

THE WEEK:

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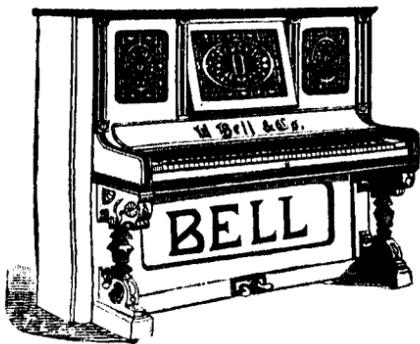
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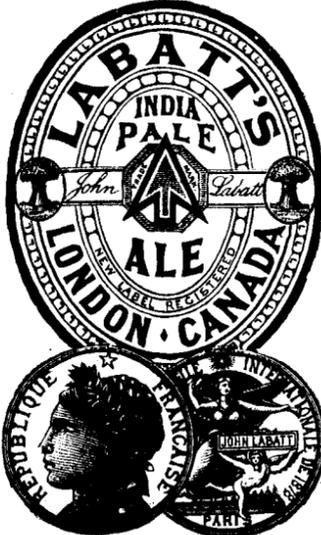
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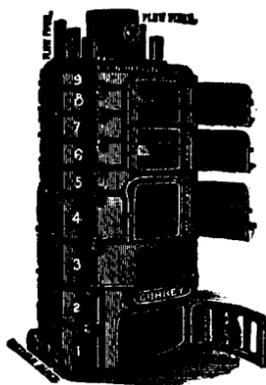
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

LIKE most articles which deal with Imperial Federation frankly and with some regard to the practical and practicable, Mr. F. Blake Crofton's letter in another column suggests at more than one point its own answer. THE WEEK has, we venture to hope, already made it pretty clear that it does not "favour the idea of Canada's remaining a dependency for ever, shirking in perpetuity the obligation" of bearing the burden of its own defence. What we should object to, and what we fancy the people of Canada would object to, would be the burdening of this young country with a share in the defence of an Empire to be composed of fractional parts scattered over all quarters of the globe, any one of which parts might at any time be the means of involving the Empire in a war, the expense of which in blood and treasure would be enormous, while the influence of Canada for the prevention of such a war, or in controlling its operations and issues, would be utterly insignificant. If Canada, as an independent nation, became involved in war, it could only be with the consent and approval of its own citizens, who would have to count the cost and face the consequences. Should Mr. Crofton deem it absurd to suppose that an outlying member of the Federation could thus involve the whole Empire in war, we need but point him in reply to the second paragraph of his own letter. If Canada, as a colony, may now at any moment be the means of precipitating a war with the United States, then a fortiori she or any other constituent part of the federated Empire, would have it in her power to do it.

THE strongest argument for Imperial Federation, for Canadians at least, is," says Mr. Crofton, "the present danger of a war with the United States." Imperial Federation is recommended as an insurance policy against this danger. On this point we have two remarks to make. First, one cannot fail to perceive the analogy between this method of insurance and that which is being tried with such sinister results on the continent of Europe. Federation is to so strengthen the resources for war at the com-

mand of Canada that it will compel the United States to preserve the peace and settle the questions in dispute between us. If we were willing to use an argument of the same kind we might say with tenfold greater assurance that to give Imperial Federation the aspect of a menace to the United States would be to make it at once impossible. The history of Maximilian in Mexico, even that so recent and fresh, of Germany in Samoa, is sufficiently instructive on this point. We yield to none in our estimate of British power and prowess, but Great Britain has too many mighty enemies, or, if not exactly enemies, jealous and ambitious military neighbours, in her own continent to adventure rashly upon a great struggle, for a doubtful benefit, in this. In any case the argument founded upon the prospective fears of the people of the United States does not, it seems to us, have its basis in a knowledge of human nature, especially of the Anglo-Saxon nature, as it exists south as well as north of the international boundary line. We question whether the people of the United States, any more than those of Canada or England, are of a kind to be easily frightened into a more friendly attitude.

OUR second remark is that this "strongest argument for Imperial Federation" involves, if we may, with all respect to our correspondent, say so, a self-destructive fallacy. Union increases strength only when it is a real union, that is, when, in such a case as that under consideration, it brings amalgamation and concentration. The picture of "Britain plus Australia, plus New Zealand, plus South Africa, etc.," fighting for Canadian rights might be a reassuring one if it would but bear inspection. But it must not be forgotten that when the federated empire engages in war, the whole empire, and not the fractional part of it that may have found or furnished a *casus belli*, will have to be protected. More than all the resources which Australia, New Zealand and South Africa could respectively furnish would be needed to protect their own coasts and territories. And the same would be, in a large measure, true of Great Britain herself, in face of such a fleet as a nation of sixty or seventy millions, abounding in wealth and energy, could quickly put upon the ocean to threaten her coasts and commerce. This is, too, making no account of that danger of European invasion against which British statesmen even now deem it necessary to prepare. In a word, it is obvious that the actual security of the Empire would not be appreciably increased by federation. Her aggregate strength would still be simply the sum, not the product, of the resources of the constituent parts. There may be no harm in pointing this out, though it is scarcely necessary to do so, since the condition contained in the last paragraph of Mr. Crofton's letter seems to us to settle the whole question. If, we venture to affirm,—not in the spirit of prophesy, but because we believe that causes can and will produce effects—Imperial Federation can be accomplished only on condition of England consenting to place herself in a position in which she may in a few years be out-voted, and so ousted from her place at the head of the empire, then Imperial Federation will not be consummated in the nineteenth century, or the twentieth. Its advocates may as well dismiss their dream, and turn their thoughts to the solution of the more practical problem for Canadian patriots, that of hastening the development of the Dominion into the full-fledged Canadian nationality, which is its noblest goal if not exactly as yet its "manifest destiny."

THE decision of the Dominion Government to reduce the rate of interest in the Post Office and Government Savings Banks to 3½ per cent. on the 1st of October is but a tardy recognition of the pressure of economic law which should govern in matters of this kind. Nothing can be much plainer than that it is contrary to justice and the public interest that the Government, which means of course the tax-payers, of Canada should continue to pay on a large sum of money a rate of interest higher by one per cent. than that current in the banks. Neither on sound business principles nor on the plea of encouraging thrift can such a disregard of the laws which govern trade in money, as well as in all other commodities, be defended. Even if it could be shown, as it probably cannot, that those profiting by this policy are the in-

dustrious and thrifty poor, whose efforts to improve their condition are worthy of every legitimate encouragement, the fact could not justify such an intermixing of business with charitable considerations, by the custodians of the public purse. On the same ground, it is impossible to accept as valid the reason given for still keeping the rate of interest in the Government Savings Banks one-half per cent. higher than that which is the rule in the ordinary banks. If the Government, by the proposed reduction, saves to the country over \$200,000 a year in the matter of interest, it is hard to see by what right it still continues to pay another \$200,000 from the public funds over and above the amount required by current rates, in the assumed interest of any special class of citizens.

WE have before us the voluminous Report on the Mineral Wealth of British Columbia, prepared by Mr. George M. Dawson, D.S., F.G.S. This Report is published in the course of the Geological and Natural History Survey of Canada, which is being prosecuted under the direction of Alfred R. C. Selwyn, C.M.G., LL.D., F.R.S. Mr. Dawson's elaborate Report teems with information which cannot fail to be of great practical value. It should contribute largely to the development of the vast mineral wealth of the Pacific Province. To further this result, Mr. Dawson has prepared an Annotated List, covering nearly fifty pages, of the localities in which minerals of economic value are to be found. Very suggestive, in connection with this valuable Report, is the recent report of the British Columbia Board of Trade, pointing out the great need, amongst other things, of access to the United States' market, as the only one immediately available, and so the one access to which is an indispensable condition of the development of the great natural resources of the Province. We cannot doubt that the Government which is doing so much and so wisely, by means of scientific exploration and survey, for determining and locating the vast mineral deposits of the Province, will give an attentive ear to the memorial of the Board of Trade, and do all in its power to bring about such modifications of the fiscal arrangements of the two countries as will enable both to avail themselves of the great advantages that should result from the presence of such deposits, in that region.

IN the same connection may be mentioned the brief report on Gypsum Deposits in Northern Manitoba, by J. B. Tyrrell, B.A., F.G.S., who also is connected with the Geological and Natural History Survey of Canada. From this brief but interesting pamphlet it appears that there is to the north-west of Lake St. Martin on the Little Saskatchewan River a district which is yet untouched by the axe of the woodman or the plough of the farmer, whose hills contain deposits of gypsum which must be, judging from Mr. Tyrrell's graphic descriptions, practically unlimited in quantity, and of such quality as to render them at some future day of great economic value. The fresh accessions which are constantly being made to our knowledge of the natural resources of the various provinces of the Dominion make it more and more evident that our country contains in many parts vast store-houses of mineral wealth which are as yet unopened, and which demand all the resources of capital, enterprise and statesmanship which the Dominion can command for their development.

DEATH has removed from the political arena in Manitoba the ablest and most influential native leader who has yet appeared. Indeed, the statement would probably be undisputed with the qualifying word "native," omitted. For twenty years, that is, during about the whole life of the Province, John Norquay has been prominent in the public affairs of Manitoba. During considerably more than half of this period he was leader of the Provincial Government. The history of Mr. Norquay, in common with that of several others of the same mixed race, suggests the existence of qualities in that shrewd people, which, with better educational advantages and larger opportunities for development, may yet give its members a prominent place in the history of the North-West. Mr. Norquay was large of stature, and of somewhat striking presence, and was possessed of abilities as a popular leader and orator far above the average. The fact that he was

only 47 years of age makes it not improbable that, had his life been prolonged, he might have yet taken a still higher position in the Provincial, or possibly in the Dominion Parliament, as every year was contributing to his political education and disciplining his really fine powers. His loss of office a few years since was undoubtedly due to excessive party loyalty, or, more exactly, to excessive loyalty to Sir John A. Macdonald. It is unnecessary to repeat the familiar story of his fall, caused by his lack of courage or determination to stand by the people of his Province in opposition to Sir John in their demand for the abolition of the railway monopoly which was checking the growth and prosperity of the Province. The manner in which that which was refused to Mr. Norquay's friendly solicitation was promptly granted to the uncompromising and menacing demand of his successors in office, is one of the strangest chapters in Ottawa parliamentary history, and conveys a lesson worth conning to all leaders who may be tempted to sacrifice the weal of the people they represent, either to a weak expediency, or to party loyalty.

CERTAIN paragraphs have of late been going the rounds of the press to the effect that the intermarriage of deaf mutes was likely to result, in the near future, in a deaf-mute variety of the human race. This somewhat alarming theory does not, so far as we are aware, rest on any basis of ascertained facts, but it seems sufficiently in accord with what has been observed of the tendency to the reproduction of other congenital defects by heredity, to make the matter worthy of serious investigation. We are glad therefore, to observe that Mr. R. Mathison, Superintendent of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Belleville, is instituting an inquiry with a view to ascertaining all the facts available bearing on the subject. Mr. Mathison will take it as a special favour if any reader who may know of any married deaf-mute persons, with or without children, will kindly send him their addresses. The inquiry is one which should be carefully prosecuted in the public interest. Up to this date Mr. Mathison has been able to learn of but one deaf child in Ontario whose parents are deaf and dumb. Of the hundreds of deaf-mute children who are now attending, or have attended the institution over which he presides, there is, he informs us, not one congenitally deaf who has deaf-mute parents. So far evidence in support of the theory of a tendency to the hereditary transmission of this deplorable defect seems utterly lacking. But whether uneducated deaf-mutes are in the habit of inter-marrying, or whether the children of such marriages would be at all likely to find their way to the Belleville institution, we have no means of knowing. The question now propounded by Mr. Mathison is invested with a double interest, having a scientific as well as a practical bearing. No doubt his conclusions will ultimately be given to the public.

IN the circular referred to in the foregoing paragraph Mr. Mathison calls attention to another matter which is of the greatest possible interest to all that most unfortunate class for whose education the institution over which he presides is established, and to their parents and friends. There may be many parents or guardians of deaf-mute children in Ontario who do not know that there is an institution at Belleville in which deaf children between the ages of seven and twenty are educated and boarded at the expense of the Province. It is only required that the child be of sound mind, and that the parents, or the municipality if the parents are unable, pay the railroad fare and provide the necessary clothing. The interests of humanity, as well as of public policy, demand that no deaf child shall be permitted to grow up in the Province without education. It is hardly too much to say, as Mr. Mathison does, that the condition of an uneducated deaf-mute is more deplorable than that of any other human being. Life under such circumstances can only be a burden to the individual and to all about him. Any one who happens to know of such a case—and doubtless there are many such—may confer a life-long blessing upon all concerned by inducing the friends of the child to take advantage of this liberal provision made by the Government. Application papers and any information needed may be had by writing to the Superintendent at Belleville.

THE reply of Lord Knutsford, Colonial Secretary, to the memorial of the Committee of the Protestant Alliance, asking for the disallowance of the Jesuits' Estates Act, states clearly that "the allowance or disallowance of the Acts of the Provincial Legislatures of the Dominion of Canada is a matter which rests entirely with the Governor-

General, acting on the advice of his responsible Ministers." This is, it seems to us, the only answer that could have reasonably been given or expected. In fact, so far as we can see, it is the only one that could have been acceptable to the people of the Dominion or of any of its Provinces. The people of Canada have received from the Imperial authorities a federal constitution, which was asked for and framed by themselves. According to that constitution the Governor-General and his responsible Ministers are the constituted and the only constituted medium of connection between the United Provinces and the Imperial Government. For the Colonial Secretary to step in and disallow an Act of one of the Provincial Legislatures would be a violation of the federal constitution, and a distinct interference with the rights and powers of both the Federal and the Provincial Governments. Both of these would be ready enough to resent such an interference on ordinary occasions. If the constitution which we have made for ourselves and which the Mother country has enacted and sanctioned, does not suit us, it can, no doubt, be changed at the request of the majority. But so long as it exists it is the supreme law of the Confederation. Even should the Home Government regard some Act of a Provincial Legislature as in violation of Imperial law, or of the rights of the Crown, it is clear from the general tenor of the Federation Act, as well as from the principle laid down by the Colonial Secretary, that the British Government could not directly interfere with the operation of that Act. It could do so only through the Governor-General and his responsible Ministers. Ought not Canadians to be proud and glad that it is so? It is surely enough for the Provinces to be accountable to one master. Two would be one too many.

A FUNDAMENTAL principle of great moment in the new Prison Act of New York State is the adoption of the indeterminate sentence. Henceforth, whenever a male over sixteen is convicted of a State-prison offence punishable for a term to be fixed by the court between maximum and minimum limits, the sentence shall be for an indeterminate period within those limits. For example, a certain felony is now punishable by imprisonment for not less than two nor more than ten years. Prior to the passage of this Act the Court had to specify the precise number of years of confinement. It will do so no longer, but will adopt the language of the statute, and sentence the felon "for not less than two nor more than ten years." The precise limit is eventually determined by a Board, composed of the Superintendent of State Prisons, the warden, the chaplain, the physician, and the principal keeper. The record, or "biographical sketch" of the prisoner, which is to be fully and carefully kept, will be the basis of the Board's action. When this record is satisfactory the prisoner who has served his minimum term may, on personal application to the Board, be released on parole. This is interpreted by the *Nation* to mean that he shall no longer be imprisoned, but shall remain in the legal custody of the warden until the expiration of the maximum period of his sentence, or until he is absolutely discharged. Just what is meant by this legal custody, or how it is to be enforced does not clearly appear in the article before us, but is, no doubt, defined in the Act. If there is reasonable cause to believe that the paroled prisoner has lapsed or is about to lapse into criminal ways or company, any member of the Board may re-arrest him and imprison him for the period of his unexpired maximum term. Any paroled prisoner may be absolutely discharged by the Board. The operation of some of the foregoing wise regulations may be to some extent hindered by certain clauses which were incorporated in the Act through the influence of those who so greatly dread the competition of convict with free labour. For instance, the employment of prisoners in certain lines of industry, such as the manufacture of stoves, iron, hollow-ware, and boots and shoes, is absolutely prohibited in the penitentiaries, reformatories and houses of correction, and prohibited beyond certain limits in the State prisons. The provision that full market rates are to be obtained on all sales, and that no products are to be sold for less than ten per cent. above the cost of the materials, are on the other hand, it strikes us, reasonable and salutary. On the whole this New York Act is the boldest attempt at the application of prison-reform principles in penal institutions which has yet been made on this continent, and its operation will be watched with great interest.

AFTER some absurd fluctuations between extremes the New York State Legislature has at length succeeded in putting on the statute book a new Prison Law which contains some excellent provisions. Though not all that

the prison reformers could have wished for in every respect, the Act is of such a kind as puts the prison system of the State of New York in advance of that of any other State in the Union. First, and perhaps best, in the reforms made by the new law is its provision for the classification of convicts. All prisoners are to be classified in three grades. In the first grade are placed all those appearing to be corrigible and likely to maintain themselves by honest industry after their discharge. The second grade includes the incorrigible, who are nevertheless able to work and reasonably obedient to prison discipline, while the totally incorrigible and refractory element falls into the third grade. Next, or equal in importance, are the arrangements for prison labour. The labour of the prisoners of the first grade is to be directed primarily to fitting them to maintain themselves by honest industry, even though no useful or salable product result from their labour; but, so far as is consistent with this primary object, productive industry is to be maintained. In the case of the second grade the order of these objects is reversed, regard being first had to the productiveness of the work. The labour of the third-grade prisoners is to be "directed solely to such exercise as shall tend to the preservation of health, or the manufacturing without the aid of machinery of such articles as are needed in the public institutions of the State, or such other manual labour as the Superintendent of State Prisons shall direct which shall not compete with free labour." This is, as the *Nation* pithily observes, "a concession to the feelings of those who cannot bear that the worst convicts should support themselves, but insist that free labourers shall support them." But as the class will, it is hoped, be small, the matter is of less importance. Every one who objects to placing human beings on a level with beasts of burden will be glad to know that the contract system is not to be restored. An innovation of considerable importance is the payment of wages—the amount of compensation not to exceed ten per cent. of the earnings of the institution in which they are confined—to well-behaved convicts.

COMMENTING on the adjournment of the Massachusetts' Legislature, the *New York Nation*, one of the most dispassionate and reliable of American journals, makes a humiliating admission. Not content with stating that it is generally agreed that this particular Legislative body has been "exceptionally disorderly, inefficient and corrupt," the *Nation* goes on to say: "In Massachusetts, as everywhere, the standard of the law-maker is steadily sinking, and nobody is as yet able to point out an effective method of bringing about a reform. But it is obvious something must be done, or our Legislatures will before long become insufferable." Whether it is intended to include the National Congress, or only the State Legislatures, in this sweeping condemnation is not quite clear. In any case it is a sad confession to be made after a century of trial. Much was hoped from the great Independent or "Mugwump" reaction of five years ago, but that seems, in part at least, to have collapsed. The only hope just now appears to be that based on the principle contained in the old adage, "When things are at the worst they begin to mend." There is, probably, as large a percentage of virtuous and honourable citizens in the United States as in any other country. The cause of the evil is largely in the political system which permits politics to be made a trade, and a profitable trade, by the unscrupulous. Some day, it may be hoped, public intelligence and indignation will be aroused and the trading politicians swept away in a storm of honest indignation.

WHAT are the exact ends of local and Imperial concern to be served by the recent slaughter of Dervishes on the banks of the Nile, has not yet been made clear. No doubt the reasons were satisfactory to the British Government, though, in view of the circumstances, a pretty rigid inquisition will probably be made in Parliament. Those circumstances seem as horrible as can well be conceived. The fact that the tactics resorted to are praised in the despatches as brilliant strategy, suggests some cynical, if not humiliating, reflections upon the usages of modern warfare. Certain practices are, we from time to time learn, condemned as inadmissible amongst civilized nations. Explosive bullets, poisoned missiles, and similar devices for increasing the fatality or pain of wounds, are tabooed with expressions of horror. The nation which should resort to them would be regarded as beyond the pale of civilization. But a British General—a representative of the army and the people who are supposed to occupy the very highest plane of Christian civilization in regard to all

such matters—evidently deems it quite allowable, and even praiseworthy, to cut off hundreds or thousands of poor Dervishes, with their wives and children, from access to water, and to condemn them to the torture than which none which human ingenuity can inflict is more excruciating—of death from thirst. Had the case been reversed—had a body of British troops, with women and children accompanying, been cut off in the same way from water, and left to perish with thirst by an Arab tribe, would not the English language have been too weak to furnish words of reprobation for the savage cruelty of their foes? Of course, war is no child's play, and it being necessary to defeat the Dervishes, it may have been an act of stern military necessity to deny their non-combatants access to water supplies. But the description of scores of Arabs found dead, "their parched tongues protruding and shrivelled," is too suggestive to be read with equanimity even by victorious Englishmen.

THE announcement that Lord Salisbury has proposed, and the Portuguese Government agreed to submit, the Delagoa Bay dispute to arbitration, is gratifying from every point of view. It does especial honour to Great Britain. Whatever the merits of the dispute, and these can at this distance be but imperfectly understood from the brief cablegrams, it is satisfactory to know that the British Government is not incurring the reproach of relying on the argument of brute force, which is too often merited by strong nations in their dealing with weak ones. True, it often happens that these weak countries, for various reasons, perhaps often through attempting to keep up a show of bravery, become exacting and irritating to a degree, in their dealings with those of whose power and resources they are jealous. But so much the greater need of magnanimity on the part of the powerful. Had Great Britain employed forcible measures, except as a last resort, in her dealings with Portugal's representatives at Delagoa, no matter how moderate or just the demands thus enforced, her example would still have been quoted on behalf of the maxim that "might makes right." On the other hand, it would never do for England to permit a foreign nation to tyrannize over her subjects with impunity, simply because the antagonist was too weak to meet her on equal terms. The moral effect of this offer to submit the questions in dispute to the decision of an impartial tribunal can be but good in its relation to the great question of the ultimate substitution of arbitration for war amongst civilized nations. It is to be hoped the Company will not bring itself under suspicion of being in the wrong by putting any obstacles in the way of the carrying out of the proposed arbitration.

THE MATRICULATION QUESTION.

WE were hoping that it might not be necessary to make further reference to the not very pleasant controversy which has been going on respecting the subject of University Matriculation. We had imagined that the merits of the case were sufficiently understood by all who are interested in it, and that the matter might be allowed to rest until the time for action should come. It seems, however, that certain members of the University of Toronto and friends of Vice-Chancellor Mulock are very much angered at the plain speaking which has been bestowed upon the address of Mr. Mulock in reply to Principal Grant. We say *some* members of the University, because we are quite aware that many of its members, from those who occupy the highest places to some of much lower station, do exceedingly regret both the tone and contents of Mr. Mulock's speech, repudiate the speaker as a representative of the University and differ widely from his opinions.

It is very difficult, indeed, to understand how some of the recent writers of leading articles and of letters should have so entirely misunderstood the nature of the suggestions offered by those who are discontented with the present methods of matriculation. We must, indeed, make an exception in favour of *The Globe* newspaper, in which there was an article showing a sincere desire, on the part of the writer, to deal with the subject in an unprejudiced manner.

As we are particularly anxious that this whole subject should be considered simply on its merits, we shall, as far as possible, ignore the personalities and party feelings which have been imported into the controversy, and endeavour to make quite clear to what extent we go with Principal Grant in his suggestions and demands, and our reason for doing so.

In the first place, then, let it be quite clear that it is the higher education of the country that is in question and not the advantage of any particular institution. One or two writers have assumed that the whole movement is part of a preconcerted attack upon the University of Toronto. Such a notion could occur only to one who was, somehow, suffering from wounded *amour propre*. What could Principal Grant hope to gain by attacking or trying to depreciate the University of Toronto? Certainly he could not hope, in any such way, to strengthen or benefit Queen's University. For every foe who could be converted by such a method probably ten friends would be alienated. Dr. Grant's adversaries give him credit for diplomatic skill. But we believe the Principal to be not only too clever a man to make any such attempt, but too good a man, too patriotic and public-spirited to be guilty of such meanness. Dr. Grant undoubtedly means what he says, when he tells us that this matriculation examination is a matter of great importance to the Universities, that the present way of examination is not satisfactory, and that it can be made so only by concert among the Universities. This is very plain and simple, and quite credible and reasonable.

Some of Dr. Grant's critics go back to the allegations of Vice-Chancellor Mulock respecting the superior value of the examination at the University of Toronto, making special reference to the papers on English grammar and mathematics, and to the suggestions of Dr. Knight, of Kingston. Let these points be made quite clear before we go further.

We are very sorry to have to refer to these unfortunate papers again; but we have no choice. Again and again we are told to contemplate them and see how hard they are. The number of marks gained, we are told, is quite a secondary matter. It all depends (and, of course, this is in a measure true) on the difficulty of the papers. Now, we will ask two questions: Have these writers of leading articles and correspondents of the daily papers ever seen these papers? And, again, have they ascertained what proportion of the questions were answered by some of those who passed?

Have they seen the papers? Do they know what was thought of them by the sub-examiners? Will those sub-examiners come forward and tell us what they thought of the papers as tests of the qualifications of matriculating students? Will they tell us what percentage of answers they accepted as a minimum? The University of Toronto professes to demand twenty-five per cent.—one fourth of the whole value of complete answers. It has been asserted by matriculating students that they did no more than one-eighth of a certain paper, and yet were allowed to pass. They were allowed to pass because *the paper was an absurd one*, and it was not reasonable to expect that matriculants should answer any moderate proportion of it. What does this mean? It means what we have pointed out before, as the necessary accompaniments of such a system. It means sham and cram. We are very sorry to speak so plainly; but the violence of the defenders of Mr. Mulock leaves us no option. They are doing their Vice-Chancellor and their University no kindness. It is perfectly well-known that many graduates of the University were deeply pained by Mr. Mulock's utterances, and felt that they did credit neither to the speaker nor to the institution which he represented; and it is well that they should be forgotten. It is with much regret that we are constrained to refer to the subject again. Moreover, we have no wish to bring any accusation against the University of Toronto in respect of those papers. It was not the fault of the teaching staff of the University that they were what they were; and we have no doubt that the distinguished men who give instruction in that institution are as desirous as any one can be that matters may be mended.

But the most remarkable case of misunderstanding or misapprehension is the use which has been made of Dr. Knight's letter on the subject of Matriculation in Greek. What did Dr. Knight say and mean? He said that it was most desirable to ascertain whether the Matriculants were well grounded in the elements of the Greek language; and he said that a large portion of Xenophon together with a Greek Grammar paper would afford a better test of such knowledge than the addition of a passage from Homer without any Grammar paper. Can there be a doubt on this subject in the mind of any one who knows the meaning of the words? And yet it is attempted to be proven that Dr. Knight and Professor Fletcher wished the standard to be lowered. To be lowered, because they insisted upon a knowledge of Grammar, because they wanted something that would really enable them to ascertain whether the

candidate *knew* anything, and not merely how much he could cram? We assert, without a moment's hesitation, that this is a case which admits of no difference of opinion on the part of any thinking person, unless, as Aristotle would say, he were defending a thesis. But here it is. The defenders of Mr. Mulock are angry with any one who hints that the examinations of the University of Toronto can be improved; and so they fall foul of Principal Grant and all who support him, because they are doing their best to get a more reasonable standard and method of matriculation.

The most reckless action on the part of Dr. Grant's opponents is the endeavour to import the *odium Theologicum* into the controversy. It is an endeavour, forsooth! to bring the education of the Province under denominational control! Has Principal Grant given out that he wishes all candidates to be examined in the Confession of Faith, or has Provost Body suggested the Thirty-nine Articles as an alternative? Nothing of the kind. But they have recommended very much the same thing to be done, and in nearly the same words. Hence a patent evidence of conspiracy! This is too absurd. Is it unreasonable to believe that two scholars of some experience should discover the same defects in any system of examinations and should suggest similar remedies? Do they propose to make "denominational" capital out of the methods which they suggest? They say that they simply want our Matriculation to be improved; and we see no reason to doubt their sincerity.

It is curious to think of Roman Catholics, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists, and Baptists conspiring to bring the education of Ontario under denominational control? Does not the present Senate of the University of Toronto consist of members of these same religious bodies? Has not an invitation been given to the denominational universities to confederate with the University of Toronto? Suppose that Queen's and Trinity and Victoria had all entered into the Confederation, and their members had sat on the Senatus of the University, would this have involved the subjecting of the education of the Province to denominational control? It is too ridiculous! Besides, Principal Grant is quite willing that any reasonable means shall be used for gaining the desired end. He would be quite willing, we imagine, that the University of Toronto and the masters of the High Schools should have such a majority on the proposed board or committee as to outvote all the denominational representatives. He wants, as we understand him, that an opportunity should be given for mutual consultation, being sure that, in the end, reason and common sense will prevail. Surely there is nothing so dreadful in such a wish and proposal. At least, we may hope that his opponents, if they cannot show themselves endowed with "sweetness and light," will, in the future conduct of the controversy, display a little more good temper and civility.

THE ANTI-JESUIT CRUSADE.

IT is not quite easy to form a calm judgment in the midst of an excited community. And it is still more difficult when there is reason for such excitement. The mere fact of the incorporation of the Jesuits would probably have made little stir in the Province of Ontario, but for the fact of its coming on the back of a number of other things. There is a growing sense among us of the encroachments of the Romans. We have an impression, too well founded, that they are never contented to have fair play, to be treated as other Churches and religions are treated, but are always watching for an opportunity to get more than they are entitled to, and this by any means whatever; to slip in the thin end of the wedge, and to drive it home. We have an impression that they try to hold the casting vote in our political contests, that they are ready to profit by the supremacy of either party; in short, that their interest in the country is hardly ever purely patriotic, and almost always purely ecclesiastical.

It is, then, quite natural that the recent "aggression" on the part of the Jesuit Order should stir up anger in many minds. The Jesuits are the quintessence of the Roman system, claiming all rights for themselves, allowing no rights to others, affirming not only the infallibility of the Pope, but the obligation of all princes and prelates to do his bidding—as would be quite right and necessary for all Christian prelates and princes, if they were only satisfied that the Pope is the infallible Vicar of Christ. Surely it is time (one might say) to put a stop to these assumptions and pretensions. They cannot for a moment be conceded

by any people who have adopted the modern ideas of liberty and equal rights.

But the question is: How are we to deal with such a state of things? It has been said that we should tolerate everything except intolerance, and this is a quite intelligible theory; but is it a workable one? There can be no doubt that the Roman Catholic Church is an intolerant one, that it persecutes wherever it has the power. There is no doubt that the Jesuits have been always the encouragers and promoters of persecution wherever it could be carried out. Are we then prepared to say that we will not tolerate the Church of Rome, and that, above all, we will refuse toleration to the Jesuits? We may say, every one will say, that we have no thought of such a thing. Roman Catholics and Jesuits, as long as they do not break the laws of the land, are as free to live among us as any other class of people or religious community.

As a general principle, no one will call this in question. But its application does not seem to be quite so simple. And many persons are now maintaining that Jesuits may live among us, individually or in community, and may teach among us to their hearts' content, but that they must not be incorporated. If this meant only that there is a doubt as to the legality of the incorporation of the Jesuits, that this doubt should be resolved, and that the incorporation should be quashed if found to be illegal, we should have nothing to say against it. But we confess that we are unable to go further and say that it is the duty of the Dominion Government, or of the Governor-General, to veto the unanimous decision of the Legislature of Quebec to incorporate the Jesuit Order. We doubt gravely our right to do this; but we have no doubt at all as to the inexpediency of such an interposition. As we are here, apparently, at variance with a considerable number of our fellow-citizens, it is necessary that we should make our meaning perfectly clear, and give some reasons for our opinion.

Let us then, first, distinctly recognize the fact that Quebec is a Roman Catholic Province, containing a population perhaps more absolutely devoted to the Papal See than any other population in the world. This may be very lamentable; and it is quite right and reasonable that we should wish it to be otherwise, and that we should take every lawful means of delivering these people from opinions and influences which we regard as erroneous and mischievous. But what can we do? Certain concessions have been made to the inhabitants of Quebec, with respect to their language and their religion, wisely or unwisely. Some persons think most unwisely, and moreover are of opinion that they should be withdrawn. But this means civil war; and we do not find that any of the speeches at these public meetings go so far as this.

What right have we, then, to say that the Roman Catholics of Quebec shall not carry out their religious enterprises in their own ways, and after their own methods? We do not propose to enter largely into the question of the endowment of the Order. They get no more than the share apportioned to them by their own Church, by the absolute master of their own Church. Apart altogether from the fact that the money distributed was originally Jesuit property, the distribution was made according to the proportions of Romanists and Protestants in the Province. The Protestants were offered their share, and they took it and said nothing against the distribution until the fire broke out in Ontario. The money was appropriated to the education of the people, and it does not appear that this principle has been departed from. But we do not care, at this moment, to discuss the money question. If that must be discussed, it can be taken by itself.

Nor do we care to discuss the interposition of the Papal See in this question, although a great deal of nonsense has been spoken and written on this part of the subject. Only a word or two may now be said on this point. We quite believe that Mr. Mercier's manner of approaching the Pope was servile and offensive, and that it was even unbecoming in one who was an official under the British Government; but this is very much a matter of taste. The real essence of the matter is the necessity for having a final settlement of the Jesuit claims. It is quite easy to say that they have no claims; but a great many of the people whom Mr. Mercier has to satisfy think that they have claims. This is the opinion of a great many of the people who determine whether M. Mercier or another shall be Prime Minister of Quebec; and M. Mercier must give effect to the opinions of the people, or he must prepare to abdicate. And the question of these claims could not be

finally settled until the Pope became a party to the settlement.

Now, as we said, the first question for us to determine is our right to refuse to the people of Quebec leave to manage their own affairs in their own way and according to their own mind. There is a difference of opinion among us as to the extent of Provincial rights, as to the point at which the Dominion may say to the Province, You shall not do this or that, and it is by no means easy to settle that doubt. We might, of course, say that the Dominion has a right to interfere whenever the point in question affects the interests of the whole country, and not merely of the Province, and this would seem to be a reasonable opinion; but then again there is hardly a question about which a doubt may not arise as to the extent of its influence. At any rate, it comes to this that the right of veto depends upon the view which we take of its expediency; and the question of expediency cannot be determined merely by the opinions of those who are outside the Province of Quebec, but also by the feelings of the inhabitants of that Province.

We are now face to face with the essential question. The sentiment involved in this agitation arises from the conviction that the aggressions of the Roman Church constitute a real danger to the Dominion of Canada, and that the Jesuit incorporation is an extreme case of such aggression. We are not much disposed to quarrel with this view or sentiment. In a general way we are quite sure that the Roman Church will get all that it can, by any means which will not hurt itself, and also that the Jesuits are the most devoted and energetic department of the Papal army. To be more particular, we believe that there are signs in some parts of our legislation that the Romans are resolved, if possible, to get more than they are entitled to, and that they have partially succeeded in this. Our friends, who are agitating for the disallowance of the Jesuit Act, will hardly go further than this. So far, then, we and they are substantially agreed. The only question that really remains to consider is this: Shall we check the aggressions or weaken the power of the Roman hierarchy by quashing the incorporation of the Jesuits? The agitators say, Yes. We venture, emphatically, to say, No; quite the contrary. And we proceed briefly, but plainly, to give our reasons for this opinion.

In the first place, the refusal of incorporation will make no practical difference to the Jesuits. They can still hold property by means of trustees, and they can live in community. Even if they were suppressed, individually as well as socially (a quite inconceivable contingency), they could get drafted into other orders, and yet keep their own rule. We cannot get rid of them. But, if we could, we cannot get rid of their principles, for those are the principles of the Church of Rome. What, then, is the gain, if the utmost that is asked for by the new Crusaders should be attained? We declare that we cannot see any good likely to result from it.

But we can see much evil. We say nothing more of the doubtfulness of the policy of interference. We say nothing of the possibility of a day coming when Ontario shall be unable to complain of her internal affairs being interfered with by Quebec, seeing that she has herself set the bad example. This is a point not unworthy of consideration. But there is something much more serious in the case. There is involved in this demand a war of religions and of races. Let there be no mistake on this subject. Let us understand the clear alternative which is presented to us. Are we contented to live side by side, each of us minding our own business, each of us leaving the other to go his own way, so long as he does not interfere with ourselves? or is this state of things to cease; and are we going to tell our neighbours what they shall believe, how they shall worship, and how they shall live? This is the alternative, however it may be hidden in the floods of rhetoric and in the fallacies of generalities.

What will be the consequence of any attack made by the English-speaking Protestants of Canada upon the French-speaking Romans of Quebec? One which is simple, certain, inevitable. The latter will be driven into one solid mass. As citizens, they will become less loyal; as religionists, they will become more fanatical. They will regard these attacks as the persecutions of another race and another faith; and they will cling more closely to the traditions of their race and the tenets of their faith. If we desired that Quebec should be for ever a "New France," and not a portion of the Canadian Dominion, we should help onward this agitation. If we desire to consolidate the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec, to make it dearer to the hearts of its people, to set up a barrier

against the reception of biblical truth and a larger religious and human liberty, then we should help forward this agitation. For undoubtedly such will be its effects. We do not want, as some one has said, to have a new Ireland in Canada, especially an Ireland which might get the upper hand. But, if we would guard against such an evil, we must beware of the least appearance of unfairness or intolerance. By all means, let the proceedings of the Roman Church be closely watched. There is much need to watch them. By all means let the measures introduced into our legislative assemblies be closely scrutinized, as well as the votes by which they are carried or rejected. But let us keep clear of the charge of injustice. "Equal rights" must be our motto. Whatever we demand for ourselves we concede to others—no more and no less.

PAYING THE INSURANCE.

IN an editorial note upon Imperial Federation in THE WEEK, of June 28, the following sentence occurs: "The only condition which could commend the scheme, on grounds of self-interest, to the British people—viz., that of the colonies undertaking to bear their share of the tremendous cost of Imperial armaments and possible wars—is the very condition which the colonies, happily free from the turmoil and danger of European complications, would be most loath to accept." I do not imagine for a moment that so high-minded a journal as THE WEEK can favour the idea of Canada's remaining a dependency for ever, shirking in perpetuity the obligation which devolves on adult nations, as on adult individuals, of bearing the burden of their own defence. I infer, therefore, that you object to the Dominion assuming that obligation by the particular method of becoming a full paying partner in the empire, because she is now "happily free from the turmoil and danger of European complications," in which, you fear, she would then become involved. But this favourite bugbear of anti-federationists seems to me to be quite imaginary. In the first place, suppose England should be drawn into a "European complication," our coasts and our commerce are as much in danger and are less powerfully protected now than they would be under Imperial Federation. In the second place, as we federationists believe, the chances of our being involved in a "European complication" would be reduced to a minimum by the federation of the empire. The Britannic empire would then be an oceanic world-power. Reinforced by the contributions of her new and growing partners, Britain could afford to withdraw wholly from the European system, caring little whether Sultan or Czar reigned at Constantinople, and less whether the balance of power were preserved or disturbed on the Continent. We should simply have to go on strengthening the vulnerable part of the Indian frontier by railroads and fortifications; and we might soon ask the Russians whether they would prefer to have India now or to wait till they got it.

But the strongest argument for Imperial Federation, for Canadians at least, is the present danger of a war with the United States over some of the bones of contention which now exist between us, and which American political leaders persistently decline to have removed. Those who say there is no danger of our quarrelling over our disputes seem simply to think that causes cannot produce effects. Another American flag hauled down by the captain of a Canadian cruiser, a man or two killed by a cruiser's gun in a runaway fishing schooner, or the resistance of a sealer to capture in Behring Sea, may lead to a war in which we may lose more cash than would pay our imperial contributions for fifty years, not to speak of the deaths of friends and relatives and possible national humiliation, which are mainly matters of sentiment. If the killing of a breadwinner is a material loss to those dependent on him, it must not be forgotten that these are only women and children, who, having no votes, are unworthy the consideration of practical politicians.

There are other expedients than federation by which we might avert war with the United States. One—annexation—would be a certain success, but it does not seem practicable. Two others—the policy of persistent caving in and "Commercial Union"—while they are about equally impracticable, would not be so surely efficacious. Early independence would increase our danger and our burdens manifold; and neither Canada nor the empire can prudently wait in its present precarious condition until the former is rich and strong enough for independence. There are at least a few aspirants for ultimate independence who hold that the only practicable way to it is through an intermediate period of Imperial Federation. But is Imperial Federation itself practicable? I have no more right to say it is than some self-confident gentlemen of the press and some provincial politicians have to say it is not, simply because no faultless scheme has occurred spontaneously to their creative brains. But I do believe that if the will becomes general, the way will be found.

And will Imperial Federation make our American neighbours more disposed to settle the questions in dispute between us? I should certainly fancy so, for it would give them an assurance, which they do not generally feel now, that Britain will fight for Canadian rights, and not Britain alone, but Britain plus Australia, plus New Zealand, plus South Africa, etc. Politicians will probably find it impossible to make political capital by bullying Canada and worrying Britain, when their constituents clearly see war staring them in the face. For this increased security from

war it would be worth paying something. A marine insurance policy does not insure the merchant against all possible loss of his merchandise, yet the prudent shipper insures his goods year after year, nor does he think shipwrecks obsolete because he has never experienced one. The policy of Imperial Federation, I might say if I were a punster, is an insurance policy.

In THE WEEK of June 3rd, Mr. Longley, in an otherwise thoughtful article, actually sets up the established church and hereditary aristocracy of England as additional scarecrows for Canadians who are inclined to favour federation! Canada of course would be no more bound to adopt the municipal laws and institutions of England than she would be bound to adopt those of New Zealand or South Africa, or any other of the federating partners. Besides, the non-existence of hereditary legislators in the Imperial Legislature would very likely form a precedent fatal to the retention of hereditary legislators in the Municipal Legislature of England. And the presence in England of representatives from Canada, Australia, etc., and the growing influence of these young communities on English thought, would probably also hasten the impending disestablishment of the Church of England. The federation movement is not intended to place us in leading-strings, but to emancipate us from them. If England could outvote all her new partners in the Imperial Legislature at the outset, in a few years they could outvote her. And here let me say that it is the conviction of many federationists—a conviction emphatically expressed the other day by the Halifax *Morning Herald*, a journal advocating federation—that should England, from a fear of being outvoted, and of losing her present predominance in the Britannic Empire, decline to make her great Colonies coordinate partners, the scheme of federation will not be consummated. No inferior status can evoke the necessary enthusiasm in the Colonies or satisfy their rising desire for a full national life. If we are to make *our* sacrifice, our friends in England must be prepared to make *theirs*. If we are to rise to the grandeur of the occasion, so must they. If it is to be "Empire First" with us, it must be "Empire First" with them also.

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

MONTREAL LETTER.

ON the shores of the beautiful Lake St. Louis a lovely property was purchased a year or two ago for the summer use of the Forest and Stream Club, where, amid lawns, hedges, and shrubbery, fishing parties, boating, dancing, and dinner parties provide a programme as varied as the tastes of the members. Immediately inland from this a large property has been secured by the Bel-Air Jockey Club, and a race-track made which is intended to compete with the finest on this continent. The club has been incorporated and has spared no expense in projecting its scheme for competition. The property lies about ten miles from Montreal, with two railways running past it, and stands in the centre of the most popularly attractive spot in the whole Island. The track is one mile long, sixty-two feet wide, with good turns, and a home stretch of quarter of a mile. A grand stand for 1,500 spectators, club rooms, refreshment rooms, judges' stand, marker's box, scales, saddling paddocks, betting booths, and suites of stables, with loose boxes and accommodation for the fiery steeds which their more despised brethren would hardly credit, constitute the appointments.

Saturday, the 29th June, was the opening day of the summer meeting, and being a half-holiday, enormous crowds went out to inspect the new course and witness the races. Heavy special trains ran on the Grand Trunk and Canada Pacific Railways. The programme consisted of five events, the most exciting of which was the race for the Queen's Plate of fifty guineas, for horses raised and trained in the Province of Quebec. The owners of several of the favourite horses were in the members' stand surrounded by bevy of lady friends, and when the start was given the fair enthusiasts dropped their fans, and the mosquitoes held the field for a few moments uncontested. Mr. Hugh Patton's "Eve" led off well, and kept her own for more than the first round. At the last turn, however, Mr. J. P. Davies' "Zea" made a dash for the inside track, and came in victorious. The races were continued during the first week in July, and although the track is still too new to be first class, the Bel-Air Course promises to supply the foundation of a future Canadian Derby.

The sublime was mingled, not with the ridiculous, but with the amusing, in scanning the assembled crowd. The betting booths were blockaded, and many thousands must have changed pockets, although, in order to check imposition, at least three distinct systems were insisted upon by the Executive. The excitement thus provided, the unusually thirsty tendencies of most of the men, added perhaps to the quantity of tobacco displayed, made up more than half of the day's sport. In spite of a lavish expenditure, a most exquisite day, a number of magnificent animals, and what appeared to be the most extraordinary speed and grace of motion, the ordinary Montreal *outer* would regard the Bel-Air opening day as a chance for a good cigar, a jovial lunch, a few bets, a joke with a friend, and perhaps a horse-race in the back ground.

The little men of the High School provided for us a pretty spectacle at their annual military inspection on their playground a few days ago. The young soldiers made an army of two Battalions, the first composed of three companies between the ages of ten and fourteen, and the second of four companies all younger than ten, the very quintessence of neatness and

tininess. Such marching and wheeling and discipline were displayed that the youthful apostles of Mars are to be organized into a cadet corps, and are already looking forward to their new uniforms. The commanding and inspecting officers were in full regimentals, and two prizes were distributed, the battalion prize going to No. 2 (the diminutive men), and the company prize to the 4th company of the same lilliputian battalion. After providing us with an hour's such delightful enjoyments the men (!) paraded through the streets to the strains of martial music.

The Military Camp on St. Helen's Island is occupied by the Montreal Field Battery. The following "Orders" are posted for drill and instruction: Reveille, 4 a.m.; stables, 4.15 a.m.; squad parade, 4.45 a.m.; turn out, 5 a.m.; breakfast, 7.45 a.m.; mid-day stables, 12 noon; dinner, 12.30; evening stables, 6 p.m.; evening field drill, 6.30 p.m.; supper, 7.30 p.m.; evening parade and guard mounting, 8.30 p.m.; first post and gun fire, 10 p.m.; last post and roll call, 10.30 p.m.; lights out, 10.45 p.m. At homes and dances have been given by the officers, and the official inspection took place on the 2nd instant.

During last year's winter months, a few gentlemen made an effort to inaugurate the Cafe system, which has made such strides in financial success and popular favour in England. Several meetings were held, and committees were appointed, the only practical step, however, being the proposal to rent the property which our policemen know so well as that of "Joe Beef," a gentleman of restaurant fame, of whom the Swan of Avon might have sung when he said, "Men's evil manners live in brass, their virtues we write in water." The gentleman, since deceased, must have actually rejoiced in some virtues, in spite of the efforts of his clients to transform them into the material out of which *brass* biographies are made, for his widow resolutely refused to accept the offer of the Cafe Company, the stumblingblock being that the gentlemen took no account of the "good will." During the interval the company has been regularly organized; stock has been issued; directors have been elected; and, at a recent meeting of the shareholders, the Queen's Restaurant on St. James' Street was purchased. It is now being rapidly renovated and furnished, and is expected in a few weeks to initiate the movement, to aid the cause of Temperance, by providing the very best quantity and quality of cooking and service at the most reasonable prices consistent therewith. The new Cafe is to supply what has long been needed in Montreal, a room where ladies may have luncheon by themselves, and is intended as the first of a chain of cafes at scaled prices, to range from the luxurious to the penurious. Notwithstanding the fact that one or two clergymen are among the promoters, the scheme has, from the first, been contemplated only on a purely financial basis. I hope the reverend gentlemen may not prove so many Jonahs.

The Provincial Association of Protestant Teachers have opened, under their auspices, a Summer School for Teachers, and all who are preparing themselves for that self-abnegating life. The school is at Durham, and the participants will live in the Ladies' College from the 1st till the 19th of July. A curriculum of French, Botany, Drawing, Elocution, and Vocal Culture; a foretaste of collegiate life; an opportunity of studying nature and human nature; with board and lodging for the entire term of three weeks are supplied for \$9.25.

There is little appearance of subsidence in the irritation of the public mind against recent postal legislation. A company has been started for a private postal service in the city, and small blue stamps have been issued at one cent each. Criminal proceedings have, however, been instituted against the company for an infringement of the rights of the Postmaster-General. The two cent city postage is conspicuous for its non-use. Every imaginable plan is being resorted to, many of them, I fear, less economical, in order to avoid the semblance of approval. An evil much more serious and less easy to detect and combat is the practice of sending sacks of post matter to the United States to be posted there for Canadian destination, at a saving of 33½ per cent. on letters.

The first lady doctor in Montreal, if not in the Province of Quebec, has, after a long conflict with red-tapeism, succeeded in establishing herself as a physician among us. Her consulting rooms are in Dominion Square, near the Windsor Hotel, and are decorated by a modest brass plate with the inscription, Dr. Elizabeth Mitchell. Miss Mitchell is well-known in Montreal society, a graduate of Kingston, London, and Edinburgh, and has the promise of a sure footing among her old friends. As her specialty is the long list of sufferings peculiar to women and children, we shall watch her career with more than usual solicitude. Having enjoyed the privilege of hospital practice in London and New York, Miss Mitchell starts on her profession with exceptional advantages.

In an excavation for a building on Metcalfe Street, the reputed scene of the Indian village of Hochelaga in Cartier's days, some Indian remains were unearthed.

Bonaventure Station is at last to be roofed in.

VILLE MARIE.

THE English are contemplating an idea to lay down a postal tube between Dover and Calais. The plan is to suspend two tubes of about a yard each in diameter by means of steel cables across the channel, forty yards above the level of the sea. The steel cables will be fixed to pillars at distances of about 800 yards, and in each tube a little railway will run with cars capable of carrying 450 pounds in weight. No parcel of greater weight than this will be taken, and the cost is estimated at the modest figure of \$5,000,000.

OUR DOMINION.

LAND of broad rivers and rushing streams,
Of wild wind-battles and cataract gleams,
Whose "Mighty Waters" in thunder fall,
A seething mass, from their rocky wall,
Whose pathless prairies unmeasured roll,
In wave on wave, to the Northern Pole;
Whose trackless forests unconquered stand,
A fitting type of their native land;
Whilst fall and forest, and pathless plains
Are guarded well by thy mountain chains.
Two oceans break on thy sturdy shores,
The world its wealth in thy coffers pours,
Thy hardy sons are thy sons indeed,
And draw on thee for their every need,
Yet thy resources, exhaustless still,
Bring golden grist to thy teeming mill.
Thy ships are known on a dozen seas,
Thine emblems borne upon every breeze,
Thy name is spoken in every tongue,
Thy growing fame to the poles is flung,
Thy deeds are sung by a world-wide choir,
Thou hardy son of a hardy sire!
O sea-girt Canada! Home of mine,
The deepest love of my heart is thine.
I knew thee not as a place of birth,
Thou freest child of a dark'ning earth!
But, ere my summers had numbered three,
My infant fortunes were cast on thee.
Within my pulses, thy breezes' strife
Stirred all the blood into quicker life,
The sunny skies, to my spirits, lent
Their buoyant brightness and glad content,
Whilst brain and body, and heart and mind
Were braced alike by thy bracing wind.
What should thy sons and thy daughters be?
Stout-hearted, generous, pure, and free.
Stout-hearted, generous, pure are they,
And free indeed as the light of day.
O loyal child of the mother-throne!
Thy feet are able to stand alone;
Most favoured country beneath the sun!
Thy tale is but as a tale begun;
Our unborn children shall live to see
The glorious future in store for thee,
For even now, to the vision dim
Success and thee are a synonym.

ESPÉRANCE.

CAPRI.

OF all the healthy resorts around Naples the charming Island of Capri bears the palm. It lies but twenty miles off, across the bay, and in its small compass of eleven square miles more diversity of scenery may be met with than in many a larger island. It is the delight of artists of various nationalities, many of whom make it their home; the climate is delightful, there being few days in winter when you cannot enjoy the out-door life; and the heat of summer being tempered by the sea breezes which constantly pass over the little Isle. It must not be confounded with Caprera (once the home of Garibaldi) which island lies on the northern coast of Sardinia.

Geologically it differs totally from the other or volcanic side of the Bay of Naples, for here we have simply a huge rock of Limestone, almost inaccessible from its gigantic precipices, save at the two marinas or landing places, one on either side of the island; this inaccessibility combined with the beauty of its situation tempted the Emperor Tiberius to make it his home and now the ruined remains of his twelve palaces testify to the hatred in which the memory of the cruel emperor was held by the people who demolished the buildings after his death.

Approaching the island from Sorrento you pass the Cape of Campanella and are soon across the straits and sailing under the awful eastern precipice 800 feet high. The greatest of the ruined palaces, the Villa Jovis, crowns the summit and from that point it is said that Tiberius had his victims flung into the sea. Coasting along in the bluest of water under the gray limestone crags, with here and there a huge boulder lying at the base, you see right up the grassy slopes the small cultivated patches and homesteads, and the narrow ledges along the dizzy heights, where the bare-legged, brown brats of Capri climb about, bird-nesting, oblivious to all danger as are their own mountain goats.

The steamer proceeds to the Blue Grotto where, weather permitting, numbers of small boats convey the passengers by twos and threes from the steamer to the cave; the entrance is so low that you must lie down as the boat passes under the arch. After the eye becomes accustomed to the change of light, everything assumes the bluest possible hue, while the splashes from the oars are like molten silver; the bottom of the cave deep down is discernable through the blue water, and fishes are seen swimming about. The rocks around the entrance to the cave dip only a short way into the water, and thus the light penetrates, giving the beautiful effect.

The small boats all tack on to the steamer, and are towed to the Marina to be used for landing the passengers; and here we meet with the girls of Capri; they of the classic features, descended from the ancient Greeks, who peopled the island 500 B.C.; they are a beautiful race, much superior in looks to their neighbours the Neapolitans; the girls do most of the hard work, they carry your lug-

gaze up the steep rocky ways, assist in building walls and houses, mending roads and driving donkeys while some of the chief beauties drive a thriving trade in coral, or sit as artists' models.

The young men are away down the Mediterranean, coral fishing, for nine months in the year, and on their return a sort of harvest thanksgiving is held. The old men look after the fishing boats and do a little farming.

The "Grotte Blue" hotel, above the Marina, like most of the hotels, is cheap and comfortable; \$1.25 per day includes everything, even wine. It differs from any other hotel with which we are acquainted, inasmuch that it has no front door, only an archway where the door should be. During our first night we were serenaded by two cats among the boots outside our chamber door, and as the unfeline brutes possessed no sweet Italian notes in their registers, the effect was unhappy. However, most disadvantages have their compensations, and perhaps the ventilation and coolness provided by the doorless system strikes the balance on the right side. The evenings at this hotel were delightfully quiet, and a log fire in the cosy drawing-room kept out the chill, evening air. A door opens on the terrace, and as you take a turn outside you hear the water lapping on the crags below, and see the red glare from Vesuvius as it flares out over the bay in the darkness of the night.

The early dawn reveals the eastern precipices in deep shadow, while the heights of Monte Solaro, at the western end of the island, tower majestically in sunlit glory. The summit is nearly 2,000 feet above, and the ascent is made by the road or steps leading up to the town of Anacapri, situated on the table land still west of the mountain, and 1,000 feet above the sea. The old steps to Anacapri are the glory of artists, and many a fine picture has been made of them, with the people passing up and down. From Anacapri a mule track leads to the top of the mountain, where the half-ruined walls of an old tower guard you from falling over the precipices.

The whole island lies below you, spread out like a map, rather too vast a subject for photography, upon which we were intent; about half a mile off, on a flank of the mountain and at the head of a steep savage ravine, there stands the lonely hermitage; away to the west the eye wanders on to the coast of Italy, past the rocky islands of the Sirens, past Amalfi, to the beautifully situated city of Salerno, in her amphitheatre of mountains, and still further down the coast in the dim purple haze, are the mountains above the ruins of Paestum. Naples, Vesuvius, and Ischia melt away into the horizon, and eastward lies a boundless sea of sapphire. While drinking in the utter stillness of the mountain solitude, a stillness only intensified by the cry of the sea bird or the bleat of a goat far below, our dream was ruthlessly broken by a voice: "Vat is ze price of ze instrumong?" We were no longer alone, a German tourist had arrived on a donkey, and was interesting himself in an examination of our camera.

The town of Capri stands on the neck of land between the two heights, about 500 feet above the sea; the flat-roofed houses give it an Eastern appearance; the covered streets are delightfully cool; on the south side of the town rustic steps descend to the Picola Marina, little frequented save by a few fishermen. Here among the rocks and pools, after the heat and work of a February day, a bathe refreshed us as much as it astonished the old men, who were smoking the pipe of peace while they mended their nets.

The great rocks of the Faraglioni are seen to advantage from this point; they are steep islets at the south eastern extremity of the island, and right above them, a stiff half-hour's climb ending in a narrow rocky path brings you to the natural arch.

Space will not permit of a description of the numerous caverns and other interesting spots in which this favoured island abounds, but any one requiring a good winter trip, could hardly do better than go to Capri and search them out for himself.

E. E. THOMPSON.

IN THE VALLEY OF THE ST. EUSTACHE.

ACHILLE stood and gazed at it. More, Achille stood and gaped at it. It was a long time since he had seen anything like it. And he questioned within himself if he had ever seen anything exactly like it, except perhaps in his dreams. For Achille was greatly given to dreaming, that is in daytime, walking along the road with his fiddle, and mooning about so that he frequently irritated passers by who, unlike him, were all in a hurry and always had some place to be by a certain time. Poor Achille, who was never wanted anywhere, had no appointments to keep, no visits to make, no friends to see! Lucky Achille, who trudged along from morning to night, and sometimes from night to dawn, and always from dawn to noon, the pleasantest, brightest, coolest part of the long summer day, with none to disturb him, meddle with him or ask him questions! The latter he hated; yet he liked very well to ask them himself at times, and just now, as he was contemplating the wall with the orange lichen, he was brimming over with curiosity. First of all, there was the wall itself, solid enough surely, built of quiet grey stones that had not been quarried nor shaped nor polished nor done anything to, but just piled one upon the other in irregular and picturesque fashion. It was about four feet high, which was also Achille's height; and it was broad enough on the top for Achille to stretch himself upon and take a nice sleep. It extended a long way from the spot near where he was standing, regarding it; disappear-

ing on the left among some trees, and on the right going straight down to a pool. And lastly, it was covered all over with great patches and plates of those ruffled green and yellow lichens we may see any day in a country walk; scarcely a square inch that was not sown with the seeds of some wonderful growth, here a pale yellow plate with the edges turned up in beautiful little shell-like curves lined with faint green, there a cluster of dark orange doll's saucers lined with brown and speckled all over with dots of warm red. Some of the patches were as large as Achille's hat when it had been new with the brim and all on, not as it was now with only the head piece left, and that rather one-sided. Others were so small that they were no more than pin-points of orange and green and russet brown stuck all over the wall, but so near to each other that at a little distance they all seemed to merge into the general veil of colour that lay spread over the gray stone. When the sun flashed warm, how beautiful it was! How the faint pale green, colour of mould and veins in marble, turned grass-like to rich emerald; how the yellow changed to orange, and the orange flamed to something like fire-colour, and the brown furry mosses showed points of red and crimson in their fruity forests! Then of all birds, an oriole flew by, and lit on a tree, yellow too—funny, all for Achille, it must have been—because in early September the maples are not often all over yellow, though the orioles are gone. But this one was thinking of going until he saw that yellow wall; and then he put his head on one side and said to himself that there was no great hurry, perhaps he could wait a bit after all. He may not have seen Achille, but Achille certainly saw him, and saw a wild canary, too, that followed him in a minute, so yellow in the sunlight he almost hurt the eyes. Then the pumpkins so big and round and orange, that loomed up in the field beyond the wall! All this did Achille good; it warmed him, fed his heart and his mind, and spoke in some incomprehensible way even to his poor little starved and neglected body. So there he stood, looking first at the pumpkins, and then at the oriole, and then at the wall with the orange lichens; finally at a lady who seemed suddenly to have sprung from among the pumpkins, and to have fallen in becomingly with her vivid surroundings, since about her conical straw-hat was twisted a piece of orange cotton, Dutch print, that fades, but which is nevertheless popular in the valley of the St. Eustache. Her eye was small, but quick and dark, a real dark eye, almost black, the same dark as Achille's own eyes were made of; her hands and face were of the same light brown tint, and she wore her dark, well-frizzed hair combed over a cushion. Achille slowly took his eyes off the wall and the pumpkins, and fixed them on the lady. Of course he did not know who she could be, but she was Madame Marie-Françoise-Josephe-Reine Hertel-Duplessis Jonquière Le Verrier. It is perfectly true these were all the names she had. It would not have been very difficult to have found a few more, but she had more than any other *cultivateur* in the valley, and so she was content. This, then, was Madame Jonquière Le Verrier, and she disliked tramps.

They were always coming her way. One day the flowers would bring them; another day, they would smell the hot pancakes; a third day, they would know from that gossiping fool, Alphonse, that it was pork and beans day, and there, one, two, three would come straggling along with their noses in the air, and their feet slouching up all the dust—ah! one was made very uncomfortable by people who could find something to do quick enough in the village if they had the will to work. And it was only yesterday that *M. le notaire* had told how the hotel at Chateau was full of English—people on their way up from the watering-places, and all eager to explore the neighbouring country, making pictures of their houses, and the little *place*, and interfering generally with busy hands and shortening days. Regard already how the hours are few. One will soon have to rise by lamplight, and cook the breakfast for that fool, Alphonse, half in the dark, while the tongs and the shovel, and the door-latch will be so cold and covered with frost that they will pull one's fingers off with them. One must, therefore, make the most of the fine weather; and though one is without doubt, glad to see pleasant strangers who admire the hollyhocks, or praise the white raspberries—*ma foy*, one has one's work to do, especially when one is a widow. And if this little, slouching figure was that of a juvenile tramp of English extraction, it was to go hard with him. He was certainly not of the village. Madame Marie-Françoise-Josephe-Reine Hertel-Duplessis Jonquière Le Verrier knew all those boys. Pierre, the son of the *epicier*, and a graceless scamp he was, who had once tied his snowshoes on the wayside cross, and sat in the big Lombardy poplar across the road, while he watched the good *curé* lift his hands to heaven in horror at the sight—Pierre, she knew him, and the devil knew him too, that was clear. André Lauchlin, with a French mother, and a half-Scotch father, a red-haired, evil little chap, worse than Pierre, for he was less frank and open—André, she knew him; and Isidore, son of the widow Gauthier, and Henri, son of the *marchandises sèches*, and Hyacinthe Simon, nephew of old Delorme, who was a terrible miser, and didn't half feed his starving nephew and niece. "Ah! *ouai*," said Madame Jonquière Le Verrier, "let it be Hyacinthe and welcome, for is there not fresh cooked *pataches*, that is, potatoes, ready almost at this moment, and are we not only waiting for that fool Alphonse, to show his silly head over the hill before we dish a *poulet*, a little old, perhaps—the best ones are all gone to the hotel for those English—but cunningly stewed till tender, and served with a good sauce of *attacca*, that is cranberries. *Ouai!*" said the keen-eyed widow, tilting her orange-draped hat

further back on her head, "*ouai! mais, ce n'est pas Hyacinthe, ni Henri, ni Pierre, Dieu merci!*—so who ees eet?"

We know it was Achille. And, now as the brown-skinned and majestic dame looked down upon him, Achille answered. She had asked him his name in the best English she could muster, and he replied in the same.

"I speak bad English," and he removed his brimless hat. "But I am call Achille."

"Just Achille?"

"Dat is all, Madame."

"Then you are a French boy. *Mais, figure-toi, qu'est ce que—*"

"No. I am not French boy," said Achille, stolidly. "I am 'Tal-yan boy.'"

"Ah, *c'est ca!*" And Madame nodded her head very wisely. "You come from Italy."

"Tal-yan boy," repeated Achille. The September sun shone down still on the warm yellow wall and attracted his gaze again. His matted hair was thick and black, and his beautiful eyes were lustreless and tired. He was a little high-shouldered; his feet were bare, and so were his chest and one arm. His clothes, if ever they had entirely covered him, were now confined to his back and his legs. But the open shirt was clean, and the cloth of his thin trousers decently patched and darned. The widow gazed at him, but he took his melancholy eyes off hers and looked at the wall.

"Why you come here?" said she, her natural suspicion of boys overcoming as yet her womanly instincts of sympathy and pity. "You spik a little English. *Dis donc*, why you come?"

Achille slowly removed his velvety eyes, dark as the heart of the darkest pansy, yet lit, like even the darkest of these flowers, by a topaz-like gleam of yellow fire; and turned them on her.

"Tal-yan boy," he said, and clutching at his fiddle, made no effort to keep himself up, but sank slowly to the ground till he lay there in the thick white dust of the country road in a kind of waking stupor. Madame was terrified. When one lives much alone, one is apt to be like a silly girl; one has a right to expect things to go on smoothly where there are no children, and no man—as for that fool Alphonse, well, it is easy to see he is no man! Yet he would be better than nobody. Madame raised her voice.

"Alphonse!" she called twice, looking over to the plantation of fruit trees at one side and along the road behind Achille. But Alphonse was late that day; for, coming through the village where he had been with fruit and vegetables from his mistress's farm, whom should he see but Corinne, the eldest daughter of Maman Archambault, who did the washing for the hotel and for the single gentlemen of the village, and had a sign out of her upper window stating that these were premises sacred to "A Londry," in very large letters, while the word "Blanchisseuse" underneath, in very small letters, testified to the amphibious linguistic attainments of the tenant. Corinne was the eldest of nineteen children, and she was ten years older than Alphonse; but *què donc*, the will of God is in everything, even in such an apparent cataclysm as the survival of seventeen out of nineteen children, and she would make an excellent wife. But Corinne, despite her seven-and-twenty years, was a bit of a flirt still, and not above wasting a few minutes with a straight, fine, amiable young fellow like Madame Le Verrier's Alphonse, though as for marrying him—why, all the world knows he will not be right in his head! But when a young fellow, a stripling, a *habitant voyez vous*, lives so much with a strong-minded woman older than himself, he is apt to drop his identity, and runs great risk of losing the little character he has.

Perhaps Corinne Archambault was right, for certainly Alphonse could make excellent imitation of love, whether in the village church, sitting behind her and admiring her scarlet satin gown flounced with ivory lace and her flaring black hat with the violet plume, or driving her out to the edge of the slippery "Cone" and helping her to "disembark," clad in *tuque* and dark red blanket-coat. Anyway, Alphonse was late this morning.

The widow called once more, but no response greeted her.

"*Enfin, l'enfant*—it cannot be that he lies here all in the dust. Raise thyself, my child. It is the widow Le Verrier helps thee. Come, come, my child," and with one tug of her strong and muscular arms she had the boy securely held in them, and proceeded to carry him to the house; and when Alphonse came home a few hours later, having eaten his midday soup *chez Maman Archambault*, he found his strong-minded and dogmatic mistress waiting for him on the threshold of her house, with her brown right forefinger on her lip and her left arm akimbo.

"See you make no noise, you double fool, Alphonse!" she said; and he went his way about the farm and never ventured to ask what was the matter until at six o'clock, when he stumped in meekly for his cup of strong green tea, bitter as aloes and yellow as saffron, he saw the figure of poor little Achille on the widow's own bed. Poor little Achille! He was sleeping now, and one brown arm—the bare one—lay under his head, and his long, long lashes lay still on his warm olive cheek. His thick hair fell all to one side on the clean cotton pillow-cover, and was sadly matted and tangled. "Tal-yan boy!" he muttered twice in his sleep; and what dreams of sunny Europe, what visions of beautiful Italy, what groups of picturesque women and dark-skinned men, what pictures of red-sailed boats laden down with golden oranges and yellow melons, what sounds of twanging guitar and softer

flute, what glimpses of the sanctuary when the choristers paced out and the priests paced in, what splashing of the bright blue sea upon some opal stretch of shore, what recollections of some quiet hour passed beneath the marble shade of mighty ruins—did there not surge in his poor little clouded brain? And what should make all this return at once upon the poor *bambino* but that glimpse of Madame Le Verrier's yellow wall? Just looking at that wall seemed to bring up the entire past within that tired little frame, weary, so weary of everything in his life save music. And that he never heard. As for his own music, he knew very well there must be something wrong about it. Either the fiddle or himself was to blame, and he rather liked to think it was himself, since if it were in the fiddle it might get worse and be of no use to him, and just be broken up and thrown out on the fields; and then where would he be? Alone, then; and no mistake. Not even a fiddle. But that yellow wall! It had recalled everything. Assunta, his mother, with her big gold earrings and clean white jacket—the jacket of the neat Italian housewife; and Lisa, the old servant, cross but good-hearted, and Bimbo, the donkey, and the goldsmith, Venturi, his father. Did his father die, or was he murdered, for being a conspirator, a Socialist? He had forgotten. Then his mother—she died of grief and poverty. Then the donkey died, and that was the saddest of all. Then Achille—by the way, how did he get called Achille? Some other name he had had, surely, but he could not remember it. Then some man bought him—yes, in exchange for something, he never knew what; and from that time he was led about and taught to dance and play and sing, and was kicked and cuffed and cursed till he ran away. But now this new country was very cold. All last winter he had lain curled up in an old shed, stealing out on mild days to earn a few coppers and so lay in a stock of food; and now here was another winter coming on, and people saying it would be much colder than the last one. And the fiddle didn't sound well in the cold. And he couldn't learn the foreign tongue, and the English were so stupid. Even the grown up English, Mrs. Flanigan, who kept a pastrycook's shop in a back street, and Adams, a cockney, who drove a cab, and who were sometimes kind to him, couldn't and wouldn't learn his Italian words. So, sauntering on from village to village, and from town to town, descending the mighty banks of the St. Lawrence, and leaving at every step the cold prosaic American and Saxon world which was his first experience of the new country, behind him, he chanced to turn aside from the high-road and to discover for himself the quaint little hamlet of St. Eustache, poplar-bordered, priest-guarded, and sanctified by the rude way-side cross.

And thus, after so many wanderings, here he lay in the widow's house, the rich widow of St. Eustache, known all through the valley for her skill in farming, for her uprightness in dealing, but no less known for her closeness in money matters, and for her singular aversion to society. Alphonse, you may be sure, helped to circulate the news. Before ten the next morning, *M. le notaire* had dropped in at the front gate cut out of the yellow wall, and was met there by Madame. But little did he get out of her.

"*Tiens!*" said the widow. "I live by myself. Good. I choose to live by myself. Good again. I have not always lived in St. Eustache, *Monsieur* Boucher. You will grant that."

"*Ah, oui, Madame,*" said M. Boucher, the notary, who knew that in her youth when she was known as Marie-Françoise-Joséphine Hertel-Duplessis, she was much respected as the descendant of a notable French family, the first of whom had been Seigneur of the entire valley. Many a visit had she paid in those days to Quebec, and once even to Montreal, and she was still much looked up to, though her marriage with old Le Verrier had considerably affected her social standing. She was one of those singularly strong, reliant, and almost masculine women who forever go wrong in matters of the heart.

"Look you!" she said to *M. le notaire*. "When I married L'Verrier, I asked for no one's advice. When I began to cultivate his farm, I asked for no one's advice. When I adopt this little boy, I do the same. It is not of you, nor of *M. le docteur*, nor of the *curé* himself, nor of the village," and her lip curled with unspeakable scorn, "nor of Maman Archambault, nor of that fool, Alphonse, that I shall ask advice. I am no girl. I have been a married woman, and I am a Duplessis. *Tiens!* *M. le notaire*, I thank you, but I know my affairs."

M. le notaire threw up his hands to the sky.

"Adopt, did you say? But what hurry! What haste! What sorrow! The boys in the village—regard, how poor, how miserable, how neglected are those! Surely Madame will choose one of these: Pierre Archambault—look, the poor woman with sixteen others; and Isidore—"

"Why did she have so many?" snapped the widow. "The *curé* says it is the will of God. I am a good Catholic, and I give money to the Church, but I do not believe that. Since she has them, let her look to them. And Isidore is the only son of his mother. One does not wish to rob a nest of one egg, and the widow Gauthier will never marry again. Soft; soft; she still weeps for the dead blacksmith."

The notary was a thin, pale, timid young man, devoted in spirit to Madame Marie-Françoise-Joséphine Hertel-Duplessis Jonquière Le Verrier, but he had never so utterly despaired in the past of making her his own as he did at that moment.

Later, came Corinne, with a present from her mother, of one of those little plaited rocking-chairs, made by the *habitants* for their own use, but which find their way up to the larger towns and villages, and are usually in great

demand, being light and durable. Corinne, hoping she might see Alphonse at the farm, had donned her Sunday gown of red satin, and a newly-knitted hood of light blue wool, beneath which her sallow skin and dry black hair did not show to their best advantage. But the great thing in St. Eustache was novelty, and the pattern of this hood had actually been brought all the way from a small frontier town on the opposite side of the river, above Montreal, and, therefore, very near the States, so Corinne knew it was probably the very freshest thing in the whole valley. In St. Eustache fashions were very important, indeed yes; and no one could say that Corinne had not the best taste of all the unmarried women.

But the widow Le Verrier did not notice the hood. She disliked Maman Archambault and her family exceedingly, and Corinne, perhaps, most of all; and now she raised the chair with one hand, and held it so, aloft in the air, with an imperious menace in her mien that would have frightened many an English young woman less accustomed to such moods than Corinne. The latter made a small kind of courtesy, and explained that she had brought it for the baby. Regard how useful for Madame to sit and rock him in!

"*Ma joy!*" said the elder woman, bringing the chair slowly to earth again, but very slowly, as if some original design of braining Corinne with it were but reluctantly relinquished, and knitting her already slightly silvered and furry brows. "Keep *chez vous*, and attend, with your mother, to the sixteen others. There is no baby here. No, Corinne Archambault. But, stay, I will show you *him*." And Madame, repenting her of her frowardness, led Corinne into her own apartment, which had never, till Achille invaded it, been entered by a soul beside herself, and disclosed the sleeping boy, recumbent on her patchwork quilt. The airs of sunny Italy had once fed that olive skin, and warmed that rounded arm. As the two women bent over him, he half woke again, and lifted those long, long lashes. Ah! what stars, what flowers, what deep dark lakes of eyes were revealed!

"*Tal-yan boy,*" he said, and curled over on his other side.

Corinne, who had a very warm heart, allowed a tear to escape her, and she glanced furtively at the widow. Bah! There were no tears there!

"Now, Corinne Archambault," said she, in her coldest and most disapproving accents, "you have seen him; you can go. Say what you like of me, but for this boy, look you, he is not Pierre, neither is he Henri, not yet André, nor even Hyacinthe-Simon, and he is not to be spoken of as you may speak in the village of those. No; Achille is his name! Ask the *curé*, who will tell you it is a grand name. And henceforth he bears another—mine. *Ouai*, Corinne Archambault. You may tell that fool Alphonse, too, if you like. Henceforth, if he gets well, he is mine, and all I have shall be his: that is, if he carries himself well, learns to hoe and plant and till the farm, and everything that becomes a man."

"And if he does not? *Ma joy!* it is not often one meets good boys. Little devils are they mostly. *Mon oncle* at L'Ange Gardien—he who has the *fromagerie* and has never had any family—a great sorrow that will be for some—he must have a boy about, he and *ma tante*, who was Rosalie Biron of Québec, and fond of children. So, they try very hard to find a good boy. They write to the *Journal*, they ask of the *curé*, they travel themselves—*mon oncle* has much money, will give anything for to find a strong, neat, amiable boy. *Eh! bien*, one came from Rivière Ouelle, and another from Batiscan, and another from L'Assomption, but there came none to please *mon oncle*. One stole his image of the good Saint Jerome; one left all the potatoes to freeze in an empty barn without covering them, and they were all like black stones for the dinner the day *M. le notaire* came to sign away the *goudronnerie*, which is also the property of *mon oncle*; and another bought a painted face like those Madame has seen in Québec at the carnival, and put it on to frighten *ma tante*, who had never heard of such a thing. And *ma tante*—she that was Rosalie Biron, of Québec herself, though not of the town, but of Beaufort near by, which Madame doubtless knows—since she has been there—was so frightened that it sent her into a fever. And many another boy did there come to the house of *mon oncle* at L'Ange Gardien, and none ever pleased him. So, Madame, if you are wise, you will let the boy go. It will be for a trouble to you if you keep him, and when there is Alphonse—"

The widow folded her arms on the top of her yellow wall—while Corinne had chattered away, they had passed out of the house and down to the gate—and looked grimly at her visitor.

"*Ah, ouai,*" she said, nodding her head ironically; "*ouai*, Mademoiselle Archambault. It will be all for Alphonse, you are so interested. *Pauvre Alphonse!* They say, I work him hard, down in the village. They say, I pay him ill, down in the village. Look you, is he thin, is he pale, is he ill, is he *triste*? No. Is he fat, is he handsome, does he eat five platefuls of soup, does he ride much and walk little? Yes. *Bien ouai*. Who is it plants the seed, and hoes the ground, and paints the doors, and feeds the animals? Even I, I myself, the widow L'Verrier. Not Alphonse, you see! Not Alphonse! Now, Corinne Archambault, you may marry that fool Alphonse if you will, but look you meddle not with the other; you know whom I mean."

The widow unclasped her arms and set her hat down on her head with a jerk, while Corinne shrugged her shoulders and adjusted her woollen hood more becomingly and more closely around her face, for the September sun

had gone down some ten minutes, and it was growing sharp and cold with a touch of frost in the air, the kind of night to fire the first red maple and gild the graceful birch.

"But I will keep the chair," said Madame, and she smiled.

She was naturally acquisitive. Corinne shut the gate behind her, and went down the road.

"*Bon soir, Madame,*" she volunteered. But Madame vouchsafed no reply, and stood grimly gazing at her departing form, with her arms folded in a Napoleonic attitude.

Achille the outcast, Achille the little wandering musician, Achille of the dark starry eyes and the plaintive musical voice, Achille had found a refuge. And what a comfortable refuge, to be sure! Regard how already he grows fat, how the eyes glisten, and how the limbs bound actively and spontaneously as they should; how quick and nimble the brown hands are to help Madame with the spinning, and how the voice has learnt to join in the refrain of the pretty *chanson* of Rosalie—but not Rosalie Biron, late of Québec—and the lover who tied his horse to a mulberry tree while he shot his lady-love a shining white duck with a diamond eye and a collar of gold. Regard, too, the comfortable thick stockings on his thin brown legs, spun from Madame's own wool; and the becoming red sash round his waist, and the thick dark hair brushed wavyly over his forehead; and the corduroy coat imported for him specially from a distant relative of his benefactress, Pierre Roubaud, the draper, of Three Rivers; and the pair of wooden shoes that originally came from Normandy, and had always been kept in the cupboard until it was discovered that they were just the size for Achille. Ah, Achille was in luck now, and could hardly realize the full measure of his good fortune. He seemed to bring happiness even to Madame's lonely house; for in the winter evenings she often asked Monsieur Boucher, the slim young notary, up to spend an hour or two, and old Delorme, who was otherwise *un monstre*, but who could nevertheless play superbly on an old cracked violin, came up too; and then he and Achille would tune away while the widow sat at her spinning, straight and firm as a young girl, with the notary, a willing slave, seated opposite her with his pipe; and Achille would teach old Delorme his lively Italian airs, and old Delorme would teach Achille his melancholy Canadian ones, till at the sound of one of these—*Ah, qui me passera un bois, Moi qui suis si petite*—the widow would declare it was too *triste* for anything, and summoning Alphonse, would mix a little cold whisky and water, and soon they would all part for the night. And then one exquisite night—clear and frosty and flooded with moonshine—did not the widow Marie-Françoise-Joséphine Hertel-Duplessis Jonquière Le Verrier actually consent to their taking the little one down the Ducharmes slide—the only artificial slide in the neighbourhood, and consequently a wonderful novelty? The Ducharmes were quite wealthy people, and dealt in flour, and they kept a maid-of-all-work. Down the slippery "Cone" Madame would not hear of their taking the little one; it was far too dangerous, but the slide was not so bad. And when Achille ran home, smothered in blankets and snow, half frightened, half pleased, and intensely exhilarated by the novel sensation to a nature as languid and Southern as his own, he fired the sleeping inclination of the widow; and when a second moonlight came, she went down herself, carefully guarded by her good friend the notary and Père Alexis Ducharme.

When the spring came, Achille had even better times, for he revelled in the grass and the strange new starry flowers and the open plunging waters of the foaming St. Eustache. He was never at home, yet he was never found with the other boys, and Madame knew of no school good enough for him as yet. Wait a few years, and he shall go to Québec, or at least, if the worst happens and one's rents do not come in, to Three Rivers, where it will be most safe and happy as Pierre Roubaud, the draper, the *marchandises sèches*, her cousin, could better look after him. But as the time wore on, Achille went neither to Québec nor to Three Rivers. He was quick with the language, and learned to speak French with the widow; and told her, in return, queer tales in mongrel Italian, of the old brown house in Italy with the pots of carnations in the window, and all about Bimbo, the donkey, who appeared to be the sole thing on earth the child had ever loved, but he showed no inclination for study, nor for farming, not even for music, nor for anything but genuine unmistakable loafing as far as Madame Le Verrier could make out. A moody, handsome, obstinate, picturesque young beggar; he gave her a good deal of anxious thought, chiefly because he was so unlike other boys she had known. If he were only a trifle mischievous, like that wicked Pierre, or given to occasional lying like André Lauchlin, or affectionate and clinging like Hyacinthe-Simon. But he was none of these; and Madame Marie-Françoise-Joséphine Hertel-Duplessis Jonquière Le Verrier, though she may have felt some disappointment, kept it to herself. One night, and this was a hot night in August, when Achille had been with her for about a year, she was suddenly taken very ill. This night was so hot that not a single puff of wind moved the tall stiff poplars that grew in a little grove at the side of the house where her room was; and this room, being small and very low in the ceiling, grew excessively oppressive. The widow had no light, and she knew she was very ill. To die thus was like a fish in a net, or a rat in a trap, and could not be borne. She sat up in the dark with her hands over her heart, and struggled hard for her breath. How dark it was, yet how hot, even with every window

open! And how far from *M. le docteur*! She ill, who had never had a day's sickness in her life! What did it mean? To die and meet old Le Verrier again. Hark! wasn't that he now under the poplars, gaunt and tall—over six feet was Le Verrier in his youth! But in his youth she had not known him. No, there was another figure under the poplars, shorter, fairer, ruddier, gayer: Achille Beausoleil, the young soldier of Québec. Another Achille, for whose name's sake she had taken the little outcast to her hearth. The widow screamed. Shadows, all of them, but how real! Imagination only, but how fearful! She screamed in the dark over and over again, as soon as her breath returned and her frame grew strong, but she couldn't wake Alphonse—Alphonse who lay at this moment in the long passage over her head, and was thinking in his sleep what a curious thing it would prove if Corinne, whom in his sleep he had just married, would have nineteen children too, like her mother. She couldn't wake Alphonse. But she did wake the boy Achille. He came to her room, and managed to light her candle for her; then stood at the foot of her bed and looked at her. She was grateful for this small help, and lay back in relief on her pillow.

"It is the heart. *Mon Dieu*, it is the heart!" muttered the poor woman. "It will come again, and once again; and the third time I shall go and be with old L'Verrier."

Achille stood very quietly regarding her, and made no effort to go to her or suggest anything for her suffering. His dark eyes seemed singularly wide awake and bright however, and he appeared to realize how ill she was. He did not summon Alphonse at first. After a long interval he spoke for the first time to her, and offered to waken Alphonse.

"No, no," muttered the widow. "Not Alphonse; he does not like me; I do not trust him. Alphonse, look you, *mon enfant*, Alphonse is a fool; and worse."

She stopped for breath a moment.

"Alphonse is, or would be if he could, worse. He would—rob me; *ouai*—rob me, me, the widow L'Verrier, who has done everything for him.

Achille's eyes were certainly very bright, very keen at this instant. He folded his arms in their loose red flannel sleeves on the foot of his mistress's bed and made no reply, though she chattered away in a semi-delirious volubility that lasted till dawn. Then she slept, a heavy, stupid, exhausted sleep; and Achille stole away to dress himself, and Alphonse never knew. Next morning the widow was apparently as straight and as vigorous as ever, and worked in her garden the whole long day; but she did not forget the warning of the midnight before, and was constantly revolving new schemes for Achille in her mind as she planted and hoed and pruned and dug.

She need not have so schemed. Three weeks from that day, Achille was no where to be found. Ah! what horror! Regard, the melancholy temperament, the moody brow, the quick Italian sensibilities! The poor child—he is drowned in the *Grand Trou*! But one explores the *Grand Trou*—he is not there. He was playing near the *Petit Ruisseau*—no he is not there. Alphonse is told, but only Alphonse, and he is made to swear that he will not tell Corinne just yet. The hours drag on, and Madame touches no food, only drinks cup after cup of strong green tea, and keeps her straw hat tightly tied down with a bit of Turkey-red cotton. Her face is grim and drawn—how one loves a child one has helped to rear—and her hands clutch nervously at her print working-gown. The hours drag on, but Alphonse returns without Achille. To be sure, he has not yet sought for him in the village; that will be the last place, since Madame dislikes the curiosity of the vulgar. But when four o'clock in the afternoon comes, then Madame is, indeed, in despair. Within a few hours all the valley will know of her loss. Madame Archambault, Corinne, and the sixteen children, and the Ducharmes, and *M. le notaire*, and the trades-people, down to old Delorme, the miser, her cousin Roubaud, at Three Rivers, and her old woman friend, Demoiselle Amande La Jeunesse, who dwells, a rich spinster, on the top of a neighbouring hill—all these people must soon hear of the affair, and come and be very sorry for her. All this was very sad, and the widow could hardly bear it. She rose, re-entered her own room, and went to a side *armoire*, in which she kept her letters, confidential documents, and presumably, money. She went there blindly, without quite knowing what she was going for, a forgotten address, an old paper, a book, a letter—something was vaguely in her mind, she knew not what. *Grand Dieu*! The door is closed, but not locked. Madame feels in her pocket for the key. It is not there. Now, by all the saints in all the calendars, the key. It is not there; then where is it? And the window, throwing wide the *armoire*, finds—that she is a rich widow no longer.

So, it is possible, even in the snug poplar-bordered and priest-guarded little hamlet of St. Eustache, to feel the sharp and fretted tooth of the swift wheel of change. Achille, of course, was the thief; and Madame mourned many a long hour over the sad moral obliquity of the handsome and ill-starred boy.

When Alphonse returned from his fruitless investigations that same evening, she bade him lock the door—there was a queer arrangement of worn-out padlock and knotted string that did duty as a lock—and, telling him the truth, made him swear an awful vow never to reveal it. Alphonse trembled in every limb. He was terribly afraid of his mistress at all times, and this night she appeared to him in the guise of an all-powerful, all-avenging domestic deity, with the sanguinary red cotton tied round her

head, and her commanding figure drawn up to the full height.

"*Mais*, Madame, the money?" he gasped out.

"Bah, the money! Who cares for the money?" And the widow struck her breast. "Bah, the money!" She bared her arms with a quick gesture, not ashamed of her honest retainer, whom she had once suspected. "Why did you not run away with it, you fool? Eh? Because you are a fool, and he—he was clever. But I can work. I am well, I am strong; look, my arms are worth six of yours. I will put back every piece of the money. I will not let anyone know in the village—nay, I will not even tell Amande La Jeunesse."

And she kept her word, and Alphonse kept his vow. The next day but one, it had somehow leaked out "in the village" what had befallen Madame Marie-Françoise-Joséphine-Reine Hertel-Duplessis Jonquière Le Verrier. The news, certainly, came not from the loyal Alphonse, and there was no one else to bring it; yet it was brought all the same. Corinne, who still held Alphonse on, had seen the meditative Achille pass through the chief, long street, very early in the morning, with a bundle on his shoulder, but thought little of it at the time. He was going to fish in the Baie des Anses, or have an early plunge in its cool, fresh waters, perhaps; for Achille was passionately fond of the water. Then, during that day he was heard from further down the valley, where Père Couture had seen him standing motionless on a large gray boulder, with his red sash round his waist; and his feet innocent of shoes and stockings. The good father spoke to the boy, but Achille only stared at him in his fixed and moody way, then turned, and was lost in the wood behind him in a moment.

But Madame Marie-Françoise-Joséphine-Reine Hertel-Duplessis Jonquière Le Verrier was a woman of many resources. She first of all, as we know, put Alphonse on his oath not to reveal the slightest hint of what he knew, and then invited inspection by driving down into the valley, one bright morning, to dispose of her fine and early scarlet crab-apples, and a barrel of the choicest harvest Fameuse—not the penitential little snow-apple, commonly known by that name, but a large, generous, and garnet-coloured variety, often called by the peasantry the *Vin d'Or*, or *Vindorre*, fetching in the Montreal market as much as four dollars a barrel. She was prepared for all the epithets with which Maman Archambault, that fat, little, brainless dumpling, wished to favour her protégé.

"Accursed of infants, to run away from the finest farm within the village. *Scélérat* boy! Look you, Madame Le Verrier, the child had a bad look; his eyes were of the devil himself, and little Pierre here has seen catch a butterfly—*ouai*—a beautiful one, all black and gold with a spot of blue on its wings—and crush it—so—in his hand. My children are not cruel. No. One does not say that of any of mine—poor little things that they are too—would do that. No, no. To harm a pretty living thing that makes the dusty road beautiful is a bad thing, sure.

Then *M. le notaire* had his say, and Père Ducharme his, and old Delorme—*vieux monstre*—his, and the people at the hotel theirs, for it was to the hotel at Chateau Richer that the widow sold her fruit. Well, it seemed as if all the world knew it, just as she knew it would.

Thereupon Madame listened with an air of the most courteous and a smile of the most engaging as she flicked flies off the huge beast, Baptiste, who carried his mistress oftenest through the valley, in preference to the little mare Annette—too small an animal for so daring a dame as Marie-Françoise-Joséphine-Reine Hertel-Duplessis Jonquière Le Verrier.

"*Mais mes amis*," said she, "how does it arrive that you do not know the truth? True it is, that the child is gone. True it is that I let him go alone. That is because he is a silent, sensible lad, as you know, and will not come to harm like your Pierre and your Henri, and your André and those. True I let him go. Oh! *ouai*, I knew he was going. So did Alphonse. I am right, Alphonse?"

Yes, Madame was always right; Achille, that is Madame Le Verrier's boy, had often told him he could not stay forever. There would be people expecting him at Three Rivers, *sans doute*.

"No, no, stupid," said the widow with a contraction of the mouth that was ominous to Alphonse. At Québec; at Québec. His friends will be there. He is tired of this place. Look you, a lad, handsome as a dream, clever with the fiddle, he is not made to stay in the valley of St. Eustache all his life. No, indeed; he will be for a great musician and will go back to the countries from whence he came. He had lost his way when he came here; therefore was it I took him in. *Tiens! mes amis*; but you did not understand. You thought he had grown tired, ran away, left me, perhaps," and Madame showed her fine white teeth and laughed. "Perhaps you thought he had taken something with him. *Eh, bien*, so he did—the clothes I bought for him—nothing more. They were my gift, and he was welcome to them."

The minds surrounding her were of the truly rustic type, and she had long been acknowledged as their superior in every respect. To Maman Archambault she was a condescending patroness who took a long time to pay? To the tradesmen of the one straggling street she was the incarnation of fair dealing, of punctuality, and of close dividends. To the Ducharmes, and the notary and a few *cultivateurs* in the valley she was an esteemed acquaintance, a revered landmark, a reliant and vigorous, though eccentric and original woman of the world, but to no one but the withered spinster, Demoiselle La Jeunesse, was she an intimate

friend, and not even the La Jeunesse herself could boast of being her confidante. So they believed her. Each and all believed her; and the good widow never heard another dubious remark concerning the sudden and suspicious flight of her restless and perverse Achille—the truant bird she lodged so tenderly in her nest. Her conscience—well, Père Couture knows all about that; and all about Alphonse's little rag of a conscience, too, that has been washed and hung out to dry, and ironed, and then washed again, and so on for nearly twenty-five years now.

So Madame took up her lonely life again in just the same way, although she fretted terribly in secret over the loss of her little friend and the greater loss of her money; not even Alphonse guessed at her periods of discontent and disgust. But what will you? the farm must be cultivated and the *pataches* brought on, and the wool spun, even if one's back gets stiff after the spinning; and Alphonse, if he is a fool, must yet have his meals decently served, and so life goes on and philosophy prevails even in St. Eustache. The orioles still loved the wall with the yellow lichen, and the strangers still admired the tall hollyhocks and the white raspberries, and the merry French peasants still slid down the slippery frozen Cone; and Corinne married not Alphonse, but Françoise-Xavier-René-Ovide, eldest son of the neighbouring *fromager*; and Madame Marie-Françoise-Joséphine-Reine Hertel-Duplessis Jonquière Le Verrier toiled on in her narrow but dignified way, until one night she had a second attack of the heart. She rallied and got to work again after an illness of three days, but expects to have a third seizure every minute and go to—old Le Verrier. There is money enough to bury her, she says; and that is a great consideration in the Valley of St. Eustache. S. FRANCES HARRISON.

LAKE ONTARIO.

I ASK not rolling prairies when I view thy wide expanse
Nor beetling crags, nor cataracts through which the sun-
beams glance,
Nor snow-clad peaks from whose far heights the aval-
anches roar,
When I hear thy foam-tipped breakers making music on
thy shore,
For thou art fairer, grander than those fair, grand scenes
to me,
Both in thyself and in the thoughts thou bringest of
the sea.

The eye may roam in freedom o'er thy broad and heaving
breast,
Nor find except, perchance, a sail, aught else whereon
to rest.
Till thou art wedded to the sky in the horizon blue,
Where boundless wave and boundless air together bound
the view;
In this thy space-embracing surge, so limitless and free,
Thou bringest memories of the far, the half-forgotten sea.

And when the breeze is rippling thy waters calm and
bright,
O, then thou seemest unto me a most suggestive sight,
Thy billows bursting into bloom, their foamy petals fling,
Thy wilderness of waves seems turned to meadows
blossoming,
In this thy turmoil and thy rage, when winds are fretting
thee,
Thou bringest to my mind dim dreams, and visions of
the sea.

O vast, majestic King of Lakes, thy presence has a power
To drive away the sordid thoughts belonging to the hour,
For dark the soul, and dull the mind, and dead the heart
must be

Of him who thinks of self or self while gazing upon thee,
Who grudges even to render thee the tribute all thine own,
The bringing to thy shore a heart from which base cares
are flown.

WM. MCGILL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"MORE PROSE WANTED."

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Having a deep and hopeful regard for the possibilities of literature in Canada, may I offer a few remarks on the subject, "More Prose Wanted," recently proposed by Erol Gervase in your columns?

Mr. G. Mercer Adam has shown very clearly the unfairness of estimating the proportion of prose to verse on such a basis as the bibliography attached to an arbitrary collection of Canadian poems.

"S. A. C." has also easily blown to the winds the soap-bubble statement that "it is so much easier to write poetry" than prose, although its own airiness is its own destruction, and also properly pointed out the singular cast of judgment that cannot find a charm in "Le Chien d'Or."

The apotheosis of Wilfred Chateaublain and his eccentric genius gives us little assistance in a matter requiring only common sense. These extraneous matters eliminated, what have we left to deal with? Erol Gervase has politely inserted a literary advertisement of a very general character to this effect:—

"Wanted—More Prose.—Writers of fiction, philosophy, art, nature, history, hygiene, and social, moral, religious

and educational handbooks. Only Canadian aspirants to authorship need apply."

This is, beyond cavil, a legitimate appeal; but unfortunately there is no address given to which the interested persons may apply. That Canada has writers capable of first-class work in some—or for the sake of argument let me say all—of these departments of prose literature is granted; although they are not numerous.

The whole of the eminently readable books by Canadian authors would not make a decently-sized lending library, and the difficulties in the way of addition are great, though perhaps not insuperable.

Mr. Mercer Adam very pertinently asks to be shown "how these additional writers are to be employed and remunerated, before they are disengaged from their present presumably profitable occupations?" I believe Mr. Mercer Adam has asked this same question before, and, so far as I am aware, no satisfactory answer has been given.

I would ask in addition: "Is there really any proper demand for native literary wares in Canada?" What I have heard from many authors and publishers leads me to believe that the demand that does exist is so small as to make it a matter of grave doubt when or how to publish any book. "S. A. C." will probably remember that a certain volume of dramatic and other poetry was delayed several years "owing to the inertness of Canadian interest in Canadian literature." Is the present time more propitious for adventures in the field of Canadian publication? Perhaps Mr. George Martin or Mr. Arthur Weir might enlighten us all on this point. It is extremely doubtful, and a matter to which an off-hand answer cannot be given; but I think the evidence that could be supplied by the majority of authors and publishers of Canadian books, issued say in the last ten years, would not be sufficient to establish a belief that more prose is really wanted from Canadian authors by Canadian readers. There are some who would welcome any good book, Canadian or otherwise, to their library; but the most of Canadian readers probably prefer the circulating to the private library.

Certain enthusiasts, who believe that everything Canadian is therefore good and to be encouraged and applauded, may hold other opinions; but do they not perhaps measure the intellectual requirements of their less book-hungry brethren by their own abnormal appetites?

It is hardly denied that books published during the last decade by Canadians in Canada have not been justly remunerative to their authors, and the reason is that there does not exist a sufficiently interested reading class in Canada to give Canadian writers employment. I know my views will be regarded with disfavour by some, and especially by those who attempt to pass counterfeit for coin of the literary realm, and succeed in doing so—among themselves. I have called attention before to the spirit of false pride and servile adulation that permeates much of what is called criticism to day. It is amusing to read and hear the indiscriminate eulogies bandied between some writers. The shuttlecocks of flattery are tossed about by the battledores of vanity in the game of mutual puff.

"Tickle ye one another," seems to be the text of life for a certain class of literary aspirants. Faults and follies, glaring and naked, are overlooked, and the jam of praise, which cannot of itself preserve, is plastered over many a mouldy crust, in the hope of deceiving the palate. The strong hand of impartial criticism, which should be ready to smite hard, if need be, is so afraid of putting itself into a sling that it is often covered with the kid glove of interest, and offered all round to be shaken. This is not only a mistake, but a crime. It does manifest wrong to those whom it affects to assist.

I do not wish to be mistaken and misrepresented as before. This is not stated to be a general rule with Canadian writers; but I know that the evil exists, and in no small quantity, and I do not hesitate to affirm that its presence, in any degree, has a most damning influence on any literary development. More prose of this kind should certainly not be wanted. Fortunately it is self-destructive; but it destroys that which it feeds upon also. Many a firm hand has been made unsteady by intoxicating draughts of flattering applause without any corrective.

There is a large visible quantity of good prose annually given to Canada in newspapers and periodicals, and that is the form in which it must be chiefly administered to a people so fully occupied with its daily business as to enjoy little leisure for deeper reading and higher culture. A few of our writers are using outside opportunities of literary labour successfully. Several books by Canadians have been published in England and the United States, and it is only by competition in the larger spheres of literary activity that a just recognition and reward can be gained. There are individual alternatives. Any person can publish his work at his own expense and accept the results. A rich publisher might issue a Canadian library from patriotic motives, to which more prose would always be welcome, the author to be rewarded by the honour of representation.

But until the Canadian reading public can be convinced that the best books are not written and published out of Canada, in all departments of literature, they will continue to ignore the pretensions of those who believe the term Canadian to be a guarantee of genuine and literary excellence. In the meanwhile let me ask Erol Gervase to tell us how the "more prose wanted" is to be obtained, and to suggest that, if that pinner for more prose has exhausted the stock of what already exists as prose, there is a great deal of the so-called poetry that could well be included under that head. Yours truly, SAREPTA.

THE ROBIN.

BIRD of the golden bill and ruddy breast!
That from the apple-bough this glorious morn
Pipest thy few rich notes, as if in scorn
Of all who seek than thee a longer rest,
Art thou forgetful of the mossy nest,
Where thy impatient mate awaits forlorn
The meal thou went to seek for those new-born
Unfeather'd fledglings which thy marriage bless'd?
Behold! the brown hawk sails the lambent air
With tireless wing, and that quick angry chirp,
Proclaims a sparrow fighting to usurp
The nest another built with so much care;
Then homeward, Robin, be thy flight pursuing
Lest too long dallying prove thine own undoing.

SAREPTA.

ART NOTES.

IN the *Art Journal* we read: Artists all tell the same tale that year by year the standard of admittance to a place on the English Royal Academy walls rises higher. Much of this is due to the cycle of lean years through which we have been passing. Nowadays, when buyers are not only few but more discriminating, it requires education, talent and thought to be bestowed or the picture may as well have remained unpainted. Academicians no longer retain to themselves the best and largest part of the walls; nineteen of the members only send one work each, and eleven others but two each; and of the total number of pictures exhibited only one in ten are the work of the R.A.'s. This moderation speaks well for the old members of the Academy.

Mr. Herkomer's picture of The Chapel of the Charterhouse has been purchased for the National collection from the Academy walls for eleven thousand dollars. The money is from the Chantry bequest.

A well-known dramatist is said to have observed of Hogarth's works that they were a constant encouragement to him, because he felt in looking at them that none need despair of immortality. The same may be said of David Wilkie, whose earlier subjects of the Blind Fiddler type, although commonplace enough, have a charm which always attaches to true transcripts of every-day human life with its joys and sorrows.

Apropos of Alma Tadema's principal picture of this year, which is now being exhibited in London, England, *Portfolio* says: The growing fashion of assisting an art exhibition with descriptive and biographical literary accompaniment is not wholly commendable, as the tendency is to prejudice the spectator apart from the merit of the work itself. It might also have stated that a great deal of the literary work aforesaid is simply advertisement!

"Can we think," said Mr. Richmond at the late Liverpool Art Congress, "of Giotto or Michael Angelo drawing away for days without one single motive to prompt but to copy something with a stump on a sheet of white paper? Can we see Sandro Botticelli neatly finishing a dreary drawing of a naked life guardsman in order to obtain a premium or medal? Emphatically we answer, No! If art education, instead of being mechanical and monotonous, is to encourage the student and to develop what skill and intelligence there are in him, the first step to be taken in our schools is to abolish the system of elaboration of shading with stump and point, and render forms by the brush.

TEMPLAR.

THE CANADIAN SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.

ACCORDING to arrangements entered upon at the last Winter Session of this organization, the Convention for 1889 met last week in this city. In an age of conventions it may be thought that the special one dealing with the divine art is not likely to create more than a passing interest. Yet on this occasion, at least, questions of so much importance were dwelt upon and discussion ran so high, that sympathy with and appreciation of the points raised were largely participated in by the members and friends present.

The society appears to be doing good work, but, from the remarks embodied in the President's address and the Secretary's report, it is possible that it may be enabled to do still better work in the future, the whole standing of the society being affected by the resolutions adopted in favour of entrance examinations. To raise the standard of membership is undoubtedly to promote a more genuine musical culture. At the same time, ample provision will be made for such musicians—belonging rather to the executive than to the theoretical side of art—as may wish to join so worthy and ennobling an assembly. The country visitors were numerous, and must have been highly delighted with their reception. The trip gave such an opportunity of seeing the Normal School, Trinity College—where the Ladies' Reception was held—and of hearing several of our leading executants. To have heard the performances of the Conservatory String Quartette alone must have amply repaid the friends from a distance. The Programme Committee worked well together, and decided upon short but excellent programmes, introducing to the Society such artists as the quartette alluded to, Miss Da Ore, a young violinist of undoubted talent, Miss Maud Burdette, Mme D'Auria and Mr. Dinelli. The selections embraced the famous Tchaikowsky andante, a Mendelssohn quartette, a Mendelssohn concerto, a Handel concerto for the

organ, and a charming "Capriccio Pastorale" for piano and strings from the gifted pen of Signor D'Auria. The essays were fully up to the requisite mark, and the new feature entitled "Question Box," afforded some amusement and a good deal of solid instruction.

The result of the election of officers made Mr. Edward Fisher President, and Mr. Aldous, of Hamilton, Secretary. The future of the Society is now an assured and healthy one, and if recitals and concerts of such high value, essays of so much clearness and erudition, and conditions of absolute genuineness are presented to the public another year, there can be no question that the Canadian Society of Musicians is an organization worthy of a long and honourable existence. The next Convention will be held in the summer of 1890, but in what city has not yet been decided.

LETTERS OF THOMAS CARLYLE. *

THESE letters, as we are told in the preface, are selected from a great mass, mainly addressed to the various members of Carlyle's family, and afford an account of his life from his marriage to the period when his fame was about to be established, by the publication of his "French Revolution."

Letters, letters, letters, are like Hamlets "Words, words, words," rather monotonous reading, when they are simply thrown together, with no connecting thread of narrative. After Froude's achievement it is perhaps the fairest way to treat Carlyle. We could have wished, however, for a different arrangement. Anyone who remembers the intense interest with which he read Byron's letters, as edited by Tom Moore cannot help heaving a sigh of regret that the editor had not set himself a more difficult task, and produced, for the reader, a more pleasing result. However, they give us Carlyle as he was, without note or comment. We see him as clearly as if we were looking through Friar Bacon's prospective glass,—a long way off, but kind and genial, notwithstanding his dyspepsia, with his great soul looking beyond the phantasmagoria of time to the unchanging realities of eternity.

To judge from the evidence before us there were never two more affectionate beings than Carlyle and his wife. Thus he addressed her a short time after they were married:—"Dearest wife,—What strange magic is in that word, now that for the first time I write it to you! I promised that I would think of you *sometimes*; which truly I have done many times, or rather all times, with a singular feeling of astonishment, as if a new light had risen upon me since we parted, as if till now I had never known how precious my own dearest little Goody was to me, and what a real angel of a creature she was."

This is not the only passage of the kind. We might select many of the same sort. His praise of her affection, goodness and thrift, was unstinted and constant.

Another feature, not only of this work but of all Carlyle's writings, is his belief and trust in Providence, in a supreme disposer of events, presiding over all the changes and chances of this transitory life. In a letter from Copley Bank to his brother Alexander, at Craigenputtock, he thus speaks of his contemplated removal to London:—"If I go to London, the mansion of Craigenputtock and its silent moors are likely to see much less of us: only, at most, some two months yearly. On this however it were very rash to calculate at present; for that I shall *not* go is certainly by far the likelier issue of the business; indeed the good and evil of the two are so very nearly balanced, that I really care very little whether I go or not; on healthier days I am clear for going and teaching all the Earth to be wise; but again on bilious days I care not one straw what becomes of it; for I think that in the wilderness of Craigenputtock I should be stronger in body, and I feel that the thing which lies in me *will* be spoken out, go whither I may. Surely, surely, it were good for a man to have some anchorage deeper than the quicksands of this world; for these drift to and fro, so as to baffle all conjecture. We will leave the issue, as should ever be done, with the higher powers."

Here is another act of faith, from a letter dated Great Cheyne Row, Chelsea, 25th August, 1834:—"Finally, my dear brother, call, from the depths of your heart, on God to help you, to guide you in the way, for it is not in man to guide himself; and so with your eye on fixed heavenly loadstars, walk forward fearing nothing—for Time or for Eternity."

These Chelsea letters, as I said before, were written just before he became famous. He had, at last, after many disappointments, succeeded in giving "Sartor Resartus" to the public. He had to cut it in pieces and publish it in a magazine first, instead of in the volume in which it was so carefully written. It had attracted attention, and now he was on the eve of a greater success. We see him hard at work every day in his quiet Chelsea home, till 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Then he starts out for a walk. What charming pictures of London life he carries home! "Here, least of all places on earth's surface, quiet never is; a raging and a roaring; all men hunted or hunting; all things 'made like unto a wheel'—that turns and turns. I have grown greatly used to it now; and for most part walk the London streets as if they were peopled with images, and the noise were that of some Niagara waterfall, or distracted universal carding-mill. There is something animating in it too; so that in my walks I generally turn

* "Letters of Thomas Carlyle, 1826-36." Edited by Charles Eliot Norton. London and New York: MacMillan & Co.; Toronto, Williamson & Co.

townwards, and go up through a larger or shorter circuit of London tumult. . . . My shortest turn is to Hyde Park corner, where I see quality carriages, six-horse waggons (horses all jingling with little bells), mail coaches, etc., etc., and the Duke of Wellington's house, the windows all barred with iron (since the Reform Bill time), and huge iron railing, twenty feet high, between him and the street, which, as the railing is lined with wood too, he does not seem to like; there are carriages sometimes about this gate now; and I bless myself that I am not he."

The volume is on the whole a charming one, and should be read by everyone who is at all interested in Carlyle.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE SCRAGVILLE BANDITS. By C. G. Rogers. Ottawa: A. S. Woodburn.

It would be almost better to treat our boys as we do the potato bugs, and feed them with liberal doses of Paris Green, than put such vile stuff as "The Scragville Bandits" into their hands. It has all the vulgarity, without the humour, which made "Tom Sawyer" such an amusing and really harmless book for old as well as young children. The author would have done well to have chosen some healthier plot.

GRANDISON MATHER. By Sidney Luska. Toronto: Wm. Bryce.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gardiner, hardly out of their honeymoon, accustomed to plenty of money and all the luxuries it can produce, return to New York from a European tour to find themselves suddenly penniless. They bravely strike out for themselves, to swim or sink in the troubled waters of New York life. After keeping their heads for a time above water, they, with a few bold strokes, reach the land of success. It is a pretty story, and well worth reading.

IN EXCHANGE FOR A SOUL: A novel. By Mary Linskill. Toronto: National Publishing Company.

This is a good, healthy story, fresh as the sea breezes of Market Yarborough, the fishing town and summer resort, on the English coast, where the scene is laid. Hartas Theyne, the squire's son, a rough, uneducated and uncultured youth, not a whit better than the fisher lads who were his rivals, falls hopelessly in love with Bab Burdas, a fisher catcher. She is quite an ideal character. She is beautiful, pure, intelligent, unselfish and fearless. We hope such characters may be found among the English fisher population; but we have grave doubt of such a perfect woman being found anywhere. Thorhilda Theyne, Hartas' sister, who has been brought up by her aunt, Mrs. Gregory, amid all the refining influences of the rectory, cannot tolerate her brother's contemplated *mésalliance*, and moves heaven and earth to prevent it. Bab herself sees the incongruity of being Thorhilda's sister, and refuses Hartas' suit. The story is made up of storms, and wrecks, and heroism, through all which the threads of Hartas' and Bab's lives become woven together, and are tied up happily and lovingly at the end. Thorhilda nearly gives her soul in exchange to a rich squire, for a marriage contract and three thousand pounds a year, but is so moved, by one of the canon's sermons, that she breaks off her engagement at the last moment and marries the man she loves.

BOHEMIAN DAYS. By Clara Moyses Tadlock. New York: John B. Alden.

Gushing young girls with red guide books are to be found all over Europe, but fortunately they don't all undertake to write books. Life would be hardly worth living if they did. The volume before us, however, is just such a book as the ordinary reader would delight in. It is beautifully bound, profusely illustrated, and gives a very readable account of a voyage round the world, from New York to England, France, Italy, Palestine, China and Japan, and home by Frisco and the Yosemite Valley. It evidently describes a flying visit—just such a race as the majority of American tourists usually make, *doing* Europe in a week, and Asia and Africa in three days, spending the rest of their short holiday on the ocean. There is no information which may not be gathered from a guide book, and the English in which it is written is hardly classical. For instance:—"Everything makes a difference, of course; it's hard to draw the line anywhere. For instance, we know just how glad B would appear to make my acquaintance, if A (who happens to be a good friend of his) had not introduced us; and if he did not seem glad to see me—after all, the sad cast of his countenance might be entirely owing to an attack of indigestion." There is plenty of slipshod English like this; that does not, however, prevent it being a lively and entertaining volume of foreign travel.

THE TWO CHIEFS OF DUNBOY; or, an Irish Romance of the last century. By J. A. Froude. New York: Charles Scribner & Sons; Toronto: Williamson & Co.

Mr. Froude has very decided views on the government of Ireland. These he has set forth very clearly in his history of English rule in that unhappy country. According to him England has never been sufficiently firm. Her

policy has changed with successive administrations. At one time pursuing bold and drastic measures, she has soon shifted, like the wind, to an opposite extreme of weakness. According to Mr. Froude, Cromwell was the only one who knew the secret of successful government. The Two Chiefs of Dunboy, written in the author's well known clear and vigorous style, is a most interesting romance. It paints Irish character and scenery with the bold touches of a master hand. Here is a sketch only too well justified by the revelations of the Cronin murder, and indeed by the history of Irish patriotism in the United States for the last half century:—"I say no more than the truth of them," said Morty, "There never was a plan for a rising in Ireland yet, but what an Irishman was found who would sell the secret of it." We easily recognize the author's views, in hyperbole, in these words which he puts into the mouth of one of his characters:—"My dear cousin, the thing called order, you ought to know by this time, is an exotic one here. It has been imported from England, but it will not grow. It suits neither soil nor climate. What we are to-day we have been for a thousand years, neither worse nor better. If the English wanted order in Ireland they should have left none of us alive. We were but half a million when the Tudor princes began interfering. At that time they might have made a clean sweep, and the world would have been the better for the want of us. We are a beggarly race wherever we go, and what you can't mend you had better end. What ailed the English to be meddling with us at all? We were here before Noah's flood. The breed survived it somehow. As we were before, so we continued, fighting, robbing, burning, breaking each other's heads. But we killed each other down, and nature never meant that there should be more than a few of us in the world; and you English must needs come and keep the peace as you call it, and now there are three millions of us, and by-and-by there will be twenty millions, and fine neighbours we are likely to be to you." The print, paper, and general get up of this last work of Mr. Froude are in Scribner's best style, and that is saying all that is necessary.

OUR UNCLE AND AUNT. By Amarala Martin. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Of all the countries in the world the United States is the place for new religions, new philosophies, and new fads. The author of "Our Uncle and Aunt" writes with a purpose. She is a fierce advocate for Woman's Rights, and she presents her nauseous dose to the public in a sugar-coated pill—a novel. Yet it is hardly a novel either, but a number of crude theories strung together on a thread of narrative. We shall not attempt to follow the plot of the story, if there is one, for the real and the allegorical are so mixed up together as to be slightly confusing, but shall rest satisfied with giving some of the writer's views. And, first, let it be noted that the advocates of Woman's Rights are all ideal wives and mothers, while those who have not adopted this last American fad are slatternly ignorant of the first principles of housekeeping, and succeed pretty well in making husband and children uncomfortable at home. At present, society in the United States is all wrong. If women could vote, it would soon be all right. To show how wrong it is, the very exceptional case of a woman suffering all sorts of indignities from a brutal husband is painted in the most glaring colours. "She suffered every conceivable indignity from the man who had sworn to love and protect her. He had all the vices known to mankind, and not only squandered Edna's money (for he had none) on improper characters, but brought them into her home and forced her to associate with them. Disgusted and horrified by her surroundings, she fled from her accursed home, but was soon overtaken and brought back. The husband instituted suits against parties who sheltered, or, as he expressed it, 'harboured' her, giving her twenty lashes for her insubordination." This Prof. Wolfe marries other women, as it suits his convenience, or betrays them into believing they are married, which is for them not quite the same thing, while it saves him from the clutches of the law. His wife Edna obtains a divorce. Wolfe marries again. Edna is left a fortune, and Wolfe, with an eye to the money, restores her children, which he had claimed under the law, and seeks to gain her favour. To this end, he drags Mrs. Wolfe, No. 2, at dead of night, off to a mad house. This, it seems, he had legally a right to do. As Charley, a lawyer, the husband of narrator, says: "My dear, the husband has unlimited power in this State, no evidence of insanity being required." Clearly, the laws of the United States need amending, but what influence in that direction women may exercise at the polls which they do not exercise already through their husbands, and their general influence on society, it would be hard to determine.

The *Methodist Magazine* contains four articles of travel in foreign lands, and is particularly rich in illustrations. The most important original paper is that furnished by the Hon. John Macdonald, on "Recollections of British Methodism in Toronto. Dr. Stafford, Dr. Carman and the Rev. W. S. Blackstock are other contributors.

The *Cosmopolitan*, with its taking cover of cream and cardinal, presents three striking illustrated articles—"The Eiffel Tower," "Pitcher Plants," and "The American Buonapartes." Gail Hamilton's serial does not develop in interest, and an attempt at novelty in the shape of a Chinese novel fails also to arrest the attention of the jaded July reader, but "Six Feet of Romance," a pretty

illustrated conceit, after the best French manner, will be found interesting, and the editorial departments full of wisdom and humour, as they ought to be, in the hands of George Parsons Lathrop and Edward Everett Hale.

The *English Illustrated* (MacMillan's) contains the conclusion of W. Clark Russell's sea-story "Jenny Harlowe." This serial, while it has not perceptibly added to the brilliant reputation of its gifted author, is still excellently told, and replete with that dramatic charm which characterises all his work. "Recollections of Suakim" is a timely and readable paper, richly illustrated. Hugh Thomson, the quaint artist of a bygone age, gives us a series of pictures founded on a ballad of 1609. The best sustained paper in the number is an elaborate description of the unequalled Marine Laboratory situated at St. Andrews, founded in 1882, and containing on a large scale, everything necessary to the vast and important subject.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for July contains excellent matter and many new names. Foremost among the heavier articles is one entitled "The Problem of Discipline in Higher Education," in which an endeavour is made to prove the existing standard of morality in American Colleges, a very high one, and to suggest means of reformation where, as in many educational centres, the moral teaching is not on a par with the aesthetic and intellectual. The writer, N. S. Shaler, is evidently familiar with College phenomena, and has been a close companion of Howard students for many years. Henry James and Edwin Lasseter Bynner contribute instalments of their serials—not very interesting, by the way, while Sarah Orne Jewett sends a typical New England sketch. A lengthy paper on "Trotting Races," by H. C. Meriom, will be read by specialists in turf matters, but hardly by anyone else. "Books of the Month" are concisely handled, and the initial article on Cicero, by Harriet Waters Preston, is very good reading indeed. The poetry—usually of a high order—is entirely absent this month.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

It is said that Alphonse Daudet thinks of visiting this continent at an early date.

ANDREW CARNEGIE accompanied Mr. Gladstone to North Cape to see the "midnight sun."

MR. THOMAS NAST, the caricaturist, has returned to New York City after a long sojourn in California.

EDNA D. CHENEY has written "The Life of Louisa M. Alcott," her long-time friend. It will be published in the fall.

THE Earl of Fife, who is to marry Princess Louise, of England, is perilously near forty, but looks and acts like a much younger man.

IN London, Robert Louis Stevenson's latest story, "The Wrong Box," is condemned "because he uses a corpse as the motive."

ONE of the steady prize-winners at the amateur photographers' exhibitions in New England is Alice Longfellow, a daughter of the poet.

WILLIAM BLACK is finishing a new novel dealing with theatrical and literary life in London, and describing deer shooting and salmon fishing in the Highlands.

IN the "Knickerbocker Nugget" series is promised "The Boyhood and Youth of Goethe," compiled and arranged from his autobiography, in two volumes.

IT is reported that Mrs. Croly (Jennie June) will shortly begin the publication of a new magazine for women, under the title, "The Woman's Century."

MAX O'RELL has accepted a second invitation to lecture in Canada and the United States. His first appearance will be in January, at Boston, under the auspices of the Press Club.

CHARLES G. LELAND has just recovered from a lingering illness in Italy. He is now at work upon a series of handbooks of the minor arts and industries, which will be published soon.

"IN the Valley of the St. Eustache," a charming short story by Mrs. S. Frances Harrison, is now published in Canada for the first time. We take it from the *American Magazine*, where it originally appeared.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD has had an imperial Persian order conferred upon him, the Shah having recently been made acquainted with Arnold's poem, "With Sa'di in the Garden," published in *THE WEEK* a short time ago.

ACCORDING to the German *Magazine of Stenography* the proceedings of the Japanese Parliament are reported *verbatim* by means of a stenographic system original in Japan. The characters are written in perpendicular rows from right to left.

THE July number of *Blackwood's* will contain a story by Mr. Oscar Wilde on the subject of Shakespeare's sonnets. Mr. Wilde will put forward an entirely new theory as to the identity of the mysterious Mr. W. H. of the famous preface.

AMONG the ministers who travel with the Shah is Mohammed Hassan Khan Ekbalus Saltane. He is chief of the Press. He not only supervises all publications in Persia, but himself edits four papers, the *Ivan*, the *Estela*, the *Echo of Persia*, and the illustrated *Scherev*. He has

also written some histories, and conducts a bureau for the translation of European books and papers into Persian.

In the July issues of the leading English reviews Mr. Gladstone contributes to the *Nineteenth Century* an article entitled "Plain Speaking on the Irish Union." Mr. Gosse writes on Edward Fitzgerald, the translator of "Omar Khayyam," in the *Fortnightly*, and Walter Besant describes the first society of British authors (1843) in the *Contemporary Review*. This latter periodical will contain, in addition to other notable articles, a paper on jewels and dress by Mrs. Haweis, and one on Thomas Hardy by J. M. Barrie.

EVERY one knows the story of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" going the round of the publishers and being altogether refused as an impossible book, writes J. Ashby-Sterry from London to the *May Book Buyer*, but, perchance, few people are aware we have an instance of the same kind of more recent date. When "John Inglesant" was written, the author sent it to many publishers, and it was as often returned, with the intimation that nothing could be done with it. At last a publisher was found who, in addition to sending back the manuscript, ventured to tender a little advice. He said that as a commercial speculation the work was altogether hopeless, but if the writer was burning to see himself in print the best course was to have fifty copies printed at his own expense and distributed among his friends. This advice was taken, and one of these copies fell into the hands of a publisher, who straightway read it, and thereupon made arrangements with the author for its publication. It is needless to say what a success the book eventually became. Probably this was all through the thing being printed. Such an instance should prove an important point in the countless advertisements of the professors of type-writing. I was looking at one of these fifty private copies the other day. It has now become a rare book, commanding a big price.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE

THE QUEST OF GOLD.

INDEPENDENT researches in many parts of the world have conclusively shown that much so-called "alluvial" gold has not been deposited by flowing water, but by water in its solid form, viz., by glaciers. In British Columbia, in the Northwest Territory of Canada, in Nova Scotia, and in New Zealand are many gold placers formed by glacial action. In North Carolina, Professor Kerr, the State geologist, attributes square miles of auriferous gravels to "frost drift" or "earth glaciers," i. e., to the effects of repeated frost and thaw in decomposing the rocks, and then by alternate expansion and contraction causing their detritus to rearrange its component parts. Even in tropical Brazil, the golden *canga* represents what is left of the glacial moraines and *debris* of a past geological epoch. Finally, to come nearer home, gold is found in the "till" on the flanks of the celebrated Lead hills of Scotland. Quite recently it has been claimed that some of the Californian "gravels" are not gravels in the true sense of the word, but that they are partly due to mud volcanoes, much of the accumulated matters being angular instead of rounded, as they are in riverine deposits.

Whatever the means by which the placer gold has been conveyed to its present bed, it can only have had one source—mineral veins. At one time it was the fashion to suppose that vein gold would be found only in quartz rocks of Silurian age, but though such formations do afford a large proportion of vein gold, there are many other minerals which carry gold—notably calcite—and scarcely a rock formation in which one could safely predict its absence. As to how the gold got into the mineral veins there are many plausible theories—in solution, by decomposition, by condensation of vapours, etc. Probably all these may have had their share in its production. Certain it is that gold has been found in solution in sea water, and in native crystals, in the pores of lava which has been ejected within historic times.

Vein mining entails greater expense than gravel mining, because the underground workings are more extensive and more difficult, and when the vein stuff has been mined, the hidden gold can only be got out by the aid of costly machinery, designated to execute in a few hours that which, if left to natural agencies, would occupy many years. Thus a percentage of gold that would be remunerative in a placer would not pay in a vein, but veins are more enduring, and now afford the chief supplies of the precious metal.

When all the circumstances are favourable, gold mining and milling are sufficiently simple operations, but a vast number of enemies arise to trouble the mill man. Two of the worst are known as "float gold" and "floured mercury," and so many shareholders have been robbed of their dividends by these obstructive agents that they will probably be glad to know something of their birth and history. It must be told, then, that sometimes the gold occurs in particles so infinitesimally minute that they will actually float on running water, and thus get carried away with the refuse, despite all contrivances devised to arrest them. In the case of vein gold, this evil is often increased by the hammering action of the stamps, which flattens the grains and augments their buoyancy. By the stamping process also the surfaces of the grains get covered with a silicious coat, due to impalpable quartz powder which is hammered into the yielding metal. This skin prevents proper contact between the gold and the mercury, hence such grains escape amalgamation; even gold which has been simply ham-

mered shows, for some inscrutable reason, a very reduced affinity for mercury. Much gold is naturally coated with oxide of iron, or contaminated with a talcose mineral, or with shale oil, or with steatitic matter, all which are more or less inimical. Even dirty water used in the mill will cause an objectionable sliminess which must be guarded against. Then no ore is quite free from sulphurets (compounds of sulphur with the base metals—iron, copper, lead, zinc, antimony), which rapidly destroy the activity of the mercury by dulling its surface and causing it to break into tiny particles, known as "flouring" or "sickening." Frequently these sulphurets form a considerable portion of the product and contain much of the gold, whose extraction from them is no longer a mere mechanical process, but involves roasting, treating with chemical solutions, and other intricate and delicate operations known to metallurgists. Many a mine really depends for its success upon the adoption of the most suitable method for dealing with the sulphurets, and that method is not always discovered in time to save the company from liquidation.

Sufficient has been said to show that modern gold mining is a highly scientific industry, demanding capital and skill. A rich ore is by no means synonymous with large profits. The presence of gold is a necessary element of success, but equally essential elements are the tractable character of the ore, the situation of the mine, the supply of water and fuel, and the labour question. The problem is a commercial one, how much gold can be got from a ton of ore, and at what cost? To illustrate this by one example. Many mines assaying over 1 ounce (20 pennyweights) of gold per ton have failed to pay. On the other hand, a well known Australian mine since 1857 has raised over a million tons of quartz, the bulk of which averaged only 6½ dwt. per ton, and some less than 4 dwt., yet it has yielded gold to a value approaching two million pounds sterling, and has repaid the original capital many times over in dividends.

One of the great charms of gold mining and investment is that the market value of the product is constant, there are no fluctuations in the price of gold as there are in other metals, hence a soundly established undertaking can never fail through depressed markets. Only get your gold, and it will sell itself.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

IN "GALLIC BONDS."

WHAT troops there be that, nowadays,
With Rondelets and Virelais,
Roundels, Ballads, and Villanelles,
With Royal Chants, and Kyrielles,
And Rondels, seek the meed of praise!

Of those who in old Gallic ways
Try Triolets, and voices raise
In songs that sounds like tinkling bells,
What troops there be!

If few there wander in the maze
Of the Sestina—scarce it pays
For all the toil that it compels
Of those that yield them to the spells
Of the Rondeau that bards nigh craze.
What troops there be!

W. L. Shoemaker in the Critic.

SPEAK KINDLY OF THE JEWS.

THEY are law abiding citizens, friends of public schools, loyal to our institutions, and enemies of disorder. We have never heard of a Jewish Anarchist, or of one being engaged in a mob. It is rarely the case that a Jew is arrested for being a tramp, a wife-beater, a drunkard, or a pick-pocket. Christians have no reason for hatred of the Jews. Jesus and the Apostles were Jews. Paul was a Jew, and many of the greatest ministers and scholars of the Christian Church in the early ages were Jews. We call to mind Sir Moses Montefiore, the great philanthropist; Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, Sir George Jessel, one of England's most eminent judges; and others of great worth and great prominence. What Christian can ever forget our debt of gratitude to such men as Neander, Edersheim, Delitzsch, and Jacoby, the apostle of German Methodism. It is most unseemly thing for a Christian to manifest vulgar race prejudice in this age. We should rather take pleasure in doing justice to the race of Israel.—*The San Francisco Christian Advocate*.

PATRIOTISM AND POETRY.

IN this fellowship of Patriotism and Poetry there is nothing extraordinary. Patriotism, while a moral, is also largely an imaginative passion. If it is to bring forth worthy fruit it must become more than this, wedding itself with reason and walking in the ways of duty; but without imagination a man can hardly even take in the idea of country and of nation. He has no difficulty in appreciating the claims of a clan, which is but a family expanded, or of sympathising with a class whose well-being is identified with his own; but the idea of a nation is a vaster thing than these, and he who grasps it has to blend in a single conception countless thoughts and associations that come to him from remote tracts and distant periods. A nation is a unity which includes a vast plurality, many members with diverse functions, and yet a common life and common interest. It comprises whole races which in early

days strove against each other on many a battle-field, yet whose remoter descendants were destined, from geographical or other necessities, to become amalgamated. Looking back on history the thoughtful patriot discerns not merely its accidental confusions, but under them a latent meaning and a providential purpose. Petty resentments then give place to a sounder love of country, and the lesson of history is peace. How otherwise could a common country exist for the children of Provence and Brittany, or for those of Austria and Hungary? The true patriot remembers the past and his wrongs, where wrongs have existed, but only to teach the lesson they bequeath and pay a tribute to the suffering heroism of ancient days, not to forge bolts of vengeance, when there is no longer a head upon which they can justly fall. True patriotic love is not a vindictive passion—it is a magnanimous one; it is not a vainglorious assumption that a single nation has absorbed all the virtues, and that all other nations consist of "barbarians" as the Greeks, or of "hostes" as the Romans, called them. It is not an aggressive impulse; on the contrary, the aspiration of the patriot is that his country should be justly looked up to as the founder and sustainer of virtuous civilization in all lands. Patriotism is not a blind affection; it sees clearly the faults of the country loved, and cares little for its praise and much for the fulfilment of its highest vocation. It is not self-love dilated, but the extinction of self-love in an affection the largest known to man except that inspired by religion. The love of country blends the loyal devotedness of filial love with the discrimination, often painful, of love parental; and yet that love, far from obliterating, quickens in him who feels it the love which he owes to his neighbour, and the reverence due to total humanity.—*Aubrey de Vere in Essays, chiefly Literary and Political*.

THE WORLD'S SUPPLY OF FUEL.

AT the present rate of consumption the known anthracite of America will be exhausted within a few decades, the known bituminous coal fields of the Carboniferous within a few centuries, and the vast bituminous coal beds of the Cretaceous in the Rocky Mountain region within a millennium or two; and since the rate of consumption is ever increasing, the entire available stock of fixed carbons in this and other explored countries must melt away within a few centuries. Some coal fields in this and other countries unquestionably remain to be discovered; magnificent possibilities lie within the little-explored areas of South America, Africa, and Asia; but the surface and the sediments of the earth have been examined so thoroughly as to prove that the final exhaustion of the coals can not be far off. To the geologist, who regards each coal-forming period as an epoch, the immeasurably shorter period of coal consumption is but a fleeting episode in the history of the earth—an episode so brief as to require multiplication by millions in order to be made commensurable with the terms of geochrony. With the growth of population and the ever-increasing control of natural forces by human intelligence, food sources multiply while the sources of mineral fuel remain unrenewed; and were there no other source than the fixed carbons of the coal seams and lignite beds, the prospect for the future would be gloomy indeed. But while the stock of fixed carbons is so limited that its exhaustion is becoming a serious menace, the stock of bitumens in the rocks of the earth is practically unlimited. It is true that gas and oil are but sparsely disseminated through the strata; it is true that under existing commercial conditions they can be successfully exploited only where accumulated in exceptional volume; but, despite the extravagant waste of gas accompanying the process, oil was economically extracted before the great natural reservoirs were discovered, and with the increasing values following exhaustion of these reservoirs, the limits to improvement in methods of extraction and to material extractable are indefinitely remote. The rocks are as inexhaustible a source of hydrocarbons as the soil is of carbohydrates, and under suitable *stimuli* bountiful nature will probably give forth the one as lavishly as the other. Rock gas and related bitumens are the fuels and illuminants of the future; upon them, in conjunction with the foods extracted from the soil and the wheals, we must depend for the energy by which the wheels of future progress will be kept in motion.—*Prof. W. J. McGee, in the Forum for July*.

A SIMPLE DEVICE TO WIPE OUT POVERTY.

IN *The North American Review* for July, the Rev. James B. Wasson suggests to Dr. McGlynn and Henry George a method of abolishing poverty in about two centuries and a half, by the simple device of investing \$10,000, and let it go on increasing at compound interest for that length of time. The results are startling. He says: "Assuming that, when put out at compound interest, the principle doubles itself every fifteen years,—no very extravagant assumption,—the ten thousand dollars invested in 1629 would to-day amount to the inconceivably enormous sum of One Hundred and Eighty-four Billions, Two Hundred and Seven Millions, Three Hundred and Sixty Thousand Dollars! And this sum invested at the rate of 4 per cent. would yield an annual income of Seven Billions, Three Hundred and Sixty-four Millions, Two Hundred and Twenty-four Thousand, Four Hundred Dollars, which sum, be it remembered, would be available every year in perpetuity for the "noble but misty objects of the Anti-Poverty Society."

THE RIGOROUS RULE OF PETER THE GREAT.

THE beard was at one time considered as the symbol of what was uncivilized and barbarous, and so convinced was Peter the Great that this was the case, that he was relentless in forbidding public officials to be unshaven. The rule gradually became relaxed in practice, but it was not until the year 1815 that a decree was issued permitting the officers and soldiers of the army, except the Imperial Guard, to wear their beards when on service. I transfer the following circumstantial and therefore interesting account of this act of the great ruler of Russia, from an article in *Scribner's* of 1880: Decrees were issued that all Russians, the clergy excepted, should shave, but those who preferred to keep their beards were allowed to do so on condition of paying a yearly tax, fixed at a kopek (one penny, for the peasantry, and varying from thirty to a hundred rubles, from £12 to £42, a ruble being worth at that time about 8s. 4d.) for the other classes, the merchants, as being the richest and most conservative, paying the highest sum. On the payment of this duty they received a bronze token, which they were obliged to wear about their necks, and to renew yearly. Many were willing to pay this very high tax in order to keep their beards, but most of them conformed to the Tsar's wishes, some through policy, some through terror of having their beards (in a merry humour) pulled out by the roots, or taken so roughly off that some of the skin went with them. The Tsar would allow no one to be near him who did not shave. Perry writes: "About this time the Tsar came down to Veronezh, where I was then on service, and a great many of my men who had worn their beards all their lives were now obliged to part with them, amongst whom one of the first I met with, just coming from the hands of the barber, was an old Russ carpenter that had been with me at Camisbinka, who was a very good workman with his hatchet, and whom I always had a friendship for. I jested a little with him on this occasion, telling him that he was becoming a young man, and asked him what he had done with his beard. Upon which he put his hand in his bosom and pulled it out and showed it to me; further telling me that when he came home, he would lay it up to have it put in his coffin and buried along with him, that he might be able to give an account of it to St. Nicholas when he came to the other world, and that all his other brothers (meaning his fellow-workmen who had been shaved that day) had taken the same care."

CHILD MARRIAGE IN INDIA.

THE child-marriage question still continues to hold a prominent place in the public eye in India. Writing upon the subject recently, Ragoonath, the late Minister of the Maharajah Holkar, makes the following statements: "A man aged 47 years, who was lately defendant before the court of a magistrate, charged with having ill-treated a child-wife, eight or nine years of age, wanted to go away from the locality, and applied to the British police for a guard to enable him to leave the place and to take the minor with him without fear of interference from her parents. The British people's representatives in India escorted a closed carriage, in which were seated this man and the girl minor, prevented the parents from approaching their child, and kept them off till the man had carried her away from her parents to a place about 1,000 miles away from the scene. I appeal to the people of Great Britain to say whether such conduct on the part of their agents in India meets their approval. Not content with countenancing slavery, they afford material and powerful help to the rich and influential owner of the slave, and enable him, under the rules of law and morality now in force in India, to deport a child from the proper guardianship of her father and mother. Such acts as these are, in the opinion of Sir J. Gorst, efforts to correct the evils of infant marriage. If this child had been the offspring of an Englishman and the scene London, would the British people have tolerated such conduct on the part of the British police?"—*Colonies and India*.

THE LADY DOCTORS OF INDIA.

IN India lady doctors are now familiar to us, and although at first they may have been somewhat ridiculed by those who could not appreciate their value, they are fast making their presence felt for good in almost every corner of the land. So far as the native women of this country are concerned, it is gratifying to note that their success in all branches of college education is progressing to the entire satisfaction of their professors. Not only have they proved themselves to be generally well fitted for the arduous duties attendant on medical studies, but they have, in some cases, succeeded beyond all ordinary expectation. Bombay, Madras, the North-West Provinces, and the Punjab, all return flattering reports on the subject, and when we say that a class of female students can average over 700 marks out of 1,000 in a surgical examination, as we hear has recently been the case, little can be said against their power of skill or aptitude for gaining knowledge in one of the most important branches of the medical profession. Indeed, it appears not unlikely that women in India may prove themselves by no means inferior to men in most branches of the practice of medicine if the progress made by native females in hospital work may be taken as a criterion. In many cases they have proved themselves superior to male students in college examinations, and in no way behind them in application, power of

reasoning, and resource. The fact that much of their success is due to the great interest taken in their studies by their lecturers and professors is not without a certain special significance.—*Overland Mail*.

THE TRANSFORMATION.

WHEN Love was young it asked for wings,
That it might still be roaming;
And away it sped, by fancy led,
Through dawn, and noon, and gloaming.
Each daintiness that blooms and blows
It wooed in honeyed meter,
And when it won the sweetest sweet,
It flew off to a sweeter;
When Love was young.

When Love was old, it craved for rest,
For home, for hearth, and heaven;
For quiet talks round sheltered walks,
And long lawns smoothly shaven.
And what Love sought, at last it found,
A roof, a porch, a garden,
And from a fond unquestioning heart
Peace, sympathy and pardon;
When Love was old.

—Austin Dobson.

DANCING WITH THE UNITED KINGDOM.

DR. SHARK is a gentleman who believes in the rational treatment of patients in his private lunatic asylum. He gives them picnics in summer, and balls in winter, and plenty of amusement all the year round. Taking one consideration with another I should imagine that lunacy, under these conditions, is rather a pleasant thing. I always look forward to the dances he gives, for after considerable experience I have come to the conclusion that idiotic partners are rather less idiotic than the commonplace misses one meets with at ordinary balls. She was sitting in a corner of the ballroom toying with a fan—a large and massive woman whom one would no more have suspected of being insane than of being consumptive. I asked the doctor to introduce me, for I admire fine women. He did so, and I sat down beside her. We spoke about the weather, as new acquaintances will. She was perfectly rational on that point, at any rate. She thought it was appalling. I mentioned casually that I had been to Torquay for a brief holiday. "Do you know it?" I asked. "Oh yes—there it is," she replied. I looked in the direction in which she pointed, and saw a rather extensive foot incased in a dancing-shoe. "That is Land's End," she said, reflectively, indicating the place where the little toe of her right foot might be supposed to lie, "and that is the Lizard there. I am the United Kingdom, you know," she added with a quiet dignity that seemed to presume I knew it. I bowed in silence. It was a colossal idea, and not to be comprehended all at once. "That is the North Foreland over there," she went on, tapping her left foot. "I have had some trouble with it lately; and oh," and her voice became plaintive, "I was so afraid they were going to take Ireland from me," and she glanced affectionately at her left arm. I thought it better that we should join in the dance, for these geographical confidences threatened to become embarrassing. So I put my arm round the top of Lincolnshire and the base of Yorkshire, and as far into Lancashire as I could get (for her waist was more than eighteen inches), and we danced. "My ear is burning so; I am afraid there must be a storm somewhere on the coast of Aberdeen," were the last words I heard her say as I led her to a seat.—*London Figaro*.

LET the newspaper writers for one day omit the list of crimes, and devote their undoubted energy to gathering occurrences creditable to human nature. The result might show that we of this generation are not so destitute of the homely virtues of the fathers as we are made to appear.—*The Congregationalist*.

THIRTY years after being painted, Millet's famous work, "The Angelus," sold lately in Paris, as the cable informs us, at the opening of the great Secretan picture sale for \$110,600, the highest price ever paid for a modern painting, and over \$50,000 more than was ever paid for a modern work at auction. And yet, so strange is fate to men of genius, the painter, who died but fourteen years ago, after a life in which the struggle against poverty was almost continuous, bound himself the year after he produced this masterpiece to give up all his work for three years for an allowance of \$2,400 a year. During Millet's lifetime when "The Angelus," for which he had received but \$500, sold for \$10,000, he modestly spoke of the price as a sensational one and disclaimed all responsibility for the transaction. And now, when his widow is unable to keep over head the roof of the Barbizon cottage that was his, the government of his country buy his most famous work after a spirited competition with Americans for far more than he ever earned in his sad lifetime.—*New York Herald*.

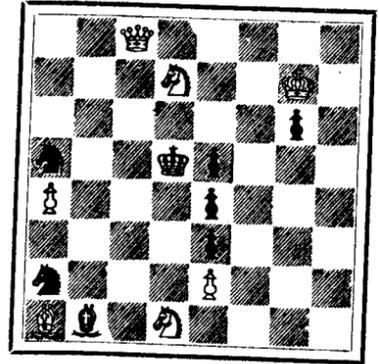
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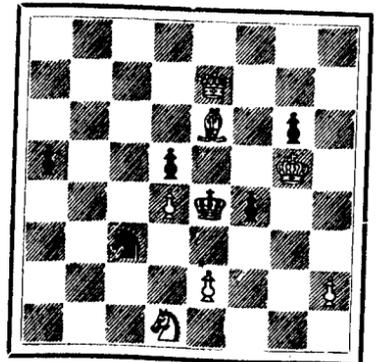


WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 374.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 367.
B-R 1

No. 368.

- | | |
|-----------------|------------------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. Kt-Q 4 | K x Kt at Q 5 |
| 2. Q-Q B 2 | moves |
| 3. B mates. | |
| 2. B-R 5 | If 1. P x Kt |
| 3. Kt-B 6 mate. | P-Q 6 |
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2. Kt-Q B 3	Kt-Q B 3	18. Kt-Kt 5	Kt-Kt 3
3. P-B 4	P x P	19. B-Q 3	B-Q 2
4. Kt-B 3	P-K Kt 4	20. Kt x B P	R-Q B 1
5. P-K R 4	P-Kt 5	21. P-K 5 +	B-B 4
6. Kt-Kt 5	P-K R 3	22. Kt-K 6	Kt x Q P
7. Kt x B P	K x Kt	23. R-K 1	Kt-Kt 5
8. P-Q 4	P-B 6	24. B x B +	Kt x B
9. P x P	B-K 2	25. P-Q B 3	Q-K 1
10. B-B 4 +	K-Kt 2	26. P x Kt	B x R P
11. B-K 3	P-Q 3	27. Kt-Kt 5 +	K-R 3
12. P-K B 4	P-K R 4	28. Q-Q 3	Q-B 3 +
13. P-Q 5	Kt-Kt 1	29. K-Kt 1	Q-K 3 +
14. Castles	Kt-K R 3	30. K-R 1	Q-B 3 +
15. B-Q 4 +	K-R 2	31. K-Kt 1	Q-Kt 3 +
16. B x R	Q x B		Drawn.

MACKEREL are remarkably scarce this summer in the North Atlantic waters. The catch of the last three or four years has been very small, and the present season bids fair to maintain the discouraging record. Though fishing has been in progress less than a month the ocean has been very widely prospected, and unfavourable reports come from the whole stretch of the coast from Chesapeake Bay to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. When it is considered that the falling off came about suddenly, and has now extended through several seasons, the matter must attract even more attention. In 1883 the New England fleet landed 226,685 barrels of salt mackerel; in 1884, 478,076; in 1885, 229,943; in 1886, 79,998; in 1887, 88,382; and in 1888, only 48,205.—*Bradstreet's*.

THE death of Edward Quinn, a foreman in the dynamo rooms of Brush Station, on Elizabeth Street, throws a painful light upon the question of inflicting the death penalty by electricity. Perfectly capable, and absolutely trustworthy, Foreman Quinn became the victim of a shock powerful enough to have killed a dozen men. Yet his death was not instantaneous, though the full force of the shock was exerted upon his brain. It was ten minutes before his heart stopped beating. His cheek where the wire had touched it was burnt to the bone, and his whole face was as if it had been exposed to fire. This accident makes still more serious the doubt whether the infliction of the death penalty by means of electricity is as yet either scientific or painless.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

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On two occasions, during the past twenty years, a humor in the scalp caused my hair to fall out. Each time, I used Ayer's Hair Vigor and with gratifying results. This preparation checked the hair from falling, stimulated its growth, and healed the humors, rendering my scalp clean and healthy. — T. P. Drummond, Charlestown, Va.

About five years ago my hair began to fall out. It became thin and lifeless, and I was certain I should be bald in a short time. I began to use Ayer's Hair Vigor. One bottle of this preparation caused my hair to grow again, and it is now as abundant and vigorous as ever. — C. E. Sweet, Gloucester, Mass.

I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for years, and, though I am now fifty-eight years old, my hair is as thick and black as when I was twenty. This preparation creates a healthy growth of the hair, keeps it soft and pliant, prevents the formation of dandruff, and is a perfect hair dressing. — Mrs. Malcolm B. Sturtevant, Attleborough, Mass.

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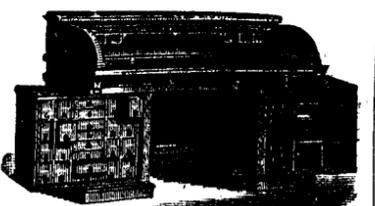
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