

# THE WEEK.

Vol. I., No. 28.

Toronto, Thursday, June 12th, 1884.

\$3.00 per Annum.  
Single Copies, 7 cents.

## CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

	PAGE.
TOPICS OF THE WEEK.....	433
CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES—	
Current Events and Opinions.....	<i>A Bystander</i> 434
Here and There.....	436
An Interregnum in Literature.....	<i>G. Mercer Adam</i> 438
Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation.....	<i>D. W.</i> 439
Gabriel Max's Great Picture.....	<i>Art Critic</i> 440
The Emigration of Young Men to the U. S.....	<i>A. H. Gross</i> 441
CORRESPONDENCE.....	441
LITERATURE—	
Lacrosse.....	<i>W. F. Clarke</i> 442
The Adventures of a Widow—Concluded.....	<i>Edgar Fawcett</i> 442
THE SCRAP-BOOK.....	444
MUSIC AND DRAMA.....	445
BOOK NOTICES.....	445
LITERARY GOSSIP.....	446
CHESS COLUMN.....	446

## The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, POLITICS, AND CRITICISM.

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

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

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

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

## TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

At the annual meeting of the English Sunday Society last month, the Duke of Westminster, who presided, after premising that any abuse of the day of rest would be altogether out of sympathy with the sentiments of the society, said he thought it desirable that recreation of a harmless, enjoyable, and educational character should be provided where possible, so that Sunday might be relieved from the dulness and gloom to which they were unfortunately accustomed. That, we apprehend, is about the position of the advocates of Sunday Reform in Canada. It will serve no good purpose, in discussing this question, which has forced itself into prominence, to rail at the apostles of rational Sunday recreation as "Sabbath breakers." They do not propose to open libraries, museums, art galleries, and permit music in the parks as counter attractions to, or as substitutes for, the churches and divine worship. It is a lamentable fact that the idea of attending a place of public worship is one of the last which occurs to the ordinary artisan or labourer. And we must deal with facts as they are. Further, all thinking men will acknowledge and insist that anything tending to interfere with the retention of the seventh day as a day of physical rest and refreshment for all classes of the population would be much to be deprecated. But the effort to drive the masses to church by shutting up every other institution must end in disastrous failure. The argument that the encouragement of Sunday recreations would involve an additional employment of Sabbath labour is not sound, for the principle that there must be a certain amount of work done is admitted by every man who eats a meal, rides to church, or uses a train on Sunday; and, as the Duke of Westminster observed, what is now required is that it should be extended in a direction favourable to the well-being of society. It is not unreasonable to sacrifice the convenience of a few when the many are to reap benefit. The question is not one of principle but of degree. No moderate man believes or hopes that public opinion in Canada would ever sanction a serious disregard of the sacredness and repose of the day; but surely that is a mistaken religion which would preach—*aut ecclesia aut nulla!* The results of throwing Kew Gardens open to the public of London were shown in a letter from Sir Joseph Hooker read by Professor Tyndall at the Sunday Society's meeting. Six hundred and sixteen thousand people visited that delightful spot in the course of last year on Sundays alone—almost the same number as patronized the place on all the other days of the year put together. And it must be remembered that thousands of citizens who cannot reach such resorts on any other day reach them on Sunday. This is even more true of Canadians than it is of Englishmen, since the proportion of working-

men who have Saturday afternoons to themselves is much greater in the latter country. The results of permitting bands to play in Hyde and Regent Parks have also been eminently satisfactory. The bugbear with which many well-meaning opponents of Sunday Reform alarm themselves is the "Continental Sunday." This, also, is a mere matter of degree. There is nothing to be said in defence of horse-racing on Sunday—though, *en passant*, it may be noted that Chicagoans, not content with Sunday concerts and theatrical performances, now want Sunday races. But Chicago is not in Canada. Françoise is none the worse, but the better man, that he can take his wife and children to an open-air concert, or *ducasse*, where he can smoke his cigarette and sip his cup of coffee or light *bock*, instead of rambling around the streets in an aimless fashion. Men of his class will have some recreation on Sunday, and if it is made legal and kept respectable, they will take their families, which is infinitely better for all concerned. If not permitted to do this, they will take some sort of recreation all the same, but the restraining influence of women being absent, the line dividing recreation from dissipation is more likely to be crossed. Lord Bramwell, who, as a judge, claimed to know something of crime and criminals, characterized the objections to rational Sunday recreation as "stupid and utterly without foundation," and with characteristic boldness advocated a recurrence to the old English era when the people enjoyed out-of-door games on the Sabbath day, and when cricket was played on the village green. There is still a great deal of prejudice to overcome—prejudice not in all cases founded on reason; but the time must come when "the monotonous gloom" of the English and Canadian Sunday, which was unknown to the former before the Commonwealth, will be dispersed.

As might have been expected from the "record" of the accuser, Mr. S. H. Blake has been triumphantly acquitted by the Law Society of the charges brought against him by Mr. J. A. Macdonell. It will be remembered that the harebrained complainant, who has earned a most unenviable notoriety in connection with several shady semi-political transactions, categorically charged Mr. Blake with unprofessional behaviour. This accusation, which the Law Society found "utterly groundless," becomes all the more contemptible since it was an attempt to injure Mr. Edward Blake through the reputation of his brother. Both these gentlemen, however, would have treated the affair with the silent scorn it deserved; but the Law Society very properly demanded that the slander should be made good. His utter failure to do this adds one more to the many reasons why a name redolent of so much ungentlemanly and questionable conduct should no longer remain on the rolls.

A FEW days ago the New York *Graphic* inserted a notice concerning THE WEEK which contained a number of statements utterly devoid of foundation. The paragraph, which was evidently inspired by some malicious person, only derived importance from the fact that the author seemed to have picked up some information on the internal economy of the office. A letter correcting the misstatements was sent to the editor of the *Graphic* for publication, but was not inserted—which, seeing that it was accompanied by a private communication, was, to say the least of it, not ultra courteous, and has necessitated this protest against the too common practice, amongst conductors of presumably respectable and fair journals, of inserting unsupported slanders concerning contemporaries.

THE WEEK has completed half a year of existence; and though it has not been exempt from the difficulties which beset the commencement of every enterprise, those who are connected with it can say with truth that they have every ground for satisfaction and hopefulness. Their objects have been to provide Canadians of all parties and opinions with a fair and open field for the discussion of the questions of the day, especially those which most affect our own country; to afford to Canadian talent an opening which it greatly needs, inasmuch as it is practically excluded from the English periodicals and not freely admitted to those of the United States; and thus to prevent Canada, if possible, from ceasing to be a distinct centre of intellect. With these aims it was hoped that Canadians would have sympathy, and the hope, so far, has not been disappointed.

## CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS.

Good service has been done by the *Globe* in sending a commissioner to report on the working of Prohibition legislation in the Maritime Provinces. The result seems to be that the legislation is ineffective where it was needed, and is apparently successful only where it was superfluous. In the native place of the Scott Act liquor is to be had freely, both within doors and without; men carry about whiskey in their pockets and retail it at ten cents a drink. Where the Act is in force the sale of beer is stopped, while worse whiskey than would have been sold under the license finds customers under the system of contrabandism. Prohibition, being supposed to be the law, all other safe-guards are of course removed. Witnesses ascribe the failure to the obvious cause, the absence of any general feeling of responsibility for the enforcement of the Act. This notoriously is the weak point of all sumptuary legislation in a free country. When the act prohibited is one by which the law-breaker does harm to his neighbours his neighbours will assist the police in enforcing the law; when it is one which does no harm to anybody but himself, they do not care to inform against him or to provoke his enmity by interference. By working up enthusiasm and by applying moral pressure to waverers, a majority, perhaps a bare majority, is obtained in favour of prohibition, but there the success ends. The trade only assumes a contraband instead of a lawful form; the evils of habitual law-breaking are added to those of drinking; worse liquor is drunk; it is drunk in more disreputable places; and instead of being drunk in company and convivially, it is drunk in solitude, with increased liability, as all experience proves, to excess. Hence the statement which appears paradoxical may very well be true: that where Prohibition prevails there is less drinking but more drunkenness. We are all agreed as to the object. We all alike desire to put an end to drunkenness, and to the misery which it brings upon the drunkard and his family. We differ only as to the means. In these papers it has always been maintained that to compel the human race, all at once, to give up stimulants of every kind is impracticable, even if it is desirable; that ardent spirits, especially when they contain a large proportion of fusel oil, are the poison, and that to stop the production or importation of these, except for medical or scientific purposes, and under the control of Government, would, of all legislative remedies, be the surest and the best.

WE need not be afraid that in openly discussing immigration or anything else relating to our own affairs we shall be lowering the reputation of Canada in England. If you want to conceal anything effectually from the English people you can hardly do better than publish it in a Canadian paper. To be silent on the subject of immigration is impossible for those who have any interest in this Province. Those who have a stake in the North-West are plying all engines and using every advertising agency that they can command, from ex-Governors-General downward, to draw emigrants to these shores. We all heartily wish them success in their enterprise. But even they cannot afford to be indiscriminate. When we hear of a number of families of Londoners, wholly unused to agriculture, under tents and with very slender provisions, much as we respect the beneficent intentions of the Lady Bountiful who is understood to have sent them out, we feel misgivings as to their fate in a North-Western winter. We feel some misgivings too as to the effect which their fate may, in the end, have upon the popularity of the North-West among their compatriots; for the English have grown, by bitter experience, rather deaf to the voice of the advertiser, and the wail of one disappointed emigrant tells more with them than a good many puffs. However, let the North-West look to its own interests; they are commercially quite distinct from those of Ontario, which will reap hardly any benefit from the opening up of that territory, while it has carried off many of her best farmers and lowered the value of her farms. Ontario cannot afford to be saddled with the burden of providing for the refuse of North-Western immigration. It is preposterous to charge the St. George's Societies with getting up a false alarm. Four hundred and ninety-five applicants for a night's shelter at a single police station in one month, more than eighteen hundred families relieved by two private associations in Toronto in the course of the winter, the street outside the House of Industry blocked by a destitute crowd, and men by scores sent to the city gaol to save them from starvation are surely signs of danger not to be disregarded. The conduct of Protectionist organs which denounce all warning as unpatriotic and call for the continuance of assisted immigration cannot be termed inconsistent, because keeping down the price of labour is manifestly a part of the same policy as keeping up the price of goods. But it is rather hard that while the community is taxed to protect the capitalist against natural competition the artisan should thus be exposed, not only to natural, but to artificial, competition of the importation of which he as a taxpayer partly bears the cost.

A WRITER of a letter in the *Globe* on the question whether there is any growth of Canadian sentiment seems to have an eye to a recent paragraph in these papers; but if he has, he has not read the paragraph rightly. What the "Bystander" said was not that the proportion of native-born persons in the population had increased; but that the high places of public life, of all the professions and of commerce, which in the last generation were filled by Englishmen, are in the present generation held by native Canadians, and that this was a new and important factor in Canadian sentiment. Let the writer of the letter look round him and he will see that this is true. He avers that there is no growth of Canadian sentiment, and that what is taken for it is only the growth of hostility to England, which he finds pretty much the same here as in the United States, France, and other countries. This the "Bystander" ventures to question. That the growth of Canadian sentiment is not large, he must sorrowfully admit; but it seems to him that what is called hostility to England is, in truth, nothing more than jealousy of English intrusion into Canadian professions and employments. Still, if there is a sentiment generally prevailing which can be taken for hostility or in any way partakes of that character, England can hardly reckon on very strong and devoted attachment. She can scarcely rely with confidence on the aid, in case of need, of those Canadian armaments which applicants for Imperial honours or English capital have represented as ready to start out of our loyal soil at the first trumpet-call of approaching war. There may still be affection and genuine affection at bottom, but it will hardly produce regiments. Political withdrawal from a continent on which her position is now one of mere danger and liability is the advice which sincere attachment would give England. But such advice does not find a hearing. A system runs on in the ruts which it has worn, till it is jolted out of them by disaster. The present Governor-General, however, is a man apparently of a character different from those of his two predecessors. He may, at least, do the British Government and people the service of telling them the truth.

A POLISH Diet is the laughing stock of history, and the elective monarchy of Poland is commonly supposed to have attained an evil eminence among all human institutions; but the palm of absurdity may be disputed by a nominating convention and by the elective Presidency of the United States. What could Sir Lepel Griffin imagine worse than the Convention at Chicago? Behind the scenes intrigue and corruption were doing their most noxious work. In public, the scene was like a mob of lunatics. When New York was reached, on the roll of States, there were twenty minutes of wild and prolonged uproar. The mention of Blaine's State was the signal for a general outbreak of sheer frenzy. The delegates from California mounted on chairs, hoisted their white hats on canes and waved them in response to an ocean of handkerchiefs. The roar of the crowd, we are told, was like that of a tempest, while the crashing of the band swelled the din. One gentleman in his delirium opened his umbrella. Such is the outcome of the arrangements devised by the sage framers of the Constitution to secure the calm selection of the best citizen as the head of the Republic. One thing is to be said for the Chicago Convention. The machine there did its work and produced its natural result. The nomination of Garfield with his independence, his rectitude, his singleness of aim, was a by-blow: when his name was first brought forward, he had not more than half-a-dozen votes. But the present nomination is the legitimate offspring of the caucus. Mr Blaine is a typical politician, the authentic product of the demagogic system, the Stump and the Boom. With all popular passions, prejudices, beliefs and fallacies, from Protectionism to hatred of the Chinese he is, or can affect to be, thoroughly in unison, and this, more even than his unquestionable brilliancy as a speaker is the source of the magnetism in which he is always said by his partisans to abound. His Presidency, if he is elected, is likely to be a fair trial of Magnetism as a paramount influence in the government of nations. The result will be awaited with interest by the political observer; but if Jingoism is a part of Magnetism, the experiment bids fair to be tried at some expense to the commerce and industry of the United States. Happily, Mr. Blaine is not only a stump orator and a "telegraphic controller of his own boom," but a man of genuine ability; and the period of courtship over, he may be content to merge the lover in the husband and to use power like a wise man. If his Jingoism goes no further than an increase of the attention to the relations, long neglected, of the United States with other communities on this continent, it will be desirable in itself, and will take off the eyes and thoughts of the people from the narrow cock-pit of domestic faction to which they have been far too much confined. However, Mr. Blaine it not yet President. We shall see what effect his nomination produces on the Reform Wing of his party.

A PERUSAL of the Republican Platform is enough at once to show anyone familiar with the tricks of the political vocabulary what spirit prevailed in the Convention. Reform of the Tariff is repudiated, and it is demanded that the imposition of duties on foreign imports shall be made not for revenue only but for the purpose of increasing the profits of the manufacturers, whose objects are shrouded in the usual veil of cunning phrases about diversities of industry and the rights and wages of labourers. In order to get rid of the surplus produced by over-taxation, and at the same time to gain the soldier's vote, the Republican party pledges itself to go on squandering in pensions sums which dwarf the most monstrous pension-list of European monarchies in the most corrupt times. All sorts of claptrap schemes for the legislative improvement of the lot of the working man, receive the kiss of electioneering hypocrisy. The eight hours law is of course included in the list, though few members of the Convention can be such simpletons as to believe that an hour is an equal measure of all kinds of labour. As wool-growing does not pay so well as other things in the United States, the evil is to be corrected by compelling the people to pay more for the wool which they find it necessary to import. To propitiate the silver kings bi-metallism is embraced, and governments are called upon to fix the relative values of gold and silver, as though it were possible for any power on earth to maintain an unchanging ratio between two values, each of which is constantly changing. Fervent proclamations of universal freedom, equality and justice are followed by the avowal of a resolution to deny the right of labour to the Chinese. The revival of the mercantile marine is to be encouraged while the exclusion of the material for ship-building is to be maintained. Mormonism is of course denounced and threatened with extermination by the sword; but the fulfilment of the threat would be improvident as it would extinguish an invaluable magazine of cant. A faint profession of allegiance to Civil Service Reform is a nominal tribute to public morality and to the sentiment of that section of the party of which Mr. George W. Curtis is the foremost man: it has probably no practical significance. The whole document, like platforms in general, is a curious comment on the assertion that the people are educated, and their interest in politics is kept alive, by the presentation of great questions in connection with presidential contests. Presented the questions are, but only as they serve the ends of electioneering trickery, and in a cant language peculiar to the framers of electioneering manifestoes of which the object is to hide the truth.

IN England the nomination of Mr. Blaine seems to be regarded as a sinister triumph of the Irish vote. The impression is exaggerated. But there is no doubt that Mr. Blaine has resorted, without any fastidious scruples, to this as well as other sources of popularity. No one can mistake the meaning of that plank in the platform which declares that "everywhere the protection accorded to citizens of American birth must be secured to citizens of America by adoption;" or, it might be added, by fraudulent breach of the naturalization laws. A change seems to have begun in the party relations of the American Irish. In England the Irish hover between the two camps; so they do in Canada; so they do in Australia, where local writers on politics complain that this shifting influence renders it almost impossible to carry on representative government. In England their ambiguous manœuvres were the chief agency in reducing the House of Commons to that anarchic state from which Mr. Gladstone has, with very imperfect success, attempted to bring it back to order by the new rules. But in the United States they have always remained in one camp. They have adhered, in spite of all Republican allurements, steadfastly and in a mass, to the Democratic party. Slavery, to the end of its days, received their undeviating and almost solid support. If they should now disengage themselves from their old allegiance, and begin to play the same game which they have played elsewhere, their political power may for a time be increased, because both parties will be courting their suffrage; but, on the other hand, they will no longer be masters, to the extent to which they have hitherto been, of the Democratic party, and that party may, in course of time, take its character entirely from its other elements, and become simply conservative. If it could assume that character without delay, let Tammany go, and, at the same time, declare boldly for tariff reform, it would at once become respectable, and it would soon become strong. But parties seldom have courage or forecast. They will always renounce or compromise the future rather than risk the loss of any immediate support—above all, rather than face a split.

If the Emperor Nicholas looks down in spirit on the diplomatic scene, he must be enjoying a grim satisfaction. It was by proposing a partition of the Turkish Empire, in which Egypt was to fall to the share of England, that he aroused a whirlwind of indignation, and brought on

himself the Crimean War. Now that the Eastern question is re-opened Russia will scarcely remain unmoved. Her internal state is not so desperately bad as readers either of the reports of the stockmarket or of essays on Nihilism may suppose. Her finances are not in good order; but her debt compared with her undeveloped and available resources is not very large; and financial embarrassment does not affect a nation in a comparatively rude state as it affects the sensitive frame of a highly organized community. All the best authorities on the subject agree in saying that the sympathy with Nihilism does not extend to any considerable section of the nation. It is almost confined to those who have personal grounds of discontent, noblemen reduced to bankruptcy by the consequences of the emancipation of the Serfs, officials whose places have been abolished, or who have been dismissed for misconduct, sons of the clergy and others unable, in the close and caste-like organizations of Russian society, to find for themselves a satisfactory sphere. The number of speculative Nihilists appears to be very small, as indeed in any community in which property and marriage exist the number of those who are declared foes to both, as well as of the whole system of social morality, must be. In the army it seems that the disaffection is confined to a few malcontents among the subalterns. There is a large party in favour of constitutional reform, and increased liberty of the press, but this party is loyal to the throne, and sees in the Nihilists its worst enemies. Russia, therefore, is not, as some writers seem to assume, paralyzed or incapable of taking advantage of an opportunity. She might find action abroad a relief from such difficulties as exist at home. That she aims at the conquest of British India is, in the opinion of all cool-headed men, a baseless belief, whatever loose talk there may be in her guardrooms, and whatever menaces may be thrown out by her journals when diplomatic bickerings are going on. Her empire in Central Asia has grown as that of England in Southern Asia has grown, and as such empires generally grow, by successive subjugations of restless and predatory tribes with which she has come into collision on her frontier. There is a wide step from extension of this kind to a deliberate invasion of the dominions of another civilized power. These are not the days of Genghis Khan, and a Czar must be intoxicated with despotism indeed, if he fancies it possible to reign at once in Petersburg and in Calcutta. That Russia, while she is threatened and badgered by British Jingoism should be inclined to take possession of points of vantage is not unnatural: England has in the same manner tried to make a bastion and a sally-port of Afghanistan. But it is not to British India that the aspirations of Russia point; they point to a free passage through the Dardanelles into the Mediterranean. This is her constant mark, and the fixed object of her desire. It is an aim perfectly natural, since every great empire must crave for access to an open sea; and being natural, it is sure to be pursued with a tenacity which must in the end triumph over all the artificial and temporary combinations formed by the jealousy of other powers. Into the Mediterranean Russia will infallibly make her way; the only question is whether she shall appear there as the friend or the enemy of England. Jingoism does its best to determine that she shall appear as an enemy of England, and as the future ally of France in any complication which may arise; but there is no reason in the nature of things why she should not appear as the best of friends.

MR. HALL's treatise on Ireland has not yet come into our hands. But unless English journals mistake its import or over-estimate its importance, it strongly confirms that view of the Irish question which has found expression in these papers. Mr. Hall, it seems, maintains, as the "Bystander" has always maintained, that the island is incapable of affording a decent livelihood to a large population. Owing to the wetness of the climate it is not well suited even to the growth of the potato. It is fit only for cattle breeding and for the production of butter and cheese. When, in such a country, population multiplies recklessly and thriftlessly, suffering and, if the potato fails, famine, is the inevitable result. The political institutions are no more responsible for the destitution and the barbarism than they are for the rainfall, nor would any alteration that could be made in them remove, or materially help to remove, the root of the evil. Nothing will remove the root of the evil but the conversion of the land to its proper uses, and the departure of the population which now starves upon it to some country where it can find bread and the means of civilized existence. To say that the Government organizes the famines is the mere delirium of hatred. Political incendiarism simply aggravates the sufferings of the people by turning them from industry, by repelling the application of the economical remedy, and by rendering all property insecure and preventing the investment of capital and the development of such resources as the island really possesses. It is in the lulls of political agitation that Irish wealth has increased and the island has enjoyed a measure of prosperity.

Politicians, even such politicians as Mr. Gladstone, are apt to look too much to the political, too little to the economical side of things. If Mr. Hall and those who hold the same opinion as to the nature and capabilities of Irish land are right, all legislation which tends, as the recent legislation does, to multiply small freeholds, and to fix the population to the soil, is certain to make matters worse. If all the land were equally divided among the people to-morrow, and they were left to themselves, in a few years the result would be a famine. Mr. Hall seems also to have confirmed the view constantly put forth in these papers, that the Southern or Celtic, or Catholic Irishman—let people choose which term they will—is not a farmer. In Ireland he clings to the land because it is his only means of subsistence, but when he comes to this continent his land-hunger deserts him, and he either cleaves to the cities or takes employment with a body of his fellow-clansmen on a railroad or in a mine. Some Southern Irishmen are now taking up the abandoned farms of New England, but, as a rule, when you hear of an Irish farmer he is likely to be a Protestant and a man of Scottish blood from the North of Ireland. A Southern Irishman has rarely tilled twenty acres or had anything to do with machinery. By industrial training under a happier star, if priests and demagogues will let him alone, he will become a farmer and everything else that his friends can desire; but there is no use in saying that he is at present that which he is not, or in dealing with him on any hypothesis which is not supported by the facts.

THE *Saturday Review*, which is now a fair representative of old fashioned Toryism, says that "Tories who are alarmed at, and Radicals who rejoice over, the Tory democratic speeches of Lord Randolph Churchill commit a double mistake; in the first place they take Lord Randolph for a serious political thinker, and in the second place they forget the immense difference between the conduct appropriate to a partisan pure and simple, as Lord Randolph now is, in opposition and in power. Tory democracy is perhaps a useful battle cry in Opposition; on that point it is not necessary to pronounce any opinion. But, independently of the fact that no one has yet succeeded in discovering what it means, there is another very simple fact which makes it pretty certain that so clever a man as Lord Randolph Churchill will have the good sense not to adopt Tory Democracy when he reaches Downing Street. The word may in itself have all the blessedness of Mesopotamia. But, it is quite certain that at least a large section of the Tory party will have nothing to do with the Democracy, and that nearly the whole Liberal party will have nothing to do with the Toryism." Cynical as the suggestion as to Lord Randolph's probable course is, it is fully borne out by his own published avowal that in politics the aim should be victory, no matter by what means it may be obtained, and that moralists should be left to prate as they choose. Lord Randolph and his train have shown themselves just as willing to enter into league with Disunion as with Radicalism. The net result is that the House of Commons, torn by unscrupulous factions, is fast becoming again the chaos which its despairing leader said it was before the recent changes. It has almost ceased to be an organ of national deliberation. Female suffrage, peasant proprietorship, abolition of vaccination or anything else, may be carried by a coalition of Tories and Parnellites with ultra-Radicals, simply to embarrass the Government. The absence of a really able and honourable Conservative leader at this moment is one of the greatest disasters in the Parliamentary history of England. The place which such a man should fill is filled either by miserable incompetence or by faction and greed of office, which are ready not only to league with revolution but to grasp the hand of treason.

It was to be expected that the dynamite explosions in England would cause a protest to be addressed to the Government of the United States. Americans can hardly doubt that they would remonstrate, and loudly, in a like case. Any representation coming from Lord Granville is sure to be made with perfect courtesy, and with an intelligent sense of what are euphemistically called the difficulties of the American Government on the eve of a Presidential election. It is not likely that much good will be done. The Federal Government, even if it were itself free from the fear of the Irish vote, is unable to control the legislation of the States, and if anything came into Court there would be sure to be on the jury either an Irishman or some one under Irish influence. Yet silence on the part of the British Government would have been a betrayal of the interests of civilization, and at the same time an implied insult to American honour. Apart from international obligations, the people of the United States, and of the continent generally, can no longer afford to leave the question of morality undecided. It is impossible to doubt what the effect will be of allowing murder, and murder of the vilest kind, to be openly organized and promoted by public subscription. Already impunity for murderers

has been carried so far as to lead to an outbreak at Cincinnati, while in some States, such as Kentucky, no practical security for human life exists. If it were forgery or the counterfeiting of bank bills which was being openly advocated, and for which subscriptions were being taken up, all the world would see the necessity of suppression, as all the world sees the necessity of preventing the dissemination of licentiousness through the mails. It is only the pretence of a political motive that misleads opinion in the case of dynamite. The motive of most of these miscreants is as mercenary as that of any forger or counterfeiter; their objects being, by making a sensation, to cause the subscriptions to flow in. But the crime once licensed and rendered familiar, the sanctity of human life once openly set at naught, limitations on the ground of motive will become precarious, and a reign of assassination may ensue.

THE poor Salvation Army is falling into the clutches of the law. It clearly cannot be allowed to block the streets with its processions, or to frighten horses with its drums and flags. Much, also, of what its enemies say against it on more essential grounds is true; and the probability is that in this, as in other cases, the transport of enthusiasm will pass away and that of the momentary conversions and reforms few traces will be left, while moral exhaustion and languor are too likely to ensue. Such has been the general result of these movements, of which many a one with its shouting preachers and its train of demonstrative devotees passes across the page of history. But, those who believe in religion at all, will, perhaps, temper their censure and will certainly restrain their mockery. It is highly probable that phenomena such as would be very uncongenial to the educated and refined Christianity of the present day attended the first preaching of the Gospel to the poor; and that an assembly of early Christians gathered in some upper chamber to hear the words of Paul, if our eyes could look back upon it across the gulf of ages, would seem to us hardly less strange or grotesque than the march of the Salvation Army through the streets. Two distinctive features of Christianity, at all events, the Salvation Army retains. Unlike Socialism and Nihilism, it sets to work to improve the world by self-reform, not by revolution, and unlike Socialism and Nihilism, it preaches not hatred but good will to men. The highly cultivated apostle of Communistic anarchy, M. Elisée Reclus, proposes to open his new era with a moderate number of murders.

A BYSTANDER.

#### HERE AND THERE.

"WITHOUT incurring the imputation of prejudice and partiality," says the ably conducted *Canada Presbyterian*, in an editorial on the just-concluded General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, "it may with modesty be claimed that Presbyterianism in Canada is advancing not only in numbers and resources, but in spiritual power and influence. Each successive Assembly marks a gain in prosperity, and in greater working efficiency. In almost all that pertains to the more important departments of Christian activity and usefulness, the reports submitted to the present General Assembly show abundant cause for gratitude. The blessings experienced afford additional incentives to renewed consecration and still greater devotedness." Commenting upon the changes which, in common with most other institutions, the "Ecclesiastical Parliament" has undergone since its first session in 1870, our contemporary points out with satisfaction that "old dividing lines are no more, and the union is in all respects a happy reality. Another perceptible change is noted in the manner of transacting business. Long and elaborate speeches are no longer heard. Debates are less eloquent, but far more practical and to the point. There is, however, no change in the sturdy independence of personal conviction and manly adhesion to the true principle of Presbyterian parity. As the years go by there is less and less disposition to tolerate the formation of clerical or other cliques in the management of affairs. The spirit of independence and fairness is too strong for that." In face of the voluminous reports given in the Toronto dailies, and the exhaustive summaries in the columns of the *Presbyterian*, it is obviously unnecessary to make any reference here to the details of work done. To quote once more from our contemporary, "The meetings of the present Assembly have been seasons of enjoyment and profit. The evenings devoted to Home and Foreign Missionary affairs have been widely commented on in the most favourable terms. The arrangements were obviously the result of wise forethought, and were admirably carried out. The delegates who met in St. James' Square Church will retain pleasant memories of the General Assembly of 1884, and the people of Toronto will feel that in entertaining them they have been amply compensated by pleasant and profitable intercourse, new friendships formed and old ones cemented."



THERE were thirty-three failures in Canada reported to Bradstreet's the past week, as compared with fourteen in the preceding week, and with thirty-two, eleven and six in the corresponding weeks of 1883, 1882, and 1881. The same firm report 182 failures in the United States last week, as compared with 148, 130, and 82 respectively, in the corresponding weeks of 1883, 1882, and 1881. About 80 per cent. were those of small traders, whose capital was less than \$5,000.

UNDER the caption, "Reciprocity with Canada," the *Springfield Republican* points out that from 1854 to 1866 some \$229,000,000 worth of Canadian products had gone into the American markets, scarcely half that amount having been bought by Canada from her neighbour. In reply to the assertion that this was evidence against the beneficial effects of reciprocity to the States, our contemporary says, "the same reason would justify an embargo on our foreign trade with many of the nations of the earth." Continuing: "Whether the abrogation of the treaty at that time was wise or not, the condition of things is greatly changed. In 1854 Canada was a free trade country, but now the Canadian tariff falls on English importation as it does on ours, and we are in a position to make a bid for the trade of all British North America. It is not the policy of Great Britain to allow the colonies to make reciprocity treaties with the United States, and it was only the other day that Lord Derby said as much to a delegation of British West India traders who asked the home government to make for them the terms contemplated in the pending reciprocity treaty between the United States and Cuba. But there is a difference between Jamaica and Canada. The latter is not under leading-strings. She puts on a tariff against the home country, and when the sentiment for a reciprocity regulation is undeniable in Canada, she will doubtless be allowed to have her own way. With us reciprocity is a proper means of increasing our market, if it cannot even be called a preparatory step toward free trade. We have made our treaty with Mexico; we are likely to do the same with Cuba, and now Canada wishes it."

"THERE are a few hardworking, patient, and inoffensive Chinamen working in and around Montreal," says the *Shareholder*. "It is difficult, however, for them to live here. Their enemies are the same class of brow-beating scoundrels that hanged negroes to the lamp-posts in New York and prevented them obtaining work because of their colour, although crying for freedom at home and in their dynamite clubs in New York. It is the same class of villains that ever and anon seek their vengeance on two or three poor Chinamen, who are anxious, in a free country, so-called, to work for their living—for what reason no one can explain. They own no stocks—have little or no money beyond the wants of the day. That they should be so maltreated, and then badly protected by the magistrates, is a disgrace to the Dominion of Canada. Far better to be a heathen Chinese than such so-called Christians." Amen!

DR. MACAULAY, the editor of *Leisure Hour*, has just published in volume a reprint of papers that had appeared in his magazine descriptive of America. He has called the book "Across the Ferry," and though it is overloaded with statistics, it is the most favourable description of America given to the world of late. The interest felt in England in all that relates to this continent seems to be increasing. It says a good deal for the Americans that they enjoyed Lord Coleridge's candid speeches. He told them that it was not their colossal fortunes that interested him—he could see them at home. It was not the size, or force, or strength of their nation that impressed him. That England, Greece, Holland, occupying so little of the world's area, had affected the destinies of mankind was more amazing than that America should have done so. Frank speech like this, which was courteous as well as frank, found an echo among enlightened Americans. Less agreeable were the comments of Mr. Matthew Arnold. Mr. Arnold resisted the interviewer. If he had anything to say about America he declined to say it through that medium. But he hit out palpably enough at the essential spirit of the American institutions, and indeed, of the American Constitution. The most popular visitor to America by far is a man of a widely different type. Mr. Irving's personality is eminently attractive. Mr. Irving did not go to America as a philosopher having a message, or as a prophet having no better desire than to travel from the modern Dan to Beersheba and cry out "All is barren!" He went out as a public entertainer, and has added to the sufficient lustre of a name that has perhaps no equal in the annals of his profession, and he has taken the best part of one hundred thousand pounds sterling of the money of the Americans. His book is naturally being read with a good deal of interest. Dr. Macaulay can hardly be said to have seen anything that tells against America. He finds less drunkenness and

more religion than he does in England. He was witness to less misery among the poor, more comfort amongst the middle classes. He thinks the intellectual life of the country, active, earnest and honest. To put it in a word, he is in all but complete sympathy with the dominant spirit of American life. He could not see in New York apparently, streets dangerous to foot passengers, houses rendered unsightly by forests of telegraph poles or uninhabitable from the scream of the overhead engine, does not object to pay five dollars a day for board, and is oblivious of the evil doings of the interviewer. But for the "popish" aspect of American life, Dr. Macaulay would appear to think it as near perfection as anything he knows.

BARON TENNYSON and Matthew Arnold have joined the movement for international authors' copyright, and the American Authors' League will, says the *New York Nation*, no doubt "welcome their offer of alliance. The battle, however, will have to be fought out on American ground, and must be lost or won at Washington. English authors' motives are always suspected by a large number of Congressmen, who, on hearing that Tennyson and Arnold are in favour of protecting authors' rights, will only be hugely delighted, and point to the fact as additional evidence of the corrupt designs of all English advocates of copyright."

It is now said to be practically settled that when Lord Ripon goes back to England and is made a duke, Lord Lorne will go out to succeed him. At one time the Viceroyalty of India was thought Lord Dufferin's *bonne bouche*, but the influences in favour of Lord Lorne, which everybody can understand, were too powerful to be resisted—especially since the Duke of Connaught being in India the Princess Louise wishes to be there at the same time. Lord Ripon has still some time to serve, but having used up his power as a reformer over the Ilbert Bill, he may come home at any moment. Lord Lorne, as his successor, would at once revive the popularity of the Viceroyalty, and the visit of the Princess Louise would probably have good results on native feeling. But it is a pity that the greatest Governor-General of our day should spend all his time in keeping a foolish Sultan from acting foolishly. Lord Dufferin was an ideal Governor-General of Canada. He would make an ideal Viceroy of India.

THE preparations for an expedition to be despatched to Egypt in case General Gordon should require military assistance are being pushed forward vigorously in England, though the Government decline to be "drawn" as to details. Everything goes to show that, however wise or otherwise the policy of the government has been, Mr. Gladstone and General Gordon have been in perfect accord on all material points, the bellowings of the Jingo to the contrary notwithstanding. The Government have re-affirmed their determination not to attempt a permanent occupation of Egypt, and a basis of agreement is said to have been arranged for the conference. Mr. Forster's attack upon the Government's Egyptian policy seems to have been of so virulent a character as to justify him being spoken of as *un homme fini*, and would appear to render it impossible for the Premier again to speak of him as "my honourable friend." The Bradford Liberal Four Hundred probably exceeded their duty in calling their member so severely to task for his attack on Mr. Gladstone, it being impossible for Mr. Forster to accept the rôle of delegate of any constituency; but he was so utterly regardless of party exigencies—an unpardonable offence in an ex-cabinet minister—that he will probably forfeit his seat as a penalty at the next election. When a malcontent Liberal is not content to criticise his chief's policy, but must needs challenge the whole party by endeavouring to put in their opponents, the Liberals have as much right to complain as a general would have if one of his men turned round and fired at him instead of the enemy. The position is justly, if somewhat brusquely, summed up by a London weekly: "Because a Liberal member does not agree with the Egyptian policy of the Government, that is no reason he should turn round and fire a broadside into the ministerial ranks. On such a distinct issue as a vote of censure Liberals have a right to remonstrate with those who betray their trust. No one has yet come forward to champion Judas Iscariot on the plea that he might conscientiously have objected to some portion of his chief's programme. But had he lived in these later days he would have had at least a dozen leading articles written to show what a very honourable and patriotic person he really was."

WHY anything that Mr. Biggar said, on any subject, should be cable-gramed is a mystery. Yet Monday's papers contained a long telegraphic account of what that Irish member thought of the Nationalist and Orange meetings in Ireland, which resulted in a collision. Mr. Biggar is an ignorant nonentity whose sole reputation consists in being a malignant

obstructive, and whose prominent personal characteristic is a total disregard of all Parliamentary decencies. Mr. Biggar's statement that Lord Spencer first devised Orange demonstrations in order that he might afterwards prohibit both them and Nationalist meetings is characteristic of this undesirable firebrand. Irish Lord-Lieutenants are not in the habit of looking for excuses to perform their duties. The member for Cavan's prophecy that "the Nationalists will hold their meeting at Newry, and it is safe to guarantee there will be no trouble" was immediately falsified; for the next cablegram brought news that "on the return of the Nationalists from the meeting they threw stones and broke the windows of the Orange Hall."

BARON ST. LEONARDS, the hereditary peer whose career has been so sharply ended, is not exactly in the heyday of youth. He is thirty-seven years of age. He is the grandson of a Lord Chancellor, is married, and has a daughter. His wife is a Dashwood, and belongs to the Dashwoods of Kirklington. His daughter is only six years of age. His sister-in-law is a daughter of Lord Hawarden. With all his advantages he has done nothing worthy of his name, nothing which justifies his rank. His grandfather, whom he succeeded in 1875, chose for his motto *Labore vincit*. Lord St. Leonards has not laboured, and the conquests he seeks have landed him in the box as a convicted misdemeanant. Truly the peerage is in an evil plight. It was Lord Euston the other day. Last month another heir to the peerage ganged his ain gait before he was twenty-one. And now Lord St. Leonards brings upon the aristocracy fresh degradation. It is no wonder that Mr. Chamberlain anticipates with confidence the struggle which will bring the hereditary branch of the Legislature before the tribunal of the country for its fate to be decided.

OSCAR WILDE, the apostle of marrowless "floppiness" and bilious art has once again rendered himself supremely ridiculous by writing—after five days' experience of matrimony!—a silly and thoroughly characteristic letter in which he says he is "not disappointed in married life." His undaunted spirit will, he feels confident, enable him to sustain its labours and its anxieties, and he sees in his new relations an opportunity of realizing a poetical conception which he has long entertained. He says that Lord Beaconsfield taught the Peers of England a new style of oratory, and similarly he intends to set an example of the pervading influence of art in matrimony. Surely the force of irony could no further go. And so the sun-flower worshipper who went up like a rocket has met the fate of all such pyrotechnics—has come down like a stick, and a very poor stick, too.

BALACLAVA seems likely in future years to be remarkable not only for the famous Light Cavalry charge, but as a fashionable resort for invalids. According to a report just issued by Vice-Consul Harford on the trade of Sebastopol, a medical commission which visited Balaclava a short time ago has reported very favourably on its climate, and specially eulogised its sheltered position. An enterprising Frenchman has already resolved to utilise the sardine fishery, and has established large buildings. What is still more important as a factor for developing its resources, though not, we should have thought, as a place of fashionable resort, is that coal has been discovered in the neighbourhood. Consul Harford discusses in his report the derivation of the name of Balaclava, which many historians have attributed to a corruption of Palakion, one of the fortresses said to have been built by the Scythian king of Scylurus; while others say that Bella Clava (fine port) is the real origin of the word.

A SINGULAR story of a salmon's persistent attachment comes from the the Fowey. Some time ago a gentleman, fishing with a trout fly, hooked and lost a salmon, which he judged to be about eight or nine pounds. A week later he came again with a friend, who used an artificial minnow; and the friend hooked in the same spot what was judged to be the same salmon. While he was playing it, another salmon, about sixteen pounds, joined the hooked one, and to all appearance made great efforts to release the captive by plunging on to the gut, &c. When the smaller fish appeared beaten and was hauled into shallow water the big friend followed, and the other gentleman, to prevent an accident, walked in, and with the greatest ease took it out with his landing net. He put an elastic band around it and took it to the next pool, where, after a few moments' hesitation, it sailed off. The editor of *The Field*, commenting on this says:—"The question of attachment in fishes is an open one, offering a wide range for the imagination. We have seen other fish, in sea and fresh water, follow a captive comrade in the same way as that described above. Their motive we never quite made out."

WITH the departure of the stately graces and formal politeness of the old school from Society went several social arts which have hardly been replaced by any modern accomplishments. To turn a compliment neatly, to hand a lady to her carriage, or assist her to mount her horse gracefully, to tell a good story, or to read well a poem to a roomful of cultivated listeners, are among the arts not lost, perhaps, but certainly mislaid, in these piping, active times of ours. It was considered essential in our grandfathers' days, that the young men should be taught these graceful nothings and arts of a polite education of a gentleman; and those of us who have had the good fortune to know a survivor of that well-bred generation, have been charmed, perhaps, with that ease of manner and courteous consideration for the feelings of others, which are as rare now as rich family heirlooms or real antiques. To rise a step higher; the art of conversation—how uncommon it is! How few men, even of abundant leisure, care to cultivate the talents required to make a good talker; to refine the voice and the manner of using it; to read discriminately; to polish the stock-in-trade of language, and add to it with taste and care. Verily, the telegraph and telephone are making of us mere automata, which jerk out certain syllables ad infinitum.

#### AN INTERREGNUM IN LITERATURE.

ATTENTION is beginning to be directed to the present-day dearth of original creative work in literature, and to the fact that while our great writers are passing away there are few, especially among the masters of fiction and of song, to fill with acceptance their vacant places. At successive periods we must, of course, naturally look for the ebb and flow of the literary tide, as the world is orphaned by the hushing of its melodious voices, and again sired by the coming of new aspirants for literary honour and historic fame. But while the natural order has sway, and the old yields to the new, the fresh material, it is held, is inferior in quality and lacks the vigour and power characteristic of that which it supplants. Even to the unreflecting reader of contemporary literature this fact is beginning to be realized—that while the area under cultivation is greater than ever, the literary harvests for years have been poor, and the indications for the near coming time are not rich in promise. There is ceaseless literary activity, and this in all departments of human thought; but its results are those of study and research rather than of original creative work. The *London Spectator*, referring recently to the present lull in English literary history, speaks of the attitude of the reading world of the time as "standing by to watch one of those intervals which divide literary periods, and give second-rate men their long-hoped-for chance." The journal goes on to remark that "the lull in the production of first-class fiction, and indeed of good literature generally, is very striking." "Nobody," it affirms, "gives us *enchaining* books,—above all, *enchaining* fictions." That this is true few who recognize the force of the adjective "*enchaining*" will gainsay. There is the usual quantum of entertaining, and often clever, novels, ingenious in plot, skilful in dialogue, and wonderfully, often painfully, elaborate in analysis of motive and character. But of books that "*enchain*," that fasten themselves on all the faculties of the mind, and leave a never-to-be-forgotten, never-escaped-from impress on the memory, there are notably few, and the sum of them will make but a small addition to the permanent literature of British fiction.

What is true of the eminent writers of fiction is also true of the great masters of song. The latter have passed, or are passing, away, and there are few to replace them who either move us by their genius or entrance us with their art. There are always the ninety and nine thousand, of course, who are forever twanging the lyric harp and affect to live apart from the soiling influences of a sordid world. But their harp-twangings are as mechanical as their lives are commonplace, and the divine art is enriched by little that is worthy of their would-be epic life. Even the art of political squibbing, someone reminds us, has disappeared; and our political literature in general, with not a little that claims to be religious, is far from allaying one's moral anxiety. Whatever poetry has done or is doing for the age, it only fitfully refreshes and but feebly inspires the world.

It would be untrue to say that there is little of the poetry of the time that is not marked by high excellence, though not perhaps by genius. There are writers of verse among the modern literary men of England, particularly of the critical school, whose literary faculty enables them with faultless art to construct a sonnet, or give soul and beauty to a lyric, as it enables them to write a literary monograph or a critical dissertation on some notable period of English prose. But the work wrought by minds gifted with that supreme endowment of nature which we call genius is in the present age rare, not alone in song, but in the great undertakings in prose such as have marked the path of English literary history for the past three

centuries. In the field of science, and occasionally in that of religious philosophy, we have had writers who if they have not sung in verse have, like Huxley, Tyndall, and Darwin, given us poems in prose. But in the department of literature proper there have been few great achievements; and the writers are not looming up who seem capable of giving to their time any work of signal and sustained excellence. Each age, it is true, has its own literary characteristics, and it is futile to say that we have no modern Shakespeare or Milton, Bacon or Gibbon. In the early decades of the present century we had what some venture to speak of as their equivalents in rank; and, later still, England has produced at least three novelists who, manifestly, were gifted with something more than a good working stock of literary talent. They had the power, in an especial degree, of commanding the reader's attention, and of interesting countless thousands of the world over in their creative work. It is further urged that the counterparts of Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot are still with us, and that, if it is unsafe as well as invidious to name them, it is because they are our contemporaries and the judgment of the world has not as yet graven their names on the scroll of fame. Moreover, we are reminded that their work is not yet done, and no fair appraisal can be made of their talents or of the place they are likely to hold in literature. But to argue thus is special pleading; and to put forward names as the modern equivalents of the master-minds of the past would be to invite reflection on one's literary judgment. What can be safely done is to point to quantity rather than to quality—to industry and wide-spread dissemination of literary taste and talent, as the characteristic of the age, rather than to the employment of these in any works of great imaginative power and creative genius. The era is a critical rather than a constructive one—an informing, revising, and gathering-up age, rather than a fashioning, quickening, and inspiring one. The literary men of the time are, in the main, book-makers. They are compilers, adapters, re-issuers—doing eminent service, it is to be admitted, in making literature attractive to the masses, and apt in chopping up the feed to suit the varied conditions of the mental teeth and digestion. Too often, it is to be regretted however, they put the commerce of literature before their art, and, at the instance of greedy publishers, impair their reputation by continuing to quarry in worked-out veins, or in employing their pens in scattering and ephemeral labour. This literary diffusiveness, in many instances, prevents that concentration of thought and energy necessary to the undertaking of any gigantic enterprise, and drains their work of the strength that might otherwise mark it. Hence come the literary poverty of the time, and the dearth of productions that fire heart and brain and make the period rich in its intellectual possessions.

On this side the Atlantic the literary interregnum is explained by causes other than those which operate in the Old World. In fiction-writing, our neighbours to the south of us are making an effort to pluck the laurels from English brows; but their authors are heavily handicapped by the absence of international copyright, and by the competition of the pirated foreign novel. Outraged national justice is thus, in some measure, avenged. But a more serious drawback is that from which we also suffer in Canada, to the detriment both of novel-writing and of every form of intellectual work, viz. the dissipation of time and brain in the reading of newspapers, and the absorption of every faculty of the mind in business. With commercial men, notably, there is no interval for intellectual enjoyment and refreshment; and even the professional classes seem to be losing their poetic sensibilities and becoming indifferent to the claims of culture. In Canada, in addition to this, there is, in the ebbing out of national spirit, a growing intellectual callousness, and a deadening of interest in the things that make for the nation's higher life. Native literature, with nothing to encourage it, is fast losing the power to arrest attention and is perceptibly dying of inanition. In higher education the sympathies of our people are only languidly engaged; and but for denominational pride our universities would be in danger of becoming extinct. Journalism of a certain kind flourishes, but the newspaper, as an engine of culture and a vehicle of independent critical thought, can hardly be said to exist. This may seem a severe indictment of the country's intellectual status, but it is justified by a quarter of a century's observation of facts on the part of the present writer, and by close contact with those who have long striven to make of the desert a watered plain. The commerce of literature has the same depressing story to tell. The testimony of the British and American publishers to the serious falling away, both in volume and character, of the exports to Canada, emphasises the decline of literary interest in the country; and the native wholesale houses confirm the fact by the decay of the better-class book trade. Ask a bookseller, in even one of the larger towns of the Dominion, to compute the number of men who locally devote their leisure to serious reading, and he will count them on his thumbs. Nor is immigration appreciably helping to recruit the

dwindling numbers of the cultured class in the community. Want of means and the imperious call to labour for daily bread shut out many from living an intellectual life; and the Government tax on literature, which makes many books an unindulged luxury to the student, is far from smoothing the path of intellectual advancement. The colonial status, and the anomalies of the literary copyright law, which surrender the native book-market to the American publisher, are further serious obstacles to literary progress. To what extent our public men are noting these facts, and are making effort to stay the literary decadence of the country, it is for the patriotic among them to say. If only a few of them will now and then forget the party interests that engross them, and give thought to the things that are more than food and raiment, or the profane equivalents of power and place, the nation may regain what years of political scuffling and absorbing interest in small issues have caused it to lose, and we may see the literary interregnum in Canada, at least, bridged over with honour and with profit. No one wants political intrigue, still less its peculiar morals, transferred to literature; but if literature could have a little of the stimulus which the material concerns of the Dominion have gained from political force, it would be well for our intellectual life and for the dependency we would fain call the nation.

G. MERCER ADAM.

#### VESTIGES OF THE NATURAL HISTORY OF CREATION.

FORTY years ago some considerable sensation was created, alike in the Scientific and Theological arenas, by the anonymous appearance of "The Vestiges of Creation," which aimed at displacing the theories of Lamarck by a doctrine of universal law accounting for the natural origin of life. The ordinary phenomena of reproduction was assumed as the key to the genesis of species; the passage from the inorganic to the organic was supposed to find satisfactory illustration from organic Chemistry; and the doctrine of progressive development was made the foundation of the hypothetical history of Creation.

The work is now regarded as one which, notwithstanding crude errors and fancies, had its influence in preparing the way for the reception of Darwin's system of evolution. It attracted no little attention when published; passed through numerous editions; and was bitterly assailed, alike by scientific men and theologians, as well as by the class of theosophic students of science, such as Hugh Miller, Professor McCosh, and Dr. Hitchcock. The distinguished geologist, Professor Sedgwick, attacked it in the *Edinburgh Review*; Dr. George Wilson offered like objections from his point of view as a chemist, in the *British Quarterly*; and, indeed, the anonymous author, in the preface to his tenth edition, referring to the obloquy poured on him from many sources, adds that it had not found a single declared adherent. No wonder that a book so very popular, and yet so utterly in disfavour, should excite some curiosity as to its authorship. Who was this nameless writer?

The mystery was well maintained; yet from an early date the name of Robert Chambers has been associated with it; and it is amusing now to recall the fact that his supposed share in its production actually led to his rejection, when on the eve of being elected Lord Provost of Edinburgh. Probably in no other city in the world could such a civic discomfiture have occurred. Is it within the range of wildest fancy to conceive of a candidate for the civic chair of Toronto rejected as Mayor because of his authorship of a scientific hypothesis of Creation? The author did, on that occasion, strain the ethical rights of anonymous authorship in keeping his secret; and it was long a current theory that Dr. Nichol the Astronomer, and Dr. Samuel Brown the Chemist, were co-labourers with Dr. Chambers, and so enabled any, or all, of them to disclaim responsibility of authorship. The secret, however, was an open one among men of science. We well remember at the dinner table of Dr. Keith Johnston, during the meeting of the British Association at Edinburgh in 1850, Professor Carpenter of University College, London, describing his correspondence with the anonymous author, and recognising the female hand in which the response had been written, in a friendly note from Mrs. Robert Chambers apologising for her husband's inability to accept a dinner invitation. Dr. Chambers, when challenged on the basis of this new "evidence of creation," put it off with the remark that "all ladies' hand-writing is alike"; but soon after, the appearance of an edition of the "Vestiges" edited by Dr. Carpenter showed that he had been admitted within the veil.

Years ago Dr. Robert Chambers died, ripe in years, and esteemed and loved by all who personally knew him. His brother William became his biographer; and only last year he, too, died, within a couple of days of the opening of the restored cathedral church of St. Giles' at Edinburgh, on which he had expended upwards of £25,000, sterling. Had he lived only two more days he was to have become Sir William Chambers, Bart. The

well-kept secret might better have so remained, for the verdict of Darwin on the crude science of the "Vestiges" accords with that of older critics; and if its author still lived, he would doubtless have persisted in withholding his name. But the firm in which the author's son has succeeded to the control has issued a new edition "with introduction, admitting the authorship, and revealing the circumstances under which it was written." Professor Masson of Edinburgh University, who in earlier years was the editor of *Chambers' Journal*, gave tolerably clear hints to the same effect years ago. But now we learn from the principal agent, Mr. Ireland, that the manuscript, transcribed as we presume by the fair hand of the correspondent already referred to, was forwarded to him at Manchester; and by him transmitted to Mr. John Churchill, the London publisher; proofs passed and repassed through the same intermediary channel; and the like course was pursued through nine successive editions.

It is curious to realize all that was involved in this literary mystery. The writer talked over the subject with Dr. William Chambers, during a visit to Glenormiston, in 1882. The mystery was not formally disclosed; but the surviving brother noted the very practical issue that, if the mere suspicion of authorship of a work of unorthodox science was an effectual bar to the Civic Chair of the Scottish metropolis, its open avowal would have been ruinous to a popular Edinburgh publishing firm. But the "Vestiges" is now an extinct volcano. All its fires are burnt out; and such is the revolution in public opinion, that the younger generation of publishers find it for their interest to kindle up one more eruption by this disclosure of the old open secret. It is not in politics only that men find themselves hampered in free impartial discussion. It was a rash thing, as Galileo found, to say that the earth moved; and he formally disavowed the heresy. When Copernicus had like truths to tell he put them in mystic disguise for the esoteric few. Dr. Robert Chambers believed that he, too, had truths to tell, which could only be safely uttered from behind a mask impenetrable as that of "Junius." With him, too, it was the theological, more than the scientific, heresy of his teachings that impelled him to wear the mask. As to the science of the "Vestiges," much of it is already obsolete; but the book retains a historical interest as one of the forerunners of Darwin, with its discussions on geological and geographical distribution; on mental capacity in the lower animals; and other points provoking comparison with the marvellous combinations of evidence and the clear inductive reasoning of the great naturalist in his chapters on the origin of species.

D. W.

#### GABRIEL MAX'S GREAT PICTURE.

HAVING taken advantage of a recent trip to Hamilton to pay a visit to the fine Art Loan Exhibition at St. Paul's Church in that city, which included the picture of "The Raising of Jairus' Daughter," by Gabriel Max, the Bohemian painter, which is to be exhibited in Toronto on and after the 10th inst., a brief description of this picture may not be without interest to your readers. So far as my knowledge extends, the work is by far the greatest ever seen in Canada. Duncanson's "Land of the Lotus Eaters," exhibited in Toronto some twenty years ago, though a noble work, would not bear a moment's comparison with that of Gabriel Max. Indeed, though I am familiar with the finest pictures in many of the great galleries in England, I can call to mind none which is at once so moving, so thrilling, and so awe-inspiring as this work of the great Bohemian artist. Its only fault is its title—"The Raising of Jairus' Daughter"—a description quite unwarranted by the biblical narrative, being in fact merely a chapter-heading foisted into the original text in utter defiance of the words of Jesus, who expressly says, "She is not dead, but sleepeth." Why language so plain should be tortured out of its natural meaning is something which passes an ordinary man's comprehension.

The scene of the picture is laid in a vaulted chamber lighted from above. The painter has followed the narrative of Matthew rather than the versions of Mark and Luke, and the sole figures are the unconscious girl and Jesus Christ. The girl lies on a couch; the white covering has been cast back, throwing, with the help of the light, her figure into strong, but not too strong, relief. Jesus is seated on the edge of the bed, in profile, gazing steadfastly at the face of the girl, and holding her right hand lightly but tenderly with his left, having apparently just uttered the words *Talitha cumi*, "Maiden, arise." De Quincey, in his remarkable little monograph on "The Knocking at the gate in Macbeth," profoundly remarks that in the case of the fainting fit of a wife or daughter or sister, the most affecting moment is that in which a sigh and a stirring announce the recommencement of suspended life; and from personal experience I can testify that the same thing is true of the unconsciousness produced by chloroform for the purposes of a surgical operation. Gabriel Max, with the sure instinct of genius, has chosen such a supreme moment for the

subject of his picture. The spectator can almost see the slight quivering of the eyelid and the faint roseate flushing of the cheek which announce the first feeble beginnings of reawakening consciousness. The figure of the young girl, being thrown into strong relief, and painted with exquisite and pathetic beauty, is naturally the most immediately striking thing in the picture. The greatest triumph of the artist, however, because the difficulty to overcome was far greater, is in the figure of Jesus. This is not striking at all, and its wonderful power of noble and pathetic dignity only grows on one after long and searching scrutiny.

If failure be a test of difficulty, the personality of Jesus Christ is about the most difficult subject with which a painter can grapple. In the wonderful "Ecce Homo" of Corregio, for instance, the aspect of Jesus's character presented is very far from being the highest, namely, his patient endurance of mere physical suffering, an attribute in which he has been rivalled by many a stoical American Indian. Among modern painters, the Jesus of Gustave Doré and the Jesus of Holman Hunt, unlike as they are, are equally unsatisfactory. The Jesus of both these artists is a *poseur*. The French painter, as for instance in his "Christ entering the Pretorium," loves to present Jesus posing with an air and with the surroundings of theatrical pomp, an attitude which, besides being historically false, is quite out of keeping with the meek and lowly Jesus of the synoptic gospels. The Jesus of Holman Hunt, as presented in his pictures of "The Light of the World" and "The Shadow of Death," is effeminate, morbidly self-conscious, and, in the latter picture at least, touched with an air of spiritual priggishness. There is about him something of the mawkish and affected æstheticism of the pre-Raphaelite school, which has found its latest expression in the lank and unhealthy sea-green females of the Dante Rossetti and Burne-Jones type. One can quite understand the feeling of the English critic who pronounced "The Shadow of Death" the most morbid and repulsive picture he ever looked at.

The Jesus of Gabriel Max's picture is absolutely free from any taint of morbidity. About him there is not the faintest trace of self-consciousness, nothing effeminate, nothing even epicene. He is emphatically a *man*. He is thoroughly human, and it is pre-eminently, though not solely, the human side of his nature which is presented. He is the beloved physician, the great consoler, the man of sorrows, sympathising with human griefs, and yearning with infinite love and compassion to assuage them. The Jesus of Gabriel Max is all this and he is something more; and in depicting, or rather suggesting, this additional something, the painter has achieved his greatest triumph. Without resorting to any of the customary devices to indicate a divine presence, such as added stature, or majestic mien, or a halo of glory round the head, the painter has succeeded in investing the figure of Jesus with a quite indescribable air of divinity. So vague, so indefinable is this impress of the superhuman, that the spectator is in doubt whether it is in the picture itself, or whether it is merely a creation of his own mind due to the well-known law of association—whether, in short, it is objective or merely subjective. No matter what its origin, the fact that it unquestionably exists is sufficient for the purposes of the artist.

Goethe, himself one of the greatest critics that ever lived, has told us that the main office of the critic is not to pick flaws, but to discover and point out beauties. In dealing with such a work as that of Gabriel Max the injunction is almost needless. Before it even the most captious criticaster must stand dumb. No one possessed of human sympathies can look at it without the deepest emotion—without feeling his eyes grow dim and a lump rising in his throat. It is a picture which must make an indelible impression upon the heart and brain of every one having a heart to feel and a brain to remember. Emphatically is it a picture which once seen can never be forgotten. Like all great works of art, it appeals to the universal heart. The unlettered rustic, if he cannot analyse, can at least feel its wonderful beauty and power. Like most great works of art, too, its effect is produced by means which are almost bare in their directness and simplicity. So perfectly is the art concealed that the spectator can scarcely realize that he is looking at a picture, and almost imagines that he is witness of the scene itself. The first glance at it sends a thrill through him like that produced by the opening bars of an adagio by Beethoven.

The picture is the property of Mr. G. A. Drummond, of Montreal, having been purchased for the sum of \$16,000. It is quite safe to prophesy, however, that in fifty years it will be worth five or ten times that sum. To Mr. Drummond the thanks of all Canadians are due for having brought such a work into the country, and given them the privilege of seeing for once in their lives what a really great painting is. Keats has told us that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever; its loveliness increases;" and it will be for Canadians to see that their country, having acquired so priceless a gem, never again parts with its possession.



In Hamilton, the effect of the picture was enhanced by exhibiting it by itself, apart from the rest of the collection, in a darkened room, and in the "dim religious light" of oil lamps reflected on to it from above. It is to be hoped that a similar happy device will be adopted in Toronto.

ART CRITIC.

### THE EMIGRATION OF YOUNG MEN TO THE UNITED STATES:—A DIFFERENT VIEW.

In stating that the young men of Canada are emigrating in scores to seek fortunes in the bordering country, and that Canada needs a larger field for both professions and trades, "J. H. S." in your issue of May 8th, is simply exposing a weakness of which we are all cognizant. But, patriotism aside, even as a champion of truth, as he tries to be, he might have arrived at a conclusion more favourable to his native country. There is no use denying that Canada is very small compared with the United States; and as long as the efficient population, the manufacturing industries, and commercial interests, are so unequal between the two countries, the emigration of our young men must and will be a thorn in the sides of our political administrators. By the "efficient population" I mean that part of a nation, be it white, black or red, which creates and supplies reciprocal wants and demands. In this respect a labourer at a dollar and a quarter a day is a unit of efficient population, although perhaps an inferior unit, whereas a tribe of savages or a colony of negroes who work only enough to exist rank as zero. Were only the efficient population given in a census, the result between Canada and the United States would be probably in favour of Canada.

Now the field for the professions, and for every civilized industry in which a young man loves to engage, commercial, agricultural or otherwise, widens in almost geometrical proportion to the increase of the efficient population, and all the branches of culture, learning, and luxury bear a direct relation to the wealth or poverty of the same. All that is required in Canada to keep our young men at home is efficient population, and this we hope to obtain by opening out the North-West, and by offering every inducement for the better class of emigrants to settle in the Dominion. To arrange (or augment) the disputes of these new comers, to keep them healthy (?), and to educate them, must in the future form no mean work for the "Young Canadian."

We believe that the present spirit in which our young men emigrate is: (the advantages being equal) "Our own country first, otherwise the States." And what mother country would say to a son of her soil, "Stay here and dig post holes," when her unsurpassed educational system affords him an opportunity to hold perhaps an honourable and lucrative position in the neighbouring State, or possibly to crowd out a weaker Canadian into, we believe, the secondary recourse? We cannot recognize the present state of emigration as exactly deplorable, but look upon it as, although a present strain, an indication of a healthy future when our population shall have advanced sufficiently to afford our young men employment at home. To people a country requires time. Canada is young, and the Government is doing its best. In the interim, would not "J. H. S." himself blame anyone who has reached a high state of training for confining his talents to a narrow field? Is it not just possible that the professions are still overcrowded, as many going as there are? And is it not to the credit of young Canadians that they can and do find good positions by their own exertions, alone amongst aliens, necessarily to the exclusion of as many natives?

We think "J. H. S." overlooks the intense significance of the fact that Winnipeg and the North-West fairly swarm with young men from Ontario and the more populous provinces of the Dominion. The data, as far as we can collect them, warrant us in concluding that our young men will put up with a great deal rather than leave Canada, and we venture to predict that it will not be very long after the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway that this emigration of our young men to the States, instead of being a feature, as it now is, will dwindle down to the normal amount which will always result from the exceptional advantages and connections which some chosen few may have with friends, in a powerful commercial country across the border, speaking the same language.

The question whether our position here in Ontario, as in part a training school for the United States and other provinces of the Dominion, is a good one, and whether it would not be more advantageous to Canada to keep her young men here as inferior units of efficient population rather than have them leave to be even superior units in another country, are rather too intricate for discussion here. Probably the individual benefit to the one going should be pre-eminent in our consideration rather than the general harm which every unit less must render to the community at large. And the fact that school taxes in Canada are comparatively high

shews that our educational system is more expensive than our population warrants. However, the final result alone can show whether we are doing absolutely right, and we are in most cases wise only after the event. In any case we would not at present lessen the advantages we possess in respect of education, and the fact that young men do and will go, until we can offer them equal advantages, dispenses with all discussion as to whether it is better or not to keep them.

hharbridge

Having collected all the data within reach, we in Ontario conclude that it is a good working hypothesis to educate our people rather than to keep them labourers and menials—for with Australia and India entering actively into competition with the world as grain-producing countries, and with the rapid improvements in machinery, the inference seems to be that society will in future be less dependant than ever for food upon human brute labour, and in educating the masses it is quite probable that we are lessening the number of paupers, whose condition in the larger cities propounds such intricate economical problems to the thinkers of the older civilized nations.

If the spirit of emigration is not as we put it, and if our young men leave us without casting

One longing, lingering, look behind,

would not the host, already gone, have generated in Canada long ago, by their correspondence and representations to friends at home, a strong spirit of annexation which so far has been but as

A gentle breath upon a tranquil lake?

We have confidence as Canadians in our Canadian youth; we find them in good positions on the other side, thinking well of their homes in Canada, preferring Canadian institutions, and hating the American spoils system of politics. We believe that it is only a matter of equal inducements to gain from our youth

Their faith, and all that faith can win.

A. H. GROSS.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### AMENDED SPELLING.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—Your issue of 15th May contained comments on a little book, "Silvia Dubois." Altho among notices of new books, strange to say, the spelling *only* was criticised, being dubbed "fonetic Vandalism." As the writer went out of his way to hav his fling at the orthograpy, the insertion of an answer becomes a matter of simpl justice, not so much to the author of the book as to the advocates of a rational orthograpy.

Inspection of the book will sho it to be printed with markt letzr like thoz employed by Worcester and other lexicografers to indicate pronunciation. Without the distinguishing marks, the letzr ar the same as in ordinary speling, silent letzr being omitted. Its author is principal of an Academy and writes a work on pronouciation. "Silvia Dubois" is a reading exercise in which the common letzr ar so markt for his pupils as shal indicate the proper pronouciation and compel their attention thereto. That he has a right to do so none wil deny. Such use of a markt text is one thing, and its advocacy for general use is quite another. The maker of the comments complained of, knowingly or otherwise, ignores this and so, like the specimen of orthogرافي given by "D. W." in your columns in March, leads to a false impression.

That the author does not advocate such marks for general use wil be plain from the following facts: In the *Journal of Orthoepy* publisht by him, an improved, and, in most respects admirable, alfabet is employed in which comparativly few markt letzr occur. "Silvia Dubois" records events occurring late in Dec. '83. It wil then be fair to look at the *Journal* for January or February '84 before passing judgment. The alfabet of the *Journal*, presumably advocated for popular use, is *not* that of the book. It would be just as irrational to point the finger of ridicule at Worcester, Webster, Ogilvie, Walker or Johnson because of their methods of indicating pronunciation, and all the time mislead readers to believe such marks were advocated for popular use.

The statement is also made that the cost of purchasing fonetic type wil prevent its general use. This may be called the economical objection. Let us examine it. In reading the first stanza of Gray's *Elegy*—a fair test most will allow—the first hundred sounds ar represented by 124 letzr, by actual count. Had every sound one sign only, we would have a saving of twenty-four letzrs in representing the hundred sounds. In the same ratio, a book which should hav one hundred pages only wil require 124; and for 500 we shal hav 620, a piece of strange economy!! Just think of it, in a common volume, one-fifth of it is made up of silent and other letzr, altogether unnecessary did we hav "a sign for a sound" or some reasonabl approximation thereto. This gain for all time wil soon pay for the extra inconvenience and cost of the change. The change of guage on a railway once made is a standing benefit. Not only is the economical objection unsound, but it tells the wrong way! Most other objections ar, if possibl, stil more weak. No wonder that no scholar within a quarter of a century has riskt his reputation by undertaking the defence of the current orthogرافي. With Mr. D. C. McHenry, M.A., Principal of the Collegiate Institute at Cobourg, they ar "decidedly of the opinion that our system of speling is *indefensibl*, and that it is merely a question of time when an improved method wil be adopted." No wonder that eminent scholar, Dr. Dawson of McGill College, Montreal, says, "I hav long felt the evils of our defective alfabet, and fully sympathise with the speling reform movement."

It would be better if "D. W." and other objectors would only come out for a fair, square fight, and state explicitly their objections, so that they could be met, rather than to resort to ridicule and misrepresentation under cover. At best they are sorry weapons;

probably the best a poor cause admits. Mr. Houston has intimated his readiness for the fray but, altho this is the third month since he expressed that readiness, he yet has found no "foeman worthy of his steel."

A. HAMILTON, M.A., M.D.

Port Hope, June 2nd.

COLLEGE RESIDENCES.

To the Editor of *The Week* :

SIR,—In all the war of words that has just been waged in regard to Universities in general and the University of Toronto in particular—a war in which nearly every feature of University life was discussed—one branch of University life was left untouched—the question of University residence. This omission seems the stranger because the residence at University College has had, and still has, opponents whose view it is that its existence is unnecessary and productive of evil rather than of good. The question is an interesting one, and cannot fail to come up for discussion when it shall please the Ontario Legislature to take up seriously the question of endowment. But we may anticipate a little the progress of events, and point to two or three circumstances which should weigh with those who oppose the maintenance of the residences at the University of Toronto.

The example of other countries should assist us here, and we find that the two great English Universities are almost exclusively residences. The number of students attending Oxford and Cambridge who do not enter as residence students is infinitesimally small. So far from the authorities at these Universities thinking residence life an evil, they consider that it affords the best possible training. It is, of course, open to objectors to say that what applies to England need not, probably does not, apply here. It is true that many institutions are excellent for England that would be utterly out of place in Canada. But for this there are definite reasons, perfectly obvious to any observer, however careless. No one would favour the introduction of titles into Canada, because the habits of the people and their employments are not favourable to aristocratic government. But this does not apply to Universities. The objects of our Universities must be, at bottom, those of English Universities, and of every University in the world, to train the mind and equip the man not for any one profession in particular, but for any that he may decide to follow. It has been found in English Universities, and in those of Germany and America, that better men are turned out who have passed their University career at residence than those who have not. Why should this be true of Universities in all parts of the civilized world save in Canada?

Those who look solely at the moral side of the question will be likely to favour College residences. All the affiliated Colleges in Toronto have established residences for their students. The Presbyterians have Knox, the Episcopalians have Wycliffe, the Baptists McMaster Hall, and the Roman Catholics, St. Michael's. These denominations have, no doubt, considered the dangers to which their students would be exposed if they were obliged to lodge in the city, isolated and unconnected with their various colleges save through lectures. This must apply equally well to students in the University of Toronto, though in its case the difficulties have not been overcome as in the case of denominational Colleges, for the residence at Toronto University is absurdly small.

Of course, in residence life much will depend on the Dean, who must to a certain extent be the controlling power. University students are not schoolboys, neither are they altogether men, and the influence of their superiors in authority must be felt. But the whole question should be discussed. The attempt to present very briefly one side of the question will, we hope, be followed by those who hold opposite views.

B. .

LACROSSE.

Thou game of Indian origin!  
Our nimble youths and stalwart men  
Have chosen thee their sport—  
Our nation's pastime; and have shown  
Its agile arts before the throne  
And Britain's royal court.

Cricket is England's favourite game;  
Baseball no less of Yankee fame,  
Lacrosse is wholly ours;  
Born on Canadian soil, and played  
Hard by the maple's tempting shade,  
In pleasure's gladsome hours.

Cheaply equipped, it does but ask,  
To fit us for the sportive task,  
A crooked stick and ball;  
Pads, gauntlets, armour, it discards,  
And costly furnishings regards  
Unnecessary all.

A busy race, whose time is cash,  
Requires a game of pluck and dash;  
A two or three days' match  
May do for wealthy, idle men,  
We play, when we, just now and then,  
A holiday can catch.

Fair ladies weary of a sight  
That lasts from morn till gathering night,  
Our game is short and sweet;  
The "tug of war" is keen and quick,  
Around the ball the battle's "thick,"  
And fought with footsteps fleet.

No idle players criticise  
The hard-fought field with envious eyes,  
But, from the eager start,

Perpetual innings till the close  
Keep on the alert both friends and foes,  
And each must do his part.

"Lacrosse is rough," opponents say,  
"There's little science in the play,"  
Some tell us with a sneer;  
It breaks no bones, it "barks" no "shins,"  
And he must skilful be, who wins  
The field's applauding cheer.

"No matches international,"  
Is thought by some a capital  
Objection to our game;  
But we will play Lacrosse so well,  
The press shall on its merits dwell  
And give it world-wide fame.

Our game is young; with time and age  
Its claims will more and more engage  
The admiring public view;  
And when "this Canada of ours"  
Shall gain maturity of powers,  
Lacrosse will get its due.

WM. F. CLARKE.

THE ADVENTURES OF A WIDOW.

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

XV.

THE tidy young negress opened the door soon afterwards. Pauline asked for Mrs. Dares. The answer came that Mrs. Dares was at home.

"I wish to see her alone," said Pauline.

"Miss Cora's got a gent'man in the back room," came the answer, "but there's nobody right here."

Between "right here" and the "back room" Pauline was soon shown the difference. As she sat in a little prettily-furnished apartment, awaiting the appearance of Mrs. Dares, she readily apprehended that some sort of chamber lay behind. This was, reasonably, the Dareses' dining-room. But she heard voices from beyond the rough, decorative woollen tapestry which intervened in heavy concealing folds.

At first, seated quietly and thinking of just what she should say to Mrs. Dares, Pauline quite disregarded these voices.

"I shall tell the plain unvarnished truth," she reflected. "I shall not leave out a single detail. I shall trust her judgment absolutely."

A moment later she started, with a recognising sense that she had heard a familiar tone from one of the voices behind the tapestry. Evidently a man was speaking. Pauline rose from her seat. She had approached the curtain instinctively before realizing her act. A new impulse made her withdraw several steps from it. But the voice had been Kindelon's, and she now clearly heard Kindelon speak again.

"Cora!" she heard him say, "there are certain wrongs for which no reparation can be given. I know that the wrong I have done you is of this sort. I don't attempt to exculpate myself. I don't know why I came here to bid you this farewell. It was kind of you to consent to see me. Hundreds of other women would have refused, under like conditions. But you have often said that you loved me, and I suppose you love me still. For this reason you may find some sort of consolation hereafter in the thought that I have made an ambitious marriage, which will place me high in the esteem of the world, which will give my talents a brilliant chance, which will cause men and women to point to me as a man who has achieved a fine and proud success. Good-bye, Cora. Let me take your hand once—just once—before I go. I'll grant you that I've behaved like a scamp. I'll grant everything that can be said in my own disfavour. Good Heavens! don't look at me in that horribly reproachful way, you—you make me willing to renounce this marriage wholly! Cora, I will do so if you'll pardon the past! I'll come back to you, I'll devote my future life to you! only tell me that you forgive and forget!"

"No, no," Pauline now heard a struggling and seemingly agonized voice reply. "There is no undoing what you have done. Keep your promise to her, as you have broken your faith with me. I do not say that my love is dead yet; I think it will not die for a long time. Perhaps not for years. But my respect is wholly dead. I will not touch your hand; I will not even remain longer in your presence. I—I have no vengeful feeling toward you. I wish you all future happiness. If you shine hereafter as your talents deserve, I shall hear of your fame, your triumph, with no shadow of bitterness in my soul. And my chief hope, my chief anxiety, will be for the woman whom you have married. I know her enough to know that she is full of good impulses, full of true and fine instincts. You will go to her with an aching conscience and a stained honour. But I pray that after she has lifted you into that place which you seek to gain through her, she may never know you as I have known you—never wake to my anguish of disappointment—never realize my depths of dis-illusion!"

Pauline waited to hear no more. She thrust aside the drapery of the doorway and passed into the next room.

Cora uttered a swift and smothered cry. Kindelon gave a terrible start. Then a silence followed. It seemed to Pauline a most appreciable

silence. She meant and wished to break it, yet her speech kept defying her will, and resisted her repeated effort at due control. But at length she said, looking straight at Kindelon:

"I have heard—I did not mean to hear—I don't want you to say a single word—there is nothing whatever for you to say. I simply appear before you—before you both! I—I think that is enough. I know everything, now. You . . . must have been certain that if I had previously known—that if you had not told me a falsehood I . . . I . . . should never. . ."

And then poor Pauline reeled giddily, putting forth both hands in a piteous, distraught way . . . when Kindelon caught her she had already lost consciousness. . .

The sense of blank was a most acute one when she awoke. Her first clear thought was: "How long have I been unconscious?" . . . And then came remembrance, and with remembrance the pain of a deep-piercing hurt.

No one was near by except Mrs. Dares. Pauline lay upon a lounge; she felt the yielding of cushions beneath her head and shoulders. Her first audible sign of revived consciousness was a little tremulous laugh.

"That's you, Mrs. Dares," she then said. "I—I must have fainted. How funny of me! I—I never fainted before."

Mrs. Dares put both arms about her, and kissed her twice, thrice, on the cheek.

"My poor, dear, unhappy lady!" she said, "I am so sorry—so miserably sorry."

Pauline repeated her tremulous laugh. She was beginning to feel the re-assertion of physical strength. "I—I came here to see only you, Mrs. Dares," she now said, but it was fated otherwise. And . . . and yet it has all been better—far better." Here she laughed again, and a little hysterically. "Oh, how superb a failure I've made of it, haven't I? I thought the *Morning Monitor* had dealt me my last coup. But one other still remained!"

She lay silent for some little time, after this, and when Mrs. Dares presently spoke to her the lids which had dropped over her eyes did not lift themselves. It was so sweet, so tender, so exquisitely gentle a voice that it brought not the slightest exciting consequences.

"He is greatly to blame. I do not excuse him any more than you will. But you must not think the worst of him. You must think him weak, but you must not think him entirely base. I look at his conduct with impartial eyes. I try to look at everybody's conduct with impartial eyes. He was far below you in the social scale—that is the phrase which means inferiority now-a-days, and I am afraid it will mean inferiority for many a year to come. He had engaged himself to my dear Cora. He meant to marry her. Then he met you. Everything about you dazzled and charmed him. It was yourself as much as your position, your wealth, your importance. He cared for you; he was enchanted by you; his nature is not a deep nature, though his intellect is large and keen. He is almost the typical Irishman, this Kindelon—the Irishman who, in statemanship, in governance, in administrative force, has left poor Ireland what she is to-day. He meant well, but he had no *morale* to make this well-meaning active and cogent. The temptation came, and he yielded at once. There was no premeditated dishonour. The strain was put upon him and he could not bear the strain—that is all. Such men as he never can bear such a strain. There was not a hint of cold-bloodedness in his conduct—there was none of the fortune-hunter's deliberate method. There was, indeed, no method at all; there was nothing except an inherent moral feebleness. Brilliant as he is, exceptional as he is, he can no more help consent and acquiescence in any matter which concerns his personal, selfish desires, than the chameleon can help taking the tints of what surrounds it. And I do not believe that he knows, at this hour, whether he loves you or my poor Cora the best. That is he—that is Kindelon—that is the fascinating, distressing race that he represents. He loved you both; his big, expansive Irish heart was quite capable of doing that. But his insecure, precarious conscience was incapable of pointing to him the one straight, stern, imperative path. Hence your own sorrow, my dear, ill-used lady, and hence the sorrow of my poor, unfortunate Cora!"

Pauline's eyes slowly unclosed as Mrs. Dares's last words were spoken. "You speak like a sybil!" she murmured. "But you speak too late. If I had only talked with you a little sooner! I should have been so prepared for such words *then*! Now they only come to me like mockery and . . . and sarcasm!"

Again Mrs. Dares stooped and kissed her. "God knows," she said, "that I mean them for neither!" "God help me from believing that you do!" answered Pauline. She raised herself, and flung both arms about Mrs. Dares's neck, while a sudden paroxysm of sobs overmastered and swayed her.

## XVI.

By a little after nine o'clock, this same evening, Pauline was driven in a carriage to her own residence.

She alighted with excellent composure, rang the bell and was soon admitted.

But she had no sooner entered the hall than she found herself face to face with Courtlandt.

He was in evening-dress; he looked thoroughly his old self-contained self. Pauline passed at once into the little reception-room just off the hall. Courtlandt followed her. She sank into a chair, slowly untying the strings of her bonnet. A brisk fire crackled on the hearth; she stared into it.

"So you came to me," she said, with a kind of measured apathy. "Yes," said Courtlandt. "I obeyed the message that you sent me." Pauline impetuously turned and looked at him. The fire-light struck her face as she did so, and he saw that her gray eyes were swimming in tears.

She made no attempt to master her broken voice. "Oh, Court," she said, "it was ever so good of you to come! I almost doubted if you would! I should have remembered that you—well, that you cared for me in another than a merely cousinly way. But there was no one else—that is, no one near me in blood. It is wonderful how we think of that blood-kinship when something dreadful happens to us. We may not recall it for years, until the blow comes. Then we feel its force, its bond, its claim . . . I want you to sit down beside me, Court, and quietly listen. You were always good at listening. Besides, you will have an immense satisfaction, presently; you will learn that your prophecies regarding *him* were correct. My eyes are open—and in time. I shall never marry him. I shall never marry any one again. And now, listen . . ."

For a long time, after this, Courtlandt showed himself the most patient of auditors. But he was silent for a good space after his cousin had at length ended, while the fire sputtered and fumed behind the silver filigrees that bordered its hearth, as though it were delivering some adverse, exasperated commentary upon poor Pauline's late disclosures.

But presently Courtlandt spoke. "I think you have had a very fortunate escape," he said. "And I hope you mean, now, to come back and be one of us, again."

"What a way of putting it!" she exclaimed, with a great quivering sigh.

"There's no other way to put it. Theory's one thing and practice another. As long as the world lasts there will be a lot of people in every land who are better and hold themselves better than an immense lot of other people. One can argue about this matter till he or she is black in the face; it's no use, though; the best way to get along is to take things as you find them. You and I didn't make society, so we'd better not try to alter it."

Pauline gave a weary little smile. Her tears had ceased; she was staring into the fire with hard, dry, bright eyes.

"Oh, Court," she said, with a pathetic little touch of her old cruelty, "I'm afraid you don't shine as a philosopher. You are better as a prophet; what do you say of Cora Dares and *him*? Will they marry?"

"Yes," returned Courtlandt, unhesitatingly. "And I dare say he will make her an excellent husband. Didn't you tell me that she was an artist! . . . Well, he's an editor, a sort of general scribbler, so they will be on a delightful equality. They'll marry; you say I'm a prophet. Depend upon it, they'll marry sooner or later."

"You make me recall that you are Aunt Cynthia's nephew," said Pauline, with another weary smile. She was in a very miserable mood. Her wound still bled, and would bleed, as she knew, for many a day.

Courtlandt's preposterously trite and commonplace little axiom had already begun to echo itself in a kind of rhythmical mockery through her distressed brain: "The best way to get along is to take things as you find them."

Was it the best way, after all? Was thinking for one's self and living after one's own chosen fashion nothing but a forlorn folly? Was passivity wisdom, and individualism a snare?

The fire crackled on. There was more silence between the two cousins. The hour was growing late; outside, in the streets you heard only the occasional rolling of carriage-wheels.

"By the way, speaking of Aunt Cynthia, Court,—will she ever notice me again?"

"Certainly she will."

"Isn't she furious?"

"That newspaper-article has repressed her fury. She's enormously sorry for you. Aunt Cynthia would never find it hard, you know, to be enormously sorry for a Van Corlear; she came so near to being one herself; a Schenectady is next door to it."

"Yes, I understand," mused Pauline. She was still staring into the fire. "There is that clannish feeling that comes out strong at such a time. Court, I will write to her."

"Do, by all means."

"Not an apology, you know, but a . . . well a sort of pacific proposal."

"Do, you'll find it will be all right, then. Aunt Cynthia would never put on any grand airs to one of her own race; she has too much respect for it. . ."

The longest silence of all now ensued. The fire had ceased to crackle; its block of crumbled coal looked like the fragments of a huge crushed ruby. Pauline did not know that Courtlandt was watching her when she suddenly heard him say:

"You're going to have a hard fight, Pauline, but you'll come out of it all sound—never fear. I suppose he *was* the sort of chap to play the mischief with a woman, if she once gave him a chance."

"Oh, Court," came the melancholy answer, "I wasn't thinking of *him*, just then. I was thinking of what my life has meant! It seems to me, now, like a broken staircase, leading nowhere. Such a strange, unsatisfactory life, thus far."

"All lives are that, if we choose to look on them so," returned Courtlandt. "It is the choosing or not choosing to look on them so that makes all the difference. . . Besides, you are young yet."

"Oh, I am seventy years old!" she cried, with a little fatigued moan.

"In a year from now you will have lapsed back into your normal age."

"I can't believe it!"

"Wait and see."

"Ah, I shall have to do a good deal of waiting—for nothing whatever!"

"I too shall wait," said Courtlandt, grimly.

She suddenly turned and scanned his face. "For what?" she sharply questioned.

"For you."

Pauline threw back her head, with a brief, bitter laugh. "Then you will have to wait a long time!" she exclaimed, with sorrowful irony.

"I expect to do that," answered Courtlandt, more grimly still. "And I am a good prophet; you told me so."

END.

### THE SCRAP BOOK.

#### OSMAN AND HIS WHITE ELEPHANT.—AN EPISODE OF EGYPTIAN LIFE.

OSMAN had always been an ambitious man and, as is often the case with the fellah, his ambition had taken a sensual direction. He aspired to have, like rich Beys and Pashas, a lovely Circassian slave, or at the very least a pretty young Abyssinian girl, in his harem. The ever-increasing, extraordinary rise in the price of cotton enabled him to realize the early dreams of his boyhood. Late one evening, after an absence of about a fortnight in Cairo, he returned home, and next morning the whole village knew that there was a fair Circassian in Osman's house. Great was the excitement caused by this important news, and great was the anxiety to see the important addition to the population; but the aristocratic lady, who had cost a perfectly fabulous sum, was not at all disposed to display her charms to the vulgar gaze. Like Achilles, she sulked in her tent, or rather in her mud-hovel, for the light-headed, thoughtless, Osman had bought his white elephant without first providing suitable accommodation. The female neighbours, and anyone else who had imagination enough to invent a decent pretext for passing that way glanced furtively in at the half-open door in the hope of seeing the illustrious stranger, but all such clandestine efforts of unbecoming curiosity failed, until one day, when a number of women had collected in front of the hovel and were carrying on a very noisy conversation in the hope of "drawing the fox," suddenly Fatima (for she had the honour to bear the name of the Prophet's illustrious daughter) appeared at the door, and gazed at the disturbers of her serene tranquillity with an expression which struck terror into their inmost hearts. As a compensation for the scathing effects of that haughty, terrible glance, the victims became, for a few days at least, quite important personages in the highest circles of the village, for they had seen with their own eyes the mysterious guest. They had not, however, much positive information to give in reply to the innumerable inquiries. Their answers, when stripped of hypothetical comment and fantastic invention, amounted simply to this: that Fatima was very big, very fat, and looked very fierce. Any bodily charms which she might possess—the existence of which, by the way, was more than called in question by every woman in the village—were carefully concealed at the moment of apparition by voluminous folds of white drapery, and by a thick, well-arranged, Turkish yashmak, which is a very different thing from the loose, blue veil with which ordinary fellah women make a pretence of concealing their features. When Fatima returned to her carpet and her cushions, so at least a little female attendant afterwards related, she laughed merrily at the trick she had played; but when Osman came home, she had resumed her sullen, sulky demeanour, and when he attempted to coax her, she flew into a passion and poured out on his unfortunate shaven head all the vials of her indignant wrath. The neighbours could hear her loudly-uttered reproaches, expressed in broken Arabic, and of course, this added to the already large amount of scandal which Osman's inconsiderate conduct had created. Was it for this that she, the daughter of a Bey in her own country, had been brought to this miserable house. Let her be taken back at once to the comfortable quarters in Cairo, where she had lived and associated with people of her own condition. Such was the return poor Osman received for all the efforts which he made to conciliate and please the haughty despot of his humble harem. And these efforts were not stinted, for they comprised everything that fellah imagination could devise. He turned Osman, junior, his obedient, hard-working son, out of the house and made him sleep in the stable. He had bought ear-rings with enormous stones, bracelets of gilded silver, which the dealer had declared to be of solid gold, and a big necklace, strong and heavy enough to restrain a mastiff. Costly silks, too, he had bought for divans and cushions, and perfumes to dispel the unpoetic perfumes of a fellah's humble abode. Having noticed that the nostrils of her fastidious companion curled with mingled disgust and contempt as he approached her, he had poured over his unsavoury person a whole bottle of the most costly perfume he could procure. And all in vain; the domestic delights which he had long dreamed of, and which he fancied he had at last obtained, slipped ever from his grasp. The luscious cup, at the very moment when he raised it to his lips, was ever dashed ruthlessly to the ground. And it was not merely in the recesses of his harem that he had to bear obloquy and disfavour. His friends and acquaintances now looked askance at him, for he had unwittingly disturbed their domestic tranquillity as well as his own. In every hovel of the village unheard of female pretensions had appeared, and day by day the flood of feminine discontent and insubordination rose, till it threatened to sweep away the time-honoured embankments of marital authority. In vain the terrified husbands sought to resist or appease the raging torrent by vigorous admonitions or generous gifts, proportioned in value to their pecuniary resources. The admonitions received less and less attention, and the gifts only whetted the appetite of

unreasonable spouses. Why should they be satisfied with a new costume of coarse, homely stuff, or a few ordinary trinkets when "the Circassian" had rich silks and costly jewels, and lived in an atmosphere of perfume that could be smelt at ten yards from her accursed door; was she better than they were, or was her husband anything more than a simple fellah like their own. These unreasonable complaints and reproaches naturally irritated the husbands, and a considerable share of the irritation fell on the unlucky Osman's head.

Poor Osman! He had become the maltreated slave of the white elephant which he had purchased with his own hard-earned money, and he received from his friends and acquaintances, instead of sympathy and compassion, merely angry looks and bitter reproaches. His sin, if sin it was—for, though ambitious, he had transgressed no precept of the Koran—had surely found him out, and what made his hard lot all the harder to bear was this, that the sin, as avenger, came not in the common form of satiety but before fruition, so that he had not even the memory of past delights, which sometimes blunts a little in ill-regulated, unprincipled minds the keen edge of merciless retribution. Then why did he not, like a reasonable man, take his tyrant back to her comfortable quarters in Cairo and re-sell her at a reduction to the slave-dealer from whom he had purchased her? This idea probably crossed his mind often enough, but he had in his composition a large share of fellah obstinacy, and there was in the petulant, capricious, savage creature a mysterious something which charmed him. He determined to conquer her, and, strange to say, he ultimately succeeded—in so far at least as to insure a moderate amount of domestic comfort. In spite of his domestic troubles, his worldly affairs prospered, and he built for himself and his Circassian a large, comfortable house. As soon as Fatima was installed in the new abode her character seemed to change. She became contented, agreeable—sometimes almost affectionate. The truth is she was not a bad woman of her kind. A woman who knows she has charms sufficient to insure the drawing of a prize in the matrimonial lottery, and who has long looked forward to leading a life of ease and luxury in the harem of a wealthy Pasha, may be excused for showing a little bad temper and other unamiable qualities when she suddenly finds herself condemned to live in a fellah's mud hovel; and her ideas about the equitable interpretation of the contract of sale, passed in due legal form with the slave-dealer, must naturally be somewhat different from those of her purchaser and husband. Fatima was, however, not unreasonable in her exigencies. When she had obtained a comfortable house to live in, and had taught her husband to respect, in his dress and habits, certain elementary requirements of civilized life, she threw off her habitually sullen demeanour, refrained from the occasional violent outbursts of temper in which she had previously indulged, and displayed—what is not rare in women of her race—a decided talent for managing domestic and even commercial affairs. If Osman retained and increased the fortune which he had made so suddenly, it was partly due to her advice and assistance, and now that Osman has been gathered to his fathers, she still administers the fortune with prudence and ability. Osman, junior, who was ignominiously exiled to the stable during the first weeks of her sojourn in Kafr-Suleiman, now lives in the paternal mansion with her on very amicable terms, and always speaks of his step-mother with the greatest respect. She had no children of her own, but she shows much maternal affection for the son of Osman, junior, and calls him her grandchild. He will probably be some day Omdeh of the village, or perhaps something higher, for his grandmother insists on his having a good education and entering the public service.—*Egypt and the Egyptian Question*, by C. MacKenzie Wallace.

#### LADIES' DRESS AT THE HEALTH EXHIBITION, LONDON.

UP to the present, the Hon. Lewis Wingfield's cases of figures illustrative of the dresses worn by our ancestors, male and female, from the time of the Norman Conquest to about 1820, is the most attractive exhibit in the Health Exhibition. The general impression to be gathered from them is, that the ladies of the present day are in a much happier condition as regards clothes than were their ancestresses. Taking all the mistakes of tight-lacing, dress-improvers, heavy mantles, and high-heeled boots into account, yet any impartial observer must own that no monstrosity now to be seen at all comes near to the tremendous white haad-dress or *tête borne* on the head of one revived victim of fashion, or of the vast hoop worn by another, from which the body and head emerge with the effects of a fancy penwiper. As to the poor lady who was doomed to go through life with the foot-high head-dress, one can only rejoice that death has ended her sufferings, which must have been considerable. It reminds one of an almost forgotten farce, "The Birth-place of Podgers," in which one of the characters—a very small officer, who, according to the custom of stage officers, always appears in full uniform on all occasions—wears a tremendous bearskin shako, which quite overbalances the hapless little person, and takes him about quite irrespective of his own will. Were there no hygienic lectures in those days; no Flower, no Treves, to pour out the vials of their righteous wrath on the erections women wore on their heads, and the cages with which they surrounded their bodies? What are the chignons, the head-improvers, the flounces of the present day, on which so much eloquence has been expended, in comparison with those astonishing arrangements? Even the much-attacked corsets, with their mild whalebones, must yield in powers of constriction to the iron frame shown to us by Mr. Wingfield. It is indeed positively exhilarating to think how much women's dress has improved in form, convenience, and ease, especially as it may fairly be hoped that the improvement will continue until the acme of healthy and beautiful apparel is attained. Here we are tempted to digress and point out to our readers that in one respect we have perhaps deteriorated, and that is in beauty and quality of material. We do not mean to



imply that beautiful brocades, satins, and woollen materials are not to be had, but they are not sufficiently used. The rage for cheapness, and the mistaken, nay insane, love of change induce people to buy flimsy and consequently badly dyed silks and stuffs, which, even so far back as the time of our mothers, would scarcely have been thought good enough for their servant-maids. It was not then considered necessary, nor is it now really so, to have a number of dresses of all fashions and colours, which, as the majority of people are not able to spend large sums on their toilettes, must be too low in price to be good in quality or beautiful in colour or design.

—*The Queen.*

TICKET SPECULATING IN AMERICA.

"I MUST decry very emphatically the system of speculation in tickets which prevails in the United States. A star is advertised. A speculator buys up, say a dozen rows of seats. You go to the theatre, and of course find them all gone. You buy from the speculator at six times the proper price, perhaps. Now, supposing this too astute gentleman has not contrived to dispose of his property when the opening night arrives, rather than lose everything he sends forth his emissaries to hawk the remaining vouchers, who sell perhaps actually at half the real price. What is the result? Two men may sit next each other—one has paid ten dollars for his seat, the other one dollar. They compare notes. The ten dollar man, who bought during the first rush, is wroth—very natural, too—and twenty or thirty wrathful people are not pleasant to play to. It is a gross injustice to every one concerned." "Is not the library system here analogous?" "No, certainly not. On one of my first nights I could sell my house half-a-dozen times over. Say one applicant asks me for fourteen stalls, I say, 'No, I am unable to give you more than two or three.' It is much on the same principle as the allotment of shares."—*Henry Irving's "Impressions of America."*

ICE FROM IMPURE WATER.

THE Americans consume a great deal of ice in the summer, and they have lately awakened to the fact that ice made out of impure water may be nearly, if not quite, as dangerous as the water in a liquid state. A law has been passed in Connecticut prohibiting the manufacture of ice from water taken anywhere within a mile of drainage outlets into the river, under heavy penalties. In Paris, where the Parisians are immoderately fond of ices, much harm is said to be done by the Seine water, which is largely used unfiltered.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE JOSEFFY RECITALS.

THE attendances at Herr Joseffy's piano recitals in the Toronto Shaftesbury Hall last week were not quite so good as could be desired. Probably the tropical weather had much to do with this, added to which, however, the programmes were only attractive to lovers of high-class music. It was apparent that of those present, a considerable proportion were infinitely bored before the recitals were half concluded. So long as it is considered "the correct thing" to attend classical concerts, the better classes will do so; but there is no real interest felt in the proceedings by the majority of the audiences. That is not to say high-class music should be ignored, or that its study is anything but beneficial; but, in view of the fact that not one person in twenty really understands them, classical compositions should not monopolize a programme. The best known concert organizers in London know this perfectly well, and at the St. James' Hall concerts, which are amongst the best in the world, the managers invariably arrange to have several popular vocal or instrumental items. So to-day the greatest vocal stars have earned their popularity by singing ballad music.

Herr Joseffy is unquestionably a piano virtuoso of exceptional ability. His memory is prodigious. It seems no effort to remember accurately the music of a two-hours' performance. In touch, rapidity, and accuracy of manipulation and power, he is almost perfect, though he occasionally omits to add expression. Some of his selections on Thursday night were one dead level of "bang"; others served merely to illustrate the capabilities of the player and the tone of the instrument, without pleasing. Perhaps the most musical and best appreciated selections at the first recital were Franz Schubert's "Two Musical Moments," and Heyman's "Elves at Play," to the last of which Mr. Joseffy did ample justice. Three selections of Franz Litz's, "Spinner's Song," "Consolation," and "Rhapsodie Hongroise," were also given with the inspiration of the true musical genius. Friday's night's performance was a more popular one, and was therefore better received. Mr. Joseffy was quite happy in his rendering of the various items, and a rare musical treat was enjoyed by those present.

The public is much indebted to Mr. J. F. Thompson for his enterprise in engaging so eminent a pianist as Herr Joseffy, and it is to be hoped that every success will attend the "first Canadian tour" of the virtuoso.

MR. IRVING is making arrangements for a tour of America, to extend one year.

JOHN L. TOOLE'S "stage supper" in honour of Irving was given the other night in the foyer of Toole's Theatre. Thirty-four guests sat down at midnight to an excellent repast. Among the company were Lawrence Barrett, George Augustus Sala, Charles Wyndham, George Grossmith, Joseph Hatton, C. J. Loveday, David James, Henry Routledge, Lionel Brough, Wilson Barrett, John Hollingshead, and Lord Londesborough.

The host of the evening "welcomed the coming, sped the parting guest" in the only toast of the evening, in which he extended a welcome to Henry Irving, and bade God-speed and good luck to Lawrence Barrett in a genial and eloquent speech.

THE second and last of Sir Julius Benedict's jubilee concerts in celebration of his fiftieth anniversary as conductor was given on Saturday morning before an audience of 6,000 persons, at the Royal Albert Hall. The famous military band of the 2nd Life Guards played as an overture several American airs, which were loudly applauded. Mesdames Sembrich, Pauline Lucca, and Hersec, sang a number of operatic gems in admirable style, and Mme. Antoinette Sterling fairly brought down the house by her touching and expressive singing of homely English ballads. Sir Julius, in the course of an interview the other day, declared his intention of giving a series of lectures on music in America at an early date.

BOOK NOTICES.

TORONTO: PAST AND PRESENT. A Hand-book of the City. By C. Pelham Mulvany, M.A., M.D. Illustrated. Toronto: W. E. Caiger, 1884.

This handsome volume is one of the practical gains of the movement connected with the approaching Semi-Centennial celebration of the incorporation of Toronto as a city. It is matter for congratulation that the preparation of the book has fallen into competent hands, and that we have as a result something else than a series of cold lunches of guide-book facts and commonplace topographical details, to which the public are too often treated in works of the kind. Dr. Mulvany has manifestly taken pains with his work; and though there are not a few errors and other blemishes in his pages, he has contrived to impart interest to the narrative, to give it the spice of lively reading, and here and there to touch the imagination, by some fine bit of descriptive writing, or by some acute criticism, which attest the author's originality of treatment and his faculty of insight. The work, both in its literary and its mechanical aspects, is well done, and furnishes a handbook to the city worthy of its metropolitan status, and memorable as a souvenir of Toronto's present-day civic life. A glance at the illustrations and beautiful letter-press bespeak the progress of the printing-art in Canada, which again indicate the growth and development of the industries that wait upon art. The work is the fitting complement of Dr. Scadding's volume, on what may be termed the antiquities of Toronto,—a book that should be dear to the heart of every citizen who has a spark of love for the place of his abiding, and whose soul responds to the stirrings of memory or can be touched by the recital of traditional gossip. The book is divided into a series of chapters with idealistic headings: The Mind of the City, dealing with the Libraries; the Brains of the City, with the Universities and Colleges; the Soul of the City, with the Churches; the Tongue of the City, with the newspapers and periodicals; the Heart of the City, with the Benevolent and Charitable organizations, and so on. The whole is prefaced by an historical chapter of much interest, in which the prominent figures of the city's past are made to reappear and play their part over again in connection with the events to which they had relation. To some of the author's comments, notably the new version he gives us of the sacrifices made by the U. E. Loyalists, in quitting the revolted colonies for a home under the old flag, objection, we apprehend, will be taken; though the writer qualifies what he has to say by acknowledging, as he was bound to do, the gain to the Province in the fine material that expatriation brought to the country. On some points connected with the Gourlay agitation for reform and the Mackenzie insurrectionary movement, controversy may also arise; but the writer undoubtedly writes from conviction, and with evident knowledge of the subjects he discusses, and in any case is entitled to his own opinions. The volume is a distinct gain to the literature illustrative of our early annals and is an admirable handbook to the modern city.

G. M. A.

THE SON OF MONTE-CRISTO, sequel to "The wife of Monte-Cristo." Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Bros.

"The Son of Monte-Cristo," being the sequel to "The Wife of Monte-Cristo," and the end of the continuation of Dumas' masterwork, "The Count of Monte-Cristo," is romantic in the highest degree, and absorbingly interesting. Every chapter has a strong and stirring feature of its own. The hero is Esperance, the son of the Count of Monte-Cristo, who is followed from boyhood to the close of his wonderful and unprecedented career. His remarkable adventures form a succession of amazing episodes, while his love for the unfortunate Jane Zeld and the strange complications to which it gives rise are depicted in fascinating fashion. The Count of Monte-Cristo and Haydee also have many adventures, and Mercedes, Benedetto, Sanselme and Danglars, together with Fanfar again appear. The hosts of admirers of "The Count of Monte-Cristo," should read "The Son of Monte-Cristo."

HAYDN often saw Mrs. Sheridan, the singer, whom he very much admired; he found her one day sitting to Reynolds for her portrait. He had taken her in the character of St. Cecilia, listening to the celestial music, as she is usually drawn. Mrs. S. showed the picture to him (Haydn). "It is like," said he, "but there is a strange mistake!" "What is that?" asked Reynolds hastily. "You have painted her listening to the angels," said Haydn; "you ought to have represented the angels listening to her!"

LITERARY GOSSIP.

CHESS.

PRINCESS BEATRICE is engaged on a statue of the Queen for Lichfield Cathedral.

MISS GLADSTONE has written an article on the Princess Alice's letters for one of the monthly reviews.

MRS. LANGTRY has had a set of two dozen dress buttons made of gold dollars engraved with her monogram.

MR. FROUDE'S "Life of Thomas Carlyle," in two volumes, will be published immediately in London.

LORD ROWTON'S "Life of Disraeli" is making very slow progress, owing to the terrible confusion the deceased nobleman left his papers in.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE is correcting the last proofs of his "Reminiscences of America," and the book is announced for publication during the present month.

MESSRS. SCRIBNER have a few India proofs of Charles Burt's steel-engraved portrait of the poet Bryant in the Bryant and Guy history of the United States. They bear Mr. Bryant's autograph.

JAMES PAYN, the novelist, hates athletics, and never walks when he can help it. The only exercise he takes is breathing, pulling at an old tobacco pipe, and writing stories. For indolence he is ahead of the American lady of leisure.

MR. MICHAEL DAVITT is engaged upon a book, which will be shortly completed, and which will deal with social rather than political questions, the material having been drawn from his prison experiences. It describes his prison life and experience and embodies his views on the convict system in general.

MAX O'RELL, the author of "John Bull et son Ile," is engaged on a new book. Meanwhile, says The Athenaeum, the Banga-bashi, a Bengali newspaper of some standing, has recently translated the former work and published it piecemeal, with the heading, "Letters from Our London Correspondent."

HENRY GEORGE'S theories are keeping the book-makers busy. The latest result of their activity in this connection is "The Labor-value Fallacy," by M. L. Scudder, Jr., which is just announced by Jansen, McClurg & Co. The same firm will issue simultaneously with the above the sixth and last volume of Topelius's "Surgeon's Stories."

THE Ottawa Free Press of Saturday was entitled to claim—as it did—to be one of the best papers ever published in that city. In addition to the news and editorial pages a large quantity of varied and interesting family reading was given in the inner pages, making the Press what all Saturday papers ought to be—a readable family journal.

"WHY, how wonderfully life-like!" said Mr. Derrix, gently caressing a bumble-bee which reposed among the artificial flowers and insects on his wife's new bonnet. "If it was on a garden-flower I'd swear it was all—Gr-r-reat Caesar!" he suddenly shrieked, inserting a wounded finger in his mouth and dancing around like a whirling dervish, "why, the horrid thing is alive!"

CORNELL University has just received a genuine Egyptian mummy. In the presence of the faculty and invited guests the ceremonies encasing the body were carefully removed. Profs. Moses Colt Tyler and S. B. Gage made addresses setting forth the history of Mr. Peppi. The body was in a fine state of preservation. A number of sacred beetles and grains of corn were found in the wrappings. Mr. Peppi lived 300 years before Confucius.

MR. T. H. S. ESCOTT, editor of The Fortnightly Review, will contribute to the July Century a careful and critical estimate of John Bright as an orator and a parliamentarian. A frontispiece engraving after a full-length photograph accompanies the article. Julian Hawthorne will contribute an interesting and narrative paper on the "Scenes of Hawthorne's Romances." Many of the descriptions will be accompanied by charming illustrations by Harry Fenn, among them being several views of the "Old Manse" and The "Wayside." The United States Pension Office is the subject of a paper by Eugene V. Smalley.

THE July Manhattan will have a humorous short story, "Plain Fishing," by Frank R. Stockton. A biographical and critical paper will also appear on the Earl of Dufferin. The Earl became so well and favourably known while he was Governor-General of Canada that an article about him ought to interest a large number of persons. J. Parker Norris, so well known as a Shakespearean scholar and collector, in discussing the question, "Shall we Open Shakespeare's Grave?" will not hesitate to argue in favour of opening it, in spite of the anathema carved on the tombstone. Frank Vincent, Jr., whose travels in Burmah and Siam make him an authority on the subject, will have a paper on "White Elephants," maintaining that a white elephant has never been allowed to leave Asia.

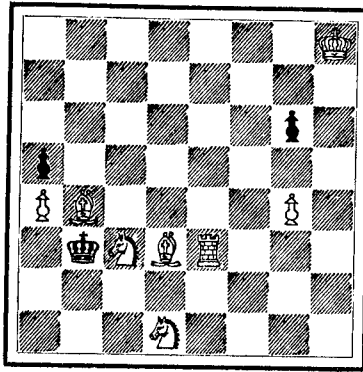
DR. HODGINS, Deputy Minister of Education, announces that he has under preparation a personal and historical narrative of events connected with the founding and administration of the Ontario educational system under the late Dr. Egerton Ryerson, including a chapter on the administration of his successor, the Hon Mr. Crooks. Dr. Hodgins states that the announcement is made, of the publication of the Narrative, not with the view of immediate publication, but with the object of getting access to certain letters on educational matters known to have been written to private individuals, and the loan of which is solicited by the Deputy Minister. The work, when it appears, will be the complement of The Story of my Life, the memoir prepared by the executors of the late Dr. Ryerson, dealing with the ecclesiastical incidents in his career.

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

PROBLEM No. 18.

By R. Moodie, Ottawa Chess Club.

BLACK.



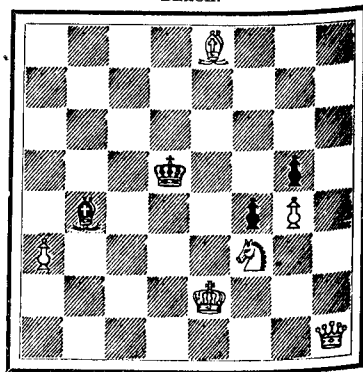
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 19.

Composed for THE WEEK by A. C. Meyers Toronto.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. C. C. Arnprior.—Yours received. Would like to hear from you more frequently. E. B. G., Montreal.—Have communicated your wishes to publishers. J. B. H., Ottawa.—Thanks for kindness. Will try and arrange exchange. The 2 mover is impossible. Pax.—Welcome. Hope you will enter solution tourney.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 10.

1. Q KR 4, 1. PB 5. 2. QB 6 ch., 2. K moves. 3. Q K 7 mate, if 1 K K 4, 2 Q Q 4 ch., 2 K takes Q, 3. B B 6 mate, if 1 any other 2 Q K 7 mate.

Correct solution received from E. B. G., Montreal; G. S. C., Toronto; F. W. M., Detroit.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 11.

1. Kt from Q 3 to B 2, if 1. K Q 2. 2. Q Q 3 ch., 3 Q or Kt mates, if 1 K Kt 2, 2. Q Q Kt 1. 3. Q R 7 mate.

Correct solution received from E. B. G., Montreal, who volunteers second solution as follows: 1 Remove Q Kt from the board.

THE "WEEK" PROBLEM COMPETITION.

Through the liberality of an esteemed correspondent who insists on being nameless, we hereby offer a prize of six dollars in chess material for the best three move problem contributed to THE WEEK, on or before the 15th September, 1884.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

- 1. Problems to be direct, unconditional three move mates never before published.
2. Each competitor to enter as many problems as he pleases.
3. Joint compositions barred.
4. Rectification of problems allowed to closing date.
5. The problem on a diagram with motto, and having solution on the back in full, to be mailed in an envelope, addressed Chess Editor THE WEEK, Toronto, and a simultaneous envelope bearing inscription "Problem Competition," containing motto, name, and address of sender, to J. H. Gordon, 111 St. Patrick St., Toronto. The problems to be exclusive property of THE WEEK until the award of judges.
Want of compliance with any of the above rules will debar problems from competition. The standard of award will be: Difficulty, 15; Beauty, 15; Originality, 15; Variety, 10; Economy 10; Correctness, 10. The judges' names will be given in a future issue.

THE WEEK SOLUTION TOURNEY.

For the most complete set of solutions and criticisms of problems published in THE WEEK, commencing with the issue of July 3rd, 1884, and ending with the issue of October 30th, 1884, we offer a prize of five dollars in chess material, and for the second best, a prize of four dollars in chess material.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

- 1. No prizes will be awarded unless at least eight competitors enter.
2. Solutions and criticisms to be mailed within two weeks of date of issue, to Chess Editor, THE WEEK.
3. Marks for solutions will be awarded as follows:—For 2 move problems, 2 points; for 3 move problems, 3 points; for four move problems, 4 points, with an additional point for every indispensable variation of whites 2nd move. For second solution, further points will be awarded in the same way. The criticisms must be short and to the point.

GAME NO. 12.

Played in the Vienna Tournament of 1882, between Messrs. Steinitz and Tschigorin. Salvio Gambit.

Table showing chess game moves between Steinitz (White) and Tschigorin (Black). Includes moves like 1. PK 4, 2. P takes P, 3. Kt K B 3, etc.

NOTES.

- (a) Much stronger than 6 Kt K B 3. 6 P K B 6 constitutes the Cochrane gambit.
(b) Best. P Q 3 leads to a winning game for White.
(c) An invention of Steinitz. P takes P is the usual move.
(d) Ingenious, but unavailing against White's superior development.
(e) Of course 20 Kt B 6 ch loses a piece.
(f) A peculiar place for the Q; but far away as she appears her influence will be felt during the rest of the game.
(g) The toils are closing round Black.
(h) The winning move.

NEWS ITEMS.

MR. BURN has won the silver cup which Mr. Rutherford, the President of the Liverpool Chess Club, presented to that organization for competition.

A MATCH was played lately at Brighton, England, between the counties of Sussex and Surrey. Score—Sussex, 24; Sussex, 17.

A HANDICAP TOURNAMENT has commenced at Simpson's Divan, London, in which Messrs. Blackburne, Mason, MacDonnell, Gunsberg and others have entered.

THE match between the St. George's Club and the Bristol and Clifton Chess Association resulted in a narrow victory for the St. George's by a score of 7 1/2 to 6 1/2.

IT is proposed to present Mr. J. H. Blackburne, the illustrious English blindfold player, with a national testimonial in recognition of his services in the cause of chess in England during the past twenty years.

THE announcement of the death of Mr. Judah P. Benjamin, the eminent Queen's Counsel, will be heard with regret by all members of the Westminster Chess Club, of which association he became a member on his arrival in England at the close of the American Civil War.

MR. Benjamin was an uncle (by marriage) of Paul Morphy, and was himself a skilful chess player. He visited the Criterion on several occasions last year during the progress of the International Tournament held there and evinced the liveliest interest in the proceedings.—The Illustrated London News.

MR. J. G. ASCHER still leads in the Montreal City Chess Club Torney, with the fine score of 19 won, 0 lost, 1 drawn.

THE Rochester Chess and Checker Club has been organized with the following officers:—President, Frederick Driscoll; Vice-President, E. H. Damon; Treasurer, Peter McMillan; Secretary, A. E. Newman. The club includes several fine players.

**WHAT IS CATARRH ?**

*From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15.*

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

Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distressing disease by the use of inhalants and other ingenious devices, but none of these treatments can do a particle of good until the parasites are either destroyed or removed from the mucus tissue. Some time since a well-known physician of forty years' standing, after much experimenting, succeeded in discovering the necessary combination of ingredients which never fail in absolutely and permanently eradicating this horrible disease, whether standing for one year or forty years. Those who may be suffering from the above disease, should, without delay, communicate with the business managers,

Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON,  
305 King St. West, Toronto, Canada,

and inclose stamp for their treatise on Catarrh

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

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

Messrs. A. H. Dixon & Son:

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

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

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

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

**CRAZY PATCHWORK!**

THE STANDARD SILK WORKS,  
No. 23 Park Row, New York city.

having on hand an unusual quantity of remnants, will send to any lady subscriber of this paper enough pieces of BEAUTIFUL SILKS AND VELVETS to make a beautiful quilt with.

Send for a dollar package.

ESTABLISHED 1859, 364 Yonge Street.

**THOMSON'S Wall Paper and Stationery EMPORIUM.**

New stock of next season's Wall Papers just arrived. Balance of old stock offering at remarkably low figures. Calomining, Paper-Hanging, Glazing, Re-Glazing and Painting done to order. Estimates given. A well selected stock of Stationery, Christmas Cards, etc., at lowest prices. A call solicited.

**CACTUS Rare and Beautiful Texan and Mexican**

sorts, hardy, requiring absolutely no care, except protection from severe frosts; novel and curious in form, and some with flowers of exquisite beauty and fragrance. Send 20c. for small specimen. Illustrated circular free.

TROUPE NURSERIES,  
TROUPE, TEXAS, U.S.A.

These plants can be shipped at any season of the year.

THE LIGHT-RUNNING DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE. Artistically beautiful. Without a peer. In its mechanical construction it has no rival. The new line of attachments that are now being placed with each "Domestic" are specialties. No other machine has them. These attachments and the new wood-work make the "Domestic" more than ever in demand. A. W. BRAIN, Agent, 98 Yonge Street,

**THIS WEEK WE ARE SHOWING**

ON OUR TABLES THE FOLLOWING LINES:

- 3,000 YARDS OF FANCY CHECKED DRESS GOODS at 10c., worth 15c. to 17c. yd.
- 150 PIECES OF PRINT at 6½c., worth 12½c.
- 300 PAIR LISLE THREAD GLOVES at 20c., worth from 35c. to 75c. per pair.
- 300 DOZEN LADIES' LINEN COLLARS at 5c.

THE BEST VALUE IN CANADA.

- 1,500 YARDS OF SASH RIBBON at 25c., worth 75c.
- 750 YARDS OF SASH RIBBON at 60c., worth \$1.50.
- 450 YARDS BROCADED SATIN at 50c., worth from \$1.00 to \$1.50 per yard.

Reader, you will positively save money by visiting

**LUKES, DAGGE & CO'S STORE.**

116 YONGE STREET, CORNER OF ADELAIDE.

**DR. WARNER'S HEALTH CORSET**

Patented Sept. 28, 1875. Patented Jan. 11, 1876. Re-issued July 3, 1877. Patented Jan. 9, 1877. Re-issued Aug. 6, 1878. Patented July 17 and Nov. 27, 1877. Patented Feb. 19 and June 4, 1878. Patented also in Great Britain and France. Patented in Canada June 7, 1879, No. 10078. Trade mark, "Health" Corset, Registered Sept. 25, 1876.

With Improved Tampico Busto.

Awarded the Highest Medal over all American competitors at the Paris Exhibition of 1878.

Unequaled for beauty, style and comfort.

Approved by all physicians.



This favourite Corset is now made with the celebrated TAMPICO BUSTO, which are as soft as velvet, and yet so elastic that they will retain their shape perfectly until the Corset is worn out.

The "Health Corset" is boned with Coraline, a new substance which is much superior to horn or whalebone. It cannot break, and is elastic, pliable and comfortable.

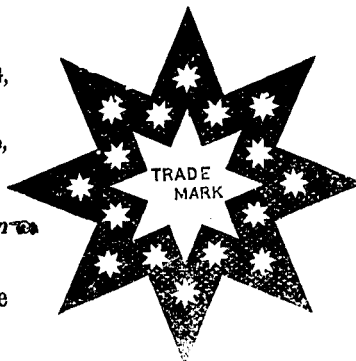
The "Health Corset" is not designed for invalids only, but is equally adapted to all women, even the most fastidious in dress.

MANUFACTURED BY THE

**CROMPTON CORSET CO., TORONTO.**

**INDIA RUBBER GOODS!**

- RUBBER SHOES,
- FELT BOOTS,
- BELTING,
- Steam Packing, Engine,
- Hydrant and Suction Hose,
- RUBBER VALVES, CASKETS,
- Star Brand Cottons
- Linen and Rubber
- Steam Fire Engine
- HOSE.
- (280,000 feet in use.)



This is the only seamless Multiple Woven Hose with Distinct Plies Manufact'd. Cities, Towns and Villages pronounce it superior to any other make in the market for its strength and durable qualities.

The Star Brand Seamless Rubber Steam Fire Engine Hose, is made from the best Gulf Cotton and fine Para Rubber, and fully warranted from any defects in manufacture. Sample mailed on application

**THE CANADIAN RUBBER COMPANY,**

OFFICE AND WAREROOMS:

21 Yonge and 1 Front Streets, Toronto.

R. HOUGHAN, Agent.

All inquiries by mail shall have our prompt and careful attention.

**THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.**

**LAND REGULATIONS.**

The Company offer Lands within the Railway Belt along the main line, and in Southern Manitoba, at prices ranging from

**\$2.50 PER ACRE.**

upwards, with conditions requiring cultivation. A rebate for cultivation of from \$1.25 to \$3.50 per acre, according to price paid for the land, allowed on certain conditions. The Company also offer Lands

Without Conditions of Settlement or Cultivation.

**THE RESERVED SECTIONS**

along the Main Line, i.e., the odd numbered Sections within one mile of the Railway, are now offered for sale on advantageous terms, to parties prepared to undertake their immediate cultivation.

**Terms of Payment:**

Purchasers may pay one-sixth in cash, and the balance in five annual instalments, with interest at SIX PER CENT. per annum, payable in advance.

Parties purchasing without conditions of cultivation, will receive a Deed of Conveyance at time of purchase, if payment is made in full.

Payments may be made in LAND GRANT BONDS, which will be accepted at ten per cent. premium on their par value and accrued interest. These Bonds can be obtained on application at the Bank of Montreal, Montreal; or at any of its agencies.

FOR PRICES AND CONDITIONS OF SALE and all information with respect to the purchase of Lands, apply to JOHN H. McTAVISH, Land Commissioner, Winnipeg. By order of the Board,

CHARLES DRINKWATER, Secretary.

Montreal January, 1884,

PREPARATION FOR HARVARD, OXFORD and CAMBRIDGE (Eng.) and for Wellesley, Lady Margaret Hall and Girton Colleges for Women, by E. R. HUMPHREYS, LL.D., by separate, personal teaching, 7 pupils.

Vacancy for one pupil in place of one who has just left to enter Oxford. Attention is invited to these facts:—1. Dr. Humphreys has successfully prepared for Harvard, in 16 years, 131 candidates. 2. In each of the present four classes there are members in good standing prepared by him. 3. Five of his former pupils will graduate next June, all creditably, one in High Honors. 4. During the same period he has prepared for various Examinations at Oxford and Cambridge 17 students. 5. And for other American and English Colleges 25 in all. Dr. H. gives lessons in Greek and Latin composition and criticism by correspondence.

For circular, address  
E. R. HUMPHREYS, LL.D.,  
129 West Chester Park, Boston, Mass.  
February 25th, 1884.

**RUSSELL'S, 9 KING ST., WEST, TORONTO, for HIGH-CLASS WATCHES & JEWELLERY**

Watch Repairing and Jewellery Manufactured to order, special features. Charges Moderate.

**SHAW & USBORNE, Real Estate Brokers and Valuers.**

Houses rented, rents collected, loans and insurances effected. Property bought, sold and exchanged.  
10 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

**STEWART & SON, (LATE STEWART & STRICKLAND.)**

ARCHITECTS, BUILDING SURVEYORS AND VALUATORS. Offices—39 Adelaide St. East, Toronto. WM. STEWART. WM. H. STEWART.

**W. A. IMPEY, Dealer in all kinds of Window Shades and Spring Fixtures**  
271 CHURCH ST., TORONTO, ONT.  
Estimates given on application.

THE **Toronto Paper Mfg. Co.**

WORKS AT CORNWALL, ONT.

CAPITAL, - - - \$250,000.

JOHN R. BARBER, President and Managing Director.  
CHAS. RICHARDSON, Vice-President.  
EDWARD TROUT, Treasurer.

Manufactures the following grades of paper:—

- Engine Sized Superfine Papers,
- WHITE AND TINTED BOOK PAPER (Machine Finished and Super-Calendered)
- BLUE AND CREAM LAID AND WOVE FOOLSCAPS, POSTS, ETC.
- ACCOUNT BOOK PAPERS:—
- Envelope and Lithographic Papers.
- COLORING COVER PAPERS, super-finished.
- Apply at the Mill for samples and prices. Special sizes made to order.

**CANADA SOAP & OIL WORKS, TORONTO, ONT.**

**Rodger, Maclay & Co.**

MANUFACTURERS OF THE "LILY WHITE" FLOATING SOAP, QUEEN'S OWN PERFECTION SOAP, ENGLISH MOTTLED SOAP, AND OTHER CELEBRATED BRANDS OF

**FINE LAUNDRY SOAPS,**

Fulling Soaps, Toilet Soaps, Aniline Dyes.

SEND FOR PRICE LIST.

**RODGER, MACLAY & Co.**

Canada Soap and Oil Works, Office: Works: 70 FRONT ST. EAST, | DEPRIES STREET, TORONTO.



THE SHELDON OCEAN GROVE, N.J. City by the Sea.

Established 1875; Enlarged and Improved 1883. Health and Pleasure Resort. 1 1/2 hours from New York—20 trains daily; 2 hours from Philadelphia; 10 minutes from Long Branch.

THE MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

"This publication is doing a grand work."—Narraganset Historical Register.

CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1884.

THE SHARPLESS PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON. In steel. Frontispiece. DEFENDERS OF NARRAGANSET BAY, RHODE ISLAND. Historical Sketch. Brevet Major-General George W. Cullum, U.S.A.

(Sold by newsdealers everywhere. Terms, \$5 a year, or 50 cents a number.)

Publication Office, 30 Lafayette Place, New York City.

CANADA PERMANENT LOAN & SAVINGS Co.

Incorporated, A.D. 1855.

Subscribed Capital - \$3,000,000 Paid up Capital - 2,200,000 Reserve Fund - 1,100,000 Total Assets - 8,000,000

SAVINGS BANK BRANCH.

Deposits received, repayable on demand or short notice. Interest is paid, or added to the principal half-yearly.

DEBENTURES.

Money received for investment in sums to suit lenders, for which debentures are issued in currency or sterling, with interest coupons attached, payable in Canada or in England.

J. HERBERT MASON, Managing Director.

BANK OF OTTAWA.

Authorized Capital, \$1,000,000 Subscribed Capital, 1,000,000 Paid-up Capital, 993,263 Rest, 110,000

JAMES MACLAREN, Esq., President. CHARLES MAGEE, Esq., Vice-President. Directors—C. T. Bate, Esq., R. Blackburn, Esq., Hon. Geo. Bryson, Hon. L. R. Church, Alexander Fraser, Esq., Geo. Hay, Esq., John Mather, Esq.

GEORGE BURN, Cashier.

BRANCHES—Ampror, Carleton Place, Pembroke, Winnipeg, Man.

AGENTS IN CANADA—Canadian Bank of Commerce. AGENTS IN NEW YORK—Messrs. A. H. Goadby and B. E. Walker. AGENTS IN LONDON—English Alliance Bank.

UNITED EMPIRE LOAN CORPORATION,

50 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.

SAVINGS BANK DEPT.

Deposits received from \$1 upwards. Interest allowed from date of deposit at 4, 5 and 6 per cent. No notice required for withdrawal of moneys.

JAMES SCROGGIE, Manager.

MONEY TO LOAN ON MORTGAGE SECURITY.

WESTERN

ASSURANCE COMPANY.

INCORPORATED 1851.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO, ONT.

Cash Assets, \$1,289,112.00 Income for Year, 1,690,828.28

Fire and Marine Insurances effected at moderate rates. Agencies in all towns throughout the Dominion and United States.

A. M. SMITH, Pres. JAS. BOOMER, Sec. J. J. KENNY, Man. Director.

CANADA LIFE

ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Capital & Funds | Annual Income ABOUT | ABOUT \$6,500,000 | \$1,200,000.

BY INSURING NOW

TWO YEARS' PROFITS

Will be secured at the

DIVISION NEXT YEAR.

April, 1883.

CANADA WEST

LAND AGENCY COMPANY,

(LIMITED.)

CAPITAL - - \$100,000.

Directors:

HON. G. W. ALLAN, President. A. H. CAMPBELL, Esq., Vice-President. ROBERT GILLESPIE, Esq., Gov. Canada

The Canadian Farm Journal which contains the largest amount of Property for Sale in Ontario of any list published, will be furnished to applicants by the London Office, 37 Royal Exchange, E.C., on receipt of 1d. postage, or by the Head Office in Toronto, on receipt of 3 cent stamp.

2592. Cobourg. Desirable residence, with extensive lawn and 8 acres of ground, beautifully laid out. The house and rooms are large, particularly the drawing-room. Price, \$8,000, which is a great bargain.

2079. Valuable small farm and residence, 28 acres, good loam soil, well watered, 2 storey brick residence, 10 rooms, kitchen and cellar, frame barn, carriage house, etc. Very fine orchard of choice fruit trees. Price, \$4,500; \$2,000 down, balance to suit at 6 per cent.

2500. Delightful residence in Port Burwell, comprising 23 acres fronting on Lake Erie. Large frame house, nearly new, 13 rooms, with bath, hot and cold water, etc. Also 2 frame dwellings, frame barn and numerous out-buildings. About 3 acres orchard of old and young trees. Price, \$6,000; \$2,000 down, balance on easy terms.

J. R. ADAMSON, Manager.

14 ADELAIDE ST. EAST, TORONTO, ONT.

HAMILTON MERRITT,

ASSOCIATE ROYAL SCHOOL OF MINES, ETC.,

MINING ENGINEER & METALLURGIST,

15 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.

Grand Trunk Railway.

NOTICE.

Commencing on Monday, June 30th, and until further notice, a Pullman Car will leave Toronto by the 7.50 p.m. train daily for Kingston wharf, for the accommodation of parties wishing to take the steamer at that point.

JOSEPH HICKSON, General Manager.

MONTREAL, June 2nd, 1884.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

TRENT VALLEY NAVIGATION COMPANY.

BOBCAYGEON,

STURGEON POINT,

THE FAVORITE CANADIAN SUMMER RESORT.

Rail to Lindsay and thence by Boat.

The best shooting, fishing and boating to be had. First-class Summer Hotel (Sturgeon Point Hotel) on the Lake Shore.

Leave Toronto 7.00 a.m. Arrive Bobcaygeon 1.30 p.m. Leave Bobcaygeon 2.30 p.m. Arrive Toronto 8.55 p.m.

On Saturdays the Boat will also make connection with the 4 p.m. train from Toronto, returning Monday morning.

Special reduced fare tickets on application at Grand Trunk Railway ticket offices.

JNO. A. BARRON, JOSEPH HICKSON, Secretary, General Manager, Trent Valley Nav. Co. Grand Trunk Ry.

Montreal, April 29th, 1884.



W. N. SEARS & CO.,

139 CHURCH ST., TORONTO,

Manufacturers of Real and Imitation Stained Glass. Send for circulars, etc. Costs from 35c. per foot up. Send for sample fan-light \$1, size 16x30 in.

REFRIGERATORS,

ICE CREAM FREEZERS,

COAL OIL STOVES.

W. H. SPARRCOW,

WOLVERHAMPTON HOUSE.

87 YONGE STREET.

MISS BIRD-SALL,

82 St. Albans Street.

TEACHER OF MUSIC

Pupil of Carl Martens.

Pencil drawing, etching, water colours, on satin or velvet. TERMS—Music, \$6; Drawing, etc., \$4.

WINDSOR HOUSE, COLBORNE.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' HEAD-QUARTERS

This House has all the latest improvements. Good Sample Rooms, excellent cuisine. Terms, \$1.00 per day.

WM. MALES, Clerk. ALBERT GERMAN, Mangr.

HORACE F. ALLKINS, ARTIST,

40 Church Street, Toronto.

Portraits from life. Old paintings copied a specialty. Portraits of horses and dogs. Oil painting taught on the system of the Royal Academy, London, England.

AMUSEMENTS.

HORTICULTURAL GARDENS.

Semi-Centennial.

FRIDAY, JULY 4TH,

MENDELSSOHN QUARTETTE CLUB

OF BOSTON, ASSISTED BY

MISS FANNY KELLOGG

and other artists.

Reserved seats at the piano warehouses of Messrs. I. Suckling & Son.

GRANITE RINK.

Grand Military Promenade Concert.

JUNE 30TH, JULY 1ST.

SIGNOR ALLESANDRO LIBERATI.

Tickets at Suckling's.

CHANGE OF TIME—HANLAN'S POINT FERRY.

YORK STREET steamers run from 7.30 a.m. until 9.30 p.m.—last trip from Island 10 p.m. YONGE STREET steamers, 8 a.m. until 8 p.m. BROCK STREET steamer 10 a.m. until 9.30 p.m.

P. MCINTYRE, Manager

Steamer Chicora.

Daily, leaving Toronto at 7 a.m. and 2 p.m. for Niagara and Lewiston.

Steamer Empress of India.

Daily between Port Dalhousie and Toronto, in connection with G.T.R. Shortest route to Buffalo and Stations on Welland R.R., leaving Port Dalhousie at 8.15 a.m., and Toronto 3 p.m.

FRANCE.

Copies of THE WEEK may be obtained of M. Fotheringham, 8 Rue Neuve des Capucines, Paris.

MASON & COLLINS, ARTISTS.

LIFE-SIZE PORTRAITS IN OIL AND CRAYON.

STUDIO, - - 31 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

FRASER & SONS,

(Late Notman & Fraser, Photographers to the Queen.) Portrait & Miniature Painters, PHOTOGRAPHERS, ETC.

J. A. Fraser, R.C.A. J. A. Fraser, Jr. A. G. Fraser.

DR. JOHN HALL, SENR.,

Homoeopathic Physician, At his old residence, 33 RICHMOND ST. E.

Office hours:—9 to 10 a.m.; 2 to 4 p.m.; and on Monday and Thursday evenings, from 7.30 to 9; Sunday, 5.30 to 6.30 p.m.

DR. SINCLAIR,

334 JARVIS STREET.

MIDWIFERY, AND DISEASES OF

WOMEN A SPECIALTY.

A. C. MCKINLAY, L.D.S.,

SURGEON DENTIST.

121 CHURCH STREET, - - TORONTO.

N. PEARSON,

DENTIST,

No. 2 KING STREET WEST, - - TORONTO.

PAINLESS DENTISTRY.

Artificial Teeth, life-like in appearance and perfect in eating and speaking. The painless method includes filling, and operations both mechanical and surgical.

M. F. SMITH, DENTIST, 266 Queen Street, East.

JOHN B. HALL, M.D.,

HOMOEOPATHIST,

Specialties—Diseases of Children and Nervous System. Hours—8 to 10 a.m.; 4 to 6 p.m.; Sunday, 9 to 10 a.m.; 5 to 6.30 p.m.

326 & 328 JARVIS STREET.

CHARLES W. PHILLIPS,

SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER, ETC.

—OFFICE:—

46 Adelaide Street East, Toronto, Ont.

E. COATSWORTH, JR.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, Conveyancer, etc.

Money to Lend. Offices—10 York Chambers,

No. 9 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.

GEO. MACDONALD,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.

— OFFICES :—

Equity Chambers, 20 Adelaide Street East, Toronto. Money to Loan.