

# THE WEEK.

Vol. I., No. 35.

Toronto, Thursday, July 31st, 1884.

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

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## The Week.

### AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, POLITICS, AND CRITICISM.

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### TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

UNDER any other system than government by party for party, the doom of Sir John A. Macdonald's Administration would be sealed. The astute Tory leader went to the country in the last elections with a shibboleth that he foresaw would dazzle a people before whom there was no great political issue, and whose first wish was commercial prosperity. It is unnecessary now to enquire whether the Premier really believed that the "National Policy" would be productive of the results prophesied by its advocates. It is sufficient to remember that the present Dominion Government was elected to office in order that they might carry out pledges to formulate and sustain that policy. Of its utter and conspicuous failure no person can be better aware than Sir John A. Macdonald himself—for even his bitterest enemies have ever credited that gentleman with practical common-sense. For months the murmurs of disappointed farmers, disheartened mechanics, and disgusted factory-workers, who were promised a commercial millennium if they voted for the N. P., have testified to their disillusion; and the unkindest cut of all was the cold-blooded manner in which a leading exponent of the policy virtually acknowledged its failure by cutting down the wages of employes, on the plea that business is not good enough to justify its owners continuing the scale which had been paid for some time past. The deplorable condition of the cotton trade in Montreal and elsewhere is causing serious uneasiness; in the same place, as in the other leading cities of the Dominion, business men of all kinds are passing through a very anxious time; and now the much-vaunted panacea for all commercial ills receives its *coup de grace* at the hands of the *Globe*, whose commissioner—a conservative, it is understood—on his return from a tour of the principal manufacturing concerns in Canada, is compelled to acknowledge the utter failure of high taxation. Many factories, he reports, are closed or are running short time; employment has become scarce, and a general reduction of wages has taken place since the high tariff came in. But if Sir John A. Macdonald had one strong point which raised him head and shoulders above the public men of the day, it was his capacity as a constitutional lawyer. So we have been fondly told by his admirers fifty times. Even those who shook their heads with a grave dubiety at his N. P. policy were content to stake their reputations on the Premier's legal acumen. The decisions of the Privy Council in the Insurance, the Mercer, the Streams, the License cases, and the Boundary Award, must have proved a rude awakening to these and the Tory party generally. Not that it is to be supposed Canadian Tories will for one moment acknowledge the defeat and discomfiture of their chief, or that they will confess his policy discredited. He is the only man who can hold them together, and so long as he can do that and keep them in

office it matters nothing how complete a failure he proves. So that, after all, as Sir John's supporters are Tories first and Canadians afterwards, it is not at all probable that the collapse of the N. P. or his disastrous defeat on the boundary and other questions will jeopardize his control of the political loaves and fishes.

It is a sign of the times, we hope—an indication that English-speaking Canadians are not longer inclined to submit to a French monopoly of place and power in Quebec—that Mr. Alonzo Wright, M.P. for Ottawa County, is to be offered the Lieutenant-Governorship of Quebec, a post which has been filled since Confederation by French-Canadians. The Hon. M. Robitaille is not desirous of re-appointment, and though it is understood that Mr. Wright is by no means ambitious to occupy the distinguished position, being rather inclined to retire from public life, the Dominion Government will press it upon his acceptance upon the ground that he is the only possible English nominee who would be acceptable to the French population. With quarter of a century's experience of politics, equally popular, from his affable manner, with both sides of the Commons, English and French, hospitable to a fault, he is by anticipation of his friends an assured success and an ideal Lieutenant-Governor.

THE latest reliable news from England does not indicate any important change in the political situation. The supporters of each party have "demonstrated," but there is no evidence that the Lords have become less obdurate, or the Government more conciliatory, as a consequence. If the Tories still retain faith in the judgment of their late chief, they might well feel rather less confident since the mass meetings. It was Lord Beaconsfield who said, "What Lancashire thinks to-day England says to-morrow"—and the *vox populi* in that county has spoken in no uncertain tones on the presumption of the Lords in throwing out the Franchise Bill. It is not generally a right thing to talk about the opinions held in the highest quarters about the situation, but the usually well-informed London correspondent of the *Liverpool Mercury* says "it is no secret that Majesty itself is in favour of the Bill, though ministers have been entreated not on their part to make the situation worse by supporting or sanctioning a general attack on the House of Lords." The rejection of the bill a second time by the Upper House in the autumn session is quite expected, and up to the date of writing there is no doubt but Lord Salisbury's plans include resistance to the bitter end. It is possible a sustained expression of adverse public opinion might induce him to re-consider his decision, but it will occasion no surprise if he remains sufficiently headstrong to be willing to run all risks. So far, it is taken for granted that he will act in November as he did in July, and some Liberal members advise the propriety of re-introducing the bill a third time next year rather than dissolve at the dictation of the House of Lords. In any case the present session will be brought to an early close, and it is expected that prorogation will take place about the 7th or 8th of August.

A CONFEDERATION of the various Australian Colonies seems likely to issue from the recent *pourparlers* betwixt their executives and the Imperial Government on the proposal to annex New Guinea and the Australian protest against the deportation of French convicts. Lord Derby pointed out that any scheme of co-operation between the Home Government and the Governments of Australasia requires that the Colonial Governments should form an administrative unit—should in fact represent a Dominion. The suggestion has been eagerly accepted. Both the Victoria Houses of Legislature have cast their votes for Confederation; Queensland and Tasmania followed suit; and well-informed authorities declare there will be no difficulty about the other colonies. This has brought within view a realization of a pet idea of many colonial statesmen—the idea of forming a Dominion of the Australasian colonies.

THERE were six failures in Canada reported to Bradstreets during the past week, as compared with twenty-one in the preceding week, and with thirty-three, eight, and eleven, respectively, in the corresponding weeks of 1883. In the United States, Bradstreets report 225 failures during the same period, as against 211 the preceding week, and 168, 122, and 78 in the corresponding weeks of 1883, 1882, and 1881. About 76 per cent. were those of small traders, whose capital was under \$5,000.

## CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS.

IN Mr. Blaine's letter of acceptance the Tariff overshadowed everything else. But there was another point in his response which was awaited with interest, and, by those who desire the peace of this continent, not without apprehension. As Secretary of State he had earned for himself a reputation for Jingoism; some of his proceedings undeniably had that air; and his name was accordingly welcomed with riotous acclaim by all the spirits of turbulence, especially by all who wanted to quarrel with England. His language, however, is not only unexceptionable but reassuring. While he gratifies his supporters by descanting on the national duty of protection to all American citizens abroad as well as at home, in the strain with which Lord Palmerston made us rather too familiar, he is careful to introduce the saving proviso, that the person claiming protection shall be pursuing a lawful calling. His words therefore are rather a rebuke than an encouragement to those who wish the Republic to hold its shield over the dynamiters. In the way of active interference with dynamite much is not to be expected: England and other European nations will have, in case of need, to defend themselves against these miscreants by stringent alien acts, and possibly in time to enter into some league for mutual protection against Thuggism. Nor on the broader question of foreign relations are Mr. Blaine's words less satisfactory. He breathes peace with all nations, and in accents which we cannot help feeling to be sincere. He is no doubt aware that commerce is becoming a distinct power in American politics, that it looks to its own interests, that it supported Mr. Arthur on account of his conservative and pacific tendencies, and that it would oppose itself with force to any one who threatened to pander to the passions of rowdiness by dragging the country into quarrels. The bitterness of war has not yet been forgotten by the Americans; and the Germans in the United States are refugees from the military system. With the nations of this continent Mr. Blaine purposes to cultivate more intimate relations, both commercial and diplomatic, while he plainly abjures any designs against their independence, dwelling strongly upon the fact that Mexico is separated from the American Republic by Radical difference of race. That the United States are the great power of this continent, and that to him it naturally belongs to take the lead in any arrangements for the settlement of differences by arbitration, or for the extension of continental Free Trade, it would surely be preposterous to deny. Mr. Blaine's utterances on this subject may be reasonably welcomed by all who do not set geography at defiance, and are prepared to admit that this western continent with its hundred millions of people, its numerous communities, and its boundless future, has interests of its own. Perhaps the great fact has dawned upon the mind of Mr. Blaine that the "peaceful conquests" to which alone he proposes to aspire can be more easily made by cultivating the good will than by provoking the enmity of Great Britain and any other powers which have colonies or connections on this side of the Atlantic. By hostile critics Mr. Blaine's moderation is represented as a mask worn only for the purposes of the election, and with a whispered intimation to his supporters that it will be dropped as soon as the election is won. Supposing this to be the fact, it is gratifying to know that the temper of the American people requires the mask of moderation to be worn. At all events a Jingo would be practically less dangerous as President than he would be as Secretary of State.

GENERAL LOGAN'S letter of acceptance is in the most essential respects a counterpart of that of his chief, though in a ruder style. In selecting the Tariff as the main issue, and throwing Reform into the background, the two candidates have no doubt acted in concert. Mr. Logan's protectionism goes the length of contemplating not without complacency the suggestion that the nation might "build a wall round itself, live upon its own resources, and deny communion to all the world." The ports would of course be closed against ideas as well as against goods. The American people, says the General, "stand alone in their circumstances, their forces, their possibilities and their aspirations." It is to be feared that he might truly add, in their craving for the incense which he and his compeers offer them. There is little use in scrutinizing the arguments of an economist who fancies that he can produce plenty, happiness, and even virtue by taxation. Like Mr. Blaine, General Logan would encourage by legislation the mercantile marine; both of them, thereupon, must think that the rest of mankind is unworthy of the blessings of commercial isolation. They are agreed also in proposing that in the interest of the dollar of the fathers, and of the producers of that venerable nuisance, governments shall be called upon to fix a ratio between the values of two metals, the price of each of which is being constantly changed by circumstances peculiar to itself and such as no

government can possibly control. Of the topics specially put forward by Mr. Logan the most salient is the protection of the negro against political oppression, his burning words on which have a peculiar interest, since he is understood to have himself wavered considerably between the cause of the slave-owner and that of the North. His language on this subject will scarcely help to win over to his ticket the vote of the Southern manufacturers. Of the Chinese question he speaks only indirectly, feeling perhaps that it is undesirable to provoke a direct comparison between his ardent advocacy of the political rights of the negro and his denial of the right of labour to the Chinese. Perhaps the Chinese may plead that they are not the only class of immigrants who do not very readily "comprehend American institutions," or "embrace a civilization higher than their own." General Logan must be a truly stalwart partisan, for he calls polygamy as well as slavery a Democratic institution. It is to "Stalwarts" in truth that the Republican party is now reduced; the Half-breeds and Reformers have departed for a season, as they think, but in reality never to return.

Now begins the regular process of coercing the Lords by abuse, menace and physical demonstration. It is opened by a monster procession of the London Trades. Surely this is sorry work, and not only sorry but pernicious. Passions are aroused inferior in malignity only to those which are aroused by civil war, and the people are habituated to overawing lawful authority by threats of violence, even supposing that no actual outbreak should take place. This is not the way in which a civilized community ought to be governed or in which the political character of a nation can be rightly formed. By law, and according to the theory of the Constitution, the House of Lords is a coördinate branch of the Legislature, bound in duty as well as invested with power to exercise an independent judgment on every measure brought before it. To leave it this duty and this power, and yet to say that whenever, upon any important subject, it takes its own course, it shall be bullied and coerced, is absolutely fatuous. Let it be reformed or abolished. That, being what it is, it should behave as it does is what common sense bids us expect, and the expressions of surprise and indignation at its conduct are hypocritical or preposterous. Gravitation itself is not more certain in its action than the bias which inclines the collected heads of a set of privileged families, whose power rests upon entailed estates, to vote against all political change. What reason tells us historical experience confirms: not once in the whole of its annals since the epoch of the Tudors has the House of Lords willingly accepted reform of any kind. It has resisted, as long as resistance was possible, the claims of personal liberty and of humanity as well as those of political justice. It opposed the Habeas Corpus Act, the emancipation of the press, and the reform of the Criminal Law, as well as the abolition of Rotten Boroughs. For the notion that it has acted as an impartial court of legislative review there is no historic ground whatever; it is a privileged interest and as such it has always behaved. In so doing the hereditary assembly has obeyed the mandate of its nature just as faithfully as any democratic assembly obeys the mandate of its nature in passing a popular measure of reform. Its usefulness has long departed and the odious remnant of its authority has become a mere provocative of revolution. If under the Tudors and the early Stuarts it can be said to have served a good purpose by lending strength and dignity to Parliament in the struggle against prerogative, that service, since the departure of prerogative, has ceased. Abolition will be found easier than reform. A score or two of life members would be a new patch on an old garment, while the hereditary element, doubly condemned by the contrast, would probably become more reactionary and more odious than ever. It could hardly be hoped that by this change an end could be put to the baneful antagonism of the two Houses. The way to put an end to their antagonism is to turn the two into one. Parliament is now the supreme government, and to divide the government against itself is a mode of securing deliberate wisdom which, if it were not absurd on the face of it, has decisively failed. The good Conservative elements of the House of Lords, which are now paralyzed by invidious seclusion, would if blended with the more democratic elements in the single assembly exercise their due share of influence. That they would find admission under the elective system there can be little doubt; perhaps in a country where social influences are so strong they would find admission even too easily. There is colour for the opinion of those Radicals who wish to retain the House of Lords in its weak and discreditable state as a practical ostracism of the territorial aristocracy. The Prime Minister's proper course is not to take the stump and head an agitation against a legislative decision of the House of Lords which he must know to be the natural and inevitable outcome of its hereditary character, but to amend the legislative machine. His proper course is, instead of forcing a blind extension of the

franchise through Parliament by street demonstration and menace, to revise the Constitution, bring its several parts into harmony, and place the whole on a sound basis. But this apparently is beyond the range of his statesmanship, or that of any other man now upon the scene.

EVERY day brings forth some proof of the conviction which is spreading among independent and thoughtful Canadians that while our social and industrial system in general is sound enough, our political system is not so sound. In *Election by Lot the Only Remedy for Political Corruption*, the conviction takes the form of a pasquinade. The writer begins, however, by dilating in a serious strain and in trenchant phrase on the evils of political trichiniasis, as he happily calls the domination through the political frame of faction and its wirepullers. He might add that the trichiniasis which has its original seat in politics, and is at first confined to that region, has a terrible tendency to spread over other departments of life, some of which are directly exposed to the influence of the politician, while in all national character is sure to be affected by the moral standard of those who hold the highest place. He is right in saying that a distinction cannot with impunity be made between public and private morality; that the growing dependence of the people on their corrupt rulers is one of the worst signs of the times; that with the spirit of self-reliance free institutions are apt to disappear; and that Canada would not be the first country which had abused the boon of liberty and lost it. His special fear is of the wirepullers and the classes which the wirepuller controls, the populace of cities and the "Celts." The remedy which he satirically proposes is election by lot, to which Greek republics resorted, not, however, as he thinks, for the purpose of defeating the wirepuller, but to ensure an equal share of power to all; for, having little notion of different capacities, they fancied all free citizens to be pretty equally qualified for office. There is a more rational and effectual way of putting an end to party rule and to the domination of the wirepuller with it; there is a better cure for political trichiniasis, if only we were at liberty to apply it. But we are in the wirepuller's grasp, and it is too probable that something like a convulsion will be needed to set us free. The writer of the pasquinade rather lets the cat out of the bag and mars the effect of his own satire at last by a flattering appeal to Sir John Macdonald. Whatever Sir John may have achieved, it is certainly not to him that prayer can be hopefully addressed for political reform.

MR. SANDFORD FLEMING'S "From Old to New Westminster" has been roughly handled by some of his critics, whose severity is not surprising if they failed to get beyond the first portion of the book. Mr. Fleming's aim seems to have been to illustrate the gratifying geographical relations which exist between the different portions of the British Empire and the happy facilities of communication by which each portion is united to the rest. This he does by calling attention to a moving body, of a loyal and optimistic character, which traverses the space between Westminster in England and Westminster on the Pacific along lines coloured red in the map prefixed to the volume. It may be doubted whether the desired impression will be produced upon the minds of all readers, and whether some will not rather be led to infer that a deadlift effort is required to establish any connection between Piccadilly and Burrard's Inlet. But at all events the early part of the book, which is taken up with minute histories of two passages across the Atlantic in a Cunard steamer, can only be regarded as a sacrifice to the political object. Mr. Fleming must be aware that detailed information about state-rooms, steward's fees, extra payments for wine and beer, the large consumption of coal by the steamer, the dinners, the seasickness, the habits of the passengers, and the saloon provided for ladies "when suffering from nausea or depression," might have been interesting forty years ago, but are now only too familiar. The copious narrative of his personal difficulties and disappointments about cable messages is no doubt intended in like manner to produce in his readers a vivid consciousness of the existence of ocean telegraphy. A critic who laid down the book in weariness at this point might be pardoned for pronouncing that, saving its eupeptic geniality, it had little claim on the attention of the public. But one whose patience holds out to the Kicking Horse Pass will there find Mr. Sandford Fleming on his own ground, and will be rewarded for his perseverance both by the interest of the matter and by the freshness of the style. Unluckily the merit is confined to the descriptions. Mr. Fleming is too deeply committed, and he overflows too much with optimism, to admit of his giving us a severely critical judgment on the prospects of the great national enterprise. Of the capacities of the prairie country he speaks in emphatic terms; nobody, however, now doubts the immense productiveness of that region, while we

seem to have positive assurance that a sufficiency of fuel has been found, in which case the prosperity of the North-West is established. But is a reader right in thinking that in British Columbia, to annex which we are piercing these mountains, the chief thing which we shall gain, in Mr. Fleming's judgment, is a military and naval station for the purpose of waging war against Russia on the Pacific in defence of Canadian interests in Afghanistan? Why cannot someone as competent as Mr. Sandford Fleming tell us the plain, unvarnished truth? Unless we are mistaken as to the facts, such a statement would be worth all the "brass bands" as an advertisement for the North-West.

THE clerical victory in the Belgium elections with which Europe has been ringing, and which was taken to indicate a marvellous revolution of opinion, turns out to have been morally less significant, though numerically even greater, than was supposed. Other issues, especially one concerning taxation, were mixed with that of religious education. It appears, moreover, that some who are generally Liberals voted on this occasion with the clergy. That they might do so without being guilty of apostasy from Liberal principles is not difficult to believe; for the enemies of religion in their attempts to cast it out of human life are only one degree less intolerant and persecuting than its false priests. No one but an eye-witness can form a conception of the fury with which atheist propagandism is carried on in France. The anticlerical bookstores are full of literature which, beyond question, would have disgusted Rousseau and have offended the taste, at all events, of Voltaire. Comic lives of Christ and almanacs reeking with blasphemy are systematically employed to kill whatever of belief, or even of reverence, may linger in the breasts of the people. No doubt this crusade of impiety extends to Belgium; and it naturally provokes a recoil even among those who are inclined neither to bend their minds to the priest's creed nor to bow their necks to the priest's yoke. Genuine Liberals may well ask themselves whether true liberty is likely to survive religion, for hitherto it has certainly appeared that the political tendencies of atheists, however revolutionary, were arbitrary and despotic. Nothing is more arbitrary or despotic than Jacobinism. On the other hand it must be remembered in the first place that Roman Catholicism, by the dogmas proclaimed in the Encyclical, has rendered the conflict between itself and modern civilization internecine, whereas Protestantism, closing no road of progress, affords no excuse for revolutionary violence; and, in the second place, that the persecuting priest was the precursor and tutor of the persecuting Jacobin. The victim was changed, but the stake had its lineal successor in the guillotine.

THE enormous price demanded by the Duke of Marlborough for two pictures in his ancestral collection, shows how vast must be the amount of wealth accumulated in England. Some years ago \$50,000 was actually given for a pair of china vases. Of the two gems, on which so fabulous a price is set by their owner, the Raphael, high as it ranks in the estimate of connoisseurs, is not to the uninitiated a profoundly interesting picture, even if they can bring themselves to forget, in their admiration of incomparable grace, the hollowness of all the religious art of the Renaissance; while the Vandyck, however splendid and famous as a picture, is not a true portrait, but idealized, the true portrait of Charles being that by Dobson, which plainly reveals the fatal weakness of the character as well as the likeness to James I. The Raphael may go to America if it will: to permit the Vandyck to leave England would be deemed an abandonment of national honour, and of this feeling the vendor will no doubt make his harvest. *Noblesse oblige*. What plebeian, even when pinched by want, would sell his family Bible, as this patrician of patricians, though he can scarcely be said to be pinched by want, sells the historic heirlooms of his house? If Napoleon was a Jupiter Scapin, Marlborough may be said to have been a Jupiter Turpin, and it is the lower element of his character that has been transmitted to his descendants, while the Jupiter died with himself. The late Duke was a wealthy and religious, though unpopular man, but he neither inherited his virtue nor bequeathed it. It is rather remarkable that the principle upon which the ablest and most august of scoundrels acted—success, letting honour take care of itself—has just been formally avowed in point by a rising politician of Marlborough's family. Into Stowe, Clumber and Blenheim has entered not only misfortune, but disgrace. Yet the fault is not in the men—it is in the system. Titled idleness and entailed wealth are as sure to generate the sybarite and the spendthrift, as spores are to generate cholera. The baron of the Middle Ages had to exert himself: he was a soldier and a local ruler in rough times; but his nominal representative has no salt to save his indolence and luxury from corruption.

A BYSTANDER.

## HERE AND THERE.

THE arrangement under which the Queen's Own Band gives frequent musical performances on the Island is productive of greater benefits than might at first sight be supposed. Apart from the refining and educational influences of good music—and the popular Toronto band is daily becoming a greater credit to the city—these performances have assisted indirectly to suppress the rowdy element that threatened to ruin Haulan's Point. The music attracts many lady visitors, whose presence has had the effect of considerably moderating the horse-play and inebriety which at times characterized that charming resort. This in turn has increased the number of well-regulated visitors and residents, and enables the hotel and refreshment-room keepers to make a subsistence without catering to the lawless element who used the Island as a debauching-point. It is to be hoped that all concerned will keep a firm grip on these improvements, and not permit the Island to drift back into a resort for the city's tag-rag and bob-tail. Everyone who has a proper interest in that place must be gratified to see that its attractions are appreciated. There are few cities fortunate enough to have so pleasant and healthy a breathing-place at their very doors—where it is possible, within a few minutes after leaving the main thoroughfare, to be seated away from the madding crowd, fanned by cool lake breezes and refreshed by sweet strains of music.

PROBABLY Toronto Bay never looked prettier than it did on Tuesday, when the fifth regatta of the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen was brought to a successful issue. The weather was all that could be desired, and the various events were concluded to the satisfaction of competitors and with comfort to the numerous spectators who thronged the Bay and the shore. At future regattas it is to be hoped, however, the police will not permit tugs to cross the course and give a nasty backwash to competitors. The finish of each contest ought also to be announced by gun-shot, instead of by dropping a flag. The absence of this latter precaution caused several crews to continue rowing long after the races were won. The first event was for double inrigged sculls, and was won by C. T. Enright and W. O'Connor, of the Toronto Club. The junior single scull race fell, in the easiest manner, to S. Scholes, of the Don Club. Joseph Lang, of Montreal, won the prize for the senior single scull race, the single scull inrigged event going to P. Van Iderstein, of the Don Club. The senior fours race was the principal item upon the card, and produced some magnificent rowing, but the bad steering of the Hamilton Nautilus crew—who otherwise would have won—caused a foul, and the handsome challenge cup fell to the Torontos, who rowed over the course in phenomenal time. The double sculls prize was won by Enright and O'Connor, of Toronto, and the last item, junior fours, was credited to the Leanders of Hamilton.

A CORRESPONDENT, drawing attention to the fact that the "drowning season" is now at its height, suggests that what is wanted to protect the lives of young and heedless swimmers is "voluntary action of a practical kind, preparing the way for thoroughly effective legislation. Toronto, Montreal, and Quebec should act simultaneously in this important question." He quotes several instances—only too easy, alas!—where lives have been lost of late in Canadian rivers and lakes, and complains that no provision is made to "regulate the bathing and sailing of our young people." Continuing: "If regular bathing places cannot, all at once, be provided, a boat at each customary resort manned by an experienced hand, as has already been tried and found to answer, will do a great deal for the safety of the bathers. The expense would not be great. The guardian at each station must be ready at any time to jump over the side of the boat, when a swimmer is in danger." But the question arises, Do bathing fatalities occur at "regular bathing places"? If they do not—and we think the evidence indicates that a very small proportion of accidents do so happen—how are the public authorities to be made responsible for deaths resulting from irregular bathing or boating on "the greatest system of inland water communication in the world"? In assuming the "protection of life and property," governments can enforce only general laws, nor can they be held responsible for life lost through the carelessness of the individual, especially when such loss occurs at a time or in a manner that could not reasonably be foreseen. Stress is laid upon the unfortunate drowning of two young ladies in the St. Lawrence when bathing, and it is asked: "What account has the Province of Quebec to give . . . for permitting the bathing operations of its young people to be conducted in such manner that preservation of these young and beautiful lives was out of the question?" But as we understand it is not usual for ladies to bathe from a boat at the fatal spot, the authorities can hardly be held responsible for not being aware of the deceaseds' intention, or for being unprepared for the emergency. All that can be

expected is that recognized bathing stations should be provided with one or two boats, which might be manned by powerful swimmers who would keep a sharp look out upon bathers; and that means for restoring animation to the semi-drowned should be kept handy on shore. The lesson which the too-frequent drowning casualties ought to bring home to parents is plain: It is a self-evident duty to discover whether their children are pre-disposed to cramp, in which case bathing in other than frequented places should be strictly forbidden. And not only should boys and girls be taught to swim, but they should be taught how to support themselves in the water for a period even with their clothes on. If these precautions were general, there would be fewer cases of drowning whilst bathing or sailing.

AN Indian legend declares that the time was when Tulare Lake, California, did not exist. The Boston *Home Journal* points out that the truth of this legend is now being verified, for the lake is rapidly drying up and exposing adobe walls, stone instruments, and other relics of men who must have had their abode here, and certainly they did not live under water. This is an added instance to the many that have been given in testimony of the remarkable accuracy with which historical events have been handed down from age to age, through hundreds of years, in the form of Indian legends, even, it is believed by archæologists, going back to the time of the deluge, legends of which they believe they have found among some of the best preserved Indian tribes.

LADIES when shopping ought to look to their small change. A gang of counterfeit money operators have succeeded in getting a number of five-cent pieces in circulation in the United States, and it is to be feared many of them will find their way over the border. The police are of opinion that a large number of these spurious coins have been made, and that an organized attempt will be made to palm them off upon unsuspecting store-keepers, who in turn may unwittingly pass them on to their clients.

A WRITER in the Chicago *Rambler*, evidently suffering from a surfeit of Convention oratory, declares: "If there is any worse public speaking on earth than that of the average American politician, I have yet to hear it." If the critic would pay a visit to the Ontario House of Legislature when the Provincial Parliament is in session, he would probably concede that the States have not a monopoly of bad speakers. The following description of a Convention orator is possibly as true as it is certainly unsparring:—

His address glittered with telling periods and brilliant fallacies uttered with clamorous voice, turbulent gestures, histrionic attitudes, manufactured passion. The speaker flung his arms about, shook his fist at the ceiling, at the air, at his auditors, then threw himself into violent theatrical attitudes, and fairly stunned his listeners with explosive vehemence. The virtues of simplicity, repose, and moderation were unknown to him. Commonplaces shone with "glittering generalities" in the wild turbulence of utterance, and, although the speaker got much applause, for noise and declamation are always sure of the crowd, the address was unworthy of an intelligent audience. It was of that style of oratory which has its root in the clamorous methods of the camp meeting and the political stump. It was wholly barbaric and of a nature that people of genuine culture and æsthetic taste could never tolerate.

"Oh! wad some power the giftie gie us!" If the enthusiastic politician who so offended should read, and having read profits by, the above criticism, why then American audiences will be the gainers; but it is fearful to contemplate the Niagara of invective which would have been showered upon the British scribe who had dared so to impeach the oratory of the City of Pork and Poetry!

THE two newest female crazes are amateur photography and long smelling-bottles. At least, so says a lady correspondent in the "New York Gossip" of a Chicago weekly. Some people might think that one was a necessary sequence of the other. But, on the contrary, we are told, they seldom affect the same person. The strong-minded girl who would drag a photographic apparatus across hill and dale in pursuit of attractive "bits," is not the woman to have a foot of glass bottle dangling by her side, nor would she require the use of its contents. It is the weak-minded female who goes in for smelling-bottles, long or short. She drinks tea, she reads novels, she has a conscience burdened with many flirtations, and a string of actual admirers as long as the famous list of Leporello or—her new smelling-bottle itself.

AN original and easy method of getting rid of the cholera in France was suggested by a correspondent to a London daily. It at least possesses the merit of simplicity. "Burn Toulon; burn Marseilles. Then all the microbes will be burnt too. Cholera will not advance." The gentleman who made the suggestion will not be frightened. Toulon contains a population of some 62,000 souls; it is the chief Mediterranean naval station of France. Marseilles has a population of 235,000. It is the Liverpool, the New York, of France. We might as well burn Toronto

and Montreal because there is typhoid about. The result of having a population homeless and starving does not occur to this bright-minded individual.

WHAT to drink to quench thirst effectually and with safety is a problem at present exercising not a few. Rumours that cholera is still on its westward march are causing people to look more critically to their water supply; and, sooth to say, there is no comfort to be found in that quarter in Toronto. There is too much reason to fear that the city water is occasionally tainted with city sewage. This is unfortunate, as pure, cold water, clear and fresh and iced, is the most natural and effective thirst-quencher. Boiling, certainly, would make much worse water than is "laid on" Toronto a safe beverage; but that process drives all the sparkling gas out, and makes it flat and insipid. If water be boiled, it is best to add something to it as a beverage. Sir Wilfrid Lawson would, no doubt, suggest *eau sucrée*, but all palates do not relish sweet drinks, and it is more than doubtful whether sugar does not provoke thirst. We cannot drink nectar—the gods appear to have exhausted the supply—and plebeian ale is only suited for cold weather. Certainly, mixed with lemonade—"shandy-gaff"—it makes a fair drink, but even so compounded it does not seem to realize the ideal of the "modest quencher" which Dick Swiveller had in his mind's eye. Not to all of us is it given to command at all times the necessary ingredients for "cups," which are excellent thirst-quenchers. Who has not revelled in the delight of champagne cup—a drink worthy of the gods—or with infinite satisfaction sipped claret cup—a very poem in liquor? Few drinks, moreover, are more cooling and dainty than a cider cup—but, alas, who can compound one in these degenerate times? Unfortunately, these thirst-quenchers lack one important quality—they are not sufficiently "modest" for everyday use. And so we think the palm must be given to "lemon-squash" or "lemonade" (made from the fruit, not a chemical compound), which is a perfectly innocent and effectual means of removing thirst, possessing also the qualities of cooling and purifying the over-heated blood.

THE French writer who said that Englishmen take their pleasures sadly was at most a superficial observer, and only those who do not understand the English character have endorsed the epigram. It is not the most demonstrative temperament that feels the deepest. One instinctively suspects the man who wears his heart upon his sleeve. Because an English sportsman does not throw his hat in the air when he makes a good shot or lands a big fish, one is not to suppose that he experiences less pleasure than a Frenchman who goes into ecstasies over a magnificent pageant or bobs around a ball-room like a jack-in-the-box. An American contemporary contends that it is in that country that people go about their out-door pleasures in a saturnine manner—even as compared with Englishmen. "It would seem as if we lacked national genius for out-door amusements." The life at American watering-places is contrasted with that of Margate or Brighton, and all in favour of the latter. The writer "never saw Long Branch off its dignity." Therein lies, no doubt, the explanation of the whole question. The *sang-froid* of the English workingman enjoying a holiday at a "democratic watering-place" leads him to do just what the spirit moves him, whether that impulse suggests a pic-nic on the thronged sands or a peripatetic lunch in a crowded thoroughfare. The disregard of the English continental traveller for the conventionalities of dress and his contempt for what he deems superfluous forms are well known, have caused him to be dubbed "eccentric," and go to confirm the opinion that he knows how to be "off his dignity" when in pursuit of pleasure. Those who have seen people recreating at, say, Coney Island and Ramsgate, will be inclined to think there is more than a little truth in our contemporary's conclusion: "Altogether, there is more abandon and heartiness in an English crowd than there is in an American one under the same circumstances."

It is amusing to observe in conversation how the situation of a word in a sentence alters and modifies the meaning of a speaker. The other day an old gentleman, very proud of some excellent wine he had just purchased of a particular vintage, was pressing it on a friend and urging him for an opinion. The friend, intending all the time to please his host, sipped the amber fluid, and with the air of a *connoisseur* said, "An unpleasantly common glass of sherry!" to the great dismay of the old gentleman, who had given a fancy price for his purchase. The visitor had intended to say "An uncommonly pleasant glass of sherry!" but the slight confusion of words made all the difference, and he is never likely to be asked to partake of wine or anything else in that house, for the old gentleman is touchy and cannot get over it.

A REAL Celestial dinner, consisting of genuine Chinese viands, and prepared by genuine Chinese cooks, is among the attractions of the London Health Exhibition. Some may complain, perhaps, that rats, cats, and dogs are not to be included in the bill of fare, for it is a fixed belief with Europeans—those at any rate who have not been to China—that the subjects of the Son of Heaven and Lord of the Vermilion Pencil look upon these animals as a staple of their food, and if the South Kensington visitors are not even offered such dishes they may go away doubting the authenticity of their repast, let the cook's pigtail be never so long and all his dishes never so gluey. It has been decided, however, by those in authority that "domestic animals" and "vermin" shall be kept out of the menu. There will be plenty, nevertheless, that is novel to eat and to drink. Every one has heard of bird's nest soup, but few have tasted it. Now, however, visitors who can afford it will have the opportunity of doing so, and of being considerably disappointed. On eating it the sensation is that of swallowing a delicately tasteless mucilage, while the flavour is due entirely to the condiments which the cook may add. Yet the Chinese pay a prodigious price for the best kinds. The swallow that builds the edible nest makes it at first entirely of a mucus, which it secretes, so that the little structure resembles in appearance a half-cup of bluish-white gelatine. If this nest is taken the bird builds again, but its original store of material being exhausted, it ekes out its new abode with such innutritious materials as grass, hair, feathers, and so forth. The first crop of nests fetches, as we have said, a very high price indeed, the second about one-fourth as much, and the third—for the swallow can be persuaded to build three—about a tenth. As a curiosity it will, no doubt, meet with considerable patronage at South Kensington, but its price, if nothing else, will prohibit its being added to the national list of soup thickenings.

MR. GLADSTONE'S career as Prime Minister of England has now covered about nine years and a-half—rather longer than Lord Palmerston's occupation of that office. Two statesmen only during the last 100 years have governed the English people for a longer period than this. One of these was William Pitt, who held the office for eighteen years and ten months; the other was Lord Liverpool, whose period was fourteen years and ten months.

THE English political *franc tireur*, Lord Randolph Churchill, has reached another distinction. His biography has been written before his death. Mr. Frank Banfield has issued his life and speeches. Finding in his career that he has embraced Lord Beaconsfield's maxim, that the Tory party must become democratic, Mr. Banfield praises Lord Randolph Churchill as one who has roused sympathetic curiosity and even sanguine enthusiasm. But he has produced a very poor book about him. He says nothing about his early days, save that he was a wit at Oxford. He calls him now and then Lord Churchill, which he is not; and when he is most correct, it is in making abundant quotations from articles in the newspapers. The volume, however, has some value. It contains some of the most brilliantly audacious of Lord Randolph's political speeches. They are worth preserving. In the days to come, Lord Randolph Churchill will be wishing that they were not.

APROPPOS of the House of Lords, there are 509 peers, of whom 440 are landlords, holding 15,000,000 acres, with a yearly rental of \$60,000,000. In addition, about \$35,000,000 is divided among the peers in the form of pensions, annuities, salaries, and sinecures. The House includes 200 officers of the army or navy, most of whom have never shot anything but pheasants. Sixty-two peers are directors or chairmen of 114 railways. Of the total number of peerages 293 have been created in the present century—seventy within the last ten years—and 122 in the preceding century. Through their monopoly of power in the House of Lords, the dukes, marquises and earls, with their relatives—261 families of 4,536 persons—have drawn from the public during the last thirty years nearly \$35,000,000, in connection with 8,228 officers in the army, navy, church and diplomatic departments. Commenting upon the above facts, a London "society" journal says: "Three-fourth of the members are tottering old dotards. Most of them are utterly ignorant of their duties, although great judges of horseflesh, wine, and women. It is the same now as when Lord Chesterfield made a speech in the House of Lords, and was complimented for the clearness of his explanation. 'God knows,' he wrote to his son, 'I had not even attempted to explain the Bill to them. I might as soon have talked Celtic or Slavonic to them. They would have understood it full as well.'"

## JANET'S THEORY OF MORALS.\*

WHATEVER we may think of the success of metaphysicians and philosophers, it is at least tolerably certain that they will continue to hold on their way. It is easy to jest at their failures, their disagreements, their mutual destructiveness. It is less easy—it is impossible—to prevent men from inquiring into the foundations of thought, of knowledge, of conduct, of being. Many a towering attempt has been laid in ruins; but, so long as men live and think and act, they will ask whether there can be a science of life, of thought, of action.

That which is true of the science of mind in general is true of the science of morals. Old theories are dismissed as unscientific and untenable and are followed by new ones, which speedily follow those which they have supplanted. By degrees, however, we discover that the refutations have not been so complete as they appeared; that systems which seemed doomed to oblivion have a way of coming to life again; that there are certain "schools" of thought in Ethics, as in Metaphysics and Theology, which rise and fall with the prevailing thought of the age. It is quite certain—it has been proved over and over again—that the theory which has seemed utterly preposterous to one generation becomes quite credible to another, and *vice versa*. If we cannot think that *truth* is merely what the mind *troweth*, at least we may conclude that systems which have such persistent vitality cannot be altogether without a measure of truth.

There is nothing much easier, and there is nothing more shallow, in presence of the disagreements of Mental Philosophy, than a universal scepticism. It is the refuge of despair; not perhaps the last or the worst, for men will not ultimately rest in mere doubting. There is a refuge beyond, that of authority, which is perhaps the very worst and the last, unless when sometimes the slumber of its repose is broken.

In the present day we have manifold examples of these two forms of intellectual despair. We do not know that it is more common than in former days. It is difficult to decide questions like these. It seems probable that there is in these days more active thinking than in any previous age, probably also more failure in thinking, and so more despair of truth. However this may be, we have on either side of us abundance of scepticism and abundance of dogmatism.

To those who regard the history of human thought with more patience, it will appear that we need not have recourse to either of these extremes. It will appear to such persons more reasonable to seek for truth in all systems than to expect it in none. They will conclude that subjects which have exercised so powerful an influence over the minds of men—the greatest and the best—must have something to yield in return for the labour which has been bestowed upon them. They will believe that the end of all this eager search after knowledge is not to be found in agnosticism on the one hand, or in submission to unreasoning dogmatism on the other.

It is fashionable to sneer at eclecticism as a slovenly, otiose picking-up of crumbs of truth which have fallen from the tables of those who have toiled for the bread of life. And there is a kind of eclecticism which deserves perhaps the worst that has been said of it. This is an eclecticism without principle, and therefore without unity and harmony, which can do nothing to advance the cause of science, but which can only bring suspicion upon all who would undertake the task of harmonizing the results of independent inquiries. There is, however, an eclecticism of a very different character, which has helped forward the cause of truth by recognizing the good which was contained even in the most imperfect systems, while refusing to be enslaved by their oneness. In abstract thinking and in practical working men are apt to exclude from their view facts and considerations which are necessary in order to a complete understanding of the matter which they have in hand, and so far they fall into error; but they are not necessarily altogether in the wrong, and we may learn something from every school of thought, however perverse, even if we must refuse to be confined to its point of view.

In a science like Ethics, which has preeminently a practical end, we might expect a closer agreement between the various theories promulgated than in the case of those sciences which deal with speculative thought. As a matter of fact, however, we have nearly all the varieties among moral philosophers which have been brought out among metaphysicians. In the one case, as in the other, we have the deductive and the inductive, and again the blending of the two in all sorts of combinations.

We confess that we think an eclectic system, as it must now be called, is the only one which, in the subject of Ethics, is likely to give final satisfaction to liberal thinkers. Evolutionary Ethics can really give no Moral Philosophy whatever. If the science of man, Anthropology, be a mere

subsection of Zoology, and human Will be regarded as the outcome of a chain of natural causes, we may study human action as a part of the order of the universe, but not as the voluntary product of a responsible being. Even the higher and more spiritual utilitarian Ethics of writers like Bentham and Mill will not fully satisfy the demands of the conscience. It is all true as far as it goes, but there is something wanting. Certainly it is true, as Mill says, and as Mr. Sidgwick repeats, that we should not feel bound to do a thing which was mischievous and not useful; yet, on the other hand, we feel that there is such a thing as *right*, even when we cannot prove its utility. On the other hand, there is something noble and elevating in the pure, spiritual morality of Kant, with its "categorical imperative," which bids us obey the law of duty for duty's sake. But this, too, leaves us with a sense of defect since it refuses to give us a reason for duty. It is the same with the teaching of the late Professor T. H. Green, of Oxford. It is excellent, stimulating, to a great extent true; but it is intangible, hanging between heaven and earth, having no firm basis which we can survey or understand.

We believe that M. Janet has done rightly in beginning his system, as did the ethical writers of earliest times, as Professor Green refused to do, with a consideration of the end. What is the *summum bonum*? While denying that this is pleasure, a theory which, he says, would make all pleasures of equal value, or of a value to be determined merely by their intensity, he decides that the true end for conscious being is *happiness*, but he points out that this is identical with *perfection*. He further shows that this view is consistent with that of the utilitarians, in the best form of the theory, which recognizes quality as well as quantity in happiness. This part of his book deals with what the author would call *objective* morality.

From the idea of the *good* he passes to that of *duty* and of law, showing how duty arises from the notion of good in voluntary beings, and treating with great acuteness the subject of definite and indefinite duties, of the division of duties, and of the conflict of duties. Under this last head he examines the rules given by Fénelon and shows how we may guard against wrong applications of them. This second part deals with what the author calls *formal* morality.

The third part, which treats of *virtue*, or *subjective morality*, if less important than the other portions from a speculative point of view, is practically of great interest, and certainly it furnishes the pleasantest reading in the book. The general principle which the author lays down is that men are bound to obey their consciences. Of course he would add, with others, that they are bound to see that the conscience is enlightened, but this second rule, he points out, is really contained in the first. This rule he applies to the Jesuit theory of probabilism, which was attacked in so masterly a manner by Pascal, and he points out that, unsound as was the Jesuit morality, it was in some respects more reasonable than the rigorism of the Jansenists; and, in fact, that it contained, although that could hardly be intended by its authors, the germ of our modern theories of religious liberty. Here and there we have marked statements which need qualification; with the general theory of the author, however, we are in complete agreement. This and other contributions to the science of Ethics have been ably and adversely criticised by M. Fouillée in his *Critique des Systèmes de Morale Contemporaine*. We hope, before long, to give some attention to M. Fouillée and his criticism. C.

## DOMINION QUARANTINE REGULATIONS.

THE increasing mortality in the cholera districts of France is having a beneficial effect in arousing many of our leading cities to a sense of impending danger, and causing them to contemplate the by no means impossible contingency of a visitation from this terrible scourge of humanity. And in this emergency the first question that suggests itself is: What are our Quarantine Regulations, and how far are they calculated to guard our shores against the importation of the plague? It must be confessed that we have but little cause for security, and that our quarantine machinery, so far as it exists, is the very embodiment of the principle "how not to do it." It appears that nominally we have a quarantine station at Grosse Isle, but that for all purposes of quarantine Grosse Isle might as well be in the South Pacific as in the St. Lawrence. In past years Grosse Isle was of immense service in checking the spread of disease, and there is no good reason why it should not serve the same purpose again. But to reach this desirable result, it must be a reality, and not as it is at present, a quarantine station on paper. Our present manner of quarantine is remarkable, to say the least of it. Early in the season we send down to Grosse Isle our medical staff, and one or two paid chaplains, but on this latter point I wish to speak with all reserve. Certain it is, at all events, that there is an Anglican chaplain at Grosse Isle, paid by somebody. Now, the supposition is

\* The Theory of Morals, by Paul Janet; translated from the latest French edition. New York: Scribners. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

that the gentlemen appointed to these important offices are there, ready and willing to do their duty, and therefore, so far as they are personally concerned, no one has any right to complain. These gentlemen are in no sense responsible for the utter inefficiency of our quarantine. But the public are justified in asking what useful purpose the Government hopes to achieve by keeping up this semblance of quarantine, which is an imposition on public confidence and a mischievous delusion in every way. It begets a false security, and prevents any effective measures from being taken against the spread of disease. As matters now stand, the Dominion has no quarantine on our chief summer port from the Atlantic. Sailing vessels carry no passengers, while the steamers, with their decks crowded with emigrants from every part of Europe, sail majestically past Grosse Isle, without "let or hindrance," and the quarantine authorities at that station quietly look on, powerless to remedy this very serious evil. At Quebec, the distributing point in our emigration scheme, things are, if possible, still worse. When the steamer has moored alongside her wharf, the quarantine doctor goes on board for the purpose of examining into the health of the passengers. The examination in the main consists of the interchange of civilities between the quarantine doctor and the ship's doctor. Esculapius of the sea assures Esculapius of the land that "everything is all right," a hasty glance into the rigging, around the smoke-stack, and over the bulwarks, confirms the statement, and the medical examination is over. How far this system is to be relied upon may be gathered from the fact that a year or two ago the ship *Peruvian*, of the Allan Line, was permitted to land her passengers at the port of Quebec while many of them were in a dying condition from an infectious disease. The infected persons were conveyed on the ferry boats between Levis and Quebec, then taken by carters to the Marine Hospital, and it was not until some fifteen or twenty persons had died from the disease that the alarm got abroad in Quebec, and then the citizens of that progressive capital became very indignant, and did—nothing. In truth, there is a tacit understanding that nothing shall be said, either in Montreal or Quebec, to the detriment of the steamship companies, whose large advertising patronage exercises a wholesome influence upon the newspaper press of the Dominion. The only rival the steamship companies have in this control of the press is the Grand Trunk Railway, but in the matter of ocean passenger traffic, the interests of the Grand Trunk and the steamship companies are identical, and therefore the press is gagged, not by one, but by two of the most powerful influences in the country. Steamship companies have for their own accommodation abolished quarantine restrictions, which frequently involve loss, and nearly always delay. Unfortunately, in Canada we are a combination of rival interests, and the commercial monopolists of the Dominion, when they fail to frighten one "authority" will probably succeed by bribing the other. In illustration of this, I find that it has been stated, on good authority, that a steamship recently arrived in the port of Quebec with sickness on board, and that, too, of such a serious nature that the Port Physician ordered the vessel back to Quarantine, but the owners telegraphed to Ottawa and secured authority to proceed to Montreal. This is a sample of what occurs in every case where the interests of the public come in conflict with the higher interests of the monopolists. One curious circumstance about all this is that while everybody—or nearly everybody—knows about it, it should at critical times like the present come upon our civic and other authorities in the light of a sudden revelation. We are entirely within the mark when we say that to not one of our civic bodies have the facts been made more patent than to the City Council of Quebec. Year after year the steamers have been dumping down infection at their very doors without anything like an effective protest being made against it, or the steamship companies in any instance held responsible for their misconduct in this respect. For the moment, the Quebec City Council holds the key of the position, and while we have no reason to doubt their good intentions, yet the members are so notoriously under outside influence, and are withal so apathetic, that we never can be sure of reaching "the bottom facts" about anything in which they are concerned. What they have done in this matter so far amounts to little, and may be gathered from the following report:—

Moved by Alderman Rinfret, seconded by Councillor Chambers—That this Council, being fully resolved for its part to neglect no sanitary precautions calculated to protect the public health, believes that the preservation of the city from the horror of epidemic disease calls for the inspection at Grosse Isle of all vessels, whether steamships or sailing craft, hailing either from Liverpool or from any other European port, before a permit is granted them to proceed to this port, and for their subsequent detention in quarantine if deemed necessary by the medical officer in charge, and for such period of time as in the opinion of such officer is sufficient to remove all danger of a spread of infectious disease; That a copy of this resolution be transmitted to the proper authorities at Ottawa, with a respectful request that orders be given to the proper officers to carry into effect the precautionary measures herein recommended. Councillor Charleson said he had it from excellent authority, that a steamship recently arrived here with sickness on board, and that Dr. Rowand, Port Physician, ordered it back to quarantine, when its owners telegraphed to Ottawa and secured authority to proceed to Montreal.

Alderman Hearn said that although the authority referred to had been given him, he could not but believe that the informant of the last speaker had been mistaken. He really did not think such information could be correct. Councillor Kaine said he could establish by reliable witnesses, what he had asserted last month about the landing here of scarlet fever patients.

We have not the least hope that the council will go a single step beyond the publication of the above resolution, for if they were really in earnest they have sufficient means within their reach to compel the authorities to make the Grosse Isle Quarantine Station a reality instead of a delusion and a snare. A writer in the *Morning Chronicle* who has evidently opened his eyes to the dangers thus delivers himself:—

Sir,—If quarantine regulations apply *only* to sailing vessels, what on earth is the use of the institution? It is nothing but a farce. Do away with it and save expense, or make it apply in the direction most needed, that is among the thousands of emigrants coming by the way of the St. Lawrence. Surely, some public demonstration should be had to convince the Government that there is great danger to be apprehended, and that strict quarantine in its widest sense should be established. If this is not done the mercy of God will alone save us from the evil; of course this prime essential is requisite with all our efforts, but we know, "God helps those who help themselves." Yours truly, A. Z.

AN OBSERVER.

### HIGHER EDUCATION FOR EXCEPTIONAL WOMEN, AND OCCUPATION FOR ALL.

THE determination of Miss Müller to resist paying taxes on the ground that she is not allowed to vote, while she beholds with indignant eyes the minions of the law possessing themselves of the lares and penates of her house—quite sure, with feminine perspicacity, that they seize with spite the things she values most—is calculated to give the world at large more amusement than anything else. It will be remarked that she has the angular proportions the popular mind associates with vixenish unmarried women, and hinted very broadly that were she pretty, and the heart of a happy home, she would not be posing as a martyr in the cause of Women Suffrage. Insinuations of the sort, if rather ill-natured, are perhaps not very wide of the mark. Happy women do not trouble themselves with seeking rights they have never felt the loss of. The very name "Woman's Rights" is repugnant to the majority of the sex. That home is the happiest and most suitable sphere for a woman is a fact which she never denies or refuses, provided, of course, that the right man asks her. Whether giving her the opportunity to vote would change her whole nature is open to doubt, as well as the possible benefits to be derived by the world at large by extending to her the franchise. Governments are not always bettered in proportion to the number of voters, and it is extremely problematic if laws will be improved when, as some people prophesy, the female members of society are allowed to drop their votes into the ballot box. But why men should object to women obtaining the advantage of what is called a higher education is a mystery to the woman who aspires to something beyond the ordinary school-girl's schooling. It seems as if the subject must always be discussed in an apologetic manner. Men in general appear to regard the movement, if carried out, as calculated to leave them no chance of housekeepers, or choice of wives, save in an unattractive array of blue stockings. That this would be the inevitable sequel none knew so well as women is an impossible contingency, and it shows a lamentable amount of ignorance of the softer sex on the part of the masculine objectors. Given all the opportunities in the world, women *en masse* are opposed to such a cause. Few of them are equal to the strain, and fewer still inclined to make the effort; but is not that all the more reason that the exceptional ones should be given a chance? Men pay themselves a poor compliment by shutting the doors against the rare ones who have the temerity to leave the beaten tracks of life. If women are unfitted for the extra learning, they must beat an ignominious retreat; if they show themselves capable of holding their own, it is obviously absurd to argue that they are unfitted for higher educational advantages.

Every woman, in her heart of hearts, regards a home where she shall reign the queen the happiest lot in life for her; but for various reasons all women do not form the centres of homes. Surely any one who has observed the lives single women live must see how necessary it is for their happiness that they should have such an education as will make them, if need be, self-supporting, happy, useful members of society, able to take a place in the world, not so much on an equality with men, as on an equality with their married sisters. Unmarried, unattached women, having to meet the world single-handed, require as much liberty as possible; yet they have infinitely less than married ones. Unless under the protection of a husband or a male relative, a woman has to wait until middle age for the world to allow her to keep house for herself, if she happens to be good-looking until all her charms have fled. Supposed to require chaperones to an age that is pitifully ludicrous, they are consequently forced to live in other people's houses, the most insignificant members of the household, no

special place of honour being assigned to them, while their relatives feel they have the right to call on them at all times for all sorts of services which must be rendered gratuitously. Thus with no set recognized duties, life is full of scarcely defined but irksome exactions, dependent on the caprice of others, and always under the eyes of "Mrs. Grundy."

It is an admitted fact that in the economic arrangements of nature nothing is lost or created in vain; yet how sadly is it forced on the conscience of many a woman that she is a superfluous being. With a slight knowledge of many things she is thorough in nothing, therefore incapable of making her way in any one thing, while the only position she is qualified at all for is as useful companion, where she must still remain in an outsider's house a subordinate. To many girls the pleasure-calls of society leave little time, without at least its distractions. But as time goes on, if she does not marry, or has no home duties depending upon her, the dissatisfied feeling of every one who feels of no use in the world grows on her, increasing as she counts her birthdays. People laugh at the women with a mission. The world would have fewer miserable women in it if a field of usefulness could be found for every woman. Missions need not take women from their homes. If they have them, there are their missions; but when they are unfortunate enough not to have them, they should find other interests, with well-defined duties. Though naturally given to depend on others, not one woman in a thousand is happy as the acknowledged cypher in a household. Women in such cases would, if they but tried it, find it infinitely pleasanter to work for strangers, who could not make them feel dependent, and the pleasant feeling of independence would be a solace for many of the disagreeables of life.

Every year opens new fields for woman to enter. It is not necessary for her to thrust herself in the path of life where men have to struggle for existence; but let her have a chance to fit herself for being self-reliant, and well-educated, which does not for a moment necessitate her being that most disagreeable of human beings, a masculine woman, while it will be quite her own fault if her acquaintances dub her a blue-stocking. It is not necessary to be an ignoramus to be charming; but the wise woman will always remember that to be charming she must not let her friends see or think that she knows more than her neighbours. The busy people are the happiest. Give occupation to the woman with no duties, and we shall have fewer busy-bodies and happier women. Never fear that throwing open the gates of learning will deluge the world with advocates of "female rights"—even if once in a way a sweet girl-graduate is seen. And remember that independence is always the last, not the first, resource of a woman.

J. M. LOES.

## LAWN TENNIS.

ENGLISH papers tell us that lawn tennis is going out in some measure, and that croquet, so long dethroned by its formidable rival, is coming in again. The reason they give is that ladies are beginning to discover that they cannot play lawn tennis. English society papers are, no doubt, great authorities on such subjects; but we can scarcely believe them in this case. It is hard to believe that the net and racquet will disappear from the closely-shaven lawn—that rallies and volleys will go to join the things that are passed away—that love, deuce, and vantage will become forgotten sounds—to be replaced by the frivolity and flirtation of croquet. Nor is the reason given for the disappearance of lawn tennis a good one; for not only do ladies occasionally play a rattling good game, but, even were they as inferior as *Truth* says, that should not interfere with the game itself. Ladies cannot play cricket or football—is that any reason for annihilating these games? The fact is, tennis seems to have in it the elements necessary for prolonged existence: it is a game of skill and science; it improves upon acquaintance; it develops the muscles; it is exciting; it is exhilarating; it does not last too long, and lastly, but not least, it gives few occasions for displays of ill-temper such as lie on the otherwise peaceful croquet lawn. If we take the feelings of the spectators into account we will cling to it, for the onlooker to whom the counting of the game and its delicate points are a mystery, can enter at least in part into the spirit of it. In all these respects it is ahead not only of croquet, but of any game ever invented.

Of course it may be urged that the expense and the difficulty of getting lawns the proper size stand in the way of its rapid development in Canada at any rate. Undoubtedly a croquet set is far cheaper, and a croquet lawn may be of almost any size. But let tennis clubs spring up—let the members play regularly, and we may say also pay regularly. The subscription need not be very large, and the inestimable advantage of playing with players of different styles will overbalance the inconvenience that must exist in some degree when club grounds instead of one's own are to be used.

Some changes might indeed be made in it. The mystic score might be simplified; the games might be made longer; variations that exist in regard to "deuce" and "vantage" might be harmonized. All this might be done without changing the character of a delightful social game—one that has made its way over the world. Like cricket, it is to be found wherever the English language is spoken.

B.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE ENGLISH FRANCHISE BILL.

To the Editor of *The Week* :

SIR,—Will you kindly allow an English Liberal to state to your readers the "true inwardness" of the opposition to this Bill? Admiring Bystander's ability and moral courage on subjects where in America he stands alone, I submit that in this case he does injustice to the Conservatives. Numbers of the English Liberals agree with the Lords, that a Redistribution Bill should accompany the proposed measure. Such are of opinion with the Conservatives, that it is Mr. Gladstone's intention to unduly favour the violent party in Ireland, so as to add to Mr. Parnell's voting power, and thereby to the number of his own supporters in the House of Commons.

At present, Ireland contains 13½ per cent. of the population of the United Kingdom, and returns 15½ per cent. of the members. Ulster has one-third of the population and one-half of the wealth of Ireland, and returns only one-fourth of its members. In other words, Ulster sends twenty-six, but should have on the present basis thirty-four members, and the rest of Ireland has seventy-seven, but should only have sixty-nine. In fairness, according to population, Ireland should have ninety and not one hundred and three members. Ulster should have thirty, and the rest of Ireland sixty. This is what the Conservatives and most of the reflecting Liberals think to be equitable. But it will not suit Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Parnell, for the disunionists on this basis would not be so numerous in Parliament as now, and Mr. Gladstone would lose so many general supporters. This is one of the best instances of the evils of partyism, in fearlessly exposing the mischiefs of which Bystander has achieved a deathless name. Many of the Liberals have voted for the Bill from mere party discipline, and in their hearts agree with the Conservatives on the question of redistribution. It will be said that Mr. Gladstone has made a general and vague promise; but, agreeing with the *London Times* in rejecting what it mildly calls "Fetish Worship," I say with Falstaff, "I like not the security." Further, under the proposed Bill, any one in Ireland renting a holding rated at four or five dollars a year, or forty cents a month, would have a vote. There are, as shown by a recent Parliamentary report, hundreds of thousands of such in Ireland. How would Canadians like to be ruled by voters living on holdings worth from eight to ten cents per week? The Conservatives say fairly enough, let the country be appealed to for a decision upon the subject; but Mr. Gladstone well knows what the answer would be. Hence a mild application of "Irish moral force."

RADICAL.

Toronto, July 25, 1884.

## "IF."

PERCHANCE we two, had we but met  
In earlier years ere grief had sown  
The seeds that now so full have grown  
Within our hearts and thrive there yet,  
We might have—nay! I cannot let  
That word, whose meaning I have known  
When all I long'd for was mine own,  
Be said—'tis better to forget.

\* \* \* \*

Had we two met in earlier years  
When fancy leads young hearts to love,  
When eyes are caught by eyes, when ears  
Drink in the words that passions move,  
And lips meet lips in kisses sweet,  
We might have—but we did not meet.

Montreal.

E. G. G.

## THE EXPERIENCES OF SAN PANCRAZIO OF EVOLO.

From the German of A. Schneegans.

## III.

WE left Don Cesare Agresta seated under the old olive tree on the top of the promontory of Evolo, looking anxiously seaward, and striving to distinguish the sounds which, borne by the cool wind of night, fell upon his ear.

Not from the sea, however, came the sounds which reached the ship-broker upon his look-out. Her narrow scarf drawn far over her face, and glancing timidly around her, Carmela, secretly trembling for mingled joy and terror, hurried along the shore by the side of Nino, skipped with beating heart from stone to stone, and at each sound which came from the sea, or the dark lemon groves, pressed closer and closer to the side of her companion.

"Oh, Nino!" whispered the agitated girl, "it is indeed too far." And already did she begin to repent her having lent a willing ear to the urgent entreaty of her lover, and her having left the safe protection of her brother's house, to follow him upon this dangerous expedition.



"Calm thyself, little one," answered Nino, "it is not a hundred paces farther; and thou knowest that thy brother has said that he will not return before midnight; and then to-day he and his comrades will have so much to tell about the fate of the blessed Pancrazio; and we, meanwhile, will have lots to talk about in the peaceful security of my home."

"Ah, Nino; I am so afraid! Why did we not converse, as hitherto, in front of our house? The street is quiet enough, I am sure. Truly it is not right for me to do this, and you should not have asked me: do let us go back Nino."

"What sayst thou, Carmela? The street is quiet? Yes, truly, so quiet that old Francisca, thy maid, can spy us, as she did no time ago, at the window, and set all the dogs of the neighbourhood upon me, pretending that she took me for a house-breaker! There is nothing of the like to be feared here. Here we are quite alone; and we have never been alone yet since we plighted our troth to one another!"

Carmela stood still.

"Nino," said she, "thou, perhaps, dost not stake much upon the game: but, as for me, I stake everything upon it. And should anyone find me here—or yonder?"

"And who should find us pray?" Nino broke in impatiently. "Not a soul ever comes here, at this hour of the night, and thou art as safe as . . ."

He stopped short, suddenly checked by Carmela, who, with an impassioned gesture, laid her hand upon his mouth. They were standing right in front of the outmost point of the headland, just where the rocks descend precipitately to the shore, and where the narrow path winds with difficulty between the steep cliff and the sea.

"What is it?" asked Nino in a low voice.

"There! look yonder!" whispered the agitated girl, as she pointed with her finger, through the darkness of the night, towards a rock—close to the road where they stood—on which motionless and silent some one was standing.

"Santo Diavolo!" muttered Nino, angrily to himself, and like a burning flame all his Sicilian jealousy mounted to his brain; and stooping quickly he picked up a heavy pointed stone, and keeping his eyes steadily fixed upon the object of their alarm, added quickly: "The way is barred! Here is the path which leads to the Chapel! Up! Carmela! quick, before he sees us!"

Through a rift in the heavy rain-clouds, which the rapidly rising wind was hurrying towards the zenith, a streak of bright moonlight fell suddenly upon the face of the cliff. A piercing shriek escaped the lips of the all but fainting Carmela, as she gazed with starting eyeballs upon the threatening form:

"The Saint!" she screamed, and as if to protect herself against his approach, she stretched out her arms towards the dreadful apparition. "The Saint!—risen from the sea! Blessed Virgin protect and save me!"

And, without knowing what she was doing, and as if she were fleeing from the divine justice which was threatening her with vengeance, she fled, in breathless haste, up the steep and rocky way.

Nino had, at the first glance of the weird-looking figure, remained rooted to the spot, almost paralysed by the unexpected, and even to him dread-inspiring vision.

"San Pancrazio!" came in broken accents from his lips. As soon, however, as he heard the shriek of his terror-stricken betrothed, and as soon as he beheld her, beside herself with fright, disappear in the deepening darkness, the wild, raging fury of the Sicilian, threatened in his love, broke forth at once! "Santo Diavolo, accursed Saint! thou shalt pay dearly for this!" he shouted with threatening voice and furious gesture, and at the same moment the stone, hurled by the vigorous hand of the youth, smote the unlucky Evolino a crashing blow. Nino saw the stone fly, strike—and then a dull, heavy object went hurtling down the cliff.

"Mayst thou smash thine old heathen skull to pieces on the rocks, thou old pagan idol!" shouted Nino, after the tumbling saint, and then hastened after his beloved at the top of his speed:

"Carmela! Carmela! hold on!—stop!—what are thou going to do?" he called, utterly reckless of the risk he ran of being heard and discovered by another.

But Carmela, deaf to the shouts of her lover, clambered like a frightened fawn over the rocks and roots which encumbered the ascent. What she sought above, she knew not; why she fled thither, she would have been unable to explain. She fled in order to flee from the form of the threatening Saint, who, in the white moonlight, had seemed to her startled vision a warning spirit from heaven—a very messenger of God, bearing in his uplifted hand the rod of divine vengeance; or an angel come to save her while in the path of temptation and destruction.

Nino's shouts were unheard by her. Another voice, which now suddenly called her name aloud, was likewise unheard and unheeded by her. As though a legion of devils were at her heels, she fled up the cliff, and ran towards the olive trees which surrounded the chapel.

"Carmela! Carmela!" shouted Nino, as in breathless haste he hurried after the frantic maiden. The door of the abandoned shrine swayed to and fro in the night wind, as a child seeking protection and safety in its father's house. Carmela sprang into the chapel, followed by Nino; and at the same moment, pulled to by a strong hand, the door closed behind them both—a quick firm slam, and then the ponderous key was turned, and then withdrawn from the lock!

It was Don Cesare who stood before the chapel. Motionless, with the key in his hand, and his eyes riveted upon the door, he remained rooted to the spot. His hand clutched, convulsively, the hilt of his knife, and broken, incoherent words issued from his lips.

He continued thus a considerable time. He seemed to struggle

mightily with himself, and appeared unable to come to any definite opinion as to how he should act. At last he seemed to have made up his mind.

"Ye cannot escape me," he muttered to himself, and placed the key in his pocket. And after a while he added: "In this I recognize thy hand, holy Pancrazio!"

He quickly descended again the mountain road, and a peculiar grim smile lingered about the corners of his mouth: for he was thinking of a comparison which Padre Atanasio was wont to make use of in his sermons, with reference to any wish which had been unexpectedly fulfilled. He knew not how it had occurred to his mind—how Saul the son of Kish had gone forth looking for his father's asses, and found—not the asses, for they were recovered without his aid—the Kingdom of Israel! Had not he, like Saul, found something better than what he had been seeking, and that, too, quite as unexpectedly?

The saucy Nino, only think of it! was in his power! The hot blood boiled in his veins. It mounted to his head, and made his temples throb like the pulse of one in a fever! He was on the point of returning and entering the chapel—by a mighty effort, however, he recovered the mastery of his will, and let go his knife. Yes, the daring, roystering companion, who had taken advantage of his absence to prattle, heaven knows what nonsense, to his beloved Carmela; and had succeeded in enticing her away from the safe seclusion of their home. And what was the fellow about, here, in the night, upon this lonely road by the sea shore?

Carmela was fleeing from him; nevertheless, she had followed him!—and now they were sitting yonder, both of them, fairly caught behind the locked door of the shrine. And he Don Cesare, had the key in his hand; and except as the wedded husband of his sister, Nino should never leave the chapel!

As he thought of this, he could not help laughing. A more serious and devout feeling however, succeeded, as he reflected upon the part played by San Pancrazio: "Whom hast thou to thank for all this, Don Cesare? None else than good, dear Evolino, whom thou with thine own hand hast drawn from the water—to whom thou art going down again—before whom thou wilt throw thyself upon thy knees, and" . . . .

Hold! What was that? Evolino was no longer to be seen in his rocky niche. And what a spectacle met his gaze! There he lay across the path. And, holy Virgin! There lay the poor Saint, without his head. And upon his breast a great gaping wound was visible, as if made by a large stone, which had all but squashed old Evolino's worm-eaten little carcass, and had even penetrated to his heart and vitals. Don Cesare looked about on all sides! There lay the stone!—and now he understood it all. The stone could only have been thrown by Nino at the Saint, when Carmela's voice rose in anguish from below. Yes, yes, that was it, and now the Saint avenged himself upon him. For he had chased them both into his chapel, and the key was now lying safe in Don Cesare's pocket. And look!—yonder is the head of poor San Pancrazio. It had rolled down to the shore. But, alas! in what a wretched condition it was lying there! *Eheu, quantum mutatus!* How mightily changed was now good Evolino's countenance from what it was before!—so strange was it, so wholly different, so incomprehensible! What a strange mixture there was of serene, and god-like youth, and of the weakness of shrivelled, shrunken old age! The crown of the head, the brow, the chin, were those of a youth; but wrinkles had been painted thereon by the hand of man, and near the rents which time had made in the once youthful countenance the bright hue of the fresh paint seemed as loathsome and as hideous as *rouge* might upon the cheeks of a corpse. Don Cesare was deeply moved at the sight.

"Evolino! San Pancrazio!" he muttered, as awe-struck and almost trembling he took the head in his hands. "Is it thou, Evolino? Is it not thou? I no longer recognize thee; and yet I recognize thee again, dear, good old friend!"

And with deep heartfelt devotion, as if he were bearing the consecrated host in his hand, he bore the deservered head to where the mutilated trunk was lying: raised the trunk reverently from the earth, and placed it again in its rocky niche; and then, carefully and tenderly laid the bruised and battered head upon the folded arms. Then he knelt down upon the flinty rock, and with folded hands offered up his hearty thanks to his patron for all the good he had received to-day.

He prayed long and fervently. He marked not as he prayed how the clouds were settling down, deeper and heavier upon land and sea: he perceived not how the wind blew cooler and cooler over the rock on which he knelt: and only when the first rain drops wet his arms and shoulders, did he awake from his ecstatic rapture.

"Evolino!—dear Evolino!" he said, rousing himself once more. "Thou art he who suggested this thought of mine. Thou art he who leadeth me; and into thy hands I commit, with all confidence, my own fate and that of my house. Deal therewith as seemeth to thee best. To-morrow morning thou wilt find me in thy chapel prepared for either alternative: for reconciliation and nuptial merry-making—or for a bloody vengeance for mine outraged honour."

When he had thus spoken, he drew slowly the key from his pocket, hung it upon one of the saint's hands, as on a nail; kissed once again in lowly confidence Evolino's robe, and then, with firm and rapid step withdrew from the spot.

J. CUNNINGHAM DUNLOP.

(To be continued.)

GOTHE was one of the last as well as most voluminous of letter writers, and we therefore welcome the selection from his early letters, which Mr. Edward Bell has just edited for Bohn's Library, accompanying it with a short biography of the author, and suitable explanatory notes.

## THE SCRAP BOOK.

## A HISTORIC DEBATE IN THE LORDS.

It is not often that the public gaze is fastened upon the House of Lords. As a rule, this is almost an empty Chamber, where elderly gentlemen talk to each other across the table, or sometimes have no one but themselves, the Lord Chancellor, and the officials to address. On Monday the Franchise Bill changed all that. There was a great muster on both sides, though it was known that the division would not take place till Tuesday. Still, there was the attractiveness of the Lords on a big occasion, and noble lords helped to increase it by being in their places. They came from far and wide at crack of whip. Earl Spencer travelled from Ireland; Lord Rowton travelled from Pau; and the Earl of Albemarle, with his four-score years and five, temporarily left his retirement to give his vote on behalf of the enfranchisement of the people. The affair has been notable rather as a spectacle than a memorable Parliamentary debate. In the first place, the conclusion was foregone. Everybody knew that the Lords would throw out the Bill on the Second Reading, and the only interest centred in the precise proportion of the voting.

In the absence of the excitement which grows of uncertainty, the debate was not at any stage lively. What the House watched for was any indication of willingness to compromise, or even at this last moment to hold out a flag of truce. Whilst the debate had gone forward there had been many marked movements on the Front Benches in both Houses. Mr. Gladstone had been suddenly called out during the speech-making on the Government of London Bill. About the same time Lord Salisbury had hurriedly left the Front Bench and Earl Granville had quitted the House. Something undoubtedly had been going forward, and each speaker who rose was closely followed in quest of some indication of a sudden settlement. None who had preceded Lord Salisbury had made the looked-for sign. Amid the mumbling of Lord Derby some words were caught dealing with the subject. But whether they were favourable to a compromise or declaratory against it no one could say, for no one had fully heard. Lord Salisbury, who is at least audible, quickly dispelled all doubts on this point. It was evidently war to the end with him, though it was noticeable that even in his case there was nothing of exultation in his tone. Usually Lord Salisbury is as the warhorse that scents the battle from afar, and paws impatiently to be in the midst of it. He was very quiet in his manner, and quieter still were his friends as they heard him talking about the ease with which demonstrations were got up as long as there remained a balance with the bankers of the promoters. Undoubtedly the best speech of the debate was Lord Rosebery's. His touch was light throughout, and not many sentences were gone through without some sparkle of wit or humour. But beneath these was visible a strong purpose and a power of serious argument which a little astonished the listening Senate.

The House of Lords lends itself more graciously to pageantry than does the Commons. One advantage it possesses is that the visible presence of ladies may grace the scene. There were some in the galleries on Monday, and on Tuesday night before dinner they came in increasing numbers. But it was on the eve of the division that the scene presented its great attractions. Ladies in full evening dress, flashing the light of diamonds with the slightest movement, filled the side galleries. Nearly every seat on the floor of the House was filled, a bunch of Bishops in white lawn were gathered in the seats below the gangway by the woosack. Members of the House of Commons, reversing the ordinary course of affairs, had hurried over to the Lords, and crowded every available corner allotted to them. The railed space before the Throne was closely packed with Privy Councillors. Sir S. Northcote might be seen modestly peering over the crowd from a place in the rear. Sir Richard Cross had characteristically secured a front place. The tall figure of the Home Secretary towered over the crowd. Lord Hartington, also modestly set at the back, looked on. Mr. Gladstone coming in just after midnight, looking pale and tired, found no room near the Throne, and leaned against the Bishops' Bench. The Prince of Wales had just come in to hear the close of the debate, though not to vote. A tall figure, with curiously black hair fringing a bald head, was recognized as the Poet Laureate, and aroused a flutter of interest among the ladies in the galleries.

Lord Granville, following Lord Salisbury, spoke in a House that scarcely pretended to be interested. It was all over but the division, and this was waited with the better bred impatience of the House of Lords as compared with the Commons. At a quarter-past one in the morning the House was cleared for a division, and a quarter of an hour later the figures were announced, showing—for the Bill, 205; against, 146. A majority of only 59 added to the omens of debate which had kept down all exuberance of spirit on the Conservative side. When the Conservative Peers give battle to Mr. Gladstone's Ministry on a great question they are accustomed to triumph by at least double the majority of Wednesday morning.—*Henry W. Lucy, in The Graphic.*

## SCENES IN THE BRITISH COMMONS.

*Qualifications for Membership.*—No educational test or mental qualification is demanded of a candidate seeking to become a Member of the House of Commons, although, after having obtained the right to add M.P. to his name, it is expected that he will be able to sign the Roll of Parliament. Our overdone system of competitive examination applies to tide-waiters and letter-carriers, not to legislators. If the aspirant be capable of inditing his own electioneering placards and of addressing a ward meeting, on the topics of the day, with tolerable fluency, so much the better, if not, the agent will see that the placards are written and the speeches made by competent persons—for a consideration.

Prior to the passing of the Corrupt Practices Act last year, it was generally an expensive business to get into Parliament, and even now the would-be county, city, or borough member must expect to pay somewhat dearly for the desired privilege. And, so long as the chosen one has the honour of representing a constituency at St. Stephens, there will be a constant drain on his purse. The local charities will look to him for support, and he will be invited to contribute to the fund for restoring the local pump. It matters not whether the candidate be young or old, highly educated or profoundly ignorant, wise or stupid, narrow-minded or tolerant to a fault, a pietist or a sceptic, but it is all-important that he should have, or affect to have, political party bias. In his appeal to the electors he must infer either that Mr. Gladstone is a monster and only the Tories can save the nation, or that Mr. Gladstone is an angel and the Tories are but waiting their opportunity to tear up Magna Charta and repeal the Bill of Rights.

Chosen, for the most part, by party wire-pullers, on account of wealth, family connections, or local influence, persons, fit and unfit, capable and incapable, find their way into the House. Raw lads fresh from college, timid and unready, or shallow and impertinent, the latter taking upon themselves to hector and sneer at wise and experienced leaders grown grey in the service of the State. Parvenus anxious to push their way into society, advocates with an eye to the coif, ambitious aldermen, mere political adventurers, and keen-witted delegates of Commercial Companies, are made equal with statesmen of the highest culture, renowned for knowledge, for patriotism, and for persuasive eloquence. I am far from saying that a more representative assembly would be likely to result from any practicable system of competitive examination. Moreover, we are about to consider the House of Commons as it is—not to speculate on what it ought to be.

*Securing a Seat.*—It may not be generally known that the House of Commons is not large enough to accommodate all the elect of the constituencies, and it is a misnomer to say that an elected member has obtained a "seat" in the House. His position at the head of the poll entitles him to get one—if he can—no more.

On "Field Nights," when it is expected that some popular chiefs will make set orations, every bench upon the floor is occupied, and even the gangways—unlike those of a theatre, under the supervision of the Lord Chamberlain—are utilized by honourable members; while others crowd into the side galleries, and even through the doorway under the clock, outside the precincts of debate. The seatless ones are naturally vexed at this, and sometimes cry out, personally or by deputy, for a new and larger chamber. Mr. Gladstone, however, contends that the present House is big enough, and declines to support the demand.

Toward the end of May of the first session of the present Parliament, Mr. Serjeant Simon made an unsuccessful attempt to obtain a Standing Order to the effect "that any member might obtain a seat by affixing his name thereto, and not otherwise, at half-past three o'clock, and not earlier, or afterwards, before the House meets at the usual hour, and not earlier than half-an-hour before the hour of meeting when the House meets for a morning sitting, provided that the member so affixing his name be present at prayers, and that Mr. Speaker do give orders to the doorkeepers accordingly." And Mr. Mitchell Henry, a loyal Irishman, who sits below the gangway on the Liberal side, on another occasion made a similar appeal to the Speaker. He enquired whether the rule by which a member was permitted to take possession of a seat in the House for the evening by placing his hat thereon did not involve the use of the real working hat which the rest-seeker had in wear at the time, and not a colourable substitute—a mere dummy. He drew a lamentable picture of the misdirected intelligence of honourable members who kept the rule to the ear and broke it to the hope by coming down to the House with two hats—one to shield their brows from the weather, the other to secure their seats. Instead of being shocked at the account of an action which displays a more than Machiavellian spirit of intrigue, the House, as *particeps criminis* in the offence complained of, laughed consumedly. Mr. Mitchell Henry, however, by no means content, desired further to ask the Speaker whether it was consistent with the rules of the House to reserve a seat merely by placing a piece of paper or a card upon it. Thereupon Mr. Speaker, in a manner most dignified and stately, informed the honourable gentleman and the assembled Legislature that the hat placed upon the seat should be the veritable hat of the wearer, not a spare or odd one brought by design to serve a purpose. The custom had, he intimated, been in force for many years, and it presupposed that an honourable member was in immediate attendance upon the House. A piece of paper or a pair of gloves, Mr. Speaker ruled to be insufficient as a seat-securer. Nothing has yet been done for the benefit of late comers. The custom of the House continues to be: "First come, first served"—and the rest nowhere.

*Counting Out.*—The dinner hour is commonly taken advantage of to try the ruse of a count out, frequently for the mere love of mischief, and with little if any hope or desire of securing an adjournment. There are three members, whom I will not name, two from Ireland, and one representative of a small Conservative borough, who specially delight in this questionable kind of fun. Aware of the sparse attendance, one of these honourable gentlemen will rush in from the lobby, or another will rise from his seat, and with affected seriousness cry out: "Sir, I beg to call your attention to the fact that forty members are not present." Then the Clerk at the table turns the two-minute sand-glass, the electric bells ring, and the messengers shout in stentorian tones the word, COUNT! And in troop a bevy of members, from dining-room, smoking-room, and library, anxious to keep a House. Some may have been disturbed in the middle of their evening meal, others may have only just begun. Nevertheless, they are prompt to obey the call of duty and the admonition of the Whips, even though the joint cools and the wine grows flat while they are away. There are few if

any evidences of ill-temper, men on both sides accepting the inconvenience as an incident of political warfare. When all the sand has run through the narrow waist of the glass, Mr. Speaker, fully cognisant of the farcical character of the proceeding, stands up on the carpeted dais in front of the chair, and holding his cocked hat in his dexter hand, moving his arm with a gentle upward and downward motion, counts heads, first on his right, and afterwards, if necessary, on his left. "One, and two, and three, and four, and five, and six," and so on to "and forty," reckons the presiding officer. Without the slightest pretence of keeping the House thus made, the disturbed ones joyfully troop out again, and possibly the debate may languish for another hour or two, in the presence of half-a-dozen members, all told.

Besides the false alarms, there are many successful Counts. Some take place late at night, others early in the morning—sheer weariness of the subject in hand having driven members away. Probably the most galling kind of all to the honourable gentleman temporarily in possession of the floor may be described as follows: Mr. Zealous is a private member, anxious to distinguish himself by associating his name with a great metropolitan improvement. To that end he has formulated a scheme for covering London over with one vast glass roof. He and his secretary, between them, have got up the subject thoroughly, and an elaborate address, crowded with statistics, has been prepared, introducing the Arcade at Milan, the Passages of Paris and Brussels, and other interesting, appropriate matter, culled from books and foreign travel. Mr. Zealous is prepared to cite a calculation of the amounts annually expended in umbrellas, Mackintoshes, galoches, and mud-carts within the metropolitan postal area, and to prove, at least to his own satisfaction, that the original cost, notwithstanding the expense to the united parishes within the jurisdiction of the Board of Works, would somehow soon pay itself, and leave a handsome surplus to somebody. All his friends are in the secret of the scheme. It has been dilated on at provincial and parochial meetings; it has formed the staple of his club conversation for months previous. At length, the enthusiastic municipal reformer, having drawn a lucky number in the ballot, finds himself first in the Orders of the Day some Tuesday or Friday evening. So to say, he has the House in his hand, the ball at his feet. Opening the Notice Paper, he reads with satisfaction:

"MR. ZEALOUS.—To call attention to the unprotected buildings and pavements of the Metropolis during wet and stormy weather, whereby considerable damage is done to valuable property; and to move a resolution."

Our friend has beaten up recruits on his own side. The men who habitually sit to his right and left, and the man immediately behind him, have undertaken to attend. House-neighbours, not quite so near, express their willingness to do what they can for him, "consistently with previous engagements," and his party Whips, without registering any formal promise, fill his mind with hope and joyous expectation. At the very least they will try to make and keep a House.

Behold, the moment of his long looked for triumph seems at hand. Entering betimes, Mr. Zealous takes his seat, and arranges his mass of papers, some on the bench beside him, some in the trough in front of him, and the remainder in his hat. He knows exactly where to lay his hands on the various memoranda for a two hours' prepared oration. To-morrow he will wake up happy!—the hero of a hundred journals. Glancing nervously up at the gallery above the chair, he smiles to see the reporters all of a row, and the leader-writers and provincial correspondents behind them—sedate, attentive. The men on his right and left, and the man habitually behind him, have proved as good as their word. Alas! otherwise the House looks cold and bare. His eyes wander round the benches. "Ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen," he mentally reckons up. "Yes, thirteen, dear me, only thirteen" he murmurs, and heaves a deep, deep sigh!

What means that bulky figure sitting within the shadow of a side gallery, solitary, smiling? That is the shocking presence of the member for Bradgate—famous in the annals of Counts Out. All hope, however, is not yet lost. He hears his name pronounced from the chair, and in a moment is on his feet.

The House may fill presently. Why not?

"Sir," says Mr. Zealous, in faltering accents—far different from the confident tone he had intended to assume on this momentous occasion—"I rise to call the attention of this honourable House to the unprotected." But here he is suddenly interrupted in the middle of his first sentence by the rising of the member for Bradgate, who, sweeping the horizon of the chamber, with his snuff-box held at arm's-length before him, utters the well-known formula; and Mr. Zealous resumes his seat, despairing, blanched of visage, too sorrowful for anger.

Then bells ring. Messengers shout. But all is unavailing. Two minutes pass. No one enters. The reporters pack up their papers and make off as the Serjeant-at-Arms removes the mace from the table, and the Speaker passes out behind the chair, and the kindly thirteen disperse. Mr. Zealous, disappointed, baffled, melancholy—not so much, he imagines, for his own sake as for that of the Metropolis and its lost chance of being turned into a huge conservatory. He himself is among the last to retire. What must be the feelings of that counted-out member as he wearily wends his homeward way? It is a tragedy too profound for words!—*David Anderson's "Scenes in the Commons."*

THAT which was not necessary, that which has proved and is proving disastrous to the best interest of the North-West, namely, the expenditure of millions of money in penetrating the Rocky Mountains, has been dictated by the insane personal ambition of the Government. The North-West has been injured beyond computation in order that Sir John, in his dotage, may have the gratification of proclaiming to the world that he has carried through a mad undertaking.—*Winnipeg Free Press*

THE *Free Press* announces that Mr. Blake will be unable, through illness, to pay his promised visit to the North-West this summer. We will all join with our contemporary in its regrets, for the disappointment will not be confined to the members of one party. Mr. Blake is an able and distinguished man, whom we would all unite in welcoming to this Province.—*Winnipeg Times*.

THE Presidential election has great interest for the Canadian people. With Blaine as President our relations with the United States would probably undergo but little, if any, change. If Cleveland should be elected, there would be a modification or readjustment of the fiscal policy of that country which would largely influence its commercial relations with Canada.—*Winnipeg Weekly Times*.

IN his variegated political career General Logan has been on both sides of every question that has arisen in the last twenty-five years. From a fierce persecutor of Southern negroes he has become their ardent champion. Originally an advocate of free trade, he has reverted to an extreme protectionist. A violent advocate of greenback inflation when that heresy was popular, he now believes in a convertible currency. But it must be said of him that he never kept any political opinions a moment longer than they were of use to Logan.—*Philadelphia Record*.

THE chief interest which the American people will have in the next Presidency, after that which concerns the personal character of the candidates, will lie in the treatment of the patronage of the Executive. We believe that it is being more generally perceived that the one fundamental reform of importance—without which the judgment of the country on any other question cannot be arrived at—is the thorough, general, and permanent divorce of politics and patronage. This is the people's reform, and through it alone may they hope to realize the aim of the Constitution, by the reëfranchisement of the voter.—*From an editorial in the August Century*.

COAL has been discovered in the Turtle Mountain region north of the boundry, although the extent and quality of the deposit have not yet been ascertained. It is probable, however, that the quality at least will correspond nearly if not exactly with that on the Willow River valley, while the quantity is said, not on expert authority, it is true, to be practically unlimited. The Souris coal, to which the people of Manitoba have been hopefully looking, has been pronounced to be an indifferent quality of lignite, not specially valuable as a fuel; but as the deposit becomes developed it is not unlikely to be found similar in its properties to the Turtle Mountain coal.—*Winnipeg Times*.

THE Conservative Peers have all along relied upon the hope that their vote would be popularly recognized as implying no hostility to the principle of the measure. They are entitled, however, to go further, and to urge that the Bill has not even been lost because they proposed to attach to it a condition to which Ministers were unwilling to assent, but simply because they could not come to an agreement with their adversaries as to the particular mode in which this proposal should be made. Could they succeed in impressing their views on the constituencies, they might undoubtedly look forward with much composure to the agitation with which they are threatened.—*London Daily Telegraph*.

THIS is a fast period we are living in. Civilization may have its advantages; education may have its advantages; steam power and electricity may have produced beneficial results; but the blessings in each case are not unmixed. We are being continually bored with panegyrics on progress. It is all a rush and a bustle, a fevered, soulless struggle to get to the top of the pile, no matter how many beings are trampled upon and maimed in the efforts to reach the desired height. Ease, comfort, and competency, are out of the question. The extravagances of modern society are a black rot that is eating to the core. The daily worker spends every cent on dress and glitter. The upper class sits in its luxuriantly upholstered pew on Sunday, and whilst weeping over its sins, dries its tears on a \$50 handkerchief.—*Bobcaygeon Independent*

IF there were no cause of quarrel such as has arisen, the latent dissatisfaction with an anomalous system might slumber on for years hence; but now that the gauntlet has been flagrantly thrown down by the irresponsible Chamber against a measure which purely affects the House of Commons, the deposition of the people is to go behind the act itself and call for the reform of the body responsible for what has occurred. The unanimous demand (at a public meeting) was for a direct and immediate attack upon the entire constitution of the Upper House, and whoever fell short of the drastic procedure discovered a want of sympathy in his audience. Nor is Liverpool alone in this ominous instance. The attitude of the Liberal Association last night is symptomatic of the attitude of all the Liberal Associations in Great Britain; and, whether there be a compromise or a fight à outrance over the Franchise Bill, there is now little prospect that awakened antagonisms will be allayed until the territorial estate of the realm has come more into harmony with the conditions of government in free countries in the nineteenth century.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

MR. ANDREW CHATTO informed a London correspondent that Mr. Justin MacCarthy has received already over \$25,000 profits as his share of the sales of his very popular "The History of Our Own Times," and that the work still sells excellently.

SOME of the *fac-simile* copies of the first edition of Oliver Goldsmith's "Vicar," now being brought out by Mr. Eliot Stock, of London, will be bound in wood, taken from the dining-room of "Dolly's Chop House," a favorite resort of Goldsmith when in London.

## THE PERIODICALS.

THE current *Art Union* is an illustration of the difficulty of maintaining a high standard of artistic production in magazines published at a low figure. Some of the pictures in the last issue of our New York contemporary—notably the frontispiece, "The Dusty Cupid," and "The Sower"—are excellent in design, and highly creditable in production. But others, such as for instance "Sunlight and Shadow," and "A Bouquet of Oaks," though no doubt the original drawings are well done, are utterly blotched out of all beauty in the printing. The much more pleasing effects obtained where, as in "A Sketch on the Esopus," and "A Bit of English Heath," the filling in is not so heavy, and more reliance is placed upon outline sketching, would seem to indicate that the simpler drawings would give most satisfactory results. The "Dusty Cupid" is by Mr. Church, A.N.A., and is a figure of a woman dusting an ornament of the love god. It is soft and graceful in contour, natural and pleasing in pose. "The Sower" is an even more charming picture; and Mr. E. Wood Perry has caught the true spirit of the seed-scatterer as he trudges through the uninteresting fields, whilst the movement of the figure is perfect.

OUR Paris contemporary *Le Livre—en passant*, as a typographical production one of the most creditable of the day, the moiety devoted to "Bibliographie Ancienne" being printed on heavy hand-made paper, and always accompanied by excellent engravings—gives the place of honour in its July number to a paper by M. Victor Fournel, on "Molière," "Le Bibliothèques des Prisons de la Seine," and a "Chronique du Livre," complete the first part, a reference to the centenary of Diderot being the most noteworthy topic in the "Chronique." An elaborate review of the current literature of all countries is the principal feature of the section headed "Bibliographie Moderne."

THE *Magazine of American History* for August is an exceedingly attractive number. It opens with a well-written, nicely-illustrated article on "The Story of a Monument" which now marks the spot where the revolutionary battle of Oriskany was fought on August 6th, 1777. "Did the Romans Colonize America?" is asked in a preliminary contribution by M. V. Moore. A graphic description of "Lee's Campaign against Pope in 1862," the third paper, is accompanied by three illustrative maps. The short but promising literary career and melancholy decline and death of Charles Fenno Hoffman is sketched by W. L. Keese. "Washington Irving and Sunnyside" is the title of a genial paper under the general heading, "Historic Homes." The private Intelligence Papers of Sir Henry Clinton are concluded in this number.

THE August *St. Nicholas*, the magazine *par excellence* for young folks, is well to the fore, with interesting reading-matter and illustration. The sketches accompanying a paper on "Old Shep and the Central Park Sheep" are capital, with a pleasing vein of humour pervading them. As is proper at this time of the year, there is a large quantity of sea-side holiday-reading including stories entitled: "The S. F. B. P.," "How We were Burnt Out in Constantinople," "Frieda's Doves," "A Fish Acrobat," eighth "Spinning-wheel Story," "A Yankee Boy's Adventure at the Seaside," seventh story of "Historic Boys," and another instalment of "Marvin and His Boy-hunters." Charles E. Bolton contributes a useful and instructive article on "Paper: Its Origin and History," and there are several clever poems, whilst the "Very Little Folk" are attended to in a special department at the end.

THE prince of out-door magazines—*Outing and the Wheelman*—is well to the fore in its August number. The wheeled horse is doing almost as much to annihilate space as its locomotive rival. If our forefathers had been told that Englishmen would traverse Japan on two and three-wheeled machines in this year of grace, the announcement would have been received with incredulity. But here we have Frank S. Dobbins relating a series of "Tricycling Trips in Tokio" as if they were every-day affairs. The very name of the sport, yachting, has a refreshing effect these hot months, and Sarah Leslie brings the boats, as it were, to one's very doors in her paper on "Yachting Around Cape Cod." H. P.'s "Run in Rhode Island" and Charles A. Neide's "Homeward Cruise" are charming recitals. Everyone who is fond of camping should read "The Shagbucks in Camp," which is full of useful hints. "An Unlucky Trip," "Scraping Acquaintance with the Birds," and "Polyphemus" are the remaining items, and with "The Editor's Window" "The Monthly Record," etc., complete an excellent number.

## BOOK NOTICES.

APPLETON'S GENERAL GUIDE TO THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

Mr. Appleton's guides are as well-known on this continent as Murray's or Baedeker's are in the old country, and as well thought of. The 1884 issue, "revised to date," illustrated, with railway maps—loose, and neatly stowed away in an inside pocket of the covers—plans of cities, and table of railway and steamboat fares, contains a mass of carefully-collected information such as cannot elsewhere be found in so handy a shape. The Dominion of Canada scarcely receives the attention it deserves. It has not been thought necessary to give a plan of Toronto, though Quebec and Montreal are so dignified. Quebec, also, is spoken of as, "after Montreal, the most important city in Canada"—a position which Torontonians are not likely to concede. The book, which is handsomely bound and well printed, will be found to contain much that is interesting to others than travellers.

EPITOME OF ANCIENT, MEDIEVAL, AND MODERN HISTORY. By Carl Ploetz. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Co. Toronto: Williamson and Co.

This book is a translation "with extensive additions" by W. H. Tillinghast, and bears evident traces of careful conscientious work on his part and on that of his *collaborateur*, Dr. Edward Channing, of Harvard College. Dr. Ploetz is well known as a reliable constructor of text-books as well as a painstaking historian. The above manual, excellent in the original, has considerably gained in value whilst passing through the adapters' hands—for instance, the English and American sections have been entirely re-written. By an elaborate system of accents the pronunciation of classic proper names is indicated, and on the whole the "Epitome" is about as complete and free from error as anything of its kind before the public.

A BRIEF HANDBOOK OF AMERICAN AUTHORS. By Oscar Fay Adams. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Co. Toronto: Williamson and Co.

A companion volume to the same Author's "Handbook of English Authors," and, like it, though limited in scope, very valuable and exceedingly handy. It will, we imagine, be found rather an advantage than otherwise that in his biographical and bibliographical dictionary Mr. Adams has included the names of many obscure writers, since there is usually no difficulty in finding out all necessary information respecting authors of renown.

UNITED STATES NOTES. A History of the Various Issues of Paper Money by the Government of the United States. By John Kay Knox. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Knox is understood to be perhaps the most reliable authority on United States money living. From 1872 to 1884 he occupied the post of comptroller of the American currency, and during the same period he was official chief of the National banks. It is preëminently evident that Mr. Knox is no bi-metallist; he has no sympathy with the decision of the United States' Supreme Court, that Congress may issue as much paper money as it pleases, and that paper money may be made a legal tender to any extent; and he prefers the gold standard before any other. The subject is treated historically, and the book will not only prove invaluable to students of finance, but is worth a place on the shelves of every banking-house and public library. Mr. Knox has succeeded in treating an intricate and "dry" subject in a lucid and even interesting manner, and the illustrations of various notes assist to this end. The favourable notices which this work has received in the American press confirm the impression that Mr. Knox has succeeded in making his work a thoroughly reliable one.

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER. By John Leech. From the Collection of Mr. Punch. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

Popular as are the caricatures of Du Maurier in *Punch* of to-day, they are neither so vigorous nor so striking as were those of John Leech, whose pencil was arrested by the hand of death in 1864. It was peculiar of that artist that, though he hit hard in his satires, the victims of his wit were compelled to laugh with the crowd. The collection of sketches under notice, though somewhat antiquated in style and costume, is thoroughly and characteristically English. The little book, which includes some eighty subjects, is not the least charming of Mr. Appleton's attractive "Parchment Series."

PRE-ADAMITES: or, a Demonstration of the Existence of Men before Adam; together with a study of their condition, antiquity, racial affinities, and progressive dispersion over the earth. By Alexander Winchell, LL.D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs and Co. London: Trubner and Co. Third edition.

This erudite work has lain too long unnoticed, and it is only referred to here and now, in these brief terms, to draw attention to the fact that it has passed through a third edition, accompanied by a chorus of laudatory comment. The opinion appears to be general that Dr. Winchell has successfully combated the theory that the Bible and modern science are irreconcilable, and that "Pre-Adamites" must rank amongst authoritative works on anthropological science. In a future issue it will receive further notice, more commensurate with its importance.

THE HISTORY OF FRANCE. By M. Guizot. Vol. IV. New York: John B. Alden.

The fourth volume of this extraordinarily cheap book is to hand, and its enterprising publisher announces the early production of the rest. The period covered by the present volume is from the regency of Mary de Medici (1610) to the death of Louis XIV. (1715).

THREE VILLAGES. By W. D. Howells. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co. Three magazine descriptions—the first of Lexington, the second of Shirley (the Shaker community), the third of Guadenhütten, a Moravian settlement—collected into one neat little volume. Mr. Howells' powers as a word-painter are well-known, and he well sustains his reputation in this book, particularly in his picture of Lexington. In the third sketch he tells in touching strains the pathetic history of Guadenhütten, the little Indian village beyond the Ohio, which rose and fell in the last century.

**A PERILOUS SECRET.** By Charles Reade. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

This novel—not by far one of the deceased author's best efforts—having gone through many Canadian and English papers in chapters, is so well known that comment on its merits is unnecessary. It only remains that we should indicate the Messrs. Dawson have reproduced it in a neat and cheap volume form.

**THE CRIME OF HENRY VANE: A Study with a Moral.** By J. S. A. Dale. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This story—the second by the same author—begins in comedy and ends tragically. Its plot is of the simplest, but, for all that, so much mechanical ingenuity is shown in the construction of the book that one is constrained to read with avidity to the end. The whole story turns on the lives and loves of two persons, Vane and Miss Thomas, the "moral" being that young ladies should not trifle with their lovers' feelings, whilst the victims of such heartless treatment receive some sound negative advice. Altogether the book is a success, and should be read.

**THE DOMINION ANNUAL REGISTER AND REVIEW.** Edited by Henry J. Morgan. Toronto: Hunter, Rose and Co., 1884.

These volumes of Mr. Morgan's industry, of which the present is the fifth, have come to be regarded as the most important native issues of the year, and are as eagerly looked for as one looks for the annual appearing of "The Statesman's Year Book," "Whitaker's Almanac," or the periodic issues of "Men of the Time." But, not only is it satisfactory to have one's expectations of the recurring publication of the *Annual Register* realized, it is specially gratifying to note the effort put forth in each issue to give increased interest and value to the series by the addition of matter of the greatest service to those who make use of the volumes. Besides several new features of a statistical and general character which have been inserted in the present work, we have an extended list, which must be exceedingly useful for reference, of "Living Canadian Public Men," with their ages, place of birth, and other data concerning their careers. This list, and much that we find in the new issue, under the classification of "Miscellaneous Statistics and Information," place consultants of Mr. Morgan's volumes under a heavy debt of obligation to the editor and the gentlemen associated with him in the preparation of the *Register*. The Political Summary of the year we find, as usual, full and accurate, and what is of prime moment, neutral in its narration of facts. Here, thank fortune! history is currently written without the bias of party. An example of this may be cited in the rather amusing account given of the taking possession by the Ontario Government of Rat Portage (see pages 120-2), in connection with the Ontario Boundary dispute. The review of literature, education, science and arts for the year, is well and efficiently done, and is a record of substantial progress very creditable to our young country. The "Journal of Remarkable Occurrences," the register of "Promotions and Appointments in the Public Service," and the table of "Obituary," complete the enumeration of the contents of the volume, and comprise a mass of information of current and enduring interest. G. M. A.

### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

#### CHURCH MUSIC FROM THE REFORMATION TO THE PRESENT TIME.

THE origin of the musical service of the Church of England is largely due to the English musician, Marbeck, who arranged the plain song for the use of the Common Prayer-book. The early English writers were familiar with the practice of writing church-music on themes of the Gregorian chant, but when melodies of a secular cast were adopted for contrapuntal treatment, as they sometimes were, they seem to be of French origin—the genius of the English minstrel's or people's song ill adapting them for contrapuntal treatment. The people's melodies, resting upon the Tonic and Dominant harmony, were in form and character diametrically opposed to the ecclesiastical modes and construction. The former were eminently fitted for the musical expression of deeds of heroism, chivalry, love or sorrow, the latter possessed unmistakable characteristics of grandeur, solemnity, nobleness of form, and eminently sacred expression. The purely Gregorian melody seems never to have been fully accepted by the English people, who regarded it as a foreign element, or tolerated it as the prerogative of the Latin liturgy. Marbeck, in arranging the chants to the Common Prayer-book, reduced the old Gregorian melodies to their simplest form, leaving nothing but pure musical declamation; but to Tallis belongs the credit of first setting to music the English words of the several parts of the liturgy used during church service. This he did, not in simple plain-song as Marbeck, but in full and rich harmony, intending them to be sung by well-trained choruses. The treatment of the service which Tallis adopted was, however, based upon the old melodies of the Gregorian chant. Composers of eminence, long after the Elizabeth era, bravely strove to retain the old traditions of the English church-composers, but in the struggle with the immigrant Italian they were eventually forced to yield. Thus was the composition of church-music of the old English school subjected to influences which greatly transformed it, and from which decline it did not revive until long after the Reformation.

From the time when Constantine the Great (323) decreed that, throughout the whole Roman Empire, the Christian religion should be the chief religion, music has been always recognized as an important factor in its service. Mobile without measure, sensitive to every pulsation of the popular mind, self-reproductive to an endless decree, its tendency is to over-reach and smother the liturgical text, and thus to destroy the very purpose for which it is employed. Thus the history of church-music pre-

sents an ever-recurring scene of innovation and reformation, from the time when St. Ambrose fixed the first authentic modes or keys to the present day. Part of these innovations may be traced to the practice of adopting into religious services tunes of a secular character. Many religious teachers, from noble motives, have made use of this plan to attract the attention of the ignorant and careless people whom they were endeavouring to instruct. From the Norman Conquest to the time of the Reformation the clergy made use of ballads for instruction as well as political purposes. Aldhelm, the Saxon bishop of Sherborne, in order to secure the attention of his rude neighbours, was wont to stand on a bridge and to sing his religious instructions to them in the form of ballads.

Up to the time of the Reformation the history of church music was that of the Church of Rome. That hierarchy, intolerant of innovation or change in its established liturgy, excluded the people from taking an active part in the music of the service, but when the desire for religious freedom and simpler religious rites gave birth to the Reformation the singing of hymns and psalm-tunes became again a possession of the people. But the Reformation brought many sects, each body having its own particular view as to the matter and manner in which music should be employed. The Lutheran Church, while adopting and adapting many of the best tunes of the Roman Church to the plainer requirements of her own service, wisely preserved that which was good and rejected the spurious. The Calvinists, taking a more gloomy view of life, and regarding music with suspicion, permitted only a metrical version of the Psalms to be sung to tunes formed partly in imitation of the Gregorian melodies, and partly derived from the people's songs, which tunes, when once adopted, could not be changed without a license. Calvin also, unlike the more liberal-minded Luther, strictly excluded part singing from Church service. The Established or Episcopal Church, first under the protection of Henry VIII., who was himself a musician of some ability, and afterwards during the golden age of Elizabeth, retained many of the best Gregorian melodies, from which, as we have seen, was developed the Church of England's Cathedral service a purely national form of music, which has been retained ever since.

By what has been said concerning the adoption of Gregorian melodies as a foundation for the Anglican service which arose therefrom, some light is shed upon the confused ideas which exist in many minds as to the relative merits or appropriateness to religious service of the Anglican and the Gregorian forms. The Gregorian tones were not composed to be sung in harmony, that is, in more parts than one—but simply the melody in unison. Harmony had not been invented in the days of St. Gregory. History does not show a single instance of a sacred tune having been adapted to secular uses. The reverse is the case with tunes of a secular origin, vast numbers of which have been pressed into the service of religion. Sometimes they are of such a nature as to remain permanently with the Church, as witness the Old Hundredth, which is derived from, or rather is identical with, a popular French people's song of the Fifteenth Century. Others, such as those of the Moody and Sankey type, will possibly serve a purpose and be banished or disappear. No such charge can properly be brought against the Canticles, Kyries, Te Deums, or other parts of the Episcopal Church Service, the music in every instance having been original, excepting those founded on Gregorian tunes, and never adaptations. They were constructed in accordance with a knowledge of the more fully developed science of harmony, and their claim is strong to the first position as preëminently English Church Music.

J. DAVENPORT KERRISON.

THE intimacy between our highest families and the stage was curiously illustrated by the postponement this week of a matinee by Kate Vaughan, the most graceful and most popular danseuse of London. The reason assigned made all London laugh. It was a family bereavement, and the family bereavement was the death of Earl Cowley. Kate is married to the Hon. Fred Wellesley, who did not become her husband till he had deserted and been divorced from Lord Cowley's daughter. Several other matches are in preparation between actresses and noblemen.

THE critics say that Mr. Irving made a great mistake the other night in his production of "Twelfth Night." On the whole the performance was good. His *Malvolio*, original in every part, and striking in some portions, suited him even in his faults. Miss Terry's *Viola* was bright, pleasant, full of humour, and at times irresistible. The play is full of allusions which are caviare to the general public. Still, it contains so many good points that the performance carried the house with it, and Mr. Irving might have disregarded an attempt to "goose" the play evidently preconcerted and sustained by a very few persons. The interruptions were almost unnoticed until Mr. Irving came forward to make his speech. Then a thunderous voice called out from the gallery: "If you have the courage of your opinions, now hiss." Some hisses and some howling followed this invitation. The audience was completely taken aback, such a demonstration being without precedent at the Lyceum, where it is usual to acknowledge the actor's sincerity of method and carefulness of preparation—not to speak of his unrivalled stage management—even when he has been least successful in realizing his ideal. Mr. Irving expressed an opinion that the play had satisfied the audience. Those who hissed him before now cried "No." Mr. Irving lost his self-command, and, speaking of his Company in terms which would have commanded general agreement had they come from any one but himself, charged with ingratitude those who interrupted him. He saw his mistake almost as soon as he had made it. But the mischief had been done, and unless the incident is forgotten, the first-nighters will not soon forgive a piece of presumption which Mr. Irving's friends can excuse only as the result of a momentary irritation.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

"GADSHILL," Dickens's famous residence near Rochester, is advertized for rent furnished during the summer. It is a delightful old place, surrounded by beautiful scenery and in the midst of a historic country.

QUEEN VICTORIA entered the 48th year of her reign June 20, and already her length of her reign has been exceeded but three times on the British throne. Henry III. reigned 56, Edward III. 50 and George III. 60 years.

THE public are often lost in wonder at the vast number of books issued from the press. Did the public but know what they escape, their surprise might change to gratitude. Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls report that during the last month they have refused something like 150 manuscripts, most of them works of fiction.

A CORRESPONDENT of the entertaining "Notes and Queries" comments upon the fewness of common adjectives, nouns, and verbs or adverbs contributed to our language by fiction. Three words owe their origin to "Gulliver's Travels"—to wit, "yahoo," "lilliputian," and "brobdingnagian." The correspondent can hardly be correct in his memory when he claims that "benedict" is the only word so used derived from Shakespeare.

MESSRS. A. D. F. RANDOLPH and Co. announce for publication in September William Tyndale's five books of Moses, called the Pentateuch, reprinted from the edition of 1530, with full Collations, Annotations, Glossary, and Prolegomena by Rev. Dr. Mombert, a collation with Genesis of 1534 by Rev. Dr. Culross, etc. The volume will be illustrated with photo-engravings of the different texts, and of the only known autograph letter of William Tyndale.

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, who is now in failing health, at her home in Fernandina, Fla., is, says the Chicago Current, having her life and labours noted by her son, for publication, after her death, in autobiographical form. She has, however, allowed her niece, Mrs. Mary H. Burton, of Hartford, Conn., to prepare a series of autobiographical sketches to appear in some one of the popular periodicals the present year.

AN Association of Canadian Etchers has been formed in the City of Toronto, having as its object the advancement of original etching in Canada, by periodical meetings and exhibitions. The intention is to meet together in a friendly and social way, at least once a fortnight, at which time members may advance each other and the art by mutual criticism. It is proposed to hold a winter exhibition, due notice of which will be given. Henry S. Howland, jun., Esq., is the secretary.

E. A. BLOODGOOD, a woman, protests in the August Lippincott against the extension of the suffrage to her sex. She is very plain-spoken and declares that, if the time ever comes when women will receive the reins of government, "we shall see the peculiar failings and faults of which women have their full share made the medium of inevitable public disaster. We shall see a country ruled by impulse, and the doing of wright or wrong, justice or injustice, decided by a headache or a fit of hysterics."

DR. VALGY FRENCH'S "Nineteen Centuries of Drink in England" is a work of much research into the beverages, drinking customs, drinking vessels, etc., in use in this country at different times since the Roman invasion, and into the various efforts that have from time to time been made by Church or State, to control or prohibit the use, sale, manufacture, or importation of strong drink. It is a store-house of interesting facts never brought together before. The author completely disproves the idea of the elder Disraeli, that the English were comparatively sober before the time of Elizabeth, and first learnt to drink in the Netherland wars, and shows that drunkenness was a special national vice for a thousand years before that date.

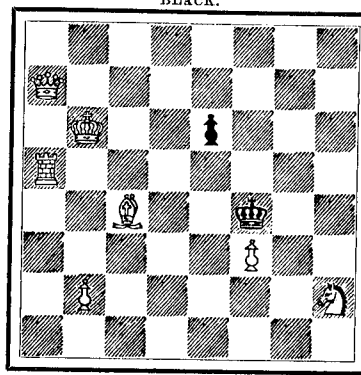
THE latest excitement in literary circles lies in the discovery of the peculations of H. C. Pedder, an employe of the firm of Arnold Constable & Co. The connection between dry goods and literature may not reveal itself at a first glance to the uninitiated, but everybody familiar with the tortuous windings of New York magazine literature knows that Mr. Pedder has been regarded as a financial prop of the Manhattan Magazine from its start. Mr. Pedder has been posing for some time past as a patron of the arts and letters. The newspapers remark that he studied for the ministry in his youth. This is all that need be said on the subject, unless a hope be expressed that the Manhattan will continue its divine mission of philanthropy in the way of providing employment for authors' artists, engravers and similar "cases," irrespective of Mr. Pedder's financial vagaries.—Chicago Rambler.

LORD TENNYSON has been so troubled with the receipt of innumerable manuscripts and letters from strangers not called upon to address him personally, that he long ago was obliged to give up answering, even by secretary, such correspondents, or returning their literary inclosures. Macaulay, in the latter years of his life, was similarly pestered. In his journal he mentions the clergyman who wrote to him three times to ask what the allusion to Saint Cecilia meant, made in the famous account of the trial of Warren Hastings. He also received a communication from a Scottish gentleman, who said that he wished to publish a novel, and would be glad to come up to London and submit the manuscript thereof to the correction of the essayist, if the latter would remit him £50. A cattle-painter likewise appealed to him, "as he loved the fine arts, to hire or buy him a cow to paint from." A schoolmaster in Cheltenham, who published "a wretched pamphlet on British India," full of errors, received a courteous note from Macaulay, pointing out two gross mistakes. When the schoolmaster published a new edition it was advertised as "revised and corrected by Lord Macaulay."

CHESS.

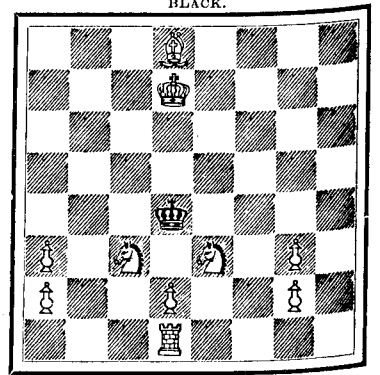
All communications intended for this department should be addressed "Chess Editor," office of THE WEEK, Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 30. Composed for THE WEEK by W. Atkinson, Montreal.



White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 31. By Charles W. Phillips.



White to play and mate in two moves.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. N., Toronto.—Your acquiescence will gratify many. Thanks. W. A., Montreal.—Send along as many of the same kind as you like. R. T., Montreal.—Solution to problem No. 25 incorrect: See solution and notice below. Thank you for efforts in our behalf. L. C. C., Arnprior.—Have arranged the matter. E. B. G., Montreal.—Sorry solution Tourney collapsed. Will write you. H. J. C.—You did not come to time. Did No. 25 floor you? J. H. G., Presscott.—Sorry for your departure. Send along problems. F., Montreal.—Welcome to the corps of solvers. Come often. The "more the merrier." J. B. H., Ottawa.—Will try an arrangement exchange for N. Y. Scotsman. Modesty, Toronto.—Your request will be attended to if possible: it may have to stand by itself. S., Huntington.—Plead guilty. It will not occur again.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 20.

1. B K Kt 3, if 1 K x R 2, Q B 6 etc.—if 1 P Q 6, 2. Q B 2 ch. etc., if 1 P K 7, 2 B Q 5 ch. etc. Several other variations. Correct solutions received from E. B. G., Montreal; W. A., Montreal; H. J. C., London; W. B. M., Detroit.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 21.

1. Q Kt 3, if 1 K x Kt 2, Q Q B 4, 3 Q mate, if 1 K x P. 2 Q Kt 3 ch., 3 B mates; if 1 K B 4 2 Q Kt 3 ch. 3 B. mates, if 1 K B 4, 2 Q K 6 mate. Correct solutions received from W. A., Montreal; E. B. G., Montreal; H. J. C., London.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 22.

1. K x P. Correct solutions received from E. B. G., Montreal; W. A., Montreal; H. J. C., London; W. B. M., Detroit. There is a second solution by 1 Kt B 2, which has not been given by any of our solvers.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 23.

1. Kt x P, 2 B B 7, 3 P B 3, 4 B Q 8 mate. Correct solution received from W. A., Montreal; E. B. G., Montreal; H. J. C., London.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 24.

1. Q K B 3, if 1 K Q 3, 2 A Q B 3, 2 P moves, 3 P K 5 mate; if 1 K Q 5, 2 P K 5, 2 any 3 Q B 5, or Q Q 5 mate. Correct solution received from E. B. G., Montreal; E. H. E. E., Toronto; E. B. F., Toronto; E. B. G., Montreal; W. A., Montreal; "Philidor," Toronto; L. C. C., Arnprior.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 25.

1. P K 4, if 1 R x P ch., Kt Q 4 ch., etc.; if 1 K x P, 2 Q Q 6, etc.; if 1 B x P 2, P B 4 ch., etc.; if 1, any other 2 Kt Kt 5 ch., etc. Correct solution received from E. B. G., Montreal; M. A., Montreal; "Philidor," Toronto; E. B. F., Toronto; E. H. E. E., Toronto.

TOURNEY PROBLEMS RECEIVED.

Motto—"Honi soit qui mal y pense." Motto—"Il bacio." Motto—"Hard-a-Lee."

"THE WEEK" SOLUTION TOURNEY.

The entries in this tourney not being sufficiently numerous there will be no competition. "THE WEEK" PROBLEM TOURNEY.

We beg to announce the following change in the programme of our Problem Tourney—For the best three-move problem contributed to THE WEEK, on or before the 1st December, 1884, we offer a prize of ten dollars in chess material; and for the second best, a prize of five dollars.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

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

MORPHY'S MOST BRILLIANT GAME.

GAME NO. 17.

From the Philadelphia Times.

In the death of Paul Morphy, whose checkmate from the Great Reaper was heralded by telegraph a few days since, the world loses the greatest master of the game of chess it has ever had. Uniting in his own play the brilliancy of Cochrane, the subtlety of Zukertort and the precision of Steinitz, Paul Morphy stands as the phenomenal player of all time, unapproached and unapproachable. We give the moves of what is generally considered to be his most brilliant game. It was won from Paulsen in the first American Chess Congress, 1857:

Table showing chess moves for White (Paulsen) and Black (Morphy) in Game No. 17. Includes commentary on the game's brilliance and Morphy's checkmate.

**WHAT IS CATARRH ?**

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

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

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

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

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305 King St. West, Toronto, Canada,

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

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

Messrs. A. H. Dixon & Son :

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

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

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

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

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Montreal January, 1884.

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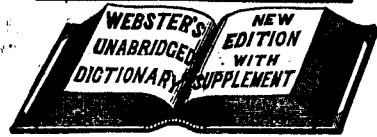
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