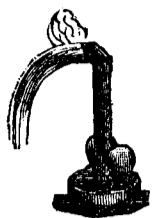




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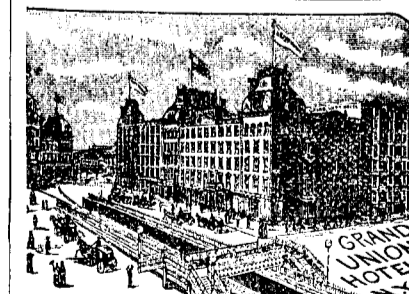
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### SPENCER'S "ECCLESIASTICAL INSTITUTIONS."

MR. HERBERT SPENCER necessarily approaches the subject of religion and religious institutions with a settled conviction that there is nothing in Heaven or Earth which is not dreamed of in a physical philosophy. He is also bound to make all things accommodate themselves to the Spencerian law of Evolution, according to which the occupation of the Supreme Being, or, if the term is preferred, the Supreme Force, is the everlasting conversion of the Homogeneous into the Heterogeneous, and of the Heterogeneous back into the Homogeneous, through alternating processes of differentiation and integration, that which is done by the first process being always undone by the second; albeit, to our moral apprehension, this endless rotation of mechanical construction and demolition, one as aimless as the other, seems a sorry employment for the Eternal, and far below that of even a mortal who is struggling or helping others to struggle towards a higher character and life. Moreover, Mr. Spencer has a strong sense of the ethical aberrations of the clergy, which is sometimes allowed a little to disturb his philosophy. He has evidently a more than scientific pleasure in likening the practice of an Archbishop of Canterbury, who composes a prayer for Divine protection in war, to those of a priest of the Comanches, with an intimation that of the two the Archbishop is the worse; in tracing the affinities of the Book of Common Prayer to the functions of the Medicine Man, and in connecting a case of bullying at King's College with the religious object of the foundation and the clerical character of the staff. Political Prelacy and the political action of the clergy generally have wrought much evil, and brought much scandal on religion; but they must be held to be entirely separable not only from Theism but from Christianity, seeing that in the first ages of Christianity, while it was winning the world, there was assuredly neither prelate nor clergyman. This, no doubt, Mr. Spencer clearly perceives and would admit; but his innuendoes are somewhat sweeping.

However, it matters not what Mr. Spencer's prepossessions may be nor need we enter into the general question between him and his religious opponents. He here propounds a special theory as to the genesis of religion. All religion, he says, without exception has its origin in a belief in ghosts or doubles, particularly in the ghosts or doubles of powerful and masterful chiefs or venerated ancestors. The belief in ghosts or doubles again has its origin in dreams. Religion, in a word, is apotheosis gradually subtilized and sublimated by the influences of advancing civilization, till it becomes Monotheism and a moral religion.

The reality of apotheosis or of ancestor-worship nobody doubts. We have in historic times the deification of Greek heroes and of Roman Emperors; we have, what is very like deification, the canonization of Saints in Roman Catholic and in Mahometan countries, though it might be difficult to connect the canonization of Saints at all events with the belief in doubles, the idea in this case certainly being that the self-same martyr or ascetic still lived in God. But when we proceed to resolve

all religion into apotheosis, a question at once presents itself to which, so far as we can see, Mr. Spencer's treatise furnishes no answer. To elevate a man into divinity you must apparently first have a notion of a divine nature. The double of a chief or ancestor is, in itself, the double of a chief or ancestor and nothing more; multiply the counterpart *ad infinitum* and it will still be the counterpart of a man, however powerful and masterful, or however venerated, and not a god. To turn it into a god a radically different conception must come in. We see this plainly in such a case as the conversion of Brasidas into an object of worship by the gratitude of those whom he had liberated, or the deification of the Roman Emperors dead or living, in a transport of servile adulation. The notion of Deity once given, apotheosis is easily understood; but otherwise it seems to require an explanation which we do not find in Mr. Spencer's pages. Nor does it signify how far back we go in the history of the human mind. Let each of the two notions, that of a ghost or double and that of Deity, be as rudimentary as you please, there is apparently still a fundamental difference between them which forbids us to believe that the one is merely the offspring or development of the other.

For his inductive evidences Mr. Spencer goes chiefly to savage tribes. But why, it must be asked once more, are savage tribes to be recognized as our oracles in questions concerning the mental history of man? By the most competent authorities the testimony of savages as to their own beliefs and traditions is regarded as by no means trustworthy: by the savages of this continent, certainly, plenty of cock-and-bull stories have been told. But supposing the testimony accurate, their beliefs are those of the rejected members of humanity embruted and arrested in their development by adverse circumstances of climate, soil, or situation. Why are we to look here for the basis of our induction? Why should we not rather turn to the main stream of human progress and the history of the great religions? What is the evidence of the Rig Veda, of the Zendavesta, of the Egyptian mythology, of the Hebrew records, of the Homeric poems, of the Roman Pantheon? Do not all these clearly indicate that religion had its origin not in ghosts, or apotheosis, but in an idea and a sentiment awakened by the powers and luminaries of nature, especially by the sun? The deities of the Rig Veda are Agni, Fire; Sourya, the Sun; Indra, the Air, with its fertilizing rains; Varouna, the Vault of Heaven. Those of Egypt are also manifestly elemental, the sun holding the chief place; nobody can doubt this after reading the analysis of the Egyptian religion, given by Renouf, who, by the way, positively rejects Mr. Spencer's hypothesis, and even thinks that there is evidence to show that the Monotheistic conception of a Universal Power preceded the Polytheism of Egypt. It is needless to say that the Homeric Gods are manifestly the presiding spirits of the great objects and departments of nature, though invested with a human personality by the lively fancy of the Greek. Ghosts, doubles, and worship of ancestors occupy in all the great religions an entirely distinct and subordinate place; nor does there appear any trace of that process of transition from them to the greater deities which Mr. Spencer's hypothesis assumes. In the Homeric Poems the shades of the greatest chiefs appear in Hades, leading a sad and feeble existence apart from the land of the living. The shade of Patroclus appears to Achilles, but only before the performance of the funeral rites necessary to give the shade its passport to the better world. We recollect nothing in Homer like a worship of ghosts or doubles.

Mr. Spencer labours hard and evidently with gusto to show that the Hebrew religion is not a revelation, but is traceable to the same origin and stands on exactly the same footing as the rest. His arguments are mainly derived from analysis of ritual. Whether the origin of a belief be human or divine, the expression of it in forms, ceremonies, and postures must be human, so that the mere identification of Hebrew forms, ceremonies, or postures, with those of other races, would not prove that the origin of the Hebrew religion was human. But this is not the present question. The present question is whether the Hebrew religion can be shown to have been developed out of a belief in ghosts. No real proof that it was given by Mr. Spencer. He tells us that "under the common title Elohim were comprehended distinguished living persons, ordinary ghosts, superior ghosts, or gods." But this is pure assumption. Elohim is plural in form, and must have meant originally The Powers; but that these Powers were either distinguished living persons or ghosts, ordinary or extraordinary, is what we should like to see proved. We should also like to see proof of

the assertion that "Abraham was a demigod to whom prayers were addressed." Hebrew religion has recently been examined by Kuenen and Goldziher in the most critical spirit and with all the modern lights; yet to neither of them does anything like Mr. Spencer's hypothesis seem ever to have occurred. The apparition raised by the Witch at Endor can hardly be called a ghost or double, and what else is there in the Bible of that kind? The departed have a sort of shadowy existence in Sheol entirely unconnected with the religion or the affairs of the living. Warburton, as is well known, based his argument on the absence in the Old Testament of any mention of an existence after death.

How does Mr. Spencer account for Sun-worship and the worship generally of the personified powers of nature? By a confusion of metaphor with fact. This it is, he says, that leads to Sun-worship. "Complimentary naming after the sun occurs everywhere, and where it is associated with power becomes inherited." He cites an address to a King of Egypt who is apostrophized as "the Sun of the foreign peoples." This seems to him a sufficient explanation of a tendency so predominant and pervading that mythologists of eminence have resolved all mythology into the sun myth. A Hawaiian king, it seems, bore a name meaning the heavens great and dark; "whence," says Mr. Spencer, "it is clear that (reversing the order alleged by the mythologists) Zeus may naturally have been at first a living person, and that his identification with the sky resulted from his metaphorical name." He must have been a person of considerable consequence, since he has been traced philologically in Sanskrit and Latin, as well as in Greek. Poseidon, we presume, was another living person who was complimented with the title of the Sea; Hephæstus, one who was complimented with the title of Fire; and Hades, one who was complimented with the title of the Nether World. What does Mr. Spencer make of female deities such as Neph, Astarte, Aphrodite, Ceres. They cannot have been ghosts of chiefs: does he hold that they were ghosts of venerated grandmothers? What does he make of Roman gods that are evidently mere abstractions personified, such as Saturnus, Flora, Bellona, Terminus, Juventus, Salus, Fides, Concordia? What does he make of the connection between the Greek and the Sanskrit mythology? His theory appears to be simply the ghost of Euhemerism, rising again after so many centuries from its grave of oblivion and contempt. His mind does not seem to admit the notion of a myth. He actually takes for real persons the personifications of races such as Dorus, Æolus, or Hellen. A polytheistic Pantheon he supposes to have been formed through the conquest of one tribe by another, by the superposition of the conquerors' ghost-god on that of the conquered; and he instances the deposition of Uranus and Kronos by Zeus. Surely he knows that Uranus and Kronos mean the Firmament and Time. Instead of being the predecessors of Zeus, they evidently belong to a later age in which cosmogonical speculation had commenced.

Man now speculates on the origin of the universe and of his own being, on his estate and destiny, on his relation to the power which made and rules the world. Why should he not have done the same in his primeval state, though in a rudimentary, coarse, and feeble way, taking the sun and the elements for the lords of the world and the disposers of his lot? This surely is the most natural hypothesis, nor is there anything about it in the slightest degree mystical or at variance with positive science. Mr. Spencer opens his treatise with a demonstration that the consciousness of deity is not innate. Minds, he says, which from infancy have been cut off by bodily defects from intercourse with the minds of adults are devoid of religious ideas. It may be so, but if in the normal man the religious sentiment is always awakened by his environments, that sentiment surely is a part of his nature and may in that sense be designated as innate. It requires at all events to be accounted for; and the ghost and "double" theory we must respectfully submit is no account of it at all.

Towards the close of Mr. Spencer's book there is a remarkable resurrection of Religion in the shape of a recognition of special observances and sacred music as fitting modes of keeping alive and expressing the sentiment of our relation to the Unknown Cause. No veneration attaches to anything merely because it is Unknown—to the result, for example, of a mathematical problem which is yet unsolved. An Unknown but Universal Cause which is the proper object of a religious sentiment and of spiritual observances, call it by what name you will, and veil it as you will, is God. G. S.

WHEN Lord Byron published his sentimental "Farewell" after his separation from his wife, the matter was a subject of much after-dinner comment. Curran's opinion was once appealed to. "I protest," said he, "I do not understand this kind of whimpering. Here is a man who first weeps over his wife, and then *wipes his eyes with the public.*"

## JACOBINISM IN CANADA.

The social order under which millions are daily lavished in senseless luxury while willing hands cannot find wherewith to keep starvation from wives and children is neither humane nor Christian, but essentially brutal, pagan, and barbarous. No argument from precedents can warrant the perpetuation of arrangements under which want must be the lot of the many. . . . The time has nearly gone by for appeals to the compassion, and fairness, and Christianity of those who value the social order because it gave their forefathers, and gives themselves, and may give their posterity, the best and brightest of what life yields. All men know well that those who have had and have will keep, and squander, and enjoy purple and fine linen as long as the masses are foolish enough to put up with a system in which they hold only vested poverty. . . . Therefore, so much of a revolution as may be necessary to distribute the earnings of the community according to the product of individuals is in all ways desirable. Could it be secured in a year, true civilization would have made the greatest of its advances.—Toronto *Globe*, February 19, 1886.

### LOOK ON THAT PICTURE, THEN ON THIS.

A spirit of innovation is generally the result of a selfish temper and confined views. People will not look forward to posterity who never look backward to their ancestors. Besides, the people of England well know that the idea of inheritance furnishes a sure principle of conservation and a sure principle of transmission, without at all excluding the principle of improvement. It leaves acquisition free; but it secures what it acquires. Whatever advantages are obtained by a State proceeding on these maxims are locked fast as in a sort of family settlement, grasped as in a kind of mortmain for ever. By a constitutional policy, working after the pattern of nature, we receive, we hold, we transmit our government and our privileges in the same manner in which we enjoy and transmit our property and our lives. The institutions of policy, the goods of fortune, the gifts of Providence, are handed down to us and from us in the same course and order. Our political system is placed in a just correspondence and symmetry with the order of the world, and with the mode of existence decreed to a permanent body composed of transitory parts; wherein, by the disposition of a stupendous wisdom, moulding together the great mysterious incorporation of the human races, the whole, at one time, is never old, or middle-aged, or young, but in a condition of unchangeable constancy moves on through the varied tenor of perpetual decay, fall, renovation, and progression. Thus, by preserving the methods of nature in the conduct of the State, in what we improve we are never wholly new; in what we retain we are never wholly obsolete.—BURKE, *Reflections on the French Revolution*.

Few things can be more startling to sober-minded Liberals and Conservatives alike than the sudden revivification in Canada of the wild theories of the French Jacobins of a hundred years ago. Men who have been taught that they have duties from the performance of which no law can absolve them, and that they possess rights of which no law can justly deprive them, look in amazement at the confident advocacy of principles which, made the basis of legislation, would reduce social order to chaos, in turn to be followed by reconstruction through invariable forms of evolution. What these reconstructive evolutionary forms are history abundantly exemplifies, but the genius of Shakespeare presents, in "Hamlet," a realization of both the turbulence of dissolution and of the throes of reconstruction:—

Save yourself, my lord,  
The ocean, overpeering of his list,  
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste  
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,  
O'rbears your officers. The rabble call him lord;  
And, as the world were now but to begin,  
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,  
The ratifiers and props of every word,  
They cry, "Choose we; Laertes shall be king!"  
Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds:  
"Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!"

One would think that Canada, with her fairly even distribution of wealth, her yeomen farmers, her practically limitless virgin soil, and her self-reliant people, would be socially too healthful to emit the dank and pestiferous mists of Jacobinism. But here they indubitably are over-spreading the land, and their portentous growth impels me to examine their nature, to inquire as to their origin, to ascertain the real measure of their vitality, and to warn, if need be, the classes whose happiness they threaten to blight.

"Jacobinism," says Sir Henry S. Maine, "essentially consists in the advocacy of certain *a priori* principles of our order, regardless of the, possibly, conflicting claims of principles belonging to other orders. It demands of every citizen the entire alienation to the State of all his rights and possessions, each man yielding himself up entirely, without any reserve whatever." This is a luminous definition upon which it would be difficult to improve.

Insidious Jacobinism, broadened and deepened into Socialism, finds its most congenial field for development under cover of a solicitous regard for those who are usually called the Labour Classes. As these classes

make up the bulk of every civilized community, of whom nearly every member has a vote, so this form of Jacobinism is fraught with the gravest dangers to society. The means taken to incite discontent in the minds of the Labour Classes are well known to observers, and therefore need not here be specifically pointed out. Mr. Goldwin Smith, in a contributed article in a late issue of *THE WEEK*, showed clearly that there is in fact no conflict between Capital and Labour. That the fact is as Mr. Goldwin Smith, in common with all sound economists, states, is reassuring to all whose happiness (and whose is not?) is indissolubly linked to the stability of society. But there is grave danger, nevertheless. The Labour Classes do not read the works of sound economists: they read those of Henry George.

Is there anything abnormal in the social condition of Canada, anything which might be reasonably expected to afford sustenance to this monstrous parasite, socialistic Jacobinism? It may be confidently asserted that there is not. Once more, in Canada there is a fairly even distribution of wealth: the farmers own the soil which they cultivate, the lands unsettled are practically limitless, and the people are self-reliant. Why, then, is socialistic Jacobinism advocated with such persistent confidence?

There are to my mind satisfactory explanations. "It is an old observation," says Addison in the *Spectator*, "which has been made of politicians who would rather ingratiate themselves with their Sovereign than promote his real service, that they accommodate their counsels to his inclinations, and advise him to such actions only as his heart is naturally set upon." In Addison's time the King was the Sovereign; in our time the people are the Sovereign. The change, however, has not changed the ways of politicians; and, though I do not think the high-spirited Labour Classes in Canada have their hearts naturally set upon redistributing inherited and all other kinds of property, upon the principles of Mr. Henry George and his abettors, there are politicians who for an obvious purpose are trying to persuade them that it is to their interest to do so. This is an explanation in part. But there is a current in this Jacobinical flood which mere vote-hunting does not account for, though probably the devious ways of the vote-hunter at first marked out its course. Has the ardent sympathy of certain politicians and their followers in the press with Irish "patriotism" led to an unreserved conviction of the soundness of the doctrine lying at the root of Irish "patriotism"—the spoliation of property-owners? I have no doubt that it has; and Irish hatred of England has facilitated the conviction. What further explanation is needed must be sought in the fatuous impatience with which well-meaning people regard a "system in just correspondence and symmetry with the order of the world."

The danger to society lies in the vicious literature with which the Labour Classes are supplied. But it will probably be found in the end that the sound-heartedness and self-reliance of Canadian and American workmen will prevent Jacobinism from taking firm root on this continent; and as for pure Socialism, it is but the dream of madmen. Let those who are inclined to listen to these siren voices remember the tumultuous rabble following Laertes when—

As the world were now but to begin,  
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,  
The ratifiers and props of every word,  
They cry, "Choose we; Laertes shall be king!"

and turn to hear the cry of Tiresias:—

My warning that the tyranny of one  
Was prelude to the tyranny of all:  
My counsel that the tyranny of all  
Led backward to the tyranny of one.

M. J. F.

### REMINISCENCES OF THE NORTH-WEST REBELLIONS.

MAJOR BOULTON is one of the few men to whose lot it fell to take part in quelling the two successive insurrections which Riel got up. The personal narrative of his adventures will remove some erroneous impressions which sympathizers and enemies had unconsciously united in creating; and although the book is not a complete record of the events to which it relates, it adds to our knowledge on some points, and corrects some errors which have been propagated with diligent assiduity. When the first insurrection broke out, all regular authority had disappeared from the North-West. The Hudson Bay Company had sold its rights to Canada, and its power of government was treated as having lapsed. But the country had not been transferred to Canada, though a Governor of Manitoba had been sent to the frontier, in the person of Mr. Macdougall. He, however, had gone in advance of his authority, and was powerless. During this interregnum, Riel captured Fort Garry, formed a Provisional Government, on the authority of a Convention got up in the absence of influential persons whom he held as prisoners, and who might, if at liberty, have given it a different complexion. As a condition of being allowed to form

the Provisional Government, of which he got himself made President, Riel promised to release the prisoners; but he failed to keep his word, and only released some of them: it was then that Major Boulton was induced to take command of a force, raised at Portage la Prairie and other places, to set the prisoners free. He had some doubts about the propriety of this movement, and only consented to take charge of it when he found that a force had been raised, and that the men were determined to go. His reason for consenting to accompany the little expedition was founded on the fear that, if he refused, some "rash act might bring trouble upon the country." Acting as moderator, he fell under the suspicion of the rasher part of the force that he was not in earnest. Once, feeling that he had lost the confidence of the men, he resigned. Being re-nominated for formal election to the command, Mr. Boulton was asked before the motion was put, "If he meant fight?" He replied that "if by fighting was meant leading the men on to any rash act or undertaking, irrespective of consequences, he did not mean fighting; but that, if re-elected, he would do his utmost to accomplish the object of the expedition." Mr. Boulton does not take the credit of having raised the force. He placed himself at the head of a number of men who had united with the determination of releasing their friends from unjust and illegal confinement; but he was wisely anxious to prevent an outbreak of hostilities. Negotiations were opened with Riel at Fort Garry, and the prisoners were released; then the force under Major Boulton, having accomplished its object, resolved to return.

But the men, contrary to the Major's advice, resolved to return in a body,—“like brave men,” as an old sergeant who was among them said. When opposite the Fort, marching in single file, up to their waists in snow, a number of men came out, headed by O'Donohoe and Lepine, some mounted and some on foot. O'Donohoe informed Major Boulton that Riel desired to hold a parley with him at the Fort. Lepine tried to wrest a revolver from one of Boulton's men, and if he had succeeded in provoking hostilities the whole of the retiring party, ill-armed and floundering in the snow, and surrounded by horsemen, would have been massacred. Boulton ordered the man to give up the revolver; and though there was reason to suspect bad faith, it was impossible to refuse the invitation of O'Donohoe to visit Riel at the Fort. No sooner had Boulton arrived with his men than the gates were closed on them; they were disarmed, their valuables taken from them. Boulton, who was put in a room alone, was shortly after told by Riel to prepare to die next day at twelve o'clock. The rest of the prisoners, about forty in number, were placed under a guard of twenty men, armed with rifles and fixed bayonets. In Boulton's room there was no fire, though the temperature was many degrees below zero, and the prisoner had to lie on the bare floor, with chains on his hands and feet, and a guard over him. Before morning the sentry went mad. Another, who took his place, died in the room next day. In vain Riel offered Boulton his liberty if he would induce Dr. Shultz and Mr. Mair to give themselves up. Expecting to die, Boulton received the last sacrament at the hands of Archdeacon Maclean, but his life was finally spared on condition that Donald A. Smith would induce the English-speaking settlers to elect representatives to meet Riel in council. Riel now showed his craft in asking Boulton to join his Government; but it was labour in vain. Scott had in the interval been murdered; and the rest of the prisoners were now released, through the intervention of Archbishop Taché, on taking an oath not to take up arms against the Provisional Government.

Land was allotted to the Half-breeds of Manitoba, after the rule of Canada had been extended to the country, to the extent of two hundred and forty acres each: these claims were represented by scrip, which the recipients sold at various prices, which sometimes did not exceed fifteen dollars. Many of these Half-breeds afterwards went westward, and again claimed land on the banks of the Saskatchewan. But there were other Half-breeds there whose claims for land were as good as those of their brethren in Manitoba. Archbishop Taché, warned by the past and by his intimate knowledge of the character of the Indians, urged the Government to concede their claims in a form that would guard them against the consequences of their own improvidence, and Governor Laird made a similar proposal; but, as Mr. Boulton says, the Half-breeds themselves "wanted to secure the few dollars the issue of the scrip would give them." The Commission to inquire into these claims, if Mr. Boulton be correct in his facts, was appointed in January, 1885. The Commission resolved to err, if at all, on the side of excessive liberality; and accordingly it included among the grantees a number of persons who were beneficiaries under the treaties with the Indians, besides others who had died of small-pox some years before.

Both these insurrections were more or less connected with the surveys:

the first by want of authority over the country at the time in the employers of the surveyors; the second by the form of the surveys—a form universally acted upon in the United States, and borrowed by the Canadian Government on the recommendation of William Lyon Mackenzie. The Government was asked to admit a sovereign right of squatting in these Half-breeds, and to allow the squatters to set aside, for their convenience a system of surveys which, taken as a whole, is the best that has ever been devised. But it did not suit the Half-breeds, because they were not agriculturists, and as fishermen they required access to the river. Riel had plans of his own; he made a claim on the Government, on his own behalf, for a large sum of money; for the Half-breeds he claimed one-seventh of all the lands of the North-West, and for the Indians another seventh; the rest he proposed to offer to pilgrims from all parts of the world. Riel's plans were entirely incompatible with the North-West remaining a part of the territory of Canada, and he was bent on insurrection as the instrument of his ambition. He staked his life on the venture at Batoche, and lost.

In the morning of that memorable day, Captain Haig, R.E., of General Middleton's staff, told Major Boulton that Batoche was to be taken before night. Before setting out the General gave orders to Col. Van Straubenzie to advance his brigade to the position it had occupied the day before, and as much farther as he could get after the engagement began. On returning to camp at half-past eleven, the General was annoyed to find that the advance ordered had not been made. But the order had been given by Col. Van Straubenzie. After dinner, the General's instructions were repeated by Straubenzie to the commanders of the corps. When the whole line had been formed it stretched upwards of a mile from the river bank: it now, says Major Boulton, "advanced steadily, but rapidly, through the bush to the open space which lay between us and the village. Before getting through the bush we came to a gully, at the bottom of which lay a number of the enemy." The troops "rushed furiously down the gully, and drove the enemy before them. As they ran from us, five of them dropped under the fire of the now excited men, and pit after pit was cleared in front of our skirmishing line as we took them on the flank." Such was the "charge" of Batoche. "In fact," says Major Boulton, "it could not properly be called a charge, but a steady advance of four hundred and fifty men in skirmishing order, vying with each other in rapidity of movement, clearing the front of our skirmishing line as we took them on the flank." As a contribution to the history of the North-West, Major Boulton's book will be welcomed by a large number of readers. T. M.

#### THE RUMOURED SCHEME OF MR. GLADSTONE.

It would be idle to chase all the flying rumours about Mr. Gladstone's operations and intentions. In the same column we read one telegram announcing positively that he has framed a scheme of Home Rule, and another announcing as positively that he has not. His somewhat comic invitation to Irish thinkers, if it really had any object beyond effect, must be taken as indicating that at the time when it was put forth his mind was not made up; and in that case we are driven to the conclusion that he obtained the votes of the Parnellites by signifying his acquiescence in the demand for an Irish Parliament without having sufficiently informed himself to determine his own opinion on the question. It is now very confidently stated that he has framed his scheme, and that what he proposes is a Council for each of the four Provinces of Ireland. If, as must be presumed, these Councils are not to be so many Parliaments, but are to have only local powers, subject to the supreme legislation of the Parliament of the United Kingdom, this is a total change of front, and Mr. Parnell will find himself jilted. His object, and the price for which he thought he was selling the Irish Vote to Mr. Gladstone, was not the extension of Local Self-government in any form or under any name, but the severance of "the last link." Extension of Local Self-government in subordination to the Imperial Parliament, and without any breach of the Legislative Union, is a measure to which nobody objects, and which Parliament was preparing to pass at the very time when the Irish Rebellion broke out. The writer of this article, though firmly convinced of the necessity of maintaining the Union, has always advocated the establishment of Provincial Councils, and has proposed to give them the right of electing representatives to the House of Lords in place of the rotten representative peerage of Ireland. It would only be necessary for the Supreme Government at present to keep a tight hand on the police, for with the police in local hands no Loyalist's life or property would be safe. That the Celtic and Catholic Provinces would at first be gainers by an extension of local government is unfortunately not likely. Popular education would certainly suffer for a time by falling under the influence of the priesthood, against which it is now protected by the Imperial

administration; but time and the general progress of European opinion would probably develop a resistance to priestly power, and, at all events, the largest concession to Home Rule feeling compatible with the integrity of the Empire would have been made. That Mr. Gladstone has decided on proposing Provincial Councils, and not an Irish Parliament, or a dissolution of the Legislative Union under any form, is, however, at present mere report; though it seems not unlikely that he may have been turned away from an intention the announcement of which filled his friends with consternation and all Disunionists with joy by the manifestations of public opinion in favour of the Union, the opposition of independent journals such as the *Times* and the *Spectator*, the uneasiness of his colleagues, and the Unionist attitude suddenly assumed by the Radical leader. That he is working at his scheme, whatever it is, "with great satisfaction" and "with a light heart" may be only too easily believed. Any exercise of his legislative ingenuity is sure to afford him the keenest satisfaction; though experience has unhappily shown that his power of forecasting the practical effect of his schemes is by no means equal to his ingenuity. His heart also is evidently light enough. Having brought the country into the last extremity of peril, he is sufficiently free from public care to disport himself in lucubrations on the cosmogony of Genesis. His moral tone as a statesman has always been high, and he has deserved lasting gratitude by redeeming the country from Jingoism and cynicism; but, paradoxical as the statement may seem, his sense of responsibility does not appear to be strong: at least he easily persuades himself, in face of the most disastrous results, that what he has done is right; and this, combined with his intense desire to have the credit of settling, as he fancies, the Irish question, is a most perilous feature of the situation.

On whatever Mr. Gladstone may now resolve, the mischief which he did by allowing the impression to prevail that he was ready to give Ireland a Parliament can never be undone: it will serve to nourish agitation for many a day. Still less have the full results been yet seen of his extraordinary policy in plunging the nation into a political revolution in face of an Irish rebellion, at the same time immensely increasing the strength of the rebel vote. He is sowing, if ever a statesman did, the seeds of civil war.

Lord Hartington, if the cable summary is correct, has been making a weak speech. The upshot of it is apparently that he is as much against Home Rule as ever, but thinks that, as Mr. Gladstone is in favour of it, it must come. This is a specimen of that miserable fatalism which seems, with other paralyzing influences, to have stolen over the minds of British statesmen, and to be making their conduct in this crisis a strange and melancholy contrast to that of their high-souled predecessors. The vocation of a statesman is not to run behind the car of political destiny, like a boy running behind a carriage, but to guide and modify its course. A strong heart makes its own fate. If Mr. Gladstone's word is fate the nation has come to a strange pass indeed, considering that Mr. Gladstone's word changes from day to day. Misfortunes, however, seem to crowd upon misfortunes, and the ship, by all appearances, will soon be on the rocks, unless the helm is unexpectedly grasped by some resolute and patriotic hand: an event about as much within the compass of practical possibility as the descent of an angel from heaven.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

#### A YEAR OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

WASHINGTON, March 6, 1886.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND marks the end of his first year of office by a mild *coup d'état*, which, characteristically enough, has relation to the everlasting subject of patronage. After his election and prior to his inauguration, in a letter to the chairman of the Civil Service Reform Association Mr. Cleveland expressed a purpose not to disturb, during the remainder of their terms, those territorial judges and governors, those collectors of customs and internal revenue, those marshals and attorneys of the Federal courts, and those postmasters at the larger offices, who (under the provisions of a mischievous law, passed in the heyday of what is known as the spoils system,) are commissioned for a term of four years, except in so far as he should find them to have been unfaithful, inefficient, or offensively partisan in the use of their places. This declared purpose the President has thus far executed in large part, and, in smaller part, has apparently violated. The Republican majority in the Senate, in the ordinary exercise of the game of politics, have resolved to take advantage of the nomination to that body of the intended successors of the displaced officials to force from the President, or from the heads of Departments, an admission that the pledge has not been kept as broadly as made, and, with this admission, to go before the country in the Congressional election next autumn, and

shame the Independents back to the support of the Republican Party—all this with a view to win the Presidential election in 1888, and so restore to the White House a distributor of offices in party affiliation with themselves; for a measurable degree of control over appointments to office is almost the only important function left to the President by the growth of Congressional power.

The Senate having before it a majority and a minority report from its judicial committee, each in effect recommending a course of action, or a policy, concerning nominations in succession to the suspended officers, and having come to no conclusions thereupon, the President sends in a communication couched in decidedly trenchant language and occupying considerable spaces of debatable ground. As an act of partisanship, directed against a partisan use by Republican Senators of the privileges of their office, the *coup* is likely to be successful, for the great body of the public will not stop to read between the lines of the message nor consider nice points of etiquette, and hence its judgment is almost sure to go with the President. As a political act, its tendency is to interfere with the free exercise of the judgment of the Senate upon matters within its own sphere of duty, and it must, therefore, stand condemned of impartial and thoughtful men. It will also tend to lower popular respect for the Senate, and thus to disappoint the hopes of those who have longed to see preserved by tradition, until better days shall come again, the reverence for that most interesting of legislative chambers, founded upon the individual characters of a long line of illustrious members of it.

As the incipient quarrel between the President and the Senate is likely to be marked by fierce denunciation and criticism of the year's doings of his Administration, let us see if we cannot tersely anticipate the impartial verdict that will in the end be given upon those doings. We may say with safety that Mr. Cleveland believes in economy, purity, and efficiency in administration, a careful observance of the respective limits of Federal and State jurisdiction, and a considerable degree of conscience in appointing to and removing from public office. The Czar of Russia, *mutatis mutandis*, probably shares this belief. The President is only less helpless than the Czar to put his belief into practice because he has before him a vigilant opposition, behind him an intelligent public, and all around him free speech and a free press to utter the equally stimulating words of praise or censure. In one year his Administration cannot have been noticeably purer or more efficient or economical, or more nearly constitutional, than an average Republican Administration, because he is working with the same kind of tools as his predecessors, and with tools less refined by use. His Cabinet is about on the moral and intellectual plane of a Cabinet such as might have been formed by Senator Edmunds, Judge Gresham, or General Hawley, had either been elected to the Presidency instead of Mr. Cleveland. His bureau and divisional officers, and his appointees throughout the country, are about on a level with such as any of the Republican leaders just named would have appointed. Mr. Cleveland saved the country from the shame, and possibly the disaster, of having Mr. Blaine in the White House. To that extent he has been a success, and has justified the conduct of those, who, like the writer, revolted against the organized corruption in their party. That success is, however, personal and negative. His Administration has not been a success, and the best proof of it is the revived spirits of the corrupt gang that call Mr. Blaine master, and who long for the millennium of plunder that would be theirs if they could elevate him to the executive chair. Mr. Cleveland is neither omnipotent nor omnipresent; he is not omniscient. He is subject to all the limitations and disabilities of humanity. If his Cabinet has shown unexpected elements of strength, it has also shown unexpected weakness in other parts. In the places below Cabinet rank he is regarded with an official and formal respect that means, in reality, disrespect. His pledges to the people in respect of reformed methods in the Civil Service, by which, as appears from his message to the Senate, he sets such store, are violated by his subordinates daily without his consent or means of remedy. He probably knows and resents them; but to attempt to correct them would place him in a state of desolation equal to that that surrounds the unfortunate Czar of all the Russias. He finds himself at the head of a party which refuses to follow him, and which is destitute alike of political principles or capacity for the practical work of government. Three years hence he will probably be swept out of office by some Republican of good record, or no record of any kind, and will thereafter pose in history as a faithful but solitary shepherd dog, wounded by renegade curs and then torn to pieces by wolves. From this fate he may be saved should the rule-or-ruin faction of Mr. Blaine regain control of their party organization. But whether he stand or fall, public sentiment will have made healthy advances by 1887, and the State will be defended from serious hurt by the strong bulwark of popular conscience and virtue.

B.

## TO THE ORGAN.

WHAT wondrous powers in thee combine  
The sweetest strains of sound divine,  
And various tone from gentlest voice,  
E'en to the storm's tempestuous noise.  
Thy music swells in joyous measure,  
Full of love and lightest pleasure,  
With viol sweet, and liquid flute,  
Now clarion, trump, and sound of lute;  
And now the softly-breathing lyre  
Fills all the soul with tenderest fire,  
Then fades away by slow degrees  
To gently whispering evening breeze  
Murmuring through the leafy trees;  
Or like the song of nightingale  
Trilling in some sequestered vale.  
Anon these numbers soft and low  
Swell upward like the orient glow,  
When morning's sun lights up the skies,  
And with gladdening beams doth rise.  
And while the glorious anthems roll  
In high thanksgiving from the soul,  
Borne on the harmonies sublime,  
Man seems exalted to that clime  
Far above this world of woe  
And all that here is poor and low;  
To walk in uncreated light  
'Mid the angelic spirits bright,  
Where love's unceasing praises ring  
In hymns to Heaven's eternal King.  
His soul expands in thankful joy  
To give his powers to such employ,  
And sing as one with those above  
His "Glorias" to the King of love.

C.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed: EDITOR OF THE WEEK  
5 Jordan Street, Toronto.

Contributors who desire their MS. returned, if not accepted, must enclose stamp for that purpose.

## SALE OF "TIRESIAS" IN AMERICA.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—In the last issue of THE WEEK, under the heading "Literary Gossip," you say that "the American sales of Lord Tennyson's latest volume, 'Tiresias,' have proved disappointing, scarcely two thousand copies having been sold by the Macmillans," and from this, apparently, you infer that "Tennyson's works are no longer eagerly sought for and purchased by Americans."

As these notes are likely to mislead, permit me to remind you that the Macmillans are the *authorized* publishers of "Tiresias," and their estimate takes no account of the sales by *unauthorized* publishers, whose cheap editions have been largely imported into Canada.

M. J. F.

Toronto, March 8, 1886.

## ARCHDEACON FARRAR ON PROHIBITIONISTS.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—I notice an editorial in THE WEEK of the 18th instant anent Archdeacon Farrar and his late addresses to his fellow-prohibitionists.

I would beg to call your attention to a passage in his life of St. Paul, where, referring to the strong bearing with the weak (1 Cor. viii.), he says: "In this noble section of the Epistle, so remarkable for its tender consideration and its robust good sense, it is quite clear that the whole sympathies of St. Paul are theoretically with the strong, though he seems to have a sort of practical leaning to the ascetic side. He does not, indeed, approve under any circumstances of an ostentatious, defiant, insulting liberalism. To a certain extent the prejudices—even the absurd and bigoted prejudices—of the weak ought to be respected, and it was selfish and wrong needlessly to wound them. It was, above all, wrong to lead them by example to do violence to their own conscientious scruples. But when these scruples and this bigotry of the weak become in their turn aggressive, then St. Paul quite sees that they must be discouraged and suppressed, lest weakness should lay down the law for strength. To tolerate the weak was one thing, to let them tyrannize was quite another. Their ignorance was not to be a limit to real knowledge; their purblind gaze was not to bar up the horizon against true insight; their slavish superstition was not to fetter the freedom of Christ.

"In matters where a little considerateness and self-denial would save offence, there the strong should give up and do less than they might. But in matters which affected every day of every year, like the purchase of meat in the open market, then the weak must not attempt to be obtrusive, or to domineer."

Yours, H.

St. Mary's, February 22, 1886.

## The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

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A MEETING, enthusiastic and overflowing,—for thousands were unable to obtain admittance,—was held on Monday evening to protest against the repeal of the Union, and express sympathy with the Loyalists of Ireland. Hitherto only the Irish Catholic Vote has been heard, speaking through the hypocritical subserviency of politicians in the language of the Costigan Resolutions. Another voice is heard now, and will, as we believe, continue to be heard with increasing loudness as the struggle in defence of the Union and of British civilization goes on. Much depends upon the firmness and constancy of the men of Ulster, who are fighting, in the words of one of the resolutions, against heavy odds, and amidst much discouragement, but whose hearts have not yet failed. That their hearts may not fail, and that they may be enabled to protest against the savage enemies of the British name, the central hearth of our civilization, it is proposed to send them not only expressions of sympathy, but material aid in the shape of money, of which, when the dissolution of Parliament upon the great issue comes, as come it apparently soon must, they will have need in contesting the elections. This is the time to show that our loyalty is not a mere profession, but that we, as well as the Australians, can do something for the Mother Country, with whose unity and greatness our rank among the nations is bound up, and whose dismemberment would bring on us weakness, contempt, and shame. Even the politicians must begin to see that the Fenian is not the only vote.

PARTIES at Ottawa seem to be in an attitude of mutual expectation, each with its sword drawn, but waiting for the other to strike the first blow. All sorts of rumours about this or that manœuvre, this or that combination, are afloat. That Sir John Macdonald has successfully manipulated the Bleus may be taken as certain, though some of them will probably be allowed, for the sake of effect, to show a little harmless independence. By some people it is thought that Mr. Blake, notwithstanding his wise speech at London, is ogling the Bleus, but he has done nothing as yet to give colour to that suspicion. It is not pleasant or reassuring to the country at large to record all these reports of intrigues and machinations, which prove that the councils of the nation have become a party game. A great question is before Parliament and the people. What were the causes of the Rebellion, and on whom does the blame of that calamity rest? Had the Government neglected just claims or culpably deferred their consideration? Had it received and disregarded warnings to which it ought to have paid attention? Was there a failure of duty on the part of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Territory, or of any other official? The leader of the Opposition, if he is well advised, will renounce all skirmishing and everything else that can detract from the seriousness of the occasion, as well as unworthy strategy, and with all the force and dignity that he can command present the really momentous issue.

THE sudden and almost total loss by the United States of its export trade in wheat is due mainly to the decline in silver and to a tariff that requires England to send gold to pay for American wheat, while India and other countries take her goods in payment. Other causes there are,—the rising competition from our North-West among them,—but the two we have named are the principal; and they have been for some years in operation, although the culmination of the effect has only now suddenly become developed. Silver coin passes at its face value in India; but as it is at fifteen per cent. discount in England, the shipper of Indian wheat, in selling his produce there for gold, has a profit of the premium on gold over the silver currency he uses to make his purchases with. This amounts to a bonus of about fifteen cents per bushel, which the politicians of the States are paying—at the bid of the Silver Ring—to the wheat-growers of India: the artificial stimulus to the production of silver in the States afforded by its compulsory coinage, as a prime cause of the decline of silver has taken twenty cents off the value of every bushel of wheat raised in the country. Under this favouring circumstance, and notwithstanding the extra cost of transportation, India, which in 1884 contributed fifteen per cent. of the wheat imported into the United Kingdom, contri-

buted last year forty-five per cent.; while the contribution of the United States sank from fifty per cent. to fifteen per cent. The two countries have thus changed places; a fact which is not without significance to our North-West and to Ontario. While the balance of trade was against the States, and England and Europe could pay for their imports of wheat and other food supplies, or raw materials, in manufactured goods, the States, by reason of their industrial advancement and facilities of transportation, could undersell the world; but since this balance of trade has been in favour of the States—a state of things which began in 1879—and England has in consequence been obliged to ship gold to settle the balance, the States not taking her goods, it has been her policy, in order to keep gold in Europe, to encourage the production of not only wheat, but also all other food products of India and Australia. Protectionists in the States are thus not merely closing foreign markets to American farmers, but are moreover fostering the industries of their rivals. And is not Canada doing very much the same? By our added protectionism, the commercial face of Europe is set wholly against this continent. While the price of the wheat grown in our North-West is beaten down twenty cents per bushel by lobbyists at Washington, we aid them by shutting our doors to European trade, although to pay our debts we must sell Europe our grain at whatever price it will fetch.

If women would take an intelligent interest in public affairs, nothing but good could result, while they confine their active interference to the exercise of a moral influence over the voters. Unquestionably, the political atmosphere might grow clearer even by the indirect, if active, operation of some such influence amid the sordid ones that now mostly prevail. But would this effect be produced by the enfranchisement of a few spinsters? Of the influence of widows there can be no question; but it may be doubted whether such spinsters as would really ennoble politics would care to exercise the franchise: these are of the kind that find their best sphere of usefulness in the family circle; and yet it is precisely such that the advocates of woman suffrage propose to disfranchise in case they carry their womanliness to the point of getting married. But the fact is, the enfranchisement of women, once adopted in principle, cannot stop short at spinsters and widows. Marriage and the fulfilment of woman's highest function cannot be held in any civilised community as a valid reason for depriving her of a right previously enjoyed; and if she be once allowed to vote for the election of a legislator, she cannot be logically excluded from herself being that legislator. Woman is now represented in the Legislature by the husband, brother, or father, that votes; and if she is to have an independent right of representation, she cannot be denied the right to choose the one—of her own sex, most likely,—that best represents her. Members of the Legislature are merely representatives, and if the character of the constituencies be changed by the admission of women voters, the character of the representative body may properly change with it.

IN view of the probable consequences of admitting women to vote, the rejection of the measure by the Local House last week—whose members seem to have had other consequences also in view—was, we think, most wise. Putting out of view the danger to the stability of government that might arise from emotional legislation on important subjects, is it possible to consider unconcernedly the case of a legislator expected to act with cool judgment while surrounded by pretty young women, or exposed to the reproachful glances of the Opposition? One of the speakers the other day, when urging the measure, instanced the Isle of Man as a place where, appropriately, woman suffrage was in favour; but this may be because they have Home Rule there, and are probably used to it in every form. And against this another member stated that in New Jersey, where woman suffrage has been tried, an act had soon to be passed repealing the right to vote, the preamble setting forth that the repeal was for the quiet, safety, and good government of society. Moreover, we doubt if very many ladies would refuse marriage in order to retain their parliamentary votes; and this being so, it may be expected that the limitation of the franchise to widows and spinsters would soon be swept away. If women once get a footing as voters, they cannot, as we have endeavoured to show, be kept from the floor of the House. And then there will be nothing for it but to add a Nursery Department to the Legislature. For—supposing domestic matters to be brought into such order as not to interfere with the public service—it cannot be expected that the male colleagues of this or that Minister will always be at hand to contentedly hold her baby while she answers the provoking questions of the Opposition. And then, again, happen if in the heat of debate some irascible leader of the Opposition should fling somebody else's baby at the head of the Prime Minister?



It is strange that the *Pall Mall Gazette* has not published the details of the Crawford-Dilke case. To let loose such a flood of impurity would be quite in accord with the methods in use by Mr. Stead and such like apostles of purity: he is evidently burning to open the floodgates; but he has been so busy attacking Mr. Chamberlain for advising Sir Charles Dilke not to appear in the witness box, that he has actually succeeded in partially bringing about a sort of reaction in Sir Charles's favour.

BECAUSE the Right Hon. John Morley is a literary man every journalist seems to consider it a point of professional honour to belaud him as a heaven-born legislator. The cable tells astonished America that Mr. Morley is guiding the tottering footsteps of Mr. Gladstone, and administering counsel and supplying backbone to the veteran parliamentarian, who, we are led to believe, regards this new oracle much as Capt. Cuttle did Jack Bunsby. This, no doubt, is truth to the average cable reporter, but to the transatlantic victims of his credulity it is sheer nonsense. Literary men have been in Parliament before this, and they are known chiefly by their failure to do any practical work. Mr. John Morley may prove an exception to this; but let us at least wait till he make a beginning, before we pronounce his work a success.

THE proposal of Mr. Gladstone's Irish supporters to censure Lord Randolph Churchill for his Ulster speech was a tactical blunder. Nothing could be more embarrassing to the Government than such a premature opening-up of the coming Home Rule contest; neither the Government nor its Irish friends desire a debate on that issue just yet; for their trafficking is still incomplete, and the country is by no means yet used to the idea of dismemberment, to imbue it with which is the main purpose of the present delay. The result has been a collapse, the bathos of which is proportionate to the bluster which had preceded.

THE closeness of the division in the House of Commons upon the question of an hereditary branch of the Legislature is, undoubtedly, ominous. The hereditary principle of government is evidently in the last stage of its existence throughout Europe; it is very faintly represented in any of the great legislative bodies, and in those which mark the most recent steps of political progress it is not represented at all. A serious attack on the House of Lords cannot be far off; and the members of the House must lament that, with the suicidal obstinacy characteristic of privileged orders, they resisted the attempt made in a perfectly friendly spirit by Palmerston, many years ago, to qualify the hereditary character of the assembly, and bring it more into harmony with the times, by introducing a certain number of life peers. It is curious to note how invariably privilege prefers destruction to reform. Mr. Labouchere, however, who puts himself forward to lead the onslaught on the Peers, is himself a singular and equivocal figure. As a politician he affects the Jacobin, breathes socialistic confiscation, and appears the worthy colleague of Bradlaugh. Indeed he goes further than Bradlaugh seems inclined to go on the subject of Disunion. But as a journalist he fills his columns with personal gossip about the court and the aristocracy, for which nobody but a flunkey would care. The explanation tendered on his behalf is that his journal only gives the social news on a commercial principle. The principle, if the editor is really a Jacobin, must be commercial with a vengeance. But what is to be said about the editor's evident desire to display his personal familiarity with the aristocracy and everything which relates to them? He is always ostentatiously setting his friend, the Editor of the *World* ("Edmund," as he calls him), right about My Lord's racers, My Lord's yacht, or something else interesting only to the tribe of Jeames. Of the two inconsistent characters probably the social character is genuine, while the Jacobinism is an excitement, a passport to a seat for Northampton, a gratification of vanity, and a masquerade. People of the same stamp played the same game in the early part of the French Revolution, and a very costly game they found it. But the Revolutionary spirit is evidently awakened in England on every subject at once, and the danger consequently is extreme.

IN *The Forum* is a paper by Mr. Whipple on the purgatorial theme of Domestic Service, from which we quote an amusing passage elsewhere. The writer betrays one besetting weakness of Americans. He cannot speak of a weak point in his own Republic without running off at once to show that there is something as bad or worse in England. American Anglophobists do not see that by betraying this nervous jealousy on all occasions they involuntarily pay homage to the country by which their jealousy is aroused. It is not true that as yet there is the same trouble with domestic servants in England that there is here. In the Old Country there lingers, among other ancient institutions and sentiments, something of

the faithful service of the antique world. There are still such things as a strong personal tie between master and servant, and, on the part of the servant, attachment to the family, pride in his connection with it, and a feeling that its mansion is his home. At a meeting held in reference to the immigration of domestic servants in Toronto, some time ago, an Englishman mentioned that there had been in a household with which he was connected at one time five servants whose united terms of service in the family amounted to two hundred and twenty years. It is true, however, that this state of things is passing away: it depended a good deal on the quiet and stationary habits of English families of the old school; ties of all kinds are loosened as, with the extended facilities of travel and the increasing attractions of pleasure, people grow more restless, and either change their places of abode altogether or leave them during a great part of the year for London, the Continent, and the seaside. Still, British households are comparatively settled and manageable. They have hardly yet been invaded by the democratic idea, which is probably the main source of disturbance on this ultra-democratic continent. Here, factory life, even under the hardest conditions, is preferred, on account of its nominal independence, to domestic service, even under the kindest and most comfortable roof; while of the girls who do condescend to go into domestic service many seem to think it necessary to vindicate their dignity as free citizenesses by being as mutinous and giving as much trouble as they can. It is well known that no native American will go into service. That life in a factory is really more independent or dignified than in a private family is, it is needless to say, the merest fancy; but fancy is often fully as strong as fact. With the notion that domestic service is specially degrading is coupled the other American notion that to remain in the station in which you are born is miserable, and that there is no happiness except in climbing to a higher social level. If that belief has done much to stimulate activity and promote the growth of American wealth, it has also been the parent of much unhappiness and not a little roguery. Mr. Whipple proposes that there should be a college for the training of domestic servants. It might in itself be a good thing, for many of the emigrants, especially the southern Germans and the Irish, are so raw and so unused to anything in the way of housework, much more of cooking, that the only wonder is, not that they do no better, but that they can do anything at all. But the main difficulty does not lie there; it lies in the democratic idea. When you had trained a man as butler in your college the result would be that he would run for President. We have seen a group of English servants photographed, each of them with the emblems of their places in the household in their hands; but this servants on our continent would deem the deepest degradation. Justice requires us to add that on the side of the master and mistress, too, there are sometimes errors. Inexperienced as many of them have been during the early part of their lives in dealing with servants, they are apt to fail in manner, even if they have no defects of temper. The relation is capable of being made as kindly and as satisfactory to both parties as any other relation in life. But matters do not improve; and the end, probably, will be some desperate effort to get rid altogether of what is too often ironically styled help.

MR. HARDY, on moving the second reading of his bill respecting liquor licenses, called attention to an amendment which he had not referred to in introducing the bill, and which provides that Beer and Wine licenses should cover the sale of foreign wines containing not more than fifteen per cent. of alcohol and commonly called Light Wines. Under the old law, Beer and Wine licenses authorized the sale only of beer, ale, and native wines; and the wholesome light wines of France and Germany, which are known to satisfy the general public demand for stimulants without the mischievous consequences that so often attend dram-drinking, could not be obtained by the glass in Canada, except in taverns or saloons, and very rarely in them. A discrimination has also been made, in the rearrangement of license fees, in favour of Beer and Wine licenses; making the additional fee for Tavern licenses four times as much as that for Beer and Wine licenses. These are important changes in the interest of temperance, and time should be given for testing their value. Five years should be allowed for the test; and if the changes have even an appreciable effect within that time, it is quite as much as can reasonably be expected. These wines have never before been within the reach of the people, and it cannot be expected that the public taste can be diverted all at once from an accustomed to a strange beverage. If this legislation will promote the importation of these wines for common use, as it should, it will probably also have the effect of stimulating native production and improving its quality, by offering a standard of comparison which has stood the test for centuries. Although wholesome and palatable wines of native production are to be found occasionally in Canada, there can be no doubt that Canadian

wine cannot be depended on in general. This is probably owing to want of demand and lack of experience, which a diversion of the public taste would be likely to correct. Native wines have many advantages over foreign wines. Owing to importation duties and transportation charges on foreign wines, nothing but quality is necessary to establish a reputation that would enable Canadian wines to compete successfully with the ordinary foreign light wines and perhaps eventually supplant them. Any legislation, therefore, that is calculated to promote temperance, and at the same time to add to the wealth of the country, should be hailed with satisfaction; and it is to be hoped that ample time will be given to the experiments proposed.

THE *Neue Freie Presse*, of Vienna, one of the leading Liberal organs of the Continent, in a leading article on the London Riots, says:

An old and fatal error has caused Englishmen to lose their heads. The working classes have been allowed to vote, their representatives are admitted to the Crown councils, Lord Salisbury was upset in order to curry favour with the agricultural labourers, and a demand was introduced into the Address which, notwithstanding its harmless appearance, implied nothing less than trifling with those doctrines formerly advocated by the Chartists. The union of the Liberal party was sacrificed to an alliance with the pillars of the Socialist movement. Mr. Gladstone quietly allowed the proud chiefs of the powerful Whig families to leave his camp; in fact he gave up everything for the dream of conciliating the Fenians and Socialists.

THE Mussulmans of India go in thousands every year to Mecca, where, being comparatively wealthy, they are greatly liked and most outrageously fleeced. The Government of India cannot help that, but it can stop the frightful misery endured by the pilgrims in their voyage in rotten Arab dhows across the Arabian Sea, and up the Red Sea to Jeddah. They are often packed like slaves, half-fed, and frequently wrecked, and the consequent loss of life is enormous. The Indian Government has accordingly taken control of the pilgrimages, and has contracted with Messrs. Cook and Company, the well-known English contractors for tourists, to convey all pilgrims in steamers to Jeddah, feed them properly, and carry them back to India in safety. The act is a very kindly though odd thing for the Government to do; and will, no doubt, be welcomed by its Mussulman subjects.

THE Queen of Sweden has had a somewhat similar experience to that of Princess Louise, who at a ball at Ottawa was so warmly shaken by the hand by a certain luminary of the Bench. The United States Minister at the Swedish Court, when lately introduced to Her Majesty, instead of being overcome with nervousness, was, it appears, at once suffused with cordiality, and with the best intentions possible, disdained to confine himself to the customary deferential obeisance, the usual limited conversation, and backing out of the presence. With genuine warmth he seized the Queen's hand, squeezed and shook it heartily, took a seat at her side, and entered into familiar talk about the children and other topics calculated to render him agreeable and entertaining. The only unembarrassed person present was the Minister himself. Other Americans in the same apartment, better versed in the hollow ceremonies usual on such occasions, were unspeakably shocked. The Queen is said to have been amused.

THE *smallest* portions of matter that can exist are known as molecules, and they are so small that it is hopeless to think of ever being able to see them, even through the most powerful microscopes. The *thinnest* piece of matter of which we have any knowledge is the film of a soap-bubble just before it bursts. At this point the thinnest part of the film looks black, and its thickness is known with almost perfect accuracy to be the ten-millionth of a millimetre—say the three-millionth part of an inch. Some recent researches by Professor Rücker, Sir W. Thomson, and Van der Waals, attacking the subject both from a mathematical and a physical point of view, agree well in their estimate of the number of molecules of water which must lie side by side—like bricks—to make up the thickness of the film of water which constitutes a soap bubble. It seems that the number cannot be less than *four* nor more than *seven hundred and twenty*. Twenty-six is perhaps the most probable figure; in which case the diameter of each molecule would be the nine-millionth part of an inch.

THE last new thing in hats, says the *St. James's Gazette*, beats all that has gone before it, and is scarcely likely to be equalled by anything that can follow after it. Herr Luders, of Görlitz, has patented "a photographic hat"—or, as we ought rather to say, a photographing hat. The novel head-dress contains in its upper part a small photographic apparatus and a number of prepared plates. In the front of the hat there is a small circular opening, behind which the lens is fixed. By means of a string on

the outside of the hat, its wearer, whenever he finds himself enjoying a pleasant view or attended by an agreeable person, can instantaneously photograph the landscape, the lady, or the gentleman, unconsciously within range of his instrument. The hat will probably be in demand by two sorts of persons—by lovers and detectives. The former by merely pulling a string, can set the image of his beloved not only in his heart but in his hat. The gelatine-bromide plates in the specimen exhibited by Herr Luders are 38 x 38 millimetres in size; but, if one does not object to wearing a very large hat, the plates may be proportionately increased in size. The potentiality of the hat for police purposes hardly needs to be described.

HERE are two anecdotes of the late Mr. Justice Maule, the first one told by the *St. James's Gazette*, for the benefit of those strong-minded women who are in the habit of frequenting the law courts whenever any particularly sensational case is on trial; and the other offered in a subsequent issue, to the same constituency, by a correspondent of the paper. In the first, Mr. Justice Maule was trying a case involving details generally alluded to by the Press as "unfit for publication." The audience was largely composed of "ladies," to whom his lordship had given more than one broad hint that they had an excellent opportunity of retreating with honour. It cannot be said that the judicial warnings were unheeded; but they did not produce the effect they were intended to. At length there appeared a witness who had failed to emancipate himself from old-fashioned prejudice, and who looked extremely uncomfortable when pressed to recount some facts which could hardly be wrapped up in a decorous circumlocution. First he glanced at the line of bonnets, and then addressed a mute appeal to the judge, who merely said: "Out with it! the ladies don't mind, and you needn't be afraid of me." In the second case, under similar circumstances, his lordship asked the "ladies," of whom there was again a large number present, if they would be so kind as to retire for a short space. Thereupon ensued a general uprising and a rustling of female habiliments lasting for some minutes; after which it was seen that about half—presumably the more weak-minded half—of the female element of the audience had left. "And now," said Mr. Justice Maule, "that the ladies have retired—usher, clear the court of these women!"

THE following story of the days of the last Cretan insurrection might belong with equal appropriateness to the present. The bellicose attitude of the Greek Government then meant what it did a week or two ago, when the Government was almost ready to let its navy be destroyed, in order to get a good excuse for withdrawing from the untenable position it had been forced into by popular clamour, and at the same time show to Europe that its vast preparations for war had not, as was more than suspected, been mere *blague*:—"One morning," says the *St. James's Gazette*, "amid the most pronounced manifestations of popular enthusiasm, a Greek man-of-war left the Piræus for Candian waters to definitely commit King George's Government to the insurgent cause and break the blockade of Hobart Pasha. The captain made a speech, in which he promised to blow the Anglo-Turk out of the water; and, naturally, when Admiral Hobart heard of all this he looked forward to having a lively time. A few days later he saw the Greek vessel at anchor on the sheltered side of the island. He ranged up and dropped an anchor too. He visited the Hellenic sea-dog, and the captain bold visited him. Next morning the Greek made sail and stood for home. A few months afterwards Admiral Hobart met the descendant of Attic heroes in the streets of Galata and, accosting him, inquired why he had not carried out the menace with which he had left the port of Athens. 'Oh!' replied he of the blue-and-white flag, 'that is easily accounted for. My Government was so anxious to make a show of doing something to please the mob, there being a Ministerial crisis, that I was sent away in a vast hurry, before I had time to get my powder on board!'"

THERE has been a singular mortality of late among the Principals of the Scotch universities. Little more than a year has passed since the decease of Sir Alexander Grant; Principal Shairp expired in September; Dr. Pirie, of Aberdeen, died in November last; and now news comes of the death, on the 13th February, of the other Principal of St. Andrews. Principal Tulloch had been suffering from broken health during all the early winter; but no immediate danger was apprehended till a week before his death, when dangerous symptoms set in. He was in his sixty-third year, in the full force of his fine and vigorous intellect; and his loss to his university and to Scotland, especially at the present crisis of ecclesiastical affairs in the north, is almost incalculable. His liberal and generous intelligence and great popularity gave him a power for good, the absence of which in the counsels of the Scotch Church will be greatly felt. His death

will be to Scotland a national loss, as well as a great shock and regret to many friends on the other side of the border. Principal Tulloch was a "robust Christian," and a scholar of the old Scotch school—about as great a contrast as is conceivable to his brother Principal, Dr. Shairp, who died last summer. He was as combative a Principal as Charles Reade was a fighting man of letters, while Principal Shairp was "all for culture." Of all the university officials at St. Andrews he was of the students the most beloved. They are a hard-headed, unpolished constituency, and his hospitality and geniality exactly suited them. His sympathies were broad, and he had, like Dean Stanley, a liking for heretics, being ever ready to side rather with the persecuted than the persecutor. On his own Church his influence was eminently good. It was always exercised on the side of tolerance and progress.

BEFORE the war between France and China, an English naval officer, Captain Lang, commanded the Chinese fleet, and succeeded in bringing it to a high state of efficiency. The captain was consequently much respected and admired. When hostilities commenced, Captain Lang threw up his appointment; he thought that, as he was an officer of a neutral Power, it was not right for him to mix in the quarrels of other nations. A crowd of impecunious Germans at once applied for the post, and a Captain Sebelin was selected and named Admiral. After a time the Chinese thought that, under the gallant officer's sway, things were going wrong. He was accordingly requested to retire; and Captain Lang was then invited to return, which he did, leaving England for Tientsin in December last. This dismissal of a German in favour of an Englishman, while gratifying to England, as showing that the ability of the British sailor is still thought something of by foreign nations, must be extremely displeasing to Bismarck, especially as his scheme for enlarging German influence in China by means of great public works there under German auspices, based on loans raised in the London market, has gone somewhat awry through trouble in China about the ironclads built in the Baltic by German firms. These vessels, four in all, appear to have been constructed on such novel and ingenious lines, that if one of the heavy guns on board had been discharged, the whole affair would certainly have gone to the bottom. The Chinese Minister in Berlin was dismissed his post and desired to return to Peking in order to have his head chopped off, or suffer other punishment for the ignorance displayed by the Teutonic shipbuilders. He did not, however, see the force of the latter request, and up to the present moment his native land knows him not.

CONSIDERING the depression of trade, the dividends paid by the great British Joint-Stock banks are remarkable. The Bank of Ireland, with a capital of \$15,000,000 and a reserve of almost \$6,000,000, paid its stockholders 12 per cent. last year, while the Bank of Belfast excelled this, its dividend being 20 per cent.; and the prosperity of the Irish banks seems more remarkable when we remember the stories of depression, failure of crops, and agrarian troubles which come from the Emerald Isle. The Bank of Sydney, New South Wales, delights the fortunate holders of its stock with a clear dividend of 25 per cent., and the Bank of Australasia pays 16 on a capital of \$5,000,000. The Lancashire County Bank gave its lucky stock-owners 25. The largest dividend declared by any bank in Great Britain in 1885 was 33½, and the concern that paid it was the Whitehaven Joint-Stock Bank, a close corporation institution in London, the majority of its stock being held by the Duke of Westminster. The Scottish banks are very prosperous too. The Royal Bank of Scotland—the second oldest in Great Britain, for it was established in 1695—with a capital of £4,500,000, paid a dividend of 14 per cent., while the Commercial Bank, with a capital of £5,000,000, declared the same amount. The Clydesdale Bank, the next richest bank in Scotland, earned 12 per cent. on £5,000,000. These results are brought about by the shrewdest management and a thorough understanding of the business in hand; but besides this, there is a cause as yet but little appreciated—the enhancement of the value of money, the commodity dealt in by banks, as compared with all other commodities. While property of all other sorts has depreciated in value by 20 or 25 per cent. during the past five years, the value of money has remained stationary, to the proportionate advantage of all owners of money.

THE Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria is now editing and in part writing a very magnificent publication, "The Austro-Hungarian Monarchy in Word and Picture." The work, which is appearing in fortnightly parts, will, when completed, consist of fourteen large volumes, each containing 480 pages, of which about one-third will be devoted to illustrations and maps. In the preparation of this *magnum opus* the Crown Prince is

assisted by a large staff, including Count Wilczek, the Polar explorer; the Ritter von Arneth, President of the Vienna Academy; and Moritz Jokai, the great Hungarian romance-writer. A special staff of engravers has also been engaged to illustrate the book, the production of which will, it is estimated, cost not less than £60,000. One hundred thousand copies had been subscribed for previous to the publication of the first part on the 1st December last; but complaints have since been made by the Roman Catholics of the manner in which religious questions are treated by the imperial editor, and many subscriptions have, it is said, been withdrawn. This work is not Prince Rudolph's first effort in literature. He has already published several volumes of travels, and has assisted Professor Brehm in the preparation of a standard work on natural history. His literary enthusiasm is, indeed, somewhat exhausting for the members of his present staff. A few weeks ago he summoned a meeting of his editorial committee for seven o'clock a.m.; and it must have been very trying to M. Jokai, who is acting as Vienna correspondent of his own paper, the *Hon.*, to be obliged to turn out in blinding snow before daylight on a winter morning and find his way to the energetic Crown Prince's office. To have to attend a meeting at such an hour under any conditions is bad enough; it must be especially uncomfortable under the conditions which regulate Prince Rudolph's staff. For every member, save the august editor himself is expected to appear in evening dress.

THE London Chamber of Commerce recognizes to the fullest extent that "trade follows the flag." It is a warm supporter of assisted emigration to the Colonies, looking to that "as the best means of providing those new markets which must prove, under the existing hostile economic policy of other Powers, the surest outlet for the necessary increase of our [England's] future industrial development." In the statistical appendix to its fourth annual Report, just issued, it shows the value to England of the Colonies, as compared with foreign trade, measured by the consumption of British produce per individual in British possessions, and in other markets. Thus in the year 1884 the Straits Settlements with Hong Kong consumed £10.36 per head, Australia £8.67, Cape Colony £3.65, West India Islands and Guiana £2.08, British North America £1.92, Ceylon, Mauritius, Malta, and Gibraltar £0.86, and British India £8.16; whilst during the same year Uruguay consumed £3.61 per head, Holland £2.55, Argentine Republic £1.92, Belgium £1.54, Denmark £1.12, Chili £0.92, Greece £0.72, the United States £0.49, France £0.44, and Germany £0.41, the other countries ranging from £0.03 (Austria-Hungary) to £0.60 (Spanish West Indies). But it is not only to the Colonies, valuable as they are, that the Chamber looks for new fields for British enterprise. It was anxious for the annexation of Burmah, and lost no time in approaching the Government on the subject; and it has kept a sharp eye—sharper than Lord Granville kept—on the operations of France and Germany in distant parts of the world, so that treaties negotiated with semi-civilized nations by those Powers should be kept as free as possible from clauses inimical to British interests. Like many other far-seeing commercial men, the Chamber has visions of an enormous market for British manufactures in the only half-known Empire of China, and its best endeavours are being directed to the construction of an Indo-Chinese railway, which would open to British commerce the vast south-western portion of that country, a region so distant from its own maritime frontier that its trade is practically untouched by the treaty-ports.

BOYCOTTING is a terrible weapon. A young man in Greensborough, Ga., had won the affections of a cigar dealer's daughter, but the father forbade him the house. The young man organized a club of sympathizers, who refused to buy cigars of him unless the father raised the barricade. Latest accounts indicate that the siege will end in smoke, and all will be happy.

A FAMOUS old Scotch family of the West was that of Glentully, from one of whose members it is said Sir Walter Scott drew the character of the Baron Bradwardine. Generations of Glentullys have lived, drunk, and died, a race of *bon vivants*. Of one laird it is related that returning on horseback one night from a neighbour's house, where he had been supping, he dropped out of his saddle in crossing a stream; the horse quietly trotted home, and on arriving at his stable riderless created great consternation; some domestics started off at once with lanterns and torches, and they arrived none too soon, for there was the laird immersed in the stream with the water bubbling round his lips, while he, under the impression that he was still presiding over the punch-bowl, was murmuring: "Ech, not a drop mair, neither het nor cauld!"

## THE VALE OF LUNE.

FAR beyond the blue Laurentians, past yon bleak, unhappy shore  
(Altar-shrine of Desolation—savage wilds of Labrador),  
'Yond Atlanta's night of waters, borne on pensive Fancy's breeze,  
Speed my thoughts to where old ocean laves the white isle of the seas,  
And I see old England's towers,—bulwarks 'gainst the centuries' blast,  
That amidst her halls of Labour blend the present with the past;  
But to exiled heart the dearest, sweet as summer's wayside rune,  
Is the murmur of the waters in the little Vale of Lune.

Sheltered by the Pennine shadows lags the drowsy water-wheel,  
By the weir a big kingfisher watches for his morning meal,  
E'en the broad stream's sinuous current has a lingering tranquil glide,  
As though loth to leave those summits whence had burst its silver tide,  
And two figures shade the archway, where it spans the old mill-race,  
Which are like to Dick the keeper, and the miller's daughter Grace.  
Oft, I trow, do twilight shadows and the sweet young harvest moon  
Listen to the old, old story in the happy Vale of Lune.

There the hoary ive-clad tower, and the churchyard's honoured dust  
(Sleeping till the night of ages shall redeem its sacred trust),  
And, hard by, where "rock" and "fantail" haunt its many-gabled roof,  
Stands the pleasant little ale-house, ancient, but still weather-proof.  
There the village politician, in his own peculiar way,  
Settles home and foreign troubles in short order every day.  
Yes, the problems of a nation can be worked out wondrous soon  
By the statesmen of that ale-house in the sunny Vale of Lune.

As of yore, a group of matrons linger at the moss-crown'd well  
(What a tale of homely gossip do those honest gestures tell?),  
And how quaint their simple curtseys as the Rector checks his pace,  
Asking for some ailing goodman (missed from his accustomed place  
When the peaceful Sabbath stillness—happy truce to worldly care—  
And the belfry's tuneful voice had called the hamlet unto prayer).  
Aye! the wearers of the kirtle and the lowly wooden shoon  
Have a kind word for the parson in the pleasant Vale of Lune.

Ye may traverse Alpine ranges, dream your dreams 'neath southern skies;  
On fair Rhineland's halls and legends feast your travel-sated eyes;  
Laud Niagara's foam-clad torrent, Chaudière's tumultuous wave,  
Thundering an eternal requiem for the bygone Indian brave.  
Yes, oh yes! these scenes are glorious; but my heart and halting breath  
Thrill and sigh for one more humble; and I ask of thee, O Death!  
When thy shadows close around me, grant me but one parting boon,—  
'Tis to sleep thy dreamless slumber in the peaceful Vale of Lune.

H. K. COCKIN.

## DOMESTIC SERVICE.

It would be a lesson in the study of human nature to note all the varieties of experience which the mistress of a house passes through when one servant, who has been educated in this way, departs, and another, who has also obtained an approximate idea of what good housekeeping means, applies for the vacant place. There is no form of "interviewing" more prolific than this of incidents illustrating the conflicts and collisions of adverse specimens of human character. There, for instance, is the interesting invalid, who is bullied and browbeaten by the energetic virago who storms into the house, demands the wages which she thinks her services are worth, obtains them, and then dominates the household, reigning supreme until the master of the establishment is compelled to interfere, and dismisses her with words that savour more of strength than of righteousness. The list might go on to include the fretful, the economical, the bad-tempered, the shrewd, the equitable, the humane, female heads of households that require help, but find it difficult to procure from those who offer it. Perhaps it would be well to condense and generalize the whole matter in dispute by citing an example in which the applicant for a situation was confronted by a woman who had a touch of humour in her composition. In all the dignity of second-hand finery, resplendent with Attleboro' diamonds and rubies which must have cost at the least a quarter of a dollar a gem, the towering lady sweeps into the parlour, and demands a sight of the lady of the house. The meek lady of the house appears. "I understand you want a second girl to do the housework." "Yes," is the gentle response. The high contracting parties forthwith proceed to discuss the terms of the treaty, by which the claimant for the office of second-girlship will condescend to accept the place, stating her terms, her perquisites, and her right to have two or three evenings of every week at her own disposal, when her engagements will compel her to be absent from the house. The reply is, "It seems to me, if we comply with your terms, it would be better for my husband and myself to go out to service ourselves, for we never have had such privileges as you claim." "That is nothing to me. I have lived in the most genteel families in the city, and have always insisted on my rights in this matter. By the way, have you any children?" "Yes, I have two." "Well, I object to children." "If your objections, madam, are insuperable, the children can easily be killed." "Oh! you are joking, I see. But I think I will try you for a week to see how I can get along with you." The curt response is: "You shall not try me, but the one minute which elapses between your speedy descent from those stairs, and your equally speedy exit from the door." The high contracting parties being unable, under the circumstances, to formulate a treaty agreeable to both, the applicant for the vacant place disappears in a fury of rage.—EDWIN P. WHIPPLE, in *The Forum*.

## DEEP SEA EXPLORATIONS.

CONTRARY to the conclusions of many naturalists, life has been found to exist at great depths. It was known that light did not penetrate beyond comparatively small depths, that vegetable organisms ceased together with the influence of light, and that animals became rarer as the surface and rich littoral zone were left behind. From these facts it was argued that at about 500 fathoms life ceased altogether. But the dredge, coming up from the depths laden with star-fishes and serpent-stars, bearing crustacea of strange forms, or perhaps bringing to the light fishes such as never before came before the eye of a naturalist, relegated these conclusions to the limbo of errors. How life contrives to live at these great depths we scarcely know as yet, but we know that it exists, and that, though not varied like that of the shores and of the land, it includes representatives of most of the classes of marine animals. All of these deep-sea creatures have suffered a "sea-change." Most of them are phosphorescent, and the higher classes, fish and crustacea, which in all other conditions of life are provided with eyes, are either eyeless or have enormous eyes, as though to make up by size of the light-procuring organs for lack of light. It is probable that phosphorescence, or self-luminosity, is the only light of the depths. Fixed animals, such as the soft corals or alcyonarians,—creatures which are normally unprovided with eyes, live rooted in the sea-bottom like herbage in a meadow, and in and out among their phosphorescent groves wander the gigantic-eyed fishes and crustacea that have become adapted to a deep-sea life. Nor is phosphorescence confined to the lower classes of deep-sea marine animals, to polyps, star-fishes, and worms. It is shown also by the Stomatidae and Sternoptychidae, and by other tribes of fishes which habitually live at great depths. The bodies of these fishes are set with rows of round, shining, mother-of-pearl coloured phosphorescent spots—they carry with them their own lanterns, and see their way, in part at least, by light manufactured in the laboratories of their own bodies.

It can scarcely be doubted that phosphorescence, from whatever cause produced, is taken advantage of by creatures possessed of eyes. But phosphorescence is a property of many animals living within tidemarks, and of a large number of surface-living organisms, so that it cannot be said that it is developed solely for illuminating purposes. Moreover, by far the larger number of luminous animals are either one-celled protozoa or eyeless polyps, and to all these creatures it would seem that the power of shining in the dark must be a disadvantage, guiding their enemies to a meal. It must, therefore, be confessed that the cause and purpose or function of this self-luminosity are still unknown.

The existence of life in the ocean depths depends upon the presence of food in those depths. Vegetable food is not present, and all deep-sea animals are therefore animal feeders. It is clear that if deep-sea creatures had no food save what they themselves furnished, life would soon come to an end. But the surfaces of the open seas and oceans are peopled with a crowd of organisms, some of which habitually retire to depths of twenty or thirty fathoms, but all of which keep within the influence of light. These pelagic animals, foraminifers, polyps, larvae of fish and echinoderms, etc., with countless numbers of the low vegetables called diatoms, perish, and their remains fall to the bottom in a slowly-descending but constant rain. Nor is this the only source of food. The debris of terrestrial life and that of the rich fauna of the coast is borne oceanward by currents, and serves as food for creatures inhabiting zones of deeper water.

The greatest problem connected with the existence of life at the bottom is the manner in which respiration is effected. But the waters of the ocean are nowhere absolutely stagnant, and it does not appear that any portion of the ocean depths is without a small quantity of that free oxygen, so essential to the existence of life, which is contained in abundance in the atmosphere and from it absorbed by the ocean water. There appears to be rather more of this free oxygen at the ocean bottom than at intermediate depths below 300 fathoms, and this has been explained by the rapid sinking of the surface-waters of the vast southern ocean. These oxygen-charged waters sink to the depths, and then slowly move northward as a cold southern draught, everywhere occupying the depths of the northwardly prolonged oceans.

It is believed that between depths of 400 or 500 fathoms and the sea bottom there is a wide zone in which but little life exists, but this wide zone may yet be proved to give shelter to animals, the existence of which is still unknown, and which may for aught we know be too large and too swift to be taken by any apparatus yet devised. The existence of some survival of the elongated Saurian types of past ages may yet be proved.—*The American*.

## MUSIC.

## TORONTO MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE tenth Monday Popular Concert was given last Monday evening in the Pavilion Music Hall. The novelties of the programme were the zither playing of Miss Kitty Berger, and the performances for the first time of Rheinberger's string-quartette, Op. 87. The zither is altogether too weak in power of tone for effective use in a large concert room, and although Miss Berger won a comparative success by her skilful management of the instrument, it cannot be said that her numbers created a profound impression. The Rheinberger quartette proved an unusual treat. It is an effective and striking composition worked out with much freedom and breadth of treatment. The vocalist was Miss Annie Howden, a promising young Canadian artist, whose pleasant manner, agreeable voice, and sweet, unaffected singing won her a pronounced triumph. The next concert will

take place on March 29, when Lille Lehmand, the celebrated dramatic soprano, M. Ovide Musin, the popular violinist, and Herr Rummel, solo pianist will appear.—*Clef.*

THE MUSIN-GODOWSKI CONCERT.

THE Musin-Godowski Concert, given on Monday evening, March 1, was one of the best of this season's musical events, and was enjoyed by a very large audience, the Pavilion being full. The artists by whom the concert was given were: Mons. Ovide Musin, the eminent Belgian violinist; Mme. Benic de Serrano, soprano dramatico; Mr. Leopold Godowski, solo pianist; and Mr. Dunman, tenor. Signor Serrano was the accompanist. The opening number on the programme was a *duo concertante* by Mons. Musin and Mr. Godowski, in which both performers were at once recognised to be thorough artists. The abounding technicalities with which this work, "*Airs Styriens*," Osborne-Leonard, is endowed were most easily and beautifully overcome, and was heartily appreciated by the audience. Mr. Godowski's rendering of Mendelssohn's "Rondo Capriccioso" aroused his listeners to enthusiasm, and upon being recalled he played one of the Chopin waltzes, with a beautifully distinct and rapid *technique*. Prock's celebrated Air with variations was sung by Mme. Serrano with a great deal of artistic taste, her execution being particularly good in her upper range. Mme. Serrano has been for two years the leading soprano at the "Grand Opera" in Mexico, but her voice is losing its freshness, which was at times noticeable in her next number, "Una voce pocha fa" from the opera of "Barbiere de Seville." The lion's share of the evening's honours fell, of course, to Mons. Musin, who fairly captured the audience by his sterling worth and merit. His first solo, "Souvenirs de Moscow" by Wieniawski, is a composition which taxes the utmost resources of any artist, and the evident ease and grace with which M. Musin overcame the almost insurmountable difficulties was so apparent that the audience insisted on an encore number, for which he played with great breadth and beauty of phrasing Raff's "Cavatina." In the second part of the programme all the performers had to appear in encore numbers, and M. Musin was compelled to play two of these to his solo, one of which was the "Carnivale of Venice" with variations, rather a light thing for a man of his standing, but it had the effect of impressing his audience with what a most wonderful, rapid and brilliant execution he could command. The various numbers by Mr. Dunman were very acceptably received. The promoters of this concert are to be heartily congratulated on the complete success achieved artistically and also, we are informed, financially.—*S. E. J.*

HAMILTON.

MR. NEWMAN, the clever organist of St. Thomas's Church, gave his annual concert on February 10. The programme was a good one. The attendance was very small. Mr. Newman is a capable musician, but lacks energy, and so fails to take the place to which his knowledge entitles him. The advertised attraction was the singing of Miss D'Erveux, but the young lady sang in very poor style.

The concert given in the Opera House, February 25, in aid of the funds of St. Mary's Orphan Asylum, was, as usual, attended by as many people as could find standing room. It was interesting to the Hamilton musical public chiefly because of the reappearance of Miss M. Nolan, contralto, formerly of this city, but who now has a good position in New York. Miss Nolan is talented, has studied hard, and obtains the best possible results with an ordinary organ. Her singing of Moore's "The Meeting of the Waters" was unaffected, simple, and, consequently, touching, and gained her great applause. Mrs. McCulloch, who sang a couple of ballads, did the best singing of the evening.

The Musin Concert Company appeared at the Grand Opera House, on March 2. As a large number of the students from the Wesleyan Ladies' College were present by special arrangement, a stranger would have thought, on looking at the audience, that Hamilton had duly honoured exceptional talent. But appearances are deceitful, and the managers of the entertainment did not grow rich by the proceeds of M. Musin and Godowski (the young pianist). Your readers have already been told the truth in your notices of concerts by the company in Toronto. Mme. de Serrano and Mr. Dunman, the vocalists, did not please the public here. The instrumentalists were loudly applauded.

Mr. Aldous is becoming industrious as a conductor. He is now drilling the Philharmonic Chorus in "Samson," preparatory to Mr. Torrington's appearance at the desk, and, on March 5, he gave a concert in the Opera House with his Orchestral Club. Here is the programme:—Overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor," *Nicolai*; Part Song, "The Tar's Farewell" (by request), *Adams*, Arion Club; "Charge of the Hussars," *Spindler*; Minuet (for strings), *Boccherini*; Turkish March (from "Ruins of Athens," *Beethoven*); Song, "Vulcan's Song," *Gounod*, Mr. J. H. Stuart; Capriccio in B Minor (for pianoforte and orchestra), *Mendelssohn*, Miss E. Walker; Song, "Love, the Pilgrim," *Blumenthal*, Mrs. G. Hamilton; Waltz, "Nouvel An," *Aldous*; March (composed in honour of the visit of the painter Cornelius to Dresden, in 1841), *Mendelssohn*; Part Song, "Waltz," *Vogel*, Arion Club; Symphony, "Farewell," *Haydn*.

The Club showed vast improvement since the first concert, especially in the observance of the nuances. The audience was quite appreciative, and encored several numbers. Of Mr. Aldous's waltz I can speak highly.—*C Major.*

WE learn that Mr. Robert Davies, of this city, has just taken first medals—the highest award possible—on every exhibit (of porter and East India and Amber ale) made by him at the New Orleans Exhibition. Some facts speak so plainly that comment is superfluous.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

MUSIC.

NOCTURNE. By Clarence Lucas. Toronto: I. Suckling and Sons.

Five andante and legato passages, medium in difficulty; five flats.

IN SEARCH OF PLEASURE. (Galop Brillante.) By M. G. Gilbard. Toronto: I. Suckling and Sons.

A lively galop, of medium difficulty; good runs and staccato; three and four flats.

O SOURCE OF UNCREATED LIGHT. Sacred Song. By Sumner Salter. Boston: J. M. Russell, 126 Tremont Street.

A smooth and easy quartette, with solos for bass, soprano, alto, and tenor.

LAST NIGHT. Arranged from Halfdan Kgeruef, by L. D. Edes. Boston: J. M. Russell, 126 Tremont Street.

A lively and not difficult trio in four flats for female voices.

WE have received also the following publications:—

METHODIST MAGAZINE. March. Toronto: William Briggs.

BOOK BUYER. March. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

ELECTRA. February. Louisville, Ky.

LIBRARY MAGAZINE. March. New York: John B. Alden.

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY. March. New York: 30 Lafayette Place.

OVERLAND MONTHLY. March. San Francisco.

{ TOWN GOVERNMENT ON RHODE ISLAND. By William E. Foster.

{ THE NARRAGANSETT PLANTERS. By Edward Channing. II. and III. of Fourth Series  
Johns Hopkins University Studies. Baltimore.

ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. March. New York: Macmillan and Company.

BROOKLYN MAGAZINE. March. Brooklyn: 106 Livingston Street.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE. New York: Harper and Brothers.

OUTING. March. New York: Outing Publishing Company.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. March 6. Boston: Littell and Company.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

A NOTEWORTHY sonnet by Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton appears as an original contribution to the March volume of *Through the Year with the Poets*, which D. Lothrop and Company have just issued.

ADMIRERS of the charmingly-turned verses of Mr. Clinton Scollard will be glad to know that D. Lothrop and Company are soon to publish a volume of his poems bearing the title "With Reed and Lyre."

PROF. A. S. HARDY, the author of "But Yet a Woman," has written a new novel, the manuscript of which has just been put in the hands of his publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, and Co. Nearly 30,000 copies of the author's first book have been sold.

A NEW novel by Mr. B. L. Farjeon is in course of publication in London, where it will be shortly issued under the title of "In a Silver Sea." It will be published in England in the customary three-volume edition, with an American issue in one volume.

MUCH attention is attracted by the series of fine historical drawings by Howard Pyle, which are appearing in this year's *Wide Awake* in company with E. S. Brooks's historical stories. Studies so conscientious of time, costume, and portraiture ennoble the illustrator's calling.

THE proper place of the accent in the word "arbutus" has excited much discussion. A rare instance of its proper accentuation in poetry may be found in "The Gift of Spring," a graceful bit of verse by Charles Miner Thompson, which appears in March, which D. Lothrop and Company publish.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE has been elected to the Oxford Chair of Poetry. His taste and critical discrimination has long influenced literature. His selection of standard poetry, "The Golden Treasury," published in America by D. Lothrop and Company, occupies the place of a classic among collections.

IT is hardly necessary to say that the paragraphs which have been going about in the newspapers announcing that General Lew Wallace's book, "Ben Hur," has sold to the number of 500,000 copies are clearly absurd. The actual sale has, however, been very remarkable. From Messrs. Harper we learn that 92,000 copies have been printed and disposed of in the States alone.

A FORECAST of early death seems to have been long lingering about the young poet, James Berry Bense, who has just died. In relation to his volume of poems "In the King's Garden," which D. Lothrop and Company recently published, he said in a letter to a friend: "I doubt often that I shall live to see my poems safely between covers, but I still wish that I may. I should then have some sense of work completed, finished."

IT is a curious fact that Mr. Frank R. Stockton has as large an audience of readers in England as in America. His new work, "The Late Mrs. Null," when announced in London, was so largely ordered by the booksellers that it became necessary to put a second edition on press before a single copy was sold. The same thing occurred here, and Messrs. Scribner's Sons, his American publishers, have postponed publication until the middle of this month, when the English and American editions will be issued on the same day.

THE readers of Miss Anna Katherine Green's books know how strong is the legal element in her stories. It has been hinted that the knowledge of the law which such a novel as the "Leavenworth Case" displayed is due to the assistance of the author's father, who is a member of the bar. So far from this being true, Mr. Green did not know that his daughter was writing "The Leavenworth Case" until it was published. Oddly enough, though she has been so successful as a writer of novels, she cares little or nothing for fame as a novelist, but wishes to be judged as a writer of poems. She has published, we believe, two volumes of verses which never attained any circulation, but upon which she has spent more time and thought than she devoted to all of her works, which have been sold near the one hundred thousand mark. On Monday of this week her new work, "The Mill Mystery," appears from the Putnam press.

LAWRENCE SEVERN, an English writer, is bringing out a novel entitled "Heaven's Gate: a Story of the Forest of Dean," of which the scenes are laid in and about Chepstow Castle and Tintern Abbey. The critics who have been permitted to read this in manuscript are enthusiastic in pronouncing it a story of great strength and exquisite style. D. Lothrop and Company announce it for March.

THE initial volume of the notable dramatic work by Messrs. Brander Matthews and Lawrence Hutton, on the "Actors and Actresses of Great Britain and America," will receive publication on the 19th inst., after which the successive volumes will be issued at brief intervals. The first part of the work will deal with David Garrick and his contemporaries, and from it promise is given that the public will be enabled to judge of the care and accuracy bestowed upon the work.

THE March number of the *Avenger* opens with a lengthy paper on the never-ending topic, "Reason and Revelation." The main object of its author is to vindicate theological progression. State-aided Education and Popular Riots are ably and interestingly discussed. "The Work of the German Palestine Exploration Society," by Professor Kautzsch, is an interesting record of what has been achieved under the auspices of that organization. The paper is reproduced, by permission, from a recent number of the *Studien und Kritiken*. The other contents of the review are able, timely, and full of information.

PROF. MUNROE SMITH, of Columbia College, is at the head of the new enterprise which will publish the *Political Science Quarterly*, a review devoted to history, economics, and jurisprudence. The first number, which will be ready on the 15th, will contain papers by John W. Burgess, Frederick W. Whitridge, Redmond U. Smith, and Daniel Dehron. A special feature of the *Quarterly* will be a department of book notices and detailed entries of every American and foreign work on all the subjects discussed by the review. By this system there will be preserved a complete biography of the political sciences.

THE March *Outing* is a new departure in American literature. It deals with the outdoor sports of to-day as of a theme worthy the best literary talent, the best artistic talent, and the best typographical make-up. The editorial management of Mr. Poultney Bigelow is seen for the first time in this number; and to judge from the mere fact that it has about three times as many illustrations as any previous one, we are inclined to think that the public is to be the gainer. Captain Coffin, author of "The America's Cup" and "Old Sailors' Yarns," has a remarkable article on Blockade Running during the War.

THE announcement made of a new novel by Dr. George H. Picard, whose latest work, "A Mission Flower," attained a flattering success, is rather premature, since the work is but scarcely commenced, and not a hundred pages are yet written. The novel, when completed, which will probably not be until late in the Fall, will be published by Messrs. White, Stokes, and Allen, who say that the story, as mapped out by the physician-author, will take the form of a serious comedy, though not at all a farcical one. Dr. Picard is a New York physician, and his professional engagements prevent any continual attention to literary work.

SHORTLY before his recent marriage, Mr. H. C. Bunner completed his second ambitious work of fiction, which will be published some time during the spring. Ever since the issuance of his first novel, "A Woman of Honour," Mr. Bunner has regretted his appearance in print, and he has been anxious to supplement it with a more worthy and meritorious work, which he believes the reading public will find in this latest work from his pen. He is one of the few poets of the younger school whose verse collections enjoy a remunerative sale, his "Airs from Arcady and Elsewhere" having met with a substantial welcome both in this country and England.

MR. WALT WHIPMAN, the poet, has sent to Mr. Allen Thorndike Rice, who is to edit the volume of "Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln," a photograph of the first martyred President, which is pronounced by all who have seen it as the finest and most faithful picture of Mr. Lincoln extant. The photograph was taken in Washington during the opening month of his first term of office, and, although considerably faded, will be reproduced in the forthcoming volume in as successful a manner as possible. Another hitherto unknown photograph will be one of Gen. Grant, in full uniform, with sword, contributed by Col. Fred Grant to the sketch of his father.

MR. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL will make his first contribution to periodical literature since his return from England in the *Princeton Review* for March. His paper will treat of the works of the poet Gray, with some reflections upon American poetry. It was only with the greatest difficulty that Mr. Lowell could be made to take up his pen again, and it was finally through his friendship for Prof. William M. Sloan, the editor of the *Princeton*, that he was induced to write. Since his return he refused an offer of \$1,000 for an article for the *Century Magazine*, and another from Harper Brothers, who offered to pay him \$6,000 for a series of six articles for their magazine.

IT is well known that the U. S. Government has not promoted any of the survivors of the Greely expedition, or, in fact, given pecuniary assistance to the disabled men who reached civilization again. Three of the survivors are now, however, engaged in a paying business—Long, Fredericks, and Connell are all selling Lieut. Greely's book, "Three Years of Arctic Service," and in telling the history of their terrible life at Sabine they work up the auditors' feelings to such a pitch that they dispose of the expensive volumes readily, and are reaping large profits. Beiderbeck is at present in Washington, under the care of a physician. It is doubtful if he will ever be able to do active service again.

MR. EUGENE SCHUYLER has just completed his work, "American Diplomacy and the Furtherance of American Commerce." It treats in an exhaustive way the American consular and diplomatic service, and according to the author has been written to aid those in the public service as well as for students of political economy. It will be published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. Three other books which the same firm announce are: "Persia: The Land of the Immurs," by the Rev. James Bassett; a translation of Kuno Fischer's "History of Modern Philosophy," translated by Mr. J. P. Gordy, and furnished with an American introduction by President Noah Porter, and "Epic Songs of Russia," by Miss Isabel F. Hapgood, of Boston.

AFTER several unavoidable delays, Miss Jeannette Gilder's volume of "Representative Poems of Living Poets" is now approaching publication, and its issue is promised about the middle of this month. The work will be large octavo in size, of over 700 pages, and every care has been employed by Messrs. Cassell and Company in its mechanical execution. A striking and elaborate cover of symbolic design will enclose the text, which is to be comprised of poems selected by the authors themselves as their most representative literary productions. It is predicted that many of the selections made will cause not a little surprise. Miss Gilder, as is probably known, is editor of the *Critic*, and besides performing the duties of that position has under her control the business department of that journal, as well as being the New York correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press*, under the *nom de plume* of "Erasmus," and is the author of the "Brunswick" letters in the *Boston Saturday Evening Gazette*. She also does a considerable portion of the literary reviews for the *New York Herald*.

CAREFUL editing is being given to the series of important letters and papers of Thackeray which some time ago were secured by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. By the few privileged persons who have been permitted a glance at the papers they are described as possessed of a special degree of interest that will surprise even those who have built the highest expectations upon their worth and value. The letters will be first published in America, but it is impossible to learn from the publishers when the issuance of the volume will occur further than that it will probably be during the latter portion of the year. A strict surveillance is kept over the letters, and their contents are said to be known to not more than four or five persons.

ALTHOUGH it may seem premature to announce any of the holiday publications that promise to make the Christmas of 1886 a notable one in the world of books, it will be of interest, even thus far in advance, for the admirers of the illustrations of Mr. W. Hamilton Gibson to learn that the leading Christmas venture of the Harpers this year will be a volume of superbly illustrated papers of landscapes, woods, and fields, by Mr. Gibson, for which the illustrations are now being prepared. The title of the work will be "The Harvest of a Quiet Eye," and it is asserted that no publication of a like character produced in previous years will have a more magnificent setting than this new volume, of which both text and pictures will be by Mr. Gibson.

THE March *Magazine of American History* presents an appetizing table of contents. Every article is of importance and of superior merit. The opening article, "The Van Cortlandt Manor-House," is from the pen of the editor, and is illustrated with curious relics of two and one-half centuries ago; also portraits and exquisitely drawn interiors. Mr. Arthur Harvey, of Toronto, has a most interesting and delightfully readable sketch of "Champlain's American Experiences in 1613." Then we have a fresh and absorbing study in early Western history, a sketch of "Simon Gerty, the White Indian," whose life was a tragic romance from the cradle to the grave—an admirably written article by George W. Ranck. There are three war papers in this number, all of the first interest.

A UNITED effort is being quietly made among several New York literary men for the re-establishment of the ill-fated *Manhattan Magazine*, and it is not improbable that the early Fall will chronicle the re-issue of the periodical. The prospect of successfully reviving the magazine has been carefully considered, and it is believed that a sufficient amount of capital can be secured to effect its being placed once more on a safe business basis. Under what circumstances this will be done, and who will become the editor, has not yet been decided, although negotiations are now in progress with a leading American author to accept the editorship. That this effort may prove successful is to be hoped, and the prospects that it will be by no means unlikely, if the opinion of a prominent New York littérateur may be accepted.

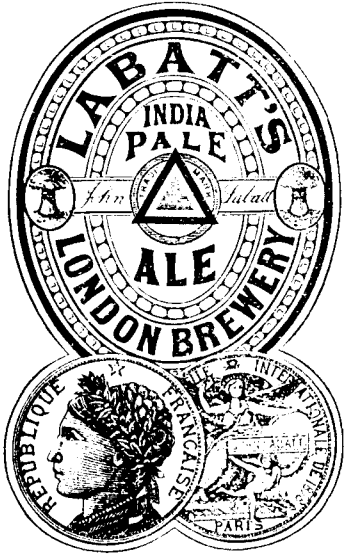
WITH the first number of his new magazine off his hands, the editor of the *Forum* is devoting his energies to his second issue, which promises to be equally as valuable as, if not superior to, the initial one, in names at least. A leading article of the April number will be a presentation of the labour question from the employer's standpoint by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the millionaire iron merchant of Pittsburgh. Gail Hamilton, who has of late attached herself to magazine writing, will appear as the author of an essay on the present condition of the South, which Elizabeth Cady Stanton will follow with a discussion of the question, "What are we to do with our boys on Sunday?" The Rev. O. B. Frothingham and Monsignor Preston, the latter with an article on the Roman Catholic idea of education in our public schools, will also be included in the list of contributors.

M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS has been induced by the editor of the new French magazine, *Les Lettres et les Arts*, to write an exceedingly witty contribution on the real philosophy of life, which the novelist holds to be astonished at nothing that may occur in the world. Hence, he says: "If I were to hear that the moon had come down from its high residence, and landed in the centre of France in front of the Tuileries, I would simply shrug my shoulders, believe it, take a 'bus and go and see it." This point in the article commended itself so strongly to the favour of the editor that he at once had it illustrated, and the full-page gravure in the February number showing the stranded moon in front of the Tuileries and excursionists going to and fro inspecting it, divides the honours of the issue with a reproduction of four bars of music from the original MSS. of Charles Gounod, the composer of "Faust," with his autograph attached, the whole surrounded with magnificent representations of allegorical figures.

FOUR new novels are in the presses of Messrs. Cassell and Company for early publication. The first, to be published this week, is from the pen of "Sidney Luska," whose work, "As it is Written," has attracted such wide attention, and will be entitled "Mrs Peixada." The story is one of New York life, with metropolitan characters, and has already been made familiar to hundreds of readers through its publication in a syndicate of newspapers. The second work of fiction is from the hand of the author of "The Bar Sinister," Mrs. J. H. Walworth, and will have for its name "Old Fulkerson's Clerk," will be entitled "Number 13: or the Story of the Lost Vestal," by Emma Marshall, the English authoress. The fourth novel will be a story of Afghan life, "Ruhainah," by Evan Stanton, a *nom de plume* for an old and, it is said, a well-known writer, but whose debut as a novelist will be made through this book.

MR. THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH is hard at work upon his series of short stories, which will appear in the *Atlantic*, the first being "Two Bites of a Cherry," published two months ago. After the stories have all appeared they will be put into a little volume and issued in Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, and Company's Aldine Series, uniform with "Marjory Daw"; in fact, sooner or later all of the author's books will find their way into the Aldine volumes. It is not generally known, by the way, that "A Rivermouth Romance," that charming little book published some years ago, is entirely true, and the incidents are connected with a former servant in Mr. Aldrich's own family. The venerable reprobate, who was sent to jail for drunkenness, and who, after having received from kind friends a surfeit of tracts, sent out the despairing cry, "For God's sake, send me 'Pop Goes the Weasel,'" was committed to jail for being drunk at Portsmouth a few weeks ago, after having for nearly twenty years been quite exemplary in his conduct.

IN the frontispiece of the March *Century* there is a reminder that Spain has been astonishingly quiet since the death of the young king. "Emilio Castelar, the Orator," has been a figure in every political agitation since the abdication of Isabella II., the mother of the late king. These articles define the brilliant talents which have made Castelar the pride of his people, and his limitations as a popular leader. In the opening paper, "Italy from a Tricycle," Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pennell begin a novel pen and pictorial account of a trip from Florence to Rome. Ex-Minister Benjamin writes of "Mountaineering in Persia" as experienced during a summer trip in the Elburz mountains "for health and trout." Mr. Howells, in the second part of his new novel, "The Minister's Charge," treats Lemuel Barker to an arrest and imprisonment on a false charge author; and a remarkably clear and interesting statement of "The Strength and Weakness of Socialism," considered from the standpoint of the social agitators, and also from that of conservative reformers, is made by Dr. Washington Gladden.



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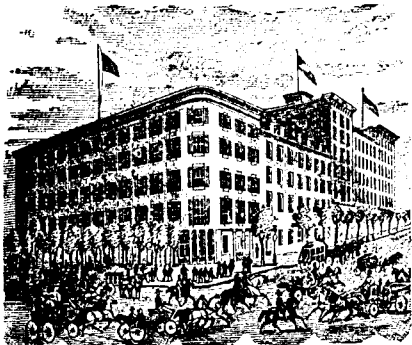
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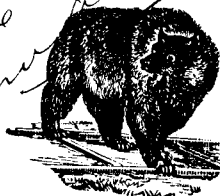
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