

# THE WEEK.

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## The Week.

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## TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE political atmosphere is still full of scandals and rumours of scandals. It would seem as if nothing less than a terrific thunder-storm of public indignation were capable of purifying the air of the body politic. Unfortunately, the malaria has become common, and does not appear to be offensive. The long-suffering tax-payer seems content to "let everything go"—to allow those in charge of public business to work their own sweet wills and to ungrudgingly "foot the bill." In this state of affairs it is not very surprising that charges of corruption and bribery in the departments are made daily and taken as a matter of course. The latest—that a gentleman occupying a prominent and responsible position in the Government has accepted a "testimonial" from parties upon whose suits he afterwards adjudicated—is so monstrous as almost to defy credence, however, and even the voracious maw of the scandal-loving partizan would surely be satisfied to see the charge disproved—to see his Moloch deprived of a morsel that would still further drag the political honour of the Dominion through the mire.

The conclusion of the police-court evidence in the bribery scandal, the able addresses of counsel on either side, and the committal of all the prisoners for trial, has been followed by a lull in the nauseating business, and whatever the result of a Royal commission, there is small expectation that any definite issue will be arrived at in the higher court. Apart from there being legal difficulties in the way of a verdict, so many reputations are involved besides those now on their trial, that no stone will be left unturned to squelch the enquiry.

THE decision of the Privy Council *re* Caldwell *v.* McLaren, involving as it does the freedom of all "floatable streams" and the validity of the Rivers and Streams Bill, is an indirect triumph for Mr. Mowat, whose position as the vindicator of public right to use such streams was practically challenged by Sir John Macdonald's veto. The outcome so far as the litigants are concerned is that Mr. McLaren will have to pay some \$30,000 for denying Mr. Caldwell the use of that portion of the Mississippi running through his property—a lesson which riparian owners may take to heart.

THE reluctance with which Mr. Gladstone went into the Egyptian imbroglio—a hesitancy born of his clear forecast of the inevitable results of such a step—is probably the cause of his foreign policy being at the

present moment under a cloud, and is responsible more than anything else for whatever tension there may be in the British Cabinet. It is nonsense, however, to suppose that he will dissolve Parliament until he has carried the Reform Bill, or until the House of Lords shall have positively rejected that measure. Provided always that the health of the veteran statesman does not break down. He has nothing to gain by an immediate appeal to the constituencies, since an alliance of Tories and Parnellites after a general election might swamp the Liberal vote, whereas at present Mr. Gladstone has a large and solid majority who have implicit faith in his home policy. His brilliant speech on Thursday night is reported not only to have delighted the Ministry but to have utterly demoralized the Opposition. Nevertheless the situation in Egypt is so critical that it is scarcely possible the event can bring anything but embarrassment to the Government.

THERE is not by any means perfect unanimity in the Cabinet on the provisions of the Reform Bill as drafted. Mr. Gladstone, for instance, objects to electoral districts, would preserve the distinctions between town and country, would "respect within moderate limits the individuality of constituencies," and would not be precise or mathematical in allotting seats. He declines to give "large and highly concentrated populations" a proportional share of the representation; he would not reduce the number of Irish members, but would compel the smaller boroughs, chiefly in the South of England, to give up seats in order to augment the representation of London, the great towns, the counties, Scotland, and generally the north. But why should the South of England be deprived of representatives because it is not populous, while Ireland, which has lost three millions of inhabitants since 1841, retains her full quota of members? The Irish people in 1801 were about a fifth of the population; now they are less than one seventh. Their proportionate contribution to the revenue has diminished in a much larger ratio. Mr. Gladstone would increase the total number of members in the House, but the Marquis of Hartington recognizes that would make the House still more unwieldy, and the proposal is received with implacable hostility out of doors. More might be said for reduction than augmentation. In view of the prospect that the electors of the United Kingdom will probably before long amount to five millions—half-a-million of them living in mud huts in Ireland—the more moderate Liberals are asking whether the educated and propertied sections of the present constituencies, who will then be the minority, are to be swamped entirely, or, by some scheme of proportional representation to retain a fair share of the constituencies?

WHEN rogues fall out a certain person is said to get his own. So it is with the "Nationalist" leaders in Ireland. The Parnell-Davitt quarrel, as to the best form of election procedure, is like to considerably cripple the power of the rebels for mischief. Each leader is engaged in the congenial task of discrediting the other, and though Mr. Parnell has the larger following, his quondam friend and associate has a by no means insignificant band of admirers. The "uncrowned king" will either have to submit to the loss of some of his prerogatives, or Davitt may wreck the party.

THE able London correspondent of the *Manchester Examiner* says:— "Whatever opinion the Duke of Richmond and his colleagues may have formed of the Manchester Ship Canal scheme, they must be convinced that the trade of the district is in a very bad way. Witness after witness has testified to the severity of the struggle in which Lancashire is engaged against the other manufacturing centres of the world, and their evidence has indeed been such that, did one not know the energy and pluck of the Lancastrians, one might almost be tempted to despair of the future. The one fact that the consumption of raw cotton in Great Britain has only increased during the last ten years by between two and three per cent., while in the United States the increase has been over eighty per cent., and in India over sixty-four per cent., is sufficiently startling to alarm even those who have the smallest knowledge of the trade. That the ship canal would be the means of entirely restoring the supremacy of Lancashire in the cotton markets of the world is not, of course, to be supposed, but if the careful calculations laid before the committee are to be trusted, there is no doubt that to a large number of manufacturers the cheaper transit rates which the company would offer would make all the difference between profit and loss."

## CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS.

MR. BLAKE'S speech against Orange Incorporation has raised again the old question as to the relations between Roman Catholics and the State. It is clear that if no Roman Catholics could be good citizens there could have been no good citizens in Europe before the Reformation. The framers of the Great Charter, the founders of the Italian, German, Flemish and Swiss liberties, all were Roman Catholics. But they were Roman Catholics in whose breasts allegiance to their country or their municipality held the first place. They were above all things patriots. This they proved by taking the Pope by the beard as often as he encroached upon national or municipal rights. They left representatives in those English Roman Catholics who, with Howard of Effingham at their head, bore arms for England against the Armada; in the Gallican Churches both of Old and New France, and even among the great Roman Catholic families of England in later days, one of whose chiefs, the Duke of Norfolk, so deeply resented the violation of national feeling by the "Papal Aggression" that he passed over from the Roman Catholic to the National Church. With Roman Catholics of this school a national government, even if it were Protestant, might dwell in peace, though it would have some difficulties about public education; and the Protestant government of Canada did dwell in peace with the Gallicans of Quebec. But a widely different kind of Roman Catholicism was bred by the struggles of the Reformation and the antagonism of the Papacy to the Protestant governments; and the anti-national spirit of Ultramontanism has been growing more intense up to the present hour. "I am a Catholic first and an Englishman afterwards" were the very words of Lord Petre, an English Roman Catholic of the Ultramontane school. The embodiment and the restless propagator of Ultramontanism has been the Society of Jesus, an organization of cosmopolitan intriguers absolutely without country or national tie, which sees in every Protestant government an enemy. Mr. Blake could hardly pretend that Ultramontanism and Jesuitism were not political, seeing that the Jesuit was for nearly two centuries the arch instigator of religious wars in Europe, that his machinations brought about the Swiss Sonderbund, and that his influence over a foolish and devout Empress was the principal cause of the quarrel between France and Germany. The Encyclical and the Syllabus are an open declaration of war against religious liberty, against liberty of education, against the liberty of the press, against the independence of the State, against those claims of the people which are the basis of popular government, against the organic principles of Protestant civilization. Nor in Quebec, where the Jesuit has now decisively triumphed over his Gallican opponents, does he fail to give practical expression to his principles, religious and political. "The new school teaches that the Roman Catholic Episcopate in Canada is as much above the civil power as the supernatural is superior to the natural; that the Pope is the Church, and that the Church contains the State; that every human being is subject to the Pope; that the Pope has the right to command the obedience of the King and to control his armies; that the civil authority can place no limit to the ecclesiastical power; and that it is a pernicious doctrine to allege that it has the right to do so; that to deny the priests the right to use their spiritual authority to control the elections is to exclude God from the regulation of human affairs; that civil laws which are contrary to the pretences of Rome are null and void; and that the judiciary has no power to interpret the true sense of laws so passed, which are, in fact, not laws at all; that civil society is inferior to the Church; and that it is contrary to the natural order of things to pretend that the Church can be cited before the civil tribunals." Such are the averments of Mr. Charles Lindsey in his "Rome in Canada," which is the most elaborate study of the subject, and is devoted to making the allegations severally good. An alliance between Mr. Blake and Sir Hector Langevin, therefore, would apparently be fruitful of thorny questions, at least on the side of Mr. Blake, who would find that even the rule of publicity which he deems so essential to the health of the body politic was not always observed in the conclaves of the Society of Jesus.

SCARCELY was the ship of the Pacific Railway Company floated off the sandbank by the vote in aid, when the cry was raised that it had grounded again. Colour was given to the report by the somewhat faltering language of the Minister of Railways, but the alarm was entirely unfounded. No demand for further assistance was ever made. Yet it is not difficult to imagine a source for the belief, apart from the designs or the credulity of malice. A mortgage over the whole of the stock could not fail to render it for the time unsalable, especially as it was already weak, and powerful enemies were interested in decrying it. Its decline in the market was likely to be out of proportion to the amount of the loan, and

the land bonds being included with it in the mortgage, would share its fate, though there can be no doubt that the land grant will be a magnificent principality if all goes well with the North-West. It would have been better if the Government could have seen its way to the purchase of a portion of the stock at a reasonable price, which would have sent the rest up and made it marketable. The "Bystander's" opinion on the main question remains the same, but a pessimizing policy is always a mistake. Rightly or wrongly the country has now embarked upon this enterprise, and there is no use in starving it or crippling those to whom its execution is entrusted, and against whose capacity and probity no charge, or shadow of a charge, has been yet made good.

IN an article on the *Provincial Subsidies*, the *Toronto Monetary Times* sets forth, with financial precision, what in effect is the table of fees paid to the several Provinces for the votes of their delegations in favour of the fresh subsidy to the Canadian Pacific Railway. Quebec, ever patriotic, demanded better terms in two forms: direct increase of her annual subsidy and the huge dole now announced by Sir Charles Tupper under the guise of re-payment of expenditure on railways. Till she had extorted both these concessions she would not vote, and it seems that the bell had rung twice before her delegation could be got into the Chamber. British Columbia exacts a settlement of her own, and a heavy one, as we know, though it does not satisfy her cravings. The rest are to receive their doles in the shape of a direct increase of the annual subsidies, and when provision has been made for the aggregate amount, the Finance Minister's surplus will be reduced to very moderate proportions. Such were the inducements to which it was found necessary to have recourse, in order to persuade the several members of the Confederation to save from ruin the grand federal enterprise, the vital bond and pledge of their future union. Potent, indeed, must be the railway which can impart national life and spirit to such a frame. What has been done on this occasion will be done at every similar crisis, and the hand of Quebec will be always held out for her black-mail till the second bell has been rung. The truth is, that Quebec is again New France; the fruits of Wolfe's victory have been lost; the British race and language are being thrust out, and the separate French interest rules the Province, both internally and in its relations with the Dominion. It is commerce, which is British or American, rather than Englishry, that holds its ground, though vastly outnumbered, in the western part of Montreal. A recent decision of the Superior Court, at Three Rivers, seems to proscribe the English language in the witness box. The Maritime Provinces, cut off from us by New France, have not learned, and it is doubtful whether they will ever learn, to regard themselves as part of Canada. This is the excuse, if not the justification, of Sir John Macdonald. The task of his political life has been to hold together a set of elements, national, religious, sectional and personal, as motley as the component patches of any "crazy quilt," and actuated, each of them, by paramount regard for its own interest. This task he has so far accomplished by his consummate address, by his assiduous study of the weaker points of character, and where corruption was indispensable, by corruption. It is more than doubtful whether anybody could have done better than he has done. His aims, if they have not been the loftiest, have always been public, and in the midst of daily temptation he has kept his own heart above pelf. Indeed, if he had not, he could scarcely have played so successfully upon the egotism and cupidity of other men. By giving the public interest the full benefit of his tact, knowledge and strategy, he has probably done the work for us as cheaply as it was possible to do it. Let it be written on his tomb, that he held out for the country against the black-mailers till the second bell had rung.

IT seems that there are a few among us at all events who are open to the suggestion that there may be something better than the party system, and are not unwilling to entertain the idea of an executive council regularly elected by the Legislature. But they call for details. There are hardly any special details to be given, except the rotation of elections. To keep up the necessary degree of harmony between the Executive and the Legislature the occurrence of vacancies ought to be so arranged that there should be one or more elections to places in the executive council every year. The union thus produced would be sufficient when the Legislature and the Executive had been set free each to do its proper work, and the Executive was no longer expected, as it is now, to control the action of the Legislature by means of a majority under its command. In other respects the process would be the same with the election of directors by any commercial company. For a time, perhaps, as was suggested before, it might be well to arrange the elections so as to admit the operation of a minority clause giving each elector, say, two votes for three

vacancies, in order that the leas of party might be thoroughly worked off. Personal fitness for the particular office might, under such a system, be expected to assert its claims, instead of the promiscuous pitch-forking entailed by the necessity of providing each of the leaders of a party with a seat in the cabinet. There would be an end at all events of that everlasting struggle for the offices of government between two organized factions, the source of the evils which all good citizens daily deplore, though they have hitherto been unwilling to consider the remedy or even to believe that a remedy was possible. The writer of this goes further. He is persuaded that it would be better for us all, if the Central institutions were based upon the Local, and the Central legislature were elected not by the people directly, but by local councils elected by the people. The people are practically unable, themselves, to exercise the direct vote; it is always confiscated by wire pullers, who get the nominations into their hands, and the utmost which is left to the people is the liberty of choosing between the nominees of two wirepulling organizations. A vote for a local council on the other hand the people can really exercise, as they know and are able to choose among their immediate neighbours, while the members of a local council can really exercise their vote for the central legislature. The members of the local council are sure to be men of a higher grade of political intelligence, and men who pay more attention to public affairs than the constituencies at large. Thus there would be a sifting process at each step of the ascending scale, and it might be reasonably hoped that the central legislature and the executive council elected by it would fairly represent the intelligence of the community. The only clearly successful part of the American constitution, as has been said before, is the Senate, elected by the State Legislatures. A vote on constitutional amendments would more than make up to the people at large for anything which they would lose by surrendering the direct vote. The question between direct and indirect election to the central legislature, however, stands apart from that respecting the relations between the central legislature and the executive. It is not likely that either question will be practically considered till the world has had more bitter experience of the fruits of the present system and we have all been taught to reflect that political ambition is entirely out of the range of the great mass of us, and that all we want is to have our political, like our commercial affairs, managed by competent and trustworthy men, with proper securities for responsibility and for a change in case of breach of duty, while we go about our work and enjoy the general benefits of advancing civilization. But let it not be said again that no substitute for party government has ever been proposed, because here is the obvious substitute, not propounded now for the first time.

EARL GREY, the son of that Earl Grey who carried the Reform Bill in 1832, though now in his eighty-second year, preserves his intellectual power unimpaired. He was long a member of Whig Cabinets and a conspicuous figure in English politics. He has always studied the suffrage question with hereditary interest, and has almost alone protested against blind and demagogic extension of the franchise without previous enquiry into the political fitness of the classes to be enfranchised and the probable effect of the change on the character of government. In parliamentary government by party, however, he has hitherto been a firm believer. But his article on "The House of Commons" in the *Nineteenth Century* shows that misgiving has at last found its way into his mind. No wonder; for the inability of a mob of 650 men, broken up into factions, and with no organization but the authority of party chiefs, to govern the country, is becoming every day more fatally apparent. "The most cherished traditions of Parliamentary procedure," says the *Times*, "are dissolving in the fierce heat of partisan conflict." In an article headed "The Anarchy in the Commons," the *Spectator* says: "A great political institution like the House of Commons can hardly fall into such anarchy as now prevails there without such a falling-off of patriotic spirit on both sides of the House as ought to cause the English people serious alarm." "There can be no doubt," it adds "but the nation has now reason for serious misgiving; that the very first of all questions is the Condition of the House of Commons question, and that is one with which every politician of character on either side ought to make a great effort to deal from some higher point of view than that of mere party feeling. It is a question of national morality and one of the most urgent kind. Without some effort to raise the level of political morality out of the bitter and dishonouring spirit of faction into which we are now falling, we may soon see English representative institutions in a condition worse than that which we have so often deplored in countries without our great constitutional traditions." Remarks only too well founded, yet, as coming from an advocate of party government, somewhat illogical. When your system is based on faction what can you

expect but factiousness, and factiousness ever increasing in ascendancy, as is the nature of that and every other bad passion? What can the "morality" of party be but partizanship? How, when partizanship produces its inevitable fruits, can you hope that those who are thoroughly imbued with it and completely enthralled by it, will in a moment lay aside their nature, rise above themselves and deal with the public interests "from a higher point of view." Such an effort involves self-abnegation, and which of the two parties will begin? The party-man has no "higher point of view." Mr. Gladstone's new rules render it possible in the last extremity to cut short a debate which might otherwise be interminable; but this is not enough to restore order in a political chaos. All the social restraints which used to be owned by the members of the House of Commons as gentlemen have been broken through, and on one side Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Ashmead Bartlett and the Baron de Worms, on the other, the Irish members, give not only courtesy but decency to the winds. On Mr. Gladstone's side of the House the only support of order is his personal authority; on Sir Stafford Northcote's side of the House there is no order at all. As the *Spectator* says, the system in England is in a bad way; and if it is in a bad way in England, the parent and cynosure of Parliamentary government, its prospects are not good elsewhere.

TEMPERANCE men have the satisfaction at all events of knowing that their question is a burning one, since it comes before us day after day in different forms, even to satiety. Perhaps all of us have reason to rejoice that a battle cry which is, at any rate, moral, has for a moment drowned the common battle cries of party war. The Senate has rejected the amendment requiring a majority of three-fifths for the application of the Scott Act, and at the same time that exempting from its operation the sale of beer and light wine. Yet both amendments in the eyes of those who are not filled with the new wine of platform oratory are reasonable, and ought to have been adopted. It is notorious that sumptuary laws depend for their effective operation on the public feeling in their favour, and that unless the arm of those who are charged with their execution is upheld by the sentiment of a great majority they become a dead letter and worse than a dead letter, inasmuch as connivance at their violation breeds a general disrespect for law. In the cities of Maine, popular feeling not being on the side of Blue Laws, the consequence of rigorous legislation has been the addition of all the evils of contrabandism to all the evils of drinking. In Toronto at this moment if an extreme measure of prohibition were passed it could not be executed; even the Crooks Act has resulted in the multiplication of illicit grog-shops. The other amendment is conducive to the real object of the Temperance movement if, as may be presumed, that object is not ascetic but sanitary and moral. People deceive themselves if they think that because they are virtuous the world in general will consent that there shall be no more cakes and ale. A glass of wine or beer with the meal is an indulgence on which, as on the meal itself, an anchorite may frown; but it does no more harm to him who drinks it, or to his neighbour, than a cup of tea or coffee, which are also stimulants, and even intoxicants in their way. That it is compatible with perfect sobriety the example of the wine-growing countries affords conclusive proof. If it is true that a man cannot venture on his glass of wine without "toppling over" into the abyss of intemperance, how comes it to pass that drunkenness is so rare and has always been held so disgraceful in Spain? Whiskey, once more, is the real poison, and the higher the license for selling it is made, the worse poison it becomes, because the greater is the inducement to adulteration. The substitution of a lighter and more wholesome beverage is as much as can be reasonably hoped or desired; it is as much as is compatible with liberty. Let extreme Prohibitionists note that one of the concomitants of their legislation in the United States has been a fourfold increase in the importation of opium.

It is rather startling to find a writer in the *Contemporary Review* coolly debating the questions "whether dynamite will ever be naturalized in Europe as a political agent," and "whether terrorism has a future there." "Stepniak," the author of the paper, is inclined to answer both questions in the negative, but his decision is by no means confident. Of moral indignation or horror at the idea of a general domination of murder, there is not the faintest expression. On the contrary, there is a disposition to enlist sympathy for the persons and objects of the Terrorists. "That," we are told, "which surprises and perplexes all who interest themselves in the so-called Nihilists, is the incomprehensible contrast between their terrible and sanguinary methods, and their humane and enlightened ideas of social progress; a contrast that is suggested most forcibly by their personal qualities." The apparent contrast cannot surprise or perplex anyone who is moderately acquainted with the history of the French Revolution. From

Robespierre and St. Just downward, the most sanguinary of the savages who made France a shambles, the perpetrators of the Noyades and the Fusillades, as well as those of the butcheries in Paris, were always propounding ideals of social progress, every whit as humane and enlightened as those of any Nihilist or Dynamiter at the present day. In their utterances, the tenderest effusions of philanthropic sentiments alternated with preachings of wholesale massacre. Robespierre and Couthon were prominent in this line. Nor were their characters at all wanting in sensibility; they were always ready with tears of love, as Louis Blanc, their great apologist, has been at the pains to prove. It is due to them, however, to say that, vile, and steeped in innocent blood as they were, they recoiled from the public sanction of assassination when it was proposed by one of the homicidal lunatics of the Convention. History takes strange turns. Who would have dreamed half a century ago that murder would ever again become a power in the world? We used to read of the Old Man of the Mountain and the reign of terror which he set up by means of his assassins as a half legendary tale of the remotest and most irrevocable past. The secret societies of the Middle Ages, such as the Vehmgericht and the Hermandad, which put people secretly to death, were Vigilance Committees of a permanent kind, and found their apology in the lawlessness which the arm of government was too weak to repress. Assassination prevailed to a fearful extent in Italy, but it was personal, not political or terrorist. The Carbonari hardly assassinated any but traitors to their own brotherhood; and in private, as well as in public, Mazzini always repudiated the use of the dagger. He had too much sense to believe that nations could be regenerated by crime. A terrorist association was discovered some years ago at Ravenna, but it was purely local and its objects were private. Extravagant faith in the efficiency of education is rebuked when we see that a depth of wickedness unknown to the barbarous Middle Ages has been opened by highly educated men and women in the midst of our modern civilization. To suppose that murder will prevail would be treason to humanity; yet the struggle may be severe, and dreadful things may be done before it closes. Besides the ordinary denizens of a Faubourg St. Antoine, there are wretches, both male and female, in whom the lust of crime is congenital, and whose depraved natures revel in the consciousness that they are terrible powers of evil. Science just at this juncture has placed in the hands of such people instruments of destruction hitherto unknown, while the increased facilities of locomotion and intelligence have enabled them to extend their concerted action over the world. It happens also that the moral sinew of mankind has been somewhat relaxed of late. The Agnostic will vehemently deny that this is in any way traceable to the decay of religious faith; yet it is at least conceivable that, pending the evolution of scientific ethics, he who believes in nothing beyond or above this life may be less willing to brave the stroke of the assassin than he who believes that so long as his feet are in the path of duty his life is in the hands of God. Policemen and all the guardians of the law are men, and should the influence of terrorism ever reach them, society might for a time be to a fearful extent at the mercy of the assassins. Sentimental dalliance with Nihilism or any of its kindred villainies is, at all events, more than society can afford; and it is somewhat alarming to find anything but thorough-going reprobation in the pages of so eminently respectable a journal as the *Contemporary Review*.

WHEN a journal so strongly liberal and Anti-Jingo as the *Pall Mall Gazette* proclaims that a British Protectorate of Egypt has become a necessity, we may be sure that the die is cast. There is, of course, a chorus of outcries against the hypocritical ambition of Great Britain, from Anglophobists, both French and American, who see nothing hypocritical or ambitious in French aggression on Madagascar and Tonquin. But the charge, like the legend of "perfidious Albion" generally, is baseless. It is true that the reactionary party in England, wishing to divert the minds of the people from political change to military adventure, advocates a Jingo policy in Egypt as well as elsewhere, and that Sir Stafford Northcote, in order to earn his bread, a miserable crust, as leader of the Tory Opposition, has been making a series of factious and unpatriotic moves in that direction. But Mr. Gladstone has been, in his foreign and imperial policy, the steadfast champion of moderation and righteousness. His reluctance to occupy Egypt is sincere, and it is shared by the great body of the nation. The English people want no more territorial aggrandizement; many of them would be only too glad to resign much of the territory which they have; they want only that which is indispensable to the security of their trade, as well as of their empire—safe transit through the Suez Canal. Had Egypt possessed a tolerably stable and not unfriendly Government, no British soldier would ever have set foot on the banks of the Nile. But the Khedivate, with its golden sty of lust and gluttony, its ragamuffin

soldiery, and its devouring Jews, was doomed to share the fate of all Mahometan powers when their military energy has become extinct. It ended as its fellows have done, in military mutiny; and as it has no recuperative force, moral or political, once fallen it can rise no more. England will make no selfish use of her acquisition; she will hold the highway of nations in her trust, but she will never close it against the commerce of mankind. Nor will she take the Soudan if she can help it, though it would be impossible to leave the valley of the Nile always exposed to the devastating swoop of a fanatical horde. The trade of Egypt will not be monopolized; it will be left, as is the trade of India, open to the whole world. That the object of the Protectorate will be mainly material is true; nobody pretends that it will not. The object of the conquest of Texas and New Mexico was not purely moral. But though philanthropy is not the leading motive, there can be no doubt that for the downtrodden, plundered, and tortured peasantry of Egypt there has dawned a day better than any which they have seen since the Persian conqueror thrust the last Pharaoh from his throne. To them, poor beings, bowed to the soil, which they till for a master, destitute of national sentiment, of any political feeling, except abject fear of the despot and his slave-drivers, British sway, though that of a foreigner, is no humiliation; it is simply the substitution of a beneficent Christian ruler like General Gordon, for the tyrannical Ottoman and the grinding Jew. Let those who think the ambition of England unmeasured remember that without the slightest pressure she ceded the Ionian Islands to Greece, and let them produce, if they can, from the history of Empire, another instance of such voluntary renunciation.

THE thanks of all, but especially those concerned in the administration of charity, are due to the St. George's Society of Montreal, for its protest against indiscriminate assistance to immigration. The protest no doubt has been extorted by the bitter experience of this last winter, and it will be heartily echoed by the St. George's Society of Toronto, the office of which, like that of the sister society at Montreal, has been besieged for the last four months by sufferers, half of whom ought never to have been sent here at all. The chief culprits are the ship agents, whose heedlessness calls for prompt and decisive repression. But it is time that the whole question of assisted emigration should be reviewed in the light of present facts, which are widely different from the facts of forty years ago. It is extremely doubtful whether any one is now wanted here who does not find his way to us without government assistance. The North-West may be a case apart; but then it should be treated as a case apart; and emigrants bound for that region should be forwarded straight to their destination, as it were in bond, so that straggling destitution may not be scattered over the eastern cities of the Dominion. When Sir Hector Langevin denounces restriction as unpatriotic, he should have the justice to remember that there being no French immigration, the burden is not shared by his compatriots. Next to the ship agents, the people who do most mischief, though with the most amiable intentions, are orators like Lord Lorne and Lord Carnarvon, who by their pictures of Canada create the belief that whoever is hungry in England has only to come here and bring his family to be fed, even though it be at the setting in of winter when the season for work has closed. If the special object is to make Canada more British and to divert English emigration to us from the United States, it is more than doubtful whether that object is attained, so far at least as the class of mechanics is concerned, for displacement goes on, and the new comers often supplant older residents, who migrate to the States. Englishmen of rank who visit Canada and have no intercourse except with the knights and politicians are often in a fool's paradise about these matters. Canada has been so completely laid at the feet of England by ex-Governors General and other hyperbolically loyal persons, as to lead the English naturally to believe that we shall be thrice happy to relieve them of their pauperism. We would gladly do almost anything for the Mother Country, but for her pauperism we have no longer any room.

It is another thing to put any check on free and unassisted immigration. This, as a rule, is forbidden alike by economical policy and by justice. Immigrants or children of immigrants ourselves, how can we close the hospitable door of nature against our fellows? To immunity from artificial competition, the working man of Canada has a right, especially when the money used to flood his market is taken from his own pocket, but he has no claim to artificial protection. In the resistance to Chinese immigration the cloven hoof of industrial protectionism is always peeping out from beneath the cloak of moral quarantine. "The presence of these foreigners," says an anti-Chinese orator from British Columbia, "is a great drawback to the province: they work for lower wages than Englishmen demand,

and only spend from ten to fifteen cents a day in food." A hard-working population, cheap labour, and frugal habits are terrible drawbacks, no doubt, to the prosperity of a young, industrial community! Does British Columbia suppose that all the rough and coarse work necessary in laying the foundations on which the edifice of her commercial prosperity is to be reared can be done by labour brought from England across the ocean and the continent? There is, however, in the case of the Chinese a real moral objection. They do, at least when they are in foreign lands, things which Christendom cannot tolerate within its pale. To compel them to bring with them a certain proportion of women would perhaps be practically the best antidote. Their superstitious habit of going back to die on the celestial soil will in time, we may be sure, yield to more earthly considerations; some mode of dispensation or of formal compromise will be invented. In the meantime they leave behind them the railways which they have built and all the work which as able bodied labourers they have done, nor has Canada or British Columbia need either of their decrepitude or of their bones. Sir John Macdonald's conclusion was worthy of a statesman at once practical and moral; he will let the Chinese finish the Pacific railroad and then he will appoint a commission to enquire into their morals. The struggle to confine the Pacific coast of this continent to British and European labour is a hopeless struggle against nature. Let the competition for the Asiatic trade between Port Moody and San Francisco, which Sir John Macdonald spoke of, once begin, and it will be seen how long either of the competitors will be content to remain self-handicapped in the race by the virtuous exclusion of the hard-working Chinese.

A BYSTANDER.

### HERE AND THERE.

WHILE commercial training forms so small a part of the work of our Secondary Schools, the business portion of the community must necessarily be grateful to the Commercial Colleges for fitting Canadian youth for mercantile life. The other day we were glad to observe the Minister of Education and one of our leading bankers—Mr. Yarker, of the Bank of Montreal—recognizing the work being done at the British American Business College by addressing to the students of the institution some words of wholesome admonition and hearty encouragement. The Hon. Mr. Ross's address, though somewhat didactic, was appropriate and stimulating. In the alliterative fashion of the time, he admonished the students to bring to their work the virtues of "push, pluck, and principle, intermingled," as an evening contemporary reports the address, "with completeness, concentration, and courage." With the sound and goodly maxims of the Minister we have no desire to quarrel, but he will pardon us if we take exception, on the score of redundancy, to his citing "courage" as an added virtue to "pluck." "It is an ancient forester," to quote an old and quaint saying; "who stumbles over the tree he has planted." Mr. Yarker's alliterative word-alliance, if more modest in range, was happy as well as apt, in recommending the students to add "patience" to the p's and "courtesy" to the c's, for there are few records of any large practical success in business, or indeed in any other avocation, without these essential qualities. Equally opportune was Mr. Yarker's counsel to the students, not only to be zealous in preparing themselves for the varied duties of life, but to take pride in that training which would best fit them for successfully engaging in the practical occupations of commerce. He deprecated the popular notion that an academic training was necessarily superior to a mercantile one, and urged the students to get rid of this fallacy which, in a country like Canada, operated disadvantageously when young men went into business. He enforced the point, without depreciating other studies, by contrasting the facility with which any of the modern languages (French, to wit) might be acquired with the difficulty of making oneself conversant with the vast and intricate machinery of trade and the varied and complex methods of modern commerce, in all its ramifications. In the school-rooms of the country there is need of more talk of this sort, to convert mistaken notions and to give a more practical turn to Canadian elementary and higher education.

THE New York *Forest and Stream* says:—The formation of an association by the yacht clubs on the chain of fresh-water lakes is now an accomplished fact. At a spirited meeting held in Toronto, Saturday last, representatives from the principal clubs, both on the Canadian and American shores, drew up a constitution for the proper government of the new union. With the customs and laws of racing assimilated, a new era has opened for the prosperity of the sport. Through the adoption of the length and sail area rule of measurement, competition between the representatives of different types can now be undertaken with something like

rational interpretation to the results. Individuals will not be forced into the construction of the largest sail carriers for the only purpose of racing, but can suit their preferences in all respects, and build to meet other requirements besides. The custom of making the rounds, which is the very life of match sailing, will now take a fresh hold upon lake yachtsmen, and the voyages and passages such undertakings entail is certain to bring to the fore that boat best suited for the fresh-water seas.

THE Inter-Varsity boat race, which was originally fixed for Saturday, was, on account of the funeral of Prince Leopold in the same week, postponed till Monday, when Cambridge succeeded in stemming the tide of ill luck which for the last four years has attended her representatives in the great annual aquatic contest. The first race between the rival universities dates back to 1829, but it is only since 1856 that the event has been of yearly occurrence. In the records of the forty-one races which have been rowed, the Dark Blues have won twenty-two, and their opponents but eighteen, the race of 1877 having been declared "a dead heat by six feet" by the excited old waterman, Sam Phelps. Since their arrival on the Thames the Oxonians have been the favourites, but their easy defeat—as did their victory last year, when Cambridge was so greatly fancied—shows that "University pots" are not the safe thing they have hitherto usually been considered. Backers of the favourites will now know that other things besides "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley." But though the knowledge may make them sadder, it is questionable whether they will in any degree be wiser men.

THE victory of "Voluptuary" in the Grand National was another good thing for the book-makers. This year's winner, which was a cast-off of Lord Rosebery's, was for a long time a doubtful starter, and till within a short period previous to the event was quoted one hundred to one. That he was to be steered by Mr. E. P. Wilson, whose mounts a certain clique always follows, was the sole reason of his being brought to a shorter price, which his previous performances would never seem to have justified. The blue ribbon of steeple-chasing is usually an event which is favourable to the gentlemen of the pencil, though doubtless there are yet some who can recall the memorable bet of Mr. John Power, a step-son of the celebrated Richard Taylor Shield, which hit the ring so heavily. Johnny Taylor was justly esteemed as a very wild rider and bettor, so when he offered to take odds that he would name the horse, the rider and owner who would lead the start, who would win all the way, who would be first over the last ditch, first at the finish, and that he would place all the other horses and riders in the race, he was promptly and profusely accommodated to a very heavy amount of wagers. When he declared that "Valentine," owned and ridden by John Power, would be first from beginning to end, and the rest nowhere, he was laughed to scorn. Nevertheless they had to tumble to him, for he took the lead on "Valentine," never was headed, and distanced his field over the trying four-and-a-half miles which mark out the Grand National course at Aintree.

THE passing of an English bill making the shooting of pigeons from traps illegal is to be followed, it is rumoured, by an attempt to introduce a bill for the purpose of suppressing betting on horse races. The class to be first attacked is the press, which is to be prohibited from publishing the odds on coming events, whilst the sporting "tips" of "aristocratic touts" are to be held illegal. That the bill if brought forward will not lack considerable support, may be safely promised, but it is too much to expect such an act, even if become law, will be obeyed. "So long as Englishmen meet together, so long will there be betting in some form or other," was a trite and also a true saying of the late Admiral Rous. Call it a deplorable vice or not, there seems to be something inherent in every class of the Anglo-Saxon race which finds its vent in a certain kind of speculation on matters of chance. It is an acknowledged fact that horse-racing and betting are inseparable, and it is to be feared no legislation will ever sever the connection. Experience, bitter and disastrous as it so often is in turf circles, is no deterrent to the patrons of the "ring." There is but one class of men which makes money on the turf—the book-maker. Lord Falmouth, one of the most successful of racing men, and who only made one bet in his life—and that sixpence—despite the large amount of stakes he has won in his racing career, retires from the turf by no means remunerated in specie for his great outlay. Betting is a fool's game, and legislation, even though it succeed in stopping the publication of the "market price" in the organs of the day, will never make wise men of the large class which pursues the deleterious excitement of taking or laying the odds.

APROPOS of the chess column which is added as a feature to this issue of the WEEK, it may be interesting to recall a game played when the stake

at issue was a heavy one,—nominally an old gray hat on the one hand and a few rebellious Thugs on the other. The event forms one of the most interesting of the "*Contes Eccentriques*" of Adrien Robert. The Thugs, according to the French writer, who wished to have it all their own way in India, having failed in five attempts to stab, poison, and blow up the governor of the East Indian company, attributed their want of success to a talisman in the shape of his gray felt hat, unknown till then in India. His passion was chess, and it was determined by the chief of the sect to challenge him to that game. The stakes arranged were as above mentioned. A chess board one hundred yards square was marked out on the plains of Barrackpore. There were elephants, knights of armour and living pawns. The governor's men were supplied at £25 a-piece by his rival. The game lasted all day, for all the pieces were killed as they were taken, and just as the Thugs' queen was in danger, the imperturbable governor adjourned to lunch, where he stayed two hours. His rival, who had hitherto considered himself invincible at chess, was in anguish, for the queen was his own wife. On his return the magnanimity of the Englishman stepped in, and instead of allowing her to be killed, he took her a prisoner. This generosity so demoralized his opponent, that in a few more moves the game was over. The conspirators were handed over to the tender mercies of John Company, and India was saved.

FROM "across the border" we hear of a new out-door game for ladies and gentlemen, which has been named "Enchantment." Light hoops, not unlike "grace hoops," are used, and by means of wands are thrown so as to encircle successively upright posts placed some distance apart. The real end and aim of the game appears to be to exhibit the grace and elegance of the figure, though it is reasonably claimed that there is sufficient physical exertion to afford healthful action for every part of the system, and that there is sufficient excitement to give real interest. A moderately large piece of ground, whether smooth or not, is suitable. The bounds of the game are indicated by eight coloured flags on posts driven into the ground, lending ornamental appearance to the lawn. A small amount of practice will secure a good degree of success in the game. It will probably be found on sale at the fancy stores.

It is well known with what amazing rapidity rabbits multiply. In New Zealand the pigs deposited there by Cook have become so numerous as to necessitate a price being put upon their tails, but that horses in a state of wildness should have propagated in such numbers as to be destructive to vegetation, would not generally be credited. It is but a little over a century since the first horse was imported into Sydney, Australia, and whether this equine prodigy, as the first settlers regarded him, came from Valparaiso or the Cape of Good Hope is still a disputed question. Not many years elapsed from the introduction of horses to a country where soil, climate and the natural surroundings lend themselves admirably to the propagation of the race, before a few specimens escaped into the bush. The result is that thousands and tens of thousands of horses now run wild in Australia. They are for the most part spindle-shanked, flat-sided, cat-hammed, straight-shouldered brutes, and would be dear at five dollars a-piece.

AN American writer points out, in touching the question of the "emancipation of women," that one possible effect would be the infusing into the female character that sort of virility which produces a readiness to shoot at sight. The advocates of woman suffrage maintain that female virtues will remain just what they have always been, only "more so." Conservatives, however, maintain that as they are clothed with the rights of men, many feminine traits will be lost. The old-fashioned feudal woman always had an excessive aversion to gunpowder; the noise of a pistol or gun being painful to her nerves. She seems, however, in modern times to be gradually growing fond of it; and the ladies who get into "shooting scrapes" explain their connection with them in a way which resembles that of the Southern Colonel or Major. The Countess de Raconska, who had to shoot little Willie Coad in Philadelphia the other day, explains it by saying that her landlady, Willie's Aunt, had annoyed her by keeping the gas in their boarding house too low, and making too much noise. She therefore thought she "would fire" next time, and accordingly did so. It looks as if the possession of a revolver had just the same effect on woman that it has on man.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR is said to have dined and wined every member of both Houses of Congress and his wife this winter. His plan is to take them by sections of forty or fifty. At his last dinner a correspondent of the New York *Sun* says that "covers were laid for fifty, and there were

twenty courses, each more elaborate than its predecessor. All the floral decorations were horizontal. It has been established as the mode at the White House that all monster elevations in the middle of the table shall be abolished, and nothing but flat decorations used, except bowls of long-stemmed roses placed at intervals. This gives the President an opportunity to let all the ladies make eyes at him at once, so there can be no partiality."

BARNUM has been outdone, and Willing should die of chagrin. The boldest advertiser who has lived hitherto may as well hide his diminished head. Here is the latest development of the faculty for obtaining publicity. It appeared *verbatim et literatim* in the columns of a very largely-circulated London daily paper—"Twenty bald-headed men wanted, as perambulating signs, willing to have the words '——' burnt in on the back of their heads. Apply for address at any retail chemist's." The force of advertising could no further go. The tattooed man who offers his back for a permanent advertisement is nothing to this. Fancy the degradation of a man who would submit to become an object of scorn and derision for the sake of a few dollars taken from a chemist! It is very far from consoling to think that the twenty men were probably found.

IN the prevailing business gloom, the *Nation* takes pleasure in calling the attention of its readers to any sign of cheer and hope; and one of the most significant of these, our contemporary says, is a notice that Mr. Emanuel Delmar, late associate editor of the *Commercial Advertiser*, is going to "start a paper." His "salutatory," which is for some reason published in advance, gives the name of the new paper as the *Great Republic*, and fixes the circulation at 200,000 a week, and "as much more as possible." It is to be a large, handsome eight-page semi-weekly, and will appear on Wednesdays and Saturdays. The name of the editor-in-chief is not given, but his services have been secured, and he is described as "a gentleman and scholar of the highest social and political standing," and a "Republican of national reputation."

GERMANE to the remarks which have appeared in these columns on suppers, the American *Caterer* insists that late suppers are not in themselves bad if one knows how to eat them. The essential error consists, not in indulgence, but in ignorant indulgence. It is necessary to understand the likes and dislikes and the capacity and caprices of the stomach which is relied upon to digest the late supper we thrust into it. An ox fills himself with food suited to his occasion and lies down to digest it. If man would imitate the ox and only eat what was good for him he might fare as well.

THE London correspondent of the Liverpool *Mercury* says: "American journalism has been so far well imitated in England that a newspaper which was recently started to give the people old stories, literary extracts, and stale jokes has lately given a villa to a prize-winner in one of its recent contests. I understand that the villa cost the proprietor no less than £600. Such a prize is, I believe, absolutely unprecedented; and it proves that we are getting on in the journalistic world as well as in other directions."

THE announcement that Edmund Yates, "the reckless and pert editor of the London *World*," as an American writer dubs him, has been sentenced to four months' imprisonment for libel, has caused quite a sensation amongst "Society journalists." Taking advantage of the average Englishman's reluctance to figure before the courts even as an injured prosecutor, conductors of papers which pander to the unhealthy appetite for scandal and personalities have attacked private reputations in a wholly indefensible manner, and Lord Lonsdale has done the public yeoman's service in at once clearing himself and showing that this reckless disregard for sensibilities shall not in all cases be permitted to slaughter reputations with impunity. Almost anything is possible to the man of means to appeal, and it is not at all certain that Mr. Yates will be imprisoned; but if he were, though it might close some doors to him, the result would eventually be to his advantage. His burly form would be missed by scandal-mongers in "The Row;" he would be looked upon as a martyr—particularly as the libelous paragraph was not seen by him before its insertion; and his paper would sell all the better. It will be remembered that Earl Lonsdale was accused of eloping from the hunting-field with a lady of noble birth. The Springfield *Republican* says of this matter:—

"The incident is interesting for the light it throws on the way these London boulevard weeklies get their news. Yates said that the libelous article was written by 'a person of title,' who is a paid contributor to his paper. Yates has got a respite pending a law point."

FROM an English correspondent we learn that the Custom House is overdoing the dynamite precautions. Magnificent boxes have been forced open, jewel cases of the costliest kind have been wrenched in twain, dressing cases worth pounds have been greatly damaged. A "poor player" who had gone over with an ingenious apparatus for an electric ballet was pursued for hours until he had proved that his machines were not infernal; and people have been actually stopped when they were in a hurry on railway platforms, to turn out their bags. One night all the Duke of Norfolk's trunks were forced; and an official who let the servants of one of the Rothschilds carry away his trunks without examination—the master having the key—was censured. All this zeal will end in an outcry, and then a reasonable examination will become impossible, or will be very perfunctorily performed. Surely the Duke of Norfolk is not to be suspected of being a dynamitard.

THE latest growth of journalism—the *Dynamite Monthly*, the organ of the dynamite party, has caused a thrill of horror amongst civilized communities. The frank avowal of murderous intent which characterizes its every page, the cowardly admonitions to its readers to take advantage of "scientific" means to destroy English life and property, and the fiendish glee with which a "black list" of persons to be butchered is dwelt upon, are calculated to make all men thank heaven they are not "Irish Nationalists!" In concluding a summary of persons who have been murdered by "zealous" patriots, the editor gives a list of victims who must be "removed" at an early date, and concludes:—"In mentioning obnoxious persons, we should not forget Judge Lawson and the infamous Clifford Lloyd, and William E. Forster, who escaped for a time the judgment passed on him. Even that 'grand old man' Gladstone may be included." A little further on in the paper Lord Lansdowne is singled out for a special attack. The passage runs:—

"The hatred of the Irish people goes forth to such monsters as Lawson, Clifford Lloyd, O'Brien and Denman. These men must be guarded by constabulary and detectives while dealing out their mockery of justice. The lives of informers are no longer safe from the indignation of an outraged people. . . . But while these things give us pleasure, we remember regretfully that a scoundrel, differing from these only in being a greater scoundrel, sits with impunity under our very noses, and over the noses of thousands of Irishmen in Canada—the Right Honorable the Earl of Lansdowne. . . . If Clifford Lloyd or Buckshot Forster had been appointed Governor-General it could not have been a greater insult to its Irish population. The insult was felt at the time, and threats were made, but as yet justice has not been measured out to one beside whom even Careys may be considered virtuous."

There can be no doubt what this list means, or what "justice" it is to which the writer is referring. Every man in the list is marked out for murder, and the 22,000 persons to whom copies of the *Dynamite Monthly* have been sent are appealed to for help in carrying out the diabolical plan. A correspondent of the *London Times*, commenting on the precious publication, says:—

Now everybody knows, of course, what all this wicked nonsense means. It is an appeal for dollars or fractions of dollars, with murders and outrages promised as the reward if only the dollars are forthcoming. The men who make the appeal will keep their promise, for in no other way could the desired contributions be kept up. There must be outrages now and then, as proof that the money subscribed has not been wasted, and these are to be accepted as an earnest of the larger operations which are to follow. There have been very natural doubts raised as to the financial honesty with which the Emergency Fund has been managed, and a letter from Mr. Patrick Egan, late treasurer of the National Land League, is quoted as evidence for the defence. This gives a new turn to a very old saw. It is an instance of the pot bearing its unbiassed testimony to the absolute whiteness of the kettle.

I need only add that these dynamite meetings and lectures are openly advertised and are held regularly at known times and places, and that the *Dynamite Monthly*, the organ of the scientific war, has its offices in New York and its assigned box for letters at the New York Post-Office.

Would the New York *Nation* consider this an "overt act"?

"LOTHAIR" has given up his youthful idea of cathedral building. Instead of erecting a shrine at Westminster to rival the famous Abbey, he has translated the Breviary, and thrown considerable doubts on the very existence of some of the saints whom he is bound by his faith to invoke. But as a sort of concession to his early enthusiasm, he has commissioned Miss Edmonia A. Edward, the negro sculptress, to "do" him a Virgin for one of his chapels. Miss Edward is the first Ethiopian in, very recent times who seems to be on the way to win her place among the great sculptors of the day. Lord Bute's patronage of her is creditable to him.

MR. RUSKIN, in his latest *For's*, contends that "the three R's" should be taught, not at school, but at home. "I do not care," he adds, "that St. George's children were not taught either reading or writing, because there are few people in this world who get any good by either." These sentiments would not ill-become a noisy declaimer against the School Board, but they come with a smack of ungraciousness from a great art critic, and a man who has often boasted over his University Education.

A LONDON "society" paper is responsible for the following statements: Thirty-one families of the titled aristocracy govern England. They are

the Houses of Percy, Grey of Howick, Lowther, Vane, Stanley, Grosvenor, FitzWilliam, Cavendish-Bentinck, Clinton, Stanhope, Talbot, Leveson-Gower, Paget, Manners, Montagu, Osborne, Fitzroy, Spencer, Grenville, Russell, Cecil, Villiers, Baring, Petty, Fitzmaurice, Herbert, Somerset, Berkeley, Seymour, Lennox, and Howard. It has been claimed that these families alone supply on an average to every House of Commons three members of their own surname, to say nothing of seats in the Lords. Including the Irish and Scotch aristocrats "sixty families supply, and for generations have supplied, one-third of the ultimate governing power for an empire which includes (with India) one-fourth of the human race." But all is not fair sailing ahead for English monarchy and aristocracy. The law of primogeniture is threatened and the blue-blood legislators know that if that is abrogated and the division of real estate among the younger sons and the daughters of a noble house is made equally with the eldest son, then "good-bye" to noble privileges and the House of Lords; for that is how the death-blow came to aristocracy in France and Holland.

No controversy excites more amusement in the minds of men who have a sense of proportion than that over the unmarried sister-in-law. It raises an interesting question of social expediency. But while the English bishops say that if it passes there will be an end to Christianity, other people devote their lives to proving, what is sufficiently obvious, that a Judaic regulation has no application to England in 1884. Mr. T. Paynter Allen has published a volume of opinions of Hebrew and Greek professors of the European universities, of Bible revisers, and of other eminent scholars, on "the scriptural aspect of the question." The book shows that the weight of learned opinion is against the readings which the English bishops make. The American Episcopalians give a uniformly favourable answer in support of the Biblical legality of such marriages. Only prelates and high ecclesiastical dignitaries are against them, or professors in the Presbyterian Free Church. Mr. T. K. Cheyne is now probably the prince of Hebraists, and he is a clergyman and a reviser. He "cannot find any Biblical passage which can be proved to bear upon the question." Dr. Ginsburg, the leading reviser, and the compiler of the Massorah, is of the same opinion. Professor W. Henry Green was of the same opinion. So is Dr. Kennedy, Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge. Professor Stanley Leathes is against the marriage, but not because of any distortion of Scripture. Cardinal Newman, who was asked to be a reviser, says that the law ought to stand as it is if the educated classes are the objects of legislation, and to be repealed if the interest is to be consulted of the lower classes." Dean Perowne gives up the Scriptural argument. So does Dr. Robertson Smith, the chief Hebraist of Scotland. In short, the whole of the argument from this point of view is destroyed, and has become a positive weakness to the case of those who still hold that such marriages are inexpedient.

THE office of speaker of the House of Commons is no sinecure, and the man who fills it is probably the hardest worked member of the House of Legislature. The position is deservedly a lucrative one, and a peerage is invariably offered on retirement. Custom has undergone no change in the case of Sir Henry Brand, who recently vacated the chair he has so ably filled with both dignity to himself as well as to the House, and he has been raised to the honour of a peer by the title of Viscount Hampden. That the late speaker was fully worthy of the highest dignity that could be bestowed upon him none will attempt to deny, though many must feel surprised that he, as heir to the presumptive and time honoured title of Baron Dacre, should have been content to have allowed a title, which is interwoven so much with English history, to lapse—as it will have to do—into a new creation. Twenty-third Baron Dacre, as in the course of a few years, should he have lived, he must have become, surely takes the precedence of the first Viscount Hampden. Sir Henry Brand, doubtless, is the nearest lineal descendant of the illustrious man whose name he has honoured in the present title, and he may wish to record that fact and re-gild an immortal name. Yet it is not a title, which the name of the Great Commoner calls up, but a man whose distinction is not that he was of ancient lineage, or one of the largest proprietors in the kingdom—though he was both—but that being one of the greatest gentlemen in England, he fought for the people against the crown. The title of Viscount is a superior one to that of Baron; but to the English mind it must always have a new and foreign sound. Still it must be supposed from the eager way in which Peers, whose present rank is associated with much that is historical in the annals of England, seek for a step up the social ladder, that even amongst the titled members of the "Upper Ten," there is the same desire for a superior rank as there is amongst the vulgar herd for a knightage or baronetcy. That a Baron might desire the title of Earl

or an Earl that of Duke, is perhaps natural enough, but why they, whose rank dates from the Conquest, should wish to merge their honourable and ancient distinctions into either that of the new-fangled grade of a Viscount or Marquis seems strange. The ordinary rustic, it is true, sees in a Lord a great man, in an Earl a very great man, and in a Duke the greatest man of all; and it would seem as if this same sentiment is cultivated by the Peer. They value rank as rank only, not as history, and test it by the only scale open to them, namely precedence, and thus the old title with its glorious associations is too often merged into a new, though superior, one. There can be no doubt of the anxiety for fresh steps, and that too, when in the case of speaker Brand, promotion seems to outsiders a positive loss, since for every step conceded the Premier refuses half-a-dozen urgent applications. Peers seem to be without historic mind. Amongst themselves they are distinguished first by their power, next by their wealth. They would place Lord Palmerston before the late Viscount Hertford, at the same time they would rank the late Lord Overstone far ahead of Lord Kingsale, whose family is as old as the monarchy, or Lord Sudely, who is a lineal descendant of Rollo. It would generally be thought that to be a peer at all was enough; but the curious fact must remain, that a title weighs with its bearer as with commoner folk. If pedigree entered into the question of rank as elsewhere, the advancement of twenty-third Baron Dacre to first Viscount Hampden would be ludicrous, the Viscount being of yesterday, the Baron a Norman peer.

CIVIL-SERVICE Reform, in the opinion of the *Current*, ought to embody strong efforts to do away with a great deal of the expensive state, municipal, and county government with which Americans burden themselves. It would be astounding, no doubt, to contemplate the actual figures of the cost of these governments. The census does not give it; no statistician has given more than a large guess. Half the citizens are employed desperately working to get money to pay salaries to the official class. Perhaps if people could be made to see the folly of such over-government and over-taxation, they would adopt a more economical system: one which would make them more prosperous and contented.

"ECONOMY is the death of a newspaper," said Emile de Girardin. M. Charles Lalou, who has stepped into the shoes of Emile de Girardin in more senses than one, is following out the advice of his predecessor. Not only has he purchased the newspaper property, *La France*, but he has made himself possessor of the splendid residence of its late proprietor in the Rue La Pérouse. Everything in the *hôtel* is as De Girardin left it, even to carpet, curtains, and pictures. There is the dining-room with the table at which have sat Gladstone, Thiers, Gambetta, Gounod, Dumas, and, at times, most of the prominent personalities of the age in art, letters, and politics. There, too, is the small elegantly-furnished drawing-room, where some of the most brilliant women of private and professional circles used to meet. At these *réunions* a game then much in vogue, called *Définitions*, was often played. On one occasion "Girardin" was the word chosen to be defined. When each person present had written his definition upon a scrap of paper and dropped it into a vase, the host, turning to Théophile Gautier, who stood aloof, said: "And you, my dear Théo, are you unable to give a definition of me?" "No," said the poet; "but I prefer that my definition should not be anonymous." "Let us hear it then," said De Girardin. Théophile Gautier said: "Emile de Girardin is a tiger, who has spent his life in eating a bolster."

FROM Sol Smith Russell, in his variety entertainment, to J. T. Keene in tragedy, is a change which at least possesses the charm of variety, and the mixture seems to suit the Toronto amusement-seeker's palate judging by the large audiences which assembled in the Grand Opera House last week, though, as usual, Shakespere played second fiddle to comic songs and burlesque. Mr. Keene's impersonation of "Hamlet" is one of the finest histrionic conceptions of the day. Mr. Keene, however, like Mr. Booth and so many other players, depends too much upon his own powers, his support being lamentably weak. "Polonius," for example, was burlesqued by a comedian, "Horatio" was marrowless, the Queen was heavy and forced, whilst, with the single exception of "Ophelia" the other characters do not call for comment. Laertes' sister in parts was well played, and in his delineation Mr. Keene makes the mad Dane much more devoted to her than does any other "Hamlet." Whilst Mr. Keene has not hesitated to play an original conception of the Prince of Denmark, he does so without taking liberties with the text, and the result is a production eminently agreeable to students of Shakespere.

### WEISS'S LIFE OF CHRIST.\*

WHEN we consider the profound interest of the subject, we can hardly wonder at the multiplication of *Lives* of the Lord Jesus Christ. It is perhaps more astonishing that this work should hardly have been seriously undertaken until the present century. Whether the greatness of the subject and the surpassing beauty of the four Gospels deterred early writers, as they have deterred many of later times, we cannot say. It is at least clear that believers and unbelievers have, during the last century, given an amount of attention to the earthly history of Christ which had never previously been bestowed upon it.

In the first ages the attitude of the Church was partly aggressive, partly apologetic. She had to carry her message into all the world, and she had to defend its contents against Jew and Gentile. Her next great work was the overthrow of heresies which sprung up within her own bosom. When this had been done—when, at least, the approved doctrine had been formulated and the heretical condemned—the next step was to reduce to system the various doctrines of the faith. This was the chief work of men like Thomas Aquinas and the Schoolmen.

The Reformation made no change in this respect. Some of the doctrines of the mediæval church were agitated; but the Confessions of the Reformed were, in their way, a reproduction of the creeds and doctrinal canons of the early councils, and the systems of theology were constructed after the manner of the Schoolmen.

For a time the war was simply between Confessions. It was only when the attacks were made, not upon the outworks of the churches, but upon the citadel of the faith, that theologians came to understand that they must change their mode of warfare.

At the time of the Reformation, Scripture-study was directed to the epistles, especially to the epistles of St. Paul. Here would be found the arguments by which the erroneous theories—on the one side or the other—respecting the disputed doctrine of Justification could be refuted. In later days, study has been directed more to the Gospels, and to the central object of their testimony.

It was Paulus, of Heidelberg, who first produced a complete and systematic "Life of Christ," written from a distinct point of view, according to which all the incidents were regarded. The Wolfenbüttel Fragments had sown the seed of Rationalism broadcast in Germany, and there had ensued a wide unbelief in the supernatural, among the clergy as well as the laity. Paulus took in hand to show that the contents of the Gospels might be received as substantially true, while the miraculous element was denied.

After him were Strauss with his mythical theory, which almost entirely supplemented the "Rationalistic" method of Paulus. It must indeed always be considered a great merit in Strauss's work that he exposed the utter absurdity of the rationalistic method of dealing with the miracles; since he showed with irresistible force that the miraculous was an essential part of the narrative, and that to remove it was to leave a mass of fragments, the existence of which was inexplicable.

Strauss's own theory was far more sweeping. He got rid of the whole history. Parts of it might be legendary or they might not. The essential truth, according to his view, was this: that the history of Christ was the product of the imagination of the people. The events of the history were mere embodied ideas. A Messiah was expected, and the Messianic expectation attached itself to Jesus. Whatever the Messiah was expected to be, Jesus must be. Hence the floating notions became stories and were put on record as facts.

Thirty years ago the mythical theory was the favourite form of unbelief. But this, too, has had its day. Apart from other difficulties, it became clear that the period of time within which the Gospel narratives took the form in which they have come down to us was utterly insufficient for the generation of myths. Perhaps Renan, although unintentionally, hastened, as much as any other writer, the downfall of the theory of Strauss. He had been one of his followers; but the soil of Palestine was too powerful as a witness for the history, and he produced a book of no great scientific value and full of inconsistencies, yet the result of extensive learning and of much thought, and presented in a form which could hardly fail to be attractive. It was one of the results of Renan's book that Strauss produced a new Life of Jesus, written from a slightly different point of view, and finally abandoning the mythical theory, yet giving more prominence to the rationalistic and legendary view, and, as he explained, making some use of the theory of conscious imposture. In this respect he fell back to near the point of view of the Wolfenbüttel Fragments.

Since the publication of Renan's *Vie de Jésus* we have had quite a shower

\* *Das Leben Jesu* von Bernhard Weiss (2 vols.) Berlin, English translation (in 3 vols., 2 published), Edinburgh.

of biographies with the same subject. In France, Pressensé is perhaps the foremost; in Germany we have had Schenkel's book, and the great work of Keim, while in England, a succession of works of more or less importance, some of them of extended popularity, have dealt with this theme. If we except Keim's *Geschichte Jesu von Nazara*, this work of Weiss's is certainly the most important contribution to the subject which has been made during the last twenty years. In some respects we place it even before the work of Keim; and its point of view will render it much more acceptable to most students of the Life of Christ. It is a book of solid learning and solid thought. No man could have written it unless he had studied in the most thorough and exhaustive manner the whole literature of the subject. But it is not the work of a mere accumulation of learning. The writer is a thinker, a theologian, a man of deep sympathy with humanity and with religion. If his conclusions are, in some respects, different from those which are current among ourselves, we shall, probably, for that very reason, find his work the more helpful and instructive.

Dr. Weiss has already distinguished himself as a writer on the Gospels. He maintains strongly the priority of St. Mark's Gospel among the four. He has been chosen to edit the great Commentary of Meyer. The results of these studies are seen in his present work. A considerable portion of the first volume is devoted to a critical examination of the sources. By this means he professes to ascertain the comparative value of the various Gospels and the method to be adopted when apparent discrepancies occur. It need hardly be said that Weiss, like Neander and others of the liberal-conservative school of theologians in Germany, does not think it necessary to assert the exact historical accuracy of every statement in the Evangelical narrative.

Although the method of Weiss may, from the old orthodox point of view, seem rather "free," he has no sympathy at all with his rationalistic or mythical predecessors. He is distinctly a supernaturalist, and recognizes the miraculous element in Revelation. He is therefore more nearly allied to High Lutherans, like Delitzsch or even Hengatemberg, than with destructives like Paulus or even Schwarz. If he cannot accept either verbal inspiration or ecclesiastical authority, he is far removed from the pantheistic, or even the merely deistic, point of view.

As frequently happens to men who refuse to take an extreme position, Weiss has laid himself open to the charge of belonging to the "Mediation" school. It may be well to give his own remarks on this point. "Because," he says, "I have never been able to identify myself with one of them, and because there is a common inclination to impose upon every theological work the etiquette of a theological standpoint, it will be easy to characterize my book as a production of the Mediation school of theology, the very name of which, in the case of many both in the right and left, means condemnation. For my own part, I, too, must repel this title entirely, because of its being utterly misleading. Between a supranaturalism which believes in the actuality of an objective Divine revelation and of miracle in the proper sense, and the standpoint which regards both as inadmissible, there can be as little scientific (not *historical*, as the English translation renders improperly *wissenschaftliche*) mediation, as between the conception of Christ as a mere man—although the greatest and most unattainable, who possessed clearer ideas of God and divine things, and lived a new and typical religious life—and the Christ worshipped by the Christian Church from the beginning as the Divine Mediator and Redeemer. In respect to this alternative, I have never entertained a doubt, and I express none in this book. I have never attempted to mediate between these opposites, just because I am acquainted with their fundamental principles, and my scientific labours have only confirmed me afresh in joyous assurance of the faith which I did not gain from them, and which none can gain by scientific demonstration."

We have sufficiently indicated the principles by which the author has been guided in the preparation of this work. Whether he has applied them with uniformity is a question which will be variously decided. While he occupies the supernatural point of view he considers himself entitled to consider critically the credibility of any particular statement of the Gospels. Thus he seems to consider the story of the miraculous conception as legendary, while he yet does not regard the Lord Jesus as being the son of Joseph. His notions on the subject of the Incarnation, moreover, are different from those which have received the seal of ecclesiastical authority. In regard to the miracles, however, and especially the miracle of Resurrection, he speaks with no kind of uncertainty. To him, as to the Church, the Resurrection is the corner-stone of Christian Revelation.

If we take the first miracle, we shall soon see the difference of his method from that of the rationalistic and that of the mythical school. According to Paulus, Jesus and his disciples did provide wine; but they brought it with them, as a sort of kindly joke, knowing that the bridegroom and his

relations were poor. And Bunsen seems to have held substantially the same opinion. According to Strauss no such incident occurred. The story grew out of the Jewish expectation that the Church must do greater miracles than Moses. As the latter turned water into blood, so the Church must turn water into wine. As an example of the "Mediation" school, Lange's view may be mentioned, according to which the water was not changed, but only the subjective state of mind of the guests, so that they thought they were drinking wine when they were drinking water! Weiss brushes all these theories aside, as well as the attempts made by some orthodox writers to minimize the miracle. Explain as you will, he says, the narrative of St. John. Either it is a miracle or an imposture. It is not an imposture, and no attempt to explain how the miracle was performed will make it less of a miracle.

His account of the feeding of the four thousand will be less satisfactory to many readers. He thinks that it is a kind of echo of the earlier miracle, and that only one of this kind was wrought. He thinks it most unlikely that the disciples would so soon have forgotten the previous miracle. We imagine that human experience would very easily account for such forgetfulness; but we have not space to argue the question.

The chapter on the Resurrection deserves the most careful study. It is not that there is much new here: the controversy has been almost exhausted. But the points are put in a clear and condensed form. There are also some excellent remarks on the theory of Schleiermacher, which is akin to that of Paulus. On the whole, the English translation may be taken as a fair and accurate representation of the original. We have noted one slip, and there are some others. We object to the word "historiaty" when the words "historical character" would do quite as well, and here and there the German is a little prominent; but on the whole, the work is well done, and will not mislead the reader. C.

#### POLITICS AND SOCIETY AT OTTAWA.

It is a rule with a certain school of novelists to have a double courtship running through their plots, the one standing well out, the other kept in the background. Thus while my Uncle Toby assaults the heart of Widow Wadman, Corporal Trim lays siege to the sensibilities of the widow's maid. In the drama of politics, likewise, there is a two-fold action. We have the game as played in Parliament, on the hustings, in the lobby, in the closet of the wire-puller, and in the dark alleys of intrigue, and we have it as represented in the genteel comedy of the drawing-room.

The leader of society is the wife of the Prime Minister of the Dominion for the time being; its nominal head is at Rideau Hall, but without real power. The spell of rank, indeed, has a double potency—what may be called its natural influence, and the influence which it exercises on people, many of whom feel a kind word from a lord to be an act of infinite condescension, and few are proof against a sense of desolation if they are not found in the silver circle of the invited to Rideau Hall. We say silver circle, for there are dozens of houses in every city in Canada which people who find easy admittance to the Government House could by no possibility enter as guests. One can always tell by the tone in which a Governor-General is discussed in any company who has been neglected, and who treated with becoming respect. At one time the best people will unbosom themselves because persons of defined social position and political consequence have been neglected, while Rideau Hall is filled with a mob of regular civil servants, reinforced by the camp followers of that noble army of martyrs to routine; at another the civil servants will be loud in their wail because the lines are drawn too close, and the rich and powerful alone are favoured. It is unreasonable to expect that English A.D.C's., when they first come out here, can avoid mistakes. If they trust to their own judgment they will infallibly proceed on false analogies. Knowing that in the civil service in England the younger sons of peers and good commoner families find a scope for their talents, or a refuge for their imbecility, how can it enter into their hearts to conceive the circumstances from which the civil servant in Canada emerges? How can they divine the motives which lead to the admission to the Departments of members of the outside staff, male or female? The consequence is that when Rideau Hall determines that the wives of leading politicians shall not manage the court, it falls into the hands of a few nobodies in every sense, who avail themselves of the opportunity to pay off favours and grudges, and to pour contempt on "those vulgar members of Parliament." Naturally the members of Parliament begin to growl, and talk of overhauling the vice-regal accounts, and of reducing the Governor's salary from \$50,000 to \$25,000 a year. "No more money shall be squandered on useless promenades through the country," they cry, "if we are to be ignored and

despised." If an A.D.C. is horsey, none can enter the charmed circle of the first set unless those who smell of the stable. What is the prime object of vice-regal balls nobody has, perhaps, even stopped to enquire, and the good they do eludes analysis. It may be they are as useful when they give offence to politicians and a sense of importance to small people, as when they evoke a chorus of irrational eulogy, taken by which, Parliament relaxes its hold on the purse strings, and allows for the court extras from \$30,000 to \$50,000 a year more than is necessary or right.

Ottawa is not as gay as it was in Mr. Mackenzie's time and the earlier days of the present Government. Several families are in mourning. In the days of Reform rule the wife of the Prime Minister entertained Tories as well as Grits, and other ladies followed her example. There are a few houses in which members of the opposing factions still meet under the same roof, and at the dinners at Rideau Hall, and at those given by the Speaker of each branch of the Legislature the wolf lies down with the lamb. But, as a rule, the cleavage of politics regulates the social cleavage.

At all gatherings above the size of a family party there is sure to be some distinguished-looking man who turns out to be a member of the Civil Service. His wife is equally distinguished-looking, and always pretty. There are several such interesting pairs, and if you enquire through whose influence the capital has been thus enriched, the name of some Minister is the answer. There is hardly a Department where some promotions have not taken place, dictated by the social rather than administrative qualities of a Minister. Nor is it easy to condemn him. When he is seated at dinner near a pretty woman, and whispers a compliment, she smiles bewitchingly and requests a place for her husband, or another step. What is he to do—especially if he be a gallant Anthony from whom a woman never had the word of nay? More embarrassing still—suppose one day he finds her in his office, and in tears, what reply is possible but that the dull officer for whom she pleads, with wifely devotion, shall be pushed on? It is not every statesman can behave as President Lincoln did on a like occasion. At Ottawa a fond wife with a pretty face and an enterprising disposition can accomplish great things for her husband, and sometimes for her friends. People of this class become most devoted politicians. If the Grits are in power, who so thoroughly hate the Tories? If, on the other hand, the upper dog is Tory, how eloquently they vituperate the Grits? In the midst of their philippics one hears "dear Sir this," or "dear Mr. that," uttered like pious ejaculations.

Lady Mary Wortly Montagu embodies in a vigorous epigram the idea that whereas our fathers, born slaves, bought freedom with their blood, their offspring, inheriting freedom, vote for bondage. In the face of what we know of the past and present it requires no small amount of optimism to entertain sanguine hopes for the future. Wherever we look on politics, and in whatever shape, there we behold men courting slavery. For a member of a party to show more regard for the public interest than for the nod and wink of his chief is a deadly crime, and whoso has the courage and patriotism to take the upright course, finds he has to endure more than the "short-lived fury" of his leader, or that leader's underhand resentment; his fellow-slaves on the plantation, to a man, turn on him for daring to resent the whip under which they complaisantly cringe. There is, indeed, no crime like this, while abject subjection covers a multitude of sins. The very decalogue has to give way to the interest of party, and if a prominent party man breaks a commandment or two the rank and file are expected to wink hard. Even at a scandalous dish of tea, should anything having a political bearing arise, an aberration towards an honest opinion is marked by bated breath. Yet there have recently been symptoms which seem to indicate weariness of the complete distrust of generous motives, of a system, in a word, in which treachery is a cardinal virtue, lying an accomplishment, and truth a jest. HENRY MILWARD.

#### HOW TO CURE A COLD.

How to cure a cold is a question that interests most people, especially in our changeful and uncertain winters. And the amount of work-producing power drained from human systems through perpetual colds and catarrhs, as well as the quantum of discomforts and lassitude, must be something considerable in the course of a winter. To all sufferers in this way, Dr. Page, in the *Popular Science Monthly*, brings a welcome message. They need not suffer for a day, or at any rate for more than a day, if they will but follow his advice; and his remedy, or rather remedies, are so simple as to be within every one's power. They are just starvation and fresh air.

Dr. Page's theory of a cold is that it is either caused by improper food, resulting in some degree of indigestion, or by some shortcoming in the

matter of fresh air, accompanied by a similar disturbance of the digestive functions. To prove this, he has tried a course of the most severe experiments on himself—*suicidal*, most people would call them—and has found that when living on one simple meal per day, or at most two, and supplied with abundance of pure air, he can bear with impunity an amount of exposure to cold and wet, and even to the influence of damp garments which, by all ordinary rules, should have "given him his death of cold." His experience is certainly corroborated by that of most "campers out," and others who, while living an absolutely open-air life, have been able to brave all kinds of exposure with impunity, whereas, when they returned to the "snug" in-door life of the city, a very slight cause is sufficient to bring on a severe cold. In the former case Dr. Page would attribute the immunity not merely to the open-air life, but also to the amount of exercise taken in such circumstances, rendering it probable that the quantity of food will not be in excess of the power to digest it. For he contends that people in general, whether the absolute quantity of food be much or little, are apt to eat relatively more than they are able to digest, or eat food of an unwholesome quality. His own professional experience is, "I have rarely known a person to become sick except as the direct result of some degree of fear of pure air and fearlessness respecting the influence of impure food. Whatever else may have contributed to the production of his disease, it is seldom, indeed, that these may not truly be regarded as the principal causes." If the draught of cold air brings quickly on the several symptoms of a cold, it is probably only bringing out the internal derangement produced by previous over-heating or injurious diet. According to him, "high living" is one of the chief cold-producing agents. He cites the case of a family who invariably had colds when they dined on roast goose! He himself used a diet "mainly of fruit and cereals" while practising on himself the "heroic treatment" referred to. His prescription for prevention and cure is simple enough. For prevention, abstain from wrapping up, from "sweltering clothes," from living in an over-heated atmosphere, secure plenty of fresh air, and partake *moderately* of a simple and nourishing diet, not going farther in this respect than *relish* or appetite indicates as safe, for he regards as most injurious all devices to "tempt the appetite." For cure, when the first familiar symptoms of a "cold" appear, "skip a meal" altogether, if necessary two or more, and by thus giving the digestive system a rest, enable it to turn off the disturbing cause. To "stuff a cold" he says, is simply to make it necessary ultimately to "starve a fever," because, far from increasing the physical power of resistance, it is simply adding fuel to a fire already kindled which is consuming the vital forces; and if the process is only carried far enough, the patient will die. Of course his system implies disapproval of alcoholic remedies, *a fortiori*.

Like all general principles, the principle on which Dr. Page bases his treatment must be modified by circumstances. What may be salutary in the latitude of Boston may not be safe in the latitude of Quebec. In some of our Canadian winter days, with the thermometer from seven to seventeen below zero, not to speak of Manitoba, the exposure of delicate beings to the outer air may be, and often is, death. And if rich and wholesome diet invariably produced colds, we ought to have a general epidemic just about Christmas or New Year. Possibly we have, if we noticed closely enough. However, nature always has a certain resisting power, stronger or weaker, according to the strength of the constitution; and it is impossible, in any individual case, to say when the limit is over-stepped. Enough there certainly is in the principle to make it important for all to pay greater attention to diet and fresh air, especially in our long, comparatively shut up and physically inactive winters, when the temptation is often so great to "hug the fire-side" or, still worse, the *stove*! As much open air as can be taken with safety; as well-ventilated rooms as can be secured; a temperate, not over-heated atmosphere within; and a simple and wholesome diet, would, if general, undoubtedly secure very great immunity from colds and make cough-mixtures a drug in the market. Above all, let us attend to the ventilation of our churches and school-rooms. On Dr. Page's principle, we can easily see why so many colds are caught in going to church where the "sextant" is so often deaf to the appeal for "purer air;" and our close, over-heated school-rooms must be very hot-beds of colds and their resulting maladies. As an "ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure," it is worth while to pay some attention to this. And the cure is easily tried, and can certainly do little harm, at all events, if pursued in the first stages of a cold. If you have resolution enough to skip your breakfast, and possibly your luncheon, when you wake with a cold, Dr. Page gives you reason to expect that by dinner-time, with ordinary precaution and fresh air, it will have disappeared. Whether you are to take a walk fasting, he does not say, but it is hardly probable that he would encourage anything likely to exhaust the strength and so prevent

a healthy re-action. We know a hale and healthy old man who invariably cures himself of a cold by going to bed and eating nothing till the cure is effected. At all events, it is worth trying; and if the "meal skipping" system does not succeed, it is easy to go back to the drugs and lozenges. Dr. Page maintains that the experience of many patients testifies to the success of his system, and also, which we well believe, that it is more profitable to the patients than to the doctors. As a rule, no doubt, the *vis medicatrix Naturæ* is not sufficiently taken into account.

"Dr. Page thus sums up "nature's preventive and curative agents":—"Pure air, appropriate food, exercise, active or passive, as the case may require, skin cleanliness, with proper ventilation of the surface of the body, i.e., through the use of non-sweltering garments, supplemented by rational exposure of the entire surface of the body to the air, by means of air baths, sunshine in the house, and 'sunshine in the heart.' With these, and only these, all curable cases will grow to certain recovery: without them no medication will avail."

FIDELIS.

## OTTAWA NOTES.

OTTAWA, during the session at least, is the worst place for gossip and scandal in Canada. Whether it is that politics tend to demoralize, whether the fact of many people being thrown together who know but little of each other and suspect ill without reason, or whether it is the fault of the place itself, it is hard to say; but, whatever may be the cause, it does not make the fact any the less deplorably true. Character seems to count for nothing, and even the most damaging statements against man or woman never seem to be resented by those who hear them, but rather to be accepted as most edifying bits of news. If one half that is said be true, Ottawa should get up a movement to remove the Capital to some other place; and if it is not, the stocks should be set up for scandal-mongers.

This is the very busy season of the politicians. There is a feverish anxiety to finish the business, and leave. Nobody seems half so anxious for this as the leader of the Opposition, and if Parliament is not prorogued before Easter it will certainly not be his fault. Late sittings are now the rule, and an adjournment before half-past one the exception. A late sitting, when the estimates are under discussion, is an amusing thing if one is wakeful enough to take in the situation. This session the members stay awake better than usual, as a general thing. On either side of the chamber is a small body of the people's representatives, who look at the speakers as if they would like to understand what was going on only that they find it too much trouble to listen attentively. The talking on the Opposition is nearly all done by the gentleman who leads for the time being, and on the other, by the minister to whose department the estimates under discussion relate. If a member of the Opposition who has some reputation as a bore rises, or if their spokesman occupies too long over one item, the Government supporters begin desk-scraping and other noises by way of protest. It may be worth while to explain that "desk-scraping" is the technical name for a special kind of "parliamentary noise." The members' desks are enclosed down to the floor, and, as an honourable gentleman leans back in his cushioned chair, by pressing the side of his boot-sole firmly against the side of the desk and moving his toe ever so little, he can produce a creaking noise that shakes the nerves of even an experienced speaker and dislocates every joint in his ideas. Some of the hardened ones on the other side, however, seem rather to enjoy the distinction of arousing these protests, and speak all the longer, even if all the worse, while they are continued. Still, when a number of members make up their mind that the orator must give way, they can cause such a tremendous noise that his voice cannot be heard. The work on the estimates is progressing satisfactorily, and there is every prospect that they will be got out of the way in time to get through the remaining business before Easter if the Government is ready to proceed with other business.

The Hudson's Bay railway scheme has come before Parliament in a new, and rather unexpected, shape. There are two companies incorporated to build to the Bay, one known as the "Winnipeg and Hudson's Bay Railway and Steamship Company," the other as the "Nelson Valley Railway Company." Propositions were made looking to amalgamation, and for a time it seemed certain that there would be only one company, but, owing to differences between the promoters of the respective schemes, nothing came of it. It has since been announced that the Government will not merely give so much land at fifty cents an acre, as was at first proposed, but will render substantial aid to whichever company proves itself best fitted to carry out the work, or to the united companies should they yet decide to join hands, although, long after such steps are allowed under the rules of the House, the Winnipeg and Hudson's Bay Company has come forward asking for certain amendments to its charter which will put it in a much better position than its rival. The Bill to make the amendments came in under special suspension of the rules. The Railway Committee of the Commons had already held what was supposed to be its final meeting, but it was convened again to consider the Bill and did so on Friday. The Nelson Valley Company represented by its solicitor, strongly objected to the passing of the Bill, but passed it was, so far as the Committee was concerned. The strongest opposition will be given to it, in the House, but the Government stands pledged to make definite progress with the Hudson's Bay scheme this year, and, as this seems to be the favoured company, the Bill will probably be pulled through at any cost. Given a good crop in the North-West and work actively proceeding on the Hudson's

Bay route, the people of the prairie country will forget their grievances and say nothing more for a time at least against the tariff or the Canadian Pacific Railway monopoly. Besides the assistance to the road, the Government promises to send out an expedition to the Bay and Straits to ascertain definitely the possibilities of navigation there.

The division of the Fishery Award is not a dead question yet. Mr. Davies, of Prince Edward Island, wants a portion of the money given to that Province. He argues that the right of Americans to fish in the Island waters was sanctioned by the Local Legislature before Confederation, and that some compensation should be given to the Island for those rights equal to what it would have got had Confederation not taken place. Meantime the intention of the Dominion Government seems to be to hold the money until some authority on the subject turns up.

The irrepressible Chinese question has taken a decided step toward settlement this session. A motion in favour of restricting and regulating the immigration of the Orientals has passed, and the Government has promised to appoint a commission to investigate the question and decide to what extent the restriction and regulation shall be carried.

Mr. Charlton got after the Government with a sharp stick on Friday. He found fault with the expenditure, and presented a mass of figures to show that the country is in a bad way financially. He marred the effect of his speech by a too apparent effort to make a party gain by contrasting the results of Conservative and Reform rule.

ED. RUTHVEN.

Ottawa, April 7th.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## SPELLING REFORM.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—The letter of "D. W.," in your issue of 27th March is before me, as is also Mr. Houston's reply in that of April 3rd. "D. W." has made two extracts from a St. Louis publication which is at hand. As specimens of phonetic spelling they must be considered misrepresentations. In such publication five samples of amended spelling are given side by side, as tentative examples for choice. One has no new letters; others have from three to fourteen. The latter is put forth only as *ideal*, i.e., not advocated as adapted to popular use unless by someone of extremely utopian views. "D. W." having chosen such extreme specimens, out-Herods Herod by printing such in ordinary type! innocently, or otherwise, supposing that such small differences in the shapes of the letters could make no difference, whereas they make all the difference. "Hamlet" is not "Hamlet" with *Hamlet* left out. The only difference between "i" and "j" is the tail of the latter. If he were to print all his j's as i's and multiply such by fourteen, with other changes innumerable, he would have just such a jumble as he has presented, and which neither fanatic nor maniac would own. No wonder Mr. Houston disclaims owning such.

It is not out of place to ask attention to certain new letters already introduced. This retrospective view will illustrate the necessity of the prospective introduction of other new letters. J and j were formed from I and i by tailing the latter, introduced during the Cromwellian period. In an old Queen Elizabeth Bible, I find "Iesus," "Iohn," "Ieremiah," "Iudges," "Ionah," etc. The folio edition of Shakespeare, 1623, has no j. In fact, even to our day, I and J are mixed up in indexes and dictionaries. So, often, are U and V. U and J are new letters. They occupy an irregular place in the printer's case for that reason. The old Latin alphabet had a V with the force of modern U. Roman coins and inscriptions show the name of Julius Cæsar as IVLIVS. Even as late as the last century the capital for "u" was of the same shape as the small letter. Separate and definite functions were not assigned "u" and "v" until about 1630. "Deliver us from evil" was printed "Deliuer vs from euil," the forms "u" and "v" being strangely mixed up. In the reigns of the Stuarts there was seldom a separate type for "w." It was then a newish letter, and was made by actually putting two v's together, thus, vv. Still other letters have been introduced. The old Saxon had a single sign for the th in *thin*, as also a different sign or letter for the th in *thine*. These were in use in Britain as late as the fourteenth century, when they were unfortunately dropped out. Their restoration will help to simplify and amend our wretched orthography. Most people suppose the alphabet has come to us direct from Cadmus—not so, it has been supplemented. How could we get along without such new letters now? Our ancestors saw the necessity for such, and supplied it in part. Let us, if not completing it by having for each sound one sign, at least in some degree approximate that.

Those familiar with Greek know how a different shaped letter is used for long "o," than for short "o," as also for long and short "e." They also know how very much these two simplify reading Greek. In like manner, differences of shape, often only slight modifications, will indicate differences of sound for us. Let it not be forgotten that the Greek alphabet lacked its full complement of twenty-four letters in its early days. Four (ϕ, ψ, ω, and ξ) were introduced at Athens in the archonship of Euclides, B. C. 403. It is thought the Cadmean letters were sixteen in number. When the sprightly Greeks felt the need of new letters they introduced them, and even four at a time. That was certainly better than resorting to the misuse of those in vogue as we do. Why are we so slow to adopt a common-sense remedy, especially as we boast so much of our modern advances in so many other respects? Instead of having a separate sign for a long "e," as the Greeks had, we now have twenty different ways of representing that sound, very puzzling to remember. Other sounds are about as badly off. Such new letters as are most urgently needed should be introduced, as did the old Greeks, as did our forefathers in the Tudor and Stuart dynasties. Let us restore also the Saxon dropped letters, or such shapes in their stead as suit our modern typography. We badly need a separate letter for each vowel. We have a full dozen such, while we have but five letters for them—a, e, i, o, u—only five tools where we should have a dozen. We are hence like a carpenter with less than half his complement of tools—compelled to bungle his work by having to use a hatchet in place of a saw, a screw-driver in place of a gimlet, etc.

As Prof. Max Muller wrote recently, in the *Fortnightly*, something more effective than ridicule must be resorted to before the advocates of amended spelling are to be

silenced. The resort to ridicule in place of argument betrays a lack of the latter. Misrepresentation added to ridicule will not carry much weight with any one who will carefully consider the matter for himself. The question is scientific. Let "D. W." approach it in proper spirit. Every one admits the necessity of amendment in some degree. It is only a question of how and how far.

Port Hope, 4th April.

A. H.

#### THE SILVER PROBLEM.

To the Editor of *The Week* :

SIR,—In *THE WEEK* of March 27th the following was offered as the true solution of the silver problem :—

First fix the ratio between the two metals, be it 15½, 16, 16½, or whatever a competent international convention may agree upon. The relative values of the precious metals once determined, make all debts payable *half in gold coin and half in silver coin*. Then, should any depreciation of one of them take place, from increased production or other causes, it would be exactly balanced by the appreciation of the other. Suppose a bond for a thousand pounds to be given now, payable twenty years hence. The holder at that future date would receive five hundred pounds in gold sovereigns, and five hundred pounds in English silver crowns, or American silver dollars, all which coins would by par value the civilized world over. No loss to the creditor could accrue, for if a loss there were on the silver it would be balanced by a corresponding gain on the gold, and *vice versa*. In the compensation pendulum, the ball hangs on a series of steel and brass rods placed alternately. These two metals are so differently affected by heat and cold respectively that the pendulum, as a measure of the time beat, is not affected at all. The action of one metal is compensated by that of the other, so that the ball neither falls with heat nor rises with cold, but remains constant at the same distance from the pin upon which it swings. The chronometer balance, used for first-class watches, is another application of the same principle. This may be taken as an illustration of the true solution of the silver problem—of the problem of two metals circulating side by side—the value of each and every payment of a thousand pounds or a thousand dollars remaining a constant quantity, because made half in gold and half in silver coin."

In *THE WEEK* (April 3), Dr. Goldwin Smith questions whether the balance would be preserved by the plan proposed. And the *Globe* (March 31) says that the depreciation of silver is not necessarily accompanied by a corresponding appreciation of gold. A further objection is made to silver because of its great bulk and weight as compared with gold, when used for large payments.

As to the bulk and weight of silver. The amount of gold and silver actually used in commercial countries for large payments is very small compared with that of payments made by cheques and clearing-house transfers. Supposing silver to be deposited in the Bank of England, and in the American sub-treasury at New York, and that certificates for it were issued guaranteed by the Government in each case. Then very little silver would ever require to be shipped from one country to the other, except as a commodity sold for export. And there are those who think that the position of Canadian banks would be greatly strengthened, if their whole specie reserve were somewhat increased, and held half in gold and half in silver.

During the two hundred years ending with 1872, the ratio between gold and silver varied, in Europe, from 1474 to 1583. It was this steadiness of relative values between these figures that suggested the adoption, by the Latin Union, of the ratio of 15½ to 1. In England, during the twenty-two years—1851—1872—the ratios were as under, in the years named :—

First year of the period, 1851.....	15.46
Minimum, 1859.....	15.21
Last year, and maximum, 1872.....	15.63

England adopted the single gold standard long ago, but as long as other nations did not follow her in this course, relative values the world over were not much disturbed. Portugal was the first country to follow, in 1865, but, the greatest effect was produced some eight or nine years later, when Germany adopted the single gold standard. This had the effect of greatly restricting the coinage of silver in France and other double standard countries, and has been the most important proximate cause of the depreciation of silver in recent years. The appreciation of gold has not been from natural causes so much as from the arbitrary action of governments. But it is just as right and proper for governments to decree a double as a single standard. The intrinsic values of the two metals would not have been seriously disturbed from natural causes had the governments simply let them alone.

These objections to the proposed solutions are, however, of comparatively little account. The most serious objection of all is that which says that depreciation of one metal would not be balanced by appreciation of the other. If this objection be sustained, it is fatal to this particular scheme; though the old argument in favour of the double standard, under which a payment may be made wholly in gold or wholly in silver, would remain unaffected.

Suppose a debt of \$200 to be paid with one hundred gold dollars and one hundred silver dollars. Also, that it had been contracted when the two metals stood to each other in the ratio of sixteen to one (the old United States standard), not only by law for purposes of coinage, but also as bullion in the open market. And, further, that in the meantime silver had depreciated five per cent., as compared with gold. In the open market, then, the \$100 in silver coin would buy only \$95 worth of gold bullion; but the \$100 in gold coin would buy \$105 worth of silver bullion, so that the total value of the payment would be \$200. This would not be *exactly* the case, because it takes a fraction over five and a quarter premium to be the exact co-relative of five per cent. discount. But practically the rise in one metal would balance the fall in the other. The most important consideration is probably this, however: that, were any particular ratio adopted by the leading commercial nations, acting in concert, and were all actual transfers of specie made half in each metal, fluctuations in the market value of each, as bullion, would drop to a minimum, and would practically cease. Once bring silver into general use in Europe and America along with gold, and to the same extent, and we should have very little more of fluctuations in the value of either.

JOHN MACLEAN.

AN inquirer asks: "How can I tell classical music?" That is easy enough. When you hear everybody applaud and look relieved after the piece is finished, then you can know it is strictly classical.—*New York Graphic*.

#### A SONNET ON A BONNET.

A film of lace and a droop of feather,  
With sky-blue ribbons to knot them together;  
A facing (at times) of bronze-brown tresses,  
Into whose splendour each furbelow presses;  
Two strings of blue to fall in a tangle,  
And chain a pink chin in decorous angle;  
The tip of the plume right artfully twining  
Where a firm neck steals under the lining;  
And the curls and braids, the plumes and the laces,  
Circle about the shyest of faces.  
Bonnet there is not, frames dimples sweeter?  
Bonnet there is not that shades eyes completer!  
Fated is he that but glances upon it,  
Sighing to dream of that face in the bonnet.

WINNIFRED WISE JENKS.

#### THE ADVENTURES OF A WIDOW.

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

#### IX.—Continued.

Just then Pauline found herself confronted by Mr. Howe, the novelist. His stoop was very apparent; it seemed even more consumptive than usual; his slim hand was incessantly touching and re-touching his blue spectacles, which gleamed opaque and with a goblin suggestion from the smooth-shaven, scholarly pallor of his visage.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Varick," he began, "but I . . . I wish to speak a word with you."

Pauline smiled, and assumed an affable demeanor. It cost her an effort to do so, for certain acute reasons; but she nevertheless achieved good results.

"A great many words, Mr. Howe," she answered, "if you wish."

Mr. Howe gave a sickly smile. "Oh, I don't ask a great many," he faltered; and it at once became evident that he was for some reason ill at ease, disconsolate, abysmally depressed.

"You are annoyed," said Pauline, chiefly because she found nothing else, as a would-be courteous hostess, to say.

"Annoyed?" came the hesitant reply, while Mr. Howe re-arranged his blue spectacles with a hand that seemed to assume a new momentary decisiveness. "I am grieved, Mrs. Varick. I am grieved because a friend of mine has received a slight from you, and I hope that it is an unintentional slight. I . . . I want to ask you whether it cannot be corrected. I allude to Mr. Bedlowe."

"Mr. Bedlowe!" repeated Pauline, amazedly. She turned to Kindelon as she spoke.

"Oh, yes," came Kindelon's ready answer, "you remember Bedlowe, of course."

"I remember Mr. Bedlowe," said Pauline, sedately.

"Ah! you seem to have forgotten him!" exclaimed Mr. Howe, with a great deal of gentlemanly distress. He had discontinued all manual connection with his blue glasses; he had even clasped both hands together, in a rotatory, nervous way, while he went on speaking. "I hope you did not mean to leave poor Bedlowe out," he proceeded, with quite a funereal pathos. "The poor fellow feels it dreadfully. I promised him I would say nothing about the matter, and yet (as you see) I have broken my promise."

"I think Mrs. Varick is sorry to see that you have broken your promise," said Kindelon, shortly and tepidly.

Mr. Howe glanced at Kindelon through his glasses. He was obliged to raise his head as he did so, on account of their differing statures.

"Kindelon!" he cried, reproachfully, "I thought you were one of my friends."

"So I am," came Kindelon's reply, "and that is why I don't like the pietistic novelist, Bedlowe, who wrote *The Christian Knight in Armour* and *The Doubtful Soul Satisfied*."

If there could be the ghost of a cough, Mr. Howe gave it. He again lifted his wan, lank hand toward his spectacles.

"Oh, Kindelon," he remonstrated, "you must not be as uncharitable as that. Bedlowe does the best he can . . . and really, between ourselves, his best is remarkably good. Think of his great popularity. Think of the way he appeals to the large masses. Think . . ."

But here Pauline broke in, with the merriest laugh that had left her lips that night.

"My dear Mr. Howe!" she exclaimed, "you forget that I heard a bitter wrangle between you and Mr. Bedlowe only a few days ago. You had a great many hard things to say of him then. I hope you have no so easily altered your convictions."

"I . . . I haven't altered my convictions at all," stammered Mr. Howe, quite miserably. "But between Bedlowe as a literary man, and . . . and Bedlowe as a social companion, I . . . draw a very marked line."

Kindelon suddenly put his big hand on Mr. Howe's frail shoulder. He patted the gentleman's shoulder, jovially and amicably, while he said:

"Come, now, my dear Howe, you mean that the analytical and agnostic novelist wants the romantic and pietistic novelist, only for the

purpose of breaking a lance with him. You want him for that reason and no other."

Mr. Howe removed his spectacles, and while he performed this act it was evident that he was extremely agitated. The removal of his spectacles revealed two very red-rimmed eyes, whose colour escaped all note because of their smallness.

"I. I want Mr. Bedlowe for no such reason," he asserted. "But I. I do not want to attend a. a so-called *salon* at which mere fashionable fancy takes the place of solid hospitality."

"You forget," said Pauline with rapid coolness, "that you are speaking in the presence of your hostess."

"He remembers only," came the fleet words of Kindelon, "that he speaks at the prompting of Barrowe."

Pauline tossed her head; she was angry again. "I don't care anything about Mr. Barrowe," she asserted, with a very positive glance at the unspectacled Mr. Howe. "I should prefer to believe that Mr. Howe expresses his own opinion. Even if they are very rude ones, I should prefer having them original."

"They are original," said Mr. Howe, feebly, but somehow with the manner of a man who possesses a reserve of strength which he is unable to readily command. "I do not borrow my opinions. I. I think nearly all people must know this."

"I know it," said Pauline, very tranquilly, and with an accent suave yet sincere. "I have read your novels, Mr. Howe, and I have liked them very much. I don't say that this is the reason why I have asked you here to-night; and I don't say that because I dislike Mr. Bedlowe's novels is the reason why I have not asked Mr. Bedlowe here to-night. But I hope you will let my admiration of your talent cover all dilinencies, and permit me to be the judge of whom I shall choose and whom I shall not choose for my guests."

Mr. Howe put on his spectacles. While he was putting them on, he said in a voice that had a choked and also mournfully reproachful sound:

"I have no social gifts, Mrs. Varick. I can't measure swords with you. I can only measure pens. That is the trouble with so many of writers. We can only write; we can't talk. I. I think it grows worse with us, in these days when one has to write with the most careful selection of words, so as to escape what is now called commonplace diction. We get into the habit of striving after novelty of expression—we have to use our *Thesaurus*, and search for synonyms—we have to smoke excessively (a good many of us) in order to keep our nerves at the proper literary pitch—we have to take stimulants (a good many of us. . . though I don't understand that, for I never touch wine) in order to drag up the words and ideas from an underlying stagnancy. Frankly, for myself, I talk quite ill. But I don't want to have you think that I am talking in another voice than my own. I don't want, in spite of my failure as a man of words, that you should suppose. . ."

"I suppose nothing, Mr. Howe," broke in Pauline, while she caught the speaker's hand in hers, gloved modishly up to the elbow with soft, tawny kid. "I insist upon supposing nothing except that you are glad to come here and will be glad to come again. I know three or four of your novels very well, and I know them so well that I love them, and have read them twice or thrice, which is a great deal to say of a novel, as even you, a novelist, will admit. But I don't like Mr. Bedlowe's novels, any more than you do; and if Mr. Barrowe has tried to set you on fire with his incendiary feelings, I shall be excessively sorry. You have written lovely and brilliant things; you know the human soul, and you have shown that you know it. You may not have sold seventy thousand copies, as the commercial phrase goes, but I don't care whether you have sold seventy thousand or only a plain seventy, you are a true artist, all the same. And now I am going to leave you, for my other guests claim me. But I hope you will not think of anything severe and bitter which that dyspeptic Mr. Barrowe may say; for, depend upon it, he only wins your adherence because he is a brilliantly clever man on paper, and not because he is even tolerable in the stern operations of real life. Frankly, between ourselves, I am sure that he makes a very bad husband, though he is always talking of being handicapped by autograph-bores and interviewers who keep him away from Mrs. Barrowe. I suspect that Mrs. Barrowe must be a very unhappy lady. And I'm sure she is much less unhappy than Mrs. Howe—for I know there is a Mrs. Howe, or you couldn't describe the American women as ably as you do. . ."

Pauline passed onward as she ended her final sentence. Kindelon, still at her side, soon said to her:

"What a clever farewell you made: you have won Howe. You flattered him very adroitly. It's an open secret that his wife helps him in those exquisite novels of his. She is his own type of woman. I think that is why Howe will never be great; he will always be exquisite instead. He adores his wife, who hates society and always stays at home. If Howe had once committed a genuine fault it might have served posterity as a crystallized masterpiece."

Pauline shook her head with negative emphasis. "I like him just as he is," she murmured. She was silent, for a moment, and then added, almost plaintively: "My entertainment looks pleasant enough, but I fear that it is all a disastrous failure."

"A failure?" echoed Kindelon, with no sympathy in the interrogation.

"Yes, everybody is grumbling. I somehow feel it. It is not only that Barrowe has infected everybody; it is that everybody has a latent hostility towards anything like harmonious re-union."

"Isn't there a bit of pure imagination in your verdict?" Kindelon asked.

"Premonition," answered Pauline, "if you choose to call it by that

name." She stood, while she thus spoke, under an effulgent chandelier, whose jets, wrought in the semblance of candles, dispersed from the ornate metallic cluster whence art had made them spring, a truly splendid glow.

"We have a new arrival," he said. He was glancing towards a near doorway while he spoke. Pauline's eyes had followed his own.

"My aunt!" she exclaimed. "And Sallie. . . and Courtlandt, too."

"Yes, Courtlandt, too—my friend, Courtlandt," said Kindelon, oddly.

"I told aunt Cynthia she had best not come" murmured Pauline.

"And your cousin, Courtlandt?" said Kindelon. "Did you tell *him* not to come?"

"I am sorry that they came—aunt Cynthia, Sally and Courtlandt!" exclaimed Pauline, while she moved towards the door by which she had seen her kindred appear.

"Sorry? So am I," said Kindelon. He spoke below his breath, but Pauline heard him.

(To be Continued.)

## "VERAX" ON THE RELATIONS BETWEEN CHURCH AND STATE.

A GREAT change is passing over the English Episcopate. In the first place the number of bishops has increased and is still increasing. The people of England have always shown a good deal of scepticism as to the value of bishops. The bulk of the lay members of the Church, though attached to episcopacy as an institution, have never been seized with an overpowering desire to increase its numbers. The evangelical party, now of sadly diminished force, have always attached more importance to the multiplication of earnest preachers and pastors than to increase in the number of dignified overseers. The bishops themselves have not been distinguished for any great earnestness in the matter. The chief use of a bishop after all is to ordain the clergy and administer the rite of confirmation. He is not expected to interfere in parochial work. His powers are confined within the narrowest limits, and though his clergy have many inducements to cultivate his good opinion, they do not care to be inspected over much. The movement would have been brought to a standstill with the creation of the new sees of Ripon and Manchester if it had not been for the determination of the High Church laity. Parliament was induced to pass an Act permitting the indefinite multiplication of sees, on condition that funds for endowing them to a respectable amount were raised beforehand. The money has come in and the sees have been founded. The new list comprises Truro, St. Albans, Liverpool, Newcastle, and Southwell, and there is no reason to suppose that it is closed. The Churchmen of Bristol, having completed the restoration of their cathedral, are anxious once more to have a bishop of their own, and their wish will, no doubt be complied with. So much for the extension of the episcopate proper; but a middle course has been devised in the creation of suffragan bishops. This invention has many recommendations. In the first place, it is cheaper. As the suffragan bishop has no state to keep up, and need not reside any part of the year in London, he can afford to take a smaller stipend. If it is desirable to have the aid of a suffragan, all that is necessary is to institute him to a living yielding, perhaps, a thousand or fifteen hundred a year. He can appoint a curate to do his parish work, and the suffragan will live on the rest. In these two modes, by the regular extension of the episcopate and the appointment of suffragans, we are in a fair way for seeing England replenished with bishops. The House of Lords, though devoted to episcopacy in the abstract, and not unwilling to let the people have as many bishops as they please, are determined not to tolerate the presence of a larger number in their own assembly. Hence on the establishment of the See of Manchester it was enacted that the new bishop should not take his seat in the House of Lords till some see became vacant other than those of the two Archbishops, and of London, Winchester, and Durham. The same rule is applicable to the bishops of all sees that have been created since. The result is that bishops now stand four or five deep, waiting till their turn comes. The House of Lords by insisting on this rule may be said to have taken the first step towards excluding the bishops from that House. They do not exclude those who are already in, but they will permit no more to enter. The other change to which I have referred relates to the manner of their appointment. In the early days of the Church a bishop used to be elected by the clergy and presented to the laity for their approval. In England the election rests with the Dean and the Chapter of the Cathedral Church, though in former times Kings and Popes took care to have a finger in the pie. Since the Reformation the Crown has appointed the bishops, but under forms which recognized the rights of the Dean and Chapter, and enable it to be said that the actual election is performed by spiritual personages. On an episcopal vacancy the Crown issues a *congé d'élire*, graciously empowering the Chapter to proceed to the election of a bishop, at the same time recommending some clergyman to their choice. The nominee of the Crown is always chosen as a matter of course. The Chapter dare do no nothing else under the mysterious penalties of *præmunire*. Still the Chapter do elect, and the fiction has a certain potency among so many other fictions, while the honour of the Church is saved. But what is to be done when there is no chapter? In these cases only one course can be taken. The bishop is appointed by patent from the Crown without the interposition of any spiritual body of electors. Anything more horrible from a High Church point of view, or from the point of view of any duly constituted Church, it would be impossible to imagine. Five years ago the Prime Minister was a baptized Jew, who thought that his countrymen had laid the world under unspeakable obligation by crucifying Christ. To-day he happens to be a fervent Churchman. A dozen years hence he

may possibly be a Nonconformist. The chance is perhaps greater that he may be a man of no religion at all. Yet a Premier whose religious character is subject to such contingencies is empowered by means of a Crown patent to appoint the chief pastors of the Church. The High Church party have shown no restiveness under this political arrangement. The reason is that they cannot help themselves. They want more bishops, and are prepared to pay the needful price in the meantime; but nothing is further from their thoughts than permanent acquiescence in this state of things. The pious Churchman is bound to look forward to a time when Uzziah's hand shall no longer profane the Ark by its sacrilegious touch; when the Church, in whom the fulness of the Spirit dwells, and not a statesman nominated by Jews, infidels, and heretics in the House of Commons, shall exercise the functions that are needful to the fulfilment of its exalted mission. It is proposed to re-establish the Consistory Courts, to degrade the lay Chancellor into an assessor, and empower the bishop to sit as sole judge. It is proposed to confer similar powers on the two Archbishops in their Provincial Courts, and to make the final Court of Appeal as far as possible subservient to the episcopate. These changes, taken in the aggregate, betoken a revolution in the relations between bishops and the laity, and between the Church and the State. The consequences may be traced out some other time. All I will say now is that so large a quantity of new wine cannot be poured into old bottles without bursting them.—*Manchester Examiner.*

THE PERIODICALS.

THE *Musical Observer* is readable and instructive as usual on music, art, and the drama.

THE *American Queen* maintains its reputation as a pleasant, chatty, well-got-up journal of home and society. Its first page portraits are almost invariably good.

THE *New York City Item* has, besides its drawing-room and literary notes, dramatic gossip, and chit-chat, portraits of Mrs. Frank Leslie and the Marquis de Lenville.

Of the selections in *Littell's Living Age* for April 5, probably those entitled "Glimpses of the Soudan" and "The Fabric of Westminster Abbey" will be most appreciated.

No. 3 of *The Art Union* is prefixed by a beautiful re-production of a page from the sketch-book of Frederick Dialman, entitled "The Prayer." Five clever drawings by H. P. Spare of subjects in the Art Union water colour gallery are gracefully grouped on one page. Mr. A. C. Howland has a drawing which he calls an "Elementary Sketch from 'Veterans of 1812'"—a group of three easy-going farmers who meet to "fight their battles o'er again." Valuable contributions on art and art gossip form the reading-matter of this attractive magazine.

THE *English Illustrated Magazine* for April contains an article entitled "How I became a War Correspondent," by Archibald Forbes, which possesses an additional interest at this period of wars and rumours of wars. Especially interesting to those who have visited London is Austin Dobson's "Changes at Charing Cross," though even those who have only read about the ancient metropolitan landmark—and who has not?—will find a fund of attractive reading in the profusely-illustrated article. The author of "John Halifax" has another description of "An Unsentimental Journey through Cornwall" which is excellent reading. The *English* is bravely fulfilling the promises which preceded its issue.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

"OUIDA" announces a new novel entitled "Princess Napraxine."

THOMAS HUGHES, M. P., will contribute to the *May Century* an important paper on "Trades-Unionism of England."

A POSTHUMOUS work by the late E. C. Grenville Murray, entitled "High Life in France under the Republic," is just announced.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY is writing a history of the four Georges. It will be completed in four volumes, the first of which is already in the press.

ROBERT BROWNING's new work is called "Divers Fancies of Dervish Ferishtal." It consists of twelve "Fancies" in blank verse, introduced by a lyrical prologue. There is also a lyrical epilogue.

THE Regius professorship of modern history at Oxford, made vacant by the promotion of Dr. Stubbs to be bishop of Chester, has fallen into worthy hands, Edward A. Freeman, the historian having been appointed.

"THE Life of Frederick the Great," by Colonel C. B. Brackenbury, R.A., will be published very shortly by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. A main point dealt with is the part played in the battles of the last century by the various arms of the service.

"THE JOURNALIST," a weekly paper devoted to the interests of the press and its people, has appeared in New York, with C. A. Byrne and Leander Richardson, of the *Dramatic Times*, as editors and publishers. The first number is full of vim, dash and news. The *Journalist* is bound to create a sensation.

In a contribution of much interest to the *National Review* on "The Aristocracy of Letters," Mr. Alfred Austin remarks, that "the Many are in these days Sovereign." The article should be read by our party journalists, as well as by young writers, ambitious of fame, but who are not over scrupulous in the means by which they attain it.

CHESS.

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

THE origin of the royal game of chess is lost in the mist of centuries, though it is pretty generally conceded that it was known in Hindustan 5,000 years ago, under the Sanscrit name of *Chaturanga*. Then, as now, the game was played on a board of sixty-four squares, but by four persons, two on each side. In the gradual diffusion throughout the world of this most purely intellectual of games of skill, it has undergone many alterations and modifications, but marked traces of its Asiatic origin remain. Chess is supposed to have been introduced into Europe in the eighth century, whilst it seems to have been known in England prior to the Norman Conquest.

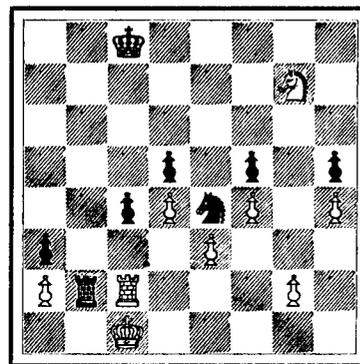
In introducing a column devoted to chess into THE WEEK, the editor would ask the hearty co-operation of all lovers of the game. In this way only can the space devoted to chess do justice to the game and to the journal as its sole representative in the premier province of the Dominion. The editor will at all times be glad to receive problems, games and chess news, and would specially request secretaries of clubs to supply reports of what is transpiring in their respective circles. Special features will be introduced from time to time, and while "the poetry of chess," as problems are aptly termed, will not be neglected, the game itself will receive careful attention. Games and end games, carefully annotated and analyzed, will regularly appear, and, with the assistance of our readers, we hope to make this column both useful and interesting.

END GAME No. 1.

From a game between Messrs. Boulbee (White) and Gordon (Black), in T.C.C. tourney.

PROBLEM No. 1.

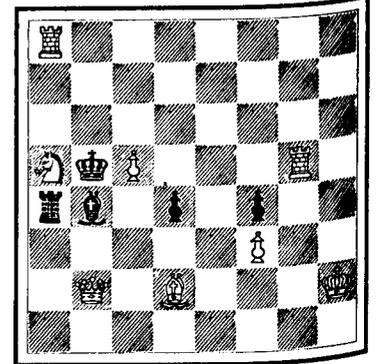
From *The Field*.  
BY J. W. ABBOTT.



BLACK.

WHITE.

Black to play. Can he win?



BLACK.

WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME No. 1.

Played in the match Dr. Zukertort (blindfolded) vs. 12 Toronto and Hamilton players. FRENCH DEFENCE.

WHITE.		BLACK.	
Dr. Zukertort.	H. N. Kittson.	Dr. Zukertort.	H. N. Kittson.
1. P K 4	P K 3	24. P takes P	Kt takes B
2. P Q 4	P Q 4	25. Q takes Kt	Q takes B P
3. P takes P	P takes P	26. Q takes Q	R takes Q
4. Kt K B 3	Kt K B 3	27. Q R Kt 1	B B 2
5. B Q 3	B Q 3	28. P Kt 6 (h)	B takes Kt P
6. Castles	Castles	29. K B 1	R K 7
7. P Q Kt 3 (a)	B K Kt 5 (b)	30. R K 2	R takes R
8. P Q B 4	P Q B 3	31. K takes R	R K 2
9. Q Kt Q 2	Q Kt Q 2	32. K B 3	B B 4
10. Q B 2	R K 1	33. K K 4	P Q Kt 3
11. B Kt 2	Q R Q B 1 (c)	34. P B 5	P Q R 4
12. P B 5	B Kt 1	35. P Kt 4	R Q 2
13. P Kt 4	B takes Kt	36. P Kt 5	R Q 5 (k)
14. Kt takes B	Kt B 1	37. K B 3	P R 5
15. P Q R 4 (d)	Kt K 5	38. P K 6	P R 6
16. P Kt 5	Q B 2	39. P B 6	P B 7
17. K R K 1	Kt Kt 4 (e)	40. P K 7 (j)	R Q 6 (ch)
18. Kt K 5	P K B 3	41. K B 4	K B 2
19. P K B 4 (f)	P takes Kt	42. R K 1	R K 6
20. Q P takes F (g)	Kt K 5 (?)	43. R Q R 1	P takes P
21. B takes Kt	P takes B	44. P takes P	K takes P
22. Q takes P	P takes Kt's P	45. R takes P	R takes P
23. B Q 4	Kt K 3.	46. Resigns (k)	

NOTES.

- (a) A departure from the beaten track which looks well.
- (b) Under ordinary circumstances the B should be posted at K 3. Here, however, owing to White's last move this seems better.
- (c) Well played.
- (d) Evidently bent on making matters uncomfortable for Black on the Q's side.
- (e) A fine coup, giving Black decidedly the better game.
- (f) We see nothing better. If 19 Kt R 4, then 19 P K R 4, etc.
- (g) If he takes Black Kt the following would be the probable continuation:—20. P K 5, 21. B K B 1, 21. 9 Q takes R P (ch), 22. K B 2, 22. B Kt 6 (ch), winning easily.
- (h) A queer oversight for the champion to make. Why not have brought out his King?
- (i) An "expiring flicker."
- (k) Mr. Kittson has conducted his game with great skill, but it must be confessed that Dr. Zukertort's play is not up to his usual standard.

NEWS ITEMS.

DR. ZUKERTORT believes he has played over 25,000 games in his time. The Inter-University match was to take place on April 3rd.

CHESS IN BERLIN.—The ties in the last Berlin Tourney are at last reported in the following order:—1st prize, S. V. Gottschall; 2nd, Herr E. Schallopp; followed by Herren Harmonist and Laaker.

CHESS IN NEW ORLEANS.—The Chess, Checker and Whist Club is now reported as having considerably over 900 members. It is said the club proposes limiting its membership to 1,000. It is also said that this city is again about ready to introduce to the chess world another precociously brilliant and powerful player.

THE *New York Clipper*, in publishing the game won by Mr. W. Boulbee from Dr. Zukertort during the blindfold exhibition in Toronto, calls it "the shortest game" lost by the champion in America, and concludes by saying:—"On the principle of seeing everything, Dr. Z. seems not unwilling to explore the upper waters of that mythical river which all American politicians sooner or later navigate. How he relished the hospitalities or enjoyed the scenery we are not informed. How say you Bro. Boulbee?"

CHESS IN NEW YORK.—The Manhattan C. C. Tourney has recently been completed. The five leaders were:—Mackenzie, 25 won, 3 lost, 6 drawn; D. G. Baird, 23 won, 8 lost, 3 drawn; Lipschutz, 22 won, 8 lost, 4 drawn; Delmar, 21 won, 10 lost, 3 drawn; Ryan, 20 won, 11 lost, 3 drawn. Mr. Simonson won "honorary mention" for the best score against the prize winners.

CHESS IN TORONTO.—The Annual Tourney of the Toronto Chess Club now drawing to a close is exciting great interest among chess players in the city. One game just concluded between Messrs. Boulbee and Gordon is the longest on record in T. C. C. contests. It lasted 109 moves, and required five adjournments. At one part of the game the position given above occurred and evoked great discussion among the members, many declaring it a forced win for Black, notwithstanding White's Pawn ahead. We recommend our readers to thoroughly examine the position, it will well repay careful study.

THE score in the first class Championship Tourney for the Blaikie Cup and Gordon Medal now stands:—Phillips won 9, lost 3; Boulbee won 7½, lost 2½, with 2 games to play; Freeland won 6, lost 4, with 2 to play; Gordon won 3, lost 6, with 3 to play; Eddis won 4½, lost 1½, with 1 to play; Gibson won 4, lost 8; Meyers won 3, lost 7, with 2 to play.

A TEAM of five players from Hamilton and two from Brampton will do battle with the T. C. C. on Good Friday.

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Montreal, January, 1884.

CHARLES DRINKWATER, Secretary.

**WHAT IS CATARRH?**

From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15.

Catarrh is a muco-purulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite amoeba in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favourable circumstances, and these are:—Morbid state of the blood, as the blighted corpuscle of unction, 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 mucous tissue.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Illustrations.—Antique View of Quebec, after engraving by Royce—Montgomery Place on-the-Hudson—Portrait of Edmund Burke, after engraving by Wagstaff of painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds—Portrait of Right Honourable Charles James Fox—Quebec and its Environs, from a rare map—Old City of Quebec, from a rare map—Prescott Gate, Quebec—Portrait of Daniel Morgan, in the Shirt Uniform—St. Johns Gate, Quebec—Palace Gate, Quebec—Where Arnold was wounded—Cape Diamond, from a rare print—Where Montgomery fell—The Plains of Abraham—Montgomery's Tomb—An Original Autograph Letter from Montgomery to Colonel Bedel, St. Johns, from the collection of Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet.

THE NATCHEZ INDIANS, A LOST TRIBE. J. H. Walworth. THE GRISWOLD FAMILY OF CONNECTICUT, III. (Conclusion). Professor Edward E. Salisbury. An exhaustive sketch—historical, biographical, and genealogical—showing the part taken in public affairs by various members of this notable family during successive generations from the beginnings of settlement in Connecticut. Fresh information from English and other sources adds greatly to the interest and value of the contribution. THE GRISWOLD PEDIGREE—THE UTAH EXPEDITION. Major-General John C. Robinson, U.S.A. ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS. Sir Henry Clinton's Original Secret Record of Private Daily Intelligence. Contributed by Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet. Introduction and Notes by Edward F. De Lancey. Chapter VII. (Begun in October.) MINOR TOPICS: Letter from Mr. Thomas C. Amory; The Massacre of St. Andre. NOTES: Dr. Franklin as a Courtier—A Poetic Morceau of 1772—The Murphy Sale of Americana—A Scrap of Unwritten History—Wayne's Indian Name—Mrs. Fletcher's Tomb. QUERIES—REPLIES—LEARNED SOCIETIES—BOOK NOTICES.

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