

THE WEEK:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

Vol. I., No. 41.

Toronto, Thursday, September 11th, 1884.

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

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The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY AND LITERATURE.

Edited by W. PHILIP ROBINSON.

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

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THREE royal commissions, two in Quebec and one in Ontario, which have recently met, and two of which have not yet finished their enquiries, all bore a similar complexion and had a common object. Their business was to ferret out criminating matter against political opponents. The attempts to criminate M. Mosseau and M. Mercier had a well-marked interdependence, and were in accordance with the rule of reciprocity. When a political contest is reduced to this form, its aim is destructive. The Mercier Commission, which is enquiring into the \$5,000 scandal, has thrown some side lights on the crooked methods of Quebec politicians. There is no longer any reasonable ground for doubt that M. Senécal and M. Dansereau, who advanced the money, believed that they were purchasing for their party chief immunity from the disqualification with which he had been threatened; M. Mercier admits that this was their motive, and M. Trudel, who took part in the negotiation, as the friend of M. Mercier, says the transaction was a regular purchase (*un marché complet*). But why did M. Trudel take part in a transaction which he now represents as dishonourable? He says his suspicions were aroused as to the nature of the transaction when M. Mercier offered to pay back whatever the taxing master might refuse to allow; but M. Trudel, as chief of the River police, is an officer of the Quebec Government, and though a liberal, may have been brought under some influence of which he is perhaps not fully conscious. It is quite clear that, acting as a go-between in the negotiation, he was not perfectly frank in telling his friend what the other side thought of him. According to his story, which bears strong marks of probability, neither side was willing to trust the other, M. Mercier insisting on having the \$5,000 in hand before he ceased his efforts for disqualification, and M. Senécal declaring that, when he bought a pig he always insisted on seeing it weighed and having it delivered. If this contemptuous comparison had come to M. Mercier's ears, the negotiation must have collapsed. M. Senécal evidently believed that he was doing a fine stroke of business in the political market; and the appearance of his sinister figure upon the scene is suggestive of much that is crooked in Quebec politics. As the purse-bearer of corruption, he may be said to be the lineal descendant of François Baby, with more than Baby's stratagem and audacity. The facts which the commission has brought out could have been got at just as readily in a

court of justice. If party combat by commission is to become a regular instrument in political warfare, it will need some better justification for its employment than the disclosures in the \$5,000 scandal supply.

THE work of the Bribery Commission evidently draws towards a close. The additional evidence has thrown no new light on the charges. But the evidence of Sir David Macpherson completely exonerated himself and the Government of which he is a member from any suspicion of complicity in what goes by the name of the bribery plot. And Mr. Meredith and Mr. Morris had no difficulty in clearing their skirts: from Mr. Meredith's evidence, it is plain that his visit to Ottawa, at the time the plot was going on, had no connection with any conspiracy. Whatever was done was the work of subalterns. Mr. S. Blake, as counsel for the Ontario Government, was not anxious to bring under enquiry the conduct of more than the five persons against whom the charge had previously been made. It was not his intention to examine several witnesses who had been summoned; but Sir David Macpherson and Mr. C. H. McIntosh, M.P., insisted on their right to be heard, and they were permitted to tell what they had to say. Mr. John Shields, who had been represented as the purse-carrier, was present, but was not called. Other witnesses only appeared to be told that their evidence was not required, Mr. Blake announcing, on behalf of the Ontario Government, that he had no other witnesses to call. After Mr. Meredith had concluded his statement, Mr. Blake expressed his entire confidence in its truthfulness. The new tactical move sprung on the Commission during the sitting was the show made by Mr. Meredith of carrying the war into Africa. A charge against four members of the Ontario Government was put into the form of a resolution, that they, knowing that attempts were being made to corrupt members of the House, induced these members "to approach persons who were said to be engaged in this work for the purpose of inducing them to corrupt them," and to entrap others who were not so engaged. The commissioners promised that the charge should be enquired into; but the enquiry was adjourned till the next sittings of the commission, in the beginning of October. This counter charge is based upon the evidence of members of the House, whom the Conservative defendants declare unworthy of belief; the object of those making the charge being, presumably, to find means of corroborating evidence which they themselves have been at some pains to discredit. It is a relief to have good ground of assurance that neither the Ottawa Government nor the Ontario Opposition had any hand in this miserable intrigue. Neither Wilkinson nor Stinson had shown any desire to face the commission. All attempts to reach either of them by subpoena had failed; and it looks as if they might allow judgment to go by default.

THE Independence of Canada is often touched upon by persons whose object in bringing it before the public is to show that, from their point of view, it ought to be resisted. To this category belongs the reference to Canadian Independence, by Sir Hector Langevin, in a speech recently delivered at Winnipeg. We are, he said, practically independent; we have "the right to tax other nations, even the English, on the merchandize they send us." This implies great confusion in the mind of the speaker as to the incidence of taxation. We may levy taxes on English goods, but we cannot tax the English people; we can only tax the consumers of the goods on which we lay consumers' duties. No degree of liberty can confer on one nation the power to tax another. The question has nothing to do with Independence. Sir Hector contends that a colonial condition with practical independence is the best; and his reasons are, that we are free from the expenses of a separate establishment; that we have no wars of our own, and are not taxed for Imperial wars; that we get protection without paying for it. But we are, he admits, liable to be struck by the shot fired in an English war. His policy is that we should continue to grow in our own present position; how long and how strong he does not say. The indefiniteness of the advice, *grandissons dans notre condition présente*, implies a time when, in the speaker's opinion, we shall have grown strong enough to take care of ourselves. If this looks to preparation for a change which sooner or later comes to colonies, in all parts of the world, it recognizes

a necessity which is not always admitted. The assumption that we shall have the option of remaining in our present condition as long as it suits our convenience is made with as much assurance as if it were beyond all reasonable doubt. But surely this condition will, in the future, have its anomalies and its perils. What right have we to expect that we can always depend upon being defended by the army and the navy of Great Britain, without cost to ourselves; and that nothing will ever occur to prevent England being able to accord us that protection on which there are people who tell us we can confidently rely for an indefinite period of time?

MEMBERS of the British Association would scarcely consider themselves entitled to speak for the politicians, or to seek distinction by advocating a reconstruction of the British Empire. But in the tentative stage of the question of Imperial Federation, any one of them might throw out a feeler, by which some vital part of the scheme might be brought under the test of public discussion. The Governor General, at the inaugural meeting, had led up to the point by assuming that all good citizens of the empire are determined to promote a closer intimacy between the Mother Country and her offspring. Nothing can be more natural than such a desire, so far as it has its source in the sympathy which may become a strong bond between English-speaking people, in whatever quarter of the globe they may be. But Lord Landsdowne had special reference to the political aspect of the proposed new form of union, and if he commended a sympathy which reaches beyond the bounds of allegiance, he only assigned it a secondary place. The way being opened, Mr. Stephen Bourne entered upon it with a confidence which, it is not difficult to see, experience had not inspired. It has from the first been evident to all who have given the subject any consideration, that Imperial Federation implies a common tariff and a common fund for external defence. At the recent meeting in London, intended to place the project prominently before the public, care was taken not to state what, in the most essential particulars, its realization would imply. Mr. Bourne had no such squeamishness. He rushed boldly into the advocacy of a common tariff, for a reconstructed British Empire, and the proceeds of the tariff he still more boldly proposed to throw into a common fund for defence. Mr. Bourne deserves the thanks of every Canadian for thus frankly stating, at the very outset of the discussion, the real exigencies of Imperial Federation. But his frankness was fatal to the object which he undertook to advance. He has effectually killed Imperial Federation. Everywhere, from one end of Canada to the other, he will be met by an adverse response. Even Sir Francis Hincks, the most imperial of imperialists, in sentiment had anticipated the objection and admitted its force. Canada cannot be induced to give up the regulation of her tariff; and if she could be induced to do so, the proposed surrender of the customs revenue would leave her without the means of meeting her engagements. The matter is not one of sentiment, but of necessity.

A MOVEMENT has been started in Montreal which is intended to end in a grand banquet to Sir John Macdonald to celebrate the fortieth anniversary of the chieftain's entrance into political life. Sir John's public career, long when measured by an individual life, short when compared with the life of a nation, has outlasted one form of Government which, forty years ago, was thought to contain elements of permanency. On his first appearance in the Legislature of Upper Canada, the legislative union was in its infancy; he witnessed, in succession, the full vigour of its manhood, its decline, decrepitude and death. Dreams of a Federal Union of all the Provinces had before been indulged in; but that they would ever be more than dreams no one seriously believed in the year 1844. Responsible Government was in its tentative stage; and there was much friction in the working of the new machinery. Only ten years elapsed before Sir John Macdonald could be said to have matured sufficiently to have become, if not the peer of any one in the Legislature, a conspicuous second, in debating power and knowledge of public business. The time was to come when his supremacy would be so complete as to command general consent. But more than to his power as a debater, or his knowledge of public business, Sir John owes his success to his skill in the management of men. In the natural course of things, the days of his decline cannot be far off, if signs of their coming have not already shown themselves. But in that art of the politicians' arts, the management of men, he still retains pre-eminence. During his official career, he has often been able to repair the waste of party strength by attracting aid from the ranks of former opponents; and to this extraordinary resource his unusually long command of a parliamentary majority is in a large measure due. To sudden surprises in legislation he has been opposed; but he has not attempted a vain resistance to a well-matured conviction shared by a large majority of the population. His

economic theories are not likely to pass with posterity as sound; but there is no doubt that he entertained them long before he attempted to put them into practice, with the sincerity with which a lightly-read economist accepts fallacies which he has not acquired force to reject. The ovation to Sir John will be a party ovation, which may serve as a set-off to that which awaits Mr. Mowat, on his return from a *politico-forensic* mission to England.

DR. HINGSTON, of Montreal, at the recent meeting of the British Association, claimed for the French Canadians the distinction of being the most prolific race in America. Without stopping to consider whether the claim be well founded, the contrast between the French Canadians and the people from whom they sprung is about as great as can well be conceived. Early marriages among this young people are far from accounting for the difference; nor can the reason be found in dissimilarity of food, clothing and the general condition of well-being. The population of New England are in the enjoyment of at least as great comfort as the French Canadians, and their ratio of increase is far less than that of the French Canadians. The French in France and the Americans in New England increase slowly from choice more than necessity. In France, where population presses on the means of subsistence, a larger birth-rate would be compensated by an increase in the death-rate of the young; but the extra mortality is prevented by a voluntary restriction of the birth-rate. And the operation of the same motive restricts the birth-rate in New England, though the restriction is not enforced by the same stern necessity. But the increase of the French Canadians, great as it is, was vastly overrated by the speaker. The number of them in the United States is very far short of the million that was put to their credit. That the descendants of the French, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, exceed in strength the Frenchmen of to-day, may be due to the desolating effect of the Napoleonic wars; but the difference in fecundity is only slightly, if at all, attributable to that cause. That some modification of race-characteristics is being produced by the difference of climate and a change in the general conditions of existence is not surprising; on the physical side, the modification may be an advantage, whatever may be the intellectual effect of an admixture of Indian blood.

EIGHT hundred intelligent and educated Englishmen, even if they had no special knowledge of science, could not travel thousands of miles through Canada with their eyes open without learning much about the country of which no misrepresentations can in future deprive them. It will be their own fault if they do not carry away with them a considerable stock of positive knowledge regarding the country and its resources. The papers read before the British Association, not alone by Canadians but also by specialists among themselves, would greatly aid the enquiries of those who desired to make the trip to the Rocky Mountains something more than a holiday excursion. As a result, Canada must become better known in England than ever before. The special knowledge obtained by each individual visitor will have a tendency to spread and be absorbed among his intimates. The visitors must become convinced that there exists in the North-West a vast field for immigrants. Hitherto Australia has attracted the better class of emigrants, and though the tide may continue to flow in that direction, it may flow with feebler force. The claims of Canada cannot fail to find among our visitors on their return some volunteer advocates whose personal convictions will be their sole motive to speak. If they recommend persons in search of land to cultivate to seek it in Canada they will do so chiefly because they believe such advice will be for the benefit of the emigrants. Scarcely any event which could have happened would have done so much to make Canada known in England as the meeting of the British Association in this country; the knowledge of possibilities is even more important than of actualities—of the future than the present. The desert prairie over which so many of them will pass is nothing as a possession; as a possibility it is full of promise which may give rational life to hope.

THE Lawn Tennis Tournament held in Toronto since our last issue to decide the championship of the Dominion of Canada has shown that during the past year a great improvement in play has taken place. The judgment and skill displayed in the third round of the open singles in the match between Mr. Hellmuth, of London, and Mr. Hynes, of New York, were specially noticeable, but the chief interest of the tournament centered in the final contest between Mr. Hellmuth and Mr. Hyman, also of London. As our readers are aware, the best English players now recognize the fact that the most successful plan of action is, *ceteris paribus*, that newer one by which the player endeavours as often as possible to make his returns by volleying from the service line, instead of as formerly, standing

far back in the courts, and making the returns after the ball has touched the ground. To a certain extent Mr. Hellmuth avails himself of both methods, but mainly relies on the older, which he works out admirably. Mr. Hyman, on the other hand, plays the volleying game, and as he won the championship with what may be considered ease, despite of Mr. Hellmuth's good play and excellent judgment, we think all who watched the match must admit that the "volleying game" must rule until some new principle arises and puts it to flight. Local tournaments are to be held in London and Ottawa about the 23rd inst.

THE wail that there is "no opening for women" in business is not so common as it is in the Old Country, but it is occasionally heard even here. Ladies who complain that time perforce lays heavily upon their hands "should take a leaf out of the book of their American cousins. It is a note-book—the shorthand writer's note-book—to which they should direct their attention," says a contemporary. It is into the law courts that the American ladies have thrust their gentle presence. Taking down the speeches of other persons they find to be quite as pleasant, and much more profitable than speaking themselves. There is a clever young dressmaker who cast away pins and needles, bent her energies to shorthand, and in less than a year could write one hundred and fifty words a minute. She has found her right sphere. Three other ladies are mentioned who earn magnificent incomes with their pens. Mrs. Sarah Grasby, who travels through seventeen counties with the assize courts, earns \$9,000 a year; Mrs. J. R. Palmer, of Utica, \$8,000 a year; and Miss Jane Ballantyne, of Rochester, \$5,000 a year.

THE collapse of the National Bank, New Brunswick, New Jersey, has already led to the suicide of the President, the cashier, and a ruined depositor. The bank officials are alleged to have made away with a million of dollars. The decline in the price of stocks in New York last May is given as the explanation of the catastrophe. This disclosure is more disquieting as a symptom than as an isolated fact. Once more it enforces, in the loudest tones, the danger of bank officials indulging in speculation by means of the trust funds under their control, and the necessity that the practice should cease. Operations on margin are responsible for much of the evil. The form of venture may yield cent. per cent. profit: this is the temptation; but the ruin it may bring may be swift and complete. This is the danger: the penalty is not seldom death, though self-inflicted.

THE dead-lock between the two legislative Houses is still the all-absorbing topic in England. It will be remembered that Earl Cowper caused a letter to be addressed to the Government proposing to "dish" Lord Salisbury by introducing a redistribution bill in the autumn. But it is altogether unlikely that the Machiavellian epistle will effect its object. Earl Cowper is not only an ex-member of the Ministry, but is regarded as the mouth-piece of an important Whig movement. Stripped of all disguise, what he proposes is a compromise; but it is not such an arrangement as could be entertained by a much more pliant statesman than Mr. Gladstone. Earl Cowper and his fellow "trimmers" suggest that the Franchise Bill could be passed if the Government would lay their Redistribution Bill before the House of Commons at the autumn session, though they acknowledge that the latter measure could not be dealt with before Christmas. *Powerparlers* are said to have passed upon the subject, and some sanguine politicians imagine that there might be some outcome of the proposal. But, as a London correspondent indicates, "two parties are necessary to a compromise." Lord Cowper and his friends have been told that they must get Lord Salisbury's consent to the terms before the Government can consider them. For Lord Salisbury to agree to pass the Franchise Bill if another bill which he has not seen is laid on the table of the House of Commons would be to give up his whole contention. That was not Earl Cowper's idea. What he believed was that a fair Redistribution Bill would deprive the Cecil of much of his support, and compel him to give way by showing that he would be in a minority. On the other hand, Mr. Gladstone holds that the publication of the Redistribution Bill before the Franchise Bill is passed will weaken the hands of the Government in dealing with the whole Reform question. He will abide by that contention; and though it has not quite fallen to the ground, Lord Cowper's compromise may be regarded as virtually a dead letter. It is said in influential quarters that the Whigs who took part in the movement will still stand by Mr. Gladstone, notwithstanding his refusal to agree to their terms.

OF the two "little wars" now in progress, however the scales may turn when the balance of blood and treasure comes to be struck, it is tolerably

certain that England will come out more honourably than her French neighbour. Indeed, in her insane attempt to "bluff" territory and indemnity out of two barbarous foes on the Chinese seas, France has already earned the hearty condemnation of the whole civilized world. Still, people who know China well state that in their very decided opinion there will be no serious or protracted war. Their belief is that China will submit at the moment when it is made quite clear that France is in earnest. For the instant—it is but for an instant—the war party is in the ascendency, but the peace leaders are close at hand, and the advocates of war are allowed their way only until it is made clear that resistance will involve serious results. The Egyptian campaign will possibly not be so readily settled, though there can be no doubt of the issue. Vigorous, if long delayed, efforts are being made to despatch a sufficient number of efficient troops, and not even Dr. Cameron's little book ("A Romance of War; or, How the Cash Goes") will prevent that liberal supply of the "sinews of war" so necessary an adjunct even to the highest skill and greatest bravery. Sir Samuel Baker, also, has added his raven note to that of Dr. Cameron. Sir Samuel has prophesied evil and evil continually. He tried to get the Government to despatch a force to Gordon in the height of the summer, saying that Gordon could not hold out; now that an expedition is organized he tries to frighten people by saying that it will be a failure. He is like the people satirized by Lord Beaconsfield, who declared that the Abyssinian Expedition would be lost in the desert. More than five thousand men will advance to Khartoum. They have friendly tribes for a great part of the way. They will have to pierce through forces which Gordon has kept at bay without a single British redcoat, and who have heard of both Teb and Tamanieb. Why should the expedition fail? It is inconceivable. Gordon will himself give the hostile tribes so much to do that they will hardly face an English army, especially when to do so they must turn their back upon him.

THE latest advices from England show, as every unprejudiced person knew would be shown, that Casey's allegation in regard to the execution of Myles Joyce was a malignant fabrication. Earl Spencer's letter to Archbishop M'Evilly ought to set at rest for ever the fiction recently set afloat that Myles Joyce was an innocent man when he was hanged for participation in the Maamtrasna massacre. It has pleased Thomas Casey, who was one of the assassination party, and whose evidence was accepted at the price of his safety, to declare that he swore falsely on the occasion; that he was terrified into doing so by the urgings and threats of Mr. George Bolton, then Crown prosecutor, and that he now wishes to make what amends he can for involving Myles Joyce, who was not guilty and who was hanged protesting his innocence. The Archbishop of Tuam, naturally shocked by the disclosure, petitioned the Lord-Lieutenant for an inquiry, and his Excellency granted it. The result is such as might have been expected; Thomas Casey's statement does not stand the test of examination. His evidence was not even absolutely necessary to the conviction of the men charged, and it was only by a stretch of mercy that it was accepted at all. He escaped conviction, and perhaps the rope, by becoming an approver; and now he wants the world to believe that, after bearing a part in one of the most horrible atrocities of modern times, and then denouncing his accomplices, he is worthy of credence when he declares that he committed wilful perjury at the bidding of an official of the Crown.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT MONTREAL.

THE exhaustive discussions and still more exhaustive festivities connected with the meeting of the Association are over, and we are in a position to estimate it roughly, though no one can pretend to sum up all its results until years have elapsed. Considering the insularity of Englishmen, the new departure was certainly very extraordinary, especially for a body so unwieldy, and many of the members can hardly explain yet how they were induced to take it, though now it is so universally a subject of congratulation that there are at least half-a-dozen candidates for the honour of having suggested it to the Association. The papers read at all the eight sections are declared by the best authorities to have been of a higher average than usual; and Biology was for the first time sub-divided, Physiology being made a sub-section, and vindicating its claim to a permanent place for itself by the number of distinguished men who took part in the discussions. Tried by literary canons, all the papers cannot be praised. Some were intolerable. Often the point to be proved was not stated clearly, and the style was so rambling and confused that it was impossible to know what the writer was driving at; and only a minority articulated so distinctly that they could be heard beyond the front benches. From the origin of the Royal Society, in the reign of Charles II., their

transactions prove abundantly that a man may know something of Science and yet be unable to write English. In the days when Sir Hans Sloane was the secretary, he and most of his correspondents wrote so badly that the witty Dr. King, in noticing their account "of a child born without a brain," caustically remarked that, "had it lived long enough, it would have made an excellent publisher of philosophical transactions." Other papers were merely condensations of blue-books, or compilations of statistics, without an illuminating point. Casual coincidences, again, that proved nothing, were adduced as "interesting," though only *dilettanti* can see interest where there is no rational connection. However, from the ordinary point of view of the Association, the papers were as a rule unusually good. What makes this all the more satisfactory is that the principal officials had hardly expected it, just on account of the new departure, which made it impossible for many eminent members to be present. Canadians and Americans made up for the absence, and the fact of their taking part freely gave to the meeting a pleasant international character. The Presidents of Sections at the closing meeting lavished praise all round, though when they condescended to particularize, it was difficult to repress a smile. It seems that what will make the Montreal sessions memorable for ever is a cable-gram from Australia announcing that the duck-billed platypus is oviparous. The importance of a fact indicating such a link between mammals and birds is undeniable, though the wife of one of the Presidents thought that news about the young of marsupials was of small consequence compared to news about her own children. But, literary men who aim to develop the power of thinking, philosophers who desire light on the fundamental problems of thought and life, statesmen who have great social and political difficulties pressing upon them, or the masses whose one care is how to get their daily bread, will hardly become excited over this new fact concerning the ornithorynchus. The raptures of scientific men sometimes appear as excessive to outsiders as their limitations are undeniable. When Sprat, in his dedication of the History of the Royal Society to the King, said, that "Its establishment was an enterprise equal to the most renowned actions of the best princes," the learned physician, Stubbe, answered, "Never prince acquired the fame of the great and good by any knick-knacks," and "the increase of the powers of mankind by a pendulum watch, or spectacles whereby divers may see under water, or the new ingenuity of apple-roasters, or every petty discovery or instrument must not be put in comparison, much less preferred before the protection and enlargement of empires." We have an illustration of the narrow range of even distinguished specialists in the severe denunciations by Tylor and Boyd Dawkins of Canadian intellectual indolence, simply because we had done little or nothing compared to Americans in investigating Indian languages or customs. Doubtless philological studies are important, and it is well to know about wampum, pipes of peace, and everything concerning the aborigines of the continent, from the Zunis of New Mexico to the Esquimaux. All truth is important. It is much better, too, that we should be told our shortcomings than always be praised, as if we were spoiled children who could eat nothing but sweetmeats. But it might have occurred to the distinguished anthropologists that Boston was a comparatively old city more than a century ago, yet that not very long since a common expression in England was, "Who reads an American book?" Whereas, at the beginning of this century Toronto could hardly be said to exist, and the greater part of Ontario was unbroken forest. Give us a little time. After all, we have done better by the Indians than treat them as old curiosity shops. We have made it possible for Englishmen and Americans to live in their villages, and examine their ceremonial at leisure. And, when it is necessary to frame a bill of indictment against us because of our intellectual indolence, something much more formidable than the neglect referred to can easily be cited.

But while, as Lord Rayleigh so admirably pointed out in his inaugural address, science does not deal with the fundamental problems of thought, or the great questions of existence, and while the range of its students is thus necessarily limited, with the effect too often of narrowing and hardening their conceptions, it was impossible to come in contact with the members of the Association generally without being profoundly impressed with the vast and varied intellectual wealth that has been brought together. Canada never had so many great men within her borders, and we owe them gratitude for coming to us in such numbers, notwithstanding the expense, fatigue, and loss of time involved. They came from colleges all over England—from London, Cambridge, Oxford, Durham, Bradford, Manchester, Nottingham, Sheffield, Liverpool, Woolwich; from Wales and the Scottish and Irish universities and educational institutes; from the army and the navy, and from homes where original research is prosecuted as diligently as in public laboratories. This great representation of so many phases of English thought gave me a more vivid conception of the intellectual re-

sources of England than ever I had had before. One does not see its full power while attending any one of the sections. Perhaps nowhere is a better idea of it obtained than at the dinner of "the Red Lions," a kind of "*ordre du bon temps*," founded many years ago by Edward Forbes. At first it consisted only of a few choice spirits, who wished to kick up their heels and have a little fun after the fatigues of a week's meetings, but it includes now a large number of the younger members of the Association. Its name, probably derived from the inn at which they first met, suggested the form that the fun assumes. The chairman is the lion-king, and must not be addressed in any other character. The members are lions, the associates cubs, and the stewards jackals. They do not dine at an hotel, but feed at a menagerie. The jackals make the arrangements, and take the credit of providing even the jokes of his majesty the lion-king. Instead of cheering, the beasts roar or howl and wag their coat-tails. Every toast and speech and illustration must be in character, the chief toast, of course, being the B.A.A.S., appropriately shortened into the British Ass. The great philosophers are seen at play at such a gathering, merry as school-boys, and noisy as students. The rapid succession of witticisms, mock harangues, lecturettes, in which different distinguished members, who are supposed to be self-conscious, are quietly caricatured, without any name being mentioned, overpowers an ordinary observer. There is a nimbleness of intellect and an overflowing humour that indicates the astonishing reserve power that there is in the Association, while the average physique shows a more robust life than we usually associate on this continent with celebrated professors and authors.

The evening lectures, the conversaciones and the garden parties, are the most popular features of the Association. Dr. Lodge's and Dr. Ball's lectures were all that could have been desired, but by general consent they were fairly eclipsed by the Rev. Dr. Dollinger on microscopic researches into the least and lowest forms of life. His word painting and the splendid illustrations thrown on the screen made up a scientific lecture that was simply "fascinating," to use Lord Rayleigh's word; and the general verdict was that Tyndall could not have done better. Dr. Dollinger gave another lecture to the public on Sunday afternoon, in the interest of the Methodist Theological College, and in its line it was equally brilliant. Speaking as a scientific authority, and making no departure from scientific positions or methods from beginning to end of the lecture, he proved that, granting that evolution is the means by which God works, there have been miracles or direct interpositions by an unseen inscrutable power outside of and above matter. Why then should there not be another appropriate miracle? Why should God not interpose again, especially when we can see that interposition is needed? The facts of the constitution of atoms and of force, of the advent of life, and the advent of man, all scientific facts, make probable then the advent of Christ.

The Montreal meeting of the Association has been a great success, socially as well as scientifically. The hosts did their duty well, and the guests were willing to be pleased. Such reunions give an impulse to all concerned, enlarging the horizon and the views of members of the Association, and quickening the life of the whole community. They are signs of the times that no far-seeing statesman will under-estimate. Now that the ice has been broken, a visit will probably be made to Sydney or Melbourne within the next decade; and then Halifax or Toronto will be thought not very much farther away than Dublin or Belfast. Whatever the results may be, however, and they can only be good, it was impossible for any intelligent being to attend the meetings without being benefited. Therefore, we owe a debt of gratitude to all who conceived the brilliant idea and who had to do with bringing them to the point of consenting to come, to Bishop Lewis, and to Captain Bedford Pim, as well as to Sir William Dawson. Sir William wears modestly the honours which he might well accept from our great fountain of honour. He is the legitimate successor of Sir William Logan, and doubtless considered that there is sometimes more pride in refusing than in accepting what is offered from a legitimate source. "Thus I tread upon Plato's pride," said Diogenes, as he rubbed his dirty feet on the soft mats in the great philosopher's house. "And with a pride greater than Plato's," was the calm reply.

GEO. M. GRANT.

The News and Eastern Townships' Advocate, lately published in Montreal, has the following announcement in the issue of Sept. 6: "After this week *The News* will be issued from St. Johns and the headquarters of the paper re-established in that town. The force of public opinion in this district and throughout the townships has proved too strong for us, and we yield with all the grace possible to the inevitable. We defer to the will of the friends who have generously helped to make *The News* what it is to-day, and return to our native heath, even before we have been enabled to get our business fairly launched in Montreal."

THE ABNORMAL STATE OF FIRE INSURANCE.

NEITHER in the United States nor Canada is the business of fire insurance in a healthy state. The statement, startling as it is, is made on respectable authority that, "from the organization of the first fire insurance company on this continent to the present time, more money has been paid out for losses and management, by American fire insurance companies, than they have received from fire premiums." Besides the hundred companies that were ruined by the Chicago and Boston fires, three hundred others have, within fourteen years, retired from business, with a capital of over \$100,000,000. Whatever relief these withdrawals might have been expected to give, the pressure of competition has kept down premiums below a paying point. The premiums would be high enough if the expenses of management, including commissions, were less. Enormous rates are often paid for commissions. Insurers not unfrequently allow themselves to be bribed by their own money, thinking it a superlative stroke of policy to share the commission with the agent. If insurers once came to realize that these commissions are pure waste, the penalty of that inertness which awaits the solicitation of the agent instead of personally making the application, as a matter of course, whenever an insurance requires to be effected, it is very probable that they would apply the remedy. But the one great fact to be kept in view is that insurance is sold for less than it costs. The companies have no one to blame but themselves. It is useless to dwell upon the carelessness of persons whose property is insured. The moral hazard is or ought to be a known quantity; and full allowance for the whole cost to the companies should be made in striking the rate of insurance. The ratio of losses to premiums is not likely to decrease; under the same conditions it may be expected to remain the same. But fluctuations take place, from time to time, in the relative amounts, and even the moral hazard will be found to have its sliding scale. When trade is slack, an increase of fires is morally certain to take place. To the middle of August this year, the losses from fire in the United States were \$62,500,000, or about \$10,000,000 more than for the corresponding period of last year. Extensive conflagrations, which sweep away millions of dollars worth of property at a stroke, too often render of no avail the ordinary calculation on which the profits of insurance for any given year are based: they imply a risk which no single year's insurance is likely to cover, but they present no difficulty when a series of years sufficient to form a grand average is brought under view.

During the last fifteen years, the fire premiums received in Canada amounted to the sum of \$48,967,296, and the losses to \$38,031,307, or 77·67 of the premiums. The difference does not leave enough to pay expenses. Last year the average expenses of the British companies were \$23·48, and the average amount left to pay expenses with for the fifteen years was only \$22·23. The ratio of losses to premiums fell with greatest weight on the British companies, being 79·14 per cent. The Canadian companies were the next greatest sufferers, the ratio paid by them being 75·82; the American companies getting off with a percentage of 74·96. A single fire, that of St. John, 1877, had very marked effect on the aggregate loss-rate during these years. If the result of that disastrous fire were eliminated, the average loss-rate would be brought down to 65·35. Last year it was less than this, 63·14, and the year before 63·01. Without the fire of St. John, the business would have been profitable; with it there has, on the whole fifteen years' business, been a loss. The British companies have not hesitated largely to extend a business which, during the last fifteen years, must on the whole have been unprofitable. Last year, their risks reached \$380,613,572, being an increase of \$41,093,518; the Americans increased theirs by \$6,947,951, making the total \$41,720,296; in the Canadian there was a decrease of \$2,633,906, bringing the aggregate down to \$149,930,173. Of the total amount of risks, \$572,264,041, the British companies are carrying some two-thirds. Upon the whole business of Canadian insurance last year there was a net profit of \$439,799, equal to \$13·83 on every \$100 of premiums received. But not all the companies were equally fortunate; four of them lost money. The expenses varied from \$19·83 per \$100 premiums to \$46·32; and the company whose ratio of expenses was lowest was one of the four that had a balance on the wrong side.

A single year in which insurance leaves a profit cannot safely be taken as a basis on which to found a new company. If the British companies doing business in Canada made a profit last year, they lost in the nine years ending with 1883 no less than \$1,373,424. The St. John fire, which cost these companies a loss of nearly five millions of dollars, is responsible for several times the amount of this nine years' loss. The American companies, during the same period, made a small profit of \$115,027. The

Canadian business of the Canadian companies does not admit of a similar comparison being made; since, in their expenses, they include outside and marine, as well the home fire operations. Taking the whole business of the mixed Canadian companies, and including one purely marine company, Mr. Cherriman reports that, "for every \$100 of income there has been spent \$105·03;" divided between losses (\$72·32), for general expenses (\$29·22), and dividends (\$3·49). But when the comparison is made between premiums received and payments under the heads mentioned, the case is still worse. For every \$100 of premiums received, there was paid for losses, \$76·23; for expenses, \$30·80; and in dividends, \$3·67. The superintendent of insurance expresses a vague hope that the unfavourable record of the last three years may soon be reversed, but he does not give any reason for expecting such a change. An individual company may have made a profit; but the aggregate experience of the Canadian companies was disastrous. And as there were no great fires to account for the untoward result, there must be something wrong in the organization or management, or both. At the end of the year 1882, there was, in the Canadian fire companies, an impairment of capital to the amount of \$385,397; in 1883, when the name of one company had disappeared from the list, the loss of the active companies was \$201,700, of which \$110,400 went in dividends declared on the previous year's business. The nearest approximation that the superintendent can make to the ratio of loss to premiums suffered respectively by companies of different nationalities is: Canadian, \$71·17; British, \$65·94; American, \$52·05. The Canadian companies, which fared worst, obtained on the whole the highest rates of premiums, which means that they assumed the heaviest risks; and this unpleasant fact stands prominently out in the official return, that while the whole business of fire insurance in Canada was fairly profitable last year, the Canadian companies, as a whole, were losers. And the same ill luck, if ill luck it be, has attended them for three successive years. But the result is too uniform to be set down to ill luck, and it is clear, as already stated, that the blame must be laid on defects in organization or management, or both.

The first thing for the shareholders to do is to find out the causes of the ill success of Canadian fire insurance companies. One fact which may help to explain the untoward result is patent: fire insurance is not a business which can be successfully handled by amateurs without a regular training for their work: a fact, the disregard of which is probably responsible for much of the losses that have been suffered. Taking aggregate results into account, there can be no such thing as luck in insurance; if there is not certainty, there is nothing. A great fire, like that of Chicago or Boston, affects the average results of many years; but, being liable to happen, it must be assumed to come within the estimate of aggregate losses. It is an extraordinary incident, and its occurrence acts as a great classifier of insurance companies: by destroying the weak companies, it gives fatal proof that the security they offered was illusive and unreal. But the evidence comes too late to be of use to insurers. It is probable, however, that the great body of insurers stumble on the truth in one way or another. If this be so, the best companies will get the cream of the business, and others must take what is left. It is equally important to the buyers as to the sellers of insurance that the companies should be organized on a sound basis, and that their management should be in accord with methods that bring success. If we have anything to reform in these particulars, the sooner the work is set about the better.

L. C.

POPULAR ERRORS ABOUT OUR CLIMATE.

THE visit of the British Association will no doubt do much to weaken the impression general in Britain, that the whole of "Old" Canada has an exceptionally rigorous climate, though that impression will probably continue to exist until Canadian wines and Canadian canned peaches become familiar British imports, and take the hold which Canadian furs now have on the popular imagination. That, in the early years of the settlement of the country, the contrast between the winters of Canada and those of Britain should impress the settlers, and through them the people of Britain, and lead to the opinion that Canada is an exceptionally cold country, was only natural. The Western States with their severer climate were then almost unknown, and the age had scarcely begun of the special correspondent and of the wide diffusion of geographical knowledge which would have shown that, compared with the central and eastern parts of the old world, the winters of Canada are not abnormally cold. The opinion was, however, so universally and strongly impressed on the minds of the public, and has since maintained itself with such persistency, that it is still entertained, not only by the vast majority of intelligent and even highly educated Englishmen and Americans, but by many Canadians. The evil effects of this misconception of the relative coldness of Canada are not, by any means,

unimportant. With thousands of British and continental emigrants, it alone suffices to determine their choice of the far West to Canada, and many a young Canadian farmer has gone to Iowa and Nebraska under the impression that these States are less subject to zero temperatures and untimely cold than his own country.

In producing in the minds of Englishmen an exaggerated idea of the cold of Canadian winters, probably the chief sinner was a former Governor of Upper Canada—Sir Francis Bond Head. In "The Emigrant," a book published when the public and personal interest in Canada as a field for immigration was at its height, and spicy and readable throughout, and doubly interesting to Canadians on account of its crude speculations and marvellous departures from "exactness," Sir Francis devotes much space to picturing the "awful intensity" of Canadian frosts. He may be pardoned his very crude philosophizing on the way Canadian ice goes on "accumulating cold" throughout the winter till at length it becomes "infinitely colder" than English ice, and how, though Lake Ontario does not freeze, "the temperature of the water sinks infinitely below the freezing point;" but when he tells how a company of soldiers had their faces frozen in walking a hundred yards, and how when writing his despatches in his warm house in Toronto, heated by stoves in every room, and hot air pipes besides, he has often found a lump of ice gathering under his pen, it is difficult to believe that the worthy ex-Governor is not emulating Munchausen. When so-called information can thus be given on the authority of a Governor, it is scarcely a matter for surprise that the *London Times* should refer to the possibility of the Americans, in case of war, crossing Lake Ontario on the ice; that the *London Illustrated News* should write of Canadians being clothed in bear-skins and deer-skins; or that a Philadelphia newspaper, in noticing the splendid display of Canadian fruits at the Centennial Exhibition, should state that "from far north Canada come grapes grown under glass." Even in late years the desire of travellers to embellish their narratives by imposing on the credulity of British readers in respect to Canadian cold has led to most astonishing exaggerations. A writer describing incidents in Quebec, where he had spent a year or more, states that "the mercury does not rise to zero for four months together." A famous Scottish singer whose name is almost a household word in the rural parts of Ontario, writing in a British magazine an account of a journey round the globe, crosses the Western States and is imprisoned on the railway near Chicago in a blizzard, which for intensity has never been equalled in Ontario, but he no sooner carries the record of his travels to the Canadian frontier at Sarnia than his sense of the credulity of his countrymen in regard to Canadian winters so overcomes him that he forthwith proceeds to describe a sleigh-ride in which he drove *over the tops of houses* buried in the snow.

Sources of information which are popularly looked upon as in great measure trustworthy are also affected by the popular delusion. In an article on the United States in the current edition of "Chambers's Encyclopædia," it is stated regarding the States surrounding the great lakes, that "in winter when the lakes are frozen over a degree of cold is experienced *greater* absolutely and relatively than anywhere else in the States." For this imaginary condition of things some explanation must be invented, and the excessive cold is said to be largely owing "to the low lying situation forming as it were a vast basin into which is poured from all sides the cold and therefore heavy currents of air chilled by terrestrial radiation during the winter season." Another article in the same excellent work refers to the lake region, with "its frozen lakes" forming in winter a truly unbroken continental mass.

One of the most popular errors in regard to the climate of North America is expressed in the saying, "the winters grow milder as you go West." With a slight exception, this saying is true only when the starting point is very far West, say beyond the Mississippi, or in the Red River Valley. It would be true for a starting point not far from the Atlantic coast were it not for the existence of the great lakes. The explanation of the last statement is that the Pacific and the Atlantic are unequal in their influence. East winds in our latitude are merely surface winds, blowing only a few hundred miles towards the cyclonic or low barometer areas which almost invariably travel from west to east. Hence the comparative warmth of the Atlantic is borne but a short distance inland. On the other hand the west wind is the prevailing wind of temperate latitudes, blowing not only along the surface but in the upper regions of the atmosphere. With the drift of the atmosphere, too, the cyclones move. Hence the ameliorating influence of the Pacific is carried far inland, almost to the centre of the continent. There the drift from the west begins to have a different action. In the interior of the continent great heat in summer and intense cold in winter are developed, and these are carried eastward. Were the continent unbroken, as in the case of Asia, the meridian of greatest cold would

lie near the eastern coast, about where the influence of the eastern ocean ceases to be felt. Here, however, lie the great lakes interposing their influence, cooling at one season of the year and warming at the other, against this drift of interior heat and cold, and throwing the meridian of greatest extremes back into the centre of the continent. So great is the influence of the lakes that not only is this the effect, but the lake region is more temperate than even the Hudson valley, Vermont, and the St. Lawrence districts, where the influence of the Atlantic is still somewhat appreciable. Therefore the winters grow milder as we advance on any parallel towards the lake country, but beyond the lake region to the Missouri valley, latitude for latitude and altitude for altitude, the winters become colder and colder till the relatively coldest region of the continent is reached. The winter isothermals of the lake region all curve far southward in the Mississippi and Missouri valleys. Niagara has as mild a winter mean as central Missouri, two hundred and fifty miles further south; Goderich and Hamilton as north-western Missouri and northern Kansas; Toronto as southern and central Iowa; and Algoma above latitude 46°, as Iowa and Nebraska in latitude 42° to 43°. Quotation of the mean temperature of January for a long series of years, from the American Signal Service, will convey clearly an idea of the comparative mildness of our lake country. The lower lake region embraces the basin of Lakes Erie and Ontario, from Cornwall westward to a little beyond Detroit; the upper lake region embraces the basin of Lakes Huron, Michigan and Superior. The Upper Mississippi valley is about 200 miles broad, and extends from Cairo, Illinois, to St. Paul; the Missouri valley comprises a similar breadth from southern Missouri to Fort Sully; the extreme north-west, or middle Missouri valley, Dakota and eastern Wyoming from Yankton northward. The latitude and the mean temperature of January for these districts are as follows:

	Extent.	Mean Lat.	Mean temperature.
Lower Lake region.....	41° to 45°	43°	25°.1
Upper Mississippi.....	37° " 45°	41°	23°.9
Lower Missouri.....	37½° " 45°	41°.15'	19°.1
Upper Lake region.....	41° " 49°	45°	19°.6
Middle Missouri.....	41° " 49°	45°	5°.1

In general it may be said that the winters of Ontario are warmer than those of the Mississippi and Missouri valleys, two hundred to two hundred and fifty miles further south.

When extremes of cold are considered, the superiority of the Lake region of Ontario is even more marked than in regard to mean temperature. In the West intensely cold "snaps" are more frequent and much more severe, though the resident of Kansas, Iowa, Missouri or Illinois is apt, when shivering under a "cold wave," to look pityingly on even our part of Canada and remark, "what *must* the cold be up in Canada to-day." Last January was remarkable for cold both east and west, but the deficiency of warmth from the normal was even greater in Ontario than in the Western States; but, while the lowest temperature in Toronto and Windsor was only 13° below zero, and in Durham only 22°, over much of Missouri and Kansas and over nearly the whole of Nebraska and Iowa it was 32° below zero or even lower. In the past twelve years the lowest temperature in Toronto has been 18°.4; in Hamilton, 20°.5; in Windsor, 19°.5; and in the very mildest localities in the Province not below 12°. In the shorter period of eight years the western and south-western States show the following temperatures:—Cairo, Ill., 16°; St. Louis, Mo., 21°.5; Sedalia, Mo., 33°; West Leavenworth, Kansas, 29°; Lafayette, Ark., 17°; Louisville, Ky., 19°.5; Indianapolis, Ind., 25°; Omaha, Neb., 38°; and parts of Northern Illinois, 39°. It is needless, after citing these records of places in the west, every one of them further south than the extreme southern point of Ontario, to cite the still greater frosts of the Mississippi and Missouri in latitudes corresponding to those of Ontario. In brief, it may be said that east of the Rocky Mountains, it is only south and east of a line from Lake Erie to northern Texas that the mercury does not fall so low as in the milder parts of Ontario. Montreal, with its ice carnivals and reputation for fridity in winter, has a winter warmer than the Mississippi on the same parallel, and its record for the same period shows no temperatures so low as Missouri. In fact, even in the excessive winter of 1875, when Illinois experienced 39° below zero, Montreal had no record lower than 24° below zero, and its very lowest in a long period of years is only 25°. What the thermometer reveals regarding the winter temperatures of Ontario and the west is reflected in vegetation. With the exception perhaps of the peach belt on the east shore of lake Michigan, the west has no peach districts north of Tennessee which compare in immunity from damaging frost with the peach districts of Lakes Ontario, Erie, and Huron. And while the winter-wheat belt in Ontario extends up to latitude 45°, in the West, beyond lake Michigan, it is bounded by the northern borders of Missouri and Kansas.

A second and very prevalent misconception, chiefly existing in Eng-

land, is that our climate is abnormally changeable and extreme. Meteorological data supply a most emphatic contradiction to this popular opinion. China and the whole of Asia and much of eastern Europe in corresponding latitudes show a greater range between the mean temperature of January and July. Peking, as far south as Philadelphia, has a summer warmer than that city, and a winter quite as cold as Hamilton. The cold of the Western States has already been referred to; the excessive heat of the West requires no mention. In regard to daily extremes, the difference between Ontario and the West is equally marked. The late Prof. Loomis, discussing the reports of about a hundred American stations north of the 35th parallel and east of the Rockies, found that, in the two years covered by his examination, the only stations in which no range equal to 40° had occurred in a single day were in Ontario. Even Montreal, where the lake influence is felt only in slight measure, rivals the cities on the Atlantic seaboard in the smallness of its daily and monthly range, the average range for the whole month of July being from 86° to 52° or only 34°. In May there the mercury does not sink so low as in northern Illinois; June frosts are unknown, and only in two years out of six has the mercury fallen in September below 40°.

"MOSES OATES."

PROHIBITION IN THE NORTH-WEST.

Is the law preventing the free importation of intoxicating liquors into the North-West Territories a failure? This, if not the question of the hour in the territories is without doubt, a leading one; and I am strongly of the belief that it is *not* a failure. The local politicians, it is true, are making the question of the manufacture and sale of the lighter ales and beers a popular issue. Two opposing candidates for the North-West Council, Messrs. Geddes and Oswald, in an election for the newly created electoral division of Calgary, though differing on many other issues joined hands upon the matter of beverages in order to catch a certain vote. They contended that the permit system is abused to such an extent as to justify its repeal. They employed strong language, and asserted that it is humbug and it should be abolished; but I have very good reasons for knowing that much of their crusade against the permit system was the very essence itself of humbug, if there is any such theory as that. It is erroneous to suppose that permits are granted plentifully and promiscuously. My investigations lead me to the conclusion that it is easier to apply for a permit than to get one. Lieut.-Governor Deudney does not grant every application, as a good many residents of Calgary know of their own personal experience. Applications are frequently refused. Sometimes unjustly, perhaps, but not often.

It is to be expected that those who wish to engage in the traffic of strong waters will continue to denounce a law that is not only a check upon intemperance, but that is really a prohibition of the business. In order to make out a case, the permit system is attacked; but if the permit system is injurious let it be abolished and complete prohibition take its place. Will this suit the man who wishes to have whiskey as free as water? I do not hesitate to say it will not. Nothing short of the abolition of any restrictions will suit the considerable class who find in the traffic a congenial and profitable occupation. They are, therefore, incapable of giving an impartial opinion as to the working of the permit system.

If I am asked: Is the Prohibitory Act in the North-West Territories beneficial to the people of the territories? I must, without hesitation, say that it is. If the satisfactory operation of a law is to be judged by its effects, prohibition, even under the permit system, is most beneficial. There is a total absence of the eastern *scenes* and *squalor*.

Everyone knows that liquor is a contraband article, and although it is smuggled into the country in small quantities by Montana traders and others, those engaged in the traffic require to be extremely vigilant, and their camps are being continually broken up by the Mounted Police, their *cachés* discovered and the contents confiscated, so that the illicit dealing has to be carried on during a running fire, as it were, from the officers of the law.

The typical saloon of the Western States is to be found in the North-West, but there is an eloquent absence of tipsy men, and that which makes men tipsy. Temperance drinks, called beer and porter, the latter out of courtesy, and having the colour of the genuine article, are the prevailing beverages. Billiard tables occupy a considerable space, but no one is ever seen drunk in a saloon, and very rarely out of it. These are the effects of prohibition in this new country.

Some years ago in Portland, Maine, in one of the leading hotels one had to climb to the garret in order to interview the bar, and then it was the "family jug," kept for medicine purposes; but you may climb a hotel here to the garret, and descend even to the cellar, and find not even a

family jug consecrated to medicine purposes. In Maine the civil authorities carried out the law, or I should say *pretended* to do so. In the North-West Territories the Mounted Police are the agents of the law, and grim and inexorable they are, too, in its execution.

Near the 49th parallel, in the Red River Valley, it is not uncommon to meet dozens of intoxicated Chippewas, even women and boys. During a period of many weeks in this district I have not seen an intoxicated Indian or squaw, and there are hundreds of them camped in the vicinity of Calgary.

The visitor is frequently informed that he may obtain all the strong drink he wants at \$5 per bottle, but there is more boast than truth in this: the promoters of the falsehood are interested in belittling the agents of the law, and of underrating its enforcement.

It is the custom to abuse the Government for nearly everything good or bad in the North-West Territories; but if there is anything for which they are deserving of just credit, it is in the way the Public Works' Act has been enforced, and also the Supplementary Act. Many hundreds of miles of railway built, and not a man killed through intoxicating liquor! Compare this with construction on the Northern Pacific Railway to the South, where intoxicating liquor was more plentiful than necessary provisions.

I am in no way identified with any associations having Prohibition or Temperance as their motto; but if I may judge from the effects of prohibition here in these territories, I can surely say that it will be a dark hour when the liquor restrictions are swept away.

G. B. E.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A SUBSCRIBER.—We fear your letter would not be of interest to the general reader.

SARAH ANN CURZON.—We do not think the subject is of sufficient general importance to give space for replies to extracts from other journals upon the matter.

DOMINION QUARANTINE REGULATIONS.

To the Editor of *The Week* :

DEAR SIR,—*Vir sapit qui pauca loquitur*. Will you be good enough to grant me space to reply to "The Writer of the Article" on "Dominion Quarantine Regulations" in *THE WEEK* of July 31st? If, instead of concluding his letter in *THE WEEK* of last Thursday with the above maxim, he had made practical use of it as a text at the commencement of his previous effort, possibly he would now have less to answer for. "The Writer of the Article" in *THE WEEK*, states that the *Sanitary Journal* "speaks" of his article as "*very erroneous and misleading*." This is a little astray—overdrawn—as all his writings seem to be. The *Sanitary Journal* did not use italics. It is true, I have the habit of "attaching some value to the words I employ," but perhaps I ought to thank him for "assuming" so much. Further on, with your permission, I shall endeavour to "point out specifically" the "erroneous and misleading statements" in his sensational article. He begs me to be assured that his "article was not written to serve any political interests or party," and courtesy will not permit me to express doubt as to his statement. But, by the way, whom did he accuse? The quarantine system itself? Does he know who is at the head of the system, and responsible, were there any defects in it? Again, "the Minister of Agriculture—in whose favour" I am "so anxious to break a lance." When he writes this he should know that he not only goes "entirely outside" the question, but makes an unwarrantable assumption. The Minister does not require it at my hands, and there is nothing whatever in the item in the *Sanitary Journal* that indicates it, or fairly warrants any such insinuation on the part of "The Writer of the Article" in *THE WEEK*.

A very few words now in reference to the item in the *Sanitary Journal*. As editor of that public health journal my position had induced me to make enquiries in relation to our quarantine regulations. Having satisfied myself of their efficiency, I had already referred to the protection they afforded. The article in *THE WEEK* surprised me—surprised me because it displayed, if not disregard of truth, marked ignorance of facts, and was calculated to unnecessarily alarm the public—surprised me the more because it was in *THE WEEK*. There was but just time and space before sending the *Journal* to press to allude to the misleading article, regret its publication, and endeavour to calm the public mind by stating the simple fact that everything practical had been and was being done to prevent the infection reaching Canadian soil. And done by whom? by anybody or everybody? No! By the responsible head of the quarantine service, the Minister of Agriculture. Simply this, and nothing more.

"The Writer of the Article" in *THE WEEK* states that, "for all purpose of quarantine, Grosse Isle might as well be in the South Pacific," literally, that it is only "at present a quarantine station on paper"; that "the Dominion has no quarantine on our chief summer port from the Atlantic;" that at Quebec "things are, if possible, still worse," and that, when the steamer has moored, the "quarantine doctor" goes on board and the examination into the health of the passengers.

In the main consists of the interchange of civilities between the quarantine doctor and the ship's doctor. Esculapius of the sea assures Esculapius of the land that "everything is all right"; a hasty glance into the rigging, around the smoke-stack, and over the bulwarks, confirms the statement, and the medical examination is over.

Now, sir, I have no desire to be severe on the writer of these statements. Nor do I write in any other than a spirit of fair play, and, indeed, of friendship; but he must have been far from a careful and correct "observer," or he did not write correctly whereof he had observed. The description of the examination into the health of the passengers by the "quarantine doctor" reads as if it were purely imaginary. Any one knowing the Quarantine Medical Officer at Quebec would not, of course, believe it, but all do not know him. Let me ask "The Writer of the Article" himself if, after he has

calmly viewed his work, as he has now had time to do, he really believes that the above statements approximate the truth as to the state of affairs? Are they not, putting it mildly enough, much more like a conglomeration of hyperbolic exaggeration—erroneous and misleading to say the least? The quarantine organization at Grosse Isle has probably never been in a more efficient position for ready action than now or at that time. On the first reports of the outbreak of cholera in France, the precaution was taken by the Minister of Agriculture, I understand, to at once issue stringent instructions in relation to the quarantines, in order that every necessary precaution might be exercised in preventing the infection of cholera or other malignant disease taking root in Canada. And these preliminary instructions were followed up by supplementary orders, by proclamation, usually acted upon only in times of extreme danger; which orders, "The Writer of the Article" states, are a "sufficient refutation of the *Sanitary Journal*;" but which, in reality, I say, are a confirmation of what was stated in the *Journal*. The references of "The Writer of the Article" to the circumstances connected with the *Peruvian* a few years ago can, if necessary, be shown to be at least greatly exaggerated; and those insulting ones, relative to the steamship companies, the Grand Trunk Railway, and the "newspaper press of the Dominion," may be left for the latter to ponder over or deal with.

Permit me here to draw attention to a fact in connection with the quarantines of the Dominion, which is of no little importance to Canada, and bears strongly on the present discussion. At a general assembly of the International Congress of Medical Men of Colonies, held at Amsterdam, Holland, not long ago, in a report made by Dr. VanLeent, Canada was highly complimented on her quarantine organization, which the reporter characterized as "*tres complets et tres efficaces*."

But I must not omit to point out another very important "erroneous and misleading" statement in the article referred to in *THE WEEK*, and which is "of a piece" with the others. "The Writer of the Article" writes:—

I find that it has been stated, on good authority, that a steamship recently arrived in the port of Quebec with sickness on board, and that, too, of such a serious nature that the Port Physician ordered the vessel back to quarantine, but the owners telegraphed to Ottawa and secured authority to proceed to Montreal. This is a sample of what occurs in every case where the interests of the public come in conflict with the higher interests of the monopolists.

This was in *THE WEEK* of the 31st of July. Now, it is true that something of this kind was reported in the *Quebec Morning Chronicle*, on the morning of the 23rd of July, in connection with the City Council proceedings. On the same day, however, Dr. Rowand, the Inspecting Physician at Quebec, wrote to that paper the following letter:—

To the Editor of the *Morning Chronicle*:

DEAR SIR,—A statement appeared in your paper of this morning that, in my capacity of Inspecting Physician, I have had occasion to send a steamer to Grosse Isle for quarantine, but that Government had promptly ordered it back again. This is a pure fabrication, and I have no knowledge of any such case. I have much pleasure in being able to say that, since I have held the office of Inspecting Physician at this port, I have never known immigration so healthy and free from infectious or contagious diseases as in the present season.—I am, dear Sir, yours truly, A. ROWAND, M.D., Inspecting Physician. *Quebec, 23rd of July, 1884.*

On the 24th of July the *Chronicle* inserted the above letter in prominent type, and referred in its editorial columns to the importance of Dr. Rowand's contradiction.

To one more important point before concluding. "The Writer of the Article" adds, "the quarantine regulations recently issued are a sufficient refutation of the *Sanitary Journal*, but I can promise the editor to make the answer far more complete." This seems somewhat mixed. It is not clear, and it is not easy for one to understand what he means. As intimated above, the "refutation" might more properly read confirmation. As to the "promise," if he has any more of which he is anxious to unburden himself, by all means let us have it. We, an anxious public, patiently await it. Let us have the whole truth. As dark clouds in the distance are often more threatening than when over our heads, so such insinuations cause often vastly more uneasiness than the plain known truth. Finally (almost), he writes, "zealous friends (that doubtless 'means me') are occasionally far more dangerous than enemies"—enemies doubtless refers to himself, and when taken with his article in *THE WEEK*, rings as if he were "anxious to break a lance" antagonistic to the Minister of Agriculture. *Vincit omnia veritas*. Yours truly,

EDITOR THE SANITARY JOURNAL.

Ottawa, August 25, 1884.

[The above communication was received too late for insertion last week.—ED.]

MR. MOWAT'S CONQUEST.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—I have just passed through the territory annexed to Ontario, after so much turmoil and expenditure, by the Boundary Award, and the acquisition of which is to form the occasion of the destined ovation to Mr. Mowat. I think it may safely be said that through the whole length of it, from Rat Portage to Port Arthur, so far as can be seen from the railway, there is neither a single acre of cultivable land nor a single stick of good timber. All is rock and scrub, lake or swamp. We are told that there are minerals beneath the surface, but this is sometimes a polite way of saying that there is nothing above, it. Stone for a monument to our Conquering Hero there may be. Otherwise we seem to have acquired nothing but an irreclaimable and melancholy wilderness.

VIATOR.

KNIGHTHOOD IN CANADA.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—For the benefit of "Canadian," whose "sense of honour" is so dull that he fails to perceive anything ludicrous in the conferring of Knighthood upon Canadians, I would call his attention to the fact that there is no analogy whatever between the conferring of Knighthood upon men who have never distinguished themselves in "chivalry," or in anything else worthy of such a title, and the conferring of M.A., D.C.L., LL.B., etc., upon learned and scholarly men as a reward for their excellence. The title of Knighthood represents neither honour nor power in our day, but simply "vanity decorated." Englishmen of mark will not accept it; it has become so degraded, so common, that it is much easier to obtain it than it is to obtain the degree of M.A.

at a University. Almost any vain colonial politician whose ambition leads him to seek, may find a Knighthood, but whether worthily won or properly conferred is sometimes questionable. "Canadian" evidently does not know anything of the origin of Knighthood, or he would not value it so lightly as to think it properly conferred when some old and crafty politician with no little difficulty bends the knee in the presence of royalty, who with sword on suppliant neck exclaims: "In the name of God and St. George I dub thee Knight." The brand-new "Knight" with still greater difficulty then arises to his feet, in his own estimation a greater man, but in the estimation of those who know him well a smaller one. Is there not something ludicrous in all this? Is it not vanity to which no man having respect for his country would sell himself? INDEPENDENT.

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

DEAR SIR,—I regret that, in enumerating those who have laid our native letters under obligation, I omitted the name of Mr. Henry J. Morgan. His biographical contributions are incomparably the most valuable we have; and his "Annual Register" is at once meritorious and indispensable. I am sorry, too, in mentioning Dr. Withrow, that I failed to name some of the work done by him besides the history. His "Catacombs of Rome" is a delightful volume, and so pleased Mr. Gladstone that he at once sent a complimentary copy of one of his own books to the author. Dr. Withrow has also produced several other works, which have been well received in England. His history, though inevitably exhibiting ability, I could not admire, because it was of a piece with all the other books in its line. Permit me likewise to disclaim the words, "our friend," which appeared through an error of the types, in my late allusion to Colonel Denison. I do not wish to be on record as an exponent of a vulgar and impertinent familiarity in referring to public persons, leaving that mode to the gentleman who writes literary criticisms for the *Globe*. Yours truly,

J. E. COLLINS.

HISTORICALLY INCORRECT.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—J. Davenport Kerrison says many wise and opportune things in his articles on Church Music. He seems to know a good deal about his subject, and puts in a plea for good, genuine church music, for which, in all Protestant places of worship, and even in some Anglican churches, "tunes of the Moody and Sankey type," which "have not the first element of sacredness in them," are now almost exclusively used. But he touches on a point of history, and there he shows that he is out of his element, and has got beyond his depth. He opens his paper on "Modern Church Music" thus: "The era of the Reformation gave rise to a variety of sects. The first great divisions were the Episcopal Church of England," etc. Does he mean to inform us, in this enlightened age, that the "Episcopal Church of England" (and when was the Church of England not Episcopal?) is a creature of the Reformation? Does he expect intelligent readers of *THE WEEK* to believe that the Service Books of the Church of Rome were used in England before the Reformation? It will not take much research into the history of England's Church to discover that, in the sixteenth century, she was reformed, not created; that she translated her Prayer Book from her own pre-reformation service books; and that she had a perfect right to do so by the first clause of Magna Charta.

SUBSCRIBER.

EMIGRATION OF YOUNG MEN TO THE UNITED STATES.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—Of the many evils which follow in the train of party politics there is one that appears so far to have escaped the notice of those who oppose party methods, and that is the neglect of questions which, although not party issues, are in the true sense of the term political, and, therefore, of great importance to the country. Such, I fear, has been the fate of the one which the heading of this letter suggests. As a young man who recently emigrated from Canada to this country, I beg to add my opinion to the somewhat speculative letters on this subject that appeared in your columns about two months ago.

The cause of the movement as presented by your correspondent "J. H. S."—viz., because we can do better in the United States—is as truthfully put as it can be. I can affirm from personal experience, as well as from what I know of other cases, that a young man can save two dollars here for one that he could save in Canada. It must be admitted, of course, that Canada has not so wide a field of professions and trades; but in order that this field may be extended, the business men of Canada must do something more towards retaining the young men. American employers not only show their business tact but their patriotism in making it their aim to secure and retain efficient service. The employé from the outset approaches nearer the character of a partner in the business than does his Canadian brother, and his age is never an argument against his being placed in a position of trust if competent to fill it. The result of such a policy is that, while both employer and employed are benefited, emigration is encouraged and every business becomes a source of strength to the nation. The Canadian employer's aim is first to Canadian *cheap* service, even if it be at the sacrifice of efficiency. So soon as a young Canadian becomes fairly proficient in a trade or in the mercantile line, he is impelled to emigrate to the United States, where his ability is appreciated. The Canadian positions as soon as vacated are filled by novices, a system which must certainly keep business at zero and cause the country to suffer accordingly.

It will thus be seen that Canada's business men, if for no other purpose than to serve their own interests, must in a greater degree emulate the progressive spirit of their brethren across the line. If they cannot afford to do this, then the sooner we are under one government the better.

Your correspondent, "A. H. Gross," thinks that Canada should feel proud that her young men are able to fill better positions in a neighbouring country. This is surely a very unsatisfactory kind of patriotism. On the contrary, such a statement is rather calculated to give an impetus to an exodus which must be a thorn in the side of every truly loyal Canadian. It must be clear to everyone capable of judging that this is a question beside which the Boundary Award, Streams' Bill, etc., are of little importance, although Canadian politicians look upon it with indifference. If the Dominion Government, by instituting the present tariff, have assisted trade in

general throughout the country, employers should be able to perpetuate its effect by placing such inducements before young men as would retain them in their service. If "Protection" will not admit of their doing this, then it is not a National Policy.

In short, my humble opinion is that, if Canada continues to be sapped of her life-blood, the employers must bear the responsibility of the loss incurred, and, as such, have the remedy largely in their own hands by substituting *actual* for *professed* patriotism.

Chicago, August, 1884.

J. M.

AN EXOTIC.

FRIENDSHIP is an exotic. Once 'twas found
On earthly soil. It chanced in heaven one day,
Beneath the "Tree of Life," an angel lay
Where healing fruits were strewn upon the ground.
Down to this earth there fell, where human tears
Watered and nourished it, one tiny seed
Which sprang to life, a beauteous flower indeed,
With fragrance borrowed from celestial spheres.
One culled the flower to wear upon her breast;
But at her feet its snow-white petals fell:
She found too soon it would not bear the test,
So near a beating heart it could not dwell;
The frost-breath of reserve no shield might prove—
The flower was Friendship, but the fruitage Love!

Johnstown, N. Y.

J. OLIVER SMITH.

A CONVERSION.

[From the French of Thomas Bentzen.]

"It is a letter for his reverence," said the urchin in wooden shoes, who had stopped at the threshold of the vicarage.

The servant, at work on some scrubbing in her kitchen, wiped her hands, all white with lather, to take the fold of paper held out to her. "His reverence is in the act of reading his breviary," she said. "Must he be disturbed? Is an answer wanted?"

"I don't know at all," said the child, in reply; "I was just told to wait."

She motioned to him to enter and sit down, whilst, with a footstep heavy with age, she turned towards the garden—the garden, if such it could be called, of a parish priest, with its little, straight, box-bordered paths, designed as a walk for calm reflection, and its high walls, that shut it off from every outside distraction, only allowing a view of the top of the highest cross in the neighbouring churchyard. Yews with black foliage marked an angle of each blooming flower bed, which was everywhere alternated with a square patch of vegetables—the whole cultivated by the Vicar himself, who was not afraid to draw up his cassock that he might dig and water by way of recreation. Upon the sunny border-wall of the old well, all smothered in ivy, a well-fed cat was rolling itself up and mingling its blissful paws with the gentle humming of the bees. Beneath an arbour, at the back of which a statue of the virgin stood out white against the shadow, the Vicar had taken shelter from the too fierce rays of the August sun, which, from a cloudless sky, fell around in a rain of fire.

With a slightly bronzed forehead and a finely chiselled face, leaning against the wall of verdure, his finger run between the leaves of a book he was meditating. For five years already, young as he looked, this same hour regularly found him absorbed in the contemplation of the daily duties of his ministry, thinking of the good that still remained to be done, ever dissatisfied with himself, although he was lavishing without account his time, strength, and the little money that he possessed. The circle in which his unwearied activity moved was very restricted; this energetic soul suffered therefrom, though he would hardly own that to himself. His inclination would have led him to the life of a missionary, or of an army chaplain; there was something of the soldier in him—a decided taste for heroic adventures; but the father of Vicar Fulgentius, a humble vinedresser, had given his son to God only on the condition of not losing sight of him altogether, and of leaving him to risk the fewest dangers possible. Yet this country priest, checked by filial obedience in a lofty impulse, had by no means given up his early dreams as to the future. He returned to them in spite of himself while toiling on, without much success, at catechising the scamps of the village. His secret grief was the discovery that he had succeeded only in imposing on those around him the bare letter of religion. Men and women hardly ever missed attending mass; yet, with the greater number, this seeming devoutness was merely routine: it did not cure this one of avarice, nor that one of drunkenness; it did not prevent marriage from being often a needful amends. To awaken enthusiasm for virtue at the bottom of these dense natures would have been impossible. The inhabitants of Arc-sur-Loire vegetated from birth to grave: hard bargainers, their curiosity confined to the best way of hoarding their crowns, quick to envy their neighbours' crop, with their faces bent towards the earth, which they ransacked to seize all it could give them, without ever searching farther; in short, neither better nor worse than all peasants, having indeed over many of them this superiority, that they knew how to read. The young priest had not yet made one of the conquests that his ambition promised itself. Both the evil and the good around him were wanting in magnitude. The sheep of this flock had a uniform insignificant physiognomy. No tortured consciences, no fruitful repentances, no generous aspirations—they dragged themselves step by step along the common rut, their thoughts engaged by nought else than the constant con-

cern for their daily bread. And elsewhere there were heathen to convert, sinners to save.

Alone of his kind, Vicar Fulgentius stood up in the midst of surrounding vulgarities as an oak uplifts itself above the puny brushwood which would stifle it. Indeed this comparison to a noble oak would come unsought to the mind, in presence of the physical and moral solidity disclosed in him by the features, the figure, the accent, all the combined qualities of a peculiarly striking personality. He had none of the too shy ways that the ecclesiastic upon setting out in life nearly always brings with him from the seminary: his steel gray eyes turned upon women a frank look untroubled by any timidity. If anyone had given him to understand that certain of the opposite sex noticed the noble bearing of his reverence, the sunny smile that at times chased away the usually thoughtful expression of his regular features, or the bushy locks, black and curly, in which his minute tonsure lay buried, he would have betrayed, by a short and careless word, the secret disdain that the priest absolutely disengaged from the good things of this life ever feels for the treacherous sex in its weakness, for the perpetual stumbling-block of holy resolutions, a disdain, doubtless veiled and softened by charity, but all the deeper when it has no tinge of fear. The temptations of Vicar Fulgentius came from a higher level; urging him towards the distant and perilous toils of apostleship. He would a hundred times rather have suffered martyrdom than go on with the dull task imposed on him by the present hour.

"Your Reverence!" said, at two paces off, the old servant Ursula. He did not hear. Wrapped in thought, he was just then telling himself that little by little, to his ruin, he would descend in some sort to the level of his spiritual charges. What for example had he had to do that day, whilst all the thoughts of his flock were turned to the important question of bringing in the corn before the storm burst? To arrange on his part some petty matters of temporal business—of perquisites—which to him were peculiarly hateful. He shrugged his shoulders, and once more took up his breviary.

"Your Reverence—a letter!" repeated Ursula, making her way this time right under the arbour.

"A letter?"

The postman's time had long gone by; and correspondence in writing had never been in vogue between the parishioners of Arc-sur-Loire and their pastor.

"Hand it here!" said he, full of surprise. Something uncommon was happening, something that was out of the everyday course of things.

"Is it possible they want me at La Prée!"

"At La Prée!" exclaimed Ursula like an echo. "At the house of those heretics! There's an event! What next, I wonder?"

"I must know. Say that I'll come, as they wish. Or rather, no: don't let the messenger go off alone! I am ready."

He rose in some agitation, crossed the garden with great strides though at the same time reading the letter over again—two lines in a hesitating hand which gave him no information, except that a sick and unhappy person wanted to see him without delay.

It was enough, for that matter. Vicar Fulgentius took up his hat and stick, and followed the lead of the peasant boy who had come for him; whilst Ursula, standing outside the door of the vicarage, pursued him with her eyes along the dusty road until he was lost to view.

"What do they want with him, I wonder?" she asked herself with vague alarm.

CHAPTER II.

LA PRÉE, a considerable estate lying at the remote end of the parish within a rich belt of cornfields and vineyards, is the last stronghold that Protestantism, once powerful in this province, still preserves in Arc-sur-Loire. The name of its owners, a name which doubtless was originally a significant nickname, recalls the old times of the first nocturnal preachings and of the popular belief in an elf that protected them. The family of Le Huguët had dwelt in the country from generation to generation since that distant epoch in an isolation easy to be explained in the time of wars and persecutions, but strange indeed at the present day, when the equality of forms of worship is proclaimed both in law and in fact. This isolation, which did not debar them from the public esteem nor from that sort of consideration for a superior order of men which is determined by a larger or smaller supply of money, was owing beyond doubt to the quite exceptional physiognomy of the nest of Huguenots in question, who had for so long been shut up apart in their ancient habits and hereditary memories. Not that the Le Huguëts made a display of the faith which they were alone in preserving; they were nearly thought to be without religion, since they frequented no church. A great distance separated them from the chief town of the province, and nowhere else would they have found a minister of their worship; accordingly they confined themselves to getting one to step in at the rare solemnities of life—marriage, baptism or burial, dispensing for the rest of the time with every external observance.

Yet the master of La Prée, although he never went to the *prêche*, would have suffered, like his ancestors, the stake or banishment rather than deny the beliefs to which he clung by a hard instinct as to the blood in his veins. He was his own priest: he read regularly every evening some verses out of the Bible, in an old yellow-leaved edition, worn at every page, which bore the date of 1588. This Bible represented the sacred relic, the altar for gathering round, the foundation stone of the house, in which everything seemed to feel the effects of its presence; for never did shell and its contents differ more greatly from the shells that surrounded it. The other farms, from the poorest to the richest, had among themselves the look of one family—with their enclosure of thorns, the disorder—often picturesque—of their yard blocked up with manure, farm imple-

ments, fowls and pigs running loose, and children with their faces only half washed, except on Sundays. Every one is clean in Orleanais, but with a relative cleanness; at the Le Huguets' one would have thought oneself in Switzerland or Holland, before those whitewashed walls, those gates painted in crude green, that cold symmetry. From the first step into the working yard, everyone perceived a difference which was to extend from external objects to personal character. The stores of fodder filled pits dug on purpose, without a blade of straw running over the border-wall of stone; the soil was weeded; the animals were shut up in their several pens, which formed geometrical squares, and were kept scrupulously clean. The butter and cheese that came out of the Le Huguets' dairy had its recognized standing in the market. The servants who had worked at their place were quarrelled for by their neighbours; for such were sure to have been trained to order, to work, and to good conduct. The master was looked upon as a stern man, of taciturn disposition. He associated with the village folk as little as could be; he sought no acquaintance among the wealthy tradesmen of the towns, though his position as a large farmer gave him the right to mingle with them. In spite of his horny hands and his blunt manner, he inspired awe, and that by his very reserve; his purpose could not easily be guessed; no one felt himself at his ease with him. Strictly honest in business, he nevertheless made his interest prevail without an abundance of empty words; every act of his disclosed a basis of sagacity, of rigid justice, and of secret distrust. In reality, he was keeping on the defensive; standing as he did alone against all, and treated as antichrist by the zealots and as a foreigner by the mass of the population, who formed, so to speak, but one family, thanks to the closeness of their ties of affinity, whilst no Le Huguets had made a match with his neighbours for more than a century.

Madame Le Huguets belonged to the Germanic race, although a native of Orleans; soft and plump, she brought back to the mind one of Holbein's matrons. This citizen of the country, seldom talkative, wholly given up to the management of her household, appeared to be somewhat enslaved beneath two yokes—her husband's and her daughters' (the latter, easy and delightful, was long and gladly borne by a doting mother). These daughters were three in number—real ladies—educated to the age of fifteen in a boarding-school of the town, where they had learnt to play on the piano. Novels came to them by post from a circulating library, which caused a little gossip.

They were decidedly uncommon girls—very high spirited, and withal, people said, not flirts in the least. A certain Puritan severity in their attire prevented the vulgar from perceiving that they were really elegant. Wearing shoes fit to brave the roads broken up by winter, dresses generally made of sombre wool stuffs, and little, half-masculine hats, they bore a rough likeness to English "misses." The eldest was married now; she had wedded a burly tanner of Tours. Between the two younger ones there was a considerable difference in age. Little Suzette often made her appearance here and there, driving herself in a little English cart, drawn by a donkey with a red top-knot. She answered salutations with a little startled look that was prettiness itself, and spoke little, we might add—like all the Huguets. As for the other sister—the one they called Mademoiselle Simone—she had remained for long months invisible; she was known to be very ill. The doctor had gone to La Prée regularly twice a week; for the past week or more his gig was going by every day in that direction. It was a pity: such a beautiful girl! the fairest of the three! A queenly figure she had; and what a rosy face she always brought back from school! But her chest was failing her little by little; and soon perhaps she would go and rejoin the generations of Le Huguets who rested beneath the large white stone at the end of the churchyard, isolated in death as they had been in life, and there, as elsewhere, causing a scandal. The thick grass of the field of death was planted with crosses small and great: the La Prée folk must be heathen and no mistake to do without this symbol. Christians? Not they! Had they not answered Catherine, their farm servant, who offered to make for Mademoiselle a new days' set of prayers to the Virgin, that they did not allow such superstitions where they lived. Meanwhile, they remained unhappy. The father brightened up more seldom than ever: his thin, compressed lips uttered no complaint; but there was something broken-hearted in the hoarse accent with which that imperious mouth henceforth let fall a command. The mother had all of a sudden grown ten years older. And little Suzette, when the inquisitive asked her about her sister, replied, ready to weep, "She keeps just the same."

The Vicar's thoughts had of course turned at once to the dying girl. But what did she wish from him? Could it be a mysterious and final charge, or perchance a confession—one of those avowals that prove the harm as much as the divine necessity of the sacrament of penance, and which have driven, they say, certain Protestants harassed by scruples (or more precisely, certain Protestant women) into the confession-box, where they could be listened to if not absolved. If it was something else still! If grace had spoken to this darkened, soul dispersing its gloom; if he was going to have the signal honour of leading her to God! The heart of the apostle swelled with hope.

Once he addressed the little boy who was acting as his guide, as they crossed some stubble fields:

"What is your name?"

"Baptistin," was the answer.

"You are a servant at La Prée, are you not?"

"Not I: I had come from the hamlet of Guignes to glean there with my mother; and Madame Le Huguets, who knows me, handed me this bit of paper, forbidding me at the same time to tell anyone where I was carrying it to?"

"There are some sick persons in the house?"

"Yes; for a good while past—one of the young ladies."

"And she needs me?"

"I don't know. I have done what I was ordered. On the way I met Monsieur Le Huguets, who was looking at the reaping of some corn, out towards La Petite Croix. He asked me where I was running like that. I answered that I was going to the market town to fetch some provisions. If he had known I was lying, I should have got a good shaking. What Monsieur Le Huguets can bear least is lying."

(To be continued.)

THE SCRAP BOOK.

HABITS OF FRENCH LADIES IN THE PROVINCIAL TOWNS.

FRENCH ladies have much less influence in little town-life than they have in the capital. They have their own little clubs, that is, they meet for charitable purposes, and they visit each other a good deal, but they see little of the masculine portion of the community, except the priests. Ladies get up early, and the first thing they do is to go to the daily mass at the parish church, after which they look after household affairs till *dejeuner*, and in the afternoon either sit quietly in their drawing-room or else pay a call or two, when they have not some work of charity to attend to. It is exactly contrary to the truth to accuse them of much eagerness about gaiety and amusements. Balls are extremely rare; as for the theatre, it is true that such a building exists, but ladies seldom go there, except perhaps twice a year to a concert. There is very little festive visiting of any kind. I cannot imagine what the ladies would find to interest them without the varied ceremonies of the church, their own works of charity, and a little small-talk. The reader perceives how impossible it is that a lady who takes the whole tone of her thinking from the clergy of the Church of Rome should be able to judge of great contemporary persons and events with any degree of fairness. The whole condition of her mind is so opposed to the modern spirit, that the things which seem to us laymen most right and just appear iniquitous to her. We can hardly talk about any contemporary event without, in some direct or indirect manner, wounding her susceptibilities. We make a remark on the reception of Garibaldi's Tiber scheme by the Italian Parliament, here are half-a-dozen grounds of offence together. First the lady, not having read the newspaper, does not know that Garibaldi is at Rome, and is displeased to learn it, because his presence is an insult to the Holy Father; secondly, she does not like to be told that there is an Italian Parliament in Rome. There ought to be nothing there but the perfect ecclesiastical government; thirdly, it is dreadful to think that the presumption of wicked men goes so far as to meddle with the Holy Father's own river whilst he is languishing in prison, cruelly held in bondage by that monster of all wickedness, Victor Emmanuel.

We in our innocence may have forgotten all these things, to concern ourselves simply with an interesting engineering problem; we are wondering if the projected works at Fiumicino will pay interest, one of us has been there and knows the spot, he has also seen an inundation of the Tiber, and has his opinion on the possibility of avoiding other inundations by deepening the bed of the river. The lady perceives the direction of our thinking, and disapproves of it. Now suppose that the conversation turns to something at home. Littré has just been received at the French Academy; we are glad of it because we know what a genuine unpretending, wonderfully persistent and persevering labourer he has always been, and what gigantic services he has rendered to other labourers, were it only by his unrivalled dictionary; but the lady has been told that he is an enemy to all religion (which is not the truth), and considers his admission an insult to the church. Or suppose, again, that we talk of contemporary politics, of the establishment of self-government in France, which has our good wishes for its success; she sees in our desire for the regular working of a sound representative system nothing but a deplorable error. All her political reading has been in such little books as, Mgr. Ségur's "Vive le Roi," in which he condemns the representation of the people in parliament as La Revolution, "an immense blasphemy and an abominable theory, the impudent negation of the right of God over society, and of the right of which He has given to His church to teach and direct kings and people in the way of salvation." Her theory of Government is simple and poetic. A king by right divine should be upon the throne, he should be armed with all power, and exercise it under the wise direction of the church. So when we talk of future parliamentary legislation, she both blames and pities us as men who encourage others to follow a path which can lead to no good, and as being ourselves not only deceivers but deceived. Do what we will, it is impossible for us to touch upon any important subject without trespassing against the authority of the church, which disapproves of all our works and ways; she feels this by instinct, even when she cannot clearly define it. It is surprising that men should meet together in their clubs and cafés to talk over the things which interest them in their own way, without incurring moral disapprobation; they want an atmosphere in which practical subjects can be discussed in a practical way, in which the deepening of an Italian river, the construction of an Italian port, the reception of a philologist at the Academy, the election of members of Parliament in France, can be examined from a layman's point of view.

French novels have encouraged the idea that Frenchmen are always occupied making love to their neighbours' wives. One of my friends who lives in our city asked me a question which I will repeat here, with the answer. He said, "You are a foreigner who have lived many years in France, and you have observed us, no doubt, much more closely than we observe ourselves, whilst you have means of comparison with another nation which

we have not. Now please tell me frankly whether our wives seem to conduct themselves worse than English ladies in a neighbourhood of the same kind." I said, "It is just like an English neighbourhood; one never thinks about the morality of ladies, it is a matter of course." This is a subject, indeed, which it seems almost wrong to mention even here, though I do so for the best of purposes. There exists in foreign countries, and especially in England, a belief that French women are very generally adulteresses. The origin of the belief is this, the manner in which marriages are generally managed in France leaves no room for interesting love stories. Novelists and dramatists must find love stories somewhere, and so they have to seek for them in illicit intrigues. These writers are read greatly in foreign countries, and as the interest of the story turns generally upon a passion for a married woman, an impression is thereby conveyed that such passions are the main interest of French life. It is also, I believe, perfectly true that there is too much of such passion in the luxurious and idle society of Paris, which is much better known to foreigners than the simpler and more restricted, yet in the aggregate incomparably more numerous, society of the country. All these influences together have produced an opinion in foreign countries which is most unjust to the ordinary provincial French lady, whose qualities and faults are exactly the opposite of what the foreigner usually believes. She may have unpractical views on politics, and not see the beauty of representative government, but she is thoroughly aware of the difference between morality and immorality. She may be uncharitable to Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel, and have exaggerated ideas about the special sanctity of Pius the Ninth, but at any rate she knows the Ten Commandments as well as if she was a Protestant, and keeps them. Besides her religion, she has too many home occupations for indulgence in amorous intrigues. Her time and strength are chiefly absorbed in managing a house with half or one-third the number of servants which English experience would prove to be necessary. She is like the skipper of one of those insufficiently manned vessels which have attracted Mr. Plimsoll's attention; he does not simply command, he works, and so does she. It is hardly possible, after witnessing for many years the simple and laborious kind of life which these women lead, with that constant burden of petty cares and duties which they bear so bravely and cheerfully, to avoid feeling indignation at the absurd and monstrous calumnies which are received by foreigners concerning them.

There can be but one excuse for such calumnies: an impression produced by a certain class of literature, and intensified by international ill-will. The reader who cares to have just opinions will only believe the truth if he simply takes it for granted that the virtue of the ordinary housekeeping French lady is no more questionable than that of his own mother and sisters. There are a few exceptions; so there are in England—the Divorce Court proves it.

The place of women in provincial French society would be stronger if they saw more of the men, and it would be better for society generally if the sexes were not so widely separated. This will become possible if ever women come to share the modern spirit, instead of condemning it as something wicked. It is positively realized by a few superior women, such, for example, as Madame Edgar Quinet, but they are rare, and in country towns they would probably be misunderstood. It is not necessary that women should dazzle us by brilliant intellectual display, but it is desirable for us and for them that they should be able to enter into the hopes and ideas of laymen. The provincial French lady of to-day is a very respectable person, often indeed much more than respectable; for the ideal she strives to realize is, in its perfection, truly admirable. But she is like the angels in Murillo's picture in the Louvre called "La Cuisine des Anges." Those angels represent her very completely in their combination of a religious ideal with the fulfilment of the commonest household duties. The picture represents the two sides of her life, and might very well be entitled "The Allegory of the Frenchwoman."—*By Philip Gilbert Hamerton.*

THE ENGLISH BEYOND THE SEA.

"YES!" said Sir Thomas Mellwraith, somewhat bitterly, "I am going back to the colony with a deep conviction that so far as the Liberals—or, at any rate, such leaders of the Liberals as Mr. Gladstone, Lord Derby, Lord Kimberley, and others—are concerned, they would not stretch forth a finger to save the colonies to the empire. They would just as soon as not that all the colonial possessions of England were declared independent to-morrow, as that they should remain under the old flag. It has been a bitter disappointment to me, but it has been impressed on me again and again. I have travelled up and down the country, I have had interviews with many representatives of both parties, and that is the conclusion to which I have arrived; and that conviction I will express as soon as I reach Queensland." "But, Sir Thomas, you are entirely and totally wrong. Cannot we induce you not to utter such a calumny at the other end of the world? What you say may perhaps be true concerning the old school of Cobdenite policy, which is now effete, and will soon be decently interred. But do not judge the Liberal party by the few representatives of an antiquated school of political thought. The new Liberalism—the Liberalism of the future—looks at all those matters in a very different light. To us the English beyond the sea and the English at home are but one family and one State; and the maintenance of its integrity and unity is to our minds a question immeasurably greater than any now before the public." "I think so," said Sir Thomas; "but do you tell me that Lord Derby thinks so, or Lord Kimberley, or Mr. Bright? What was said only the other day by an eminent member of the present Government? 'We are more interested if our neighbour's chimney takes fire than if a thousand men perish at the other end of the world. For our neighbour's chimney may spoil our dinner, whereas the death of a thousand men there

will not even spoil our appetite.' As if among those thousand men there were not your own sons and brothers! But what is that to you?" "Everything to us; for an Englishman in Canada or Queensland is as much an Englishman as if he lived in Cornwall or Cumberland. Have you not seen Professor Seeley's book on 'The Expansion of England'?" "Have I not!" said Sir Thomas. "I read it through twice from cover to cover. It is a great book, a prophetic book, a book that presents truths to you in such a fashion that you marvel you never realized them before." "Then in that book, Sir Thomas," said his visitor, "you have the expression of the convictions and the aspirations of that Liberalism which is destined before very long to be the dominating force in English politics."—*From an Interview with the late Prime Minister of Queensland in the Pall Mall Budget.*

CLEAR THE WAY!

Clear the way, my lords and lackeys! you have had your day.
Here you have your answer—England's yea against your nay;
Long enough your House has held you: up and clear the way!

Lust and falsehood, craft and traffic, precedent and gold,
Tongue of courtier, kiss of harlot, promise bought and sold,
Gave your heritage of empire over thralls of old.

Now that all these things are rotten, all their gold is rust,
Quenched the pride they lived by, dead the faith and cold the lust,
Shall their heritage not also turn again to dust?

By the grace of these they reigned, who left their sons their sway:
By the grace of these, what England says her lords unsay:
Till at last her cry go forth against them—Clear the way!

By the grace of trust in treason knaves have lived and lied:
By the force of fear and folly fools have fed their pride:
By the strength of sloth and custom reason stands defied.

Lest perchance your reckoning on some latter day be worse,
Halt and harken, lords of land and princes of the purse,
Ere the tide be full that comes with blessing and with curse.

Where we stand, as where you sit, scare falls a sparkling spray;
But the wind that swells, the wave that follows, none shall stay:
Spread no more of sail for shipwreck: out, and clear the way!

—*Algernon Charles Swinburne.*

THERE is little else than the appointment of a Governor-General by the English administration, and the bestowal of absurd titles of knighthood on those Canadian politicians who are especially zealous for the British Connection, to distinguish Canada from an American free State.—*The American.*

THE prominent position taken by the North-West in Parliament, and the general interest it has excited all over the country, are having their natural effects. Two Ministers of the Dominion Government are at present visiting this country, not in the capacity of holiday sight-seers, but as heads of departments bent on learning as much of the actual condition of the North-West as they can by personal observation and enquiry.—*Winnipeg Times.*

LAST week's festivities attending the opening of the Montreal session of the British Science Association was a marked contrast to the little gathering of learned men who fifty-three years ago associated themselves together to compare notes on their various specialties. The solemn gathering of a half-century ago becomes in the Canadian city a fashionable and brilliant occasion, graced with oratory and the presence of the first men and dignitaries of the country.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

SOME time ago it was complained that in the United States a man delivered up in Canada for one crime had been tried for another; and there was some diplomatic correspondence on the subject. But this case only proved how desirable it is to make extradition easy, so that the officers of the law would not resort to tricks in order to carry their point. The interests of commercial morality are concerned in making easy the arrest of rogues, and in Canada there would be but one feeling on this matter.—*St. John Globe.*

VEGETARIANISM seems to be spreading. A new venture has been attempted in Holborn under the name of The Porridge Bowl, where for sixpence one can get three courses or nine combinations so abundant and satisfying that nobody who has feasted from the vegetable world will lust after the delights of the animal kingdom. City clerks, well-to-do shopmen, and artisans crowd the place daily, and they pretend that vegetables give them all that their natures require. Moreover, the midday meal does not prevent them at all from working.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

THUS, through a series of misadventures and mistakes, France finds herself at war with a vast Empire of which she knows very little, and which has few interests opposed to hers. The collision which was foretold from the moment when first Annam and then Tonquin were invaded has at last come to pass. The Power which claimed suzerainty over those regions, is at last driven, almost in spite of herself, and perhaps in consequence of the crooked diplomacy and tortuous dealings with which she has surrounded her path, to resist by force of arms the power which invaded them.—*London Mail.*

AMERICA has been in two much of a hurry to settle her country thickly. Is it a noble thing to parcel out every acre or sell every franchise for messes of pottage, and leave forty Belgians here for the next-coming generation? This sending of agents to Europe to out-Turner and out-Cropley the painters in colouring the glories of homestead life in the Far West is all wrong. It disappoints the poor emigrant, and it crowds out the next crop of Americans.—*Chicago Current*.

To make commerce possible on the artificial lines, the Dominion is spending millions she can ill spare in the construction of railroads which never would have been built from merely mercantile considerations. An end must come to this business, sooner or later. The four groups of provinces, into which nature has divided the Dominion, must find it more costly to trade with each other across greater inter-spaces of wilderness, than with the adjacent parts of our own country, with which nature has associated them so closely. This closer commerce need not involve any closer political connection with our own country, but it does demand a larger measure of independence on the part of Canada, if not entire independence of the Mother Country.—*The American*.

WE can picture to ourselves Prince von Bismarck laughing in his sleeve with grim enjoyment at the facile promptitude with which our impulsive neighbours have given credence and attached importance to his admirably simulated dissatisfaction with the fictitious obstructiveness of Her Majesty's Colonial Office in relation to his modest and justifiable South African projects. But we are not in the least apprehensive that any steps hitherto taken, or likely to be taken in the future, by the British Government with respect to the matter in question will lead to a fundamental change in the character of the relations that—happily for both countries—connect the Empires of Germany and Great Britain by bonds of sincere and enduring amity.—*Daily Telegraph*.

As a general thing, though, farmers do not reap the benefit they should from attending exhibitions. To see and examine the varied classes and sections that compose one of our large shows, the average farmer and his family only devote one day, and in this time there is no chance even to get a half-view of the exhibits. To mark, learn and inwardly digest every department of one of our large shows should at least take four days—and this time spent is the best money value a progressive farmer can get—and it should be borne in mind that only advanced farmers derive any solid benefit from attending an agricultural fair. A farmer who goes only one day to see and be seen, without any definite object, misses the main objects—instruction advancement.—*London (Ont.) Free Press*.

Crowds of British savants are at this moment voyaging across the Atlantic to Canada, where—for the first time in our annals—the national scientific assembly will shortly be held. The little fact is one of great Imperial significance. It brings into prominence the really vital connection existing between Great Britain and her colonies, and shows that it is quite possible, even for social and scientific purposes, to regard Canada and England as one country. The event should give courage to the advocates of a general confederation of the whole Empire. If it is so easy for hundreds of eminent men of science to cross the Atlantic to share the labours of the British Association, the five thousand miles of salt water ought not to prove any obstacle in the way of Canadian delegates coming over to this country to take part in a kind of indefinitely-extended Privy Council or Imperial Senate, now the great idea of the confederation of the Empire has begun to realize itself practically.—*English Paper*.

WE notice a memorial presented to the owners of the "City of Rome" complaining that gambling was permitted to such an extent as to annoy the passengers extremely. This accords with expressions of members of the British Association who were earnest in condemnation of the disgraceful pool-selling which prevailed on board some of the steamers on which they came. As these members were too busy to make their own complaints we refrain from particulars except to say that in one case the gambling was promoted by "certain vulgar bagmen" from Manchester who were supposed to have no business on board. In another it is actually asserted that the captain took part in the transactions and that the ship showed a singular sympathy with his predictions with regards to the daily run. This is an old abuse and it is time it were put a stop to. We cannot see why everyone who crosses the sea, even in a religiously-governed ship, should be made a forced inmate of a floating "gambling hell."—*Montreal Witness*.

It is a remarkable fact that, though the Island of Newfoundland lies directly between Canada and Europe, we hear comparatively little of its affairs. The island province has steadily refused to enter the Canadian Union. The fact appears to be that events transpiring since the union of the continental provinces in 1867 have operated as a damper on the Confederation idea in Newfoundland. One of these is found in the fact that by holding aloof from the Canadian Union the island received something like a million dollars as its share of the fishery award, while Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, P. E. Island and Quebec had the ill fortune to see what was paid on account of their coast fisheries go into the Federal treasury. Another cause which prevents the islanders of the mid-Atlantic from joining their fortunes with ours in our big debt. A still more serious impediment to union with Canada is found in the Canadian tariff. The Newfoundlanders are free traders, and have maintained a very low tariff, such as the Maritime Provinces had before the Confederation, and would have maintained had not the control of their fiscal affairs passed out of their hands. During the seventeen years in which we have been adding to our burdens year by year till we have doubled our taxation and debt, Newfoundland has held on the even tenor of its way with a very low rate of customs duties, yet sufficient for all its public wants.—*St. John Telegraph*.

THE PERIODICALS.

THE September *Overland Monthly* is a light number, principally of travel and fiction. There is little new in "Nine Day's Travel in Mexico," nor does the paper on "The Rogue River War of 1855-56" contain any historical discoveries, though both contributions are very readable. "Three Days' Quarantine at Marseilles," "A Naturalist in the Desert," and "San Carlos" will serve *pour passer le temps* in the dog-days. Harriet F. Stevens is the writer of two quaint theories of the pyramids—one that they were constructed for the spider-god to spin his web upon; the other that they were built to teach the people the symbolism of lines. There are two good stories entitled "Young Strong of 'The Clairon,'" and "An Hour with Maum Calamity." The solid papers are those on "Charles Lamb," by Henry Colbach, and "A Practical Consideration of the Mormon Question," by William A. Beatty. The following extracts from the latter are worthy attention:—

The men who see nothing good in Mormonism, who denounce it without knowledge of its inner workings, are many. But such men have forgotten the spirit of our institutions. The history of this people shows the falsity of such views. We find them deluded and superstitious, but the great mass of them, at all times, have been honest, industrious, and progressive. They cleared the Missouri wilderness; when driven thence they built up a populous and prosperous city. They grew rich; their fields produced in abundance, and artisans crowded their busy streets. When, under the leadership of Brigham Young they crossed the desert, we cannot characterize them as shiftless or worthless; but, on the contrary, they showed themselves determined and self-sacrificing men and women. A people who unflinchingly faced that thousand miles of wilderness and began again their labours, have earned the respect and admiration of all. We see Utah, in 1847, almost uninhabited; now, a great commonwealth. It has become, truly, the "Land of the Honey Bee." Emigrants have poured in from all quarters, until the population now numbers about one hundred and fifty thousand. The unpromising soil has been cultivated; ten thousand miles of irrigating canals have been built; towns and cities have sprung up. The taxes in Utah are lighter than those of any State or Territory of our Union, and there is no bonded debt. The goals are not half filled. In 1881, out of twenty-nine prisoners in the county gaol, but six were Mormons. In the State prison there were fifty-one prisoners, and only five of these Mormons.

There is but one most peaceable and efficient solution of this entire problem. It is by means of education. The adherents of the Mormon Church are most of them ignorant, being made up, it is averred, from the pauper class of Europe. No measure that does not tend to raise them from their present low level can be of permanent efficiency. It is a moral evil we are attacking—the moral influence of the Mormon Church. No martial or political measure can reach this influence. And all attempts of this sort are sure to make the Mormons look upon themselves as martyrs, and, as a result, to make them more devoted to their religion and their priesthood. These feelings can be removed, and the root of the evil got at, by adopting the educational remedy. There are two ways of doing this. The Christian Church, with its vast moral power, can easily bring about good results. Let some of the millions that are annually sent abroad to convert the heathen be kept at home, and used to elevate the ignorant of our land. The Christian Church has as yet made no move in this direction, but has contented itself with uttering philippics against the Mormon Church and people. If they are not disposed to undertake the work, the United States Government must do it.

MACMILLAN'S *English Illustrated Magazine* completes a volume with the September number. The opening article, "The Tour of Covent Garden," from the graphic pen of Austin Dobson, will be read with interest by many who know that cramped yet world-renowned spot. The accompanying illustrations are splendid pieces of artistic work. A spirited defence of Chaucer, also richly illustrated, occupies second place on the contents, and is followed by a charming paper on the origin and development of that "Prince of Games," cricket. A village story, "Friede," and "The Armourer's Prentices" are the fiction of the number. J. P. Mahaffy contributes an article on "Greece in 1884," and there is a poem entitled "An Autumn Night in Orkney."

In the September number of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine* (Toronto: Wm. Briggs) is a paper by Principal Grant, on the "Organic Union of Churches," which will probably attract much attention. Mr. J. Reade contributes a second article on "Some Curious Kinships," and the next item of importance is "The Lord's Land," by the Rev. Hugh Johnson. Other subjects are: Lady Brassey's continued log-book; "On The Hudson," by the Editor; the second instalment of the story "Old Fend-Off;" poetry, reviews, and editorial notes—the whole contributing to an excellent magazine.

BOOK NOTICES.

OUR CHANCELLOR. Sketches for a Historical Picture. By Moritz Busch. Two volumes in one. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs.

At a time when the great Teutonic Prime Minister occupies so prominent a place in international politics, anything which assists to a comprehension of his character is welcome. Mr. Busch in his preface disavows any intention of writing a biography. Indeed, it is not easy to see how he could hope successfully to undertake that task whilst Bismarck is Chancellor. But the Bismarckian Boswell, in what he modestly terms "sketches for an historical picture," gives us an interesting account of many little circumstances (known to him personally) connected with the private life of the great chancellor which wonderfully help to an understanding of that successful statesman. One is not surprised to be told that "our chancellor" is a satirist, a cynic, even a humorist; but to be told that he is a poet! Unbent, the Master of the German Empire can, furthermore, tell a good story, and is epigrammatic in description. More than this, Mr. Busch claims that Prince Bismarck is a good writer of prose, with command of a large vocabulary, and capable of expressing himself gracefully and not without pathos. He is passionately fond of the sea, is fond of boating, and is a good swimmer. Somewhat of an

orator himself, the Chancellor affects the utmost contempt for parliamentary eloquence. If a speech be effective it must contain falsehood, he maintains. "A good speaker can but seldom be a safe statesman." Addressing the Reichstag he one time said: "Let me warn you against wasting so much time as heretofore upon exhibitions of eloquence in our parliamentary work. I repeat, that speeches are useful as a means of conveying information; but they must not be allowed to govern." This collection of Bismarckiana will be found capital reading. The translation has been done by Mr. William Beatty-Kingston.

SELF-RAISED: or, From the Depths. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers.

THE author of this novel considers it to be the best work she has ever written. In it, the hero rises from the depths of poverty, misery and humiliation, and to trace his progress, step by step, has been with her a labour of love. There is a curious blending of realism and romance in this work—the result, it may be, of the leading incidents having occurred in actual life. The leading female characters, Claudia and Beatrice, are drawn with a woman's delicate touches; but the hero stands above every other person in the tale. The interest is kept up and intensified by the dramatic positions throughout the whole work. It is a moral story, and one which addresses itself as giving an example of perseverance under difficulties, and ultimate success. It is, as Mrs. Southworth says, her best work, for it is strongly marked by all the merits of her style, is an exceedingly interesting and powerful story, and should be read by everybody. It is published in a large duodecimo volume of 658 pages, with a view of Prospect Cottage and its surroundings, the home of Mrs. Southworth, on the Potomac.

OLD SPOOKSES'S PASS, and other Poems. By Isabella Valancy Crawford. Toronto: James Bain and Son.

A little book of charming poems, some of them, including "Old Spookses's Pass," in dialect. The author tells her stories in quaint and simple language, and at once enlists the sympathies of her readers. The opening poem, after which the volume is named, is a marvellously graphic description of a midnight stampede in the Rockies, told with a dramatic power and pathos not unworthy of George A. Sims. "Old Spense," and "Farmer Stebbins' Opinions," though not possessed of the same excellence as "Old Spookses's Pass," are refreshing reading after the maudlin stuff that is now too commonly called poetry.

NUMBER ONE, and How to Take Care of Him. By Joseph J. Pope, M.R.C.S., L.S.A. New York: Funk and Wagnalls.

The contents of this useful volume are described by the author as a series of popular talks on social and sanitary science. There can be no question but Dr. Pope is right in the main, in the advice he gives, and that the world would be the better if each Number One would take care of himself in the manner described, just as the world will presumably be better in the millenium. But the thought must occur to many: Is life worth living at the price of numberless restrictions, manifold precautions, and continual anxiety about trifles?

THE POLITICAL BIOGRAPHY OF THE HON. SYLVESTER MACFINNIGAN. By Wess Elmore. New York: Brentano Bros.

Vulgar, inane, absurd.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

No city in the Dominion is better provided with entertainment at the present moment than Toronto. In addition to the attractions of the increasingly popular Fair, no fewer than five distinct performances are offered to the public in as many halls. "Michael Strogoff" holds the boards at the Opera House; "Giroflé Girofla" succeeds "Billee Taylor" at the Pavilion of the Horticultural Gardens; a mammoth itinerant circus advertises its manifold attractions on every hoarding; and minor performances of comic opera and extravaganza have their patrons in the Summer Pavilion and the People's Theatre.

THE "regular season" at the Opera House opened last week with Kiralfy Brothers' mimical dramatic ballet spectacle "Excelsior," which achieved so great a success at Niblo's Garden, New York. Despite oppressively hot weather and numerous counter-attractions, this extraordinary production drew very good audiences. As a display of mechanical effects, of brilliant costumes, and of novel ballet combinations, the performance was a very fine one. Capacious as is Mr. Sheppard's stage, it was all too small for the army who, in the language of motion—for not a word is spoken from start to finish—described the triumph of *Light* over *Darkness*: the author's idea being to give allegorical pictures of the struggle between the spirit of progress and the powers of ignorance. This original conception is so vividly conveyed that the progress of the pantomimic drama is plain to the dullest comprehension. On Monday last "Excelsior" was succeeded by "Michael Strogoff." This highly interesting drama is already installed as a popular favourite throughout the play-going world, and the representation given by Haverley's Company is in every sense worthy of patronage. The characters are well sustained; the costumes are rich and tasteful; the scenery is excellent, and the realistic effects are startlingly natural. *Michael Strogoff* is impersonated with considerable power by Mr. Haswin, whose *Silver King* won him golden opinions last

season. The rival newspaper correspondents were well represented by Messrs. Grover and Holst, though we think the former gentleman is ill-advised in departing from the author's idea, and changing an English into an Irish-American part, and further, in substituting Yankee "cheek" for English *sang froid*—a mistake he never could have made had he seen the late Mr. Byron play the part. A word of special praise must be given to Cecil Rush for her clever rendering of *Marfa Strogoff*.

"BILLEE TAYLOR," noticed in our last, ran for over a week at the Pavilion. It is only just to say that the blemishes referred to as being so conspicuous on the opening night were less apparent at each succeeding repetition, and that eventually the company gave a really good performance of the amusing opera. The mimic "burning of Chicago" in the Gardens no doubt was also a strong attraction to the large numbers of people who have patronized Mr. Barnett's enterprise. Miss Guthrie is cast for the rôle of *Giroflé-Girofla* in the comic opera of that name; Mr. Molten has been allotted *Marasquin*, and with Geo. A. Schiller as *Captain of Pirates* and Seth Crane as *Mourzouk*, lots of fun may be anticipated.

MONTREAL audiences have been liberally patronizing the "Lights o' London," in the Académie of Music; "Ellani in the Boarding School," in the Royal Theatre Museum; "Virginia," in the Crystal Palace Opera House; and Daprez and Benedict's minstrels in the Royal Pavilion. "The Tourists in a Pullman Car" is billed for this week, to be played in the Academy.

THE *Chicago Current* says: "And now it is announced that Albani will sing in this country next year. With Patti, Nilsson, Albani, Kellogg, Abbott, Dr. Damrosch's German contingent, and other song-birds of note singing to our purses simultaneously, remarks as to the lack of musical appreciation among Americans are not in order. It will, however, be a convenient season for American patrons of opera to very emphatically demand either lower prices or better all-round performances."

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE relations of English authors and American publishers, Scribner's *Book-buyer* says, have "been steadily developing into a hopeless tangle." It quotes with satisfaction the testimony of the London *Bookseller* and other literary publications that American publishers have been as a rule honourable and straightforward in their transactions with the English author.

AN article on the recent production of "Twelfth Night" by Mr. Irving at the Lyceum will appear in the October *Manhattan*. It was written by Mr. Walter Herries Pollock, editor of *The Saturday Review*, and its illustrations are from sketches taken in the theatre Mr. by John Collier, one of the most promising of the younger generation of English artists, and the only pupil Mr. Alma Tadema ever had.

MR. D. C. THOMPSON'S "Life and Labours of Hablot Knight Browne ('Phiz')" is approaching completion. The work will contain 130 illustrations, says *The Pall Mall Gazette*, of which fifty-one will be separate plates. Among the most interesting will be the facsimiles of the various "first sketches" which Browne had to submit to Charles Dickens before he succeeded in satisfying his fastidious author.

THE Pusey Library, which is to perpetuate the name of Pusey by erecting to his memory a sort of school of high orthodoxy at Oxford, is already founded. Every effort will be made to withstand the Materialistic and Latitudinarian teaching which is sapping the Churchmanship of Oxford. If success crowns Canon Liddon's enterprise, the Pusey Library will soon resemble an ancient monastery with all the ritual and rule which moderns need require.

JOAQUIN MILLER, having been accused by a New York paper of plagiarizing the lines.

"For all you can hold in your cold, dead hand
Is what you have given away,"

challenges his critic "to show where these lines, or any part of them, or any of my creations in word or conception can be found outside of my own works." He says that this is the first time his originality has ever been questioned.

THE French publishers announce that they have sold 42,000 copies of "John Bull et Son Ile," and as many more copies of the English translation have been sold in England by Field and Tuer and in the United States by Charles Scribner's Sons. Max O'Rell's new book about England has been bought outright by Field and Tuer, who have sold the American priority of publication to Charles Scribner's Sons. It may be of interest to some readers to know that these are not this author's only books, as he has edited French classics for the Clarendon Press under his own name.

MESSRS. GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS announce that their "Railway Library," founded in 1848, has just achieved its thousandth volume. They fill two pages of the *Athenæum* with a classified catalogue of this "Railway Library." They note that it began with a cheap issue of the novels of Fenimore Cooper, but they do not draw attention to the many other American authors whose novels appear in their catalogue—always, we hope, with the permission of the writers. Among the Americans represented are Cooper (31 volumes), Miss Wetherell (6 volumes), Mrs. Burnett (8 volumes), Hawthorne (3 volumes), Dr. Mayo, Will Carleton, Mark Twain and Judge Tourgée.

WITH reference to the affairs of the *Manhattan* magazine, of New York, which were involved by the collapse of Mr. H. C. Pedder, who has been its "backer," it is stated that Mr. Pedder's advances, made from month to month, were to be repaid only when the magazine should reach a paying basis, and it is represented that its debts are now but \$6,000, while its friends think it within four, or at most six months of showing returns equalling its expenses. The *Century*, it is said, was several years in reaching a paying point, and now pays dividends on a capital \$1,000,000.—The *Continental* has been purchased by Mrs. Frank Leslie. The editorship will remain in the hands of Judge Tourgée.

THE judicious, says the *Saturday Review*, will have learnt with conflicting emotions that Lord Coleridge has decided not to write a book about America. To the decision itself it would be impossible to take exception. "I cannot," he writes, "knock off a dissertation on a great country of infinitely complicated elements and endless variety of social aspects in half an hour." We find no morbid diffidence in this; and, if it disappoints those persons, whoever they are, who have been asking Lord Coleridge to write a book about America in half an hour, they must be extremely unreasonable. The thing simply cannot be done. A quarter of an hour for the "infinitely complicated elements," and another quarter for "the endless variety of social aspects," would be an absurdly small allowance; and Lord Coleridge was undoubtedly right in declining to attempt the feat proposed to him.

"My last ambition," says M. Renan, in the second volume of his "Studies," just published, "would be satisfied if I could hope to enter the church after my death, in the form of such a little volume, held in the tapering fingers of an elegantly gloved hand!" Just think of it! This is the "last ambition" of M. Renan, French *savant* and writer of books! He would like to have fashionable ladies, with tapering fingers and elegantly gloved hands, carry his missal, with its spiritual bouquets, to church with them! He would not care to fall into the hands of ordinary people, ungloved and unperfumed. He would not like a church without very sweet incense, or a heaven without ten-buttoned gloved angels redolent of the rarest perfumes. Bah! this is the man who describes Christianity as "the sweet Galilean vision." He may well wish to be dealt with by the elegantly gloved hands of fair women, for the bare, masculine hand of sober criticism crushes his pretensions, and in its firm grasp his frivolity and superficiality are exposed. One English paper suggests that his "last ambition" ought not to be forgotten as a characteristic feature in the statue that will doubtless be one day raised to his honour.—*Christian Union*.

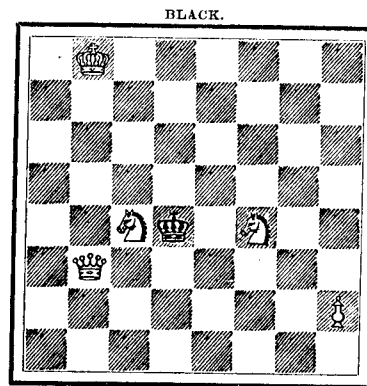
UNDER this title, "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," *The Century* will begin with the November number of the present year, and continue without intermission (if possible) a series of separate papers, the object of which is to set forth the life and spirit of the War for the Union. The main portion of the scheme will be papers of a popular character on the great engagements of the war, by general officers high in command at the time, either upon the Union or the Confederate side. For instance, the battles of Shiloh and Vicksburg will be described by General U. S. Grant, who will contribute four papers to the series; General Beauregard will write of the First Bull Run; General McClellan, of Antietam; General Rosecrans, of Stone River; etc., etc. The Passage of the Forts below New Orleans will be described by Admiral Porter, and the Western Gun-boat Service by Rear-Admiral Walke, and the fight between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* by Colonel John Taylor Wood, the senior surviving officer of the latter vessel. Other prominent Confederate generals have engaged to contribute, and some of these contributions will be hardly less notable than those above mentioned. In conjunction with them will appear from time to time a number of brief sketches, entitled "Recollections of a Private," reflecting, with interesting and life-like details, the experiences of the common soldier. The illustrations of the scheme will receive careful attention, and in this particular it is thought that the series will possess an unequalled historical interest.

MR. C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Toronto, announces "The Story of the Upper Canadian Rebellion," an historical episode which, it is claimed, has not hitherto received comprehensive treatment. Mr. Charles Lindsey, in his biography of Mr. Mackenzie, gives a considerable amount of information on the Rebellion; but, in the language of the prospectus, "since Mr. Lindsey's work was written, much additional light has been thrown upon the subject-matter from various sources, and, in the opinion of all who are entitled to speak with authority on such a question, the time has come when the true story of the Upper Canadian Rebellion should be laid before the public." To Mr. John Charles Dent has been entrusted the task of telling the story in detail. "He has for some years past been engaged in collecting material for it, and has accumulated letters, pamphlets and documents not elsewhere to be found. A few months since he became possessed of the papers and correspondence of the late Hon. John Rolph, whose connection with the affairs of 1837-'38, has always been supposed to have been as intimate as was that of Mr. Mackenzie himself. Conspicuous among the documents is a voluminous paper in the handwriting of Dr. Rolph himself, embodying a review of the facts and circumstances bearing upon the rising near Toronto, and the defeat at Montgomery's. This paper it is proposed to publish in full in the body of the work, with an analysis and notes." As to the value of such a work as the one hereby announced, there cannot, of course, be two opinions. The publisher announces that it will be written from a Liberal but non-partisan point of view, and the author's main object, from first to last, will be to record the truth, without fear or favour. It is furthermore promised: "speaking mechanically, it will be the finest specimen of book-making ever issued from the Canadian press."

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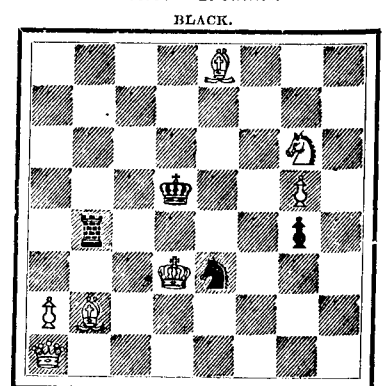
All communications intended for this department should be addressed "Chess Editor," office of THE WEEK, Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 42.
Composed for THE WEEK by E. B. Green-shields, Montreal Chess Club.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 43.
TOURNEY PROBLEM No. 2.
Motto:—"Il buchio."



BLACK.
WHITE.
White to play and mate in three moves.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. M., Ottawa.—Correct solution to No. 35 received. Come often.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 26.

1. Q K 4. Correct solution received from E. B. G., Montreal; H. J. C., London; "Philidor," Toronto; F. W. M., Detroit; E. B. F., Toronto; E. H. E. E., Toronto; L. C. C., Annaprior; F. L. S., Toronto.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 27.

1. B K Kt 4, etc. Correct solution received from H. J. C., London; "Philidor," Toronto; W. A., Montreal; E. B. G., Montreal; E. B. F., Toronto; E. H. E. E., Toronto; F. L. S., Toronto.

TOURNEY PROBLEM RECEIVED.

Motto:—"Omni exceptione majus."

PROBLEM No. 38.

This problem is unsound. Our correspondent, Mr. S. H. Manchée, points out that there are two other solutions beside the author's.

GAME No. 23.

Correspondence game between Milan and Naples.

In December, 1881, a match to be played by correspondence was arranged between the best players of Milan and Naples, the former being represented by Messrs. Della Rosa, Oddone, Cavallotti and Count Castelbarco, the latter by Messrs. De Rogatis, Dworzakde Walden, Bouchard and Prof. Marese. The two games then commenced by post and simultaneously came to an end last May, both being scored by the Milanese. The following score of one of them is from the *Nuova Rivista*.

Ruy Lopez.

White. Milan.	Black. Naples.	White. Milan.	Black. Naples.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	23. Q R to Q Kt sq (k)	Q to Q B 2
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	24. P to K B 5 (l)	B to Q 2
3. B to Q Kt 5	Kt to K B 3	25. P x P	B P x P
4. Castles	B to K 2 (a)	26. Q to K B 7	B to K R 5
5. Kt to Q B 3	Kt to Q 5 (b)	27. P to K Kt 3	B to K Kt 4
6. Kt x Kt	P x Kt	28. Q x R P	B to K 6 ch
7. P to K 5	P x Kt (c)	29. R x B (m)	R x R
8. P x Kt	B x P	30. Q x P	K to Q B sq (n)
9. R to K sq ch	B to K 2	31. B to K B 5	B x B
10. Q to K 2 (d)	P to Q B 3 (e)	32. Q to Kt 8 ch (o)	K to Q 2
11. B to Q 3	P to Q 3	33. Q to B 7 ch	K to B 3 (p)
12. P to K B 4 (f)	P to K Kt 3	34. Q to Q 5 ch	K to Q 2
13. Q P x P	B to K 3	35. Q x B ch	K to B 3
14. B to K 3	Q to Q 2 (g)	36. B to Q 4 (g)	R to K sq
15. B to Q 4	K R to K Kt sq	37. B x Q B P	R to K 4
16. P to Q R 4 (h)	K to Q sq (i)	38. Q to K B 3 ch	P to Q 4
17. P to Q Kt 4	R to K sq	39. Q to B 6 ch	K x B
18. Q to K B 2	P to Q Kt 3	40. R to Kt 5 ch	K x P
19. P to Q B 4	P to Q B 4	41. Q to B sq ch	R to K 7
20. B to Q B 3	P to Q R 4 (j)	42. Q x R ch	K to Q 5
21. P x R P	P x P	43. Q to Q 3 ch	K to K 4
22. Q to K B 3	R to Q R 2	44. R x P ch	Resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) An inferior defence. They should play instead 4. K Kt x P, following it with 5. P to Q 4, B to K 2; 6. R to K sq, Kt to Q 3; 7. B x Kt, Kt P x B, best, and when White continues with 7. Kt x K P, or 7. P x P, the result soon becomes even, as shown by the modern treatises on the opening.
 - (b) Another error, greater than the previous one. Less venturesome would have been 5. P to Q 3, with the natural continuation of 6. P to Q 4, P x P; 7. Kt x P, B to Q 2; 8. B x Kt, P x B; 9. P to K B 4, with slight advantage for White.
 - (c) Black appears to have no promising move here; if the Kt retire to his own square, 8. Q to K Kt 4 would win the Q P at least.
 - (d) Well played, with the object of retarding Black's castling.
 - (e) If instead 10. P x Q P, it would not have improved Black's position; e.g., 11. B x P, P to Q B 3; 12. Q to B 3, P to K B 3; 13. B to Q 3, K to B 2; 14. Q to R 5 ch, P to Kt 3; 15. B x P ch, P x B; 16. R x B ch, K x R (if 16. Q x R, 17. Q x R); 17. Q x K Kt P, and Black's position is untenable.
 - (f) Indirectly adding another impediment to Black's castling.
 - (g) If instead 14. B to K B 3, with the intention of trying to castle, then White threatens at the proper time B to K R 6, and Black is always inconvenienced.
 - (h) A judicious move, made to prevent the advance of the P to Q B 4.
 - (i) Black sees now no benefit would accrue from castling, and he therefore decides to defend himself bravely.
 - (j) This way of playing gives up the open file to the White R, yet probably 20. P x P would not in the long run have proved more serviceable, since would have followed 21. B x P, Q to B 2; 22. P to R 5, R to Q Kt sq; 23. Q to Q 4, and Black is not able to disentangle his position without some loss.
 - (k) Taking possession of the open file.
 - (l) The advance of the White P has been well calculated, as it strikes at the enemy's weak point, and prepares a way for the Q to capture the adversary's Pawns.
 - (m) This sacrifice was necessary.
 - (n) It is difficult to find a satisfactory move here. If 30. R to K 3; 31. B to B 6 ch, K to B sq; 32. B to K B 5. Black has a lost game through position.
 - (o) Considerably better and stronger is 32. Q x B ch, and it secures every advantage of position as well.
 - (p) If R covers, 34. Q x B ch, K to B 3, or K sq; 35. B to B 6, and wins.
 - (q) A fine move, which introduces the end of a well played match, that reflects great credit upon the Milanese players for the briskness and accuracy shown in the method of conducting their vigorous attack.
- We trust Signor Dubois will excuse the liberties we have taken in our translation of his notes to this game from the Italian. We have been obliged to condense the original, and to give the spirit of the intention only in several instances.—*Leeds Mercury*.

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:—Morbidity of the blood, as the blighted corpuscle of uerucle, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxomosa, from the retention of the effeted matter of the skin, suppressed perspiration, badly ventilated sleeping apartments, and other poisons that are germinated in the blood. These poisons keep the internal lining membrane of the nose in a constant state of irritation, ever ready for the deposit of the seeds of these germs, which spread up the nostrils and down the fauces, or back of the throat, causing ulceration of the throat; up the eustachian tubes, causing deafness; burrowing in the vocal cords, causing hoarseness usurping the proper structure of the bronchial tubes, ending in pulmonary consumption and death.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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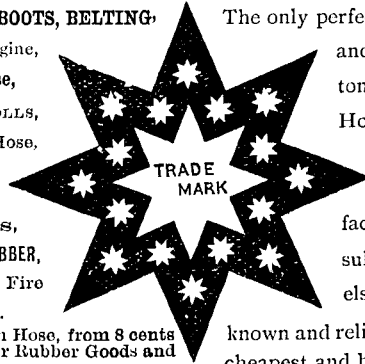
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CHARLES DRINKWATER,
Secretary.

Montreal, January, 1884.



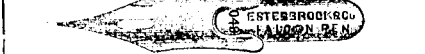
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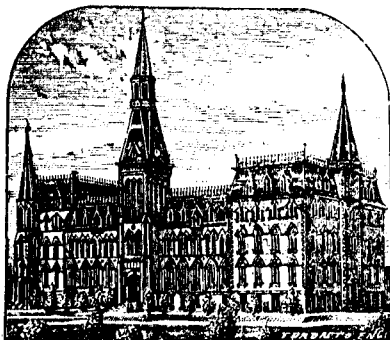
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