has come to build. Shall we behold a spring-time for Canadian thought? In human things let philosophers say what they will, there can be no new life-giving impulse without will and effort. Now, the worst feature of Romanism has been introduced into politics by party—the suppression of private judgment. Let the people of Canada do what their fathers did at the time of the Reformation, namely, assert the dignity of their manhood, the supremacy of the individual conscience in matters political, as Luther and John Knox did in matters religious; let them determine to honour mental greatness wherever found, to give their allegiance to high thought and noble and consistent action, not deify the cunning and deceptions of the wire-puller, and we may yet see in the parliament of Canada men of large views, with adequate knowledge—statesmen in a word—and, what is of not less importance, our leading newspapers redeemed from provincialism and restored to decency. DOUGLAS ROWAN.

FIFTY YEARS' PROGRESS AMONG THE ENGLISH WORKING-CLASSES.

THE recent inaugural address delivered by Mr. Robert Giffen on the above subject before the Royal Statistical Society, which has just been published in pamphlet form, has not received the attention which its importance demands, and a brief synopsis of it may therefore be of some use to Canadian readers. Mr. Giffen shows conclusively that in every department of living the English workman of to-day is far better off than his compeer of fifty years ago.

During that time wages have risen from 33 to 85 per cent., while the hours of labour have diminished nearly 20 per cent., the total gain to the labourer from both sources being from 50 to 100 per cent. On the other hand, with two or three exceptions, the prices of commodities have either decreased or are much the same to-day as they were then. Many new things also can now be had at a low price which could not then be obtained at all. During the decennium 1872-82 the average price of wheat was ten shillings a quarter less than during that of 1837-46. The price is also far more steady now than it was in the old Corn-Law days. In 1812 it was 126s. 6d. per quarter; in 1836 it was only 36s.; while in 1847 it had risen again to 102s. 5d., a fluctuation which implied semi-starvation in the dear years. During the last twenty years, on the other hand, wheat has never been as high as 70s. a quarter. In the period 1863-73, the highest yearly average was 64s. 5d., in 1867; while during the period 1873-83, the highest was only 58s. 8d., in 1873. Among important items of labourers' consumption, sugar and clothing have both greatly declined in price. The only important article of diet which has become dearer is meat. Fifty years ago, however, meat was not an article of consumption with workmen, as it is now. In house-rent also there has been an increase—

largely due, however, to the fact that the houses of workmen are far better now than they used to be, the increased rent being merely a higher price for a correspondingly better article which the workman can afford. In 1834, house-duty was levied on all houses rented at £10 or upwards; now, all houses below £20 are exempt, the benefit going almost wholly to the working-classes. The increase in rent and the cost of meat does not, however, counterbalance the decrease in the prices of other articles, so that the increase in wages and the decrease in working hours represent so much clear gain. The superior style of living among the masses is shown by the immense increase in the imports per head of such articles as bacon and hams, butter, cheese, eggs, rice, tea, cocoa, sugar, and raisins. The consumption per head of tea and sugar, for instance, is about four times as great, and that of rice eighteen times as great as it was forty years ago.

Savings' banks deposits are an especially reliable criterion of the diffusion of wealth among the masses. Between 1831 and 1851, the number of depositors in these Banks increased from 429,000 to 4,140,000, and the deposits from £13,719,000 to £80,334,000, the amount of the deposits per head decreasing in the same time from £34 to £20. The great increase in the number of depositors, and the decrease in the deposits per head, afford conclusive proof of a greater tendency towards saving on the part of the poorer classes. There has been a correspondingly great increase in the business done by the industrial co-operative societies. Between 1862 and 1881 the number of members increased from 90,000 to 525,000; the capital from £483,000 to £7,142,000; the sales from £2,333,000 to £20,901,000; and the net profits from £165,000 to £1,617,000.

The workman's position has improved in other ways. The cost of government per head is considerably less, and the workman's share of government expenditure is greater now than they were in 1832. Nearly £15,000,000 of expenditure under such heads as education, post-office, inspection of factories, is entirely new as compared with fifty years ago, the workman consequently getting something now which he did not get before at all. The same is true of local taxes, which are now £60,000,000 as against £15,000,000 in 1832. The latter sum was mainly for poor-relief and other old burdens, from which working-men got little benefit. Now, while poor-relief expenditure is about the same, there is a vast expenditure besides for sanitary, educational, and similar purposes, of which the masses get the chief benefit. The expenditure in these directions, says Mr. Giffen, has helped to make life sweeter and better, and to open careers to the poorest. The benefit of such an institution, for instance, as a free library, is, he says, incalculable.

A natural result of better food, better lodging, better clothing, and better sanitary precautions is a considerable decrease in the death-rate. For the years 1876-80 the average annual death-rate for males between the ages of five and twenty-five was from twenty-eight to thirty-two per cent. less than in 1841-5; and for females between the same ages, from twenty-four to thirty-five per cent. less. The mean duration of life of males has thus been raised from 39.9 years, in 1841-5, to 41.9 years in 1876-80, a gain of two years, or equal, taking the whole population of Great Britain, to a total gain of sixty million years of life for every generation. The larger proportion of this increase, moreover, has been at the useful ages, not at the dependent ages of childhood and old age. The increase of vitality has been accompanied by a corresponding decrease in sickness, the average number of days lost in the year by the workman in consequence of illness being now considerably less than formerly. The improvement in health, moreover, has been mainly among the masses, and not among the well-to-do. Many sanitary improvements, it may be added, are comparatively recent, and their benefits are only beginning to be felt, and only the younger lives will be affected by them. We may therefore expect that the improvement in the public health will be even greater in the future than it has been in the past. As it is, the gain has been enormous.

As the country has prospered in health and wealth, so it has declined in pauperism. In 1830, with only half the population, the expenditure under this head was nearly as great as it is now. Between 1849 and 1881, notwithstanding the great increase in the population, the number of paupers in the United Kingdom decreased from 1,676,000 to 1,014,000.

The material progress has been accompanied by a corresponding advance in the intellectual and moral spheres. Fifty years ago the children of the masses got either a miserably poor education or none at all. Now they are getting a fairly good all-round training. Between 1851 and 1881 the number of pupils attending the public schools increased from 782,239 to 4,356,000. On the other hand, in spite of the steady increase of population, there has been a great diminution in serious crime. In England the number of persons committed for trial decreased from 24,000 in 1839, to 15,000 in 1882. For the United Kingdom the corresponding decrease was from 54,000 to 22,000. At the present time there is probably not one—

fourth the amount of serious crime in the United Kingdom, in proportion to population, that there was forty years ago.

The general conclusion arrived at by Mr. Giffen is that the masses of the people are immensely better off than they were fifty years ago—that they get far better wages for shorter hours of labour than they formerly got for longer; that they are better fed, better housed, and better clothed; that they enjoy better health and live longer; that they are better educated; and that among them there is far less pauperism and crime: in short, that their lot in life is altogether more comfortable and happier. An unimproved residuum, unfortunately, still remains. There is, however, very good reason to believe that, relatively to the total population, this residuum is considerably smaller than it was in 1831. Though the efforts to reduce this miserable remnant to a minimum should not be relaxed, Mr. Giffen gives his countrymen the wholesome advice, that “discontent with the present should not make them forget that things have been much worse”—a consideration which should beget renewed hope for the future.

ANGLO-CANADIAN.

EMIGRATION OF THE YOUNG MEN OF CANADA TO THE UNITED STATES.

AMERICAN and Canadian dailies have, for the past three or four months, been arrayed against each other on the important (to us) subject of the emigration of our young men to the United States. The American journals, which were by no means adverse to opening the discussion, assert that Canada offers but few advantages for the mercantile or professional progression of our young men, and our dailies as a natural sequence repudiate very hotly these statements in very fluently written and lengthy, but by no means argumentative, editorials, and declare that Canada offers more inducements now than it ever did before to keep her young men at home.

The discussion is a purely *patriotic* one, and it is only natural that our press should take issue in the matter, defend our country, malign the assertors, and refute most boldly these assertions, even if there is some doubts as to the correctness of their refutations.

Notwithstanding these grandiloquent and flowing, but by no means convincing, articles of denial on the part of the Canadian press, the truth of the assertion that the young men of Canada are emigrating in scores to seek a fortune in the bordering country cannot be gainsaid by anyone who has been giving the matter the slightest attention. The cleverer the young man is, the more does the desire grow on him to emigrate to a country where he thinks his ability will be appreciated, and once there, he seldom, if ever, returns to “settle down” again in Canada.

I can call to mind some half dozen exceptions where young men have returned, thoroughly homesick and thoroughly cured of their “illusion,” but these were generally of that itinerant nature, jumping from one place to another, turning their hand to everything and succeeding in nothing. But, as a general rule, a young man who has served three or four years at the business or profession of his choice in Canada, migrates to the States, goes into the same business or profession there, and is generally successful. The thorough schooling he obtains in Canada stands him in good stead, and employers recognizing this usefulness place inducements before him which make it worth his while to remain. As it is now, the legal and medical professions in Canada are overstocked, and yet Æsculapius and Blackstone are quarterly receiving hundreds of new, yet ardently devout, worshippers at their shrines. Many are enlisting their names on the books of the Law Society at Osgoode Hall, who, if properly advised, would have mastered the art of digging post-holes.

The profession which our young men, to use a vernacular phrase, “have no use for,” and in fact look down on as one to be sneered at, and as one scarcely suitable to a *gentleman*, is the journalistic profession. Almost every law student you meet thinks himself a born journalist, from whose pen caustic sarcasm and heavy political articles flow with a wonderful fluency, couched in the most mellifluous diction, and it is a common remark amongst these young fellows “that any person can enact the rôle of reporter at very short notice, and do it satisfactorily.” When such a profession is deprecatingly sneered at by young men, it is no wonder that the other professions are overcrowded, and the far-seeing one, knowing that although possessed of average ability, he can do nothing in a country where his chosen profession is so completely demoralized by the number in its rank and file, and recognizing the injury such an overcrowding does to the profession, he emigrates, pursues his calling across the border, and as a general result makes money.

The very excellent article given to the readers of THE WEEK, in a recent number, on the secrets of a New York newspaper office, betrays the esteem in which a member of the journalistic fraternity in that city is

held, and the number of young men who daily seek situations on the leading metropolitan dailies is past belief.

Positions in railroad offices here in Canada are eagerly sought after; in fact, I am informed that applicants for positions express their willingness to work two or three months on trial without remuneration in the hope of eventually securing a desk; but this eagerness to obtain these positions cannot be ascribed to the great love young men have for the business, nor is it with a desire of promotion that they remain for a few years. Why is there such a rush of applicants for these positions? Ask any one of the young men in these railroad offices and he will put your curiosity at rest by telling you that every clerk, almost, who applies for a position in a railroad office has but one idea, and that is of learning shorthand and going into an American Railroad Co.'s office.

Of the many clerks in the railway offices of the principal roads in Chicago, it is estimated that fully one-sixth of them are Canadian-born, who have left Canada within the last few years. Their careful and *general* training in a small office at home, coupled with natural ability, has obtained for them lucrative and responsible positions, and if they ever return to Canada it is merely to spend their Summer holidays.

The stenographic art has for some time past been a craze, and although “countless myriads” take the initiative step, but very few complete the course of study essentially necessary to become proficient in this useful art. Yet these few (comparatively speaking) are no sooner proficient than they declare shorthand as their profession, endeavour in a half-hearted kind of way to obtain a situation in some law office or mercantile firm here, turn up their noses at \$500 a year, and betake themselves to one or other of the metropolitan cities where good stenographers are constantly in demand, obtain a good moneyed position, and swear by the United States forever.

I am not taking a pessimistic view of the situation by any means. Any unprejudiced person cannot but look at this deplorable state of affairs in the same light. The fact becomes painfully patent: Canada has the coarser stones that refuse to pass through the sieve, and the United States is carrying away the pure sand that falls through. We need a larger field of both professions and trades.

J. H. S.

YACHTING ON THE GREAT LAKES.

THE wisest man that ever lived has said: “The glory of a young man is in his strength.” It is not at all probable that there were yachts or yachtsmen in the days of Solomon, but of all the exercises of young men, and old men too, he would have given the palm to yachting. Here is a pastime that requires strength and agility of body and fearlessness of mind. To him who goes thoroughly into it, it brings a knowledge of the deep sea, the sky above, and the winds that blow. The pleasures and advantages of yachting, he only knows who has been overcome by the fascination of this sport, not of kings, but of brave and hardy men. The delights of sailing are not to be expressed in words. To feel the heaving deck beneath your feet, to watch the swirling eddies curling away astern; to look aloft at the swelling sails and know that you have made the winds your servants, dangerous though they be, and apt at times to overcome their master; to battle with and defeat the seething seas, depending often for your safety on the soundness of a timber or a strand of rope; and again to float lazily for days and hours, sailing always towards the dim, distant line dividing the sky and sea. These are joys that the landsman may not know. The exhilaration of yacht sailing should be a personal experience with all who live in the lake cities, for surely if ever a people was favoured with opportunities for yachting it is the people whose homes are on the shores of

“The great lakes,
Whose cool breadth fills the whole horizon,
Like the green, salt sea.”

From far Superior to where the blue waves ripple on the enchanted strand of the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, the great lakes tempt the millions who dwell by their shores. Compared with the three thousand sail which make up the yachting fleet of Great Britain, the lake yachting fleet makes but a poor showing. But the comparison is not one that should be drawn; and looked at, of itself, the yachting fleet of Ontario tells of a spirit of energy and of a healthy feeling that every people is the better for. On the south shore yachting languishes. The American people can make no such show of fast and staunch craft as belong to the Canadian yacht clubs, and the American lake cities have no such healthy organizations as the Canadian clubs. The white signal and blue letters of the Bay of Quinté Yacht Club alone have floated over more fast and famous vessels than ever sailed from any of the American cities. Many fine and luxurious steam yachts hail from the south shore, and one gentleman has expended a fortune to secure a craft that will be the fastest on the lakes. But the true sailor has a fine contempt for the craft that depends on its coal-

bunkers instead of on the wind, and so long as the Americans are unable to build a sailing yacht to defeat those turned out from Canadian yards, no uneasiness will be felt here. It must be rather humiliating to American yachtsmen to see the champion flags of the lakes carried away regularly by some craft from Canada, and the endeavour to overcome this by buying Canadian yachts has not been productive of success. The victories of the *Annie Cuthbert*, *Oriole* and *Atalanta* have settled so far the question of the relative superiority of Canadian and American yachts on the lakes.

The sloop-rigged, centre-board yacht is the prevailing class on the lakes, but some of the newer boats are cutters. There are not many racing machines on the lakes, and by the time the cutter comes into more general favour, as it undoubtedly will, by reason of its handy rig and sea-going qualities, it will not be the "lead-mine" of to-day, but a common-sense mean between the extremes of yacht building. A couple of fine cutters are owned in Toronto, the smaller a regular winner in her class, but I have a strong impression that the larger will be beaten in any weather by the sloop *Atalanta*, the latest production of the most famous yacht builder in Canada. The schooner class has but one representative on this lake, but she is a noble craft, with a reputation on all the lakes. There is no yawl with any claim to racing qualities, but as a comfortable, conveniently-rigged boat, the yawl should have the call as a cruiser. Of the smaller craft, about ten tons, the eastern end of the lake claims the largest number and the fastest boats. There the sloop is always the type, and it will be some time before the feeling in favour of cutters is prominently shown in that locality. Toronto and Belleville are the headquarters of yachting on Lake Ontario, but Kingston's new club promises to bring back some of the olden glory of the fleet at that port. At Hamilton, the home of the *Brunette*, *Gypsy*, *Restless*, *Annie Cuthbert*, and other craft famous in former years, I am sorry to say yachting is dead, but not in the sense that the love of sailing has faded except among those whose means enable them to gratify a taste for a rather expensive sport. The craft out of commission and those disposed of to other cities have not been replaced, and the yachting fleet of Burlington Bay retains but the shadow of its old-time reputation. On the south side Oswego has a fine fleet, the crack sloop being a Canadian bottom. The formation of the Lake Yacht Racing Association will encourage yachting on this lake very much, especially by consolidating the statutes—if I may use the legal phrase—of measurement and time allowance. This has been badly needed, the prevailing measurement regulations being very unfair to the sloops. The arrangement of a circuit of regattas, which will enable yachts to take part in all in the course of the regular summer cruise around the lake, will greatly assist cruising, which is perhaps as important to many as racing. Disasters to yachts on Lake Ontario are very few. It may be that boats are better found and more carefully handled now than they formerly were; but whatever is the reason there are no such losses as those of the *Foam* and the *Sphinx*, and this with a greater fleet, and longer cruises in all kinds of weather. F. J. N.

THE TORRENS SYSTEM.

[THE manuscript of an article on the above subject which appeared in these columns last week arrived late, and by some oversight the contribution was put in type and sent to press unread. We regret that in the hurry, mistakes in punctuation were made and overlooked which somewhat obscure the meaning of the author.—ED.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. G. J.—Too late for insertion this week.
W. N. omitted to enclose his name.
H. M. P.—"Sketch" to hand.

LORD LANSDOWNE AND HIS TENANTRY.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—In your number of April 24th there was a paragraph embodying a statement of the *Financial Reformer* respecting Lord Lansdowne's treatment of his Irish tenantry. It was alleged that his Lordship's rent had been reduced by the award of the Land Commissioners 25 per cent. This was adduced as proof that he had been an oppressive rack renter, and an injurious inference was drawn as to the motives by which he had been actuated in seceding from Mr. Gladstone's Government. The *Financial Reformer* is, I believe, regarded as a respectable authority, but in this case it appears to have been mistaken.

The reduction in question was not 25 but 17 per cent.; it was on some farms near Limerick, the bulk of the Lansdowne estates being in Kerry; it was not so great as the general fall in the value of land through the three kingdoms within the last five years, by reason of agricultural depression. The rents had not been raised by Lord Lansdowne, but had been paid without question in most cases for forty or fifty years. The tenants had not been pressed for payment during the depression. The settlement of

their accounts had been allowed to stand over pending their application to the court for a re-valuation of their holdings, upon the understanding that any reduction which the court might make should be retrospective, and that the arrears should be paid subject to any alteration in the rentals which the Commissioners might make. On the bulk of the Lansdowne estates, which are very large, no reductions in the rents have been made by the Commissioners. These facts, I believe, I have from a trustworthy source.

I happen, myself, to have had occasion to make particular inquiries respecting Irish estates and their administration; and I have always been told that the Lansdowne estates were liberally managed.

Lord Lansdowne did not secede from Mr. Gladstone's Government on the Land Act, but on the Compensation for Disturbances Bill, which narrowly escaped defeat in the House of Commons, and to which many Liberals besides Lord Lansdowne felt objections.

The stories which have been set afloat among us about Lord Lansdowne's oppression of his Irish tenants owe, I believe, if not their origin, their form and currency mainly to the editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, who caters, and no doubt is worthy to cater, for the taste of the Invincibles of Chicago. The other day this gentleman gave us the measure at once of his critical acumen and of his integrity as a journalist, by printing, as transmitted to himself from an English journal, the pretended essay of Mr. Matthew Arnold, which afterwards proved to be a hoax concocted at New York.

I have no sort of connection with Lord Lansdowne or with any interest which he represents, but justice ought to be done to the low as well as to the high, and to the high as well as to the low.

Yours,
May, 1884.

PROHIBITION AND COMPENSATION.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—An article in this week's issue of your paper in favour of compensation in the event of Prohibition becoming law is so much to the point that I would not attempt to weaken its force and expression by any criticism of mine, and I only write now to say that I feel strongly the bitterly unjust speeches made against us by men who are supposed to be leading men, and by ministers who are supposed to be ministers of a Gospel whose founder is Christ—the former in trying to create a prejudice against us socially, and the latter in virtually preaching us out of their churches. I, as an individual, and not speaking for others in the business, beg to protest against compensation in any shape if not accorded as a right, and without begging for it. No compensation is likely to be given which can cover the loss caused by an utter cessation of the traffic which others, as well as myself, have followed as a trade, and no compensation is likely to be given which can atone for the necessities of life taken away from the thousands of workmen engaged as at present. At all events, no tangible provision is made in the prohibitory programme to replace the means of living proposed to be taken from these men and the employers, who will be forced, under the circumstances and on account of pressing necessity, to become keen, cutting competitors with other trades and other labours. From being an immense purchasing power, this trade and its employes must suddenly become a competitive power, and I leave it to other trades and workmen to say if there are openings to justify any such enforced competition. True, promises are abundant from the compulsory camp—promises of a millennium, which, but for ever-cropping-up causes—causes which everybody but themselves seem able to foresee—is ever about to be consummated, but never quite yet. No, I would protest against any such limited compensation. Forced out of commercial existence in the business we know, it is preferable that the onus of failure be laid upon these leading men and ministers, who will then become irredeemably, by their own implication, responsible for all the drunkenness, all the crime, all the jails and all the hospitals. The only sections of the community who can hope to benefit pecuniarily by the change are those who have realized and can live upon their money, and those who have stated incomes and stipends, so long as these last, in the altered circumstances. It may soon become a matter of contention, as an article of faith, and as affecting the Being of Christ and the example he set, whether the Founder of the Christian religion made wine or merely sweet syrup; involving the right to the possession of those churches founded upon the former belief. Further, the principle of sacrificing one portion for the good of the community, without compensation, will be established, and if those who suffer claim a further extension of the principle, it may eventually equalize all interests, and will be much better than any paltry compensation wrung out of unwilling leaders, who ought to know better than to lead their comparatively innocent followers into troubles they have no means of extricating them from. They do not even predicate any means of deliverance, save sweet dreams of the immediate establishment of the Golden Rule—just after ignoring it, as an example—when laws, prohibitory or otherwise, will not be required at all.

BREWER.
Toronto, April 26, 1884.

A CORRECTION.—Mr. Griffin writes, referring to his letter in the last WEEK on "The Bribery Case":—"Dear Sir,—In condensing the first paragraph in my letter, I am made to say what seems to be simply unintelligible and nonsensical. It must have been the printer's error. But what I wished to say was: He (Mr. Armour) takes it for granted that the recipients were corrupt, that they lost their honour, that they were debauched, and that this fearful self-sacrifice was necessary to make the sin of bribery possible. If a man from the standpoint of morals may steal without taking another man's property, may he not bribe without taking another man's honour? Is it possible that there should be guilt in the one without guilt in the other? If so, then the one cannot have an evil purpose unless the other has it too. This would be a new doctrine, and hard to believe."

IN the year 1669, at a term of court held at New Haven, Jacobeth Murtine and Sarah Tuttle were prosecuted. They were accused of "setting down on a chestle together, his arms around her waiste, and her arme upon his shoulder or about his neck, and continuing in that sinful posture about half an hour, in which time he kyssed her and she kyssed him, or they kyssed one another, as ye witnesses testified."

THE FIRST PHEBE.

SWEET latest herald of the Spring,
Fresh from thy rest at nature's heart,
Where thou dost linger listening
Till all her warm, strong pulses start.

Last eve I heard thy fairy note
Along the orchard arches blown,—
Faint, faint, it seemed, and far remote,
And yet I knew it for thine own,

Though wild the robin sang above,
And bluebird caroled blithe and clear,
Thy low voice, like the word of love,
Found instant pathway to my ear.

And in my breast the pulse of Spring
Beat out an answering throb, I knew
Midst rivals' noisier caroling
The one fine voice of prophet true.

And thine, alas! a prophet's fate;
All night the rains have fallen on thee,
All night no comfort, no, but hate,
Darkness, and doubt, and misery.

Thou comest not to me this morn
With secrets of thy earth and air,
But with thy poor drowned wings forlorn,
Thrice weary with thy heart's despair.

Where didst thou pass thy soul's unrest
Through all those bitter hours and wild?
Behold thy soft sky-woven vest
With darkest stains of earth defiled!

Oh welcome to my porch and vine,
Thy singing bower in other days;
Make it thy house wherein to pine,
Which once thou mad'st thy house of praise

Ay, welcome to my heart, dear bird,
Come in, come in, and lodge with me,
This breast with greater griefs is stirred
Than any fate can give to thee.

I'll tell thee of the wearing pain
No human heart may share or know,
The slow worm that amidst the grain
Robs harvest of its overflow.

And thus with kindly sympathy
We'll sun these lives with sorrows sown,
Lest some approaching season see
Their fields with bitter weeds o'ergrown.

See now the clouds flow back, the sun
Comes through the orchard's eastern gate,
Adown the air fleet murmurs run
That break in song, and soar elate.

The scenes that coldly viewed thy plight
With golden lights are hallowed now,
The drops that beat on thee all night
Are chains of diamonds on the bough.

O. C. AURINGER.

THE ADVENTURES OF A WIDOW.

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

XI.—Continued.

That was a day of days with poor Pauline. She seemed to look upon Ralph Kindelon in a totally new light. She realized that the man's brilliant personality had made his society very dear to her. She told herself that she cared for him as she had cared for none other in her life. But the thought that personal ambition was solely at the root of his devotion affected her with something not far from horror.

By degrees the memory of Miss Cragge's final outburst stung her less and less. The whole speech had been so despicable, the intention to wantonly insult had been so evident. After a few hours had passed Pauline found that she had regained nearly all her customary composure. She felt that if Kindelon should come that evening, she could discuss with him calmly and rationally the almost hideous occurrence of the morning.

He did come, and she told him a great deal, but she did not tell him all. No mention of Cora Dares left her lips, nor of the acrid slur at his own relations towards herself. He listened to the recital with a face that wrath paled, while it lit a keener spark in his eyes. But he at length answered in tones thoroughly controlled, if a little husky and roughened:

"I can scarcely express to you my disgust for that woman's conduct. I did not think her capable of it. She represents one of the most baleful forces of modern times—the nearly unbridled license of the newspaper. She has dipped her pen for years into poisonous ink; she is one of our American monstrosities and abominations. Her threat of punishment to you would be ridiculous if it were not so serious."

"You think that she will carry it out?" asked Pauline.

"I should not be at all surprised if she did so."

"Do you mean that she may write some slanderous article about me?"

"It is quite possible."

Pauline gave a plaintive sigh. "Oh, have I no means of preventing her?" she exclaimed.

Kindelon shook his head negatively. "She attacks from an ambuscade nearly always," he answered. "There is no such thing as spiking her guns, for they are kept so hidden. Still, let us hope for the best."

Pauline burst into tears. "What a wretched failure I have made of it all!" she cried. "Ah, if I had only known sooner that my project would bring such disaster upon me!"

"It has brought no disaster as yet," said Kindelon, with a voice full of the most earnest sympathy.

"It has brought distress, regret, torment!" asseverated Pauline, still struggling with her tears.

"Have you told me all?" he suddenly asked, with an acute, anxious look.

"All?" murmured Pauline.

"Yes. Did that woman say anything more?"

"Yes," Pauline answered, after a little silence, with lowered eyes.

"Ah!" sounded Kindelon's exasperated sigh. "I can almost guess what it was," he went on. "She was not content, then, with saying atrocious things of your marriage; she must couple our names together—yours and mine."

"She mentioned another name still," said Pauline, who continued to gaze at the floor. "It was the name of Cora Dares." Pauline lifted her eyes, now; they wore a determined glittering look. "She said that Cora Dares was madly in love with you. 'Madly' struck me as an odd enough word to apply to that gentle, dignified girl."

"It might well do so!" burst from Kindelon, in a smothered voice. He rose and began to pace the floor. She had never seen him show such an excited manner; all his past volatility was as nothing to it. And yet he was plainly endeavouring to repress his excitement. "However," he proceeded, in a swift undertone, "This absurd slander need not concern you."

"You call it slander as if you did not really think it so," she said.

He paused, facing her. "Are you going to let the venomous spite of an inferior win your respectful credence?" he questioned.

"We can't help believing certain things," said Pauline, measuredly, "no matter who utters them. I believed that Cora Dares was in love with you before I heard Miss Cragge say it. Or, at least, I seriously suspected as much. But of course this could not be a matter of the least concern to myself, until..." And here she paused very suddenly.

"Well?" he queried. "Until?"

She appeared to reflect, for an instant, on the advisability of saying more. Then she lifted both hands, with a tossing, reckless motion. "Oh," she declared, "not until that woman had the audacity to accuse me of heartlessly standing in the path of Cora Dares' happiness—of alienating your regard from her—of using, moreover, a hatefully treacherous means toward this end—a means which I should despise myself if I ever dreamed of using!" . . . Pauline's voice had begun to tremble while she pronounced the latter word.

"I understand," he said. His own voice was by no means steady, though the anger had in great measure left it. To her surprise he drew quite near her, and then seated himself close at her side. "If you did truly care for me," came his next sentence, "how little I should care what false witness that woman bore against the attachment! But since that day down at the Battery, where I wore my heart on my sleeve so daringly, I have made a resolve. It will be your fault, too, if I fail to keep it. And if I do fail, I shall fail most wretchedly. I—I shall make a sort of desperate leap at the barrier which now separates you and me."

"You say it will be my fault," was Pauline's response. The colour had stolen into her cheeks before she framed her next sentence, and with a most clear glow. "How will it be my fault?"

"You must have given me encouragement," he said, "or at least something that I shall take for encouragement."

A silence followed. She was looking straight at the opposite wall; her cheeks were almost roseate, now; a tearful light shone in her eyes as his sidelong look watched them. "Perhaps," she faltered, "you might take for encouragement what I did not mean as such."

"Ah, that is cruel!" he retorted.

She turned quickly; she put one hand on his arm. "I did not wish to be cruel!" she affirmed, gently and very feelingly.

It seemed to her, then, that the strong arm on which her hand rested underwent a faint tremor.

"It is easy for you to be cruel, where I am concerned."

"Easy!" she repeated, rapidly withdrawing her hand, and using a hurt intonation.

He leaned closer to her, then "Yes," he said. "And you know why. I have told you of the difference between us. I have told you because I am incessantly feeling it."

"There is a great difference," she answered, with a brisk little nod, as though of relief and gratification. "You have more intellect than I—"

far more. You are exceptional, capable, important. I am simply usual, strenuous, and quite of the general herd. That is the only difference which I will admit, although you have reproached me for practising a certain kind of masquerade—for secretly respecting the shadow and vanity called caste, birth, place. Yes," she went on, with a soft fervor that partook of exultation, while she turned her eyes upon his face, and thought how extraordinary a face it was in its look of power and manliness, "I will accede to no other difference than this. You are above me, and I will not let you place yourself on my level!"

She felt his breath touch her cheek, then as he replied: "You are so fine, and high, and pure, that I think you could love only one whom you set above yourself—however mistakenly."

"My love must go with respect—always," she said.

"I am not worthy of your respect."

"Do you want me to credit Miss Cragge?"

"Did she say that I was unworthy of it?"

"I—I cannot tell you what she said on that point. I would not tell you, though you begged me to do so."

She saw a bitter smile cross his face, but it lingered there merely an instant. "I can guess," he avowed, "that she tried to make you believe I do not really love you! It is so like her to do that."

"I—I will say nothing," stammered Pauline, once more averting her eyes

Immediately afterward he had taken her hand in his own. She resisted neither its clasp nor its pressure.

"You know that I love you," she now heard him say, though the leap of her heart made his words sound far off, confused, unreal. "You must have known it days ago! There—my resolve is broken! But what can I do? You have stooped downward from your high state by telling me that I am better than you. I am not better than you, Pauline! I am below you—all the world would say so except yourself. But you don't care for the world. Well, then I will despise it, too, because you bid me. I never respected what you represent until you made me respect it by making me love you. Now I respect and love it, both, because you are a part of it. This is what your project, your ambition has come to. Ah! how pitiful a failure! you're disgusted with your *salon*—you have been ill-treated, rebuffed, deceived! The little comedy is played to the end—and what remains? Only a poor newspaper-fellow, a sort of Irish adventuring journalist, who offers you his worthless heart to do what you choose with it! What *will* you choose to do with it? I don't presume to advise, to demand—not even to ask! If you said you would marry Ralph Kindelon you would be making a horrible match! Don't let us forget that. Don't let us forget how Mrs Poughkeepsie would storm and scold!"

He had both her hands in both his own, now. She looked at him with eyes that sparkled and swam in tears. But though she did not withdraw her hands, she receded from him while brokenly saying:

"I—I don't care anything about Aunt Cynthia Poughkeepsie. But there—there is something else that I do care about. It—it seems to steal almost like a ghost between us—I can't tell why—I have no real reason to be troubled by it as I am—it is like a last and most severe distress wrought by this failure of mine with all those new people . . . It is the thought that you have made Cora Dares believe that you meant to marry her."

Pauline's voice died away wretchedly, and she drooped her head as the final faint word was spoken. But she still let Kindelon hold her hands. And his grasp tightened about them as she heard him answer:

"I suppose Cora Dares *may* have believed that . . . But, good God! am I so much to blame? I had never met *you*, Pauline. . . It was before I went to Ireland the last time. . . I never asked her to marry me. It was what they call a flirtation. Am I to be held to account for it? Hundreds of men have been foolish in this way before myself. . . Have you raised me so high only to dash me down. . . Won't you speak? Won't you tell me that you forgive a dead fancy for the sake of a living love? Are you so cruel!—so exacting?"

"I am not cruel," she denied, lifting her eyes. . . .

It was a good many minutes later that she said to him, with the tears standing on her flushed cheeks, and her fluttered voice in truly sad case:

"I—I am going to accept the Irish adventuring journalist (as—as he calls himself) for my husband, though he—he has never really asked me yet!"

"He could not ask you," affirmed Kindelon, with by no means his first kiss. "Like every subject who wishes to marry a princess, he was forced to recognize a new matrimonial code!"

(To be continued.)

THE SCRAP BOOK.

MISS ANDERSON AND HER SUITORS.

UNDER this caption "A Humble Admirer" gives an English journal the result of an interview with the popular and successful actress. The fair American looked fagged and weary. She voluntarily introduced the subject of the recent series of slandering paragraphs that have been circulated about her during her few months in England.

"Every one of them is fiction—fiction; but none the less painful to me. And if it be painful to me, what must it be to such men as my name has been coupled with? Now, who originated that canard about Lord Coleridge and myself? I have never even seen him to my knowledge. The Duke of Portland, again—I wonder who set that going? Perhaps one of his friends as a practical joke; but who knows? The fact is that these *on dits*, or, what you like to call them, have been the plague of my life. If they are practical jokes they are cruel ones, and bring pain to every one

concerned. I have been more annoyed than I can say. Now, I should like to have this out," continued Miss Anderson, quite fiercely. "'It is an *advertising* dodge,' say some. An *advertising* *dodge*, forsooth! Why, such a *dodge* is beneath me! I would *scorn* to have recourse to such methods. I manage my own affairs, and employ no one. Not professional jealousy; no indeed! The kindness I have received at the hands of my brethren in the profession I shall not soon forget. Two or three days after my professional *matinée* I received some eight hundred letters from one and another."

The absurd stories which have been invented appear to be innumerable. Who for instance, could put credence in a report that Miss Anderson is only working to make a fortune, and then she proposes to—take the veil, having, like a good and dutiful Christian, first provided for her relations? Yet this is a fair sample of the reports now in circulation, and even in print. Some of Miss Anderson's admirers have gone, as many as a dozen, nay, even a score, of times to see her in "Galatea." At once a report is spread by some kindly spirit that each one of these admirers is engaged to Galatea. "I speak to some one. The next day I hear that we are to be married, and everything is settled for us both, in the most matter-of-fact way. Why, daily some kind friend—yes, anonymous friend—sends me a newspaper clipping, every line of which is venom. I don't read them all, of course. They disappear into my waste paper basket, which needs to be pretty capacious." The mania for marrying Miss Anderson, and engaging her, to bachelors and married men alike, will probably go on in spite of her disclaimer. It may be, as *Punch* said, Mr. Gladstone or the Master of Balliol, Lord Randolph Churchill or Mr. Toole, the Archbishop of Canterbury or the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh; every one is fair game. "Well, Miss Anderson, fame has its unpleasant side." "Yes; and this is a *very* unpleasant side to it. Why, according to your papers I have been married—ah! how many times? and I receive bushels of proposals every post!"

"I really feel intensely sorry at the thought of my departure. Indeed, I scarcely realize it yet. But I have my autumn season to look forward to, and I really want quiet. It is not only the theatre, but the social whirl, so pleasant, so entrancing; but oh! such hard work. Routs, shows, teas, dinners, drives, calls, receptions—one after the other, day after day. I seldom get to bed before two o'clock in the morning, and I come down to breakfast—well, never mind. But, alas! this delightful round of pleasure and work has to be paid for, and now I am suffering from sleeplessness for the first time in my life." In fact, the work has been very hard, and she is looking forward to her holiday with no small degree of pleasure. "It will be really a feast to me. After Saturday I take a few weeks' rest; I then play three weeks at Edinburgh, and shortly after that I hope to go to Venice. Yes. I thought of making a stay in Rome, but my friends warn me of the fever, so I have determined to postpone my visit there for a time. In September I hope to open in the Lyceum for an autumn season, probably in 'Romeo and Juliet,' possibly in 'The Hunchback,' but that is a matter that we have not yet settled."

SILVER A TRANSMITTER OF DISEASE.

THE scant respect which is paid to small silver coins, especially the infinitesimal coins of some continental countries, is likely to fall still lower in view of the result of the investigation of a German chemist into the "parasites of money." The very name is enough to inspire a new terror. That there are parasites of money in a figurative sense everybody who has a great deal of it must have found out by experience, though they would be better described as parasites of moneyed men. But, according to the *Frankfort Gazette*, it has been discovered by Dr. Reinsch, with the aid of powerful microscopes, that the surfaces of 50-pfenning pieces, equal to sixpence in English money, are the home and feeding ground of a minute kind of bacteria, or vegetable fungus, which science has shown to be a principal agency in propagating epidemic disease. What is worse, the learned doctor tells us, the case is the same with the small silver coins of all nations. In the course of time, after long circulation, a thin incrustation of organic matter forms, and, coming no one knows whither, or spontaneously generated, "a parasitical settlement" is established. Are then the germs of disease everywhere—in the air we breathe, the water we drink, in the walls of the houses we live in, even in the little "unmilled abominations" men have been wont to hold in contemptuous indifference? It is not quite so bad as that. The same scientific research which finds out the evil supplies the remedy. There is no germ of disease against which the public could not protect itself if in its collective capacity it strictly obeyed the laws of hygiene. There is nothing perilous in the small coins with their incrustations and their bacteria if people will take the trouble to cleanse them in a weak solution of caustic potash at boiling heat. Dr. Reinsch has supplied another argument to those who have been urging the Mints of Europe to more regularly and at shorter intervals replace the worn silver circulation. His hint, however, is of most importance. The operations of the mints are not so rapid as the action of caustic potash.

THE newspapers and periodicals of all kinds at present in the United States and Canada number 13,402, a net gain of 1600 during the last twelve months, and an increase of 5618 over the number published ten years since. The increase in 1874 over 1873 was 493. During the past year the dailies have increased from 1138 to 1254; the weeklies from 9062 to 10,028; and the monthlies from 1091 to 1499. The greatest increase is in the Western States. Illinois for instance, now shows 1009 papers against 904 last year, while Missouri issues 604 instead of the 523 reported in 1883. The total number of papers in New York state was 1523 papers against 1399 in 1883.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Nor for many a day have such fashionable audiences assembled in the Toronto Opera House as patronized the amateur and professional performances given there during the past week. Madame Modjeska, though the ill-advised policy of charging high prices prevented large houses from being present to receive her, had select audiences on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday; the amateurs who played and sang on Thursday and Friday nights and on Saturday afternoon were welcomed by bumping assemblies; and a very fashionable, if somewhat small, audience patronized Madame Lablache's concert on Saturday night. The small attendance in the latter case was also undoubtedly to be accounted for by the absurdly high prices charged. In this respect the amateurs were well advised. Charging reasonable prices, they were well received. It is extraordinary that professional agents do not profit by experience, and learn that the Toronto public at any rate will not pay extortionate prices, except to see an Irving.

"HANS AND GRETTEL."

Modjeska's performances having been noticed in our last, it is with pleasure that we recognize the careful manner in which "Hans and Gretel" was played on Thursday. We do not think the committee were wise in selecting this operetta (*sic*!). Had they followed the example of their Hamilton friends, and played "Iolanthe" or a like piece, we are confident they would have scored a yet more conspicuous success. "Hans and Gretel," being a mere medley of old airs strung together without rhyme or reason, and set to words which are in many cases not in character with the music, the artistes had not an opportunity to do their undoubted abilities full justice. The plot is of the feeblest, and probably was not understood by a quarter of the brilliant audience of "fair women and brave men" who faced the proscenium. As a singer, Miss Walker was undoubtedly the *prima donna*, and her whole impersonation of *Gretel* was excellent. Miss Robinson, as *Mary*, her friend, was perhaps the most graceful and natural actress in the caste, her singing also being very pretty. In the difficult dual part *Reyna* and *Tuerta*, Miss Maddison astonished even those friends who were aware she was endowed with great histrionic and musical powers. Mrs. Armstrong played a capital *Frau Klaus* to *Jacob*. Miss Berryman (*Gelda*), Miss Wyatt (*Pepa*, a gipsy queen), Miss H. Wyatt (a gipsy), and Mrs. H. Nichols (*Chintella*), each contributed to the success of the operetta. *Hans* was portrayed in a very creditable manner by Mr. Geo. S. Michie, Mr. E. C. Winans playing a remarkably good *Fritz*. The comedian of the piece, *Jacob*, father to *Gretel*, was rendered by Mr. G. H. C. Dunstan in a manner that would have reflected credit upon a trained professional. *Gipsy Will* and *Devilshoof* were played by Messrs. H. P. Davies and C. H. Brent respectively. Capt. Geddes, Mr. Geo. Burton, and Mr. H. C. Scadding were friends of *Hans*. A treble *encore* was given to and well deserved by Miss K. Snowden and Master K. Caldwell, who, as gipsy beggar children, sang and acted with extraordinary *sang froid* and intelligence. The *mise en scene* was very pretty, the costumes reflecting the greatest credit upon the wearers each and all. Great praise is due to Mr. J. Bailey, who, as leader of the orchestra, had a very difficult duty, which he discharged with much tact. Though the chourses did not in all cases balance perfectly, no great hitch occurred. "List, list, list to our warning" was particularly admired. *Reyna's* warning in the second act was a really good piece of acting, and the ghost scene in the succeeding act called forth rounds of applause. Another strikingly pretty scene was where, before the gipsies' incantation, the chorus sang "Bring forth the Rations," to the tune "Voice le Sabre." The proceeds of Thursday evening's performance and the Saturday *matinée* were devoted to the Toronto Relief Society.

"USED UP" AND "LISCHEN AND FRITZCHEN."

The ladies and gentlemen engaged in "Used Up" enjoyed the advantage of playing in a comedy with an intelligible plot and a clever libretto, and so had scope for their abilities—in this respect having the "pull" over their rivals in "Hans and Gretel." Mr. Charles Matthews' two-act comedy was produced on Friday night as few amateur companies could produce it. With scarcely an exception it ran evenly, and thorough interest was sustained to the *denouement*. The characters *Sir Charles Coldstream* and *Adonis Evergreen* were two of their great creator's favourite parts, and it is hardly too much to say that he would have been delighted to see Mr. Walter Townsend's reading of the *blasé* man of the world who was so "Used Up" as so have hardly a pulsation left in his composition. The scenes in which he interviews *Lady Clutterbuck*, and was stimulated to the necessity of throwing *Ironbrace* out of a window, and again when he moralizes on the additional enjoyment he gets out of existence when he has a motive for action, were inimitable. Miss Robinson played a bright and charming *Mary Wurzel*, and fully earned the many encomiums accorded to her. Mrs. Walter Townsend was quite at home as *Lady Clutterbuck*. Farmer *Wurzel* was the part allotted to Mr. W. J. Baines; it was an excellent performance, and great credit must be given to Messrs. F. Lewis Bird and W. Ingersoll Merritt for their clever playing of *Fennel*, a lawyer, and *John Ironbrace*. Mr. Huson Harman played *James*, Mr. Geo. Evans *Sir Adonis Leech*, and Mr. H. R. F. Sykes *Hon. Tom Saville*.

The comedy was followed by Offenbach's "Lischen and Fritzen," with Miss Robinson as *Lischen* and Capt. Geddes as *Fritzen*, assisted by a chorus. There is not much in this operetta at best, and it was at a disadvantage in following so successful a production as "Used Up." Miss Robinson, however, was *chic* and graceful as ever, Capt. Geddes ably assisting her. As in "Hans," the costumes were exceedingly pretty, and had all the assistance of coloured lights and other mechanical effects. The proceeds of these performances were handed to the Home for Incurables.

THE LABLACHE CONCERT.

Of Saturday night's performance it is difficult to speak without condemnation. When a high price is put upon the whole Opera house, one has a right to expect a high class of talent. But this is just what was not provided. Madame Emily Lablache is possessed of a contralto voice of great power, well-preserved, and of large compass; it has been carefully trained, and she has considerable capacity for expression. Its greater beauties, however, lie in her piano notes, and these are what she does not give. She mouths her words, sings much too robustly, and appears to revel in rolling out her lower scale or giving unmistakable proof of her vocal strength. As *Azucena*, she was on Saturday a distinct failure. She was too pronounced, she sang facing the audience always, and rolled her eyes in the approved heavy villain fashion. Exception must be made, however, to her singing in "Home to our Mountains"—the only piece of "Trovatore" where she sang with expression. She was much more successful in the first part, in "Ah, Mon Fils," and with her sister in the duo "Mira la Luna," from *Mefistofile*. Here she was subdued and more at home, and consequently charming. Mdlle. Louise Lablache, like her mother, has a round, powerful voice of great scope, but also mistakes force for expression. She is moreover, a thorough follower of the French school, and indulges *ad nauseum* in the tremulo style which the Gauls seem to think the acme of vocal art. She took unwarrantable liberties with the scores, so that her airs were lost in variations. In this way she tore "Una voce poco Fa" to rags, and attacked *Leonora's* music so savagely as to kill it totally. Signor Stagi also is gifted with a tenor voice of great power, but utterly lacks feeling. His voice is uneven, is throaty and brassy in turns, and his upper piano notes are all sung from the head. When he wishes to make an effect he hurls forth a blast that would waken the dead. As *Manrico* he made those who understand "Trovatore" laugh by his acting, and sang out of tune; his rendering of Flotow's "M'Appari," and Verdi's "La Donna è Mobile" were rather better, but utterly lacking in artistic instinct. Mr. Claxton's orchestra was well handled by Signor Vianesi, played good accompaniments, and, with the chorus gave the best music of the evening. The substitution of "Semi-remide" for "The Merry Wives of Windsor" was disappointing, and many complaints were made that Signor Del Puente did not put in an appearance. We would like to have heard the piano accompanist as soloist—he had an exquisite touch, and was provided with an excellent instrument.

HERR JOSEFFY is announced to give two pianoforte recitals in this city on an early date.

ON Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of this week the Lablache Opera Company will give Concerts including selections from "Trovatore," "Carmen," and "Mignon," in the Pavilion of the Horticultural Gardens.

MRS. LANGTRY has an idea in art. It is not a very good one; she is playing Galatea in New York, not as a white marble statue, but in natural hair and flesh tints and with gilded bands; "because," she explains, "the ancient statues were often tinted." But the main point is that Mrs. Langtry has an idea.

A MISCELLANEOUS Concert is being arranged by Mr. Schuch, to be given in St. James' School-house, Toronto, on the 21st instant. Several lady and gentlemen amateur vocal soloists will be assisted by Claxton's orchestra, and a special feature will be the performance by the latter of the accompaniments to several well-known ballads.

THE popular and efficient band of the 13th Battalion, of Hamilton, gives its opening concert to-night (Thursday). The battalion glee club, inaugurated at the close of last concert season, by the indefatigable bandmaster, Mr. Robinson, will give some selections, and an exhibition of bayonet exercise will also be given. Queen's Own, go and do likewise.

MARIE TAGLIONI, the famous dancer, is dead at Marseilles, France, at the age of 80. The name revives memories of the stately days of the ballet, before the can-can ruined it and changed an art which was the poetry of motion to a matter of physical contortion. In the days of Taglioni's glory, 40 and 50 years ago, dancers were actors as well; and the ballet was not an incident, but a pretty story told in pantomimic rhythm.

THERE is considerable enthusiasm in Toronto about the approaching visit of Madame Trebelli-Bettini. Referring to a concert in New York, in which this accomplished singer recently took part, the *Tribune* says:—"The genuine artistic triumph of the evening was that won by Madame Trebelli. Hers was the exposition of beautiful singing. Her voice is true, even, powerful, and clear as a bell throughout a wide range, and in every respect shows a degree of cultivation that is all too rare among the younger singers of to-day. Her execution is finished, and repose, ease, gracefulness and symmetry mark every phrase she utters." The plan of the Pavilion will be open to the public, at Messrs. Suckling's music warehouse, on Tuesday next.

A PRACTICAL New England mother thus counselled her son when he became of marriageable age, with respect to "musical young ladies": "If the young lady manifests a predilection for Strauss, she is frivolous; for Beethoven, she is impractical; for Liszt, she is too ambitious; for Verdi, she is sentimental; for Offenbach, she is giddy; for Gounod, she is lackadaisical; for Gottschalk, she is superficial; for Mozart, she is prudish; for Flotow, she is commonplace; for Wagner, she is idiotic. The girl who hammers away at 'Maiden's Prayer,' 'Anvil Chorus,' and 'Silvery Waves,' may be depended upon as a good cook, and healthful; and if she includes the 'Battle of Prague' and the 'White Cockade' in her repertoire, you ought to know that she has been religiously and strictly nurtured. But last of all, pin thou thy faith upon the calico dress of a girl who cannot play at all!"

THE PERIODICALS.

The *Overland Monthly* for May is an excellent number. There are two papers devoted to the Chinese question, and the writer of the first, William C. Blackwood, after a careful analysis of the whole labour problem, is of opinion that the Restriction Act which operates to the exclusion of Chinese labourers is not in the real interests of the country. In "The Chinese in Early Days" the question is treated from a different and a narrower view, the writer being of a contrary opinion to Mr. Blackwood as to the advisability of discouraging Chinese immigration. John H. Durst has a capital article on "The Colossal Fortunes of America." He thinks the fortunes of to-day will, for the most part, be squandered by the successors of those who have made them, and predicts that such huge sums will not often be put together by the speculators of the future. There are also interesting contributions on "Rotation in Office," "Peruvia, Bolivia, and Chili," "Notes on Lower California," a good complete story entitled "Monte Dick," besides a serial, several poems, etc. etc.

The *May St. Nicholas* is the first number of a new volume, and comes out in a new dress. "Olaf of Norway, the Boy Viking" is the "historic boy" of the month. A thoroughly practical paper by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps is headed "Supporting Herself," and is valuable reading for girls. Frank R. Stockton contributes a quaint legend of "A Philopena," and "The River-End Morey's Rab," by A. G. Plympton, will find many juvenile admirers. The fifth "Spinning-Wheel Story" is told by Louisa M. Alcott. J. T. Trowbridge and Maurice Thompson give the opening chapters of two stories, "The Scarlet Tanager," and "Marvin and his Boy-Hunters." Capt. Mayne Reid's "Land of Fire" reaches the twenty-third chapter. Boys of a mechanical turn will be delighted with Charles G. Leland's "Leather Work for Young Folk." The very little folk are not forgotten by the management of this excellent magazine, and the whole, as usual, is profusely illustrated by first-class wood-cuts.

LE LIVRE for April (Paris: A. Quantin and Octave Uzanne) contains a second article on "La Ciracature Allemande," by John Grand-Carteret, in which the writer gives a thoroughly Gallic historic analysis of German caricaturists. The able paper is illustrated by some excellent wood-cuts and silhouettes. In "Bibliographie Moderne" is found the following:—

THE WEEK (La Semaine), journal politique et littéraire de Toronto, Canada, rend compte d'un livre intitulé *Nouvelles soirées Canadiennes*, publié sous la direction de Louis H. Taché (Quebec: L. J. Demers et frères). C'est le second volume d'une série destinée à conserver les légendes Françaises du Canada. Les Français du Canada gardent avec amour leurs traditions et leur culture, et ils se sont créés une littérature nationale, ce que n'ont pas su faire leurs compatriotes de race Anglaise.

This number of *Le Livre* fully sustains the reputation obtained for it by its redactors—that of being one of the ablest literary reviews of the day.

THE *English Illustrated Magazine* does not contain any subject of special interest on this side of the Atlantic. The paper on "Lace Making" at Nottingham is intelligently written, well illustrated, and will prove of special interest to ladies. "The Industries of the Lake District," more particularly charcoal burning, bobbin-making, hoop-making, basket-making, are well described by a writer intimate with the locality. The eighth and ninth days of an "Unsentimental Journey through Cornwall" are good reading. The last two articles are beautifully illustrated. "Interlopers at the Knap" is the title of a complete story; the serial, "The Armourer's Prentice" being still continued. A frontispiece entitled "Hauling in the Net" is one of the best magazine pictures of the month.

THE *Canadian Methodist Magazine* (Toronto: William Briggs) for May contains a second article on "The United Empire Loyalists," in which Mr. Wm. Kirby briefly and interestingly treats of those who "stood for the King." "The Homes and Haunts of Luther" are described; "Britain's Oldest Colony" is commented upon; Lady Brassey contributes paper number five; "Robert Hall" is a text well preached upon; "Christian Unity" is treated, and the editor writes descriptive matter to fit two Nova Scotian views.

THE May number of the *Andover Review* amply sustains the favourable impression made by the earlier numbers of this high-class theological monthly. Timely topics are discussed by representative writers in a full, free, and reverent spirit. Among distinctive articles in this number may be mentioned "The Christian Conception of Man," and "Arnold of Rugby and the Oxford Movement."

MR. BRIGGS, of Toronto, has published a cheap "Life of 'Chinese' Gordon."

It is understood that a biography of Prince Leopold is to be written under the direction of Her Majesty.

ST. JOHN, N.B., has given birth to another journalistic venture, *The Trade Reporter*, to be issued monthly in the first place. It will attempt to give concise reports of the state of Trade in all parts of the Dominion, and will occupy this by-path of literature unfettered by any political shibboleth.

THREE weeks after all the rest of the world had learned how Chicago was humbugged by the bogus letter of Mr. Arnold, the Chicago correspondent of *The Presbyterian* writes as though he had not heard but that the real Matthew wrote it. He is indignant and says:

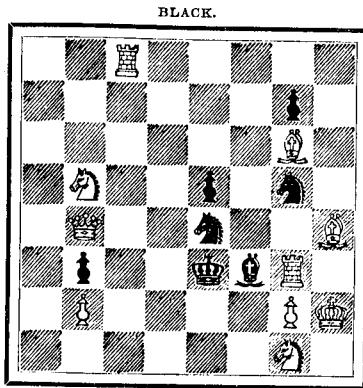
"Mr. Arnold was a dreary and decided failure in Chicago, both as a lecturer and a gentleman. He was appreciated here at his real worth, though not at his own estimate of himself. As a result, his worldly wealth was not materially enhanced by our contributions, though, if he had been capable of doing so, he might have carried from us a decent stock of common-sense. And now Mr. Arnold shuts down on 'sweetness and light,' rails at Chicago, accuses us of want of culture, and takes Professor Swing at a heavy discount. It is an awful fall from a high apostleship."

CHESS.

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

PROBLEM No. 8.

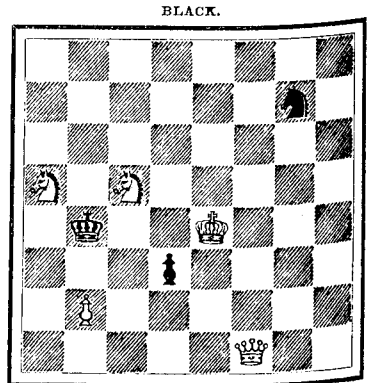
By E. H. E. EDDIS (Toronto Chess Club).



White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 9.

By F. HEALEY. (From *The Field*.)



White to play and mate in three moves.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENTS.—J. B. H., Ottawa.—Thanks for enclosure. Beauty, not difficulty, is the element most prized in a two move problem. W. G. B., Montreal.—Have written you. W. A., Montreal.—Have written you. Send along games and problems. H. R., Collingwood.—Sorry for your opinion. Hope it does not apply to C. C. L. C. C., Arnprior.—Solution to No. 2 correct. Mrs. L. C. C., Arnprior.—Solution to No. 3 correct.

GAME No. 5.
CHESS IN ADELAIDE.

(From the *Adelaide Observer*.)

A brilliant brevity between Mr. H. Charlick (Adelaide Chess Club) and Mr. J. McArthur (Semaphore Chess Club). Played February 29th, 1884.

(Ruy Lopez Knights' Game.)

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Mr. H. Charlick.	Mr. McArthur.	Mr. H. Charlick.	Mr. McArthur.
1. P K 4	1. P K 4	10. R takes Kt	10. P. Q. 4 (c)
2. Kt K B 3	2. Kt Q B 3	11. R K 1	11. Castles.
3. B Kt 5	3. P Q R 3	12. B takes Kt	12. P takes B
4. B R 4	4. Kt B 3	13. Kt K 5	13. B Kt 2 (d)
5. Castles.	5. Kt takes P	14. Q Kt 4 (e)	14. P Q B 4
6. R K 1 (a)	6. Kt Q 3	15. B R 6 (f)	15. B K B 3
7. P Q 4 (b)	7. P K 5	16. P takes P	16. B takes Kt (g)
8. Kt B 3	8. B K 2	17. R takes B	17. Q B 3
9. Kt takes P	9. Kt takes Kt	18. B takes K Kt P	18. Black resigns.

Time, three quarters of an hour.

NOTES.

- (a) P Q 4 first would also be a strong move.
- (b) Kt takes Kt, followed by P Q 4 would be still stronger.
- (c) Black has defended himself very well.
- (d) Weak.
- (e) Strong.
- (f) If now or next move White play Kt to Q 7 Black turns the tables by B to B 1.
- (g) Black plays thus with Q B 3 in view, but the latter move loses right off, for White menaces 19 R K Kt 5 winning.

THE TORONTO CHESS CLUB RECORD.—1870 to 1884.

Through the kindness of Mr. J. H. Gordon we are enabled to present our readers a complete record of matches played by the T. C. C. with other clubs since 1870.

YEAR.	OPPONENTS.	TELEGRAPH OR OVER THE BOARD.	CONSULTATION OR INDIVIDUAL.	TORONTO WON.	TORONTO LOST.
1871.	Hamilton	Tel.	Con.	1 1/2	1 1/2
	Seaforth	"	"	1 1/2	1 1/2
1872.	Hamilton	"	Ind.	3 1/2	2 1/2
	Seaforth	"	Con.	2	0
	Dundas	"	"	2	0
1873.	Seaforth	"	Ind.	1	3
	Montreal	"	Con.	2	1
1875.	Cobourg	"	Ind.	2	2
1877.	Cobourg	"	"	2	1
1878.	Hamilton	"	Con.	1	2
1879.	"	"	"	3 1/2	1 1/2
	"	O. B.	Ind.	6	6
	Collingwood	Tel.	Con.	2	0
	Seaforth	O. B.	Ind.	4	0
1880.	Hamilton	"	"	10 1/2	4 1/2
1881.	Cobourg	Tel.	Con.	1	0
	Hamilton	O. B.	Ind.	6	6
	Cobourg	Tel.	Con.	3	0
	Hamilton	O. B.	Ind.	8 1/2	1 1/2
	Detroit	Tel.	Con.	2 1/2	1 1/2
1882.	Quebec	"	Ind.	7 1/2	4 1/2
	Hamilton	O. B.	"	5	2
1883.	Buffalo	Tel.	Con.	1	0
	"	"	Ind.	1 1/2	3 1/2
	Quebec	"	"	5	7
	Hamilton	O. B.	"	2 1/2	4 1/2
	"	"	"	4	2
Total				91 1/2	56 1/2

NEWS ITEMS.

TWENTY years ago Herbert Spencer played four handed chess. SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA, CHESS CLUB.—A handicap tournament, for prizes given by Mr. P. B. Walker, President of this Club, has been inaugurated.

The Handicap Tournament of the Montreal City Chess Club is announced to commence on the 5th May. There are five classes of players. The first class is composed of Messrs. Ascher Shaw, Wildman and Wright. The prizes, it is said, will be very handsome, especially the first, an inlaid gold and silver chess board.

A VERY rich story is going the rounds. As told by "Mars" in the *Sporting and Dramatic News* it is as follows:—At a dinner given in Philadelphia by the Chess Club, Messrs. Zukertort and Steinitz happened to be present, and after several toasts had been given, Mr. Eugene Delmar rose and cried out, "Here's to the champion chess player of the world. Let him respond." Then the company waxed hilarious. Zukertort got red in the face and Steinitz husky in the throat. But "the boldest held his breath," whereupon Mr. D. S. Thompson rose and said, "Gentlemen, I think I can see a way out of this difficulty. Let Messrs. Steinitz and Zukertort sing a duet in response." Well, the champions wouldn't sing a duet, in fact that duet is still *due yet*. History further saith that as the company were about leaving Mr. Steinitz was whispering, "You see how I am treated and receive no recogni—," whilst Dr. Zukertort was gaily twittering forth, "Yes, sir, even when I was a boy I was a great mathematical geni—."

"Us he would have said,
But ere the word was out
The guests had fled."

THE 31st annual dinner of the City of London Chess Club came off on 7th April last. Derbyshire beat Leicester 3rd April by 10 games to 7.

THE *Chess Monthly* announces its second International Problem Tournament. The prizes are:—First, 10 guineas; second, 6 guineas; third, 4 guineas, with special prizes to be announced.

A MATCH by correspondence is in progress between Vienna and Paris. The stakes are 2,000 francs. Among the Vienna champions are Weiss and English, while in the ranks of the Paris players Rosenthal and Delviviere figure prominently.

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DR. M. SOUVIELLE,
ex-Aide Surgeon French Army.

WHAT IS CATARRH?

From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15.

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

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

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

MESSRS. A. H. DIXON & SON,
305 King St. West, Toronto, Canada,
and inclose stamp for their treatise on Catarrh

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

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

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

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

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

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

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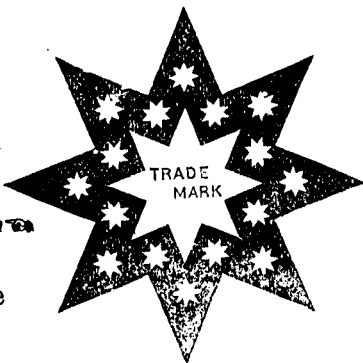
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CHARLES DRINKWATER, Secretary.

Montreal, January, 1884.

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