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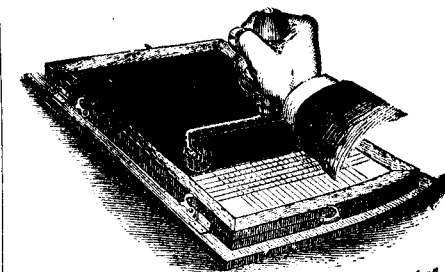
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THE DEFECTIVE TERMINOLOGY OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

ANY one who has devoted close attention to the question or cluster of questions popularly styled the Labour Problem must have realized that one of the greatest difficulties in the way of intelligent discussion—to say nothing of arriving at a solution—is the extremely defective terminology of political economy. We have no words in the English language to express many of the ideas generated by the later phases of the industrial agitation. The growth of language has not kept pace with the progress of social evolution. Old phrases and formulas, originated at a time when conditions were wholly diverse from those of to-day, when applied to existing systems are apt to be misleading to honest inquirers, and to afford the disingenuous controversialist an opportunity to advance a quibble in place of an argument. It is surely in the interest, not of the Labour Reformer especially, but of all who desire clearness of thought and exact definitions, that so serious an impediment to a right understanding of this vital question should be supplied.

There is no more glaring instance of widespread popular misconception resulting from the unscientific want of precision in the use of language than the notion largely entertained as to the nature and scope of the labour agitation. It is often loosely described as a struggle between "Capital and Labour." Neither of these terms appropriately characterizes the opposing forces, and their use has given rise to innumerable volumes of elaborate misinformation and discussion which are wholly wide of the mark. What is "capital" in the correct and original signification of the word? The surplus wealth created by labour and used for the production of more wealth. But by a figure of speech the word has come to be employed as meaning the persons who control capital—the interests, powers, and privileges of the class having the means of employing others. In the current discussions of the industrial question it is sometimes used in one sense and sometimes in the other within the compass, it may be, of a single sentence. From the truism that labour cannot possibly have any quarrel with the inert material necessary to production, the false conclusion is frequently deduced or implied that its complaints against the powerful—and therefore at times aggressive—interests comprehended under the same term are unfounded. It is no wonder that much confusion of thought has resulted.

The term "labour" is equally vague and inexact as customarily used. In place of work of any kind it has acquired by popular usage a restricted significance. Most writers employ it in this limited sense as applying only to certain kinds of labour paid by wages. This definition excludes the large classes of farmers, brain-workers, and mercantile employees, who, though many of them may not recognize it, have an equal interest in the right adjustment of industrial grievances with the artisan and unskilled labourer. The narrow and altogether false view of the labour problem which regards it as merely a contest over wages and hours between the manual labourer and his immediate employer, instead of a struggle for the amelioration of conditions which press hardy on the masses of the people

in the capacity as consumers as well as producers, has been fostered, if not originated, by the misapplication of the words "capital" and "labour," owing to the absence of more explicit definitions.

The much over-worked term "monopolist" has been diverted from its rightful meaning to fill an obvious gap in the vocabulary. Implying at first special privileges granted to a single person by the Government, it is made to do duty not only to express the powers and advantages specially awarded to numerous individuals but those obtained by large classes under the ordinary working of business competition and the law of supply and demand. Labour Reformers are often accused of perverting language by stigmatizing as "monopolists" not alone the Goulds and Vanderbilts, whose position is secured by public charter, but capitalists of the stamp of Stewart, the New York merchant prince, and Armour, the Chicago pork packer. The only answer which can be made to such an accusation is that there is no other English word which even approximately embodies the idea sought to be conveyed.

At the very foundation of a clear comprehension of the Labour Question lies a due appreciation of the immense change in social conditions wrought by improved machinery, steam, and telegraphic communication, and the wonderful expansion of industry and commerce. It is the veriest platitude to enlarge upon the much greater stress of competition and the vast accumulation and concentration of wealth under the new conditions. Yet there is no word or phrase which sums up the situation and can be applied to distinguish the industrial conditions of the present from those of half a century ago.

Many other instances in point might be given. Enough has been said, however, to give some idea of the defects in the terminology of economic science. That this want has been realized is shown by the borrowing from the French of such words as "bourgeois," "proletariat," and "exploitation," for which there are no English equivalents. The want of clear and well-defined terms to embody the new conceptions arising out of the later phases of the industrial struggle compels the writer either to employ language in a misleading and often contradictory fashion, or to resort to lengthy definitions and explanations as to the precise meaning he wishes his expressions to bear. Awkward periphrasis must be substituted for the single clear-cut phrase if it is desired to escape misconstruction. Before political economy can be re-written in accordance with the vast change which has come over civilized society by the revolutionizing of industrial and commercial methods, the vocabulary of the science must be largely extended and its terminology reconstructed.

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PROHIBITION AND LICENSE.

THE gentlemen who took part in the recent Provincial Conference were so busily engaged in considering and proposing useless or mischievous amendments to the British North America Act as to quite overlook certain other amendments, which are really and even urgently called for. If, for instance, instead of urging the abolition of Disallowance, or making other suggestions equally objectionable, they had proposed such an amendment to our Constitution as would make clear the respective rights of the Federal Parliament and the Provincial Legislatures with regard to the regulation and restriction of the liquor traffic, they would have made far better use of their time.

Such an amendment is very greatly needed. Both the Dominion and Provincial Parliaments assume the right to pass laws, the object and effect of which are to restrict and regulate the trade in intoxicating liquors. Some of these laws, it is said, the Dominion Parliament has alone power to pass, while others are said to be entirely within provincial jurisdiction. Now such a division of power should, it is plain, (1) be based on some reasonable principle, and (2) be clearly defined. But, as a matter of fact, it depends upon no principle whatever, it is a purely arbitrary division; and the dividing line instead of being clear and well defined is to the last degree obscure.

In what manner then is this power divided? The Dominion Parliament, it is said, has the exclusive power of regulating the sale of liquor by what are called "prohibition acts," while to the Provincial Legislatures is ascribed the exclusive right of regulating the liquor trade by what are called "license acts." These distinctions, it is claimed, have been sanctioned by the Privy Council, in the judgments which declare the Scott Act to be constitutional, as being a prohibition act, and the McCarthy Act to be unconstitutional, as being a license act. Assuming the correctness of these judgments, and assuming that the one measure is a fair type of the

Prohibition Act and the other of the License Act, the following questions at once suggest themselves: (1) Is the distinction between Prohibition and License sufficiently marked to make it worth while to assign each to a different legislative body? Is not the distinction, to say the least, very arbitrary? (2) Is not the resemblance between Prohibition and License so very close that to assign each to a different Parliament is to create a confusion and uncertainty, which should of all things be avoided?

There can be no doubt that the distinction, if any, is exceedingly fine. The Scott Act (the typical prohibition act) provides that certain persons who have obtained a license as required by the act may sell liquor in the manner and for the purposes which the act prescribes, and that all other persons shall not sell liquor. The McCarthy Act (the specimen license act) provides that none should sell liquor except those who, having obtained a license as required by the act, might sell in the manner and for the purpose which the act prescribes. The licenses would be somewhat more numerous and their rights somewhat more extensive under the McCarthy Act than under the Scott Act. The Scott Act says: None have an unqualified right to sell liquor; ninety-nine can't sell it under any circumstances; while the "hundredth man" (see Mr. Stockton's novel) may sell subject to certain restrictions. The McCarthy Act says: None have an unqualified right to sell liquor; ninety-eight out of a hundred can't sell it under any circumstances; while the remaining two may sell it subject to certain restrictions—somewhat less severe than those imposed upon the "hundredth man" by the Scott Act. In short, the McCarthy Act looks about as much like a prohibition measure as does the Scott Act; and the Scott Act appears about as much a license law as does the McCarthy Act.

Still, using the Scott and McCarthy Acts as typical of their supposed species, it seems plain that both seek to attain the same end, and by means substantially, if not identically, the same. Their common end is the promotion of temperance and the prevention of the abuse of the liquor traffic. The means were in each case the forbidding or "prohibiting" the vast majority to sell at all, and the permitting or "licensing" a certain few to sell under specified conditions. In the one case a few more can sell than in the other. In the one case (roughly speaking) the licensee can only sell to the sick man; in the other case (also roughly speaking) he can sell to the adult and to the sober man, whether well or ill. But these are slight differences of degree, not differences of kind. Therefore the object of the two typical acts being the same, and the means (substantially the same) differing but in slight and unimportant details, it is hard to see why if the Dominion Parliament could lawfully pass the one it could not also properly pass the other. Prohibition and License are so nearly alike that it is hardly worth while to give one to the Dominion Parliament and the other to the Provinces.

The Scott and McCarthy Acts being so wonderfully alike, and yet neither being within the competence of the same legislative body, it is clear that all future acts to regulate the liquor trade (except such as may totally prohibit), will give rise to further doubt and dispute. Prohibition and License being but a hair's breadth apart, on which side of the hair does the particular act happen to be? A good case in point at once suggests itself. It has often been proposed to amend the Scott Act by licensing the sale of wine and beer in those counties where the act is or may be in force. When this subject was being discussed at the last session of Parliament, it was argued by one of the members (I think Mr. Lister), that the proposed amendment would be *ultra vires* of the Dominion Parliament, inasmuch as the Privy Council in the McCarthy Act case had declared the licensing power to belong exclusively to the Provincial Legislatures. This argument is very formidable. The Scott Act, as thus amended, would undoubtedly be a license law; a somewhat restricted one, it is true; but none the less a license law. If the judgments in the Dominion License Act case are correct, have not the Provinces the right to issue licenses for the sale of beer and wine only? If so, they would be doing precisely the same as it is proposed the Dominion Parliament should do under the beer and wine amendments. If the judgment of the Privy Council last referred to be taken as authority, the proposed amendment would be beyond the power of the Dominion Parliament as dealing with licenses,—a purely Provincial matter.

But judgments equally authoritative have declared the Scott Act to be constitutional. But the Scott Act has license clauses; it is a License act, yet it has been declared valid in its entirety. If the Dominion Parliament can pass such a license law as the Scott Act, why can it not pass such a license law as the proposed "beer and wine" amendment to the Scott Act? Yet if it have not the power to pass the McCarthy Act, why should it have the power to pass the "beer and wine" amendments?

The suggested "beer and wine" amendment is certainly very like both the Scott and McCarthy Acts. Which does it the most resemble? By what rational test could it be assigned to the one class rather than to the other? It would certainly be very hard to say, yet some test would have to be applied—some choice would have to be made.

In short, it has been held that the power to forbid *all men* to sell liquor rests with the Dominion Parliament, while the power to except from the universal prohibition—the power to forbid less than all, will belong now to the Dominion, and now to the Provinces. In what way and on what principle shall such a distinction be made? Why should there be any distinction? If the Dominion Parliament is the body which can best exercise the power of universal prohibition, and also, under certain circumstances, that of partial prohibition, why should it not have the power of partial prohibition altogether? To thus distinguish is, to say the least, unnecessary. But more than that, it is mischievous, because the distinction is so shadowy and hard to seize that it tends to doubt and confusion, where it is very desirable that all should be clear.

The British North America Act has been correctly interpreted by these various "license" and "prohibition" judgments, or it has not. If rightly interpreted, it should be so amended as to entrust so called "license" and "prohibition" legislation to the same hands. If wrongly interpreted, there is plainly all the more necessity for amendment. D. C. R.

Lennoxville, December, 1887.

A CHINESE THEATRE.

VICTORIA, the capital of British Columbia, is most beautifully situated. Although persons who desire above all things to heap up treasures which moth and dust can corrupt, and which thieves can steal, may call the place "slow," or say of it as the Kansas man said of the Eternal City, "mighty little business is done there," the presence in it of some three or four thousand almond-eyed Celestials make it particularly interesting to the visitor from Ontario. Willingly my wife and I accepted the invitation of a gentleman of Victoria to accompany him and his wife to the Chinese theatre one evening last October.

Jupiter Pluvius is a most important personage in British Columbia when the summer is over, and unfortunately we had not consulted him as to our intended movements. Heavy rain came on as we wended our way down to Chinatown beneath dripping umbrellas and across miniature torrents. The Chinese quarter in Victoria is spacious and airy compared with Chinatown in San Francisco, where some 40,000 persons are crowded into about ten blocks; yet, as we turned up the narrow lane, near the end of which stands the theatre, the heaviness of the air enabled us distinctly to perceive the ethnic smell, of which travellers in the distant East make mention. Although I could not say, as Coleridge said of Cologne,

I counted two and seventy stench,
All well defined, and several stinks,

nevertheless numerous odours, such as only a connoisseur of smells could distinguish, assailed our olfactory nerves. When the door was reached all was quietness and darkness, and an enquiry at an adjoining house drew forth from a "Johnny" the information, "No theatre to-night; too wetty—to-molly night." So homeward we had to turn. The Celestials, by the way, are rather cat-like, and dislike to wet their feet; in fact, felt slippers are their usual foot-covering.

On the next night the sound of the instruments of music told us before we reached the door of the theatre that the play was proceeding. We found that a white man was the ticket-taker, and on inquiry were told that it paid better to have such a barbarian act as the janitor, for a Celestial would be apt to suffer other Celestials—his friends—to enter without payment of the required "bits." We entered, and were greeted with delight by a small boy who appeared pleased at the advent of strangers. The general arrangement of the place was much like an ordinary theatre; the pit sloped down to the stage, the galleries ran round three sides, and were reached by stairs from near the door and from either side of the stage. There was no attempt at decoration. At the end of one of the side galleries were two or three boxes, divided from the rest of the gallery by a simple partition a couple of feet high, and furnished with plain wooden chairs instead of benches. Opposite these was the place reserved for the ladies. The stage extended all across the building, projecting somewhat in the centre. There was no scenery—there never is in Chinese theatres. On the stage were two or three chairs and a table. A recess like a chancel was in the centre, and above this was a small balcony on which a lamp was burning. Across the back hung a curtain. A few hangings, with Chinese characters, were on the wall, and on either side of the platform was a door leading into the green room.

The performance had been going on for a couple of hours when we arrived, but as it was likely to continue for four hours longer, we did not feel that we were late. As the gallery seemed to be a more aristocratic place than the pit, we went upstairs, and there a courteous Chinaman—indeed I never met one who was not courteous—insisted upon our taking the only empty box. We did so, and gazed around with great interest. We were the only white people in the building, except the doorkeeper, and yet there was no staring at us. We stared, however, at the Celestial ladies opposite us. There were about thirty of them. They wore no head-dresses, but their hair was beautifully neat and smooth. It was not plaited, but done up in a simple bob behind, fastened with an ornamental pin. They were rather restless, going out and coming back, climbing over the backs of their seats, smoking little cigarettes, and smiling and talking quietly among themselves; but not the slightest impropriety was visible. Their round faces looked happy and contented. Some of them were pretty, some ugly, some fat, some plump, some old, some young. The men kept their hats on, it being considered the correct thing for them so to do. During the performance there was a constant selling and taking of refreshments, all manner of smoking materials were in use, and the laughing and talking were incessant. These things, however, are not to be wondered at when we know that a play frequently continues night after night for weeks before the end is reached.

There are six musicians, and these were placed, not in front of the stage but in the recess behind already referred to. One sitting sideways to the front wore a white shirt for an outer garment, and played a fiddle, holding the bow *à la* a bass viol player. He had a second bow hanging over his head, at times using the one and at times the other. At his right he had a huge pair of cymbals, and between the acts he whacked one against the other lying on the table. Behind this leader—with a peep-hole into the green-room—was one with a large brass tambourine, or gong, suspended from the ceiling of the recess. To the left a musician with two little

mallets and two wooden instruments—one like an inverted bowl, the other a square—added to the noise by hitting first on the one and then on the other. To the right sat three more who played on guitars or banjos. Sometimes the orchestra smoked, sometimes they drank tea. The men in the pit were constantly going into the green room and returning. Evidently refreshments were to be had there. An attendant upon the stage was clad in his work-a-day clothes and kept his hat on.

Throughout the play there was no pretence at deception; everything was done openly and all changes were made in full view of the audience. There was no drop. The chairs and tables were plain every day things, but occasionally the attendant spread drapery emblazoned with Chinese work over them.

Our knowledge of the language of Cathay was limited, so we had to imagine what the play was about from the acting. It seemed to us that a fair daughter of the Celestials loved one who through fraud or ill-chance was a convict, and that her father opposed the union; but as time went on things righted themselves, and probably before the drama was played out—some days or weeks thereafter—the loving twain became a unit. The actors were few in number, and as is usual seldom were more than two or three on the stage at once. One was evidently a clown. He had elaborate mustachios tied around his ears with a string; patches of white paint adorned the upper part of his cheeks and nose; his eyebrows were very black; his pants were baggy; his coat was loose and fastened with a belt; his fan was extensive, and whenever he opened his mouth or his words could strike the ear, the audience (we four excepted) laughed heartily, until at last we came to laugh with them or at them. The convict had his hands fastened into a board in front of him. He and the clown had the floor and the ear of the house when we entered. They talked and then they sang. In fact there was so much singing that I am inclined to think it was a Chinese opera we had the good luck to hear. The singing was recitative, or perhaps we should say, antiphonal, for whenever there was to be a burst of song, the attendant placed the two chairs on their sides, and on the legs thereof two wooden stools, and on these stools the actors sat and sang, or screamed and shrieked alternately, the orchestra vigorously accompanying them with sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer.

In China it is against the law for a woman to act in the theatre, but, as a Chinaman said to us, America is so far from China that in Victoria the Celestials do as they like about such matters. One genuine woman graced the boards the night of our visit, the other feminine parts being taken by men. This lady was splendidly dressed in silken attire and sang well—like a cat—amid the clashing and the banging of the tom-toms. Her acting, however, was very praiseworthy. In one scene she and an old warrior, evidently her father, had a fearful row, and at last the old gentleman completely lost temper and actually drew his rapier on the young girl; but she literally threw dust in his eyes and made her escape amid the plaudits of the breathless spectators. She was so overcome by this scene or by something else, that she fainted and fell to the ground; the attendant with great promptitude came forward and considerably placed a rest under her neck, apparently to prevent any interference with the symmetry of her coiffure. She soon revived, and the manner in which she tossed her little feet into the air and jumped up was rather wonderful. After every dialogue there was singing with music *ad lib.*, and every now and then the clown would appear, and addressing the audience receive their tribute of laughter. In course of time the old man was taken ill, and died surrounded by friends. He rolled his eyes and did his part in a very ghastly and striking manner. Just as he was about to yield up the ghost a curtain was held before him, and when in a moment it was removed he had vanished, and in his place lay a hideous doll with features as prominent as those given by *Grip* to a certain well-known politician. The clown at once seized upon this and, hoisting it upon his back, capered round the stage to the amusement and delight of the spectators. While female characters appeared, attitudinized, and sang, the orchestra, equal to every emergency, continued its discordant performance.

We are getting a little weary of all this when the young lady again appears. She looks very sad but determined. She has in her pretty hands a long silken sash which she twirls round and round to make it appear more rope-like. Then she tries its strength by pulling it with outstretched arms and with her dainty foot. She evidently is satisfied that it will do the deadly work, and swan-like she sings a song—a last farewell to earth and sky, and land and sea. As the mournful dirge rises and falls the ever-faithful attendant fastens to the chair a long pole, at the top of which is a hook. The song being finished, the girl springs upon the chair, and essays to throw the sash over the hook, but she tries and tries in vain. At last in despair she gives up the attempt, steps down and favours the audience with another farewell song while the attendant obligingly lowers the pole a foot or two. Again the chair is mounted, and now the silken rope catches securely on the hook; the would-be dead heroine faces outwards, knots the sash under her chin, leans forward as much as she conveniently can without losing her equilibrium, closes her eyes, lets her hands fall loosely down, quivers a moment or two as if her gentle spirit was quitting sadly its tenement of clay, and then all is over—or would be did not the old man whom we thought was dead and gone long before rush in and with a tremendous row and bobby pull her down. He scolds her with a will, and she swoons with regret. The attendant places the stool under her neck, restoratives are applied by the clown and others, she moves, she rises, she begins to sing once more; and we leave with sighs knowing that, alas, suns might rise and set, moons might wax and wane, ere the *dénouement* came.

R. V. R.

Kingston, Ont.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

ONCE on the year's last eve in my mind's might
Sitting in dreams, not sad, nor quite elysian,
Balancing all 'twixt wonder and derision
Methought my body and all this world took flight,
And vanished from me, as a dream, outright.
Leaning out thus in sudden strange decision,
I saw as it were in the flashing of a vision,
Far down between the tall towers of the night,
Borne by great winds in awful unison,
The teeming masses of mankind sweep by,
Even as a glittering river with deep sound,
And innumerable banners, rolling on
Over the starry border glooms that bound
The last gray space in dim eternity.

And all that strange unearthly multitude
Seemed parted in vast seething companies,
That evermore with hoarse and terrible cries
And desperate encounter at mad feud
Plunged onward, each in its implacable mood
Borne down over the trampled blazonries
Of other faiths and other phantasies,
Each following furiously, and each pursued.
So sped they on with tumult vast and grim,
But ever meseemed beyond them I could see
White multitudes that sought perpetually
The figure of one crowned and sacrificed;
And faint, far floating, pale and dim,
The banner of our Lord and Master, Christ.

Ottawa, Ont.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

SAUNTERINGS.

WE may find the soul of trade in competition, but that is the only one it has. Not only has it no soul worth mentioning; it has no mind, excepting for its own sordid affairs. It has no appreciation of opportunity, if we leave out quick returns; no sense of the fitness of things, no respect for dates. It stalks through the age, unrelated to any other abstraction in it, except perhaps the theory of boodle, grim and abnormal, and seeking always to put the times and the seasons out of joint for the infamous purpose of filling its pockets. And it holds absolute and ever-increasing sway over this generation. Our morning papers are printed at midnight; our evening papers greet us in the middle of the day. A little earlier period for the one, and a little later for the other, and the morning paper will contain the evening news, and the evening paper bristle with the very earliest intelligence of the night before. The shop windows are radiant with muslins before we have discarded furs, and are trapped out in the most Arctic fashion before people have stopped enquiring if it's warm enough for you. The climate is itself sufficiently capricious to interfere with one's faith in almanacs, and the shops co-operate to subvert it altogether.

WE don't buy current literature at the bookstores any more; we get it with our soap; a certain percentage of the price of our tea goes to pay for our souls' delight, in the shape of Japanese art; we will shortly fall to purchasing photogravures with frying pans, and Schubert with dessert spoons, and hammered brass "antiques" with cooking-raisins. This is disturbing to one's private scheme of the values of things, according to which one would naturally expect the cooking raisins to be thrown in with the antiques, rather than the antiques with the cooking-raisins. Then we wonder whether, after all, the scheme could have been incorrectly drawn up, and the peachblow vase put at the wrong end of it. And if we are able to lay this ghost of a doubt, it sets us afloat on a broad tide of scepticism regarding the general culture that would permit competition to do this sort of thing and thrive in the doing of it.

TALKING of dinners, as most people are this week, let me tell you of an ecclesiastical repast of which I was privileged to partake lately, which will probably be the novelty to most Ontario people that it was to me. I cannot outrage the hospitality of which, with a friend, I partook so generously, by telling you where it was offered; but few readers of *THE WEEK* in Ontario, such is the state of inter-Provincial acquaintance, will be unduly enlightened by the information that it was at an Indian mission not more than twenty miles from Montreal. We had been listening to the closing mass of a lengthy religious observance, curiously noting the dumb squat attention of the rows of squaws, all wearing the native *tête couverte*, who went through the prescribed forms and motions with the regularity of clock-work and the passivity of puppets. The procession, crucifix, acolytes, thurifer, visiting priests, celebrant, canopy-bearers and all had formed at the altar and paced, candles burning, incense rising, up and down the aisles and back again. The shrill-voiced Iroquois choir had made its last unmusical response; and we had begun to think, not without apprehension, of getting some necessary refreshment at the Indian "hotel" which we doubted that even our share of the *benedicte* could make altogether palatable. But by a special dispensation this ordeal was averted, and we found ourselves following as briskly as possible the flying cassocks of *Monsieur le curé* and his visiting brothers as they led the way through a long, arched passage, with closets containing the raiment of office, to the *presby-*

tère. Perhaps you do not know the interior of a *presbytère* of this Catholic country. Imagine, then, a stoutly-built square room, with a generous opening in the wall through which protrudes one half the huge "wood" stove that sputters and crackles cheerily on the other. An old-fashioned glass-fronted book-case or two, the contents of which are leather-bound, musty, and chiefly historical and religious, a desk, a cumbrous old sofa, a wooden armchair or two, some photographs of church dignitaries, and a few strips of rag carpet. Very little more that I remember, and yet the room seemed well furnished, when our host sat in it, with his ecclesiastical skirts about him, and talked to us in delightful broken English, which it would be sacrilege to reproduce, about the Bible history he was writing in Iroquois, and the varied experiences of life in an Indian mission. In the deep-windowed room on the other side the good *curé's* flowers were thriving well, and on the walls hung many blackening portraits of his predecessors. In a little sleeping room adjoining stood the painted pine desk at which Père Charlevoix wrote when he tarried here for a season; and near it hangs what is said to be an excellent picture in oils of the famous historian. We pass the kitchen on the way to the dining room, and glance in at the deep-mouthed fireplace, down which the winter winds must come roaring much as they did one hundred and fifty years ago, when this house was built. Through the tiny, well-guarded window panes of the passage we get broken glimpses of the tattered brown garden with its currant bushes gesticulating mournfully in the wind, and its rows of China-asters looking raggedly ashamed, and all its forsaken cabbages becoming mere stalks of their former selves, and the two plaster saint ladies sitting in the midst apparently as battered and uncomfortable as the vegetation. A gracious garden, in the time of gardens, surely, with much gentle joyance to be had in the society of its white-robed patronesses when the jonquils unsheath beside them, and the yellow rosebuds come, and the bluebird sings his lusty admiration from the nearest of the *curé's* raspberry bushes. But to dinner!

Of course we have grace in the Latin tongue, and equally of course cabbage in the soup. It is excellent soup, however, despite the cabbage, and upon hearing us say so the countenance of the lay brother who officiates as butler is inflated with emotions of pride that threaten the staying power of whatever a lay brother uses instead of a collar-button. The lay brother is about four feet in height, broad and ruddy, with twinkling blue eyes much wrinkled about the corners by the widespread and inveterate smile that seems to have crowded his features irrecoverably out of place. He takes an important part in the conversation when not engaged in changing the plates, and, after our voluntary encomium of the soup, insists upon hearing our opinion of every individual dish.

Le poulet comes next, dexterously carved and sent around the table so that each guest may be helped to his favourite part without the formality of enquiry. And with *le poulet* we have beans from the garden, kept in brine, and a French-Canadian vegetable of the parsnip family I think, and *le vin du pays*, which is very good indeed, made from the wild grapes of the region. And then some sort of *paté*, and then the wonderful salad of the chicory plant—or the brother from La Prairie errs—flavoured in quite an indescribable way, with tiny scraps of the crust broken into it, against which our host had rubbed some magical seasoning and said *Voilà!* Then a remarkable compound in the way of a pudding with cloudlets of white of egg floating upon it, and grapes also from that all producing garden, a trifle shrunken now, whereat the schoolmaster jocularly observes that they have suffered from *picot*.* And a tiny glass of—Chartreuse? Not quite, but something nearly as good in the home-made *liqueur* that our reverend host himself has somehow contrived to abstract from the currants in his garden. But this is all the body of the repast and nothing at all of its soul you say. Truly my friend, but the soul was almost exclusively French, and so indifferent was my understanding of it that I would not report it in the fear of misinterpreting the sentiment of the feast. But *Monsieur le Curé* told some innocent little stories—how he had once sent a dollar to a man who advertised teaching writing without pen or ink, and received by return mail directions for the use of a lead pencil—and other similar exploits. And he sang a chant for us in Iroquois too, much to his own enjoyment and ours, leaning back in his wooden arm chair and sending his fine old voice up among the beams and rafters in excellent style. And that was all. But was it not kindly and simple and honest and hospitable, and altogether to be remembered with a sense of distinct pleasure and lively gratitude?

SARA J. DUNCAN.

SOMETIME, I FEAR.

SOMETIME, I fear, but God alone knows when,
 Mine eyes shall gaze on your unseeing eyes,
 On your unheeding ears shall fall my cries,
 Your clasp shall cease, your soul go from my ken,
 Your great heart be a fire burned out; ah, then,
 What shall remain for me beneath the skies
 Of glad or good, of beautiful or wise,
 That can relume and thrill my life again?

This shall remain, a love that cannot fail,
 A life that joys in your great joy, yet grieves
 In memory of sweet days that fled too soon,
 Sadness divine! as when November pale
 Sits broken-hearted 'mong her withered leaves,
 And feels the wind about her warm as June.

A. ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

*Small-pox.

MONTREAL LETTER.

THE French-Canadians have certainly scored a decided success. Those of us whose ancestors, unportrayed and unsung, lie in nameless graves under the shadow of some old kirk or decaying parish church, safely hidden forever from any disconcerting "fierce white light," feel, I trust, a becoming humility, not to say awe and wonder, in the presence of their more fortunate brother, who can point his proud finger now here, now there—"My great-grandmother's second cousin; the intimate friend of my wife's grand uncle; *my own grandfather!*"

There are advantages and disadvantages in having lost one's relations through the denseness of old country fogs. For the nonce many may believe the disadvantages preponderate, and such an idea must certainly be strengthened by a visit to our collection of the portraits of celebrated Canadians, and even a cursory glance at its catalogue. Don't imagine, however, that celebrities alone figure in this exhibition; several ladies and gentlemen, I assure you, can boast no other claim to fame than the bare fact that they were fortunate enough to have their portraits painted; and others again solicit a glance from us merely on the ground that they were the wife, sister, or father "of the preceding." But among many whose names will never be found in any encyclopædia—unless such be compiled by their relatives—there are those whose history is really of world-wide interest. A tout seigneur, tout honneur, François de Laval de Montmorenci, Abbé de Montigny, first Roman Catholic Bishop of Canada, must first be considered. He was ordained Vicar Apostolic of Nouvelle France, by Pope Alexander VII. on July 5th, 1658, and arrived in Quebec June 16th, 1659. Having resigned the Bishopric of Quebec in 1688; he retired to his seminary in that town, where he died in 1708. Looking at the pale face before us, with its long nose, slightly distended nostril, cold, reddish, obstinate eyes, but half uncovered by lids perfectly free from any sign of lashes, one can understand Monsieur Garneau's opinion that this eminent prelate was "rather hardened than subdued by religious zeal; and firm in the belief that whatever he did for the supposed weal of the Church, in any contingency, he could not err."

QUITE near Monseigneur de Laval is General James Wolfe, of very haughty mien, but a right honest, brave Englishman withal. Then comes Louis Joseph Montcalm de Saint Veran. His face forms no slight contrast to that of the British soldier, while this latter looks out upon us with—one might almost say disdain. The Frenchman's whole expression is so delightfully cordial, nobody would be at all surprised to see him come forth bowing from his canvas, smiles and *bons mots* on his lips.

AN ecclesiastical group of four portraits placed, in rather too close proximity to the floor, reveals so cleverly the very essence of clericalism that were it not for certain sins against colour and anatomy, we could pronounce them worthy of Raphael. The first produces the strange impression that canvas and paint have had no power to stay the hand of time, so the old priest's cheeks have grown more and more sallow, his hair whiter and whiter as the years rolled on. Nevertheless, he was doubtless a man of no small influence, judging from the really magnificent vestment, a mass of gold and silk embroidery, pious hands worked for him over a hundred years ago, and that now lies before us under glass. Quite contrary is the effect of the painter's art upon the reverend father whose very comfortable appearance and outstretched hand suggest nightly visits from ministering angels. He of the quill, crossed hands, and meek, patient, upturned eyes—would the picture be misnamed: *A Fugitive Thought?* Lastly, a spare figure expressing, dogmatism at every muscle, turns sharply from breviary and crucifix, with fatherly ire to refute the argument of any heretic who may venture near.

THE De Lotbinières, De Montignys, De Salaberrys, De Lérays, De Longueuils, governors, seigneurs, "warriors," greet us at every turn. Particularly melancholy is the portraits of the last of the De Lotbinières, an infant of two summers, whose pallid complexion and great, beady eyes must, however, have aroused dark forebodings from the first. There is nothing perhaps in the whole exhibition more charming than the *Monsieur le Vicomte de Léry, Jeun.* Indeed I question whether this ideal head, with its oval face, exquisite mouth, delicate nose, and glowing eyes, could not be hung as a pendant to the handsomest saint in the calendar—the perfection of fleshy beauty.

I CONTEMPLATED long and earnestly the portraits of two individuals who bore every indication of being the most enviable of ancestors; and yet "Inconnus," said the catalogue. Surely any noble seigneur would have acknowledged with pride so very handsome a dame and so courtly a gentleman. Can *this* explain why they find themselves strangers in a strange land?

OPPOSITE the mysterious pair is Monsieur Louis Joseph Papineau, of 1837 fame. "His early indications led him to take an interest in political affairs, and he started in opposition to the government." Beginning life after this fashion, there is certainly no telling where one may arrive.

AH! Monsieur Louis Charland, "geographer and antiquarian, Inspector of Highways in Montreal," would you were with us to-day—and yet no. I fear your heart might be very sore at the contemplation of modern inspection of highways.

A VERY intelligent, highly communicative, and most obliging gentleman, whose name I don't know, but who kindly placed his services at my disposal, gave me much interesting information concerning the curious several glass cases contained. This I shall endeavour to impart to you, together with some idea of the remaining pictures of interest, next week.

Montreal.

LOUIS LLOYD.

A TALE OF A TOBOGGAN.

"ON Christmas Eve," said Jeannette Lepage—
 Jeanette was a gay, adventurous soul—
 "I'll ride down the hill on my *traine sauvage*,*
 And fear neither goblin nor ghost nor ghoul."

Black eyes had Jeannette, and her cheeks were red,
 And her sweet-voiced laughter never ceased,
 And in her dark hair, so the gossips said,
 Was tangled the heart of the parish priest!

And with many a "Jean" did she coquette,
 With faithless vows to become his bride,
 For a heartless flirt was this gay Jeannette
 Who lived at the foot of the Laurentide.

And André was drinking his farm away,
 And François had gone to a foreign part,
 And just a year ago Christmas Day,
 Michel had died of a broken heart.

But handsome Pierre had prevailed at last,
 And as soon as the holy-day had sped—
 The banns once cried the news spread fast—
 Pierre and Jeannette would be safely wed.

The moon quivered down on Jeannette Lepage,
 And the tall old pines made a sorrowful stir,
 As she trudged through the snow with her *traine sauvage*,
 And the stars shed silver tears for her.

A stranger stood on the hill's white crest,
 But it was not Jeannette who would turn and flee,
 "Will you dare to ride," he the girl addressed,
 "From here to the foot of the hill with me!"

"Truly!" she cried, "for I know you well,
 Your voice, your form—and for the rest
 Your face is hid—but you shall not tell
 That Jeannette Lepage feared a silly jest."

In an instant over the snow they sped,
 And then to the maid this horror befell,
 "You know me, Jeannette?" the stranger said,
 "Then you did not so quickly forget Michel?"

Wild-eyed she looked, and sudden grew
 The shapely youth to a spectre grim,
 Whose bony hands white grave-clothes drew
 About her form, confined close with him.

Her prayers—her *aves*—ah, *pauvre petite*!
 Can you remember a single bead,
 To tell on your journey so fleet—so fleet,
 To the graveyard whither Michel would lead?

Not one; but they flash past the chapel there,
 With its blessed cross 'gainst the starlit blue,
 And Jeannette points straight through the frosty air
 At the sacred emblem—as mortals do.

In a gray-walled convent a nun in gray,
 With smooth gray hair and a saintly brow,
 Says many an *ave* on Christmas Day.
 And Pierre? Pierre is a *gran-père* now!

SARA J. DUNCAN.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

DARWIN ON CARLYLE.

CARLYLE and Darwin met several times, but, as might have been expected, they were not much drawn to each other, though, as every one knows, Darwin's brother, Erasmus, was Mrs. Carlyle's most faithful and devoted friend. Notwithstanding the hard things which Carlyle said of Darwin and Darwinism, here is the worst that Darwin has to say about Carlyle:—"Carlyle sneered at almost every one. One day in my house he called *Groté's History*, 'a fetid quagmire, with nothing spiritual in it.' I always thought until his *Reminiscences* appeared that his sneers were partly jokes, but this now seems rather doubtful. His expression was that of a depressed, almost despondent, yet benevolent man; and it is notorious how heartily he laughed. I believe that his benevolence was real, though stained by not a little jealousy. No one can doubt about his extraordinary power of drawing pictures of things and men, far more vivid, as it appears to me, than any drawn by Macaulay. Whether his pictures of men were true ones is another question. He has been all powerful in impressing some grand moral truths on the minds of men. On the other

* French-Canadian for toboggan.

hand, his views about slavery were revolting. In his eyes might was right. His mind seemed to me a very narrow one, even if all branches of science which he despised are excluded. It is astonishing to me that Kingsley should have spoken of him as a man well fitted to advance science. He laughed to scorn the idea that a mathematician such as Whewell could judge, as I maintained he could, of Goethe's views on light. He thought it a most ridiculous thing that any one should care whether a glacier moved a little quicker or a little slower, or moved at all. As far as I could judge, I never met a man with a mind so ill-adapted for scientific research."

IRISH AGITATION IN AMERICA.

If it is true that the Irish agitation is a great injury to America, the question naturally presents itself, What is to be done about it? The increase in boldness upon the part of the Irish, to which allusion has been made, is well adapted to produce an Anti-Irish or so-called know-nothing feeling, signs of which have already appeared. But a know-nothing policy would only aggravate the disease which it purports to cure, and to resort to it would be like trying to prevent a quarrel by taking sides in it. What we need is not to dominate the Irish but to absorb them. Their best interests and ours are, indeed, the same in this matter. We want them to become rich, and send their sons to our colleges, to share our prosperity and our sentiments. We do not want to feel that they are among us and yet not really a part of us. But if know-nothingism is out of place, the question returns, What is to be done about it? And the answer is nothing is to be done about it, for it is not actions we want but opinions. We need to have it generally understood that no man can be both an Irishman and an American; that he must be wholly the one or all the other. We need to have this truth so held by all people who think seriously that the rest of the community will be constrained to accept their views, and that a public opinion will be formed which no one, for the sake of votes, will dare to trifle with, and which no one can afford to disregard. If this idea, which really lies at the root of our naturalization laws, were firmly held by our people as one of the cardinal doctrines of their political faith, the pressure which it would exert would be irresistible. We should then have no cause for anxiety about the effect of these laws, for with our versatility and our resources we could easily absorb any European population which has ever come to our shores or which is ever likely to come here.—*The Forum*.

SOCIAL INEQUALITY.

SOCIAL inequality, since it arises from unalterable nature and inevitable chance, is irritating only when it is not recognized. The American plutocrat may be forced to travel for a week in the company of a hodman, because American theories discountenance first and third class carriages, but catch him speaking to him! Whereas an English Duke, if by chance thrown into the companionship of an honest countryman, would be on the best of terms with him before an hour was over, and the good understanding between the two would be made all the easier should the latter have on his distinguishing smock-frock. The genuine Tory is the most accessible of persons, the genuine Radical the least so. The one takes things as they are and must be, the other views them as they are not and cannot be, and, kicking against imaginary evils, often pays the penalty of finding himself firmly saddled with the realities. "One can live in a house without being an architect," and it is not at all necessary that the common people should understand the English constitution in order to feel that their lives are the sweeter and nobler because they are members of its living organism. Not a ploughboy or a milkmaid but would feel, without in the least knowing why, that a light had passed from their lives with the disappearance of social inequalities and the consequent loss of their dignity as integral parts of a somewhat that was greater than themselves. . . . Democracy is only a continually shifting aristocracy of money, impudence, animal energy, and cunning, in which the best grub gets the best of the carrion; and the level to which it tends to bring all things is not a mountain table-land, as its promoters would have their victims think, but the unwholesome platitude of the fen and the morass, of which black envy would enjoy the malaria so long as all others shared in it. Whatever may be the pretences set forth by the leading advocates of such a state of things among us, it is manifest enough that black envy is the principal motive with many of them, who hate the beauty of the ordered life, to be ruling stars of which they cannot attain, just as certain others are said to "hate the happy light from which they fell." They hate hereditary honours, chiefly because they produce hereditary honour, and create a standard of truth and courage for which even the basest are the better in so far as they are ashamed by it. Do the United States, some may ask, justify this condemnation? They are but a poor approach to the idea of democracy which seems now about to be realised among us; but they have already gone a long way towards extinguishing that last glory of, and now best substitute for, a generally extinct religion—a sense of honour among the people. "Why, what a dern'd fool you must be!" exclaimed a New York shopkeeper to a friend of mine, who had received a dollar too much in changing a note, and returned it. If there is a shopkeeper in England who would think such a thing, there is certainly not one who would dare to say it. Nor, in losing sight of the sense of "infinite personal value," which is the source of honour and the growth of a long enduring recognition of inevitable inequalities, have the Americans preserved delight. Dr. Johnson's saying finds a remarkable comment in the observation of a recent American traveller:—"In the United States there is everywhere comfort, but no joy."—*Fortnightly*.

The Week.

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THERE seems reason to hope that the municipal elections, in the large cities at least of Ontario, are coming to be contested on other grounds than those of mere party preference. The change is being wrought none too soon. It is impossible to see any reason why the issues which divide the people in Provincial or Dominion politics should in any way influence them in the choice of those to be entrusted with the administration of civic business. The mayors in many towns and cities throughout the Province have been elected by acclamation: and it may be assumed, we trust, that this has not resulted from indifference on the part of the electors, but from a common opinion as to the fitness of those who have been thus honoured.

In Toronto there is to be a triangular fight for the Mayoralty—a contest which will be fought out with unusual energy, and, it is feared, with unusual bitterness also. Mr. Rogers will be warmly supported by those whose Moses Mr. Howland has been. Mr. Clarke has at his back a united and powerful political party and the Orange Society, the secret and effective organization of whose lodge rooms will be at his service; while Mr. Defoe, who, as alderman, has really done good service to the city, has no special backing and takes the field on his past record and his personal merits. Whoever is the popular choice will have no easy task before him, and the manner in which he performs his duties will be carefully scrutinized by watchful and interested observers.

BUT the interest which the contest for the Mayor's chair is evoking must not cause indifference respecting the election of aldermen. Their duties are no less important than those of the Mayor; and without the coöperation of honest and efficient aldermen the efforts of the ablest and best-intentioned mayor will be of little avail. During the coming year vast sums of money will be collected and expended for city purposes; local works of great magnitude and involving enormous expenditure will be in progress; and the men to whom the carrying on of these important undertakings is to be entrusted ought not to be carelessly selected. Facts brought to light during the past year set in a very clear light the temptations to which men in civic offices are exposed, and the great loss and damage which the city may at any time suffer through dishonesty or incompetency on the part of its employés or representatives. The vigilance of the citizens should begin at the polls and be continued throughout the year.

THE election of school trustees is another duty which annually devolves upon the people. It would be easy to show that no other franchise carries with it greater dignity or responsibility. The public schools lie at the very foundation of democratic institutions. The life of a self-governing community or State is in the intelligence and conscientiousness of its citizens, and these qualities are determined more largely by the character of the public schools than by any other influence, that of the home only excepted. It would be natural to expect to find every voter canvassing with the greatest care the qualifications of candidates for the office of school trustee, and anxious to secure the wisest and best for the position. But so far is this from being the case as yet amongst us, that, as every one knows, the choice is often determined by a mere handful of voters. As a consequence, narrow-minded, ignorant, and self-seeking men are often elected to an office which, above almost any other in the gift of the people, should be filled by men of ability, earnestness, and irreproachable character. The result of the experiment of holding the school elections at the same time and place as the municipal elections will be watched with interest and anxiety, and by many with hope.

PARTY newspapers are still influential in Canada, and will no doubt continue to be for some time to come. It was not to be supposed that after the defection of the *Mail* the dominant party would be long content without an organ equal in size and ability to any other, and thoroughly committed to the support of all Government men and measures. Such an organ has now appeared in *The Empire*. The financial strength of the new paper, and the high reputation of its manager and editorial staff were a sufficient guarantee that it would be first-class of its kind, an anticipation

fully supported by the appearance and contents of the first number, which has just come to hand. But, aside from any special reference to the new comer, which we cordially greet on its appearance in the field of Canadian journalism, is not this expedient of a party press a sorry device? Surely there should be a better way for promoting truth and good government than that afforded by rival militant journals, those of one set committed beforehand to the defence of all measures emanating from the Government, those of the other bound to oppose them with almost equal uniformity. There is good reason to hope that wiser ideas are gaining ground. Independent journalism is making headway in Canada. Few intelligent and candid readers will deny that the *Mail*, since it became independent, has developed broader views, a loftier tone, and much greater ability than it was able to achieve as the organ of a party. Very many of those who have had through it a taste of independent journalism will hesitate to go back to a strictly partisan paper.

OUR correspondent at Washington writes us: "Apropos of the charges of unfair reports brought against the Associated Press agency at London by Messrs. O. A. Howland, Sandford Fleming, and others, at the recent house dinner of the Toronto National Club, is there not a possibility that those gentlemen have failed to discriminate the press from the special cablegrams supplied to the Toronto journals? I have, myself, furnished reports both for the Associated Press and for particular newspapers, and I know, from experience, the anxious and unceasing care taken by the manager of a great agency, like that at London, Washington, Chicago, or San Francisco, to permit nothing but authentic and uncoloured news to come into or pass out of his agency. His tenure of office, his prospects of promotion, his rank as a journalist, depend upon his success and fidelity in executing the standing injunction: 'Send all the news, send nothing but news.' No man is under a fiercer spur or keener scrutiny than he who undertakes, day in and day out, as does an Associated Press Agent, to collect and report what the world is saying and doing about a thousand things as to which there are about a thousand wrangling contentions among as many so-called organs of public opinion. It would not take the General Manager at New York forty-eight hours to find out that his assistant at London was sending matter the accuracy of which could not be guaranteed to the Canadian press, nor as many minutes longer to name his temporary or permanent successor. In the newspapers read by me, I am both able and careful to separate the press from the special despatches. The former I accept as true, however impalatable to personal taste or feeling; the latter I always read in the light of the instructions given me at the time of my *début* as a newspaper correspondent: 'Write up everything for our latitude and our constituency.'"

It is encouraging to note that the proposition which is now being so earnestly debated in Montreal, to abolish exemption from taxation in the case of ecclesiastical, educational, and charitable institutions was first made and is being advocated by Catholic members of the city council. It may be taken for granted that Archbishop Fabre's mandement in opposition to the movement sets in the best light what can be said in favour of such exemptions. His argument resolves itself into three main divisions, which we may designate the arguments from existing legislation, from indirect compensation, and from divine authorization. Neither of these can bear the light of calm consideration or discussion. The first simply begs the question which is, whether all such legislation is not wrong in principle and injurious in practice. The second is plausible but untenable. It may at once be admitted that the Church which Archbishop Fabre represents has in the past done much through its pioneer missionaries and its civilizing agencies to aid the cause of colonization and good government, and that in the present it is doing much through its charitable institutions to relieve want and suffering. But once admit that every organization which indirectly benefits the community and the State is to be exempted from taxation, and whither will it carry us? Does not every school, public or private, every banking corporation, every insurance society, every manufacturing establishment, every employer of labour, every industrious citizen who produces a necessary or comfort of life, indirectly benefit the community and the State? Who shall draw the line, and where? The argument proves too much and so confutes itself. As to the doctrine of Church prerogative or divinely bestowed right, it can avail nothing save with those who concede the temporal supremacy of the Roman Catholic Church, which no Protestant and, it may be hoped, very few Catholics in Canada will do. What clear-headed thinkers, both Protestants and Catholics, should agree in is that it is the duty of the Church to be first of all and above all a doer as well as a preacher of righteousness, and one of the first dictates of righteousness is that the Church shall bear its fair share of the public burdens.

IN his interview with the Canadian press representatives Mr. Chamberlain summed up the preliminary difficulties in the way of Commercial Union with admirable terseness. "First of all, you must have your plan and let other people know what it is; second, you must prove that a majority of the people of Canada want it, and thirdly, you must prove that a majority of the United States want it." The order of the objections is significant. No one can pretend that any clearly outlined plan for Commercial Union has as yet been laid before the people of Canada. Not only so, but the foremost advocates of the misty scheme which is being aired under that name, seem to be at the outset divided in opinion on a fundamental question. The broad disparity between mere commercial reciprocity and Customs' Union is in itself almost sufficient to warrant refusal on the part of the cool-headed to discuss the question, until they are in a position to know what kind of project they are discussing, and whether it is really revolutionary or not. And it is clearly premature to claim and impossible to prove that a majority of the people in either Canada or the United States want the innovation, until they can be told with some approach to definiteness what it is and what constitutional changes it involves. Mr. Chamberlain's statement that he had not "met one single American in the States who thought Commercial Union possible except as a step to annexation," is not, perhaps, entitled to great weight as evidence of American feeling. As British envoy his intercourse with the American people is necessarily not only restricted within narrow limits, but sure to be guarded in character. Moreover, if Mr. Chamberlain was correctly reported as saying that he did not see the Canadian newspapers, it is possible that he also fails to read those of the United States, and thus deprives himself of one very important means of gauging public sentiment. And this, it must be admitted, is pre-eminently a people's question.

WE do not suppose that Mr. Chamberlain's commission qualifies him to speak with authority on any and every question which a curious interviewer may choose to put, or that he himself would wish his views, so frankly expressed, to carry any weight other than that which properly belongs to the words of a prominent British statesman. There is, nevertheless, little room for doubt that he reflects pretty correctly the prevailing sentiments of the political leaders with whom he is closely associated. When he says that the British people will never consent to tax their own food for the benefit of their colonies, he but echoes in another form a statement that has been made with great emphasis by such representative men as Lord Salisbury on the one hand and John Bright on the other. The fact seems too clear to admit of modification or of doubt. It remains for the advocates of "Imperial Federation" to suggest some mode of attaining the commercial unity aimed at without surrender or modification of any part of the British free trade system, or to dismiss the project as impracticable.

THE London *Advertiser* takes exception to the view that the Liberal party modified its platform on the tariff question before the last election, and says that a comparison of Mr. Blake's speech on that occasion with his address to the country in 1882 will show that the same principle pervades each. That is, to some extent at least, correct. Both of the deliverances referred to are so far open to the same criticism. But no one can read the latter, which we had particularly in mind, without inferring that it was chiefly designed to reassure the manufacturers, and the protectionists generally. It is unnecessary to point out that, for this reason, the speech was not that of a free-trader, for Mr. Blake has, we believe, always consistently declared that free-trade is not and cannot be made a question of practical politics in Canada. The gist of our criticism is that the speech is not even that of a revenue-tariff reformer. It foreshadows simply a revenue-tariff structure built on a protectionist foundation, or, if that is a contradiction in ideas, a revenue-tariff subordinated to protectionist uses. No one will claim that the present tariff is framed on strict revenue-producing principles, *i.e.*, with a view to raising the largest possible revenue with the lowest possible rate of taxation. It will hardly be denied that a tariff constructed on that simple principle would differ very materially from the slightly modified National Policy which Mr. Blake indicated as the extent of his proposed reform. If these points be admitted surely it is just to say that Mr. Blake and his associates modified the revenue-tariff plank of the old Liberal platform in the direction of protection. The modification failed, as might have been expected, the protectionists naturally enough preferring to accept their specific at the hands of those who professed to have faith in it, rather than of those who proffered it reluctantly, as a matter of necessity, or a choice of evils.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has thus far every reason to be satisfied with the result of his bold experiment. His now famous address to Congress has, as was to be expected, cost him a few of his adherents, but it has undoubtedly rallied to his standard a much larger and more influential corps of allies from the opposite party. It has placed before the country one great issue, which is now being discussed in every newspaper and at every street corner. The Message did not create the issue. It simply laid hold of the existing fact, ignored or fought shy of by timid and time-serving politicians, and forced it to the front, where it belonged by virtue of its supreme importance. The President's action has proved that he rightly read the signs of the times. His Message announced to the tariff reformers that here at length was what they had long wanted—a leader. As it was flashed over the length and breadth of the Union it changed irresolution to decision, timidity to confidence, and whispered opinion to outspoken resolve. It has undoubtedly defined the issue and staked out the battleground for the coming electoral campaign, unless indeed it should happen, as is possible, though scarcely probable, that the present Congress should embody his principle in legislation. Mr. Blaine's rejoinder and counter proposal, emanating as they did from his ablest adversary, have but shown the logical weakness of the opposition to tariff reduction. The great Republican party, with its proud record of great reforms, is not likely to wax enthusiastic on a platform of cheap tobacco.

A SOMEWHAT remarkable feature of the political situation in England just now is the apparent complacency with which both parties are watching the progress and forecasting the issue of the Irish struggle. The Gladstonites, on their part, seem to have accepted it as an axiom that time is on their side, and that sooner or later, but in any case before any other special legislation can take place, "Home Rule" must win. In their view every public meeting suppressed, every "patriot" orator or journalist imprisoned, every eviction accomplished, is but another nail for the coffin of the existing system, another stepping-stone by which Ireland is climbing painfully towards the goal to which she aspires. The Conservatives and the Unionists, on the other hand, seem equally confident. They claim that they are making steady headway; that order is being restored and the supremacy of law re-established in Ireland; and that it is being openly demonstrated that, as the *Spectator* puts it, "the majority shall rule, whether the minority approve or not." Meanwhile the time will soon be drawing nigh when the seat of conflict will be transferred from Irish fields and courts and prisons to the floors of the British Parliament. "Mr. Smith," the *Spectator* says, "is buckling to work again," and stands ready to pledge himself that "the interests of England and Scotland shall be considered by the House of Commons, notwithstanding that the will of the minority stands in the way." We are assured that obstruction will not be permitted, and "if mortal man can cure the pest, it will be Mr. Smith tramping on with his Closure in his pocket, arguing as little as may be, but sure of the confidence of the country, and good-humouredly shouldering opponents out of the way." It is admitted that this "is not the ideal way of passing either Bills or Resolutions, especially in the British Parliament," but, argue those who urge heroic measures, "the House has been so disorganized by the Parnellites and their allies, and necessary work is so completely arrested, that it is the only way."

THE *Spectator* stigmatizes with just severity M. Pasteur's proposal in the Paris *Temps* to compete for the prize of £25,000 offered by the Government of New South Wales, for some mode of destroying the rabbits which have become a pest in that colony, as an "almost diabolic expedient." M. Pasteur's proposal was to transport to New South Wales the microbe of chicken cholera, and to spread the disease among the rabbits by watering their food with contaminated soup, in which this microbe would be conveyed to them. This, the *Spectator* thinks, bears out the contention always put forward in that journal "that science is becoming more and more unscrupulous in its manipulation of the mighty but only half-understood agencies which it has itself discovered." The physiologists "turn vivisection into a scourge," and now prepare "to spread plague with truly sublime rashness amongst our poor fellow creatures, and this without any possibility of knowing what this tremendous instrument may effect." Less dangerous perhaps, since its effects are better known, but scarcely less repulsive to the finer feelings of humanity is the suggestion of a resident of Winnipeg, to ship to the afflicted country some North-west rabbits affected with a plague which is said to appear periodically among the rabbits there and carry them off in great numbers. We can scarcely suppose that the sanitary science which is striving so hard to prevent the spread of contagious diseases in men and animals would look complacently upon a deliberate attempt to transport and propagate beyond the seas even a rabbit-destroying and mumps-producing epidemic.

PROMINENT CANADIANS.—VIII.

HON. WILLIAM STEVENS FIELDING, PREMIER OF NOVA SCOTIA.

THERE are few instances of political preferment in the history of Nova Scotia politics that will bear comparison with the rapid promotion of Hon. William Stevens Fielding to the Premiership of the Province. Three or four years ago Mr. Fielding was a comparatively unknown man beyond the borders of his native Province. Recently, however, his name has come prominently before the people of England and the United States as well as before the people of Canada. This publicity is due, in large measure, to his connection with the Repeal movement. His ardent advocacy of the return of Nova Scotia to her pre-Confederation status drew the attention of the continent to the Repeal struggle, and in a remarkably short time Mr. Fielding's name became as familiar to Canadians as the names of the best known politicians. But while Mr. Fielding has become thoroughly identified with the active politics of Nova Scotia, and to a lesser degree with the politics of the Dominion, few are acquainted with his history or with the extent of his influence, and fewer still with the secret of his strength. The apparent ease and rapidity with which the Premier made his way into the vanguard of Provincial politics has been somewhat of a mystery to those who are not conversant with his life and character, and not a little of a surprise even to his most intimate friends. It often happens when a man comes to the front with the celerity which characterized Mr. Fielding's political progress that his career resembles the growth of the gourd rather than that of the oak. This is not so, however, of the gentleman whom I am sketching. His political growth, in a certain sense, has been gourd-like, it is true; but its celerity has had a strengthening rather than a weakening effect. Every day Mr. Fielding is becoming more deeply entrenched in the affections of the people of Nova Scotia. His popularity grows with his growth and strengthens with his strength, and there is good reason to believe that he is destined, in the absence of physical casualties, to take a large part in the Provincial and Federal politics of the future.

Mr. Fielding is a self-made man in the fullest sense. At quite an early age the embryonic statesman started out on the highway of life. Scholastic pursuits were thrown aside for the more congenial atmosphere of the practical work-a-day world, and at the age of sixteen young Fielding found himself in the business office of the Halifax *Chronicle*. His connection with that journal began in December, 1864. In August of that year the *Chronicle* came under the management of Mr. Charles Annand, its present proprietor. Previous to that time the *Chronicle* was issued as a weekly and a tri-weekly; but Mr. Annand felt that a field for a daily journal was opening up in Halifax and the Province, and accordingly started his venture with bright hopes of success—hopes which, I may say, have been since fully realized. When Mr. Fielding entered the office the editorial department was in charge of Jonathan (afterwards Judge) McCully. When the paper was made a daily Mr. Charles Annand took charge of the business department, having for his first lieutenant Mr. John Dunn, the present business manager. At a later period the editorial matter was written for the most part outside the office by a corps of chosen contributors. At different times Messrs. Howe, Annand, sen., Foley, Garvie, and others—all of them accomplished writers—were members of the editorial staff. It was at this juncture, when Mr. McCully was chief editor, that young Fielding became an attaché of the *Chronicle*, and no doubt the vigorous and graceful writing that filled the *Chronicle's* editorial columns at that time inspired him with a spirit of ambition, for in less than three years after entering the business office, and whilst yet in the teens, his first editorial appeared. This was printed side by side with editorials by the Hon. Joseph Howe, an association that must have fired the youth with a new and a keener ambition. The anti-Confederate battle was then passing through its most exciting phases, and the grand opportunities which it afforded for the employment of "thoughts that glow and words that burn" led Mr. Fielding to dedicate his initial editorial to the anti-Confederate literature of the day.

The first few years of Mr. Fielding's connection with the *Chronicle* were years of severe journalistic schooling. The reportorial staff at that time was limited. Division of labour in newspaper work had not been reduced to the almost scientific system which obtains to-day. On many occasions Mr. Fielding found the whole reportorial work devolving upon him, in addition to proof-reading, shipping, and various other labours within and without the office. Of a naturally active disposition, however, and having his whole being bound up in increasing the reputation of the *Chronicle*, Mr. Fielding never shirked anything that happened to be thrown upon him by the force of circumstances. Those who have not passed through the experience of rising from the lowest round in the journalistic ladder to the crowing rundle can have but a faint idea of the perseverance, the diligence, and the ability involved in the achievement. These three qualities Mr. Fielding possesses in a marked degree, and hence his success as a journalist and as a politician.

The exact date at which the subject of our sketch graduated from the reportorial department to the larger sphere and graver responsibilities of the editor is a matter of doubt. Mr. Fielding himself is not able to draw the line of demarcation, so gradual was the evolution. Frequently in the course of a single day he would write up the local column, do the work of the shipping department, perform the duties of the proof-reader, and having accomplished these several labours would begin the task of writing the days editorials. The diversified character of these various employments was no barrier to their thorough execution. Everything was done well. "Thorough" was ever the motto of the editor, as it has since been the motto of the Premier. Indeed it is doubtful if a more active, thorough,

going, hard-working man ever filled the Premiership of Nova Scotia than the present incumbent. Ofttimes till the hour of midnight Mr. Fielding may be found in his official quarters looking after the interests entrusted to his charge. I am assured that the clerks under his immediate control never had a master who attended so minutely to every department of official work. Industry, in short, is inherent in the man. Enforced idleness would be the severest punishment that could be inflicted upon him; unremitting toil is his best pleasure. A man gifted with this restless energy is destined to win the race. On the theory of Jan Wakeno that genius is but an intuitive talent for labour, or on the assertion of Hogarth that it is nothing more than labour and diligence, I would certainly be justified in calling Nova Scotia's Prime Minister a man of genius, although the ingrained modesty of the man would make him most vigorously repudiate the idea.

Mr. Fielding's introduction to public life was as brilliant as it was unexpected. His twenty years' connection with the *Chronicle* gave him a large number of acquaintances; but previous to 1882 he was comparatively unknown outside the city of Halifax. In that year he stood in the Liberal interest for Halifax County, and was returned by a decided majority. No sooner had he entered the field of active politics than his conspicuous ability as a debater, coupled with a rare degree of mental clearness and activity, brought him immediately to the front ranks of his party. On the resignation of the Holmes-Thompson Government in 1882 a convention of the Liberal party tendered him the position of Premier and Provincial Secretary. These honours were, however, declined. Shortly after, he entered the Administration of the Hon. W. T. Pipes. In May, 1884, he resigned his seat in the Pipes Cabinet, owing largely to his inability to attend to both editorial and departmental duties. Two months later Mr. Pipes himself retired, and at the request of the Lieutenant-Governor Mr. Fielding assumed the task of forming a new Administration, taking with the Premiership the office of Provincial Secretary. On going before the people for re-election a month later in consequence of his acceptance of office Mr. Fielding had the satisfaction of learning that his course had been approved by the electors, and that his reputation had largely increased. During the two following sessions Mr. Fielding continued in the Government leadership. In the spring of 1886, Hon. James A. Fraser, member for Guysborough, submitted his annual Repeal resolutions, with the result that the Government pledged itself to appeal to the country on the issues therein contained. A few months later the general elections were precipitated, the Repeal battle was fought on the old anti-Confederate lines, with the old anti-Confederate ardour, and a rousing victory gained by the Government. Mr. Fielding came back to power with thirty-one supporters at his back in a House of thirty-eight members. His own majority in Halifax city and county was over 1,200, a grand tribute to himself and to the cause he so vigorously espoused. Last session the Government had absolute sway, the Opposition amounting practically to nothing.

Such, in brief, is the political history of the Hon. W. S. Fielding. His public career has been short, it is true, but it has been brilliant. On each occasion that he has appealed to the people his growing majorities have testified to his growing popularity. In the campaign of 1886 the Opposition candidates were swept away like chaff before the wind; and in the legislature the Premier, with his wonderful verbal facility and almost encyclopædic knowledge, is much more than a match for any one on either either side of the House.

It may be thought that had the Government appealed to the people simply on the strength of their record in the June contest of 1886, the Conservatives might have won the day; but it is extremely doubtful if anything of the kind would have happened, for the Government's record is about as stainless as any government record could well be. The victory would have been far less signal, no doubt, had the subject of Secession been kept in the background. For the success of the Repeal cry was truly phenomenal. The result of the contest far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the most sanguine Repealers. During the progress of the struggle the Unionists laughed at the apostles of Secession for expending their powder and shot on a "phantom," and loudly declared that the Repeal cry would not be worth the giblets of a guinea-fowl. But before the echoes of the campaign had died away these same Unionists had tearfully decided that he who laughs last laughs best. In regard to Repeal itself, it might be observed that "there is a good deal to be said on both sides," as Chas. Lamb remarked of predestination. At present the issue is in a state of pronounced quiescence. How long it may remain so it is not easy to foretell. Much will undoubtedly depend on the outcome of the Washington negotiations. If the Fishery question is settled on the basis of reciprocity in some profitable form the discontent in Nova Scotia will be largely allayed; if not, it will certainly increase. It is argued by the Confederates that Mr. Fielding's Repeal agitation was irremediably shattered in February last by the election of a majority of Macdonaldites. On the surface this contention would appear to be a sound one. But the Repealers hold, on the contrary, that a full and fair expression of the *vox populi* was stifled on that occasion by shady Ministerial devices. Whether this be true or not it is certain that the Secession movement received a decided set-back, even if it has not been ticketed among the dried fruits of politics. Mr. Fielding was unquestionably placed in a most awkward and embarrassing position as a consequence of the February elections, and notwithstanding that "Repeal" is still sweeter in the ears of many Nova Scotians than the most enchanting minstrelsy, it must be conceded that even Julius Cæsar could not have gathered his mantle about him with effect had he been in Mr. Fielding's place on the 28th of February last.

Mr. Fielding's success as a politician may be attributed in large meas-

ure to his unbending integrity. I am safe in saying that not a single charge can be brought against him that would in any way reflect on his private or public character, or on his management of Provincial affairs. In this respect he is the "double" of the Hon. Oliver Mowat, whom he resembles in more ways than one. His past is pure, and his honesty and sincerity unquestioned and unquestionable. A long experience in journalistic work has made his mind a crowded storehouse of facts and data bearing on local politics, which gives him a very noticeable advantage over a majority of the other members in the House. In dealing with public questions he displays a large-minded liberalism, always tempered with a spirit of moderation and fairness. He is not apt to be carried away by a passionate partyism, although he is, it is true, a thorough advocate of Liberal principles, and never allows an opponent to attack those principles without bringing him up at a sharp curve. As a public speaker Mr. Fielding labours under the disadvantages of a feeble voice and smallness of stature. His remarkable fluency, however, largely atones for these defects. His oratory is practical and business-like. He treats a question from a matter-of-fact standpoint. His style is destitute of tawdry ornament. He indulges in no gorgeous word-painting. He makes no attempt at rhetorical display. Notwithstanding his remarkable fluency he is seldom redundant. He is never found entrenching himself behind meaningless phrases. What he has to say he says quickly and always to the point. Whatever the emergency he is always ready to meet it and he rarely, if ever, disappoints the expectations of his audience.

In debate Mr. Fielding is quick to see a weak point in the argument of an opponent. He has never been known to hesitate an instant for a word, but talks away with a freedom and rapidity that is at once surprising and convincing. Reporters regard him as by far the most rapid speaker in the House, and he is, accordingly, a constant terror to the stenographic fraternity. Indeed it is questionable if any man now in Canadian public life can talk with the same unerring rapidity, and with the same accuracy of fact and expression. Some of his speeches would do credit to far more pretentious politicians, for the simple reason that they breathe that spirit of high-minded patriotism, which is ever the animating principle of an upright statesman. One of his admirers said of him recently: "He is walking in the footsteps of Howe," a compliment that Nova Scotians are fully capable of appreciating. What may be the direction of Mr. Fielding's future I shall not attempt to predict. It is quite certain however, that he will not remain forever in the comparative obscurity of Provincial politics. The field in Nova Scotia is entirely too narrow for a man of his rare gifts and powers. Should he enter Dominion politics he would not be long in attaining a foremost position.

C. P. McLENNAN.

THE ETRUSCAN QUESTION.*

THE meaning of the Etruscan inscriptions has been a standing puzzle to scholars for more than half a century. Niebuhr, Ottfried Müller, Mommsen, and Deecke, not to speak of English, French, Italian, and Swedish scholars have one after the other tried to decipher them, and have failed. It would therefore have been quite a triumph for Canadian scholarship if Professor Campbell had really "solved the Etruscan problem," as he claimed to have done in his *Etruria Capta*, a paper which he read before the Canadian Institute a year ago. But, if we are to believe Professor Ferguson, so far from throwing any light upon the meaning of the inscriptions, he shows unpardonable ignorance of the very rudiments of philology. Ignoring the labours of the eminent scholars who have preceded him, Professor Campbell has adopted an hypothesis, suggested fifty years ago by Sir Wm. Bethran, and revived in our own day by the late Mr. Robinson Ellis. That hypothesis is that Etruscan is the ancient form of Basque! The manner in which Professor Campbell seeks to bolster up his hypothesis is, according to his critic, even more preposterous than the hypothesis itself.

The eminent scholars already mentioned have not been able to decipher the Etruscan inscriptions, but they have at least been able to fix the value and power of the letters. It remained for Professor Campbell to suggest that Etruscan was written *syllabically*. For, if he is correct, the only clue to the decipherment of the inscription is lost, and the labours of a long line of scholars count for nothing. Many of the inscriptions are bilingual, Latin and Etruscan, and it has always been held that the one is a literal translation or reproduction of the other. But if Etruscan is syllabic, this is all a mistake. Professor Ferguson, on the other hand, contends that Etruscan was not syllabic. If it was, how does it come that there are only twenty signs in Etruscan? Professor Campbell simply makes each sign mean anything he pleases. Nor is he even consistent with himself; for he assumes that the very same words, when they occur in Greek and Latin authors are literal, and when they appear in the inscriptions are syllabic! A very convenient method no doubt, but hardly scientific. The value of Professor Campbell's labours may be judged from the fact that he actually supposes that syllabic writing is a peculiarity of the Turanian family of languages, being evidently unaware that syllabism is a *stage* in the development of written speech, and that any language, Aryan, Semite, or Turanian, may have been written syllabically.

The attempt to show that Etruscan is the ancient form of Basque proceeds upon a principle that every philologist knows to be false, the principle that the affinity of two languages may be based upon mere similarity of sound. This method reminds one of the humorous derivation of the Scotch "sark" (a shirt), from *sarx* (flesh), because a shirt is next the flesh.

* *The Etruscan Question*. By Professor G. D. Ferguson, Queen's University, Kingston. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

His method is, in fact, philology run mad. None of the Etruscan inscriptions are later than the second century B.C.; while the earliest examples of Basque literature belong to the fifteenth century of our era. And Basque has changed so much in the last three centuries that, in the words of M. Blabé, "it is very difficult, when it is not impossible, to translate the early texts." Imagine, therefore, what changes must have taken place in seventeen centuries. Yet Professor Campbell seeks to connect Basque with Etruscan simply on the basis of similarity of sound! Nor does he take note of the fact that no language has been so largely affected by foreign influence. He even seeks to prove his case by citing words as genuine Basque which begin with the letter R, although it is a commonplace with Basque scholars that no word in that language begins with R. We fear that the charge of being an "unscientific people," which a great living philologist made against Canadians, has not been refuted by *Etruria Capta*.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

A PRINCE OF THE BLOOD. By James A. Payn. Toronto: William Bryce.

Mr. Payn has almost always among the *dramatis personae* of his novels a young and lovely heiress, and, very often, a cruel and unscrupulous guardian. In this one we have both, and a very plucky and persevering lover; and, as usual, the course of true love is anything but smooth. To retain his control of her fortune and to separate her effectually from her lover, the guardian determines to take his ward (and niece) with him to India. The voyage is disastrous to all, and fatal to him and others. The vessel encounters a terrific tempest on the Indian Ocean, and is ultimately driven, a total wreck, on the shore of an uninhabited island. On this island the survivors of the passengers and crew make themselves as comfortable as circumstances will permit. The "Prince of the Blood" is the son and heir of the native chief of a neighbouring island. This very admirable young man falls madly in love with the heroine, who, thinking her English lover has perished at sea, likes the Prince enough to promise to marry him. The story tells how she escaped the splendid misery of being queen of a Malay island.

THE ISLES OF THE PRINCES, OR THE PLEASURES OF PRINKIPO. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

During the summer of 1886 the author, then United States Minister at Constantinople, resided with his family at Prinkipo, one of the Princes Islands, a little group of nine in the Sea of Marmora, attractive for the beauty of their scenery and interesting for their historical and poetical associations. In this volume, which has a map and a number of illustrations, Mr. Cox very graphically describes the scenery and climate of the islands, their people and products, their ruins and antiquities and their historical and other associations. It may not be quite so full of humour as one might expect from Mr. Cox's reputation, but it is nevertheless a very pleasantly written and entertaining book.

SADDLE AND SABRE. By Hawley Smart. Toronto: William Bryce.

Those who have read *From Post to Finish* and *Bad to Beat* will need no words of commendation to induce them to open the pages of *Saddle and Sabre*. There is much about races and "favourites," and turf tricks and turf disasters, about garrison dissipations and usurers' exactions, and some interesting chapters descriptive of hard work and hard fighting in India. Though there is much in the book suggestive of its predecessors, it is full of fresh and sometimes exciting incidents. Those who have been reading it in the *Graphic* will be glad to get the complete story in the neat form in which Mr. Bryce has brought out the Canadian edition.

MAJOR LAWRENCE, F.L.S. By Hon. Emily Lawless. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

Major Lawrence is not a brilliant novel, but it would be perhaps unjust to describe it as a dull one. At the start one is almost led to suppose that the story is to be one of life in India; but the incidents are all in England and France and Italy, where the Major spends a few brief furloughs. Old Lady Mordaunt is a bright character and the best in the book. Lady Adelaide is more picturesque as a child than as a wife and mother; and the Major—well, the Major is another "Dobbin," but without Dobbin's personal ungainliness.

KALLOOLAH. By W. S. Mayo. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

The great popularity of stories of adventure has doubtless caused the publishers to bring out this new and handsomely illustrated edition of *Kaloolah*. It is, as every one knows, a very sensational romance, and as full of marvellous incident and thrilling adventure as any lover of this sort of literature could desire. It was first published some twenty-five or thirty years ago, and the fact that this really fine edition is the "thirtieth thousand" is sufficient evidence of the wide and continued popularity of the book.

ONE TRAVELLER RETURNS. By David Christie Murray and H. Hermann. Toronto: William Bryce.

We cannot conceive what induced the publisher to bring out a Canadian edition of this very worthless story. Any possible merit it may

possess as an attempt to describe life and manners in Britain, when Christianity was making its way, and the influence of the Druids declining, weighs little against the feebleness and folly of endeavouring to create a supernatural interest by bringing back to the ways of life one who was already dead.

The Church Review for December opens with an interesting illustrated paper on the *University of the South*. From another illustrated paper, entitled *How to Decorate a Church for Christmas*, many useful hints may be got by those who interest themselves in church decoration at Christmas. *Lady Paula, Satan: An Old Testament Study*, and *Patrick Henry*, a review of Moses Coit Tyler's biography, are some of the important articles in the number.

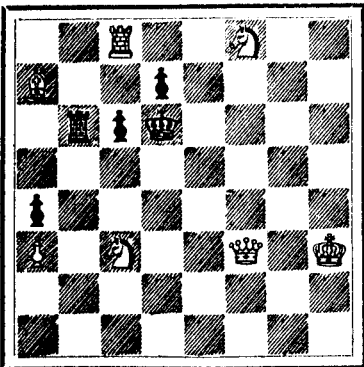
The Cosmopolitan for December has a number of illustrated papers, but the one that will most attract the attention of Canadian readers is J. Macdonald Oxley's *From Forest to Floor*. It is a very interesting and ably written account of lumbering in Canada from securing a timber limit to stowing away the lumber and logs in the holds of vessels at Quebec for the markets of Europe. *The Shah and his Court* and *Mr. Crowley the Chimpanzee* are also attractive illustrated articles.

Check and Counter Check, a complete novel by Brander Matthews and George A. Jessop is the principal feature of *Lippincot's* for January. In a very good article by Edgar Fawcett, the peculiarities, oddities, and "frivolities" of the deity of the latest American "cult" are not unfairly described and criticized. Some good verse, *Reminiscences*, and several other articles complete this very attractive number. It is a rest for tired eyes to see at this season a really good magazine without pictures.

The sight of a picture is however by no means unwelcome in the *Atlantic Monthly*, adorned, as it invariably is, only by the simple attractions of excellent matter and faultless typography. Its readers will be glad to see as frontispiece in the January number a very fine steel portrait, with autograph, of Charles Egbert Craddock (Miss Murfree), who contributes the opening chapters of a new novel, *The Despot of Broomledge Grove*. A new story, *Yone Santo*, by L. H. House is also commenced. These with an excellent short story by Lillie Chace Wyman, several chapters of *The Second Son*, prose contributions by Benjamin, Charles Dudley Warner, Theodore Child, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and others, and poetry by Trowbridge, Frances L. Mace, Edna Dean Proctor and James Russel Lowell, make up an exceedingly good first number for the new year.

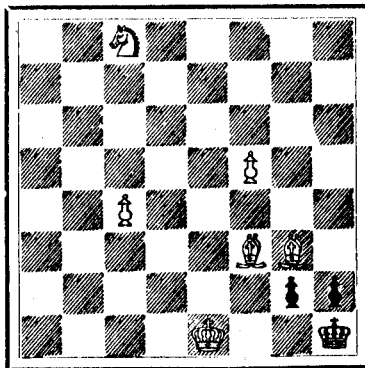
CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 215.



White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 216.



White to play and mate in seven moves.

Solution of Problem No. 211.—Key Q takes K P, and 2 S R Q or P becoming S mates. No. 212.—Key Q S P—Q S 4 (K—Q 5) S—B 3 (K x S) B—K 5 mate.

Two and one-half prizes come to Toronto from the Montreal Problem and Solution Tourney, 1887.

A "recently formed" Omaha, Neb., club is flourishing with nearly one hundred members.

J. D. Chambers lost "Centre Gambit" in present Correspondence Tourney, viz. :—

H. V. White.	J. D. Chambers.	H. V. White.	J. D. Chambers.
1. P—K 4	P—K 4	15. P—K 6 (*)	Q S—B 3
2. P—Q 4	P x P	16. P x P ch.	B x P
3. B—Q B 4	S—Q B 3	17. R—K 1 ch.	K—B 1
4. S—K B 3	B—Q B 4	18. Q x B	Q—B 2
5. P—Q B 3	Q—K B 3	19. B x K S (?)	Q x Q
6. P—K 5	Q—S 3	20. Q R—Q 1	Q—K B 2
7. Castles.	P x P	21. S—K 6 ch.	K—S 1
8. Q S x P	S—Q 1 (?)	22. S x S P	S—Q 5
9. S—K R 4	Q—Q B 3 (?)	23. R x S	B x R
10. B—Q S 5	Q—K 3	24. S (S 7) x P	B x B P ch.
11. S—Q 5	B—S 3	25. K x B	Q x Q R P
12. B—K S 5	S—R 3	26. R—K 7	Q x S P ch.
13. P—K R 3	P—K B 4	27. K—S 1	Q x B
14. S—K B 4	Q—S 1	28. R—S 7 ch.	Resigns.

An invitation is extended to chess players who wish to participate with compositions and exchanges. Address the CHESS EDITOR. Solutions next week.

"THE GOLDEN GIANT."—This will be produced at the Grand, New Year's week. The *Boston Herald* says of it: "The play which Mrs. McKee Rankin, under the management of Mr. H. C. Miner, offers to her admirers is novel in form. Mrs. Rankin, for instance, has a part, Bessie Fairfax, 'A Child of Nature,' which is of about the same sort as the other parts she has played here in dramas of the same school as that to which 'The Golden Giant' belongs. Mr. Clay Green's play has the merits of works of its class—well sustained interest, constant movement, generally pure and pleasant tone. Its principal personages are Alexander Fairfax, a miner, mighty in strength and gentle in nature; Jack Mason, a gambler with some good left in him; Duncan Lemoyne, a scheming rogue, who has an assistant, Bixby; Jim Lung, a Chinaman, and played by Ah Wung Sing, said to be the first and only English-speaking Chinaman on the stage; Bessie Fairfax, the heroine; Ethel Gray, the object of the villain's schemes." Matinees on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday.

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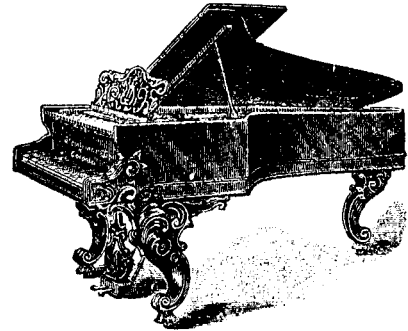
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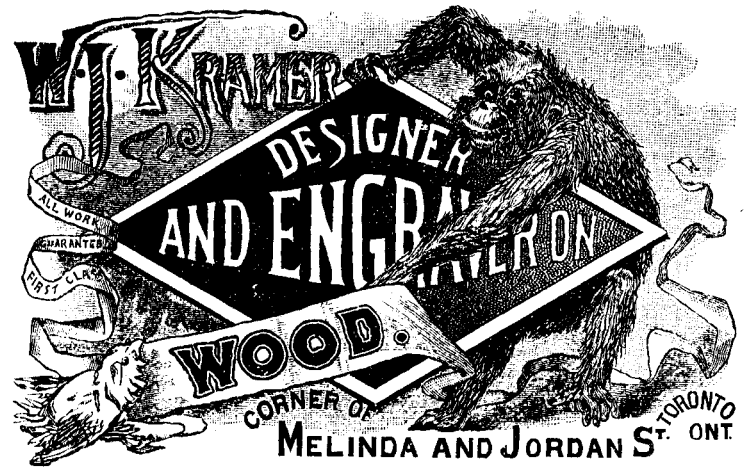
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We consider it the best educational journal published.—*Ottawa Globe*.

We know of no other scientific journal that would fill the place occupied by SCIENCE.—*Truth Seeker*.

It is a scientific journal conducted with enterprise, impartiality and genuine ability.—*New York Tribune*.

N. D. C. HODGES,
47 Lafayette Place, New York.

MAYORALTY.

To the Electors of the City of Toronto:

As a candidate for the position of Mayor for 1888, I take this means of bringing before you my views on some of the questions of special interest at this time, and wish your careful consideration of the same.

One of the most important matters with which municipal legislation and administration deals is the enacting and enforcing of such wise laws as will conduce to public health. Every precaution should be taken to prevent the outbreak of dangerous disease and make it more easily controlled in cases in which it presents itself. For example, in this connection may be mentioned the desirability of a most careful and complete inspection of plumbing works done in homes, factories, and public buildings. I was pleased to have on the Board of Health and in the Council the pleasure of aiding in the inauguration of this much needed reform, and trust to see it made still more thorough and effective.

The moral as well as the physical welfare of the community should receive the closest attention. I am fully in sympathy with the wise policy that has been pursued during the past two years in the honest-purposed enforcement of law. Toronto has to-day a continental reputation for high character and good order. This reputation must be maintained and, if elected, I will do what I can to further the city's highest interest in this respect on progressive and judicious lines.

Our municipal business has attained large proportions, and the importance of a careful and economical management cannot be questioned. We have a flourishing city, which is rapidly increasing in wealth; many improvements are needed and should be carried out in the most thorough manner possible. Through want of system or laxity in carrying it out, thousands of dollars of the people's money may be lost or squandered and the city receive no adequate return. This has been proved in the case of the Water Works and other departments. While much has

been accomplished in the way of reform there is still room for improvement, and I regard it of the utmost importance that there should be no halting in the work until the business of the city is as perfectly systematized and carefully checked as that of the best managed mercantile or manufacturing establishment in Canada. Complaints have been made that abuses which existed in the past were the fault of the system, and, therefore, it is contended by some that the officials were excusable. We want a thorough system and an efficient check, and we want honest, capable officials. It is in my opinion essential that we should have at the head of each department a man of ability and knowledge in his respective branch, a man of sterling honesty, and strong, determined character, competent to manage, and that he should be held to a strict responsibility for everything connected with his department.

Regarding the water question, which is one of the most important matter likely to come before the Council of the next year, the plan of a permanent supply ought to be decided upon at the earliest possible date. Progress has been made with the survey for the gravitation scheme, and a report of the facts in that connection will soon be before us. If a supply of good water can be had by gravity without too great cost, it will be to the interest of the city to proceed with the work at once, and in the meantime simply to make such temporary provision as may be necessary for an increased supply under the present system. There are perhaps few who know the country through which the gravitation supply pipe would have to be laid better than I do, and I will need to be thoroughly satisfied as to the final cost of construction and as to the expediency and practicality of the undertaking before my consent to the adoption of the scheme can be obtained. We have at our doors an abundance of the best water, which could be supplied to the citizens at very much less than it is costing at present, with proper machinery and skillful management. The stoppage of unnecessary waste from leaky mains, service connections, etc., has already effected a considerable saving, and it is my opinion that much more can be done in this direction without in any way restricting the people in the proper or even lavish use of water for every purpose. In proof of this it is only necessary for me to say that Rochester is quite as well supplied with water as Toronto, and yet during the last summer their consumption was only about half that of ours.

The Trunk Sewer is another matter of supreme importance, affecting as it does the well-being of the city and involving the expenditure of a very large amount of money. The by-law relating to it will be submitted to the people on Jan. 2. It is therefore only necessary for me to say that if the citizens decide in favour of the scheme, care should be taken to ensure that the plan is perfect in all its details, and provision should be made for carrying out the work in the most perfect and approved manner.

The railway question is also one of great importance to the city. The combined terminal facilities of all the railways centering here are not at the present time much more than half what they ought to be to provide for the proper handling of the freight business. The result is that trade is greatly hampered, and business goes past Toronto which would otherwise come here. The Erie Railway and several other American roads, owing to the scarcity of cars, and their long detention here, have for several months restricted their cars coming to Toronto. Local freight yards convenient to the business portion of the city are much needed. The whole Esplanade question is one that requires the most careful consideration; and while the railways should be assisted to facilitate business, the city's interest must be protected, free access to our water front must be had, and due provision made for the protection of life. Existing evils ought to be remedied by a definite scheme carefully guarding all the city's interests—giving the railways as fair and full accommodation as possible, and not prejudicing the rights of Esplanade property owners. This scheme should be put into operation at the earliest possible date.

In 1890 the agreement between the Toronto Street Railway Company and the city will terminate. At an early period steps should be taken to obtain such legislation as may be necessary to enable us to deal with this valuable franchise so as to secure for the city the full benefit which ought to accrue therefrom. The Local Improvement plan has been largely adopted, and no doubt in the near future almost all improvements will be constructed on that plan. Great care is necessary that the taxes may be fairly distributed and no injustice done. A more satisfactory system will have to be devised, and there will necessarily be discoveries and corrections from time to time.

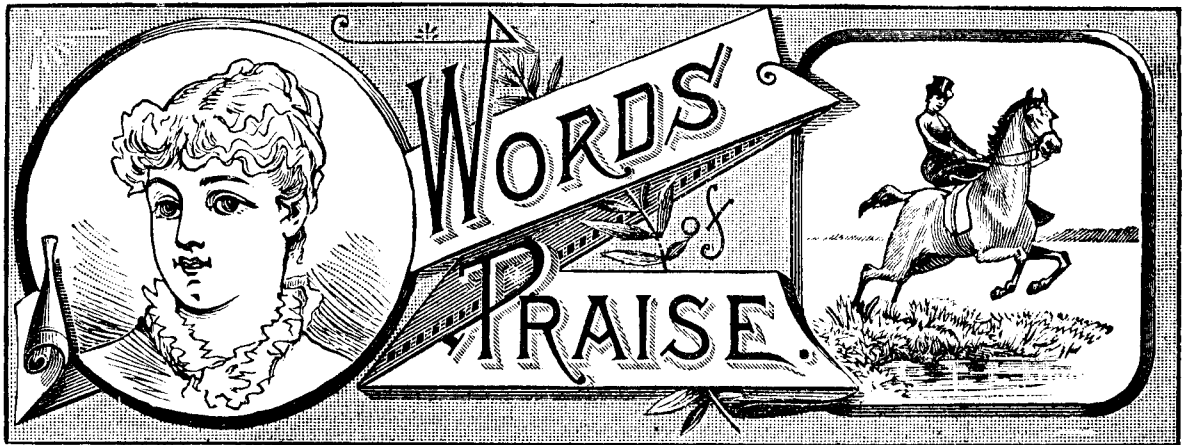
I am impressed with the necessity of steps being taken to establish an institution for technical education. The mechanics of Canada have no facilities for acquiring instruction in the science and theory of their trades, and in this respect are at a disadvantage with those of the United States or Continental Europe. It is high time that Toronto, as a leading city of Canada and one acknowledged to be a manufacturing centre, should recognize the importance of this matter.

All these matters, and many others, have an intimate relation to the prosperity and happiness of all our citizens. They are of such a nature that it is absolutely essential that the Executive head of our City Council should be a thoroughly trained business man, practical and decided. It is also absolutely essential that such a Mayor should be sustained by a Council selected from and representing our best citizens. The duty of electors in the approaching contest is clear. I have strong confidence in the right motives and sound sense of our electorate, and I respectfully solicit the suffrage of that class, which, I believe, constitutes the vast majority of the people of Toronto. Wishing all my supporters, and all my opponents, a very pleasant holiday season,

I remain, yours sincerely,

ELIAS ROGERS.

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The following words, in praise of DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION as a remedy for those delicate diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women, must be of interest to every sufferer from such maladies. They are fair samples of the spontaneous expressions with which thousands give utterance to their sense of gratitude for the inestimable boon of health which has been restored to them by the use of this world-famed medicine.

**\$100
THROWN AWAY.**

JOHN E. SEGAR, of Millenbeck, Va., writes: "My wife had been suffering for two or three years with female weakness, and had paid out one hundred dollars to physicians without relief. She took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it did her more good than all the medicine given to her by the physicians during the three years they had been practicing upon her."

**THREW AWAY
HER
SUPPORTER.**

Mrs. SOPHIA F. BOSWELL, White Cottage, O., writes: "I took eleven bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' and one bottle of your 'Pellets.' I am doing my work, and have been for some time. I have had to employ help for about sixteen years before I commenced taking your medicine. I have had to wear a supporter most of the time; this I have laid aside, and feel as well as I ever did."

**THE GREATEST
EARTHLY BOON.**

Mrs. GEORGE HERGER, of Westfield, N. Y., writes: "I was a great sufferer from leucorrhoea, bearing-down pains, and pain continually across my back. Three bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' restored me to perfect health. I treated with Dr. —, for nine months, without receiving any benefit. The 'Favorite Prescription' is the greatest earthly boon to us poor suffering women."

**IT WORKS
WONDERS.**

Mrs. MAY GLEASON, of Nunitca, Ottawa Co., Mich., writes: "Your 'Favorite Prescription' has worked wonders in my case. Again she writes: "Having taken several bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' I have regained my health wonderfully, to the astonishment of myself and friends. I can now be on my feet all day, attending to the duties of my household."

TREATING THE WRONG DISEASE.

Many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous exhaustion or prostration, another with pain here or there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent, or over-busy doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all only symptoms caused by some womb disorder. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, encourages his practice until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better, but probably worse by reason of the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine, like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, directed to the cause would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery.

**3 PHYSICIANS
FAILED.**

Mrs. E. F. MORGAN, of No. 71 Lexington St., East Boston, Mass., says: "Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians, I was completely discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and using the local treatment recommended in his 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.' I commenced to improve at once. In three months I was perfectly cured, and have had no trouble since. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to any one writing me for them, and enclosing a stamped-envelope for reply. I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and have earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters of thanks, stating that they had commenced the use of 'Favorite Prescription,' had sent the \$1.50 required for the 'Medical Adviser,' and had applied the local treatment so fully and plainly laid down therein, and were much better already."

**JEALOUS
DOCTORS.**

A Marvelous Cure.—Mrs. G. F. SPRAGUE, of Crystal, Mich., writes: "I was troubled with female weakness, leucorrhoea and falling of the womb for seven years, so I had to keep my bed for a good part of the time. I doctored with an army of different physicians, and spent large sums of money, but received no lasting benefit. At last my husband persuaded me to try your medicines, which I was loath to do, because I was prejudiced against them, and the doctors said they would do me no good. I finally told my husband that if he would get me some of your medicines, I would try them against the advice of my physician. He got me six bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription,' also six bottles of the 'Discovery,' for ten dollars. I took three bottles of 'Discovery' and four of 'Favorite Prescription,' and I have been a sound woman for four years. I then gave the balance of the medicine to my sister, who was troubled in the same way, and she cured herself in a short time. I have not had to take any medicine now for almost four years."

THE OUTGROWTH OF A VAST EXPERIENCE.

The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the uterus, or womb and its appendages, in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequalled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic. It promotes digestion and assimilation of food,

cures nausea, weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating and eructations of gas. As a soothing and strengthening nerve, "Favorite Prescription" is unequalled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. "Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhoea, or "whites," excessive flowing at monthly periods, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

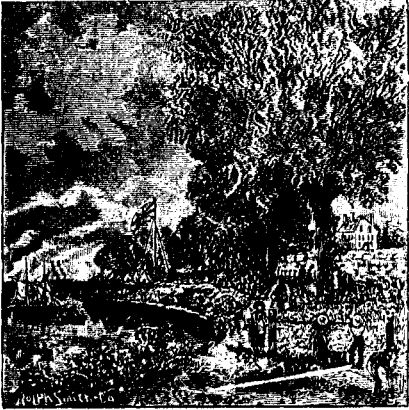
In pregnancy, "Favorite Prescription" is a "mother's cordial," relieving nausea, weakness of stomach and other distressing symptoms common to that condition. If its use is kept up in the latter months of gestation, it so prepares the system for delivery as to greatly lessen, and many times almost entirely do away with the sufferings of that trying ordeal.

"Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women sold, by druggists, under a positive guarantee, from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years. Large bottles (100 doses) \$1.00, or six bottles for \$5.00.

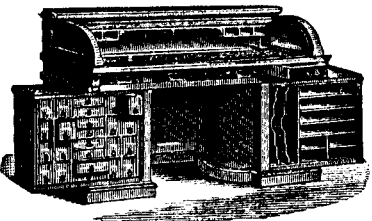
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Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequalled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequalled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. For morning sickness, or nausea, from whatever cause arising, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred symptoms, its use, in small doses, will prove very beneficial.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhoea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, female weakness, anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

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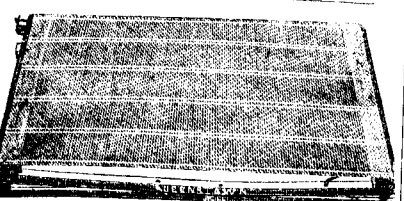
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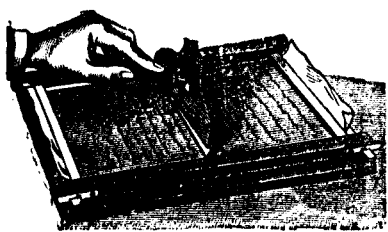
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