

# THE WEEK:

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Of (which was re-assured with other offices	6,882,060 00
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The accumulated funds at same date amounted to	34,019,523 27
Being an increase during the year of	888,470 73

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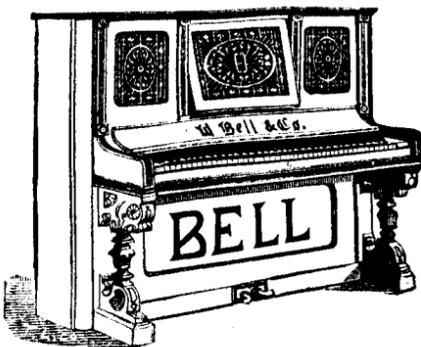
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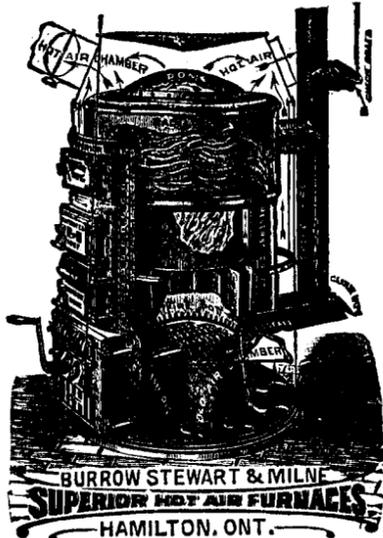
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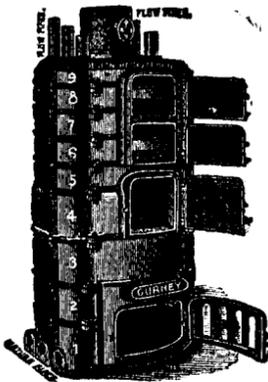
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THE recent great meetings in Montreal, Toronto and other parts of the country have made it very clear that the Equal Rights agitation is not dead. The subjects with which it deals are still and are likely to be for many days to come the most exciting and, in the issues involved, the most important subjects before the people of Canada. Nor can it be said that the orators on the one side or on the other are merely beating the air. The recent speeches of leading men representing the three parties concerned, for three there manifestly are, have done much to narrow and define the issue involved, so far as it is purely political. That issue is simply this. What are the true constitutional relations between the Federal and the Local Governments? In other words, what are the proper limitations of the rights of self-government retained by or accorded to the provinces, under the British North America Act? It is the question of the veto power, pure and simple? It is not necessary for our present purpose that we should affirm or deny the validity of Mr. Laurier's claim that the Liberals have always maintained that the veto could not be constitutionally exercised against provincial legislation that was strictly *intra vires* of the Legislature enacting it. Nor is it necessary that we should express an opinion as to whether the Conservative Government's present position in regard to the question is consistent or otherwise with its past acts and attitude in respect to disallowance. It is evident that Sir John A. Macdonald and his Government on the one hand, and Mr. Laurier and the other leaders of the Opposition on the other, are now at one in maintaining the doctrine of "Provincial Rights" as popularly understood. The Premier made his position very clear in his recent speech at Westport. "The Parliament of Canada," he said, "had no more to do with the Jesuits' Estates Act than the Congress of the United States." "It was an Act passed by the Legislature of the Province of Quebec. Be it right or be it wrong, that was no affair of ours. It was within the limits of their constitution, and they had the right to pass it if they chose. What is the meaning of free government? It means a government where the people have the right to rule or misrule themselves as they choose." He could hardly have used language stronger or more definite than these and other words spoken in the same con-

nection. The Liberal affirmation of the same view by the mouths of Mr. Laurier, Mr. Mills and others is equally positive and emphatic. On the other hand Mr. Dalton McCarthy, Principal Caven, and other prominent leaders of the Equal Rights movement have no less positively pledged themselves to the opposite opinion. Mr. McCarthy appealed to his Montreal hearers to let it be distinctly understood that "all provincial laws must be subservient to the general good." Principal Caven tells us that the Equal Rights Association hold that the Act should have been vetoed whether it was or was not *intra vires*. Here then is the battle-ground on which the great constitutional question is to be fought. Whatever the Protestantism of Ontario may be constrained to do under the pressure of outraged feeling, few things are more certain than that the people of the other provinces will not consent to accept an interpretation of the Constitution which would leave their legislation at the mercy of a party Government and a parliamentary majority at Ottawa, which might some day mean,—and this is a point which the Protestants of Ontario would do well to ponder—at the mercy of the solid French-Canadian vote.

IT is, to say the least, unfortunate that the question of Equal Rights for people of all creeds and classes in Canada should have been complicated with the demand for the disallowance of the Jesuits' Estates Act. The one involves a broad, fundamental principle. The other rests upon an interpretation of the Constitution which is, at least, doubtful. There is a wide difference between a movement for the removal of certain unjust and mischievous anomalies from the Constitution, and one for the disallowance of a specific Act of a Provincial Legislature which was probably within its powers. We are glad to see the leaders of the Equal Rights Association coming out so boldly in regard to the larger question, which involves constitutional reform. When Dr. Caven speaks of the Jesuits' Estates Act as an endowment of the Jesuits; when he says that, "To say that we persecute the Jesuits because we disapprove of bestowing upon them public money is surely to confound things that differ," it is hard to resist the feeling that he is unwittingly paltering with the words "endowment" and "public" in a double sense, and thus himself confounding things that differ. As we have before pointed out, the Act in question distinctly shows that the award is not given as an endowment. May we not add that the money so bestowed is not "public" money to any Canadian not a citizen of Quebec. This is obvious since no such Canadian has any right to a voice in its bestowal. But when Dr. Caven takes broader ground, when he maintains that "people of all races, classes, and creeds should stand on the same ground before the law," he will find, we feel sure, very many to agree with him who are quite unable to endorse his views in respect to the use of the veto-power. As every one knows, all races, classes, and creeds do not now stand on the same ground before the law. The Constitution makes a difference in that it gives to the Church of Quebec, to a very considerable extent, the powers and prerogatives of a State Church. But surely the way to remedy this is to reform, not to over-ride, the Constitution. Mr. Dalton McCarthy sees this clearly. Witness the following from his Montreal speech, as reported: "There was much room for reform. It was a disgrace to our civilization that it should be in the power of any institution to exact tithes. That old law of 1774 should not be like the laws of the Medes and Persians, unalterable; but they should have the power to amend the Constitution within certain limits. They were the only free people in the world, he believed, that did not have the right to amend their Constitution. Surely they should have the power, in the interest of the people, to do away with such a law. It was a reform that ought to be advocated." This is logical and to the point. Are the majority of the Canadian people prepared to amend the Constitution, in the interests of the French Catholics of Quebec, who may still pay tithes if they choose, but should no longer be compelled to do so, in a country which claims to be free? Are we morally bound for all time to come by the treaties and acts of a past century?

IN our comments upon Mr. Laurier's emphatic affirmation, in his Pavilion speech, that he was not one of those who desired to see a Canadian French nation on the shores of the St. Lawrence, we intimated that there was great reason to doubt whether in this he represented the majority of his fellow-countrymen. The fear has since been confirmed by the comments of some influential French papers. *La Verité* is particularly outspoken. It boldly declares that "the end towards which the patriotic aspirations of the French-Canadian people have tended for two centuries and a half" is nothing less than "the foundation of a French-Canadian and Catholic State, having for its mission to continue in America the glorious work of our ancestors." As if to guard against any possibility of mistake it emphatically repeats and explains the statement. "Once more, we wish French Canada to one day become an absolutely self governing country, living her own life, and having a distinct place among the nations of the earth." The declaration is, it is true, accompanied with an assurance that it is desired that "the change should be made naturally, in peace, without disturbance or revolution, by mutual consent." But if mutual consent cannot be gained, and nothing future can be surer than that it never can be gained, what then? It is not worth while to ask. The idea is an empty dream, though, if it is, or should unhappily become the dream of a majority of French-Canadians, it might become a very mischievous dream. The thing is impossible. The battle of the Plains of Abraham settled the future of British North America, decreed that it shall be for all time to come the home of British, or rather of Anglo-Saxon free institutions. Those Canadians who now most seriously object to anything that savours of interference with that local autonomy which is secured to Quebec, not more by the British North America Act than by the genius of Anglo-Saxon freedom, would be the first to rise up and declare that no French nation, directed by Italian priests, dominated by monastic and mediæval ideas and institutions, and glorying in its subserviency to clerical intolerance and papal absolutism, shall ever be allowed to cut English-speaking Canada in two, and divide its free provinces from each other. The Ultramontane journals of Quebec could not more effectively promote the movement to sweep away all the special powers and privileges now enjoyed by the Catholic clergy in Quebec, than by following in the lines thus laid down by *La Verité*.

PREMIER MERCIER'S reply to the resolutions of the Protestant Committee of the Council of Public Instruction, agreeing to accept and distribute the sum set apart by the Jesuits' Estates Act for Protestant Education, is, in some respects, a singular document. Mr. Mercier commences with the statement that he understands that the Protestant Committee "accept in the name of the Protestants of the province the public trust imposed upon them to distribute the \$60,000 given them by the Jesuits' Estates Act." Mr. Mercier, as one well versed in constitutional matters, must know well that the members of the Protestant Committee, being appointed by the Government, not chosen by the people or directly answerable to them, have no power to accept anything in the name of the Protestants of the Province. They are not directly responsible to anybody save those from whom they received their appointment. Mr. Mercier's anxiety to regard their actions as that of the Protestant minority shows how well he appreciates the situation in which the Protestants of Quebec will be placed in regard to the Jesuits' Estates Act, if they permit this money to be used in the support of their educational institutions. Is the Protestant Committee not bound to reply that not being a representative body they cannot act in the name of the Protestants of Quebec, but only as the appointees of Government? Will they not otherwise permit themselves to be placed in a false position? Again, Mr. Mercier's answer to the condition touching the restoration of the trust is curiously indefinite if not evasive. The condition was that the superior education, in existence before the Jesuits' Estates Act, be restored. The reply, substantiated by official correspondence, is in effect, that the intention of the Government from the first was to continue to both Catholics and Protestants the sums they had been

accustomed to receive annually for educational purposes, this being the income of the Jesuits' Estates. But according to Mr. Mercier himself, "in virtue of an old law the revenue of the Jesuits' Estates formed a special education fund" the amount whereof, etc., was at the disposal of Catholics and Protestants, in proportion to population, for educational purposes. Mr. Mercier mentions that the income in question is now \$78,410, and has scarcely varied for several years past, and says that the same sum, of which the Protestant share is \$12,170, will continue to be granted year by year. But it is evident that the fact that the income of the estates has been for years the amount named is merely accidental, and that, if the estates themselves were set apart for educational purposes, any increased income accruing from the different position of the estates; or, in case of their sale under the recent Act, the whole income derived from the sum-total of their net proceeds when sold, should be devoted to the same purpose. In other words, the Jesuits' Estates, while unsold, and the price received for them if sold, should still be held sacred for the purpose of the Trust. Was this the meaning of the condition laid down by the Protestant Committee? We do not see how the Trust could be said to be observed or restored in any other way. But if they meant merely that the Trust should be restored only so far as to guarantee the annual income hitherto received, it is clear that even that could be effected only by setting apart from the proceeds of the sale of the estates a permanent fund sufficient to produce that amount. No mere promise of an annual grant could be regarded as the equivalent of a Trust fund.

**BOTH** the Government and the public are to be congratulated on the revised statement of the Dominion accounts for the fiscal year 1888-89, showing a balance of nearly two millions of dollars on the right side of the ledger. The balance sheet will, of course, be subjected to a severe scrutiny by the financial critics of the Opposition when Parliament meets. Perhaps, even to some who are not on the look-out for places of attack on the occupants of the Treasury benches, the news may seem almost too good to be true. Impartial financiers may be disposed to analyse with some closeness the formidable columns, and, remembering the large unexpected balance from the last loan, to look with special care at the items coming under the head of "Miscellaneous Receipts." Assuming, however, the frankness and accuracy of the Government book-keeping, the result gives good reason to hope that the period of extraordinary outlays on a stupendous scale is over, for the present at least; and that the country is entering upon an era of economic and safe administration. The statement that the expenditure for the first quarter of the fiscal year, 1889-90, is less by about a million and a quarter than that for the corresponding period of the preceding year gives additional ground for encouragement, as does also the reduction of the public debt by the sum of nearly two and a half millions of dollars. The tide, let us hope, has fairly turned. It is well that it should be so. Situated as we are, side by side with the great Republic, which must continue not only to be our formidable rival in every productive industry, but to act constantly as a powerful loadstone to draw population and capital away from Canadian shores, our country undoubtedly needs every aid that can be derived from a sound and prosperous financial shewing. Between the United States, with an enormous surplus and a rapidly diminishing debt, and Canada, with a rapidly growing debt and no surplus, the race was too unequal to be long kept up without great danger.

**DURING** his recent tour through the North-West the Minister of the Interior seems to have been interviewed by all classes of people, puzzled with all kinds of administrative questions, and required to listen to grievances of all descriptions, some of them of long standing. This is as it should be. If Mr. Dewdney will but give good heed to the complaints presented and see to it that those which are based on reason and right are promptly remedied, he will have done much to promote contentment and prosperity in that distant but no longer unimportant region. The occasion affords, of course, an opportunity for correspondents and editors to say smart things about Western characteristics, constitutional and chronic grumblers, and so forth. But the fact is that ever since the settlers began to go into the territories their progress has in many cases been retarded and the inevitable hardships of their situation increased through the inattention and the blundering regulations of the Ottawa authorities. Probably none but those who have tried it

can rightly conceive of the harassment and annoyance that result from being obliged to accept those local laws and arrangements, which dwellers in the older provinces make for themselves, ready-made at the hands of officials two or three thousand miles distant. For long years the Department at Ottawa framed land and other regulations for the government of the North-West settlers, in the dark. Ignorance of special conditions and wants reigned supreme. There can be no doubt that many a good settler turned his back on the country in disgust rather than submit to vexatious restrictions and needless uncertainties, which were the outcome of want of knowledge, time, or care at Ottawa. In all probability the day of complete local self-government will soon come for the people of the territories, but in the meantime they are to be congratulated that their interests are in the hands of a Minister who has personal knowledge of the country and who takes the trouble to visit it and learn of the people's circumstances and difficulties from their own mouths. Hon. Mr. Dewdney's North-West tour promises well for the future management of the Interior Department.

**ONE** of the questions which will, it may be hoped, occupy the attention of the Ontario Legislature at its approaching session, is that of granting the ballot to Roman Catholic ratepayers in their election of Separate School trustees. It is a singular anomaly that the open vote should have been so long retained in this specific case, when the ballot is well-nigh universal in every other kind of election. Why is this so? It cannot be supposed that the supporters of Separate Schools, as a class, have any preference for the open vote, since the use of the ballot could not deprive them of any privilege, or put them in a worse position in any particular; while, on the other hand, it would open a means of escape from the unfavourable criticism or undue pressure to which any of them may be exposed under the present system. Many of them, it is well known, are, as a matter of fact, earnestly asking for the ballot. We do not think that Mr. Mowat, or any member of his Government, can doubt that the ballot would be acceptable to the majority, though many of that majority may, for personal reasons, be unwilling to ask for it. Even assuming that those who are demanding the change are but a minority, have not a minority of Catholic voters a right to the same protection which is given to every other class of their fellow-citizens, seeing, as we have said, that the granting of their wish can do no possible injury to the rights or liberties of other voters? The plain, unvarnished fact is, we suppose, that the ballot has hitherto been withheld at the instance of the clergy, who wish, for reasons of their own, to be able to know just how each of their parishioners votes. It is, we venture to say, the bane of all political dealings with the Catholic portions of the population, that the voice of the clergy is accorded a weight and influence which no one would think of giving to that of the clergy of any other denomination. If the Government and Legislature of Ontario wish to disprove the most damaging charge of their assailants, and to show that their ruling principle is to deal with all citizens alike, without distinction of race or creed, let them hasten to put the Separate School supporters on an equality with their fellow-citizens by giving them the ballot in the election of trustees.

**THE** discussion of the future of the Esplanade is still kept up with intermittent vigour in Toronto business circles and in the papers. The question is altogether too large and important to be settled off-hand. Some progress is, however, being made. It seems to be as good as settled that the present system of level crossings cannot be continued, and that a viaduct of some kind must be constructed. This is in itself an important step in advance. The question henceforth resolves itself largely into one of ways and means, and of the kind of elevated road that will best meet the conditions of convenience, economy and efficiency. Aesthetic considerations will not, it may be hoped, be left out of the account. Having reached this stage the matter becomes one mainly for the engineering experts, though the conclusions reached must of course be such as will commend themselves to the approval of the citizens, from the business and common-sense points of view. To the non-professional mind the solid-embankment plan appears to be the least desirable in almost every respect. The idea that at this stage in the progress of engineering science no better design for an elevated roadway of the kind can be devised than the primitive one of an embankment of solid earth between retaining walls of brick or stone, seems almost preposterous. Such a structure would be about as ugly an object for the

foreground of the city and for the water-border view as anything that can be conceived of. Its expense could not fail, one would suppose, to be nearly as great as that of any more artistic structure, while it would obliterate for all practical purposes a large and valuable area along the water-front where space is already, and will continue to be, in increasing ratio, in great demand. It cannot be very difficult to build a thoroughly substantial structure, which, while fulfilling every reasonable condition of safety and utility, will also afford a large amount of warehouse accommodation, thus becoming an important source of revenue. At the same time such a structure could surely be made much more pleasing to the eye, whether viewed from land or water, than any aspect the smooth, uniform surface of a solid embankment could possibly present.

**THE** revival of interest in the literature of our own language, which is so characteristic of the educational thought and tendencies of the day, is one of the best omens of the time. It has in it the "promise and potency" of a culture more genuine, more fruitful, and more widely diffused than the English-speaking world has hitherto known. The establishment of the Chair of English in the University of Toronto is a practical outcome, at our own doors, of this great movement for the enthronement of English literature in its rightful place, at the head of all systems and courses, in English institutions of learning. It was, then, we readily believe, with more than the ordinary interest which attaches to such introductory addresses, that so many friends of higher education listened on Saturday afternoon to the inaugural address of the first incumbent of the new Chair. Professor Alexander's excellent "Introduction to Browning" had already prepared us to expect from him a broader and higher conception of the meaning of the word "Literature," and of the aim to be had in view in the study of English literature, than the conventional notions. In the main, at least, this expectation was not disappointed by his inaugural address. By at once relegating the study of the language to its proper place as secondary and subordinate, the lecturer showed, we venture to infer, his appreciation of the proper relation of the one to the other as that of means to end; notwithstanding his somewhat emphatic and perhaps necessary caveat against undervaluation of the study of the language proper. Professor Alexander proceeded to define the study of literature as a work of interpretation, and, as such, differentiated from all other studies and yet related to all, seeing that all others involve the work of interpretation. Had he stopped there we should have been disposed to demur. But any misgivings thus aroused were dispelled, before the end of the lecture was reached, by the recognition of the great truth that the production of emotion is the object of the highest forms of literature. Nor did the lecturer fail to recognize the indispensable condition of this effect, in an underlying basis of true observations, or those which commend themselves to the reader as such. His recognition of the two great results that flow from the study of literature as the openness of mind which brings power to apprehend and readiness to accept true ideas, and the flexibility of mind which gives rise to intellectual sympathy, strikes us as particularly happy. Basing our remarks, as we are unfortunately under the necessity of doing, upon condensed and, therefore, imperfect newspaper reports, it would be unfair to single out any expressions that might seem more open to question, seeing that any seeming inadequacy might very likely be due to imperfection of statement. On the whole, the great favour with which the address was received may be pretty safely accepted as the measure of its merits, and the friends of literary culture may confidently hope to see the study of the English classics at last entered upon with genuine and healthful enthusiasm in the Provincial University.

**THE** Lake Mohonk Conference is an organization whose one great work is, as defined by Dr. Lyman Abbott at its recent meeting, "the education, civilization and redemption of the Indian." The Conference, which, as was happily said by the same speaker, represents the conscience of the United States on the Indian question, has been growing in influence from year to year. To this influence most of the great reforms and advances which have marked the Indian policy of the United States are directly traceable. Five years ago the Lake Mohonk Conference demanded the abolition of the reservation system, the allotment of land to Indians in severalty and the opening up of the reserves to civilization. Many deemed that demand at the time chimerical. It is now the settled policy of the nation, and during the last year, amongst other legislation

of a similar character, Bills have been passed by which the immense tract occupied by the Sioux Indians has been thus divided up, the United States buying about half the whole territory—eleven millions of acres. The Oklahoma tract was also purchased from the Creek Indians and thrown open for settlement. All seem now pretty well agreed that this reversal of the old policy, which is still the Canadian policy, and which seems specially adapted to retard civilization, prolong tribal barbarism and foster pagan abominations, has thrown a flood of light and hope upon the hitherto dark Indian problem. It is now but a question of time when the Indians of the United States shall become industrious and useful citizens. But the breaking up of the reservation system, and the recognition of personal rights and property, carrying with them the duties and responsibilities of citizenship, though most important and, indeed, indispensable means, are not all that is necessary to the end in view. Not only must the Indian be treated as a man and a citizen, he must in the first instance be specially educated into a measure of fitness for his new position.

ONE year ago the Lake Mohonk Conference laid down the principle that it was the duty of the General Government to make special and adequate provision for the compulsory education of all its Indian wards of suitable age, that they might be thereby prepared to enter upon their new life as men and citizens. To many this idea no doubt seemed, in its turn, visionary. At the recent meeting of the Conference, General Morgan, the new Commissioner of Indian Affairs, read a paper in which he, on behalf of the Government, accepted in substance and endorsed the views of the Conference in this respect. He laid it down as a guiding principle that ample provision should be made at an early day for the education of the entire mass of Indian school children and youth. He said, and the statement is axiomatic, that, if under any circumstances compulsory education is justifiable, the condition of the Indians certainly constitutes such a case. He further outlined a policy for completely systematizing the work of Indian education, conforming it, as far as practicable, to the common-school systems of the individual States, and while for the present laying special stress upon that kind of industrial training which is needed to fit the Indian to earn an honest living, yet making also ample provision for the higher education of the few who may be found endowed with special ambition and capacity, and thus marked out by nature for leadership. This comprehensive paper makes it clear that both the people of the United States and the Indians are to be congratulated in having at the head of this Department a man who is at the same time an experienced educator, and a broad-minded statesman. As is well known, the reliance for the education of the young Indians has hitherto been upon the contract schools, viz., schools established by religious bodies and receiving Government aid—the same system which now prevails in Canada. To say nothing of the violation involved in this system of what should be a fundamental political principle in both countries, viz., that there should be no alliance between Church and State, no subsidizing of denominational institutions and enterprises, its practical failure in the former country is only too clearly demonstrated by statistics. These show that only about 12,000 of the 50,000 Indian children in the Union are being educated, the remaining 38,000 growing up in absolute ignorance, to be the same dead weight upon the public that their parents have been. Such a result shows neither statesmanship, justice, nor philanthropy. We have not the figures before us, but no one can doubt that the showing in our own North-west is proportionally no better. There is reason to fear that on the whole it is much worse. We have hitherto prided ourselves on the fact that the treatment of Indians in Canada has been much more just and humane than in the United States. It is to be hoped that the Minister who has charge of this Department at Ottawa will not fail to observe the new and enlightened departure that is being taken on the other side of the border, and will see to it that Canadian statesmanship is not left far in the rear, in its modes of dealing with the aborigines of the country.

THE speech of Secretary Blaine to the delegates from the American nations to the International conference suggests to those familiar with other speeches of the same statesman, under different circumstances, a reversal of the conditions which puzzled the ancient Hebrew patriarch. We have here surely an Esau speaking with the voice of Jacob. But if we can but forget the record of the orator

we cannot deny that the speech is worthy of the attention of the world. Coming from the man who occupies the second place in power, in a nation of sixty millions, some of its propositions are indeed remarkable. Passing by those passages which relate to commercial conditions and possibilities, and which seem to take little if any account of the tremendous obstacles interposed by geographical conditions, by the intervention of the torrid zone, and by diversities of climate, race, national institutions, customs and prejudices and so forth, and turning our attention to those which deal with political relations, we have a picture such as, it is safe to say, was never before held up to view by one occupying such a position in so powerful a Government. "No selfish alliance against the older nations"; "no secret understanding on any subject"; "hearty co-operation, based on hearty confidence"; "a spirit of justice"; "friendship, avowed with candour, and maintained with good faith"; no "standing armies beyond those which are needful for public order and the safety of internal administration"; "friendship and not force, the spirit of just law and not the violence of the mob";—these and such as these are the new forces which the mouthpiece of the American Government and nation proposes for the adjustment and governance of all international relations between seventeen independent American powers! The ideal is certainly a noble one. Is it possible of attainment, or are such words but the rant of an actor, or the incoherent utterances of a dreamer? If Mr. Blaine can but lead the American nations to take one distinct, decided step in the direction of the fulfilment of such a vision, he will have set an example which will put to shame the nations of the old world, and will have deserved the gratitude of mankind.

THE recent opening of Clark University, at Worcester, Mass., was an educational event of considerable importance in the neighbouring Republic. Following to some extent on the lines of Johns-Hopkins, yet with important variations, the new institution is by no means simply another unit added to the sum-total of colleges, big and little, with which the whole surface of the United States is so closely dotted. Clark University is to have no undergraduate department. It is designed to afford opportunity and inducement to original research, and only those are to be admitted as students who can show themselves possessed of a degree of knowledge and capacity fitting them for independent investigation in some department of science or learning. Its special work is thus designed to be not co-ordinate with that of most existing universities, but supplemental. Its command of means is said to be practically unlimited, though development will of necessity be gradual. The entrance of such an institution upon the educational stage will, we suppose, be welcomed even by the many with whom it is the fashion just now to decry the tendency to the multiplication of less ambitious institutions. By all means let us have the great universities and the post-graduate courses, and make the best possible use of them. But is it not a somewhat singular fact that, in an age which it might be supposed would rejoice at every new facility for the increase of intelligence, there should be so much tendency to disparage the work of the smaller colleges? Sentiments are continually being expressed by educators which, if they mean anything, must mean that any university training which is supposed to be not quite up to the mark is worse than none. Just as if any young man or young woman could spend three or four years in study, even in the feeblest college in America, without gaining a very desirable increase of intelligence and becoming much better fitted for any work worth doing in life. This feeling in respect to the work done in such institutions is akin to that which often finds expression in circles from which more liberal views might be expected, to the effect that partial education is spoiling the masses for industrial pursuits. The tendency to crowd into so-called genteel occupations, to the neglect of those which are more laborious, but more useful and honourable, is to be deplored, but the true remedy is not less education but more. Let the work go on until education becomes so universal that it can no longer be regarded as distinctive of any particular pursuit or profession, and the tendency complained of will have wrought its own cure.

MISS HELEN GLADSTONE has taken to journalism. Miss Gladstone's experience of women will warrant her writing with authority on their affairs. She has for nearly ten years been closely connected with Newnham College, Cambridge, first as a student, then as secretary to Mrs. Sedgwick, whom she succeeded as Vice-Principal of the College.

## THE SONNET.—VII.

THE sonnet "On the Late Massacre in Piedmont" was Milton's utterance of a nation's feelings, a more practical form to them was given in Cromwell's threat to send cannon. Another characteristic of Milton was his advice and urging to men in the highest stations. He assures Fairfax that a nobler task than victorious war awaits his hand in freeing truth and right from violence. And he tells Cromwell "much remains to conquer still—peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." Socially he gives advice to his friend Lawrence in a sonnet imitating a certain ode of Horace, and he exhorts Cyriac Skinner to learn to measure life betimes. There is a nobility about all of the sonnets, however, that has struck every critic except Dr. Johnson, who was unjust to Milton, and this is the reason they hold a position which is quite unique.

It will be interesting to recall a few sonnets which have been called into existence by the memory of Milton. William Lisle Bowles is a poet little known and less read; yet no writer of verse did more to emancipate English poetry from the artificial classicality that over-ran the later part of the eighteenth century. He set the example of a free and natural style and gave an impetus to the energies of many of our greatest later poets—including Coleridge, Southey and Wordsworth. Not only did Bowles prove his theory by producing excellent verse; but he entered into a literary battle with Byron and others to defend the principles he had adopted. Among the many sonnets written by him are two on Milton entitled "On the Busts of Milton, in Youth and Age, at Stourhead."

## IN YOUTH.

Milton, our noblest poet, in the grace  
Of youth, in those fair eyes and clustering hair,  
That brow untouched by one faint line of care,  
To mar its openness, we seem to trace  
The front of the first lord of human race,  
Mid thine own Paradise portrayed so fair,  
Ere Sin or Sorrow scathed it: such the air  
That characters thy youth. Shall time efface  
These lineaments as crowding cares assail?  
It is the lot of fall'n humanity.  
What boots it! armed in adamant mail  
The unconquerable mind, and genius high,  
Right onward hold their way through weal and woe,  
Or whether life's brief lot be high or low.

The last four lines of this sonnet were undoubtedly suggested by Milton's second sonnet "To Cyriac Skinner," wherein, after speaking of his affliction, he says:

Yet I argue not  
Against heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot  
Of heart or hope: but still bear up and steer  
Right onward.

Of Milton's personal beauty in youth there is ample testimony. The second sonnet of Bowles is as follows:—

## IN AGE.

And art thou he, now "fall'n on evil days,"  
And changed indeed! Yet what do this sunk cheek,  
These thinner locks, and that calm forehead speak?  
A spirit reckless of man's blame or praise,—  
A spirit, when thine eyes to the noon's blaze  
Their dark orbs roll in vain, in suffering meek,  
As in the sight of God intend to seek,  
'Mid suffering or age, or through the ways  
Of hard adversity, the approving look  
Of its great Master: whilst the conscious pride  
Of wisdom, patient and content to brook  
All ills to that sole Master's task applied,  
Shall show before high heaven the unaltered mind,  
Milton, though thou art poor, and old, and blind!

The record of Milton's many misfortunes now faces us for the first time. In his own sonnets he alludes only to his blindness in strains of resignation and patient suffering. We cannot do better than quote Macaulay's splendid and truthful tribute: "A mightier poet, tried at once by pain, danger, poverty, obloquy and blindness, meditated, undisturbed by the obscene tumult which raged all around him, a song so sublime and so holy that it would not have become the lips of those ethereal Virtues whom he saw, with that inner eye which no calamity could darken, flinging down on the jasper pavement their crowns of amaranth and gold." Leigh Hunt, in the year 1818, wrote a sonnet "On a Lock of Milton's Hair." The happy founder of the ill-called Cockney school was a great admirer of Milton. Among the looks he liked to have about him most, he tells us in that fanciful essay, "My Books," were the minor poems of Milton, Thomas Warton's edition of which he calls "a wilderness of sweets." But, to return to our wethers, the sonnet reads thus:

It lies before me there, and my own breath  
Stirs its thin outer threads, as though beside  
The living head I stood in honoured pride,  
Talking of lovely things that conquer death.  
Perhaps he pressed it once, or underneath  
Ran his fine fingers when he leant, blank-eyed,  
And saw, in fancy, Adam and his bride  
With their rich locks, or his own Delphic wreath.  
There seems a love in hair, though it be dead:  
It is the gentlest, yet the strongest thread  
Of our frail plant—a blossom from the tree  
Surviving the proud trunk, as though it said,  
"Patience and Gentleness is Power. In me  
Behold affectionate Eternity."

The beautiful sentiment expressed seems to have been directly inspired by the relics of those once fine clustering chestnut locks that gave Milton so refined and femininely graceful an appearance as to have caused his college fellows to call him "the lady of Christ Church." Leigh Hunt has appealed to all who keep and love a lock of cherished hair. It is not a little strange that one of the most animal parts of the human body—a survival of low animal necessity in the highest type of life—should be the means of keeping green the memory of the dear dead when all the more highly developed and distinguishing parts are entirely gone.

Sixteen years earlier Wordsworth had made a trip in company with his sister to the Continent, and commenced to write sonnets; nor has he surpassed some of the first noble utterances in that form of verse wherein he was prolific. It was on his return in 1802 that the state of England suggested the following rebuke to his country and tribute to Milton:

Milton, thou shouldst be living at this hour.  
England hath need of thee. She is a fen  
Of stagnant waters; altar, sword and pen,  
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,  
Have forfeited their ancient English dower  
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;  
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;  
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.  
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;  
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea,  
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,  
So didst thou travel on life's common way,  
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart  
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

There is a touch of the Fairfax sonnet of Milton about this call from Wordsworth to the spirit of the blind patriot-poet. The state of social and political affairs justified the invocation for purification and ennobling contained in the octave; but then occurs a sudden and splendid change of key, and the genius and character of the poet is brilliantly set forth in a series of fine images to be followed by a closing allusion to the blameless conduct of Milton's private life. This is undoubtedly one of Wordsworth's finest sonnets. It was written when his feelings were raised by a prospect of marital happiness, when his pecuniary affairs were improved, and when the full power of thought was stirring him to some of his most splendid work.

Seventy-five years later, in 1877, a volume of poems by a young man of exceptional promise, Mr. Ernest Myers, included the following sonnet on Milton, which was selected by that careful critic, Mr. Mark Pattison, as a preface to his edition of Milton's sonnets. It has since taken a permanent place in sonnet literature.

He left the upland lawns and serene air  
Wherefrom his soul her noble nurture drew,  
And reared his helm among the unquiet crew  
Battling beneath; the morning radiance rare  
Of his young brow amid the tumult there  
Grew dim with sulphurous dust and sanguine dew:  
Yet through all soiture they who marked him knew  
The signs of his life's dayspring, calm and fair,  
But when peace came, peace fouler far than war,  
And mirth more dissonant than battle's tone,  
He, with a scornful sigh of his clear soul,  
Back to his mountain clomb, now bleak and froze,  
And with the awful night he dwelt alone,  
In darkness, listening to the thunder's roll.

As a study of Milton we prefer this to anything written in verse that we have read. It is most true and most powerful. The reference to his blind and lonely ending of life is grandly strong. Nothing finer can be written. It is interesting to notice that Mr. Myers has used two words in this sonnet—"soiture" and "froze"—which are virtually obsolete—"pollution" and "frozen" are synonyms. There are two tendencies distinctly at work to-day in the use of the English language; one is the revival of old and almost forgotten words, significant and strong compared with the modern usurpers in common use—a movement which it is to be hoped will spread until we recover much of the solid grandeur that has been sacrificed to flimsy decoration and mere ornaments;—the other is the misuse of words and the coinage of terms, which is either impertinent or unnecessary. In a recent tale in *Blackwood's* we read of a person "contriving" a sandwich and we hear that "a fashion obtains to-day" and are told that the organs of a body "function admirably." The Americans are known as a most inventive race; but they should not infringe on the time-honoured patents of good and pure English. It is principally to American influence this corruption is due.

Longfellow was an American who loved good English and we reproduce a sonnet written by him on Milton. It is a whimsical fancy well expressed, an expansion of Wordsworth's line.

Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea.

With the ninth-wave theory we have nothing to do nor can we altogether think that it will hold water as a correct image; but the conceit is pleasant and the workmanship cunning.

I pace the sounding sea-beach and behold  
How the voluminous billows roll and run,  
Upheaving and subsiding, while the sun  
Shines through their sheeted emerald far unrolled,  
And the ninth wave, slow gathering, fold by fold,  
All its loose-flowing garments into one,  
Plunges upon the shore, and floods the dun  
Pale reach of sands, and changes them to gold.  
So in majestic cadence rise and fall  
The mighty undulations of thy song,  
O sightless bard, England's Maenides,  
And ever and anon, high over all  
Uplifted, a ninth wave, superb and strong,  
Floods all the soul with its melodious seas.

And now we must take leave of Milton and the sonnets he wrote or inspired. To him sonnet-literature is vastly indebted as having adhered more closely to the best Italian form than any preceding writer and also, which is far more important, for having broken away from the traditions of the Elizabethan sonnet-writers and made the cameo-verse a vehicle for the noblest morality and highest personal expression. Mr. W. Ashcroft Noble in an essay to be found in the *Contemporary Review* of 1880, says, "It may be doubted if, before the time of Milton, we have a single sonnet which, as a sonnet and not merely as a fourteen line poem, can be praised without implicit limitations and reserves." Perhaps Sydney's "With how sad steps, O Moon!", Daniel's "Care-charmer sleep," Drayton's "Since there's no help" and a few others might be

allowed the benefit of a critical doubt; but in the main the opinion is certainly correct. There seem to be two methods, broadly speaking, of writing sonnets. There is the sonnet of description, which is composed of decorative detail, whether it be of love, scenery or character, and the sonnet of projection in which salient touches are given with a bold but effective brush—the filling in being left to the reader's imagination. There is no doubt of the superiority of the latter or of the prettiness of the former. One appeals to the soul, the other to the senses. It is almost superfluous to say that there exist certain sonnets which are unique and cannot without sacrilege be classed with any group.

SAREPTA.

#### PARIS LETTER.

FROM "start to finish" the Exhibition has been a gigantic success. On Sunday, despite the bursting of the monsoon, 307,000 visitors flocked to the Fair, and about 41,000 to the Palace of Industry to witness the distribution of prizes, which was quite what the theatres would call a "fairy spectacle." I was present at the kindred ceremonies of 1867 and 1878; neither could come up to the present event either in brilliancy, enthusiasm or effect. At the inauguration on the 6th of May last, the chief topic of conversation was the "skedaddling" of the ambassadors, whose governments had conspired to order their diplomatic representatives to be conspicuous by their absence at that outcome of people's efforts, genius and industry. The attachés of the round-robin embassies, who glided by the back door to the May ceremony, looked abashed, ashamed of the ridicule they had to swallow. Now the most remarkable circumstance at the gathering of the industrial clans at the distribution of prizes was, that not a soul bestowed a thought either on the absent ambassadors—the ruling passion strong in death—or even their *locum tenens* attachés; full light proof of the inutility of both, that which will make the continuance of their offices only the more permanent.

The principle of the march past of the juries and their collaborators, before M. Carnot, was the blending of diverse peoples in national or gala costumes, with displayed, variegated and eye-dazzling insignia, flanked by slices of the home and colonial army, to the strains of the choicest military and choral music. It was extremely picturesque. The first nation that defiled, following alphabetical arrangement, was the Argentine Republic and her native soldiers. The United States figured well, and a good deal was due to her smart soldiers and wide-awake commissioners. The honours of the day were reserved for Russia; when the Muscovites advanced, and dipped the eagles before the curule chair and its president-occupant, the French stood up, and indulged in political huzzas that might have reached Varzin. The Oriental colonists and the indigenous soldiery created a charming effect. There were a few kings from tropical Africa. In any future World's Fair there must be not only Eiffel Towers, but elegant extracts from the living ethnography of the universe. They supply our greed for actualities.

Only two speeches, both apropos, and of the thanksgiving and benediction order. M. Carnot is a small man, and of limited chest capacity; yet his *urbi et orbi* allocution reached the four corners of the building. His lady was in a private gallery, surrounded by a group of beauties; her toilette of red and white was charming. She has no rival in point of dress-taste, and what is not less important, possesses the art to display it without appearing to do so. Like Marie de Medicis, she has, too, her "flying squadron of beauties" when she appears at fêtes. This digression is intended to usher in the observation that M. Carnot never speaks better or proves more adequate for the occasion than when under the eye of his wife.

Premier Tirard's speech was devoted to the work and labour done; and set forth that, if the number of rewards was high, that was not due to commiserative feelings on the part of the jurors, but to the superiority of exhibits that compelled a formal recognition. M. Berger then commenced the herculean task of reading out the *palmarès*, that is, the synagogue scroll of the recompensed—an Homeric catalogue of 39,000 elect. It was a foretaste of the day of judgment. Upwards of 6,000 of the blessed were grands prix and gold medallists. Stentor, who had a fifty-man power voice, would have succumbed at the reading out. M. Berger deserves to win his deputyship at the second ballot for ever attempting the task, which soon had to be relinquished, though interludes of music allowed him to gasp for breath, and an unlimited supply of sugar and water was at his elbow to combat Saharanness of throat. He was cheered when he opened the list of glory, but he was vociferously applauded when he had to give it up.

The French attach no importance to the bridge proposed to span the Straits of Dover. It is a very old project revived, and one which the wonderful bridge over the Forth has galvanized into a novelty. Indeed the tunnel scheme never excited much attention either—beyond that it would allow the French to boast that they had constructed it, as it is well-known, John Bull desires—as a religion—to have no mainland connection with his tight little island. The demand is setting in, that having made all comfortable in the way of defence on the land side, it is necessary to bring up the navy to an equal footing with that of England's. But where is the money to come from?

The Congresses are drawing also to a close. That for making known the advantage of the Mètric system has been held. Observers notice the progress of the question has received a check since France declined to be bound by

the finding of the Meridian Congress at Washington, to make Greenwich, and not Paris, the First Meridian. Paris turns out more maps for foreign countries with the Greenwich meridian, than she does maps having the meridian of Paris. The Congress on the subject of "Absinthe" was interesting, the enemies of the "green parrot" beverage, as absinthe is familiarly called, injured their cause by over-denunciation. Absinthe is a very deleterious drink, and makes a host of victims; it takes the place of gin and whiskey in other countries. But no stimulant is so adulterated as absinthe, not even the dozen litres of "genuine cognac," with capsule and fancy label, shipped in attractive baskets to West African negroes, and only "at 9 frs. the dozen." The saddest circumstance about absinthe consumption is—the progress made in its moderate drinking. I remember the time when respectable people would feel ashamed to be seen drinking it, and never outside a café. Now it is the commonest afternoon "pick-me up," and rivals in popularity real German beer. Respectable women from the provincial towns do not blush before their "green-parrot," on the outside tables of a Parisian café. Of course no lady ever sits outside a café, and the fewer that patronize its inside the better.

The Congress for the "observance of Sunday," was able to register progress. But the latter is due, not to any pious influences or religious scruples, but to the fact, that the labourer must have one day's rest out of the seven, and the employees twenty-four hours' amusement. It is this necessity for muscle and brain repose, which explains why so many shops now close on Sundays; clients go to the country on that day, or to the theatres, but never go shopping. Any pressure to be remunerative, should be applied to the contractors of Government works, keeping bands at their ordinary calling on Sundays. I think the spectacle of the English and American sections of the Exhibition being virtually closed on Sundays, has done much to strike the unthinking crowd. Materially it is the loss of one day's wages, that constitutes the grand difficulty. Let John Burns when he has given the Bakers a lift, come over and try his hand as a Sunday salvationist of French dockyarders.

The journals here are coining with highly paid puffs on the prize men of the Exhibition. The commissions from foreign countries are also recommencing the mutual admiration banquets, with hired Marquises and loaned Princes, to do oratorical duty.

Germany has prohibited the reproduction of the Eiffel Tower, in pastry or sugar-work. It recalls the Gaul.

Z.

#### MONTREAL LETTER.

THE good people of the Queen City of the West would find it difficult to believe our municipal incapacity. With flying colours and flourishing trumpets we signed a contract with an electric light company to lighten our streets with electricity instead of gas. In spite of the fact that we were offered the service for \$87,600, and that Quebec gets a similar number of lights for \$64,000, we agreed to pay the Royal Company \$119,000 per annum; and in face of the unprecedented rapidity of the development of the science of electricity, with its prospect of better and cheaper appliances, we gave the company a monopoly for ten years. The result is so unsatisfactory that the most conflicting proposals are being made, as possible loopholes for the company to escape from blame and loss, and as loopholes for us to escape from the inefficiency of the bargain. To escape from the bargain itself is what no one ever dreams of. We must go back to gas. We must have more arcs if we keep to electricity. We must encourage the company by paying more, and extending the monopoly.

Then our streets are being made, unmade, and re-made. Drainage we have little time to heed. At every corner what poor civic laws we possess are conspicuous only by their neglect. Our police used to stand and look on. Now they sit and look away. At prodigious expense, we built, one year ago, the most hideous deformity in the shape of a dyke for the spring floods that ever marred the appearance of a naturally beautiful harbour. Now we threaten to break it up with cuttings, tunnels, vamps, and the scientifico-financial mind knows not what, to improve the harbour and the streets which lead to it. It is not yet too late for a mass meeting, when we might resolve upon the temporary removal of Montreal, the raising of the entire island, say forty feet, and the rebuilding of the city according to common sense.

At a vestry meeting on the 3rd instant, an effort was made to introduce the surplice to the choir of St. George's Church. As St. George's ranks as the stronghold of evangelicism in the Anglican body, much interest centred around the question. The promoters of the innovation disclaimed any intention to insert the thin edge of ritualism. The difficulty of securing and maintaining an enthusiastic choir without some such incentive to regular attendance and practice was their only ground. Nevertheless, the proposal met with sturdy and persistent opposition, and a motion even to chant the psalms and the litany on occasional festivals and evenings was vigorously voted down. The idea, however, has not been abandoned, and disappointed enthusiasts are relieving their feelings in the public press.

One of the most important movements which has ever been witnessed in Montreal, under the auspices of women and womanly management, has just been completed. The annual conference of temperance workers, known as the Provincial Christian Temperance Union, lasting for the

better part of a week, presents a phase of our national life which holds its own important position among our organized, aggressive, and persevering factors. Morn, noon and night the women met, reported, debated, reasoned, appealed and convinced, in a manner which must forever have set at rest the insinuating speculations about their special sphere, and must have finally decided that, in the Province of Quebec at least, the sphere of woman is dictated and limited only by what she can do. If the same test were relentlessly applied to the sphere of man we should probably see a greater upheaval of society than could have been predicted by the most superstitious advocate or opponent of the improvement of the status of woman. So quietly have women opened their eyes; so gradually have they drawn themselves together; so feminately (not effeminately, that is confined to men) have they laid before themselves certain privileges, claimed them, and won; so unostentatiously are they enjoying the privileges and fulfilling all the conditions exacted of these privileges, that we have to bethink ourselves before we can say where we are.

The amount of business brought before the conference, and the spirit in which it was introduced and discussed, were equally credible. Reports, departments, delegates followed each other in a fashion rather surprising, at least on our side of the line. Miss Barber, in giving in her year's report, as Superintendent of the Prison and Rescue Work of the Union, made a statement and an appeal which has been deemed worthy of special publication. From Nova Scotia to British Columbia, 2,500 letters have been sent to prisoners through the Letter Mission. Books and magazines have been supplied to them. The tobacco pledge has been added to that of temperance among boys. An appeal was made for a Provincial Protestant Reformatory Prison, where a system of thorough classification might be carried out. At present young girls must be put into the common gaol with old and hardened criminals. The feature of Miss Barber's report is her Shelter Home, open day and night, and which has received 1,000 outcasts. All these unfortunates, however, are not our own. The half of them come from England, and another fourth from Scotland and Ireland, doubtless, among the "able-bodied" that we are so blindly coaxing and paying to come to our shores. These are the beings who at one and the same time swell the boast of our Dominion Immigration Returns and the accommodation of our hospitals and prisons. Any one who was privileged to listen to Miss Barber's report, her hands and her heart fresh from living contact with the iniquity, disease and misery which is in the world, and which the world, I mean the world's own world, little dreams of, must have been struck with the ghastly presence to Christianizing life which "our several denominations" as we call them, claim.

Our Jewish fellow-citizens have celebrated their New-Year's Day, the 5650th. In the various synagogues imposing ceremonial services were performed, with impressive sermons and the sounding *shofar* calling the people to a timely repentance, and a sense of the flight of time.

The Montreal Presbytery have discussed the advisability of holding evening sessions to encourage a wider interest in the government of the Church.

VILLE MARIE.

### LONDON DOCKMEN.

A SONNET.

Not walls of wood, nor iron, nor triple steel,  
Old England, are thy strongest, surest guard,  
But those vast armies who, for small reward,  
Toil weekly underneath Oppression's heel,  
Who, though their heavy burdens make them reel  
And drop from very weariness and pain,  
Turn not on those who rob them of their gain,  
But humbly plead in piteous appeal.  
O seagirt isle, so long as these endure,  
So long in splendour may'st thou rule the waves,  
And from their wealth in lordly homes secure  
Well may thy nobles fee their toiling slaves,  
For thou art rich because thou hast such poor,  
And thou art poor because thou hast such knaves.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

### THE LOVE OF NOTORIETY.

AMONG the vast changes which have passed over the civilized world within the memory of living men, one, comparatively insignificant, has, I think, hitherto escaped observation. It is the disestablishment of fame. From earliest classic days to the verge of our own, the desire of renown, the thirst for fame, was a passion not merely readily confessed, but boastfully claimed as highly commendable in itself, and befitting the character of the purest patriot or the loftiest poet. It were to run over the whole field of literature from Pindar to Pope, to exhibit the ingenuous candor wherewith the anxiety to be celebrated, the longing for the "laurel crown," the desire that his name should be "trumpeted" of the "goddess," was avowed by, or attributed confidently to, every conqueror, statesman, artist, or poet. To remain "to fortune and to fame unknown" was an unbearable grievance in the eyes of the man who gave "Endymion" to the world, and whose soul Shelley thought was

Beckoning from the abodes . . . Like a star  
Where the eternal are.

Greeks and Romans believed, with Pliny, that "the happiest of all men is he who lives in the conscious certainty of posthumous fame"; and the renaissance, which

was the ghost of paganism revisiting Europe, re-enthroned the old goddess on high, and manifestly counted her wreath as immeasurably more splendid than the aureole of a saint. The meekest of Christian ecclesiastics, who had preached the Beatitudes all his days, was, if he attained to a bishopric, certain to be commemorated on his monument by an epitaph including some such lines as:

*Cujus in laudibus celebrandus  
Nec Fama loquar,*

and in extreme cases to take his final rest under a sprawling marble woman armed with a two-foot-long trumpet.

Nothing brought home to the consciousness of men of our generation the fact that the love of fame was gone out of date, so thoroughly as the simplicity of the last of the true Greek-souled artists, John Gibson, who was wont to the end of his days to confess it in the most startling manner, and *tout bonnement* left his whole fortune of £32,000 to perpetuate his "fame" by the erection of a gallery of his works, under the auspices of the Royal Academy. We may look in vain in 1890 for any sculptor, poet, politician, or soldier who will avow that he works or writes or fights for fame. There may be some who, consciously or unconsciously, exert themselves under the stimulus of such a motive; but not one who will confess it, in view of the hurricane of ridicule and "chaff" which the admission would call forth. It is the correct thing to assume that we labour from pure patriotism or philanthropy, or from disinterested devotion to science or art, or even, quite candidly, for the sake of filthy lucre. There is no danger of exciting ridicule by professing any of these motives, high or low. But to admit that we thirst for fame, and act with a view to winning it, would be to make ourselves the laughing-stock of our contemporaries.

Such a change in the common estimate of a once universally-applauded passion is, of itself, noteworthy. It becomes still more singular when we find, growing up in the vacant place, a bastard-brother sentiment, the love of notoriety, and observe that though no man yet openly avows harbouring this last in his breast, multitudes are credited with it both by friends and foes, and not thought much the worse of in consequence. To confess to the ambition for fame would be to fall into mock-heroics and bathos and become the mark of satire. To betray the love of notoriety may be slightly vulgar, but readily passes muster as a rather amiable weakness by no means ridiculous, but, on the contrary, possessing many advantages, political and commercial.

According to Johnson's definition, "notoriousness" is a word "commonly used of things known to their disadvantage." Fame is, of course (unless modified by some depreciatory adjective), understood to refer to things known to their advantage, deeds worthy of praise, "splendid transactions," of which the superlative degree is "glorious." Here we arrive at the remarkable conclusion, that men have ceased to avow their desire to be renowned for "things known to their advantage," but are not ashamed of being supposed to desire to be renowned for things known to their disadvantage! Notoriety, in short, is fame, *minus* that element of honour and approval of the public conscience which rendered the thirst for it commendable. Men in our own day, like gluttons, care for the quantity of their celebrity, not, like gourmets, for its quality. Carried to its proper *reductio ad absurdum*, we see this state of feeling exemplified by the young readers of "penny dreadfuls," who sigh for the renown of a Dick Turpin, and are indifferent to the prizes of their village school. It may not be wasted time to make a little study of this modern love of notoriety, which is pervading so many hearts in Europe, and still more (it is commonly believed) in America, and which bids fair to become an important factor in human concerns in all future generations. What are the essential springs of the sentiment, and what are its claims to contempt or sympathy?

In truth, there are (legitimately) in every human soul two opposing forces: the centripetal, which draws us to our kind, and the centrifugal, which causes us to isolate ourselves. We are impelled by an inward necessity to seek a social existence, and so create human society, and at the same time to vindicate the great fact of personality, and so secure individuality. Even the humblest man cannot, without breaking the law of his being, allow his personality to be swamped or merged in that of another or of any corporate body, or sink from a man into a number. The prison authorities who, for their own convenience, or perhaps with the humane intention of effacing black records, have reduced convicts from "George" or "John" or "Jane," to "Number Fifty-three" or "Six Hundred and Forty" or "One Thousand and Ninety-five," have all unwittingly created a new source of disturbance and revolt, a source which unhappily works most persistently in the higher-natured criminals, of whom each in his dim way feels that he *must* assert his individuality, *must* be noticed for something, as a man, and not be counted over as a number. This "something" is, of course, where so little freedom exists, more frequently rebellious disorder than good conduct.

My attention was first awakened to this fact of psychology when I attempted for some years to aid my venerated friend, Mary Carpenter, in her labours of love at Red Lodge Reformatory for Criminal Girls. Our poor little charges, who had all been committed to the reformatory for theft or some other offence, were of course dressed in uniform, and treated with the greatest possible equality of justice and tenderness. But every one of them, down to the most miserable, saddened little creature, required to be individually noticed, praised, blamed, looked at, and

addressed by name. Any neglect to follow this rule invariably led to self-assertion and naughtiness, culminating sometimes in apparently motiveless fury. Outside of prisons, the same necessity for the vindication of the *ego* exists, though it naturally assumes less offensive forms. Where the full tribute to fit is paid by affectionate and appreciative friends, it never needs to emerge into activity. It is easy to be humble when all around us love and praise us. The difficulty is to avoid angry self-assertion when our neighbours ignore alike our good and evil qualities, or treat us as nullities.

Viewed from this standpoint we may find, I think, even in the vulgar love of notoriety, a development, coarse and excessive indeed, but still a genuine development, of legitimate self-assertion. Or we may even go further, and say that it is also an abnormal development of the more than legitimate, the righteous and beautiful, desire for the sympathy of our kind. The public speaker who for the first time masters his voice and words, and feels the thrill of a common emotion passing electrically between himself and his audience, experiences an enrichment, an enlargement of his personal life, which is a revelation of the resources of human sympathy, hidden forever in those dumb lives which find no outlet either in tongue or pen. It may, perhaps, to some natures supply something of the same kind of extended and multiplied personality, to win notoriety, and to know their names and acts to be on many lips.

But, on the threshold of notoriety, for whatsoever reason it may be sought or coveted (of course, it is often simply a matter of trade profits, and worth so many pounds or dollars), we are bound to recognize the existence of those opposing tastes as regards publicity and privacy, which, as they may be partitioned, inevitably render notoriety *pur et simple* a pleasure or a pain. To the man who inherits the old-world sentiments (or prejudices, whichever we may call them) in favour of privacy, it is impossible that notoriety, even of the most favourable kind, should not bring with it a sense of violation of the *bien-séances*, of being "rubbed the wrong way," of derogation of dignity, almost such as is felt by the poor inmate of an Eastern *zenana* when brought unveiled into the street. On the other hand, a man or woman brought up with the familiar sense of publicity, for instance, a person connected with the stage, generally accepts any amount of notoriety without roughening a hair.

The difference extends to nations. On no subject do English and American tastes differ more widely than on the pains and pleasures of publicity. The average Englishman, from the highest to the lowest, entertains a profound conviction that privacy is an invaluable privilege for which it is quite worth while to barter, as regards his abode and grounds, light, air, and beauty; and as regards his domestic circle, all the intellectual pleasures of varied society. If he be owner of a fine estate, he builds a high wall or a lofty paling, often excluding lovely and extended views, round his park; and if he be a shop-keeper, he prefers to spend a summer evening in a stuffy back parlour behind impenetrable blinds, rather than to sit, as a Frenchman or German does every evening, at a table before a *café* in the airiest and liveliest street. Even the British drudge who earns her scant livelihood as a charwoman, will boast that when she goes "home" to her poor lodging-room, she "always keeps herself to herself," and ignores with conscious pride the occupant of the adjacent garret. Until the rise of the pestilent "society papers" in London, no public journal described the homes, the furniture, the dress, or the habits of eminent men and women, except perhaps in the case of a grandiose *Morning Post* report of a particularly splendid ball or state dinner, or the court milliners' list of dresses at the Queen's drawing-room. Even to this day, when all manner of breaches have been made in the wall of the Englishman's "castle," he remains attached to the idea of a broad distinction between public and private life, and resents any infringement of the line where he still flatters himself he can divide himself, as a private individual, from himself as a statesman, author, or artist. The Queen and her great poet laureate, at the summit of all "fame," are perhaps in the whole nation the two who would feel most indignant at any invasion of their still-reserved privacy.

Having never enjoyed the privilege of a visit to the United States, I am not in a position to describe accurately the current sentiment of Americans on this subject, but such experience as I and many friends have had, and the whole tone of American literature and journalism so far as is known to me, indicate that the invasion of a man's privacy, so far from being held to constitute an affront, is rather felt in America to involve a compliment. An American expects to receive smiling thanks from his friend for publishing a paragraph about him for which an Englishman would fear he might be "cut." The American practice of combining the duties of a leader-writer to a great newspaper with that of purveyor of news (a union of duties unheard of in English journalism), must be partly answerable for the horrid fashion of everlasting personal gossip which the London society newspapers have unhappily introduced into England. Some time ago, an American gentleman, who could scarcely have been a common reporter, asked me in a private letter to tell him who were the ladies and gentlemen who had subscribed to swell a fund which he was collecting for a special purpose. In a letter (which I supposed would be equally private) I gave the desired information, and then, to my unbounded astonishment, received a note from the inquirer, saying he meant to publish my interesting reply in a certain American newspaper. Knowing how much the persons con-

cerned would dislike such publicity, however friendly, I wrote instantly to stop the use of my letter. It appeared, nevertheless, ere long in a Boston paper; and the gentleman who had sent it for publication (after confessing that he had received my prohibition in good time) added, with ineffable coolness, that my letter was "too good to be lost."

That anybody, young or old, male or female, should entertain an objection to being "interviewed," and described at length as to height, weight, complexion, features, dress, voice, manners, and habits, for the benefit of the world at large, or that he or she should shrink from seeing his or her parents, husband, wife, brother, sister, son, or daughter exposed in a similar pillory, is an idea which seems never to occur to the contemporary American mind. On the contrary, an impression obviously prevails that to draw a man's portrait in pen and ink, even if it be a caricature, is a tribute of respect which ought to be accepted with gratitude.

Another evidence of the same state of feeling is to be found in the evidently honest belief of travelling Americans of the second and third orders, that any English man or woman must be flattered to be told loudly and publicly, and perhaps across a *table d'hôte*, that the speaker has "heard" of him, or her, in America. The love of notoriety, it is obviously felt, cannot fail to be gratified by such an announcement. While an Englishman shyly approaches an artist, politician, or author, especially an old one, by gentle steps, speaking first of indifferent subjects, and at last, in *tête-à-tête*, conveys the fact that he knows and sympathizes with or perhaps admires the work of the person he addresses, every chit of a girl hailing from the States thinks she is behaving prettily in addressing one who might be her grandfather, telling him out straight and *pro bono publico*, that she has known all about him in America, and that though she does not, of course, agree with his politics, or his principles of art, or the purpose of his books, she thinks well of them, notwithstanding, and is pleased to make his acquaintance.

At this point, however, we come across another modern passion the gratification of which works in with the love of notoriety from the opposite side. Not only does the person concerned love to be notorious, but the public love to be informed about the notorious person. So far as I see, a taste for the study of individual character, not exclusively of interesting persons, but of every man, woman and child, is singularly developed in America. Judging by the careful stippling-in of character-drawing by Mr. Henry James, Mr. Howells, and many lesser American novelists, and by the letters and conversation of American acquaintances, there exists in the great Republic an all-pervading hunger for elaborate descriptions of human beings, great, small, and mediocre, which has no counterpart in the British soul. Curiosity seems to be boundless and insatiable concerning people in general; such a curiosity as Robinson Crusoe might legitimately have felt for the owner of the foot which left its track on his desert shore, but which in our old, overcrowded land we altogether fail to keep burning. Unless a man be very great or very gifted, or unless he be mixed up in some exciting business or brought into close relationship with himself, the average Englishman feels only the most languid curiosity about his neighbour's height and weight, fortune, and general idiosyncrasy. Perhaps we might draw the contrast so far as to say that we in England interest ourselves in people oftenest for the sake of the movements in which they are concerned, whereas Americans take interest in movements for the sake of the people concerned in them. For example, they would aid home rule for the sake of Mr. Gladstone. To hear that a gentleman with whom we never expect to have any intercourse or dealings is stopping at a house five hundred miles away; that he is five feet seven inches in height, weighs a hundred and twenty pounds, and is called John Smith; that he has five thousand dollars a year, and is married to Mary Smith, and they have four children, is the sort of information which we never dream of communicating to an English friend, knowing it will simply bore him. But, with slight variations, it is the sort of colourless gossip which pervades American books and letters to an enormous extent, and it can do so only because the writers are aware that it will be read with interest by their countrymen. Mr. Motley, in his charming letters to his wife, apologizes for writing small vignettes of description, saying he knows she will be interested in them—an apology, by the way, which rather conveys the impression that the letters were intended for posthumous publication, else why the apology? But Mr. Motley wrote of statesmen and politicians before whom Europe trembled, and concerning whom, as the subjects of future history, curiosity is inevitable and legitimate. It is the interest in nobodies, in men, women, and children whose achievements, if any, are of a wholly insignificant kind, which is so remarkable among Americans. Talk of political or religious opinions, or of the advance or failure of causes, wise or foolish as the case may be, and our American friends exhibit, perhaps not unnaturally, little beyond a second-hand interest in them, for our sakes as participators therein; but touch on the personal character, looks, conduct, circumstances of the men concerned, and in a moment the most animated curiosity is awake.

In the long-past years of my youth it was a canon of good style in literature to write as little in the first person, and in argument to touch on persons as rarely as might be consistent with lucidity and force. The rule early impressed on me still remains, in my humble judgment, a good one, but it is not to be observed compatibly with the

gratification of American popular taste. Several years ago the editor of a leading American periodical did me the honor to invite me to contribute a paper on the state of religious parties in England. I had recently published a little work, "Broken Lights," wherein I had endeavoured to define the theological standpoint of the High, Low, and Broad Churches, and of the other religious bodies in the Kingdom, and I naturally understood that it was something of this kind which was required. Inquiring further, however, I received the astonishing hint that what was wanted was nothing of this sort at all, but descriptions and anecdotes of certain eminent divines whose friendship I had the honor to share, and of as many more as I could depict for the entertainment of the readers of the *Review*.

It would lead us too far to attempt to fathom the sources of these two correlated sentiments, the indifference to privacy, and the excessive interest in people, which together combine to make the love of notoriety more prominent in America than it is, as yet, in England. A great deal of kindness and genuine human sympathy must assuredly be at the bottom of both sentiments. We attach much importance to privacy only when we have a certain shy mistrust of our fellow-creatures *en masse*. And, on the other hand, we can scarcely interest ourselves in ordinary people, unless we are richly endowed with sympathy and warm with the sense of human brotherhood. The manifestations of these feelings may be foolish or absurd or vulgar, but at the root they must be better and more wholesome than exclusiveness or indifference.

In conclusion, it seems to result that either the love of fame or the love of notoriety is an inevitable part of human nature in the present and future, as in the past. We cannot really cease to care for the opinion, the sympathy rather, of large numbers of our fellow-men. When we pretend to drop the desire of fame, it is only to fall into the love of notoriety; and of the two there can be no question but that the former is the nobler. It has, indeed, received a tinge of absurdity from the follies which have been incrustated on it; and the sneering and detracting habits of the modern club and of society talk have forever made it impossible to re-install the old goddess, fallen and broken like Dagon. But it ought, I think, to be recognized that the desire of notoriety, if it is to be a good and not wholly an evil public influence, must be the desire of notoriety for some excellence or bravery; not, for example, for being the "wickedest man in the world," or for having run away in battle faster than man ever ran before. A longing for the approval of our fellow-men, and for their memory of our names hereafter with honour and benediction, is, indeed, a less pure and exalted passion than the ambition to be perfect in the eyes of the all-knowing Searcher of Hearts; but, just in as far as it is of good men, of those whose consciences echo the voice in our own souls, that we desire the approval, it is a wholesome and generous sentiment, and one in which it is hard to conceive that any genuine lover of his kind can be altogether lacking.

On the other hand, the thirst for the applause of fools and scoundrels, the desire of notoriety irrespective of approval, is a weakness deserving, not of the indulgence it commonly receives, but of contempt. There is nothing in it either good or sound; and the stimulation it offers must all be in base directions, such as the accumulation of monstrous wealth, or habits of senseless eccentricity, or perhaps even of superlative and exorbitant vice. Better, after all, revert to Fame and her trumpet, than proceed to organized *cliques*, and modern newspaper puffery. Better to say frankly, with Ovid:

If 'tis allowed to poets to divine,  
One-half of round eternity is mine.

than to enjoy the proud notoriety, throughout the Far West, of being the "wickedest man in the world."—*The Forum*.

### THE OCEAN.

THE sleepless spirit of thine ancient depths  
In fretful mood throbs at thy deep-set heart,  
Whose pulsing waves in slow succession dwell  
A moment on the shore and then depart.

And as thy mystic tide, sobbing, retires  
To the recesses of thy caverns deep,  
Lo! o'er thine eastern plains of azure speeds  
The fleet of night, laden with rest and sleep.

And when Aurora, rob'd in rosy dawn,  
From the gray East embarks upon thy tide,  
This herald of approaching day beholds  
The sleepless vigil of thy wilds abide,

Thou canst not sleep. Nor may the mind of man  
Be always slumbering like thy spirit deep,  
Fancy, Reason's magician knows no rest—  
In sleep, at night's high noon, we see and weep!  
*St. Andrew's, N.B., 1889.* D. R. MOORE.

### MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA.

MANY travellers on a "trip round the world" find themselves, going or coming, in that curious, cosmopolitan City of San Francisco, in itself well worth seeing, with its fine buildings, beautiful park, and drive beyond along the seashore, from which you can watch the famous Seal Rock, whereon repose numbers of these lazy creatures, who have got to look on that especial rock as their own, and for years have reigned in undisturbed possession. On one occasion, however, a man who must have been deeply

imbued with the British idea of "Let us kill something!" made up his mind to have a shot at these tantalizing seals, whose melancholy cries come now and again to the watcher's ears. Without telling of his intention, probably knowing it would be heard of with horror, the sportsman, save the mark! fired, hoping to hit *something*; if he succeeded, no one knew, but in an incredibly short time, all the seals had disappeared, and great was the wrath of mine host at the inn, when the great attraction for his visitors was gone; months passed, and the rock was still bare; no lazy forms lay about in the sun, or waddled majestically to the edge, and then slipped into the blue waters of the Pacific, no baby-like cries came to disturb the sleepers on shore, who probably had grown so accustomed to them that they missed them; and the drive was shorn of half its attractions, when one bright day, behold! one of the largest seals was discovered stretched at its full length on the rock. Not being molested, in a short time others made their appearance, and soon the famous rock was swarming with its former occupants, and we can imagine that no penalty would be too much for anyone else who should dare to try experiments on these harmless creatures, who seem so thoroughly satisfied with the home they have made for themselves. Chinatown also attracts many visitors, and one hears of wonderful bargains in many a bit of fine china or carved wood; its opium dens, for those who like the horrible, are to be seen under proper supervision at night time; and the many laundries with the yellow-skinned, impassive Chinaman, clothed in white, with his long queue down to his heels, squirting the water from his mouth (having previously filled it from a bowl at his side) all over the linen, in order to insure the necessary "damping" before using the huge iron, heated with charcoal inside it, are curious sights to us who are, as yet, accustomed to the cleanly process of washing by women.

Being in San Francisco for a short visit, we were earnestly advised not to go away without seeing Monterey, a type of the fast-disappearing old Spanish town, once common in Southern California. So one bright morning we started, intending to stop on our way to see the famous Menlo Park Stables, from whence so many of the famous horses of America have come. On the outskirts of San Francisco are multitudes of nursery and market gardens, all worked by Chinamen who are always busily watering, cultivating, ploughing, and otherwise bringing to a high pitch of perfection every available acre of ground; the produce is daily taken into the city, and there disposed of to the best advantage, one may be sure, for it is rarely that a white man gets the best of a bargain with the heathen Chinese. The Chinamen themselves with their loose, blue-cotton clothes, bared to their knee, and curious, broad-brimmed, straw hats, more like stiff, low baskets than head gear, tied down with any old rag of a handkerchief, go about their work with unfailing industry, from sunrise to darkness; their gardens models of industry; but their houses, or habitations rather, are the most appalling looking places, tumble-down huts put together with old rails, odd windows, broken steps, any lumber which can be picked up for nothing—all go to make the average Chinaman's home. As long as John can have a bunk to sleep in, and a huge iron pot wherein to boil his rice, he is happy, and every penny he makes is laid up towards taking him back, dead or alive, to his flowery home. It is computed that the Chinamen add \$50,000,000 to the State of California annually.

Gliding on our way southward we passed many pretty country houses made of the beautiful Californian woods, surrounded by evergreens and live oak. We arrived at Menlo Park Station at midday, and there got off for luncheon at a quaint hotel, close to the station itself, which was kept by a most polite and kindly Englishman, who took pride in showing us the elaborate Beir Garten, furnished with arbours and band stands, which he assured us were extensively patronized during the "season;" now, being December, all looked as gloomy as places of the kind generally do, except that the brilliant sun, and warm, soft air made us continually forget that it was winter. After luncheon we mounted into a "rockaway," and drove off to see the famous stables of Governor Stanford (when a man is once a Governor, he is always a Governor, in the U.S.). We passed through his private grounds, glancing at the large house with huge verandahs, and looked with interest at an enormous mausoleum erected close to the house, in memory of the only son, who had died abroad; and I might say that the bereaved father, as a memorial of his only child, had just given a sum of \$2,000,000 to be expended on a college for the State.

The range of stables for trotting horses was some little distance from the park, and seemed quite formidable in size and number. A civil hostler presently took us in charge, no doubt accustomed to daily visitors, and piloted us through one after another, showing us the splendid animals whose records are quoted with loving admiration, peeping into loose boxes, and finally bringing us to the "school," where several youngsters were being trotted round the tan ring to the music of a huge whip wielded by a man who stood in the middle. Our attention was drawn by our guide to the natural trotting gait of even the smallest colt, and which of course everything is done to further and improve. All about, up and down the smooth roads which intersected the place, were trainers driving their charges in the tiny, one-seated buggies or "sulkies" with huge wheels, some slowly, others flying along at a terrific pace.

We left Menlo Park late in the afternoon, and towards sunset got glimpses of the sea, but it was quite dark when

we arrived at the station kept for the benefit of those travellers destined for the Hotel del Monte. After a five minutes' drive in an omnibus we drew up before a large porch, the doors of which opened at once into a huge, square hall, with an enormous fireplace, wherein the logs blazing on the hearth threw out a welcome glow of warmth, for the outer air was damp and chill, and we poor creatures, accustomed to tropical heat, were delighted to get the next best thing.

The bright morning sun revealed the loveliest gardens, with stretches of velvet lawns, interspersed with clumps of dark, stately Norwegian pines, noble oaks, high hedges of all kinds and beds of glowing colour, all in perfect order. The grounds surrounding the hotel were immensely large, there being thirteen miles of road winding all through them for driving, and numberless paths in the woods for walkers. We presently found ourselves in a most bewildering maze, formed of close-set evergreen hedges, and testing one's ingenuity to find an outlet. Tennis courts for all weathers were there for the young folks, who were waking the echoes with the familiar cries of the game, and a curious parterre called the Brazilian garden was most attractive; here were cacti of strange and wonderful kinds, and weird-looking plants, twisted in every grotesque shape, reminded one of the horrible bare trees in Doré's works, and would need the enthusiasm of a botanist to admire. A large aviary with tropical birds was close at hand, and silver and gold English pheasants added the glory of their plumage. An artificial lake, provided with boats ready for use, was a great addition to the attractions of this lovely place, and snowy swans sailed about among the water-lilies in peaceful happiness. A pretty Swiss cottage, called the "Club," had a tea-room, a "bar," and a bowling-alley, and down on the sea beach were huge bathing houses, where one could revel in baths of every degree of cold or heat.

We got a capital man to take us for a drive, intelligent, and not too much afraid of sending his horses along at a good pace. The drive itself, through the magnificent pine woods and along the sea shore, was something not to be forgotten. The road ran through the wood for a long way, cut only wide enough for one carriage; beyond that there were no evidences of civilization, so we could revel in nature solitary and alone. It was a cool, rather damp day; the sun, glancing down through the thick foliage, seemed to bring out new and wonderful effects of light and shade, and the air was redolent with the strong aromatic scent of the pines. Heavy mosses, almost like those of the far south, hung from the branches, and from the mighty fallen trunks lying here and there gleamed scarlet and gold-coloured fungi of strange, distorted shapes. The cones were enormously large, and in many cases grew directly on the trunk of the tree, not on the branches, as is usual with our forest trees.

We were sorry enough to have to leave this wood of enchantment, but the cold, salt breeze blowing off the Pacific warned us we were approaching the sea, and in a few minutes we emerged on a road which wound along the shore. Here and there we struggled through great beds of sand, then by a sparse bit of stunted forest, and finally reached a rocky point where we could see the coast line and ocean for miles. How bracing was the strong breeze! and how lovely the leaping waves looked in the brilliant sun, with the deep blue of the Californian sky above us! We saw absolutely no human being or habitation for miles, except when a Chinaman (ubiquitous creature!) came running out of a miserable cabin, built on the very edge of a rock, to offer for sale some shells which are found at that particular part of the coast, and which he searched for at low tide. These shells are a pretty remembrance of Monterey, being a flat oval in shape, dark outside, and lined with a most delicately-tinted substance resembling the opaline hues of mother-of-pearl. They are sold in nests, the largest some eight by ten inches, the others fluctuating in size to a tiny one not bigger than a shilling, and fitting as accurately one into the other as a Japanese puzzle box. Used afterwards as part of a lovely lake-decoration on a vice-regal dinner-table they were much admired.

Returning by a different route, we passed through some other pine woods made use of as a primitive sanatorium, the woods being divided regularly into lanes and avenues, with the names of each roughly painted on sign-boards nailed to the trees. All along these avenues were the queerest little cottages, composed of the roughest framework, with canvas sides and roofs, the interior divided by curtains into two or three different compartments. A great many of the canvas flaps serving as doors were fastened back, and many a gay coloured, cosy home we peeped into as we drove past. The cooking arrangements were on the most simple scale, being apparently carried on in full view outside. The huts were all raised some three feet from the ground to avoid the damp, and the tiny kitchen, just big enough to hold an oil stove, was at the end of a little platform which ran out from behind the hut. Numbers of invalids come to the pine woods of Monterey to breathe the healing air, and they live in this primitive fashion for months together, even in December, the month we were there. We were glad of a fire in the evening, owing to the damp consequent on an unusually rainy season; but these people, camping out in their airy little structures, were apparently independent of such comforts, only thinking of inhaling as much of the life-giving air as possible. Many of the huts were empty, with "To Let" in full view; many were stripped of their pretty canvas coverings, leaving the bare framework, but we were assured by our communicative Jehu that a few

weeks later the forest would resound with voices and the sylvan village be fully populated. One cannot imagine a more Arcadian life.

Monterey itself is a poor little town, situated on the curve of the Bay, which has been likened to the Bay of Naples from its shape and the wonderful blue of the water. The houses, many of them made of the adobe—once so common, now almost extinct—have the flat roofs similar to those of Mexico, and the upper balconies so general in southern houses. One long, straggling street rejoiced in the shops, which did not seem to thrive in the way of trade, but many of the windows would attract strangers to look at the quaint trinkets set with the beautiful Californian gold-stone, a white stone with greyish veins threaded with gold running over its surface, and others composed of the shells found on the beach.

The people themselves have a lazy, procrastinating kind of air expressed all through their movements which is truly southern, no trimness, no alertness anywhere, but the great natural beauty of the place makes one inclined to forgive the lassitude which is felt by everyone more or less. Perhaps the general "do nothingness" is good for a time!

A hill rising behind the town gives a lovely view of the bay and surroundings, and at the top is a quaint old Roman Catholic church, built by the fathers of a century ago; the grey walls seem to fit in most harmoniously with the soft atmosphere, and a pretty path leads one back to modern life over a bridge, under which was a placid stream, along whose banks stand meditative cattle which seem to have also been imbued with the laziness peculiar to the place. Monseigneur Capel was a fellow-sojourner at the Hotel del Monte, and preached to crowded congregations in the old church on the hill, also in a fine new chapel near by; and frequently in the evening we used to watch him as he sat in the great hall surrounded by a circle of admirers, young and old; he had an unusually fine head, and the handsome, benevolent face lighted up with animation and interest as he conversed now with one and another.

Flowers seemed to grow in the greatest profusion, and even to us, fresh from the land of flowers in Hawaii, everything looked most lovely in and about the gardens. In a parterre behind the hotel fuschias were ranged like small umbrella-trees, with the spreading tops drooping in masses of blossom of every hue, from glowing purple to creamy white. Violets grew rampant; in one place under spreading oaks the ground was purple with them for hundreds of yards, and the sweet scent could be perceived a long way off. Across a small stream was a beautifully-kept vegetable garden, under the supervision of a German, who lived in a pretty Swiss cottage, and whose Chinese labourers supplied the hotel with vegetables all the year round.

Monterey is known to many thousands of Americans as a health resort, those from the "East" coming in winter, and the good people of San Francisco coming during the hot days of summer for the sea-bathing and air from the pine forests. Excursion parties on the principle of Mr. Cook's tourists of hundreds at a time come also, each one paying a certain sum, with the understanding that they are to pay a visit to San Francisco and have a stay of some weeks' duration in Southern California, and so complete are the arrangements that the travellers on their arrival at the Hotel del Monte find his or her luggage all ready, unstrapped, in the rooms assigned, each being allowed only a small amount of personal baggage on the Pullman cars for the journey. Only a small party of twenty-five arrived during our stay, but a contingent of three hundred were expected the following week. The party we encountered had come from Boston, and their principal enjoyment seemed taken in stiff chairs in the huge drawingroom before fires of red hot coal, or the more hardy rocked themselves unceasingly in the great Saratoga rockers in the verandah. Large open vans, with seats holding three in each, perhaps the whole conveyance taking twenty people, were a favourite mode of sight-seeing, but we heard that as a rule the tourists were contented to take their pleasure and their money's worth in the hotel itself.

To those desiring a complete change of life and atmosphere, Monterey offers many attractions of a unique kind, and to the lovers of nature the soft, harmonious tints of land and water may be a series of pictures to be gazed on with keen delight.

M. F. G.

THE Annual Report of the London and Canadian Loan and Agency Company (Limited), as placed before our readers in another page of this issue, presents a number of interesting features both to investors and borrowers. It was to be expected that a Company having on its directorate so many well-known gentlemen of reputable business ability would use the funds entrusted to its care to good advantage, but when the peculiar difficulties of placing loanable funds, during the greater portion of the past season, at anything like old rates is considered, the results shown by the Company's balance sheet must be specially gratifying to its stockholders. A nine per cent. dividend, in the face of the necessity of keeping a large cash balance on hand to meet maturing debentures, besides paying a handsome retiring bonus to the late manager and carrying over a snug balance to the right side of next year's accounts, is a really excellent showing. It will be noticed that more than four-fifths of the paid-up stock is held in Canada, so that dividends paid on the largest portion is simply a transfer of funds within the Dominion. The Report, as a whole, will well repay perusal.

## OCTOBER.

OPAQUE and dry glows the autumn sky with a blue that is merged in shining,  
No deep rich hue but a pallid blue that is veiled with grey as for lining,  
And in heart and mart there be need of art to keep a grey world from repining.

For rose and gold cometh snow and cold and a leaden sky in the morning,  
And the huntsman's pink is a lurid link the lonely valleys adorning,  
And the feet are fleet a bright hearth to greet with the pack the wet ways scorning.

The leaf is here but it grows full sere and it steadily mottles and mellows,  
And the chesnuts loom through a golden gloom that is lit by the maple yellows,  
That nest is best that is hardly drest and secure far beyond its fellows.

The jewelled ash makes a flame and a flash the while that its leaves are thinning,  
But a night and a day and the winds shall have sway and these same seared leaves sent spinning,  
But a rock and a shock and the winds shall mock at the wealth they are wildly winning.

While the leaves still cling may the heart still sing though the trees in the storm be straining,  
Their trunks showing black in the forest track heaped high with the frail ferns raining,  
And the song is strong while the tissue throned faint not nor wither in waning.

When they shrivel and shrink must the gay heart think of the end that is somewhere in waiting,  
When the ash consumes and the sumach plumes and there be no birds for mating,  
And the wet ways met are the death ways set that the wanton winds are creating.

SERANUS.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.—II.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

*The Loss of Life.*

SIR,—Baines—a Liberal, and a man likely to take a lenient view—in his "History of the Wars of the Revolution of France" estimates the total loss of life at four millions. If we include the ravages of typhus following in the wake of the armies in 1812-14, which fell disease extended nearly all over Europe, this is probably about the truth. Taine states the loss of life in France from actual starvation, caused by the insane excesses of the Revolutionary Government, to have been enormous, and he quotes authorities for his figures. The same result must have happened in most of the countries visited by the French armies.

The loss of life in the United States during the Civil War, including non-combatants, was 500,000—this during only a four years' war, whereas the French wars lasted twenty-four years. The loss of life among non-combatants during these twenty-four years must have been at least one hundredfold greater than in the American Civil War.

In the West Indies we can compare the results of the two different modes of action—changes effected by revolutionary violence—and reforms carried out peaceably. In St. Domingo (Hayti), a revolutionary uprising, caused by the follies of the French Legislature, led to the loss of hundreds of thousands of lives—the annihilation of the most civilized portion of the population, and a vast destruction of property—and in addition a deterioration in character among those who survived. Voodooism and cannibalism have now got a foothold in the island.

In the neighbouring island of Jamaica we see great reforms effected peaceably; the slaves, freed without bloodshed or destruction of property, greatly improved and still growing in civilization. There is a very great difference now between the coloured people of the two islands; in the one retrograding, in the other advancing. Yet in 1789 they must have been much about the same. We must also bear in mind that the wars of the French Revolution retarded the abolition of the slave trade for many years and the freedom of the slaves by a generation, as was the case with most other reforms.

*Pecuniary Losses.*

The national debt of France in 1789 was about £250,000,000. On the downfall of Napoleon in April, 1814, it was only £60,000,000. French financial experts reckon the present indebtedness at £1,200,000,000, and every year under the Third Republic there is a great increase, although France is at peace. The increase of population since 1789 is rather more than one-half, but the increase of taxation has been sixfold. During twenty-four years France had armies in the field, sometimes exceeding half a million, yet its debt during those years diminished. What wholesale robberies and spoliations there must have been to have led to this! Since the second downfall of Napoleon, in 1815, France has honestly paid its way, and its debt has increased like that of other nations.

It was calculated by a very able man that the French Revolutionary Wars cost Great Britain £1,300,000,000.

It is impossible to say what it cost France. If the hitherto unreckoned French agricultural loss gathered from a careful consideration of Lavergne's great work (subsequently referred to) be added, it will be found, contrary to the general belief, that the pecuniary loss to France exceeded that of Great Britain.

To this must be added the losses of all other nations. If we put these at a very low estimate, at only one-third of that of Great Britain, the grand total will amount to thousands of millions sterling.

In strictness a large proportion of the cost of the present excessive European armaments must also be added to the above.

#### An Unrecognized French Pecuniary Loss.

This, I believe, has never been adverted to. Lavergne was the greatest French agricultural authority of his day. During the reign of Napoleon III. he published "The Rural Economy of England, Scotland, and Ireland." He wrote painstakingly, truthfully, and exactly. He was one of the few who can reason truthfully upon figures. He shows, pp. 72-75, that at that time, after deducting 20 per cent from English value, the average value of the production per acre in England proper was exactly double what it was in France, that the climate and soil of France, for agricultural purposes, is, on the average, greatly superior to that of England. Writing under the Napoleonic upas-tree he was obliged to be guarded in what he said, yet he showed that the Wars of the Revolution and of the Empire, and the general state of insecurity and unrest existing for so many years, had greatly hindered the improvement of French agriculture. Although he does not strongly condemn it, yet the compulsory subdivision of land in France—one of the results of the Revolution, and one of the French Republican idols—has also greatly impeded agricultural improvement. In France there are about a million of farmers, owning, on an average, fifteen acres each. This makes six families seeking to get a living from one hundred acres; whereas in Ontario a farmer and one man, if industrious, will farm one hundred acres. Prices, etc., have risen since Lavergne wrote. If we add 50 per cent. to his estimate of the value of the average French yield, this will give £2 10s. per acre as the value of the average yield. Practically the average French small farmer gets about one-third of the income of the average Ontario farmer. Was it true statesmanship to bring about such a state of things? Think of the annual loss to France that such a fact means.

According to Lavergne, Louis XVI. was a great friend to agriculture, and, had there been peace and no Revolution, it is reasonable to believe that, at the time he wrote, sixty-five years after the event, France at peace, with a better soil and climate than that of England, an industrious population, and intelligent land-owners—not driven away or murdered—would at least have achieved one-half the difference between the French and English yield values of 1854—in other words, 16s. 8d. per acre. This on 100,000,000 of farmed acres would represent £83,000,000 as the annual national national loss at that date in one item, caused by the French Revolution.

Even now the average yield of wheat in France is only seventeen bushels against twenty-eight in England.

#### The Deterioration of Character.

Another result of the Revolution was the impoverishment and partial extermination of the cultured classes, and the bringing to the surface of a host of adventurers and energetic criminals. This was reversing natural laws. It takes a very long time to change the rough and uncultured into the cultured. Consider the tale told by Goethe of his father and the French general quartered in his house during the Seven Years' War. His father told the Frenchman his view of things in very plain words. Under the Republican or Napoleonic rule he would have come to grief, but Goethe's Frenchman, although constitutionally hot tempered, passed it over. Victor Hugo, whose father was one of the old nobility, and a French general, records a scene where a Spanish lady (in whose house he was quartered) offered him a part of the plate on his leaving, informing him that the French officers always made free with it. Hooper, in his "Waterloo" (considered to be the best account of the battle), reports the case of a French general who was wounded on the field. He caused an English officer who had just been made prisoner to be brought to him that he, the Frenchman, might kick him, to the great disgust of the surrounding French. Doubtless this general was spawned by the Revolution. Such conduct would have been impossible in the pre-revolutionary time, his own comrades would have prevented it.

Again, we read in "Stanhope's Anecdotes of Wellington" that, during the campaign in the Pyrenees, there was an educated Frenchman who acted as a double spy—sometimes for Soult, sometimes for Wellington. He was so useful to both that he was tolerated. He related that, being one day in the company of Soult and other French generals, one of them boldly told Soult that he, the speaker, and another officer, naming him, were the only honest men in the French army, and that Soult and the others, by their silence, admitted the fact. It could hardly have been otherwise, considering that Napoleon's armies mainly lived by organized plunder.

Further, one of the Napiers, in his autobiography, tells us, that long after the war he was informed by a French general of how the French tortured the Portuguese peasants to make them disclose where they had hidden

their little stores of food. Napier gives the horrible details. Comanches could have acted no worse.

#### A Mistaken Belief in French Military Superiority.

This, as a war-breeder, has not been thoroughly considered. It is one of the evil results of the Revolution, and having been painfully challenged by the defeats during the Franco-German War, it makes for further wars, in the hope that fresh battles would result in French victories, and thus soothe the offended vanity and self-esteem of the nation.

Previous to 1789, the French military record was about the same as that of other nations. France could boast of great victories. She had also to lament great defeats. At that time the French officers were inclined to believe that the Prussian army formed in the school of Frederick the Great was the best in Europe.

During the French Republic and the reign of Napoleon, as all know, the French military record ranked very high, partly owing to the incompetence of opposing generals. Whenever Napoleon was resolutely opposed, and with a reasonable display of generalship, it was found that the French were not invincible. His plan, as he states, was always to have superior numbers at the vital point, and he almost invariably exhibited superior generalship. During his whole career the only time, when personally opposed to about an equal number of Prussians, that he triumphed was at Ligny. It was a general's victory. Blucher having greatly weakened his centre, Napoleon attacked it with all his reserves. But it was a defeat, not a rout, as Blucher showed two days afterwards at Waterloo.

One consequence of these victories, distorted and magnified by false bulletins, and by theatrical histories, like that of Thiers, has been to instil into the French mind a firm belief in the superiority of the French army, especially in comparison with the Prussians. Twenty years ago English statesmen observed what deference France required in all her dealings with other nations, and what care was necessary to avoid giving offence to a super-sensitive race of politicians and statesmen who religiously believe in their imaginary superiority. The war of 1870 dispelled that idea in the minds of outsiders, but the French still believe in it. They are a vain people. They firmly believe that they can vanquish the Germans, not knowing that, all other conditions being alike, the soldiers who are the more resolute and who show greater coolness (which is the case with the Germans) will win in the majority of encounters, although both may be equally brave.

This is the greatest danger to peace in Europe. It was very painful to lose Alsace and part of Lorraine, but, in addition, to lose military prestige, to lose every battle but one, to be ignominiously beaten by foes they despised, rankles in the French heart, and the nation is therefore wishful for war to redeem its military fame, if it can only get a powerful ally. There is no great Frenchman to point out the truth about their only possible ally—that Russia in 1807 robbed one ally, and in 1878 robbed another, without whose aid Turkey would not have been thoroughly vanquished—and that she would certainly leave France in the lurch if she could obtain any benefit or supposed benefit thereby. Also that she so persistently broke faith with England on the Asiatic question that her own ambassador officially reported that no belief was accorded to her solemn promises.

It is idle to suppose that there can be sure and permanent peace until the French belief in the superiority of their soldiers is dispelled; or until the real danger of their position, the danger of playing with fire, and of a war in which France, in the matter of allies, would lean upon a broken reed, are clearly made known to them by some one in whom they have confidence.

This is one of the lineal consequences of the Revolution, and at the present time it causes all Europe to suffer from excessive armaments.

#### Conclusion.

Although one hundred years have elapsed, France is still in a state of unrest; the ship of state still drifts within sound of the breakers. Before matters finally settle down there will have to be some great changes.

1. The regular large annual deficits in a time of peace must be put a stop to. Hitherto, under the Republic, no French statesmen has had sufficient moral courage to resolutely attempt this. Owing to the deceptive manner of keeping the French national accounts it is difficult to estimate what these deficits average, but apparently they exceed £8,000,000 per annum.

2. A resolute stand must also be made against Deputies raiding the public treasury in the interest of their constituents, and indirectly of themselves. Virtually it is wholesale bribery. Owing to members being paid, the majority are struggling, self-seeking men, and the belief is widely spread in France, that many of them make money by using their influence with the Government.

3. Some leading man—the President would be the only proper person—should lay a brief and plain statement before the nation giving the facts of the case—pointing out the rocks ahead, the daily increase of the national indebtedness—also the strength of the League of Peace numbering three times the population of France—and the uncertainty of an alliance with an unprincipled despotic power, antagonistic not only to Republicanism, but also to the bare beginnings of free government.

If the President did this, then he should ask for a national vote.

1. Whether they were for peace and a great reduction of expenditure, or

2. As at present increasing the national indebtedness day by day, playing with fire, and drifting they know not whither.

If this were done, and the French thus made to understand the real truth, instead of being kept in ignorance, and allowed to drift or be cheated into war, there is good reason to believe that the great majority would vote for peace and retrenchment.

This would lay the demon of unrest in France and Continental Europe, and the nations could then safely reduce their armaments. It would also ensure the permanence of the Third Republic. War would probably terminate it.

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

Toronto, September, 1889.

LETTER FROM ERASTUS WIMAN.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I have read with very great interest the weekly numbers of your paper, and desire especially to recognize the intelligent and thoughtful discussion of questions relating to the future of Canada. Inasmuch as I have given that matter no little attention, I take the liberty of enclosing to you two little pamphlets which you may like to have in your library. The last one—"What is the Destiny of Canada?" has been carefully amplified from the *North American Review*. I also send you a copy of the interview in the *Chicago Tribune*, about one half of which the *Globe* reprinted. I would like to ask you to read this whole interview very attentively and give me the benefit of any criticisms, adverse or favourable, to it.

I hope to have the pleasure of appearing before a Toronto audience some time toward the end of the month, in order to say what is in my heart to say to my former fellow citizens in relation to this great question. Meantime, I remain, with much esteem, truly yours,

ERASTUS WIMAN.

314 Broadway, New York, October, 11, 1889.

SONNETS ON THE SONNET.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—There is a quaint translation of Lope de Vega's sonnet on "The Sonnet" given in Dodsley's Collection, "transfused into English by Mr. Roderick," as Stevens puts it, and it reads as follows:—

Capricious Wray a sonnet needs must have;  
I ne'er was so put to't before:—a sonnet!  
Why, fourteen verses must be spent upon it:  
Tis good, however, to have conquer'd the first stave.  
Yet I shall ne'er find rhymes enough by half,  
Said I, and found myself i' the midst o' the second.  
If twice four verses were but fairly reckon'd,  
I should turn back on the hardest part, and laugh.  
Thus far, with good success, I think I've scribbled.  
And of the twice seven lines have clean got o'er ten.  
Courage! another'll finish the first triplet;  
Thanks to thee, Muse, my work begins to shorten:  
There's thirteen lines got through, dribbled by driblet;  
'Tis done. Count how you will, I warrant there's fourteen.

This is an execrable composition *per se*; but may be of interest to those of your readers who care for the subject.

Mr. Andrew Lang, in his "Rhymes à la Mode," has prefixed to the section "Cameos" a fourteen line octosyllabic poem, which is evidently intended for a sonnet, and is well worth consideration for its lyrical beauty.

CAMROS.

The graver by Apollo's shrine,  
Before the gods had fled, would stand,  
A shell or onyx in his hand,  
To copy there the face divine,  
Till earnest touches, line by line,  
Had wrought the wonder of the land  
Within a beryl's golden band,  
Or on some fiery opal fine.  
Ah! would that as some ancient ring  
To us, on shell or stone, doth bring  
Art's marvels perished long ago,  
So I, within the sonnet's space,  
The large Hellenic lines might trace,  
The statue in the cameo.

Yours truly,

SAREPTA.

SEPARATE SCHOOLS IN MANITOBA.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Allow me to correct an error into which the *Mail* and seemingly most other people in Ontario have fallen. It is not the fact, as is constantly assumed, that either Dominion or Imperial legislation or any amendment of the constitution is needed to enable the Legislature of Manitoba to do away with denominational religious teaching in the public schools. The Manitoba Act gives the Local Legislature full and exclusive power to "make laws respecting education," subject only to a provision that no such laws shall prejudicially affect any right or privilege enjoyed by law or practice respecting "denominational" schools at the time of the Union. There were no public schools in Manitoba at the time of the union. There were denominational schools, both Catholic and Protestant; but they were not supported by the State. Many of them still flourish upon the support of the religious bodies to which they respectively belong. They are protected by the provision above quoted and it is not proposed to interfere with them.

As to the so-called separate schools, i. e., public schools in which denominational religious instruction is given at the expense of the State, they did not exist in Manitoba at the time of the union and do not come at all under the provision which has been erroneously and with wonderful

generality assumed to tie the hands of the Local Legislature respecting them. There has never been any law to compel the Local Legislature to establish or maintain any schools at all, or to provide for education of any kind. The exclusive right to do so, if it chose, was given it by the Manitoba Act. In the exercise of that right it has, since the union, established public schools and provided for religious teaching in some or all of them. It is obvious that this matter of religious teaching, like the whole matter of having public schools at all, was wholly within the discretionary power of the Legislature and might have been wholly omitted from the Public Schools Act. The Local Legislature has full power to repeal the whole Public Schools Act at any time. It is proposed to ask it to repeal a part of it—just as the New Brunswick Legislature did in 1871. The constitutional positions of Manitoba and New Brunswick are identically the same. The much talked of Imperial Act obtained by Sir George Cartier merely confirmed the Manitoba Act and deprived the Dominion Parliament of all power to repeal or amend it, thus giving to the constitution of Manitoba exactly the same finality, no greater or no less, as those of the other provinces possess under the B. N. A. Act.

It does not seem to be generally known that the B. N. A. Act imposes upon the older provinces the same restrictions in almost the same words that the Manitoba Act imposes on Manitoba. And yet New Brunswick abolished denominational religious teaching in its public schools without asking for either Dominion or Imperial Legislation. Yours truly,  
F. BEVERLEY ROBERTSON.

Winnipeg, Oct. 5, 1889.

### TRUE TALE.

MR. WILLOUGHBY ARNOLD was a theatrical agent. He had lived at different times in New York, Boston, City of Mexico, Paris, Dublin, and Liverpool, but had gravitated like most geniuses and many lesser lights to the great centre of the world—London. He was tall, rather thin, dark moustached and haired, wore always a dark brown velvet coat and light gray trousers, and had perpetual catarrh, which during the month of August turned invariably to hay fever. He occupied an office in Garrick Street—suitable location for his profession—and advertised hugely in all the London papers. He had the reputation of being sharp, but then sharpness is needed in almost all professions, perhaps most of all in that of a theatrical agent. For he has not only to live on his own wits, but also on the wits of others. And this Mr. Willoughby was quite an adept in doing.

He had been eight months in London and to judge from the furniture and appointments of his office was already doing well. Ward Bros. round the corner, Ted Salisbury on Bow street, and even the old-established Dramatic Bureau of Francis Derbyshire, Drury lane, were all suffering since his appearance. He carried on business with an air and a style that provoked discussion and curiosity, and women in particular were almost certain to prefer him to the ponderous Ward or the satirical Derbyshire. He was very exclusive and made it very difficult for people to gain access to him. Up four flights of stairs was his office, and when you got there you found a smiling clerk, to pass whom was well-nigh impossible. When you did succeed in passing him (and such was the virtue of Garrick street that tips were ignored) the agent's cousin, Mr. Digby Arnold (no relation whatever, by-the-way) had to be coaxed and bullied before you could pass from his little corner cupboard of a den into the photograph-hung, flower-scented inner sanctum of the agent himself. The visitor's progress was a good deal like that in the old fairy tales, where a lion lay at one turn in the path, and a dragon at another, and an ogre at the third, and so on, and your chances of passing the latter depended always on your giving the right word and correct salute to the first. Still, there were plenty of people, and not all of the feminine gender either, who were willing to climb the stairs and wait at the outer doors in order to gain entrance at last to the holy of holies inside—the presence of Mr. Willoughby Arnold.

Finally, there came one day a young lady, very neatly, tastefully dressed, and with every pretension to breeding, to the outer office and besieged the desk. Her business was politely requested of her. She named it. Engagement, she hoped. The smiling clerk, not a whit embarrassed by beauty, breeding and fashion, refused the suggestion. Mr. Arnold's vacancies were absolutely full. He had no room for anyone. Could not entertain any more applicants. The young lady named a mutual friend, Miss Lawrence Max, proprietor of the Harlequin Theatre. No use; the smiling clerk distinctly though politely refused her admittance. Fortunately for her, Mr. Digby Arnold passing through saw her and was attracted. "I think perhaps, Austin, my cousin (he sometimes forgot whether he was a cousin, or a brother, a little careless, this Digby) might find time to see this young lady."

Miss Lamont was highly grateful. She had given her name as Helen Lamont.

Austin opened a little wicket and Miss Lamont entered office No. 1. In a few moments she had completely subjugated Digby and was cosily seated in office No. 2. From where she sat she could hear the unfortunate Willoughby sneeze. "Some one with a very bad cold," she prettily hazarded.

"My brother—Willoughby," responded Digby. "I am sure I can get him to see you. Any friend of Miss Lawrence Max would be at any time perfectly welcome, only—town is so crowded just now, and the stage so

thoughtlessly besieged. You can have no idea how my poor brother is haunted. Really only for this arrangement of offices he would not be able to attend to business at all. Will you wait a moment?"

"Certainly," said Miss Lamont. She was a very pretty girl, so demure and neat and womanly. Charming for *ingenue* characters and well, even richly attired.

"A good premium," whispered Digby in the next room to Mr. Willoughby Arnold, seated at a long table strewn with letters, books, trifles of art and beauty, flowers and photographs. He held a white silk handkerchief to his face, and wore the famous brown velvet coat.

"Ask it, anyway," said Digby. "I don't know anything about her ability, but that doesn't matter. Shall I show her in?" Willoughby assented, and when Miss Lamont entered in her pretty modest beseeching way, dressed in soft gray with immaculate boots and gloves, a gleam of jewellery and a wave of perfume, and a knot of Nice violets at her throat, motioned her to a luxurious arm-chair.

He still held his handkerchief to his face. "Excuse me," he said between coughs, "I am a very great sufferer from a combination of complaints. Catarrh—ah—cold in the head, and all that kind of thing. You are looking for an engagement on the London stage?"

Miss Lamont assented. "I am left penniless. I have a talent that way. At least, I trust so. In amateur evenings—"

"A very different thing, I assure you. However, your looks will assist you. Penniless? I can hardly believe that."

"Well—a small annuity—yes, I have *something*, but it will not last for ever, and in the meantime I must try my luck in a profession."

Mr. Arnold turned over his papers and cards with his left hand, while keeping the handkerchief to his face with his right.

"Ah—what can you do? Sing?"

Miss Lamont shook her head.

"There's a very nice part waiting to be filled up, at 'The Folly,' but it requires two songs. That wouldn't do. Here is an *ingenue* part at Islington, old theatre, but good pay. Will you read me something? I must know what you can do, you know."

Miss Lamont's courage did not desert her.

A ragged Shakespeare lay on the table. Blushing, she took it up and declaimed Portia's speech. Mr. Willoughby Arnold, thoroughly interested and pleased, let his handkerchief fall in the middle. Miss Lamont almost screamed. Through her brain there rushed this sentence. "Remember, he can be identified anywhere by a triangular gash—most remarkable—directly under the nose."

"I beg your pardon," she exclaimed, letting the book fall. "I am a little nervous, I suppose. Do you think I shall do?"

Mr. Willoughby Arnold, who was now attacked by very intense coughing, signified his pleased surprise at her reading. "You might do very well. I can make an appointment here with Arden, the manager—old John Arden—very nice old man—kind, and all that—any time you like."

Miss Lamont was of course very grateful. "Fee, please," snuffled Mr. Willoughby, as she turned to go.

"Oh, I didn't know—how much?" "A guinea," replied Mr. Digby, who appeared at the door to escort her out to office No. 2, and thence to office No. 1. "And the premium, Willoughby?"

"Premium?" said Miss Lamont, looking from the one to the other.

"Of course. We ask a premium of ten guineas on every appointment made. You see we *have* to do this, so many unscrupulous people going round."

"Then, if I pay the premium, you are *sure* to get the manager here to meet me—Mr. Arden."

"Oh, certain," replied the suffering Willoughby.

"Well, if you don't mind," said Miss Helen Lamont, smilingly opening her purse, "I'll just pay the fee this morning and see you again about the premium. I can easily come in again."

And with that she departed, and she took a strange direction for so pretty a young lady, for she went straight to Scotland Yard.

"I have found him," said she. "I tried eleven theatrical agents, and he was the eleventh. There can be no mistake. He has catarrh and a gash under his nose."

Next day, about four o'clock, Mr. Willoughby Arnold, of Garrick street, *alias* a good many other people, and a notorious forger and embezzler, was quietly waited upon by an arm of the law. The catarrh was partly natural and partly assumed and the flat in Garrick street was soon shorn of two of its occupants.

"To think," reflected Austin, the smiling clerk, "that that pretty girl was only a detective after all!"

And a capital business Miss Lamont has found it, although occasionally trying. She has been uniformly successful, however, and is shortly to issue a volume containing her experiences entitled "A New Profession for Women: The Sex in Scotland Yard."

THREE miles is about the average velocity of the Gulf stream, though at places it attains as high a speed as 5.4 miles per hour. As it passes through the Yucatan Channel, which is ninety miles wide and over 1,000 fathoms deep, the current does not flow at a higher rate than one-fourth of a mile an hour; but in the narrower Straits of Bemini it has a velocity of from four to five miles, a breadth of fifty miles and an average depth of 350 fathoms.

### ART NOTES.

THE Ontario Society of Artists held its first meeting for business since the vacation on the 9th inst., when it was decided to start art classes during the coming season. Committees were appointed to procure suitable rooms and to interview Mr. Ross on the art school question.

THE withdrawal of the Art School from the fostering care of the O.S.A., under whose charge it was so successful, seems to have been a mistake, and the school has steadily declined in usefulness ever since. It can scarcely be doubted that the members of the profession are the proper persons to have the oversight of it. One would think that Art at least might be kept clear of politics.

A PHOTOGRAVURE of Dagnan Bouveret's "Bretonnes au Pardon," will be found in the October number of the *Art Magazine*. It was this picture which received the grand medal of honour at the Paris Exhibition, and it represents one principal and two subsidiary groups of Breton Peasants (chiefly women) celebrating a religious festival known as a *pardon*; it is well worthy of study, as showing how the old traditions of composition of line, arrangement of light and shade, and grouping, have been forsaken by modern French Art. It means, however, chiefly, that the arrangement, though still there, is more subtle than of old, the art that conceals art predominating over artifice that was apparent to all, while almost the only relic of the old mannerisms is the way in which the subordinate groups act the part of chorus or echo to the foreground figures. Modern art has learnt at least one lesson from photography, and that is to tell its story truly and simply, and it is to be hoped that the old art tricks have at last "one by one crept silently to rest."

Two articles in the same number by the editor and W. P. Frith on artistic advertising will be of interest on this side of the water, where, in the absence of international copyright, any celebrated European picture may be copied and used to advertise articles by no means germane to the subject. The argument advanced in defence of this practice is, that the public are benefited by seeing copies of good works of art, public taste being improved thereby. How far this is true, time only can show.

It would seem that the *Art Magazine* is falling into the evil habit of using its photogravure plates that have already done duty in the exhibition numbers over again in the monthly issues. This old trick of illustrated journals was more pardonable in the days of expensive wood cutting than in these days of cheap processes. TEMPLAR.

### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

MRS. BURNETT's new play, "Phyllis," has been altered four times since its first reading, and is not yet satisfactory.

HERR NIKISCH is giving satisfaction at least to his orchestra, and perhaps that body of intelligent, enthusiastic men is as likely to know what stuff he has in him as anybody else—newspaper critics for instance.

CHARLES WYNDHAM is fast making himself popular in the States. He is described as being to English comedy what Henry Irving is to the drama. He is accompanied this season by Mary Moore, George Giddens and Blakesley, all of whom are London favourites. Wyndham's great roles are "David Garrick" and "Rover" in "Road to Ruin."

MIDDLE RHEA has been playing recently in Montreal. The French flag was nightly waved in her honour and she was the recipient of something very much like Albanolatriy. The students—French of course—crowded the gallery and stood up in the aisles and made her recite something for them in their adored tongue—usually a stanza or two of Victor Hugo. The students are right in this, that Middle Rhea is more charming when she speaks French than when she essays Rosalind or Beatrice or Pauline in English. Who will ever forget her fine declamation in "Adrienne LeCouvreur" of a portion of a tragedy by Racine—"Phédre," I think it was.

THE Kendals were afforded a handsome reception their opening night in New York. Standing room was at a premium in the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and the play was "A Scrap of Paper." The audience was highly representative, intelligent, and critical. Baskets of flowers were sent behind by Madame Modjeska, Pierre Lorillard, E. H. Sothorn, Sir Roderick Cameron (well known in Canada), and Joseph Jefferson. It is pleasant to know that the "sister of Tom Robertson" achieved a success, which, if quiet in its nature, is perhaps all the more lasting. There seemed to be an impression that compared to Lester Wallack and Rose Coghlan, the performance was slightly heavier and shorn of a delightful airiness that this little piece appears to require. The general feeling, however, was one of calm and sympathetic appreciation, and Mrs. Kendal was personally received with more than the fervour she expected from an American audience.

THE fine hall of the College of Music was filled to overflowing on the evening of the 3rd inst., by a fashionable audience, assembled on the occasion of the lecture and concert by Mr. W. O. Forsyth, of the College staff. Introduced by Mr. Torrington, in his usual happy manner, the lecturer entertained his audience by a highly interesting account of the music of the early days of civilization—sketching the extent of the knowledge of the ancients, their theories of music, a comparison of ancient and modern scales, noting the simple harmonies which were in use by their greatest musicians, and the names and uses of their

peculiar instruments. A comprehensive description of the Greek drama, with its concomitant chorus, closed the lecture, which was listened to with marked attention. The concert consisted of a short programme of selections from the compositions of Mr. Forsyth, ably rendered by Mdlle. Adèle Strauss and Miss Kate Ryan, vocalists; Mr. H. M. Field, pianist, and Mr. A. S. Vogt, organist—all well-known artists. These compositions evince Mr. Forsyth to be a writer of the refined romantic school, conveying beautiful melody with an accompaniment of rich harmonic progression. While all the numbers were well received, perhaps the most pleasing were the lovely prelude to Organ Fugue, op. 18, played by Mr. Vogt; the "Even Song," op. 18, played by Mr. Field; the "Spring Evening," op. 16, No. 2, sung by Miss Ryan, and the "Valley of Silence," op. 20, No. 2, sung by Mdlle. Strauss. Mr. Forsyth closed the evening's entertainment with three piano numbers, which gave him ample opportunity for the display of his fine technique.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*Queries* for October is chiefly remarkable for the review taken from our columns, referred to elsewhere, and for the frequency of typographical slips. Thus we have "Asiatic," "Ben Johnson," "Lucy Larcoom," "Bien fail," and "Abankir."

THE *Canadian Methodist Magazine* for October contains an abridged article from the *Cosmopolitan*,—author, James Macdonald Oxley—and some clever "Notes of Travel" by the editor. Miss May Tweedie gives an interesting *resumé* of an important book, and the illustrations are rich and frequent.

THE *Quiver*, Cassell and Co., London and New York, is always suitable and pleasant reading for the family, and contains three clever serials now running their course, besides varied and interesting matter in the shape of poems, sketches and notes of missionary life and work. An original harvest hymn accompanies the October number.

WE have received the two first numbers of the *New England Magazine*, published at 36 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass. The make-up and appearance of this periodical are much like *Scribner's*, but the matter is almost entirely composed of articles and poems dealing with New England life, scenery, character and traditions. The magazine deserves a large circulation, and contains some noted names on its list of contributors, such as Edward Everett Hale, Abby Morton Diaz and Nathan Haskell Dole.

"THE Romantic Beginnings of Milwaukee," illustrated, is the strongest article in Mrs. Lamb's popular magazine. Oliver Wendell Holmes comes in for a word; "A Trip to Niagara in 1835" contains a passing notice of Toronto, and "The Antiquity of the Tupper Family" is of course entertaining to all Canadians. Contrary to custom, a long poem appears in this number by George Ticknor Curtis, and "The Financial Condition of New York in 1833" affords much food for reflection. No better advertising medium exists than the *Magazine of American History*.

THE *Atlantic* gives much space to "The Closing Scenes of the Iliad," by William Cranston Lawton, a literary article of some merit, though the author tempts laughter in a "note" at the conclusion of his paper. "Some readers may desire to pursue further the questions as to the origin and growth of epic poetry here touched upon in passing. In an essay of this character it is of course impracticable to quote authorities (why?) or to elaborate arguments. The writer's seniors and masters, the classical professors, will understand that no attempt has been made at originality."

ONE of Swinburne's delicious poems opens the current number of the *English Illustrated*. The wonderful music of his verse is as fresh as it was years ago when the "Songs at Sunrise" appeared—and in this special case there is little more than music. But the mere succession of faultless lines is something—a perfection of rhythm that none else can hope to excel. Mrs. Jeune writes pleasantly of "Children in Theatres," showing how happy the little ones are made by kind teachers and friends, and denying emphatically that they are either neglected or suffered to deteriorate in morals and conduct. A companion picture is Mrs. Molesworth's "English Girlhood." The first instalment of Lord Lytton's romance, "The Ring of Amasis," conveys the impression that much weirdness is to follow, and a couple of richly illustrated papers on "Ceylon" and "The Embossing of Metals" serve to keep the purpose of the magazine green and fresh. "Wagner in Bayreuth" is remarkable as a critical study of much independence and freedom of opinion. The magazine promises well for the coming year.

If for nothing else, October *Scribner's* is delightful on account of "T. R. Marvel's" cultured and sensible essay, "A Scattering Shot at Some Ruralities." The essay declines year by year in health and favour, and it is therefore a surprise as well as a delight to encounter the flowing graceful pages, rich in allusion and figure, of this once popular writer. "The Miniature" is that rare article, a powerful and natural short story by William McKendree Bangs, a rising writer. The chief illustrated article is "A Summer in Iceland," and "How I Crossed Masai-Land," another—accompanied by striking illustrations by a member of the Royal Geographical Society. "In the Valley," a colonial tale of some interest, is continued, and Duncan Campbell Scott, lately introduced to readers of THE WEEK, contributes a very musical little "Song." A paper

on "Cellini," is one of those quasi-encyclopædic efforts which seem to find favour among American readers. Two papers on "Electricity" will suit scientific tastes, and there remains an article on "Roads," and the conclusion of the "Master of Ballantrae."

AGNES REPLIER'S "Fiction in the Pulpit" says a great many things cleverly without making any too clear just what she wishes fiction to be or to do. The paper, as a whole, is brilliant, but it is marred by faults of criticism. It does not matter very much what Mr. Oscar Wilde says of a writer like Charles Reade, for instance. Mr. Wilde, we can safely assert, takes no stand in London literary circles, as a critic. "Dickens," says Miss Repplier, "is inexpressibly dismal when he drags the Chancery business into Bleak House, and that dreary caricature, the Circumlocution Office into Little Dorrit." This is untrue and ill-considered. Miss Repplier is not acquainted sufficiently with the official red-tapeism of Old England fifty years ago to recognize the truth of the caricature, or the value of the Chancery sketches. Thus, this otherwise excellent paper is spoiled here and there—by haste, and neglect to think out the statements as thoroughly as the subject demands. "Dave's Neckliis" is a dialect sketch. Clinton Scollard has a poem of decidedly Oriental tinge, and three papers by Henry Loomis Nelson, John Fiske and J. R. Kendrick are on national topics of interest. "The Begum's Daughter" has the place of honour this month, as initial item, and Henry Jarvis' clever piece of analysis, "The Tragic Muse," reveals fresh phases of London life. Among "Books of the Month" is a very complimentary notice of "Lake Lyrics and Other Poems," by William Wilfrid Campbell. "How pretty is the Canadian Folksong! and there are poems which are more than pretty."

PLUCKY SMALLS. By Mary B. Crowninshield. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop and Co. Price \$1.00.

The author has caught the genuine boy spirit and from beginning to end the story she tells is of fascinating interest. Plucky Smalls is a street Arab, or "wharf rat," in New York, who has never known a home, or parents, or friends. He has a single companion, the Tinker, as he calls him, and the two live by picking up scraps of food anywhere and sleeping in boxes round the wharves. One day Plucky saves the life of a child who has fallen overboard from a vessel lying at the wharf, and its father, who is a naval officer, makes places for the two boys on board his ship. As naval apprentices they visit various parts of the world, and much of the book is taken up with the story of their adventures. It is a capital story, capitally told.

#### LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE selected article this week is from the pen of Frances Power Cobbe, and is a timely protest chiefly levelled at transatlantic characteristics.

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH has written a new poem of English country life, a satire upon religious fanaticism, which is to appear in an early number of the *Universal Review*.

MDLLE. ROSA BONHEUR, who works as indefatigably as ever, is making some studies upon the Indians and animals of Buffalo Bill's troupe for a large painting that she intends to execute.

A NEW poem by Lord Tennyson, "The Throstle," will appear in the October number of the *New Review*. The copyright of this poem was secured by Lord Tennyson so long ago as last June.

WE regret that Mr. Erastus Wiman's pamphlets, so kindly sent for an inspection are too long to admit of reprinting. We give his letter, however, which will introduce them to our readers, in another column.

A COMBINATION of newspaper men and capitalists, recently formed as The Transatlantic Publishing Company, will bring out, on October 15, the initial number of a new paper called *The Transatlantic*, a mirror of European life and letters.

THE most important artistic event that has taken place in the United States is the competition—still undecided—for the Protestant Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York, which has drawn forth designs from sixty or more of the best architects of this country, and from many skilled European designers.

AMONG other attractions of the Paris Exhibition was a gathering of Scottish clans at the Tour de Nesle, near the Exhibition. No less than fifty pipers and dancers, including Mr. William Ross, the Queen's piper, and such well-known names as McClennan, of Edinburgh, and McNeil, the best gillie jig dancer of Scotland, were present.

ON a recent Saturday afternoon the Queen drove from Balmoral to Mar Lodge, via Braemar, in a blinding snow-storm, which left the hills as white as in winter. After a call upon the Duke and Duchess of Fife, her Majesty visited Old Mar Lodge, and took tea with Madame Albani, who is staying there, and afterwards returned to Balmoral.

MR. DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY, the well-known English novelist has arrived in Melbourne on a lecturing tour, and is being treated almost as royally as Mr. Froude was during his Antipodean tour. Mr. Murray was escorted over the Victorian Houses of Parliament by no less important personages than the Prime Minister, the Chief Secretary, and the Minister of Education. Mr. Murray's lectures are announced, and it is anticipated that he will have a most successful season.

"ARROWSMITH'S Christmas annual for 1889" will be written by Mr. Walter Besant. Mr. Arrowsmith will publish next month a fairy tale by Mr. Andrew Lang. It will be remembered that Mr. Arrowsmith was the lucky publisher in Bristol who discovered Hugh Conway. The "Annual" varies in importance from year to year but is generally readable.

IT is pleasant to be famous, but every condition is accompanied by its special limitation. *Queries* published in Buffalo, N. Y., and edited by Charles Wells Moulton contains in the October issue, a notice of Robt. Louis Stevenson's "Wrong Box." This notice is taken, word for word, with some typographical errors added, from *The Week*, and appears as original matter. It is pretty late in the day to review the "Wrong Box" at all, but when *Queries* is at loss for a good notice, and finds one ready-made, it should acknowledge the source of its inspiration—a canon in journalistic etiquette.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, in his last letter to England, pays a flattering tribute to Canadian poetry and gracefully refers to the Rev. Prof. K. L. Jones' poem on the St. Lawrence, which is published in "Songs of the Great Dominion." Constantly too the glories of the great St. Lawrence load the verse and fascinate the imagination of the youthful, and, thus far, little known singers of the Dominion. K. L. Jones has an excellent ode to the mighty stream, which thus concludes:—

Stretching her arms to the world,  
Glad, as a maid to her lover,  
Coyly, with banners unfurled,  
Welcoming argosies over;  
Wearied, her life's journey done,  
Grateful to God, the life-giver,  
Her goal on the Ocean's breast won,  
Rests the great river.

MR. EDMUND YATES gives in the *World* some recollections of his friend, the late Mr. Wilkie Collins, in the course of which he says: It was while engaged on the composition of "The Moonstone," the plot of which, for ingenuity and Chinese puzzle-like delicacy of construction, is perhaps unrivalled in the English language, and which leaves the comparatively clumsy labours of Gaboriau and his followers far behind—it was during the progress of "The Moonstone," I believe, that Wilkie Collins first acquired the baleful habit of taking sedatives, which he continued more or less throughout his life. On this subject I almost fear to write, lest I should be suspected of exaggeration: but from what he himself told me, and from what I have heard from friends of even greater intimacy with him, I believe that about that period, and for the greater part of his after life, Wilkie Collins was in the habit of taking daily, and without apparently serious noxious effect, more laudanum—not Batley's, nor any other minimising solution, but absolutely pure laudanum—than would have sufficed to kill a ship's crew or a company of soldiers. This amount was, of course, arrived at slowly and by degrees.

#### READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE THROSTLE—LORD TENNYSON'S LATEST POEM.

"Summer is coming, Summer is coming,  
I know it, I know it, I know it.  
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again,  
Yes, my wild little poet.

Sing the New Year in under the blue,  
Last year you sang it as gladly.  
"New, new, new, new!" Is it then so new  
That you should carol so madly?

"Love again, song again, nest again, young again!"  
Never a prophet so crazy.  
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,  
See, there is hardly a daisy.

"Here again, here, here, here, happy year,"  
O warble, unbidden, unbidden.  
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,  
And all the Winters are hidden.

—*New Review for October.*

THE BLACK SEA FLEET.

GREAT activity has prevailed all this summer in the dockyards of Odessa, Sebastopol and Batoum, and it now transpires (the Vienna correspondent of the *Times* says) that orders have been issued by the Russian Admiralty to build a great many torpedo-boats and prepare a number of transports as quickly and as secretly as possible. The Russian newspapers are not allowed to publish anything about these additions to the navy, and accurate information as to the extent to which the shipbuilding is being carried on is difficult to procure, but trustworthy reports which have lately reached the British and the Turkish Governments have impressed on both Governments the absolute necessity of guarding the Bosphorus promptly against possible surprises. In the opinion of naval experts Constantinople was a short time ago almost defenceless, and would have lain at the mercy of any fleet steaming out suddenly from Odessa. Even now it will require some time and no little money before the Turkish ironclads, which were allowed to be inactive and to rot during ten years in the Golden Horn, can be made fit for service. In the meantime, should any sudden attack be made on Constantinople from the Black Sea, Turkey will certainly require a naval ally, and one not unprepared.

## ANGLO-CANADIAN COPYRIGHT ACT.

ANGLO-CANADIAN copyright is not a subject which has received great attention in this country. The fact is noteworthy, because agitation on the question has proceeded in Canada so far as to assume the form of an Act, which having passed the two Houses of the Dominion Parliament only awaits the Royal Assent to become law. Believing that it is therefore quite time for the matter to be taken into earnest consideration in this country, the *Musical Times* devotes a long article to the matter, in which strong objection is taken to the proposed enactment. In the first place, it is stated that the English Copyright Act of 1842, which is still the fountain-head of British law on the subject, applies to Canada and to all other English Possessions, just as it applies to the United Kingdom. The anomaly which formerly existed in the fact that, while works first published in the United Kingdom were protected everywhere within British dominions, works first published in a Colony were only protected in that Colony, provided it had, as in the case of Canada, passed a law for that purpose, has been abolished with and since the Act passed in 1886 confirming the provisions of the Berne Convention. Canada upon all copyright questions—with one exception, which is in favour of Canada—is in exactly the same position as if the Colony were geographically a portion of England. The only distinction that now exists between the law of the two countries is that Canada may import foreign reprints of British copyright works, which cannot be admitted into the United Kingdom. The law which is now proposed by the Dominion Parliament is therefore objected to, on the ground that it is in the first place unnecessary, the markets of the whole world being at present open equally to Canadians as to Englishmen on the same terms. Secondly, it is contended that the measure will be prejudicial to the interests of British authors and publishers. The Act proposes to grant a Canadian copyright to Canadians, British subjects, and those foreign countries which are entitled to the benefits of the Berne Convention, only on condition that the work is registered in Canada before or simultaneously with its publication elsewhere, and that it is reprinted and republished in Canada within one month of the date of its production elsewhere. The Bill provides that any one domiciled in Canada having failed or neglected to take advantage of its provisions may obtain a licence to publish or produce the work for which copyright, but for such neglect or failure, might have been obtained; also, that a licence shall be granted to any applicant agreeing to pay the author or his legal representatives a royalty of 10 per cent. on the retail price of each copy or reproduction of the work which is the subject of the licence. That this Act must be resisted to the utmost is made plain by merely glancing at these provisions. There are a multitude of other points to which objection is reasonably taken by our contemporary. The Act appears to be drafted with the ultimate view of altogether abolishing the Anglo-Canadian copyright. This can of course be met, should the measure be assented to, by retaliatory legislation for this country. But it must not be overlooked that those countries which took part in the Berne Convention of 1886 have an important voice in the matter, which is practically an international question, and before the present Canadian Bill receives the Royal Assent, Germany, Belgium, Spain, France, Hayti, Italy, the Republic of Liberia, Switzerland, and Tunis, are all entitled to be heard.—*Liverpool Courier*.

## THE SONG OF THE UNSOLD.

THERE are Red Stars all around it,  
On the works of other men;  
But there isn't one has found it,  
Though 'tis only two pounds ten.  
Right and left they still go flying,  
Till I frequently remark:  
"It's as if they had been trying  
For my picture, in the dark."

Right and left the Red Stars cluster;  
And a pleasant tale they tell,  
With their warm and cheery lustre  
To the men whose pictures sell.  
And one's prospects might be clearer—  
But it always was the way—  
And I see the Stars grow nearer,  
They will hit—some other day.

—*May Kendall, in Longman's Magazine.*

## AMERICAN ART AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

WHEN Verestchagin was in New York last winter he offended the followers of the French and German schools by asking them why they did not paint America. They replied that there was nothing in America to paint, that even American scenery is crude and unpicturesque, and as to American character, to depict it as it would be to caricature humanity. In art parlance they demanded a background, and an atmosphere, and they professed to find neither in this country. In consequence the pictures that are exhibited at the Paris Exhibition as the work of American artists are devoid of national colour or flavour, as our admirable Paris letter pointed out the other day. A reader of a recent number of *Harper's Magazine* will see excellent reproductions of the paintings of Parsons, Whistler, Reinhart, Abbey, and a dozen more American artists, but is there any indication that they are citizens of this country in their work? Mr. Whistler paints portraits of English and French women, or bits of interior of an old

English manor, or a young man with a powdered wig dancing with an eighteenth century marquise; Mr. Abbey, a Surrey nook or meadow; Mr. Reinhart, a man drowned on the quays of the Seine. Other artists picture the Ganges; there is not one who has condescended to the Mississippi. "I would have given up my luncheon," says Mr. William Clarke of the *New England Review*, "for some few pictures that would have transported me to the mountains, or transported me to the Adirondacks on an autumn morning, but for such effects I looked in vain." He saw instead the temples of India, the bazars of Cairo, the interiors of Morocco, mere copies of French pictures. And it is interesting to note that Mr. Clarke also found that the only painting by which a crowd lingered in the American section was that of John Brown as he was led out to his execution, kissing the negro child. When we recall the romantic events of our history, its variety of life and scenery, its picturesque types of character, from the Cape Cod fisherman to the Creole belle, we begin to wish for a despotic government that will control the education of our art students and compel them to paint what they see and know, and ought to glory in making history on canvas. If they cannot get technique in this country, let them know less of execution and more of natural life. When we have our own schools and our own masters, technique will be soon enough acquired, and the American school and American artists will take a position that they have never hitherto enjoyed. If the pupils in our present art schools rebelled we should instruct our good citizens, Parsons, Abbey, Broughton, Whistler, Duvencek, Reinhart, and any others, who have made themselves famous abroad, to return home and found a national school of our own. The reason American artists depreciate the capacities of their own country is because they do not know it. Let them travel from Lake George to New Orleans, from Cape May to the Pacific Ocean, and if their range of vision is not enlarged, and their ambition quickened, then modern art lacks the elements of patriotism, and if this is the case, ought to be stifled, not cultivated.—*Hartford Courant*.

## A CALIFORNIA SUNSET.

A VIVID gleam of crimson light  
Athwart a yellow sky;  
A wide-spread reach of poppy fields  
That deep in slumber lie.

Fair cloudships, pink and amber-hued,  
At anchor in the west;  
A bird low-flying o'er the grass  
That holds a hidden nest.

A further light upon the hills,  
A topaz-tinted sea,  
The tinkling of a mandolin  
Beneath an orange tree.

The mountain-cañons dark with shade,  
The sea-sand gray and lone,  
From southern palm to northern pine  
A goodnight kiss is blown.

Daylight is o'er; the sails are furled,  
The sheep are in the fold,  
The night has come, and with it, dreams  
Of argonauts and gold.

—*Clarence Urmy in Overland Monthly.*

## JEWELS AND TALISMANS OF THE SHAH.

MORE priceless in the eyes of the superstitious Persian than the incomparable jewels stored in the Royal Palace at Teheran are the 200 talismans possessed by the Shah. Some of these belong to the Crown Treasury, and are part of the spiritual attributes handed down to the "Lord of Lords." There is the amber cube, believed to have fallen from heaven, a special gift of Allah to his prophet Mahomet, which makes its owner invulnerable. The Shah always wears this talisman round his neck. There is the jewelled star, worn by Roostum, which has the virtue of forcing conspirators at once to confess their crimes. Most marvellous of all is the cachet studded with emeralds, which confers invisibility on its possessor so long as he remains a celibate and resists the temptation of feminine wiles. The Shah's strong box is a small room 20 feet by 14 feet, reached by a steep stair. In it are heaped gems, the splendour of which is equalled only by the jewels described in the "Arabian Nights." The crown, shaped like a flower-pot, is topped by an uncut ruby large as a hen's egg. A peerless emerald, of the size of a walnut, on the flawless surface of which are the names of the monarchs who have possessed it, is only less precious than the great pearl worth £60,000. The turquoises are the most perfect of the native gems. The Shah possesses the finest in the world, an incomparable stone, three or four inches long. In varied shades of blue, the turquoises lie heaped in the Royal Treasury. Those of darker tint are the most precious. The paler stones are found in alluvial deposits. The Greeks in the days of Darius described the golden armour of the king and his generals, studded with blue stones from the mines of Nishapoor. The beautiful native gem is specially protected, the Shah inspecting all turquoises before they can be sold. Necklaces and rings of diamonds, rubies, emeralds and sapphires lie piled on trays; aigrettes, belts, gauntlets are spread upon the carpet of the treasure room. The Kaianian belt, about a foot deep, is a radiant mass of pearls, diamonds, emeralds and rubies. One or two jewelled scabbards are reported to be worth a quarter

of a million each. On the great festival of the year, the No-Roos, or opening of the new year, which takes place at the spring equinox, the crown jewels are brought out and placed in the Audience Chamber, where stands the celebrated peacock throne, brought by Nadir Shah from Delhi, worth at the lowest computation three millions sterling. The silk carpet placed at the foot of the throne is embroidered with diamonds and pearls. The ceremonies of the No-Roos culminate in the day when the sun passes the line. The Shah resplendent with jewels, the great officials of the realm covered with gems, gathered around him according to rank, assemble in the Audience Chamber as the hour for the sun's passage draws near. The chief of the Khagars, followed by slaves carrying trays loaded with coins, presents each courtier with some money, a form of wishing good luck to him in his transactions during the coming year. Salvagers of fruit and of the gold and silver coins of Persia are laid before the Shah. The King of Kings burns incense in a brazier until the sound of cannon and blare of trumpets announce that the sun has crossed the equator. The Shah then presses to his forehead, his lips and bosom a copy of the Koran, and wishes happiness to all present. After an invocation, pronounced by one of the Mollahs, each person present kneels before the Shah, who presents to each a gift of coin.—*The Queen*.

## CONTENTMENT.

BY AN IRISH M. P.

With Apologies to the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

LITTLE I ask. My wants are few.  
I only wish a cell of wood.  
A plainly panelled oak will do,  
With nothing very good  
In furniture—an easy chair,  
A table, couch, and secretaire.

Plain food is quite enough for me;  
Four courses are as good as ten;  
Soup, fish, joints, sweets don't disagree  
With martyred Irishmen.  
I crave for no expensive wine,  
Content on whiskey cold to pine.

No holidays do I desire,  
Except the usual summer break:  
When winter comes I'll stir my fire  
And plot for Ireland's sake;  
Or leaders write, or new books read,  
When no friend calls the hours to speed.

Thus martyred, let me do my time,  
'Neath Balfour's harsh despotic rule;  
And show the world a sight sublime—  
A patriot who is not a fool.  
Unless these scant demands are met,  
I'll leave the business in a pet.

—*J. F. B. in St. James's Gazette.*

## FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

It does not follow that because some women, or even many women, favour female suffrage, women should have the right of voting. There are some things, perhaps some causes, whose weakness is their strength, but they are such as appeal wholly to the tender and sentimental side of humanity. Charity, the care and protection of children and invalids and other helpless beings, the deference rendered in the highest state of civilization to the female sex, all these are instances of concessions made by conscious strength to weakness; but no such consideration is proper when a matter like the right of suffrage is under discussion. The extension of the ballot is purely a business proposition, and one of the strongest arguments against extending this privilege to women is that a majority of women do not want it. We cannot be mistaken in this, for it is conclusively demonstrated by the fact that the majority of women have not asked for it, the corollary to this proposition being that in certain definite localities, where a majority of the women have asked—or demanded, if the term be preferred—that they be allowed to vote, they have obtained the ballot. One good reason, then, why women should not be allowed to vote is that they are not united on the proposition. Perhaps it might be admitted, at least for the purpose of argument, that were they so united they would be abundantly strong to get what they wanted; but since they are not, the negative testimony must go against the extension of the suffrage to women. But, assuming that a majority of women should demand the right to vote, and that the question could be considered purely in the abstract, what should be the ultimate decision? Should women, on general principles, be allowed to vote or not? Is the right of suffrage an inherent and inalienable right of humanity, or is it something which has been fashioned by men for their own use, and in which women have not and should not have any share or part? To put it in a little different form, are women, as a rule, fitted to govern a nation or a state, and to carry on and administer public affairs as well as men do, and that is badly enough, as we are willing to admit? There is but one answer to this question, and it must be in the negative. There are a few notable exceptions in the history of the world—Semiramis, Catherine of Russia, Elizabeth of England, possibly Maria Theresa of Austria—but, all told, they are not numerous enough to detract from the force of the general declaration that women are not as capable of ruling as men. The reason is, to begin with, a physical one. Much as we may talk of

the reign of intellect and the sway of civilization and education, all government is only a modification of the rule of the stronger over the weaker, and this is so in a republic as well as in a monarchy, only a majority rules instead of a single person. It is because men, not women, have hewn out the fabric of government; have wrested law and social order from the grasp of anarchy, have met force with force and have opposed strength to strength, that they have the right to rule; and it is because women have not done these things that they should not be endowed with the privilege of ruling. Of course it is obvious that in a representative government voting and ruling are correlative terms, at least in theory.—*Es.*

**A DISCOVERY IN THE THEORY OF MUSIC.**  
 DR. RUDOLPH KOENIG has, it is said, made a discovery of extreme importance in the theory of music, the details of which he will expound at the meeting of the Naturforscher at Heidelberg. This is an extension of Helmholtz's theory of timbre to certain cases not represented in the elementary mathematical theory, and corresponding to the actual case of the timbres of certain musical instruments. The paper will be of interest to musicians, who have never, as is notorious, taken kindly to Helmholtz's theory in its original form.—*English Mechanic.*

**WHAT THE SONNET IS.**  
 FOURTEEN small, baleful berries on the hem  
 Of Circe's mantle, all of greenest gold;  
 Fourteen of lone Calypso's tears that roll'd  
 Into the sea, for pearls to come of them;  
 Fourteen small signs of omen in the gem  
 With which Medea human fate foretold;  
 Fourteen small drops, which Faustus, growing old,  
 Craved of the Fiend to water life's dry stem.  
 It is the pure white diamond Dante brought  
 To Beatrice; the sapphire Laura wore  
 When Petrarch cut it sparkling out of thought;  
 The ruby Shakespeare hewed from his heart's core;  
 The dark, deep emerald that Rossetti wrought  
 For his own soul, to wear for evermore.  
 —*Eugene Lee-Hamilton, in The Academy.*

**THE MAN IN THE MOON.**  
 Most persons are under the impression that this familiar expression refers only to the faint appearance of a face which the moon presents when full. But those better acquainted with folk-lore are aware that the object referred to under the name of the Man in the Moon is a dusky resemblance to a human figure which appears on the western side of the luminary when eight days old. The figure is something like that of a man in the act of climbing, and carrying a thorn-bush upon his back. There is a detached object before him which looks like a dog. Among various nations it is a popular notion that this figure is the man referred to in the book of Numbers (xv. 32 et seq.) as having been detected by the children of Israel in the wilderness in the act of gathering sticks on the Sabbath day, and whom the Lord directed to be stoned to death without the camp. Our poets make clear to us how old is the notion. When moonshine is to be represented in "Pyramus and Thisbe" (Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream"), Quince gives due directions as follows: "One must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say he comes in to disfigure, or to present, the person of moonshine." This order is realized: "All I have to say," concludes the performer of this part, "is to tell you that the lantern is the moon; I the man in the moon; this thorn-bush my thorn-bush; and this dog my dog!" Chaucer thus adverts to the Man in the Moon:

On her brest a chorle painted ful even,  
 Bearing a bush of thorns on his backe,  
 Which for his theft might clime so ner the heaven.  
 Dante, in his "Inferno," makes a reference to the Man in the Moon, but calls him Cain, a variation from the popular English idea.—*Lippincott's.*

**TO MONTANA, OREGON AND WASHINGTON.**

If you are going west bear in mind the following facts: The Northern Pacific Railroad owns and operates 987 miles, or 57 per cent. of the entire railroad mileage of Montana; spans the territory with its main line from east to west; is the short line to Helena; the only Pullman and dining car line to Butte, and is the only line that reaches Miles City, Billings, Bozeman, Missoula, the Yellowstone National Park, and, in fact, nine-tenths of the cities and points of interest in the Territory.

The Northern Pacific owns and operates 621 miles, or 56 per cent of the railroad mileage of Washington, its main line extending from the Idaho line via Spokane Falls, Cheney, Sprague, Yakima and Ellensburg, through the centre of the Territory to Tacoma and Seattle, and from Tacoma to Portland. No other trans-continental through rail line reaches any portion of Washington Territory. Ten days' stop-over privileges are given on Northern Pacific second-class tickets at Spokane Falls and all points west, thus affording intending settlers an excellent opportunity to see the entire Territory without incurring the expense of paying local fares from point to point.

The Northern Pacific is the shortest route from St. Paul to Tacoma by 207 miles; to Seattle by 177 miles, and to Portland by 324 miles—time correspondingly shorter, varying from one to two days, according to destination. No other line from St. Paul or Minneapolis runs through passenger cars of any kind into Idaho, Oregon or Washington. In addition to being the only rail line to Spokane Falls, Tacoma and Seattle, the Northern Pacific reaches all the principal points in Northern Minnesota and Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington. Bear in mind that the Northern Pacific and Shasta line is the famous scenic route to all points in California.

Send for illustrated pamphlets, maps and books giving you valuable information in reference to the country traversed by this great line from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and Ashland to Portland, Oregon, and Tacoma and Seattle, Washington Territory, and enclose stamps for the new 1889 Rand McNally County Map of Washington Territory, printed in colours.

Address your nearest ticket agent, or Charles S. Fee, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

**The London and Canadian Loan and Agency Co., Ltd.**

Report and Accounts for Year Ending Aug. 31, 1889, submitted and adopted at the Annual Meeting of Shareholders held on Oct. 9th.

**SIXTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT.**

The Directors beg to submit, for the information and approval of the Shareholders, the Sixteenth Annual Report of the Company, together with relative accounts to the 31st August, 1889.

The stock of the Company on the date named was held as follows:  
 In Britain, 69 Shareholders, holding 19,736 Shares.  
 In Canada, 304 " " 80,264 " "

Total	373	100,000
Paid up in Britain		\$138,152 00
Canada		561,848 00
Total		\$700,000 00

The following summary of the year's operations is submitted:

Amount borrowed on debentures and certificates during the year	\$1,114,355 36
Amount repaid during the year	1,034,385 45
Net increase of "borrowings" for the year	\$79,969 91
Applications for loans were received to the extent of \$1,591,614, on property estimated as worth \$3,028,100. Loans were approved and effected during the year to the amount of	608,604 72
On property valued by the Company's own appraisers at \$1,218,923.	
Loans repaid during the year amounted to	580,299 54
Net increase of the Company's mortgage investments since last year	\$28,305 18
The revenue account after all interest and charges have been deducted and all ascertained losses have been written off, shows a balance of	85,456 90
From which, deducting two half-yearly dividends, amounting, with the tax thereon, to \$63,907 42	
And retiring allowance to the late Manager, Mr. J. G. Macdonald, amounting to	10,000 00
	73,907 42
There remains a balance of	\$11,549 48

which is carried forward at the credit of "Revenue Account" to next year. The accompanying statement shows a decrease in the earnings of the Company during the past year, owing in a great measure to the maturing of high rate loans and the re-investment of the proceeds at the lower rates now current.

The reduction in the current rates of interest obtainable on first-class loans, and the fact that the charter of the Company provides that, before a dividend can be paid out of the profits of the year, a portion thereof, not less in any year than two and a half per cent. upon the net profits of the business of such year, shall be set apart to meet contingencies or for equalizing dividends, made it, in the judgment of the Directors, their duty to reduce the dividend for the last half-year to four per cent.

On the other hand there has been a material decrease in the rate paid for borrowed money, by the renewal at lower rates of a large proportion of the debentures maturing during the year.

The loaning business of the Company during the year has been fairly active and well maintained, notwithstanding the heavy amount of debentures maturing, which necessitated the keeping in hand, in a readily available shape, of large cash resources. A careful revision and inspection has been made of the Company's loans in Ontario and Manitoba, and the result is satisfactory. The President and Chief Inspector visited Manitoba during the harvest season, and report encouraging evidence of progress. They found an increased demand for land at somewhat improved prices, and undiminished confidence on the part of the inhabitants as to the future of the country.

The Company's new building is well rented and returning a fair revenue upon the outlay. The offices of the Company and vault accommodation are proving very suitable and satisfactory.

It is with sincere regret that the Directors have to announce the death, on the 23rd August, of Mr. J. Sydney Crocker, who had acted as one of the Auditors since the inception of the Company. Mr. J. J. Woodhouse was appointed to complete, with Mr. Higgins, the audit of the year.

The Company have also been deprived by death of the services of F. T. Stuart, Esq., Local Director at Deloraine, Manitoba. The high character which he bore, and the great interest which he took in the affairs of the Company made his services especially valuable, and the Directors were glad to learn from the President that his brother, Alfred P. Stuart, Esq., has consented to assume the vacant directorship. The statement shows that \$10,000 has been appropriated as a retiring allowance to Mr. Grant Macdonald, who was obliged to retire on account of ill-health. In consideration of the very valuable services rendered by him to the Company during sixteen years, and the high estimation in which he was held, this appropriation will, the Directors are assured, be cheerfully confirmed by the Shareholders.

The Directors have pleasure in bearing testimony to the satisfactory manner in which the officers and agents of the Company have performed their respective duties.

Toronto, October 1, 1889. W. P. HOWLAND, President.

**AUDITORS' CERTIFICATE.**

To the President and Directors of the London and Canadian Loan and Agency Company, Limited:

GENTLEMEN,—We have completed the annual audit of the books and accounts of the Company for the year ending 31st August, 1889, and have found them correct, and the cash balances to agree with the bankers' books.

We have also examined the Company's statement of "Assets and Liabilities," and "Revenue Account," have compared them with the ledger balances, and found them correct.

The mortgages, debentures and other securities have been carefully examined. They agree with the schedule submitted to us, and with their respective entries in the ledger.

The "Loans on Call or Short Date on Debentures and Securities" have been valued at their respective market prices, and we find that the amounts advanced on them are amply covered.

We are, gentlemen, yours faithfully,  
 DAVID HIGGINS, }  
 J. J. WOODHOUSE, } Auditors.

Toronto, 2nd October, 1889.

**ASSETS AND LIABILITIES, 31ST AUGUST, 1889.**

<b>Assets.</b>		
Loans on mortgages and interest	\$3,758,802 19	
Properties Account—		
Company's offices and buildings in Toronto	\$76,147 99	
Company's offices and buildings in Winnipeg	32,244 78	
Other real estate vested in the Company	153,035 40	
	261,428 17	
Municipal and other negotiable debentures	\$440,896 49	\$4,020,230 36
Loans on call or short date on debentures or securities	76,162 79	
	517,059 28	
Sundry debtors	1,683 44	
Cash in hand—		
With Company's bankers in Canada	\$44,382 42	
With Company's bankers in Britain	39,437 79	
	83,820 21	
		\$4,622,793 29
<b>Liabilities.</b>		
Capital stock subscribed—		
100,000 shares at \$50 each	\$5,000,000 00	
Capital stock paid up—14 per cent.	\$700,000 00	
Reserve fund	350,000 00	
Debentures and certificates payable at fixed dates	3,467,901 45	

Reserved for interest accrued on debentures and certificates to date	25,018 44
Sundry creditors	30,022 19
Due to Company's agents in Britain	301 73
Dividend No. 32, payable 14th September, 1889	28,000 00
Balance at credit of Revenue Account, carried forward to next year	11,549 48
	\$4,622,793 29

**REVENUE ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDING 31ST AUGUST, 1889.**

<b>Dr.</b>	
Cost of management	\$17,961 28
Commission on debentures issued and loans effected during the year, and agency charges	25,551 03
Debenture and certificate interest paid and accrued to 31st August, 1889	\$183,999 44
Less amount reserved last year for interest accrued on debentures and certificates	26,250 76
	157,748 68
Balance from 31st Aug., 1888, as per contra.	\$16,422 75
Profits of the year, after writing off all ascertained losses	69,034 15
	\$85,456 90

<b>Appropriated as follows—</b>	
Dividend No. 31, 5 per cent., paid 15th March, 1889	35,000 00
Dividend No. 22, 4 per cent., payable 14th September, 1889	28,000 00
Municipal tax thereon	907 42
Retiring allowance to the late Manager, Mr. J. G. Macdonald	10,000 00
Balance at credit of Revenue Account, carried to next year	11,549 48
	\$84,456 90

<b>Cr.</b>	
Balance at credit of Revenue Account, 31st August, 1888	\$18,722 75
Less amount voted to President and Auditors at the last annual meeting	2,300 00
	16,422 75
Net interest, etc., received and accrued to Aug. 31, 1889.	270,295 14
August 31st.—By balance carried to next year	\$11,549 48
	\$286,717 89

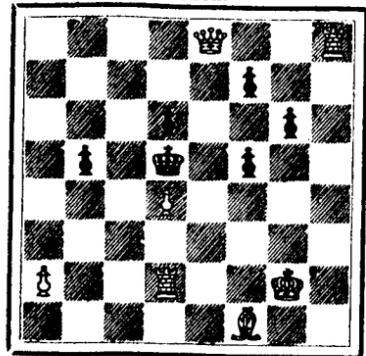
J. F. KIRK, Manager.  
 The following gentlemen were duly elected:—Sir W. P. Howland, Col. C. S. Gzowski, Sir D. A. Smith, Donald Mackay, Hon. D. A. Macdonald, Dr. L. W. Smith, Hon. G. A. Kirkpatrick, J. C. T. Cochran, T. R. Wadsworth, C. E. Hooper, G. R. R. Cockburn, James Henderson. At a subsequent meeting of the newly elected Board Sir W. P. Howland was elected President and Col. Gzowski Vice-President.

**CHESS.**

**PROBLEM No. 401.**

By J. RAYNOR.

BLACK.



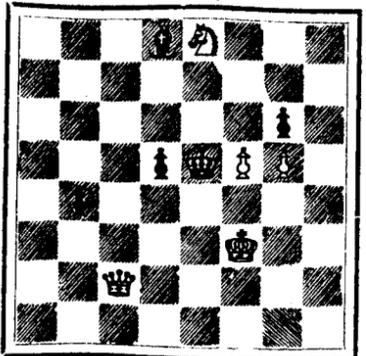
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

**PROBLEM No. 402.**

By KARL PATER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

**SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.**

No. 395.	White.	Black.	No. 396.
1. R-Q 8		moves	Q-Q Kt 1
2. R-B 3		moves.	
3. B mates.			

**GAME PLAYED AT THE INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT AT BRESLAU.**

BETWEEN MESSRS. SCHALLOP and HARMONISH. FROM *Montreal Gazette*. SCOTCH GAMBIT.

SCHALLOP.	HARMONISH.	SCHALLOP.	HARMONISH.
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P-K 4	P-K 6	10. Q-B 3 (c)	Kt-B 3
2. Kt-K B 3	Kt-Q B 3	11. P-Q Kt 4	B-Kt 3
3. P-Q 4	P x P	12. P-Q R 4	P-Q R 4
4. B-B 4	B-B 4	13. P-Kt 5	Kt-K 4 (d)
5. Castles	P-Q 3	14. Kt x Kt	P x Kt
6. P-B 3	P x P (a)	15. Q x P +	B-K 3 (c)
7. Q-Kt 3	Q-K 2	16. B-R 3	Q-Q 2
8. Kt x P	P-K R 3 (b)	17. Q R-Q 1	Q-B 1
9. Kt-Q 5	Q-Q 1	18. Q x Kt!! (f)	resigns (g)

**NOTES.**

- (a) The correct move is B-K Kt 5. The capture of the Pawn has rarely been ventured upon, as losing valuable time.
- (b) If Kt-B 3, 9. B-K Kt 5 followed directly by Kt-Q 5.
- (c) This fine move forms the initiative of a very powerful attack.
- (d) Kt-Q Kt 1; 14. Kt x B; P x Kt; 15. P-K 5, etc.
- (e) Here K-B 1 also loses, by 16. Kt x B; 17. B-R 3 +; 18. R-Q 1.
- (f) A charming finish, and one that must have caused some amusement among the other players.
- (g) The only move, if P x Q, Kt mates.

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Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Influenza, Inflammation, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Asthma,  
**DIFFICULT BREATHING.**

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. NOT ONE HOUR after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

Radway's Ready Relief is a Cure for Every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs. It was the first, and is the only PAIN REMEDY! That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestion, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application. Half a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Flatulency and all Internal Pains.

**MALARIA Cured in its Worst Forms.**  
 CHILLS AND FEVER.

FEVER AND AGUE cured or 25 cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Price 25 cents a bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

**RADWAY & CO., 419 St. James Street, Montreal.**

## Colds, Coughs, Bronchitis,

And other affections of the Throat or Lungs, are speedily cured by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. This medicine is an anodyne expectorant, potent in its action to check the advance of disease, allaying all tendency to Inflammation and Consumption, and speedily restoring health to the afflicted. \*\*On several occasions, during the past year, I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. In cases of severe and sudden Colds, if used according to directions, it will, judging by my experience, prove a sure cure. — L. D. Coburn, Addison, N. Y.

Last December I suffered greatly from an attack of Bronchitis. My physician advised me to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which I did. Less than a bottle of this medicine relieved and cured me. — Elwood D. Piper, Elgin, Ill.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral once saved my life. I had a constant Cough, Night Sweats, was greatly reduced in flesh, and declining rapidly. One bottle and a half of the Pectoral cured me. — A. J. Eldson, M. D., Middletown, Tenn.

### LUNG COMPLAINTS.

I have no hesitation in saying that I regard Ayer's Cherry Pectoral as the best remedy within my knowledge for the cure of Colds, Chronic Bronchitis, Coughs, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. — M. A. Rust, M. D., South Parish, Me.

About three years ago, as the result of a bad Cold, I had a Cough, from which I could get no help until I commenced using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. One bottle of this medicine effected a complete cure. — John Tooley, Ironton, Mich.

An experience of over thirty years enables me to say that there is no better remedy for Sore Throat and Coughs, even of long standing, than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It has ever been effective in my personal experience, and has warded off many an attack of Croup from my children, in the course of their growth, besides giving effective relief from Colds. — Samuel Motter, Editor of the *Emmitsburg Chronicle*, Emmitsburg, Md.

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, in my family, for a number of years, and with marked success. For the cure of Throat and Lung Complaints, I consider this remedy invaluable. It never fails to give perfect satisfaction. — Elihu M. Robertson, Battle Creek, Mich.

We have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, in our family, a great while, and find it a valuable medicine for Colds, Coughs, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. — Alice G. Leach, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Two years ago I was taken suddenly ill. At first I supposed it was nothing but a common cold, but I grew worse, and in a few weeks, was compelled to give up my work. The doctor told me that I had Bronchitis, which he was afraid would end in Consumption. I took two bottles of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was entirely cured. — J. L. Kramer, Danbury Conn.

## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

## HEALTH FOR ALL!! HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

**LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS.**

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

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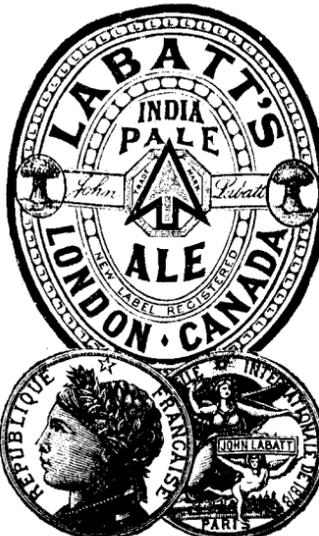
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Prof. H. H. Croft, Public Analyst, Toronto, says:—"I find it to be perfectly sound, containing no impurities or adulterations, and can strongly recommend it as perfectly pure and a very superior malt liquor."

John B. Edwards, Professor of Chemistry, Montreal, says:—"I find them to be remarkably sound ales, brewed from pure malt and hops."

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

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