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The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY AND LITERATURE
Edited by W. PHILIP ROBINSON.

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TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

CARDWELL and E. Durham are safe Tory constituencies, so that little can be inferred from the result of their elections. But so far as we have observed there has been a total absence of any sign of a Grit reaction. In politics, as in mechanics, it is impossible to move anything without a motive power, and motive power at present, we must repeat, the leaders of the Opposition have none. To give utterance to this is, in extreme Grit quarters, evidently regarded as treason, and as the betrayal of a desire to play insidiously into the hands of the Tory Government. We wish we were a tenth part as free from liability to err as we are from any such design. We are avowed sceptics on the subject of Party Government, but for practical purposes we must take things as they are, and so long as the system remains in force a strong Opposition will be indispensable; the rule of an unchecked and irresponsible majority being of all forms of government about the worst. Irrespectively, therefore, of any question of policy between the two parties, and simply in order to restore the balance necessary to the safe working of the machine, we should be glad to see the Opposition greatly strengthened. We should say the same if the Government were Grit and the Opposition Tory. But the fact is that nothing can be more misplaced, so far as we are concerned, than imputations of underhand complicity with the policy of those at present in power. We no more desire than does any Grit to see the country forever governed by such agencies as the present, the earnings of the people wasted by scores of millions on the enterprises of a chimerical Imperialism, the Government dominated by French influence, and the people cut off by a perverse fiscal system from their natural markets and from the commercial life of their own continent, or a branch of the Legislature reduced to a mere regiment of retainers. Our counsel, therefore, whatever it may be worth in other respects, is at all events sincere. To pile up eulogistic superlatives about the character and the eloquence of the leader of the Opposition is of little use: nobody questions the truth of the panegyric, but the people are not moved. Nothing will move the people but the prospect of substantial advantage to be gained by a change of Government. Our own opinion has been expressed, that the removal of the Customs Line is the one great

practical object now before us, and that a resolute movement in that direction would evoke sympathies, now suppressed for lack of leadership, on all sides. But whether this, or the Reform of the Senate, or anything else, be the object selected, it must be frankly and decidedly taken up, steadily pressed, and thoroughly worked into the mind of the people: merely to place an opinion on record in the archives of Hansard is of no avail. Sign of a cabal against the leader of the Opposition, or of a desire to run him down, we can discern none: but undoubtedly there are among his followers a growing impatience of inactivity, weariness of a merely critical attitude, and a desire, after beating time so long, to hear the order to march.

THE paper of "Observer" in our last number on "Political Pauperism in Quebec" may be regarded as a cry of agony from a political interest which finds itself in danger of annihilation. In danger of annihilation the British interest in Quebec undoubtedly appears to be, and the political apathy which a writer in a Montreal journal was deploring the other day must be regarded not as a passing chill but as the probable precursor of death. The French Canadians, like the Irish, multiply with extraordinary rapidity; the Church which is common to both encourages early marriage as an antidote to vice, and the habits of the people being, to say the least, simple in an extreme degree, no social pride or family prudence forbids the bans. Statistics given by an American journal the other day show that in New England the marriage rate and the birth rate have greatly decreased, and we may be sure that among the British of Quebec, if they have not decreased, they are low compared with those which prevail among the people of the poorer and less luxurious race. The remnant of British population at Quebec is isolated and menaced with submersion by the advancing tide. In the Eastern Townships it is said that the French element gains ground, and it is even overflowing Ontario, as well as the Northern States, to the people of which its anti-vaccinating propensity is a source of considerable alarm. In the western part of Montreal British Commerce holds its ground, but it is being surrounded and isolated like the British population of Quebec. Had the conqueror used his power on the morrow of his victory the whole of Canada might have become British. The forces of an entire British continent, again, might have sufficed for assimilation, but those of British Canada alone have proved totally inadequate to the task. Socially the relations between the two races appear to be kindly enough, and to fulfil the mute exhortation of the monument which bears on one side the name of Wolfe and on the other that of Montcalm. Politically the French are not so much hostile as alien, having a nationality, interests, sympathies and aspirations of their own. The political pauperism of which "Observer" complains is the almost inevitable adjunct of the elective system in a community which has not a wealthy class, and in which politics, if taken up at all, must be taken up as a trade. All this has been pointed out before; but Montreal seems just now to be acutely sensible of its danger. Tempting wealth and political impotence, with the taxing power in alien hands, must certainly be said to constitute a somewhat critical situation. What will be the ultimate effect of political helotage upon the commercial security and prosperity of Montreal? This is a question which has an interest for all Montrealers, and a pathetic interest for the Montreal Tories, who by supporting Governments based on the French interest have done their best to promote French ascendancy and the political downfall of their own race.

It is neither revolutionary feeling nor want of affection for the Mother Country that leads us to deprecate once more the bestowal of titles by the Home Government on Canadian politicians. Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Blake declined knighthood, as we are always bound in gratitude to remember, and their refusal showed a just sense of what was due to their own country. That public honour should come from the community which the statesman serves and from no other source is a part, and not an unimportant part, of self-government. Downing Street, in ignorance or under the influence of its own party sympathies, may stamp with approval by the bestowal of conduct which the Canadian people would condemn. When General Middleton, a British officer, is knighted for services which are

purely military, no interference with Canadian politics is involved. But interference with Canadian politics is involved when the same mark of approbation is bestowed on a member of a party government. Opinion among us is, to say the least, divided, as to the judgment which ought to be passed on the conduct of our Government in relation to the rebellion in the North-West. That some degree of responsibility attached to it for inattention to the grievances out of which the rebellion arose is the conviction probably of most Canadians, while many believe that it was altogether to blame. Whether the Minister of Militia individually administered his office with signal ability is still an open question, and an open question it will remain till the bills have all come in. There are reports, credited by many, of great waste and jobbery in the commissariat and transport departments. The mere despatch of half-a-dozen regiments to the scene of action can hardly be deemed in itself an extraordinary display of administrative ability on the part of any minister of war. Whatever the truth may be, the decision ought to rest with the community which Mr. Caron served. The bestowal of a Grand Cross on the Tory Prime Minister of Canada was intended no doubt as a general compliment to Canadians, but in its practical effect it was an interference in a party conflict on the side of the party in power. In Great Britain the head of the Government is responsible for recommendations to peerages or knight-hoods, and his action may be challenged in Parliament; in our case all is done irresponsibly and behind the scenes. To win the approbation of his own community a man must display some high qualities and render some public service; but titles are not seldom the fruit of assiduous solicitation and of arts which are of little value to the community. Canada has acquired the right of making her own laws and of regulating her own tariff; to complete her measure of freedom she will have to acquire the right of being to her own statesmen the fountain of honour.

It is not necessary, we hope, for well-wishers to the Canadian Pacific to show their good-will by vilifying the Grand Trunk. The Grand Trunk has been all these years the great highway of this country, the source of incalculable benefits to our commerce, and an indispensable instrument of our general development. It was built, at a period of chimerical hopes, on far too expensive a scale; it was plundered not a little, and fortunes were made out of the spoils: it underwent consequently a season of deep depression, and was for some time in a deplorable condition. Yet it has done for us far more than has been done by any other road or any other work of the Dominion. For Old Canada it has done far more than any other road is likely to do. The Canadian Pacific, if the hopes entertained about it are fulfilled, may do great things for the North-West and for the Empire: for Old Canada, though her money has constructed it, it can do but little. It will simply carry past her the harvests of the North-West; its only effect upon her will be the depreciation, perhaps the fatal depreciation, of her produce. The daily assailants of the Grand Trunk, to excite prejudice against it, tell us that it is not a Canadian road, most of the stock being owned in England. Much of the Canadian Pacific stock is owned in England, and the Syndicate included firms in London, Paris, New York and Amsterdam. At a time when Canada had not the means of building a great railway for herself, the Grand Trunk was built by British investors, who lost all their money, for our benefit; that is about the upshot of the transaction; and, though people who lose their money in a speculation may not be entitled to gratitude, it is hard that they should be regarded with special bitterness and treated with injustice. The Grand Trunk has had to fight for its life against an adversary who has attacked it with an immense force of Dominion subsidies and influence. We are neutrals in the railway war and have no desire to pass judgment on the acts of either party. But when we see attempts made to excite prejudice against the Grand Trunk we cannot help saying that old services ought not to be forgotten.

GENERAL MIDDLETON'S last service is his good-humoured and pleasant repression of the unfortunate wrangle which had arisen about the conduct of different officers and their shares of glory at Batoche. Nothing is more notorious than that nobody who has been engaged in a battle is ever able to give a clear account of it. It is equally certain also that even brave men, often lose their heads in the excitement. Men lost their heads at Waterloo, but, all having gone well, the Duke put a veto on inquiry. All went well at Batoche. And now there is, we think, a general conviction that about enough has been said upon this subject. The Half-breeds actually in arms, according to the highest estimates, were not more than seven hundred and they probably fell far short of that number; in their ranks there stood boys and aged men; they were armed largely with smooth-bores and were short of ammunition for their better weapons; artillery they had none; Lord

Melgund describes them as incapable of any military enterprise or operation beyond the mere defence of their hamlet. We bore down upon them with the force of a nation of five millions under skilled commanders and provided with all the engines of modern war. The revolt was dangerous principally because it might have led to a general rising of the Indians. That peril was happily averted. To all who bore a part in quelling the disturbance our gratitude was due and was paid in unstinted measure. But self-respect forbids us to crow very loudly or very long.

WE find some of our friends saying that they see the force of our objections to the Scott Act, but that they still think they may be obliged to vote for it because saloon drinking and treating are evils for which no other remedy has been yet proposed. Saloon drinking and treating are evils, as we heartily admit, though a leading organ of Prohibition in this city was congratulating itself the other day on their decrease. But legislation of the Scott Act kind is no remedy at all. Not only is it no remedy; it has been proved by experience, repeated and decisive, to be an aggravation of the disease. In Maine, in Vermont, in Iowa, and everywhere else, the only result has been the substitution of an illicit for a licensed trade, of uncontrolled for controlled drinking-houses, and of the den for the saloon. "I have recently visited Iowa," says a private correspondent of *Harper's Weekly*, "and observed the working there of Prohibition: it means in the cities free liquor, it means not only free liquor but unregulated taverns." Surely rather than adopt legislation which only makes bad worse, common sense bids us abstain from legislation altogether and trust to the moral forces which, seconded by the warnings of medical science, have already wrought an immense improvement, and in which, after all, must be our chief trust. But it is not the fact that no legislative remedy other than the Scott Act is proposed. Liberal Temperance men propose to legislate for the discouragement of whiskey, the sale of which by the glass is the principal source of evil, leaving free the use of more wholesome drinks. They also propose strict inspection as a safeguard against adulteration. This is a perfectly definite policy, though it has not yet been formulated in an Act of Parliament, nor could, indeed, well be comprised in a single Act. It is the very opposite of the policy embodied in the Scott Act, which by making the whole trade contraband would infallibly promote the drinking of whiskey as the liquor most easily smuggled because it contains the largest amount of alcohol in proportion to its bulk. Liberal Temperance also, it must be remembered, retains the License Laws, with the regulation of taverns, which Prohibition in Iowa, and everywhere else, practically repeals. The Liberal Temperance platform is as clearly before us as if it had been embodied in a Bill: indeed its principle was embodied in the Senate amendments to the Scott Act. It will not be, therefore, for want of an alternative if any of our friends vote against their own better judgment for legislation which experience has condemned.

DEVOTEES of the Scott Act are very angry if anybody says a light word about their holy cause. They have got into the habit of absolutely identifying their own plan for promoting Temperance with Temperance itself, and they do not see that when Bishop Berkeley proposed to cure the diseases of all the world with tar water, people might smile at the panacea without being either indifferent to health or disrespectful to the best of Bishops. But they also overlook the fact that the Children of Evil are constantly receiving such provocation in the shape of menace and invective that they really show less than their Satanic nature if their only retorts are jests. No sooner does any one avow himself an opponent of Prohibition than his moral principles are impeached and he is treated as if he had sold himself to the Power of Evil. In the *New York Witness*, which is connected, we believe, with the highly-respected journal of the same name at Montreal, we find the following communication:—

A CALL TO ARMS.

My heart is in Ohio. My chief is the Rev. Dr. Leonard. My principle, Prohibition. The battle is put in array; now for the issue. On the one side are God and the kind-hearted; on the other the corrupt politicians and the rum-sellers. Who doubts the result? Those without faith. I call upon God's children, the readers of the *Witness*, to pour into the State of Ohio letters, leaflets and literature, to help the patriots and Christians of that State in their struggle with the powers of darkness. I'll do my share. Ballots are full of force and reason; let them fall in by the half million for home and country. Nehemiah defied and defeated the Sanballats of his time with the sword in one hand and the trowel in the other. With equal determination, and after his example, let us smite the modern Sanballats who would destroy our country and dishonour God with the sword of Prohibition and trowel of moral suasion. The base politician and his ally, the rum-seller, use up between them two-thirds of every dollar of our taxes. Have we lost our reason and liberty?

MAC P. BELL.

We do not mean to say that Dr. Potts, or the Rev. H. Johnson, or Mr. W. H. Howland, or the editor either of the *New York* or the *Montreal Witness*

himself would write or talk in this strain. But we do mean to say that such is the frame of mind and such are the feelings towards all who differ from them into which a great many of the Prohibitionist rank and file have been worked up by the language addressed to them from the platform and even from the pulpit. When people are possessed with the notion that they and the other subscribers to the *New York Witness* are "God's children," and that all who dissent from their views are modern Sanballats, to be smitten with the sword of Prohibition, is it possible that they should be able to do common justice to the motives of opponents or to weigh any arguments, however strong and however supported by experience, against the practical tendency of their favourite scheme? The particular delusion, indeed, is the least serious part of the matter: the most serious part is the temper which the crusade, carried on in this spirit, is breeding. A domination of such enthusiasts as Mr. Bell, if it could be established, would render the country intolerable as an abode not only to lovers of wine but to all who desire to live in the realms of freedom, charity and common sense.

THE fated limits of Tory Democracy appear when we find the *Quarterly Review*, which after all is the organ of genuine Toryism, upon the very eve of an appeal to the people, coming out with a defence of the Game Laws. It is simply showing the enemy's gunners the point on which they ought to direct their fire. Equity will not echo all the strong things which Radical Reformers have said, or dispute the plaintive allegation of the venerable organ that, while the hare and the partridge are the ostensible objects of attack, the real object too often is the Squire. We can believe, too, that if the sportsman gives the peasantry plenty of beer, game preserving will be tolerably popular with them, at least while the beer is going down. The preserver of game is often a good fellow, and to the dog, the gun, the fine September morning and the luncheon basket pleasant memories no doubt belong. But it is surely idle to suppose that when a territorial aristocracy has surrendered its political power it will find it possible to maintain for its own amusement a system which entails much waste of food in a land where many hunger, and what is still worse forms a constant seed-plot of lawlessness and a not uncommon cause of bloodshed. The days of imprisonment for poaching, we may be sure, are numbered. In the feudal game law, lingering though in an attenuated form into the last decade but one of the nineteenth century, we have a fact which is typical of the whole course of British progress. In France the feudal system, after flourishing in unpruned luxuriance of oppressiveness down to 1789, was then swept away, root and branch, in a single night. In England it vanishes by a process so gradual that its outline is visible at last only to the eye which has followed the fading shape through successive periods of history. Yet the sporting squire, his game preserving and his keeper, are the lineal descendants of the terrible Norman huntsman, his forest law and his forest guard, while the poacher represents, and in his murderous affrays with the keepers only too truthfully represents, Robin Hood and Little John. A clear historical pedigree connects Mr. Wardle with William Rufus. So long has the hunter instinct in man survived his exit from the hunter state. The Norman warrior, unlettered, without home amusements and living apart in his lonely castle, had no occupation wherewith to fill the listless intervals of war but the chase, and his plea might seem valid, at least in his own eyes, for dealing summarily with the destroyer of the stag and the boar. The Squire, when he metes out very rural justice to poachers, is not without a similar excuse. The British landowner, says the *Quarterly*, if he has nothing to kill will not reside on his estate. This argument has lost some of its force by the introduction of battues. Instead of spending the shooting season at his country seat and among his country neighbours My Lord now runs down with a party from London for a battue. The battue system itself is the reduction of the sport to an absurdity. Barn-door pheasants are bred by hundreds simply to make a bag, and the biggest of all bags is made by that curious travesty of British Squirearchy the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh. The Squire, if he wishes to sit firmly on his parish throne, will have to find sufficient inducements for residence in the care of his estate and in social duty. If he has a heart and a brain he will not repine at his lot.

THE conflict between Lord Devon and his tenantry seems to show that the spirit of agrarianism has not been laid by the Land Act. Few expected that it would be laid, or that the Land League would rest satisfied with anything short of the total spoliation and expulsion of the landlords. If winter should bring distress, which in some districts of Ireland seems likely to be the case, we shall probably see the agitation again in full activity, and we may look for a renewal of the outrages which at present, and till the elections are over, it is manifestly the policy of Mr. Parnell to suspend. Excessive competition for land, arising from the redundancy of

population, had undoubtedly brought matters in Ireland to a very dangerous pass, and relief was imperatively required. But it is a pity that the relief could not have been afforded by a concerted action on the part of the landlords themselves. A most serious step, and one pregnant with incalculable consequences, was taken when the Legislature proceeded to break private contracts and cancel debts. The notion that Ireland was an exceptional field in which economical principles might be set aside with impunity, and without extending the effect to the other kingdoms, if it ever was well-founded, is not well-founded now. With general intelligence so much quickened, and the activity of the press so great as it now is, an agitation easily overleaps the Irish Channel. Agrarianism has already spread to Skye, and whether it will spread to Great Britain generally is of all British questions about the most momentous. No man on earth is by nature less communistic than the British farmer, or would be less likely to be caught by any scheme for the nationalization of land; if he desires anything it is not that land should be nationalized, but that there should be more of private ownership in his own person; but he has no revolutionary tendency of any kind, and his economical wars hitherto have been waged not with the landlord but with the labourer. Still, if agricultural depression continues, and the tenant farmer is in sore distress, there is no saying that the example of Ireland, and the theories of confiscation which are in the air, may not produce an effect even on his conservative soul. With a general refusal to pay rent an elective government would find it desperately difficult to deal. The life of the British land-owner is not likely henceforth to be one of ease.

IF the estates of the landed gentry were unencumbered the owners, at least the more opulent of them, might be able to make such reductions as would satisfy their tenants and yet retain a sufficient income, provided they would live on their estates. But the estates in England and Scotland are encumbered in the aggregate to the estimated amount of four hundred millions, the annual charge being about eighteen millions. This arises partly from rent charges in favour of widows and younger children, but principally from mortgages, the result, to a large extent, of the extravagance of former owners. Only a small portion represents money spent in improvements. The price paid for many of the estates in the first instance was extravagantly high, because land bore a fictitious value as the title to social rank and the source of political influence. It was by buying land in all directions to increase his political influence that the Duke of Newcastle, three generations back, brought his princely house to the verge of ruin. Of course the interest on the mortgage debt and the annuities have to be punctually paid in full, while the rent is being reduced twenty or thirty per cent., while farms are being by the dozen thrown on the hands of the landlord, while large tracts are going back out of arable into pasture. Thus magnificent rent rolls represent in reality only a meagre margin, which is dwindling day by day. It has been justly said that this debt is about the most important among the factors in the politics of the immediate future. The territorial aristocracy which has defied all the attacks of armed revolution seems likely to fall before the Western plough. In France, where subdivision breaks up the great estates, proprietors are found haunting rather than inhabiting the vast chateaux of their forefathers, to which family pride clings when the family revenues are gone. In the course of another generation "the stately homes of England" may share this fate, and that country life, the poetry of which is perhaps not equal to the beauty of its mansions, may have almost ceased to exist. Certain it is that the doom of entails and aristocratic conveyancing at all events is sealed. For whatever property is left to them the landed gentry will have to seek perfect freedom of sale and an open market.

AN interesting, perhaps a painfully interesting, feature of the coming electoral struggle in England will be the first trial on a large scale of the caucus. "The caucus," says a Radical, who is evidently a writer of mark, in *Macmillan*, "may be accepted as the visible manifestation of Radicalism; it rests upon and embodies the Radical principle of self-government by direct popular representation." Happy simplicity! we cannot help exclaiming, if the writer is sincere in his infantine faith, if he is not a Boss but one of those who are to be bossed. He will change his note presently when he finds himself, unless he takes to wire-pulling, left with no more practical enjoyment of the suffrage than his dog. The British caucus is still in the green wood, and it is still possible, for a partisan passionately bent on a victory, to flatter himself that it is "nothing more than the union of persons of one way of thinking, in each constituency, in a representative organization freely and openly chosen, administered by elected officers and charged with the business of deciding who shall stand as candidate for the party, and with the consideration of broad principles towards the main-

tenance of which party organization shall be directed." Even assuming this Arcadian picture to be true, the primary elector would have delegated to the caucus not only the choice of his man but the compilation of his code of principles, and self-government could hardly be any longer called "direct." But has the example of America been entirely lost upon the British Liberal? Has he not learned from it that the control of the machine inevitably falls into the hands of those who devote themselves to politics as a trade; and that those who devote themselves to politics as a trade are, in nine cases out of ten, low intriguers with purely selfish aims. When you breathe this apprehension to a British Liberal he tells you that you have not sufficiently taken into account the good sense and solid qualities of the British working-man. Let the British working-man be as sensible and as solid as he will, he cannot understand a craft to which he does not give his mind or fail in the end to become the tool of those who do. Ten years hence this will be manifest, but then it will be too late. The machine will be in full running order, and the wire-puller will be completely master of it, while the respectable and independent men, finding themselves reduced to cyphers, will have ceased to attend the meetings of the caucus and withdrawn from politics in despair. In one respect the system is fraught with even greater danger in England than in America: the division into States prevents any single politician from becoming boss of a whole national party; but in England, at the centre of this vast spider's web of caucuses, sits Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the able and astute organizer of the whole. He has too much tact to dictate, or at least to be caught dictating, but he has his confederates everywhere, and everywhere, we may be sure, the nominations will be largely governed by his wishes. There are more ways than one in which a nation may lose its liberty.

THE case of a leading English politician who has got into the Divorce Court, and whose constituency has in consequence been feeling qualms as to his re-election, has raised once more the old question about the relation between public and private character. The problem, it seems to us, is not correctly stated in those terms. A man cannot have two characters—one private and the other public: he must always be the same man, and his disposition in all spheres must be the same. If he is dishonest and mendacious in private he will be equally dishonest and mendacious in public; such, at least, will be his tendency, though it may be curbed by publicity and the other restraints of public life: you cannot trust him in one line of action any more than you can trust him in the other. The real question appears to be, What effect is produced on the general character by a particular class of vices, and especially by sexual licentiousness? Can a man be dissolute in his habits and at the same time a man of honour, a patriot and trustworthy as a public servant? It is not easy to give a precise answer to that question. Somers, though licentious, was the most upright of public men. Walpole, who kept a mistress, and encouraged orgies at Houghton, was, a very good minister, and gave the country sound finances and a long peace, though he corrupted public life and went, against his conscience, into the war with Spain rather than resign his power. Fox was a gambler and a patriot; but the recklessness of the gambler was visible in his public conduct, and did much mischief to his party and the country. In the eighteenth century, if licentiousness had been a bar to public employment, it would have been difficult to fill the offices of State. The best of our early kings, Edward I., was also a model of domestic virtue, and if Parliament, as a permanent and organized institution, was the monument of his magnanimous wisdom, Eleanor's Crosses were the monuments of his pure and constant love. From his figure, if the eye is carried down the line of great and beneficent statesmen, it will be found that they have generally resembled him in both parts of their character. This is eminently true with regard to the leading Puritans, and notably with regard to Cromwell himself; while the best of the Cavaliers, such as Falkland, Hyde and Bevil Grenville were Puritans in morals. To exclude or expel a man from public life because he has once yielded to passion would be extravagant, and the people of the United States have shown their usual good sense in putting their best man at their head, notwithstanding the single blemish on his moral character, his manly and becoming avowal of which showed that there was nothing wrong in his heart. But history teaches that it is wise to choose for the service of the State characters sound in all their parts, and that public virtue of the highest kind is seldom divorced from purity of affection.

THE friendship formed by Emerson and Carlyle at Craigenputtock lasted during their lives. There is an unpublished legend to the effect that on the one evening passed at Craigenputtock by Emerson, in 1833, Carlyle gave him a pipe, and, taking one himself, the two sat silent till midnight, and then parted, shaking hands, with congratulations on the profitable and pleasant evening they had enjoyed.

EXPERIMENTS IN DAIRYING.

THE growth of the butter-making industry, in which Canada has hitherto possessed an unsavoury reputation, has been very slow—in fact until within the past few years there was, if anything, actual retrogression. Of late years, and chiefly through the encouragement given by the Ontario and Quebec Governments, the attention of the public has in hopeful measure been directed to the great possibilities that may be in store in the hitherto neglected industry, and at any rate the agricultural community has been aroused to the necessity of very much improvement in methods, if butter-making is to occupy an important position in the economy of the farm. The midsummer report of the Ontario Experimental Farm will do much to deepen the interest in this department of farming, and also to open for future experiment many novel and interesting questions having apparently a very practical bearing on dairying in general. The results achieved in the practical work of cheese and butter factories are invaluable, but much more knowledge is wanted than can be hoped for from business interests in which experimenting must be strictly subordinated to considerations of immediate profit. It is to the Experimental Farm, where expense is very properly subordinated to the making of experiments as full and exhaustive as possible, that we must mainly look for light on the many intricate problems yet to be solved in connection with the production of butter and cheese, and judging by the contents of the midsummer report of the farm, we are not to look in vain, for though not a few of the experiments do not appear conclusive, there are so many carefully elaborated results presented as to make the report one of the most valuable and interesting that has yet been issued by the farm authorities. The experiments have been chiefly directed to such practical questions as the merits of setting at moderate and at low temperatures, to the use of the centrifugal separator, the quality of milk, cream and butter, the merits of different breeds of cattle as milk producers, the advantages respectively of winter and summer dairying and the superiority of permanent pasturage over ordinary methods of feeding.

Very interesting are the differences obtained from setting milk at the ordinary temperature of 60° and setting at 20° lower. The remarkable fact is well established that the average production of cream from seven different breeds, under almost equal conditions, was in winter 72 per cent. greater in milk set at a temperature of 40° than at a temperature of 60°, the percentages of cream being respectively 8.8 and 15.1 per cent. Even more remarkable is the comparison in this respect in the cases of several different breeds. Jersey milk at the lower temperature yielded 19.2 per cent. of cream but only 11.2 per cent. at the higher, while Ayrshire, which at 60° gave only 9.5 per cent., at 40° yielded 18.7 per cent. or almost twice as much. The difference shown in Holstein milk could not have been conceived possible prior to these tests. At 60° this milk, exposed for 24 hours, averaged only 1.9 per cent. of cream, but at 40° gave 10 per cent., or more than five times as much. The summer results showed much smaller differences and a considerable increase in the percentage of cream, especially at the higher temperature. The differences prove that skim milk as ordinarily obtained, and especially from Jersey, Ayrshire and Holstein cows, is still rich in butter-producing materials. How to extract this richness without the trouble of using ice, or having a specially constructed dairy, appears to be in measure solved by the use of the centrifugal separator. This machine secures as winter yield 13.6 per cent. of cream against 8.5 per cent. with deep setting at 60°, but it fails to obtain quite as much as setting at 40°, at which temperature 15.1 per cent. of cream is extracted. The experiments, however, showed that the centrifugal obtained 23 per cent. more cream from Galloway milk than setting at 40°, and 19 per cent. more from Holstein milk. In summer the centrifugal failed to obtain as satisfactory results as in winter—showing only 11 per cent. of cream against 16.2 at low temperature setting and 12.1 at 60°. The smaller results of the centrifugal in summer—the most important season for the dairyman—by no means condemns the centrifugal, for chemical analysis of the cream from the Shorthorn grade shows that centrifugal cream contained 39.4 per cent. of fats against 22.9 per cent. in cream obtained by setting at 40°. Thus, bulk for bulk, cream obtained by the centrifugal should yield six pounds more butter from 100 pounds of cream than cream raised by deep setting. This result appears likely to encourage attempts which have recently been made to introduce into Canada the Danish system of butter making, in which the centrifugal plays the essential part. As these machines are now sold in England for little more than \$100, the prospect of their extensive use in Canada appears hopeful.

An interesting conclusion drawn by Prof. Brown from analysis of summer and of winter milk is that "summer conditions have added only about one per cent. more water, slightly reduced the fat, and added one-half per cent. to the other solids. So that all over, variety of food and physical

conditions appear to have little effect in changing the constituents of milk throughout a number of sources." As to winter dairying, which has received considerable attention of late, the report is inconclusive, although the considerations advanced are on the whole favourable to its extension. The actual cost of producing butter in winter is placed at $7\frac{1}{4}$ cents per pound, and cheese at 4 cents, against a cost for cheese in summer of 2 cents, and for butter of 5 cents from ordinary pasture, or 2 cents from permanent pasture. The estimates of cost of food are made on the basis of cost of production—not market prices. At first sight the advantages in cost seem to decidedly favour summer production of butter, but there are various other considerations, amongst them the high price of winter butter, that justify greatly increased attention to winter dairying. Prof. Brown estimates the net value of dairy products, when produced for a creamery, as \$24 for the winter season.

The experiments with the microscope on the size of butter globules are illustrated by an interesting plate. Taking 1.00 to represent the average size of the larger globules in Ayrshire milk, the range amongst twelve breeds is found to vary from .50 in Hereford milk to 1.40 in Aberdeen Poll. The size of the globules does not appear to have much relation to the distinctions between beefing and milking breeds, nor to the difference between thin and thick milk, but a very marked connection is noticeable between the time occupied in churning and the size of the globules. Thus the size of the globules in the milk of Shorthorn grades compared with the same in Guernsey milk is as 5 to 8; the time occupied in churning in the former case is forty minutes and in the latter only ten. Evidently there is much more room for inquiry into the relation of globules to dairying. A decidedly novel discovery made is that the globules are very elastic, and on being compressed assume a distinct hexagonal shape. This suggests that the kind of churning which breaks the globules is unnecessarily harsh, as well as detrimental to the texture and keeping qualities of butter.

A very important subject to Ontario farmers is presented in the chapter on permanent pasture. Prof. Brown maintains that one acre of such pasturage should maintain two cows in the best condition; that an acre of choice permanent pasturage should produce at least five thousand pounds of milk for a season of five and a-half months, against the usual return of one thousand two hundred pounds per acre of ordinary rotation timothy and clover. Instead of \$10 to \$12 per cow, he thinks that the yield per season should be \$25 to \$30. The facts are suggestive of a vast possible increase in the profits of dairy farming.

In regard to the best breeds of cattle for Ontario, it is not likely that everyone will agree with Prof. Brown's abrupt dismissal of all beef breeds except the Shorthorn, and all the dairy breeds except the common grade. "The special dairy wants of Ontario can be fully maintained," he says, "by selection from her common cows—the acclimated, hardy, ranging, non-beefy and liberal milking grade." The results of the experiments at the farm go far to support this high opinion of the common Ontario cow, which possibly may yet be in demand in other countries. For the special beef and the conjoint beef and dairy wants of Ontario, he looks without hesitation to the Shorthorns.

The increased attention given to dairying comes none too soon. It is only slowly that the country can be brought to realise that Ontario is not improbably on the verge of a revolution in agriculture, and preparedness for it would be the best guarantee against disastrous results. That the future of wheat-growing—the mainstay of our farmers—is anything but promising the clearest-headed agriculturists have long perceived. It is, perhaps, more difficult for our farmers to realize that the future of our cattle export trade, which has in recent years been a great factor in the prosperity of the country, may be even less hopeful. A "national lesson" is submitted by Prof. Brown in his statement that "probably for the first time in the history of shipping live-stock to Britain, and certainly for the first time in the experience of the farm, have store cattle been bought and after fattening, sold at the same price per pound." If the cessation of cattle disease in Britain, the adoption of a thorough system of checking outbreaks, and the changes in British agriculture mean anything, they mean that this year's experience in fattening cattle for export is not likely to be exceptional in future. We may even be thankful if the experience should not be worse. In view of the outlook, both for beef and grain, the attention to dairying indicated by the experiments at Guelph is a reason for congratulation.

J. G. M.

A LADY one evening calling on Guizot, the historian of France, found him absorbed in his pipe. In astonishment she exclaimed, "What! you smoke and yet have arrived at so great an age?" "Ah, madame," replied the venerable statesman, "if I had not smoked, I should have been dead ten years ago."

POLITICAL EDUCATION.

AMONG the many societies of New York organized for the promotion of this, or the suppression of that, few seem more sensible in purpose and methods than the society for Political Education established in 1880. Its executive committee includes the well-known names of Hon. David A. Wells, Prof. W. G. Sumner and Charles Francis Adams, jun'r. The society owes its existence to the conviction that the success of a free government depends on the active political influence of educated intelligence, and that parties are means not ends. Its organization is entirely non-partisan, and intends nothing but the awakening of an intelligent interest in government methods and purposes, tending to restrain the abuse of parties, and to promote party morality. Democrats, Republicans and Independents are represented among the organizers, who are, however, agreed in the main upon these propositions:

The right of each citizen to his free voice and vote must be upheld. Office-holders must not control the suffrage. The office must seek the man, and not the man the office. Public service, in business positions, should depend solely on fitness and good behaviour. The crimes of bribery and corruption must be relentlessly punished. Local issues should be independent of national parties. Coins made legal tender must possess their face value as metal in the markets of the world. Sound currency must have a metal basis, and all paper money must be convertible on demand. Labour has a right to the highest wages it can earn, unhindered by public or private tyranny. Trade has the right to the freest scope, unfettered by taxes, except for government expenses. Corporations must be restricted from abuse of privilege. Neither the public money nor the people's land should be used to subsidize private enterprise.

A public opinion, wholesome and active, unhampered by machine control, is the true safeguard of popular institutions. The methods of the society consist in issuing lists of standard works on current political and economic questions; in selecting annual courses of reading for members, and in publishing in cheap form new political and economic discussions. Messrs. Putnam, who are the society's publishers, have produced an extended list of its valuable books and pamphlets, and these circulated by the thousand throughout the Union are doing good work. A baseless opinion widely prevalent in America is that politics require no special study, and that politicians need none of the training indispensable to manufacturers, bankers or engineers. In so far as the society for Political Education can dispel that illusion it will serve the cause of an intelligent use of the suffrage. Although written for American readers, the issues of this excellent society are well worthy perusal in Canada. Our people are quite as much in need of instruction in political economy as their neighbours, and quite as little alive to the weighty responsibilities of voter and legislator.

Z.

CAMPING OUT AT COLE HARBOUR.

As it is a good thing at the outset to place oneself on terms of easy intimacy with the "gentle reader," I will begin with the frank confession that when I was invited to join in a duck-shooting expedition to Cole Harbour, my ignorance of all matters pertaining to powder and shot was only surpassed by my ambition to be a sportsman. Gunpowder in every form and under every guise had been sternly prohibited throughout my knickerbocker period, and even after I had in due course emerged from this chrysalis stage and evolved into the dignity of long trousers the maternal ukase sufficiently retained its prohibitory power to curb all Nimrodic propensities. But it was now some time since I had donned my first tail-coat, and among the wild yearnings which its assumption awoke within me stood out in clear relief the desire to shoot something feathered. When, therefore, one fine autumn day in the very height of the sporting season, two friends sought my co-operation in a few days' camping-out, I rose superior to all cautionary promptings, internal, external, or maternal, and jumped at the suggestion, especially as I could hardly have secured my initiation into the mysteries of sport under more favourable auspices.

Dick and Gordon, my companions, were two as fine specimens of the stuff that makes Britannia mistress of the waves as the fleet then in port could have turned out. Inured to exposure in all quarters of the globe, abounding in muscle, good humour, and enterprise, and well-trained sportsmen withal, more delightful companions could not have been desired, and I felt sanguine of being in for a good time in the hands of such competent mentors.

The early sun shone down encouragingly as we set forth, and every bead of dew that glistened upward at us from the grass seemed to wink a prosperous outcome to our venture. Cole Harbour, be it understood, is a

rather peculiar encroachment of the sea, lying about seven miles eastwardly from Halifax, the sooty and sleepy capital of Nova Scotia. Both as a measure of economy and a sign of our manly independence, Gordon arranged that we should do the distance on foot, carrying all our commissariat apack. At first I demurred to this arrangement. I could see neither beauty nor utility in it. It savoured too strongly of hard work, and we were in pursuit of pleasure. My objections were overruled, however. Gordon had a theory, it seemed, to the effect that instead of being a useless encumbrance, the ponderous knapsack laden with ammunition, provisions, rugs, etc., was really an advantage. You walked more steadily, and therefore to better profit, he seriously argued. But I soon found that Gordon's theory, in common with most other theories, held good only within certain limits, and in this instance I fixed the limit at about one mile. Beyond that all was vanity and vexation of *soul*.

Nature has always had in me a loyal lover. Whene'er I take my walks abroad I delight to pause and have some gentle dalliance with her. And never had she seemed so bewitching as this glorious autumn morning, when her breath tasted like wine, and her garments glowed with red and gold and green in every tone and tint. Accordingly at frequent intervals, despite the urgent protests of Gordon, who was bent on covering the seven miles in less than two hours, would I cry pause. Indeed, just as we, through much tribulation, gained the summit of Break-Heart Hill (which, with its grade of one in three or thereabouts, would be a grand test for ambitious cyclists), the landscape outspread beneath us seemed so magnificent that involuntarily I sat myself upon a wayside stone and laid down my pack to try and take it all in. An apt quotation from Wordsworth sprang swiftly to my lips, but hardly was the first line uttered when the sound of departing footsteps cut me short. Turning to remonstrate I was met with the cruel insinuation that laziness, not love of Nature, suggested my frequent halts. Flesh and blood could not stand that, of course, and so I left Nature severely alone while we plodded the rest of our weary way to Cole Harbour.

Cole Harbour has already been referred to as a peculiar place. It is in truth very peculiar. Perhaps its essential peculiarity cannot be better indicated than by saying that the top and bottom are extremely near to one another. In fact at low tide the bottom is uppermost. At other times the intermediate space is wattled with dense tough grass, which, streaming along the sluggish surface, converts the harbour into a fair representation of the Sargasso Sea. When the tide is in, however, the harbour is filled from shore to shore with bright blue water, whose light waves laugh and glisten in the sunshine. But when the tide is out, as it was on our arrival, there is no more sea. Nothing meets the eye save a sad, brown-coloured monotony of mud, overlaid with slimy sea-weed, and intersected here and there by shallow ditches, in which a little water still sullenly lingers as if wroth at having been left behind when all the rest went joyously rushing sea-ward. We found a boat ready for us on the shore. We also found the mud equally prepared for our reception, about fifty feet of the unctuous compound placidly stretching itself between the boat and deep water. I proposed waiting until the tide should return. But Gordon's sportsmanlike ardour could not brook such a delay as that, so, imitated by Dick, he plunged incontinently into the evil-smelling muck, while I, not to be outdone, sprang on board the boat to give directions, and thus by our united exertions, they, dragging for all they were worth, and I, whooping it up most inspiringly, the heavy "flat" was soon rocking on the brine. Once fairly afloat we set out for our camping ground at Flying Point, slowly threading our way through the tortuous channels already beginning to swell with the advancing tide. Just before we landed a fine flock of "yellow-leg" plover passed over us whistling their saucy challenge. We all offered them a cordial invitation to stay, I doing my best with both barrels (they went off contemporaneously, I believe), but my shot must have been too light, as no answer came back. Gordon, who had brought down three plump fellows, condoled with me on my ill-success, and gave kindly aid in digging my ramrod out of a neighbouring sand-bank, little the worse for its unpremeditated aerial flight. It was slow work reaching our destination, and then much had to be done in making ready the camp, so that twilight shadows had already begun to gather around us ere our preparations for the night were complete. I felt proud of our camp, because I superintended its construction, sitting comfortably astride a fallen tree, while Dick and Gordon robbed spruces of their finest bows, and birches of their straightest branches, and then, under my architectural direction, erected therewith a Gothic edifice which gave large promise of snug shelter. The relevancy of the term "Gothic" to our camp may at first seem debatable, but I use it advisedly, for had it not all that lacelike intricacy of design which makes Strasburg and Cologne Cathedrals the admiration of our age? Within its leafy walls we relievedly

deposited our baggage, and then came a consummation most devoutly to be wished for by hungry men—to wit, *tea*.

How wonderfully benign is the influence of a cheerily-glowing fire and a smoking cup of tea when night has enwrapped you softly in her dark embrace, far away from the noisy haunts of men, amidst the silence of the forest primeval! As the flames leaped high and sent their quivering shafts of light up and down the "long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults" of fir and maple, and no small store of toothsome provender supplied us by an anxious mother, whose fond inexperience conceived jam-sandwiches to be the fitting sustenance of mighty hunters, passed swiftly out of sight, a gentle peace stole on our several spirits which was inexpressibly soothing. For the first time in my life I had drawn near to Nature's heart, and while my companions lay luxuriously back, puffing fragrant smoke towards the stars, I, for whom nicotine had no fascination, amused myself in watching the exquisite gradations of light and shade wrought by the ever-changing flames on the encircling forest wall, and in wondering whether demure Dryads or coquettish wood-nymphs were not peeping at us from their leafy bowers. So novel was it, all to me, that when the other two, with the indifference of *habitués*, rolled themselves up composedly in their rugs, and soon were giving forth music not unworthy of a fog-trumpet, I could only lie awake and envy them. For a long time sleep would not be wooed, although I tried every ruse fancy or experience could suggest. The night was glorious; unusually warm for the time of year, calm, clear and quiet; nothing broke in upon its stillness save the occasional "quack-quack" of nocturnal *voyageurs* speeding high overhead, and making the listener impatient for the daylight. Then gradually my stubborn eyelids began to droop, the nasal music grew soft and faint, the trees all melted into an indistinguishable blur, and at length the sleep god came and claimed me for his own.

"Brethren, this is the proudest moment of my life," rapturously exclaimed one who shall be nameless, as on the following morning he beheld the new-born rays of sunlight shooting athwart the eastern sky, and waking up every dewy diamond that had been slumbering in the grass. He had never been in at a sunrise before, and the novel wonders of the scene broke upon him like a revelation. What a lovely scene it was to be sure, and here the novice longed for the pen of a Maurice Thompson or the pencil of a Hamilton Gibson, that he might preserve some token of its inspiring beauty. A limpid blue-green mirror filled the harbour from marge to marge; silent and soft upon its bosom lay a light, fleecy mist that the fast-climbing sun was just beginning to tinge with gold when it melted gently away, revealing bit by bit the distant shore dotted with white fisher-cots, or brown-roofed farm-houses swimming in an ocean of green. Under the magic touch of that incomparable harlequin, old Sol himself, a glorious transformation scene went on around us, vague, shapeless monsters changing into charming islets, and green dark smudges into entrancing little coves. Even Dick and Gordon were not proof against the witchery of Nature, and had joined me in the subtle flattery of silent admiration, when suddenly "quack-quack" rang out distinct and clear in close proximity. "Hand me my gun for Heaven's sake," shouts Gordon. "Where in thunder is my powder-flask," retorts Dick. Our day-dream is over. In another moment all three are off in hot pursuit, the guns soon begin to speak, and when they do their voice carries sentence of death to many an ill-starred web-foot.

I would not tell a lie even for the sake of a duck, so I shall not pretend that any of those delicious birds we had for dinner fell victims to my double-barrel. But I did do some execution among the yellow-legs during the day, and it is by no means poor sport bagging the plump little fellows. Creeping cautiously along shore you round a jutting point, and in the cove beyond espy perhaps a flock of twelve feeding blithely. They are too far away to waste shot on yet, so you must coax them nearer. If you are a good whistler their queer warbling call may be easily imitated, although indeed perfect accuracy is not indispensable, as the effect is often the same whether you whistle well or ill. If well, the flock come over to exchange "good morning" with their noisy brother; if ill, their curiosity is piqued, and they forthwith resolve themselves into a committee of investigation. In either case they hop unsuspectingly towards you, and once well within range you blaze away with every chance of hitting something.

Duck-shooting at Cole Harbour meant much harder work. From being frequently disturbed the birds had grown most aggravatingly coy, and you must stalk them with the skill and pertinacity of a deer-hunter. Both Gordon and Dick happily possessed all the qualifications for the task. Neither their patience nor their muscles seemed to know the meaning of exhaustion, and so when we came to compare notes at the end of the day their bags contained as many duck as mine did plover.

Just before making up our fire for tea an incident occurred which I preserve simply because both Dick and myself attributed to it the bad weather that subsequently befell us. When we were about to put on the pot we discovered that we had no water, and Gordon good-naturedly volunteered to fill the jar at a spring not far off. As luck would have it he rashly attempted a short cut down the face of a slippery rock instead of taking the long way. Burdened with both the jar and his gun he was at a decided disadvantage, and had scarcely begun the descent when his feet slipping, away went himself and the jar in an exciting race to the bottom. The crockery won by a neck—a very short neck indeed—the rest of the body arriving in detachments later, and we onlookers could not find it in our hearts to condemn the defeated one when we heard him mutter as he rubbed his aching pate, that although it had exercised a somewhat *jarring* effect upon his nerves it was altogether a *peaceful* contest. If we were thus disposed to be lenient, however, the Clerk of the Weather refused to be influenced by the extenuating circumstances, for hardly had we comfortably stowed away our evening meal than with a hateful "sizz" which

sent a chill to every heart, a great rain-drop splashed full into the centre of the fire. One good drop deserves another, I suppose, so the other was not long in coming, and it brought its sisters, its cousins and its aunts with it. Clearly we were in for a wet night, and we all gazed anxiously up at the roof of our Gothic shelter, wondering whether it would prove faithful to us. For some time the prospect seemed cheerful, and rug-enswathed we were congratulating ourselves upon being able to fare pretty comfortably in spite of the rain, when a wicked irreverent globule hit me squarely on the nose. Then I realized that our fate was sealed and all hope of comfort banished. Oh! dear, but what a wretched time we did have! It gives me a rheumatic twinge to think of it now. Once the ice was broken the drops came in fast and furious until dodging them was quite out of the question, and passive submission to their impertinence the only resource. Then to make matters worse we found that the cosy little dell we had chosen for our camp, as being so well protected from the wind, was the favourite trysting-place of innumerable tiny streamlets which now hastened to one another's embrace, until the ground beneath us became little better than a morass. In fact there was water—water—everywhere, and nothing to keep us dry but a bottle of old rye, and my temperance principles debarred me from getting any comfort out of that. My fellow-sufferers being inured to all sorts of exposure made light of the matter, and with the aid of their pipes and the aforesaid old rye got along fairly well. I manfully did my best to "bob up serenely" under the depressing circumstances, but it was no use, so I just resigned myself to grumbling until as day dawned the rain was good enough to cease plaguing us.

The morning found us in a sorry plight: clothes, rugs, knapsacks, everything soaked and streaming, no dry wood to make a fire, and no chance of the sun appearing for hours. There was nothing for it but to gather up our traps, get on board our boat, and make for the nearest farmhouse, where by our piteous condition we so touched the heart of the good dame in command that she bundled us all into bed, dried our clothes before the fire, and as soon as we were once more presentable set us down before a smoking breakfast, which soon warmed the cockles of our hearts and sent us forth feeling like strong men about to run a race. It was not without reluctance that we bid our buxom hostess adieu, but hunters must not dally; so having given expression to our gratitude in the current coin of the realm we took up anew our murderous designs against the ducks. This being our last day we all felt in a very killing mood, but unfortunately there were no birds to be killed. Whether the rain had dispersed them, or the accuracy of my double-barrel had proved too much for their nerves, modesty forbids me to determine. At all events the ducks utterly refused to materialize. Digging clams was scarcely sufficient amusement, delicious as the juicy bivalves taste when roasted in a bed of eel-grass, and we had no lines wherewith to tempt the speckled sea trout from his briny lair. In this emergency I proposed a visit to the works then being carried on with the idea of reclaiming Cole Harbour from the sea and making it a fertile meadow. We accordingly posted off there. Cole Harbour, as has been already said, loses nearly all its water at low tide, and there is left to view long black banks of rich mussel-mud. One day it occurred to a gentleman who was familiar with what has been done in Holland that the Harbour might be reclaimed, just like the fat-meadow lands of the canal country. So a company was formed, the services of the notorious financial juggler, Baron Grant, secured to float the scheme, and presently a small army of men was at work at the harbour's mouth. The first proceeding was to build moles from either side stretching out towards one another across the narrow entrance until they reached the deep central channel, where the enormous force of the current rendered it impossible to find a firm foundation. Then came the rub. How could this gap, through which the tide was ever running in and out with irresistible energy, be filled up? The first plan adopted had so much originality and daring in its favour that it certainly deserved a better fate. A huge structure of mighty timbers, batted and braced together, resembling nothing so much as a lattice-work bridge, and several hundred feet in length, was built up on launch-ways some distance inside the moles in such a position that when launched it would be carried by the tide right down to the opening, where, being too wide to pass through, it would remain forced while stones by the thousand were dumped upon it, thus completely closing the gap. But alas! it was never launched. At the first attempt the unwieldy thing broke its back, and became useless forever. It also broke the heart of its projector, and he went back to England in despair, while the company went into liquidation. The scheme did not end there, however. Some time subsequently the heaviest stock-holder in the defunct corporation took up the matter on his own account. A new engineer essayed to cope with the difficulties of the undertaking. His method was to get together an immense number of gunny-sacks, pack them hard with sand, and drop them right into the chasm. It proved entirely successful. Slowly but surely the bags rose to the surface. Day by day the foaming torrent surrendered more of its strength. The works were not very far advanced at the time of our visit, but in what had been done we saw a prophecy of the coming day when Cole Harbour should know the snipe, the plover, the curlew, the duck, and that still nobler biped, the sportsman, no more.

When our plans for the night were under discussion, Gordon actually had the hardihood to propose a return to Flying Point. This, however, I promptly vetoed. Camping out is all well enough in fine weather, but there is no fun in sitting in the lap of Nature when she has been in a tearful mood, and her lap is decidedly damp, not to mention the probabilities of rheumatism, lumbago, and so forth. My motion, therefore, to return to the hospitable roof under which we had already been treated so kindly prevailed, and the setting sun found us once more enjoying its domestic comforts.

The advent of bed-time brought with it a curious dilemma; our worthy

hostess informed us that she could not possibly place more than two beds at our disposal. Now Dick and Gordon, accustomed to the solitary luxury of a hammock, looked decidedly askance at the idea of having a bed-fellow. But I, foreseeing the result, made haste to proclaim my preference for a companion and pre-empted a bed forthwith. Dick and Gordon, therefore, had no other alternative than to toss up for the vacant couch. The coin turned up tail, and Gordon, disdaining my cordial invitation to bunk with me,

Just smiled a sort of sickly smile,
And curled up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings
Interested him no more.

The following morning, with lightened packs but weighty game-bags, we turned our faces homeward, well pleased with the results of our three days' camping out at Cole Harbour.

JAMES M. OXLEY.

HERE AND THERE.

THE Montreal Branch of the Free Navigation League has issued a circular explaining the objects of the organization and inviting coöperation. The document sets forth that the navigation of the St. Lawrence was improved by canals and deepening of the channel between Montreal and Quebec under legislation that included a system of tolls upon all vessels and merchandise using the same. That corresponding traffic by the great rival route, the Erie Canal, was in former years subjected to similar charges, which have, however, been entirely removed. That the continuance of the charges upon the St. Lawrence route is detrimental to the trade and industry of Canada, and that whereas the Government did on former occasions grant only temporary relief under representations made by the trade of the country, it is now expedient to initiate a movement of a general character which shall continue its efforts until the route is entirely relieved from all Government charges in excess of those imposed upon the Erie Canal and in Atlantic ports. To that end the formation of other branches is solicited for conference and united effort to secure the objects set forth. The facts stated being true, it is continued, the changes in the Government policy suggested are worthy of fair consideration by all commercial organizations. In the public reference that has already been made to the efforts of the organization it is claimed that extraneous subjects have been introduced. Whether by the want of elevators at Kingston, and of enterprise on the part of merchants and forwarders, the decadence of the commerce of the St. Lawrence has been accelerated, or whether it would be expedient for the City of Montreal to assume the debt created by harbour construction, entirely relieving the trade from wharfage, are considerations of great importance, but it is alleged they are entirely foreign to the main question. The contention of the League is at present confined to one point, *i.e.*, that, inasmuch as the American waterways have been freed from tolls upon much of their trade, corresponding relief should be granted by the Legislature of the Dominion throughout the waterways of Canada.

WHATEVER helps to reduce the friction of life, to abate its anxieties, is of the utmost value in this high-pressure age. It is well known that more men break down from worry than from work. The average family man is usually more concerned about possible difficulties than about the duties which lie next his hand. Before the days of life-insurance, as a rule wealthy benedicts alone could look to the future complacently; now-a-days that valuable institution has enabled thousands of middle-class business men to live their lives with equanimity who might otherwise have been filled with anxiety for their families. An essential feature, of course, in providing for future contingencies, is to insure with a thoroughly sound company, and happily this is not difficult. Occupying a foremost place amongst trustworthy corporations of the kind is the Canada Life, to whose report, in another column, we commend attention. Read in the light of the statements and figures there supplied, Mr. Ramsay's management appears to have been conspicuously successful, with the result that the company's business has increased by leaps and bounds—the profits having risen from \$192,891 in 1870 to \$1,350,464 in 1885.

THERE were nineteen failures in Canada reported to Bradstreet's during the past week, against seventeen in the preceding week, and seventeen, twenty-three and eight in the corresponding weeks of 1884, 1883 and 1882 respectively. In the United States there were 180 failures reported during the week as compared with 160 in the preceding week, and with 176, 179 and 132, respectively, in the corresponding weeks of 1884, 1883 and 1882. About 80 per cent. were those of small traders whose capital was less than \$5,000.

IT is gradually coming to be recognized, as THE WEEK long ago prophesied would be the case, that the electric light is a failure as a general street illuminant. A motion, practically endorsing this view, and tantamount to a proposal to revert to the use of gas, was submitted to the Toronto City Council the other day, and it might be politic for Quebec—in which city there is a feeling in favour of the electric light—to await developments before committing herself to a change. There is a growing impression that gas, where there is enough of it, gives a much more satisfactory light, does not throw such uncomfortable shadows as the rival illuminator, and is withal cheaper. Moreover, it is apparent that the hideous poles from which electric lamps are suspended are a chief contributing cause to the increasing unsightliness of our public thoroughfares.

WE see with pleasure that Mr. C. G. D. Roberts has been appointed to a professorship of English at King's College, Windsor, N. B. The position is one for which he is highly qualified, and of which we have no doubt he will make excellent use. He has a special field open to him as a critic of American literature, his knowledge of which is extensive, while as a Canadian professor he may remain independent of the cliques and coteries which are generally the bane of criticism. He will at the same time have leisure, and we hope inclination, for original work as a poet and in the general field of letters.

THE appointment of Mr. Geo. Dixon, M.A., as Principal of Upper Canada College, Toronto, has been received with universal approval—as, indeed, might have been expected from his popularity and success in Hamilton. Mr. Dixon will enter upon his duties immediately, and with the confident good wishes of all friends of sound education.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES, the eminent English author and publicist, and who has from time to time contributed an English Letter to THE WEEK, will arrive at New York about the 30th August *en route* for Tennessee.

TORONTO is rated by dramatic caterers as being one of the best cities on this continent to play to. There is a large amusement-loving public, and its Grand Opera House is capacious, ornate, and centrally situated. During the off-season Mr. Sheppard has had the building re-decorated, has added to and improved the scenery, and generally strengthened the stage upholstery. The programme for the forthcoming season, moreover, includes engagements with most of the popular companies and stars, and is a very strong one, promising many a treat to lovers of the sock and buskin.

It is news, indeed, to be told that the *London Standard* is no longer a Conservative newspaper—that it is politically independent. The announcement, made by a leading Toronto daily, is coincident with the appearance in the *Standard* of a stinging castigation administered to Lord Randolph Churchill. Hitherto what the great London journal had said upon public matters had been constantly quoted and treated by the critic as worthy the greatest respect; but now—anathema. Since 1881, we are told, the *Standard* has ceased to uphold Conservatism; but “May’s Press Guide” for 1885 describes it as a “Conservative” morning paper. Which is reliable: the Canadian journal which has published fulsome flatteries of a man known only over the cable, and well trounced by the *Standard*, or the hand-book of an old established firm, with headquarters in London, and whose reputation depends upon the exactness of the information it gives upon English newspaper affairs?

A MUCH more vital matter to Canadians is the *Standard's* persistent hostility to the Canadian Pacific Railway. That paper—or, to be explicit, its city editor—insists that the company must collapse and that the Government's guarantee to shareholders is worthless. Official replies have been forwarded to the sceptical editor, and the *London Canadian Gazette* has time and again attempted to set matters right, but all to no purpose. *Delenda est Carthago*, says the great Conservative organ, regardless of the wholesome advice given by an American humourist to those who would prophesy.

NOT only is Home Rule assured for Ireland, but Scotland demands a similar concession, and will get it—at least so say some whose zeal outruns discretion, and whose fondness for getting into print betrays them into all kinds of blunders. We are told, for instance, that the proposal to appoint a Scotch Secretary of State was received with the greatest enthusiasm north of the Tweed, and that a large number of members will be returned to the next Imperial Parliament pledged to Scottish Home Rule. Curiously enough, late English papers show that the new Secretaryship was received with great coolness by the Scotch members, and that, although such an appointment is recognized as only a just concession to the dignity of Scotland, it is likely that the Minister who occupies the post will hold a sinecure. The question was asked, What business shall be found for him? He might be made Keeper of the Great Seal; but such a position involves neither dignity nor work. It was proposed to hand over to him the management of Scottish education. Whereupon Dr. Lyon Playfair, member for the Universities of Edinburgh and St. Andrew's, was up in arms and poured ridicule upon the idea—will have none of it. And so the thing goes. The truth is that Home Rule, as understood by the Irish rebels and their champions, is no nearer accomplishment than it ever was, nor is it desired by the intelligence of either Ireland or Scotland. Much of the work now done by Parliament will doubtless soon be deputed to County Boards, but that is a very different thing from Home Rule.

WHEN they chuckle over the appointment of an English Commission to enquire into the condition of trade, and proceed to define the object of the Commission as an “endeavour to ascertain just why it is that the farmers, mechanics and manufacturers in Free Trade England are so much worse off than are those of other nations which have rejected the Free-Trade dogmas,” the *New York Tribune* and other Protectionist organs are scarcely fair. Surely writers in these journals know that the appointment of the Commission is a mere electioneering dodge—that it is composed wholly of men inimical to Free Trade, having no commercial status; and that the reactionary proposals of the small clique styled “Fair Traders” are not even treated *au sérieux* by responsible English journalists of any party. Then it must be patent to the most thoughtless that its mere reiteration does not establish the assertion that English “farmers, mechanics, and manufacturers” are

“much worse off” than those living under Protection. On the contrary, it has been repeatedly shown that, having due regard for the difference in the cost of living, the working classes of England are equally well-off with their American brethren. It is true that a section of the agricultural labourers in the former country are miserably under-paid, but their condition is not by any means a criterion of the great majority of workmen; and have we not read something of late about destitution leading to riot and bloodshed in Free Trade America?

THE difference between Philip drunk and Philip sober is often such as to cause amusement. The difference between Lords Salisbury and Churchill in and out of office is calculated to cause their less ptychodermatous followers no little disquietude. The following cuttings speak for themselves. In “Hansard,” 3 S., clxxxviii., 1,527-1,539 are these remarks:

After all, our theory of government is not that a certain number of statesmen should place themselves in office and do whatever the House of Commons bids them. Our theory of government is that on each side of the House there should be men supporting definite opinions, and that what they have supported in opposition they should adhere to in office; and that everyone should know, from the fact of their being in office, that those particular opinions will be supported. If you reverse that, and declare that, no matter what a man has supported in opposition, the moment he gets into office it shall be open to him to reverse and repudiate it all, you practically destroy the whole basis on which our form of government rests, and you make the House of Commons a mere scrambling-place for office. You practically banish all honourable men from the political arena, and you will find, in the long run, that the time will come when your statesmen will become nothing but political adventurers, and that professions of opinion will be looked upon as so many political manoeuvres for the purpose of obtaining office. I entreat honourable gentlemen opposite not to believe that my feelings on this subject are dictated simply by my hostility to this particular measure (the Reform Bill), though I object to it most strongly, as the House is aware. But even if I took a contrary view—if I deemed it to be most advantageous, I still should deeply regret that the position of the Executive should have been so degraded as it has been in the present session.

The speech was made in 1867, and the speaker was the present Marquis of Salisbury. On the 20th of December, 1883, Lord Randolph Churchill spoke as follows:

I believe the Tory Party is not prepared to give an inch to the Irish Party in this matter (of further concessions); it is resolved to stand firm, and I tell you truly and sincerely that on this question the Tory Party is entitled to your support. It is time, and high time to pull up. Concede nothing more to Mr. Parnell, either on the land or on the franchise, or on local self-government. We have gone in three short years too far, and we have gone too fast; the hill is very steep and the drag has not been sufficiently weighted, and unless we take a long pull and a strong pull the horses will get away from us, and there will be a terrible smash. Do not, as you value your life as an Empire, swallow one morsel more of heroic legislation, and by giving a continuous support to the Tory Party, let the Irish know that although they cry day and night, though they vex you with much wickedness and harass you with much disorder, though they incessantly divert your attention from your own affairs, though they cause you all manner of trial and trouble, that there is one thing that you will detect at once, in whatever form or guise it may be presented to you, there is one thing you will never listen to, there is one thing you will never yield to, and that is to their demand for an Irish Parliament.

PIANOFORTE players have always complained of the difficulty of making the ring-finger work as freely as the others, and according to the *British Medical Journal* Mr. Smith, of Queen Anne Street, London, has by a delicate operation succeeded in enlarging the powers of the pianist. He says: “I have just succeeded in freeing the ring-finger of the right hand of an accomplished lady pianist, without causing her much more pain than is felt from the prick of a needle. Before operation she was able to raise the finger only five-eighths of an inch beyond the others. Directly after operation she could raise the finger easily to one and a-half inches, without the least feeling of loss of control over its action. The division was, of course, made subcutaneously, so that only a minute wound was left in the skin, one-eighth of an inch in length.”

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* in China, in a lengthy contribution, gives a sketch of the newspaper press in that empire. Newspapers are not an innovation in China. The *Pekin Gazette* is the oldest newspaper in the world. The *Gazette* continues to be, as it originally was, chiefly a vehicle for communicating to the public the acts and decrees of the Government. Contact with and assistance from Europeans has, however, led to the establishment of newspapers containing more miscellaneous contents, and constructed more on Western models. There is a numerous literary class in China, with comparatively little to do, and in their hands the new instrument bids fair to develop into a valuable educational force. The writer singles out for special commendation the *Shanghai Gazette*, and several native papers of Hongkong. These papers contain local intelligence, advertisements, and other items to be found in European journals. But the ablest feature in them is the criticisms on purely native affairs, which bristle with references to Chinese literature, and are marked by wonderful felicity of style. In dealing with foreign topics the writers, however, show a great falling off. They humour the patriotic prejudices of the people, and their productions are marked by extreme Jingism. The acts of the Government and of local officials are freely treated, and censures are liberally indulged in. At first attempts were made to suppress these papers, but they are now grudgingly tolerated by the authorities, and bid fair to become a new and potent factor in the national life.

IN “Ouida's” opinion, “so much water has been mingled with the wine of English literature that it has altogether lost the body and flavour which it had of old, and its extraordinary prolixity and puerility are among the many unmistakable signs of the decay of English intellectual power.” This strong indictment she makes in the *North American Review*, and there is some truth in it. There is too much pot-boiling, and from being a daughter of the Muses and Graces, Fiction is “but a mere slave of the lamp and the quill.” But “Ouida” is not so right when she asserts that a principal reason for the decadence of English fiction is the “puritanism” of English writers. There is a strong puritanical flavour in Englishmen to-day, as

there has been since the Reformation ; but it is not on the increase. It is "Ouida," not England, that has changed in this respect. Always having a certain contempt for English prudishness and tenacious retention of *convenances*, that trait of her character has been largely developed by her long residence on the continent, and she is now become more French than the French. With all respect for her genius, there are thousands of English men and women to-day with a wholesome contempt for "prudery" and "hypocrisy" who would infinitely prefer the mediocrity of a "Hugh Conway" (whom she savagely attacks) than the brilliance of a "Ouida"; and when this shall cease to be the case England will have "stepped down and out" of her position as the head of Christianity.

Mrs. HELEN JACKSON ("H.H."), whose decease has just occurred, was a daughter of Prof. Nathan M. Fiske, of Amherst College. She was born on October 18, 1831, and was christened Helen Maria. She is credited with having displayed in early childhood the ardent and impetuous nature that always belonged to her; and according to the *N. Y. Critic*, is said by local contemporaries to have run away from home at the age of ten or thereabouts, with a little playmate—the two girls being at last discovered, walking contentedly along, hand in-hand with a tin-peddler. In 1855 she married Capt. Edward B. Hunt, U.S.A. At this time she is described as being a great social favourite, full of vivacity and spirits, with much personal attraction. "She was a devoted wife and mother, but nobody dreamed of her as a literary woman," says the authority already quoted. In 1863 Major Hunt was killed by the premature explosion of a submarine battery of his own invention. It was not until 1865 that Mrs. Hunt began to publish her writings, though she had already written much poetry. Her first printed productions appeared in the *Nation* and the *Atlantic Monthly*, and these were followed by brief prose sketches in the *Independent* and elsewhere. Her constitution was never very robust, and it was while living in Colorado Springs in search of health that she met and married Mr. W. S. Jackson, a banker, in 1875. It was during this period that she formed—partly from her own observation, and partly through personal interviews with those well-known Indians, Sitting Bull and Bright Eyes—a profound interest in the cause of the aborigines, and to this she devoted nearly the whole of her remaining literary life. Her death was the cumulative result of a long series of disasters. In June, 1884, she fell down a flight of stairs at her house in Colorado Springs, and sustained a compound fracture of the leg. When she was cured it was found that the other leg had been so strained by over-use that she was housed with a second lameness. This so impaired her general health that she went finally to California for change of air and treatment, and there unfortunately took up her abode in a malarious residence, at Los Angeles. In February of this year she was taken seriously ill; went to San Francisco in March, and there underwent a second poisoning from sewer-gas, bringing her rapidly to a condition which her physicians could only call "nerve-exhaustion," but which was described in subsequent telegraphic despatches as cancer. The telegraph announced her death on August 12. The series of stories signed "H.H." which ran through *Scribner's* in 1871 is supposed to have been written by Mrs. Jackson, though at the time she denied the fact, and has not since withdrawn that denial. Be that as it may, no other writer has exhibited a claim to their authorship. She was an easy and prolific writer, delighting in the exercise of her pen. She also had a high standard of literary form, and was unwearied in correcting and revising, making also careful and critical study of the style of other prose writers.

ERRATA.—By an oversight a contribution which appeared in our last issue, entitled "Political Pauperism in Quebec," was published unsigned. The same *nom de plume* as appeared in the list of contents ("Observer") ought to have been appended to the article. Two clerical errors also occurred in the editorial referring to Sir Francis Hincks' death: "destruction of sleep" should of course have been "destructive of sleep," and in the second line "fails" was made into "fail."

THESE DEGENERATE MODERN DAYS.

GLIBLY fall the tones regretful o'er the pleasant times, no more,
When this earth of ours was younger, in the goodly days of yore;
When full dress was but a fig leaf in the pre-historic time;
When the troubadour and jongleur sang in mediæval rhyme;
When fat Hal, our kingly Bluebeard—model of false heartedness—
Changed his wives almost as often as he changed his royal dress;
And those days of England's Georges—mention of them is to praise,
With a parting sigh and sneer at these degenerate modern days.

In the good days pre-historic folks camped out in goat-hair tents,
Innocent of baths, etcetera (*vide* "House" advertisements);
Eastern night-dews picniced round them, and our Aryan forbear's phiz
Grimaced as its owner wallowed in the pangs of "rheumatiz."
'Neath our roof-trees we may never sleep in soul-entrancing joy,
With a billy-goat beside us, like the patriarchal boy.
Sheltered by our bricks and mortar, winter's frosts and summer's rays
Are, alas! but little felt in these degenerate modern days.

In the mediæval period, murder, violence and lust
Made things rosy for those mashers who are with the saints we trust;
Happy, happy mediævals! when crusading was the rage,
Home returned ye, wives re-married: nothing left save lonely age.
We in peace and safety slumber in our household's calm retreat,
And our lullaby's the tramping of 120 on his beat,—

That is if he isn't "vittling" 'neath our cook's admiring gaze
(For "the finest" dote on cooks in these degenerate modern days).

In the reign of bluff King Harry swells but seldom died in bed,
For the bloated Tudor's weakness was a loving subject's head;
And full many a noble victim of that same despotic power
Passed beneath the Traitor's Gateway to the headsman of the Tower.
Now-a-days our English monarchs trouble not their royal heads
As to whether loyal subjects die in ditches or in beds.
All they ask is peace and plenty, with the right to pleasant ways;
And this whim we always grant in these degenerate modern days.

When that bright quartette, "The Georges," figured at the royal helm,
Dinners were but drunken orgies 'mongst the gentry of the realm;
And—to tell the truth—the parson gambled, swore and drank his fill,
Called his man out, yea, and winged him with the heartiest good-will.
Now the exile of Oporto and the tear of Champagne's vine
Are exchanged for *aqua pura* (*Anglicè*: old Adam's wine);
And our parson, Heaven bless him! for deliverance he prays
From liquor, crime, and sudden death in these degenerate modern days.

Still we hear the tones regretful for the goodly times, no more,
Still that sentimental slobbering for the brave old days of yore.
And sometimes we can't help thinking, while folks of the bygone dream,
Of the comforts we're enjoying in these sneered-at days of steam.
Julius Caesar was a hero, yet his came-saw-conquered tone
Never warbled "Hello, Central!" through the wondrous telephone.
Praise your Past! though half its glory is but an exploded craze,
Still our vote and influence go for these degenerate modern days.

H. K. COCKIN.

SONNET TO A STREET LAMP!

THOU bright usurper of the Link-boy's trade,
What praises shall my muse to thee indite
Thou solitary guardian of the night!
Unwonted homage shall to thee be paid!
When in the west the sun-tints slowly fade,
And night-hawks shriek in lofty-flight,
Then with the stars shines out thy humble light;
By their soft radiance thou art not dismayed.
Belated wanderers home returning late
Invoke a blessing on thy cheerful ray;
While foot-pad burglars, and their noisome brood,
Who, forced by what they deem unkindest fate,
Their avocation find unsuited to the day,
View thy accusing gleams in surliest mood. C. W. P.

EURIKLEIA.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHNEEGANS.]

IV.

If anyone of the hunters approached the monastery with ideas and anticipations based upon his European experiences he was fated, upon reaching it, to be most painfully undeceived. It was not a venerable and stately structure, built solidly of granite or freestone, and enclosed within lofty battlemented walls, as in the West or North, nor was it even a dwelling which, in spite of its age, the pious and loving care of an industrious and well-ordered brotherhood had rendered a comfortable and inviting abode, that rose to view in these Bulgarian cloisters. Only from a distance did they present an agreeable and striking picture to the artistic eye. The low mean-looking wall which, with anything but mathematical regularity of outline, enclosed the inner court was built of rude, unhewn stones; while in sundry places the stones had fallen and left ugly gaps which had been hastily and carelessly stopped with broken bricks and withered thorns or bramble bushes. The battered and rotten gate, affording a passage within the enclosure, creaked dolefully upon its rusty hinges and added still further to the air of sordid poverty and desolation which prevailed around; while a long wooden bolt served the monks in place of a lock as a defence against sturdy beggars and marauding gypsies. Within the wall lay the dwelling-houses, stalls, barns and church; but scattered about, void of plan or architectural arrangement of any kind, and apparently owing their position to chance. Grass and bushes grew in wild luxuriance, or rather as luxuriantly as the cattle, sheep and swine which formed the sole possessions of the monastery allowed; while, to add to the feeling of all-pervading discomfort, a few warped boards and weather-beaten beams leaned aimlessly against the decaying walls. Through this wilderness the monks had contrived a few narrow paths in order to pass from their cells to the church and from one dwelling-house to another. Around the church ran a somewhat wider path which enabled them to make the summons to prayer with tolerable comfort, for since the use of bells is interdicted as well by Turkish custom as by Turkish law, they were wont to mark the canonical hours by means of blows struck with wooden mallets upon a board borne for the purpose on the shoulders of one of the younger brothers, a monotonous and melancholy sound, the weird, strange echoes of which could not fail to make the solitude of these mountain cloisters still more solitary and lonesome. The buildings in which the abbot, monks and resident lay-brothers lived enclosed the court-yard upon three sides, their irregular architecture and dilapidated walls, their rudely made balconies

and wooden varandahs, together with their projecting eaves and straw or rush-thatched roofs, giving the place more the aspect of an untidily kept and thriftless farm house than the dwelling of a religious order. The only building which had any semblance of architectural comeliness about it was the church, with its large central cupola, surmounted by a Greek cross, and flanked by two small turrets, likewise roofed with tin. High, narrow windows were contrived in the whitewashed walls, from which, however, the ill tempered plaster had fallen in many places; through these windows the wind sighed sadly, and the birds of heaven built their nests undisturbed above the meanly furnished high altar. A picture of misery and wretchedness, of poverty and neglect, and yet, a most fitting abode for the ignorant and boorish cloister life, which, in these regions, dirty, lazy and subsisting by begging, shambled through life in a sort of moral and material hopelessness. Old chronicles relate that the monks of the West not infrequently exchanged the cross for the sword and the cowl for the casque, and that they went forth ready for the fight and eager for it, and waged doughty warfare on behalf of the church and fatherland, and made the enemies of both feel the weight of their sturdy blows; but who would have expected from these Bulgarian monks anything but dumb, stupid submission? It was not an *Ecclesia triumphans* nor even an *Ecclesia militans* that was to be seen there; but only the most sorrowful and afflicted of all suffering churches: only a martyrdom without glory, without echo, a slow, lingering sickening to the death, a needless and inglorious suffocation in the reeking and fetid swamp.

One of the monks caught sight of the little caravan from a distance and went to inform the Father Abbot of the approach of the strangers, and to get the roomy hall set apart for the reception of travellers in one of the outlying buildings, ready for the expected guests: a task which, to be sure, required only a short time, since nothing more was done than open the windows, wipe off the heavy layer of dust which had accumulated an inch thick upon the divans, the cushions of which had once shone with the rich play of their varied colours, but were now faded and dirty; or, perhaps, brush down a few of the cobwebs which hung too low from the ceiling for comfort. While the lay-brothers were performing these duties under the inspection of the monk who had announced the approach of the travellers, the monks were gathering together around the Abbot in the court-yard, and when Ilia's waggon halted before the walls the occupants of the monastery, with their superior at their head, stepped through the gateway to give their visitors a friendly greeting.

"Welcome to my humble house!" exclaimed the Abbot, addressing himself to Werner, who occupied the seat next to Ilia upon the first waggon, and whom he naturally enough regarded as the chief personage of the expedition. "Ye are Christians as well as ourselves, and it is with peculiar pleasure that we open to you our gate. Praised be Jesus Christ."

"For ever, amen!" answered Werner, who was acquainted with the customs of the East. "We shall not abuse your hospitality, venerable Father, nor trespass upon it long. We intend hunting in these mountains and, if it be permitted us, will gladly remember your house in the division of our game."

The worthy Abbot bowed a courteous response with dignified grace, while the monks, not seeking to conceal their pleasure at the prospect of the promised dainties, exchanged significant glances, as if they already inhaled the delicate savour which the fat roast venison diffused around the tables. As they stood there with their bony, coarsely-built forms and unlovely countenances of a strongly marked Slavonic-Tatar type, the eye turned gladly from them to rest upon the face and figure of their Abbot. A delicate, slender, almost emaciated form was his, with clearly cut and noble features, eminently ecclesiastical, but far from monkish in their character. The outline of his face had nothing in common with that of the monks over whom he ruled; the refined and prominent nose; the absence of beard, the long flowing hair, streaked with silver, falling lightly upon his shoulders; the large, dark, penetrating eyes; the deep, thoughtful furrows between the bushy eyebrows, all bore silent but eloquent testimony that this man was of a very different stamp to that of the Bulgarian monk. This man's life, assuredly, had not been passed amid the soulless, mind-destroying sloth of an Eastern cloister. This face gave no reflection of an ossified monachism occupied with the paltry gossip of the convent, or immersed in the outward observances of a mechanical devotion. Like this Abbot in the remote Monastery of Badadagh those Byzantine Church fathers must have appeared, of whom history relates that they dominated alike over court and people by the magnetic influence of their glance and the power of an irresistible eloquence.

The hunters were preparing to enter the monastery; but, with a courteous smile and extended hands, the Abbot checked their advance.

"My honoured guests," said he, "in conformity with an old custom, I cannot suffer you to cross this threshold until I learn who you are, what are your names, where ye dwell, and whence ye come. It is also well that people be mutually acquainted before they enter into closer relations the one with the other. One speaks more freely and with less constraint when one knows beforehand what one must not say or had best leave unsaid."

The introduction was soon made. The name, nationality, descent and profession of each of the party were smilingly made known to the Abbot by the Secretary, who concluded by saying that they were recommended personally to the good offices of the Abbot by the Pasha of Isakcha who prided himself on being a friend and old acquaintance of the venerable father.

"I thank you," replied the Abbot: "the Pasha and I are known to each other of old, and although we differ in many things we love and respect one another mutually. If he has not told you my name suffer me to tell it to you myself: I am called Cyrill by the brethren, and I strive to do no discredit to this name which has been conferred upon me, and which was

once borne by a prince of the church. But," said he, interrupting himself and looking inquiringly upon Eurikleia, "Who is this maiden whom ye bring with you?"

"The bride of our guide, the Bulgarian, Ilia," answered Werner while he took the maiden by the hand and led her to Cyrill. "She is styled the rose of Isakcha, as we were assured by the Pasha, and she well deserves the name, for no fairer rose blooms in all Bulgaria."

"A blooming rose in very truth! Still there are many roses in our gardens, and each is distinguished from its sisters by some particular name. What is the name of the rose of Isakcha?"

"Eurikleia, venerable Father."

"Eurikleia? That is surely a foreign name?"

"She is a Greek."

"Greek!" exclaimed the Abbot, and a faint flush suffused his pale and wrinkled face, a clear, joyous light sparkled in his eyes, and taking both hands of the maiden in his he drew Eurikleia towards him with a kindly winning gesture. "Thou art a Greek? So art thou doubly welcome to me! For thy family is from my own land, lovely rose, and my old heart is filled with pride and joy that the fairest rose in all Bulgaria is a Greek. May'st thou be the best and purest as well as the fairest amongst its women, Eurikleia."

Eurikleia had knelt before the venerable Abbot, and, in accordance with Eastern custom, kissed his hand respectfully. He bent over her kindly; they exchanged a few words softly in their native Greek, and he laid his right hand, as if in blessing, upon her head.

The hunters gazed not unmoved upon this lovely picture; but none of them perceived the agitation which had suddenly overmastered the Turk when he saw Eurikleia and the Abbot engaged in conversation. Demir Keran had understood nothing of the foreign tongue; but it seemed to his simple soldier's judgment that the beautiful young Christian whom he had received orders to conduct to his master was going to be snatched from his grasp by this monk and his monastery. Many a time and oft had his comrades, while upon the march or seated around their bivouac fires, spoken of the Christian maidens who, in order to avoid the splendid slavery of the Grand Seigneur's harem, had suddenly disappeared behind the walls of a convent. And, so the simple, rude soldiery were wont to relate, when the heavy door of the cloister had once shut behind a girl there was no power in heaven or on earth which could bring back the vanished one, for deeper, gloomier than the deepest grave of the Moslem was the cloister of the Christians. In the former, away yonder beneath the shadow of the slender cypresses, waving gently to and fro in the wind, they slept quietly and softly amid the songs of the birds and the joyous laughter of the little Turkish children; but here, behind this convent wall, life itself was lived no more, here there was nothing but the silence of eternal death. So the Turkish soldiers were wont to speak, and what wonder if Demir Keran believed all they said? What wonder if he believed that this very day, now, just before his eyes, the convent gates were going to open to snatch from his grasp the maiden destined for the harem of his sovereign? Should such an insult be offered to his master and he standing there? Was not his good musket in his hand? was not his trusty yataghan hanging by his side? And was not his name Demir Keran: he who breaks iron—and and Christians too, if need be?

His mind was soon made up. With a bound, as though he were trying to seize a fleeing doe, the Turk broke through the line of the gazing hunters and grasping Eurikleia with his powerful hand, exclaimed:

"Let her go! By Allah! You have no business with her, she belongs to my master, the Pasha of Isakcha!"

"Thou liest, dog! Here is my master!"

Eurikleia, who had sunk almost prone upon the earth beneath the heavy hand of the soldier, as she uttered, or rather shrieked the words, wrenched herself suddenly from his grasp and lay, ere Demir had time to prevent her, flushed and excited on Werner's breast, her flashing eyes turned proudly upon the Turk, and seemingly challenging him to dare to molest her further. With a passionate gesture she twined her arms round Werner's neck; it was from him she sought help, from him who had promised to defend her. Werner felt her warm breath upon his cheek, he felt the heaving of her bosom against his breast, he felt, also, how her strained muscles quivered with the tension, and her little hands clasped him round the neck like bands of iron. A mist seemed to pass before the eyes of the startled youth and hide every object from his view except the frightened girl who was clinging to his neck; and as he held her locked tightly in his arms, as he passed his hand protectingly round her slender form, as his eyes gazed down into hers, he felt all the intoxication of romantic youth. It seemed as if his whole being had blossomed forth in one exulting spring time; he thought neither of the astounded hunters who stood gazing round, nor of the unhappy Ilia, who, pale as death and riveted to the ground, was staring fixedly at them both; nor of the furious Turk who with his hand upon the hilt of his yataghan appeared about to attack them; nor of the old Abbot, who holding back the soldier, stood speechless among his troubled and frightened monks.

"Fear nothing, Eurikleia," he whispered softly in the ear of the trembling, clinging girl, and drew her nearer to his burning lips; "I will protect and defend thee, lovely rose. Be mine, fair rose," he added as he gazed into her eyes, and pressed his trembling lips upon hers.

A deep blush overspread her face, she did not avoid the kiss, nay, it seemed even as if she returned it, then suddenly she loosed herself from his arms.

"No!" she exclaimed, as she drew herself from Werner's embrace, "no! I am not my sister!"

"Eurikleia! calm thyself!" answered Werner, who had understood

her words in a different sense to what she intended, while he strove to draw her towards him, "I have strength and courage to defend both thee and me."

But she broke loose again from his grasp, and covering her face with both her hands sank dejectedly at his feet. "No! no!" she repeated. "I can not! I will not! I am not like my sister!" and her voice shook, as in despairing accents she wailed: "Ilia! why canst thou not defend thy bride!"

Deeply distressed Werner had bent over her. Suddenly he felt a hand laid upon his arm, he looked up, and Ilia stood before him. A gloomy fire burned in his eyes, and in the same haughty tone with which he had surprised the hunters on their departure from his village the day before, he addressed the young Secretary:

"Eurikleia is my bride. What dost thou want with her? It is my duty to defend her, and I will defend her against all, even against thee!"

So saying, with unexpected resolution he raised the fainting girl from the ground and bore her through the line of startled monks and astonished hunters within the precincts of the monastery to the porter's dwelling, where two women, who had been curious and interested spectators of the scene, soon busied themselves compassionately in attending to the unconscious maiden.

A few hastily spoken words sufficed to make the Abbot acquainted with the events of the previous night and morning, whilst the ex-chasseur and some of the others held back and endeavoured to pacify the angry and disappointed Turk.

Cyrril listened thoughtfully, his eyes looking inquiringly from the little group at the door of the porter's lodge to the perplexed and troubled Secretary whose gaze was still fixed upon the unconscious form. Then he turned to Demir Keran and in quiet but commanding tones bade him trouble the maiden no further; here in the monastery she was under the protection of the Abbot, a gendarme who could not produce the written order of the governor had no authority over any one, and as far as the Greek girl was concerned, he, the Abbot, would take an opportunity of discussing the affair with "his friend" the Pasha; until then Eurikleia should remain in the monastery, and he forbade, by virtue of his dignity and his office, anyone to do her harm. "Servants," he concluded by saying, "servants should not forget that they are servants, and that the Abbot of Kokosh can be with the Pasha of Isakcha in a couple of hours and is wont to be received there as a friend of the house."

"And now," he added, addressing the hunters, while the gravity which had lent an air of austerity to his features gave place to a most courteous and captivating smile, "may it please you to enter, my friends? Your meal awaits you, a simple one, it is true, but one given from the heart. Refresh yourselves with food and drink, afterwards we will talk over your plans of to-morrow. May Heaven bless the feet which pass this threshold."

And hastening before the hunters with a still light and vigorous step the Abbot led them to the spacious hall, where the servants and lay-brothers had placed upon the carpet-covered floor, the earthenware dishes containing the Bulgarian national dish, rice with paprika and a few lean fowls.

The Secretary, who moved as if in a dream or under the influence of some potent drug, had seized the arm of his friend the Engineer and followed the others, not knowing very well what he was doing. The Berliner rallied him, as was his wont, upon his success with the pretty Greek, and assured him that he would think twice ere he chose him as a defender of his future bride.

As they entered the hall, the last of the party, the Abbot, laid his hand slowly and almost solemnly upon Werner's shoulder. The Secretary looked up startled, and as if suddenly aroused from sleep. The fatherly, benevolent look which met his gaze had a wonderfully calming and soothing effect upon his excited and troubled feelings.

"My young friend," said Cyrill with a gentle voice, "in this land old age has a privilege, in every land it has a claim upon the courtesy of youth. Before you depart from this monastery, whether for the chase, or to recross the Danube, I should like much to speak with you. Up yonder," and he pointed to a balcony overgrown with flowers opposite the porter's lodge, and overlooking the convent garden, "up yonder, behind that balcony, my cell is situated. May I expect to see you there?" and smiling pleasantly, he added: "I live among the flowers until I shall sleep beneath them. You are fond of roses, you will find the fairest roses of Bulgaria with me; but, please remember my young friend, that these fragrant roses of mine are not intended to be plucked," and with a friendly greeting the Abbot left the hall.

(To be continued.)

THE SCRAP BOOK.

LEGAL ENACTMENT AGAINST VICE.

The following extract from a letter to the London Times may be wholesome reading for those who have been charging others with being friendly to vice because they object to the diffusion of contaminating ideas. It is written by J. Llewelys Davies, a name well known and highly respected in connection with moral and social reform:

It must be perplexing to many persons to find that so grave a difference of opinion exists among those to whose authority they would naturally defer on such a subject, with regard to the revelations of brutal wickedness with which the air has lately been poisoned. It is certain that you, Sir, for whose reticence and sound advice your readers owe you grateful thanks,

represent a predominant opinion among the wiser laity. I venture to speak with the same pleasure of the comments of the *Guardian* and the *Spectator*. Let me add that almost every clergyman with whom I have conversed on the subject has deplored and condemned in the strongest manner the free unveiling of things over which it has been hitherto usual to draw a cover of decency. A master of a great public school has spoken to me with emotion of the irreparable mischief being done by this tearing aside of veils. On the other hand I am afraid it must be admitted that the Archbishops of Canterbury and York and the Bishop of London, and even the Bishop of Durham, condone—if they do not applaud—the publication of this new apocalypse of evil, on the ground that some such exposure was necessary, and is likely to lead on the whole to good results. There must be two reasons for this difference. The harm likely to be done by the publication and the good likely to be done by the agitation are alike differently estimated. Allowance must be made for women whose brains become heated by the horrors of which they read, and who have not the comparative knowledge of evil which many men are compelled to acquire. But it is astonishing that religious men of large experience should feel themselves justified in setting at naught the traditions of civilization and morality. Upon the new principle now advocated it would be right for sermons to be continually full of the most revolting statements, and for newspapers to print all the evidence, medical and other, given in the most nauseous criminal trials. . . . It is incomprehensible to me that so much should be expected from amendments of the law as must be expected by those who are justifying such disclosures and such an agitation. For more than thirty years I have been in contact with the most degraded class of the population in the east and the north-west of London, and I have at least struggled enough against the wickedness of which I have become aware to know by experience what the chief difficulties are with which we have to contend. I am very far from holding that the law can do nothing to repress vice. . . . But there are three distinct arguments against hoping too confidently that immorality will be repressed by more stringent enactments:—(1) There is the difficulty of finding a prosecutor. (2) If a prosecutor is found, it is very difficult to obtain evidence which will be held conclusive in a court. Once when I got a bad fellow punished the magistrate said to me he was glad there was no chance of an appeal against his sentence on the ground of the insufficiency of the evidence. (3) There is the danger of an enactment doing unintended harm. To make it an easily punishable offence for a man to speak to a woman with an immoral purpose would almost certainly produce an abundant crop of conspiracies against innocent men; but if the soliciting stopped short of the molestation against which the law is effective now, it would be very unlikely to be brought to the notice of the police."

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE holiday book of Ticknor and Company will be a magnificent illustrated edition of Byron's "Childe Harold."

M. ZOLA'S new book, "L'Œuvre," is described by the author as "une étude de psychologie très fouillée et de profonde passion."

THE pavilion of Henry IV. at St. Germain has been turned into a restaurant, and people dine in the very room in which Louis XIV. was born.

ROBERTS BROTHERS propose to publish a series of translations from the novels of Balzac; and as the first of the series will bring out "Pere Goriot."

A NEW and complete "Life of General Grant," by E. E. Brown, author of "Life of Garfield," will be published immediately by D. Lothrop and Company.

MR. GEORGE W. CABLE'S reply to the critics of "The Freedmen's Case in Equity," will appear in the September *Century* under the title, "The Silent South."

"THE DUCHESS"—whose works are popular because all the world likes love-stories prettily told in a playful way—is an Irish lady. Her name is Mrs. Argelles.

E. P. DUTTON AND COMPANY have arranged to issue Archdeacon Farrar's sermon on Grant delivered at Westminster Abbey on the 4th inst. The Archdeacon is expected to lecture in Toronto Shaftesbury Hall about the middle of next month.

FOUR years ago the public welcomed J. G. Fitch's "Lectures on Teaching," delivered in the University of Cambridge in 1880. Macmillan and Company have now brought out a new edition, with a short preface by an American normal teacher; and we recommend the book for its sensible thought and readable style.

THE announcement is made (*Globe*) that the *Chicago Current* has suspended. No particulars have appeared up to the time of going to press, and the incident is inexplicable in face of an announcement, made a short time ago, that the *Current* had earned \$7,000 during the past year. The defunct journal—if defunct it be—was conducted with conspicuous ability, and its suspension is a loss to the higher literature of this continent.

PERSONS desirous of purchasing copies of the book written by General Grant should be careful to see that the book offered them is not a history of General Grant written by someone else. There has been a large output of biographies of the great soldier, many of them excellent works no doubt, but purchasers who want only General Grant's book should not be deceived by similar titles or take for granted that the book offered is the book they desire.—*Current*.

THE first edition (150,000 copies) of "The Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant," which Charles L. Webster and Company of New York are to publish, is now in the hands of the printers, and the first volume will be ready for delivery in December. A second edition, at least as large as the first, is already made necessary. It is understood that Mrs. Grant is to receive seventy-five per cent. of the profit of the book in America, and eighty-five per cent. of that from abroad.

IN the *Pull Mall Gazette* of August 15th there appeared a letter from Mr. Thomas Ritchie, of Ottawa, pointing out what he considered "an omission in the Queen's Speech," viz.: that the address contained no reference to the late North-West rebellion. He fears that the omission on the part of her Majesty's advisers might occasion some chagrin to the more sensitive of his fellow-colonists. It is, perhaps, somewhat remarkable that an opportunity to indulge in Jingo talk was missed by the Salisbury Cabinet.

THE CANADA LIFE.

WHAT IT COMES TO AFTER THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS' PROGRESS.

The Premier Life Company of Canada—How Success Waits Upon Good Management—A Clear Statement by President Ramsay—Figures That Tell the Story.

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of the Canada Life Assurance Company was held on Wednesday 19th, in the Board room. Following is a full list of those present:—A. G. Ramsay, President; F. W. Gates, Vice-President; R. Hills, Secretary; Dr. Billings, Adam Brown, W. F. Burton, Gabriel Ferris, W. A. Hanlon, W. F. Finlay, James H. Mills, George S. Papps, John Riddell, John Stuart, Thomas Swinyard, George A. Young, of Hamilton; Hon. Justice Barton, Col. Gzowski of Toronto; George A. Cox, of Peterboro'; Dr. Kerr, of Galt; Henry Yates, of Brantford; D. Kidd, W. A. Morrow, F. C. Taylor, J. W. Marling, J. L. Irwin, H. O'Connor, D. Lowrey, D. H. McGarvey, J. D. Henderson, W. L. Hutton, G. A. Cox, J. L. White, P. Laferriere, R. H. Haycock, D. A. Breakearidge, J. S. Loudon, H. Maxwell, F. W. Stone, Dr. Macdonald, Dr. Mullin.

THE ANNUAL REPORTS.

The Minutes of the last Annual Meeting having been read and confirmed, the various annual reports were submitted, as follow:—

REPORT BY THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

The Directors are pleased to announce that the prosperity of the Company continues to increase, and that the operations of the thirty-eighth year to the 30th April last, have exceeded those of any previous similar period.

Of 2,640 applications for assurances of \$5,219,497, there were 2,294 for \$4,611,492, with annual premiums amounting to \$149,428.42, which were accepted and issued. Others, amounting to \$372,500 upon 192 lives, being deemed ineligible by the Directors, were declined, and 154 applications for \$265,505 were not carried out.

The total business in force at the close of the year was \$31,890,225.71, including bonus additions upon 14,877 lives under 18,713 policies and two annuities for \$613 per year.

The income of the past year was \$1,335,680.58, and the total expenditure, including death claims, having been \$632,781.36, the assets were increased by the sum of \$703,899.22, making the total assets of the Company amount to \$7,041,940.23, exclusive of the uncalled capital of \$875,000.

The claims by deaths of persons assured amounted to \$311,862.63, under 166 policies upon 137 lives, while the sum anticipated and provided for was \$477,933.

As the profits arising during the past five years fall now to be divided, it may be mentioned that while during the earlier years of the Company the share of these which was allotted to policy-holders was 75 per cent., the large extension of the business and its remarkable prosperity enabled the Directors in 1880 to increase that share to 90 per cent. from 1875 and they are now much gratified by being again able to add to the advantages of policy-holders, by a further increase of their share of the profits to 93.33 per cent. for the past five years, from April 30, 1880. The usual careful and exhaustive investigation of the position of the Company, made upon the occasion of a quinquennial division of profits has been again undertaken, and there are submitted herewith reports by the Auditor and by the Committee on Investments, as well as a report upon the position of the Company by the eminent consulting actuary, Mr. Sheppard Homans, of New York. From his report, and by the abstract of assets and liabilities, it will be observed that the profit surplus, or balance available for distribution, amounts to the large sum of \$1,350,464.23, and the Directors having allotted 93.33 per cent., or \$1,260,433.34 to the policy-holders, they now declare a bonus to them at the rate of 2 1/2 per cent. per annum, or \$26.25 per annum for each \$1,000 assured, leaving a special reserve of \$49,870.34. This bonus being a larger one than has ever before been attained, the Directors believe that such a successful result will still further add to the confidence and prosperity which the Company enjoys.

As upon former occasions, prospective or intermediate profits at the rate of 1 1/2 per cent. per annum for each year, from April 30th last, will be allowed to policies becoming claims before the next division of profits in 1887, where the profits are taken by way of bonus, and where taken otherwise, the equivalent of a bonus at that rate will be all-well.

The share of the profits allotted to Stockholders is 6.66 per cent., or \$90.0394, out of which a bonus at the rate of \$25 per share is declared.

The Directors who retire by rotation at the present time are Messrs. F. Wolfstan Thomas, Montreal; the Rev. Canon Jones, London; the Hon. Donald McInnes, Hamilton; George Hague, Montreal; and F. W. Gates, Hamilton, all of whom are eligible for re-election.

A. G. RAMSAY, President.
R. HILLS, Secretary.

THE CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,
Hamilton, Ont., Aug. 13, 1885.

STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND PAYMENTS

of the Canada Life Assurance Company for the thirty-eighth year, ending April 30th, 1885.

RECEIPTS.	
To balance at April 30, 1884	\$5,843,394 57
Premiums received on new Policies and renewals	973,058 23
Extra risks	2,536 26
Fines	513 21
Interest earned on investments and profits on sale of Debentures, etc.	360,502 83
Add difference between market value and cost value of Bank Stock at April 30, 1885	12,078 50
	\$7,192,153 65

PAYMENTS.	
By expense account	\$180,652 83
Written off agency balances	1,797 67
Written off real estate, Company's Head Offices and Branches	40,000 00
Lien on half-credit policy written off	170 00
Re-assurance premiums	4,211 63
Claims by death	241,283 27
Claims by matured endowments	1,000 00
Cancelled (purchased policies)	20,541 45
Profits of Mutual branch—bonus	25,396 34
Profits of Mutual branch—cash	11,210 59
Profits of Mutual branch—diminution of premiums	87,119 53
Dividends on Stock	18,750 00
Annuities	648 00
	\$632,781 36
Balance of Assets as per general abstract of Assets and Liabilities	6,559,372 29
Audited and approved, JAMES SYDNEY CROCKER.	\$7,192,153 65

THE CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,
Hamilton, Aug. 6, 1885.

A. G. RAMSAY, President.
R. HILLS, Secretary.

GENERAL ABSTRACT

Of the Assets and Liabilities of the Canada Life Assurance Company, as at 30th April, 1885.

ASSETS.	
Cash on hand \$22.54 and in Bank \$141,844.86	\$141,867 50
Mortgages on real estate—value in account	1,221,128 97
Debentures—value in account:—	
City	474,220 79
County	224,973 34
Town	633,946 85
Township	402,322 93
Village	525,517 96
Harbour of Montreal	97,400 00
Ontario Government subsidy	9,590 84
Canadian Pacific Land Grant Bonds	423,772 00
Loan Companies	10,000 00
Bank Stocks	383,250 00
Stock in Loan Companies	25,665 50
Dominion Telegraph Company Stock	5,724 50
Gas Companies' Stocks	15,707 15
Loans on Policies	517,078 95
Loans on Stocks, etc.	936,461 89
Real Estate, Head Offices and Branches	304,500 00
Lien on half-credit Policies in force	183,992 00
Ground rents (present value)	14,431 05
Office furniture	7,564 10
Suspense account, including advances to agents and others on account	4,356 08
	\$6,559,372 29

OTHER ASSETS.	
Cash in agents' and other hands, including receipts held by them for premiums which have since been accounted for	\$260,216 23
Half-yearly and quarterly premiums secured on policies and payable within nine months	136,411 21
	\$396,627 44
Deduct 10 per cent. for cost of collection	39,662 74
Accrued Interest on Debentures, etc.	123,603 21
	\$7,041,940 20

LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock paid up	\$125,000 00
Proprietor's Account	86,456 52
ASSURANCE FUNDS.	
Reserve required to meet all out-standing policies, by British Actuaries' Table Hm. 4 1/2 per cent., valuing net premiums only	\$4,547,579 00
Deduct value of re-assurances	13,760 00
Reserve required for suspended Policies which may be revived during thirteen months from date of lapsing, by British Actuaries' Table Hm. 4 1/2 per cent., valuing net premiums only	45,687 00
Death claims not fully due or for which claimants had not presented perfect discharges at 30th April, 1885, nearly all since paid	86,486 34
Premiums paid in advance	535 20
Endowment matured (awaiting perfect discharges)	2,000 00

PROFIT FUNDS.	
Reserve required to meet all out-standing bonuses, etc., on Policies, by British Actuaries' Table Hm. 4 1/2 per cent.	\$721,501 00
Vested profits on death claims (not fully due)	5,471 36
Endowment matured (awaiting perfect discharge)	78 63
Vested profits on suspended Policies	3,457 50
Balance of unpaid profits	11,843 00
	\$743,951 46
Special profit reserve for minimum Policies (to April 30th, 1880)	43,761 00
Mutual branch surplus profit reserve, 1880	22,752 40

ANNUITY FUNDS.	
Reserve required to meet all annuity obligations	5,523 00

ASSURANCE AND ANNUITY FUNDS.	
Reserve required to meet an Assurance and Annuity obligation	104 00
Surplus or balance available for distribution as profits	\$5,691,475 92
Of which fourteen-fifteenths (93.33 per cent.) at credit of Policy holders for distribution as profits to them	1,350,464 23
And at credit of Shareholders, being one-fifteenth share (6.66 per cent.) of profits.	90,030 94
	\$7,041,940 20

A. G. RAMSAY, President.
Audited and approved,
JAS. SYDNEY CROCKER, Auditor.

R. HILLS, Secretary.

THE CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,
Hamilton, 6th Aug., 1885.

REPORT BY SHEPPARD HOMANS, OF NEW YORK, CONSULTING ACTUARY.

Having calculated the reserves required to cover the risks and declared profits of the Canada Life Assurance Company upon the basis of the mortality table of the Institute of Actuaries of Great Britain, and interest at 4 1/2 per centum per annum, the table and interest prescribed by the Government of Canada, the following are the reserves as at April 30th, 1885:

	Amount assured.	Liability.
Policies out-standing, 18,713	\$33,543,240 01	\$4,547,579 00
Deferred annuity of \$9.50 and assurance of \$45.11		104 00
Bonus additions	1,346,985 70	721,501 00
Annual profit reductions	7,323 67	
Two annuities	648 00	5,523 00
Total liability		\$5,274,707 00

Respectfully submitted,
SHEPPARD HOMANS,
Consulting Actuary.

New York, July 10, 1885.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON INVESTMENTS.

We hereby certify that we have carefully examined and passed in detail the several securities specified in the "General Abstract of the Assets and Liabilities to 30th April last," and find the same to be correct, and have also verified the balance of cash.

DENNIS MOORE.
F. W. GATES.
WM. HENDRIE.
JOHN STUART.

CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY'S OFFICES,
Hamilton, 5th August, 1885.

AUDITOR'S REPORT, 1885.

To the President, Vice-President and Directors of the Canada Life Assurance Company—GENTLEMEN:—I have completed the audit of the several books of account of the Canada Life Assurance Company for the financial year ending 30th April last, and found them to be correct and satisfactory. The several receipts and payments were duly vouched and regularly recorded, and the cash balances agree with the bankers' statements at the above date, after deducting the out-standing cheques as noted in the ledger.

The debentures, mortgages and other securities were examined by me in detail. They correspond with the schedules of the same herewith presented, and their amounts agree with the several totals of the investment funds as represented in the ledger for the above date.

The statements of "assets and liabilities" and of "receipts and payments" for the year have also been carefully examined with the ledger entries, and are certified as correct.

I remain, gentlemen,
Yours very faithfully,

CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY'S OFFICES,
Hamilton, 7th August, 1885.

JAS. SYDNEY CROCKER,
Auditor.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

The report of the Directors was moved by the President. Mr. Ramsay said: In moving the adoption of the Directors' report, I would say that the present annual meeting is one of greater importance than the usual annual one, for it is the occasion of a quinquennial investigation of the whole of the affairs of the Company, when these and its liabilities and its assets are subjected to a more critical and fuller valuation and investigation than are afforded upon ordinary occasions, even by the very careful annual audit which is made. The Directors are glad, upon such an interesting occasion, to be able to place before the meeting the very full and ample accounts and statements now submitted, proving, as these so clearly do, the thoroughly sound and prosperous condition of the Company.

The amount of the past year's new business has, as the Directors' report states, largely exceeded that of any previous year. The new premium in addition to the income of the year was \$14,423, or twenty-four times as much as it was twenty years ago, in 1865 when it amounted to only \$6,212. The assurances in force reach nearly \$35,000,000, and the magnitude of that amount of business will be appreciated when I mention that it is equivalent to about \$8 per head of the whole population of Canada. Such favourable results have been very largely attained by the aid of the excellent officers and agents by which the Company is served. I have great pleasure in acknowledging the Board's satisfaction with their services; and as we have to-day the happiness of seeing some of these representatives present at our annual meeting, I am glad to avail myself of the opportunity to speak of them as I have done. Many of them have been engaged in the service of the Canada Life for a great many years; some I am happy to remember over a quarter of a century, and I hope they, as well as those of more recent connection with us, may long continue in its service.

The rapidly increasing income of the Company, which was last year \$1,336,681, makes it not always easy to at once find sufficient and secure investments for that, and for the constant employment of the other assets, already amounting to over \$7,000,000. But the policy of

our Company being to look for perfectly safe security, rather than high interest, we hope, by the very moderate rates which we require, to continue to attract the best class of business to our Company.

Losses by death last year were more numerous and larger than they had before been but they were still greatly under what had been expected and provided for. Of the 137 deaths alluded to in the report, I may mention that a more than usually large number occurred from sudden and accidental causes.

The amount of the profits of the past five years which falls now to be divided is \$1,350,461.25; and I may say that had it not been for the somewhat low rate of interest which has prevailed for the past few years, that sum would have been even very considerably larger.

As it will interest you to compare the profits of the last five years with those of former similar periods, I may state that they were:

In 1870	\$192,891 00
In 1875	517,748 00
In 1880	741,896 00
In 1885	1,350,461 00

With that anxious desire to promote the interests and advantages of assured which has at all times characterized this Company, the Directors have increased the share of profits to policy-holders to 93.33 per cent., and have declared to them a bonus addition of 2 1/2 per cent. per annum to policies payable at death only, whose profits are taken by way of bonus and equivalent profit allowances in cases where otherwise payable, or where the profits are otherwise taken.

The cash profits now declare an average over 31 per cent. of the whole premiums paid to the Company during the last five years. Such a result cannot fail to afford satisfaction to all interested in our Company, although it will not, I dare say, be so to those who have been predicting that our past liberal scale of profits could not be maintained, and that policy-holders upon our minimum system especially, with whose terms they have not been able to compete, would not only receive no profit increase upon their policies, but would find them actually reduced. Perhaps the past erroneous prophecies of these gentlemen may make them more careful in their future predictions.

As our wish is that everybody should share our confidence in the Company, and as we feel sure that the more fully its affairs and position are known and understood the more fully they will be satisfied of its soundness and stability, I shall be very glad to give any other information or details which may be desired. I beg to move the adoption of the report.

Mr. F. W. Gates, Vice-President, seconded the adoption of the report. In his remarks he referred to the increase of the Company's business in the past five years as marvellous. He commended the action taken by the Board in the case of volunteer policy-holders who did service for their country in the North-West. The question had been frequently asked, "Will you charge the usual war extra?" He was proud to say that the Board had taken a broad, liberal and patriotic view, and decided not only to cover the volunteer policy-holders without any extra premium, but also to take any other volunteers on the same terms.

Mr. Yates and various inquiries relative to the accounts and position of the Company, all of which were satisfactorily replied to by the President.

Mr. Adam Brown moved, and Mr. J. H. Mills seconded, a vote of thanks to the Directors for their attention to the interests of the Company during the past year.

Dr. Billings moved, and Mr. Yates seconded, a vote of thanks to the Managers of the various branches of the Company, and to the Local and General Agents.

Mr. Justice Burton moved, and Col. Gzowski seconded, a vote of thanks to the officers of the Company.

All the resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Mr. Wm. Hantrie moved, seconded by Mr. Thos. Swinyard, that John Riddell and Geo. A. Young be scrutineers of votes for the election of Directors in room of those retiring.—Carried.

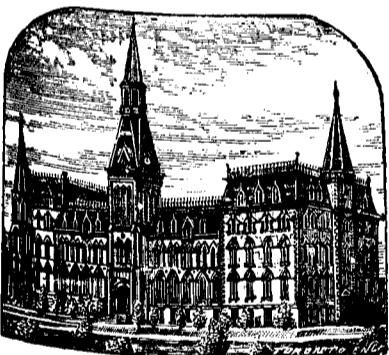
The voting being finished, the scrutineers reported the unanimous re-election of the following gentlemen for the ensuing four years—F. W. Gates, Montreal; Rev. Canon Innes, London; Hon. D. McInnes, Hamilton; George Hague, Montreal; F. W. Gates, Hamilton.

The meeting then adjourned.

Immediately after the adjournment the Directors met and unanimously re-elected Mr. Ramsay President and Mr. Gates Vice-President.

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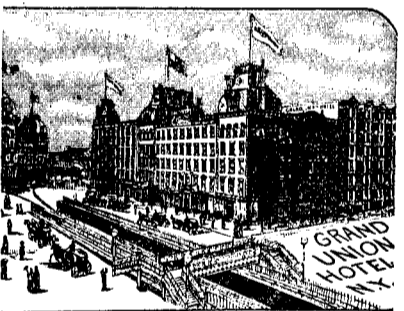
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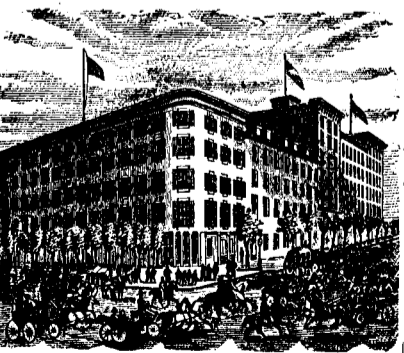
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Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distressing disease by the use of inhalants and other ingenious devices, but none of these treatments can do a particle of good until the parasites are either destroyed or removed from the mucous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

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