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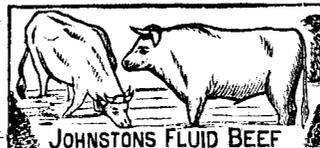
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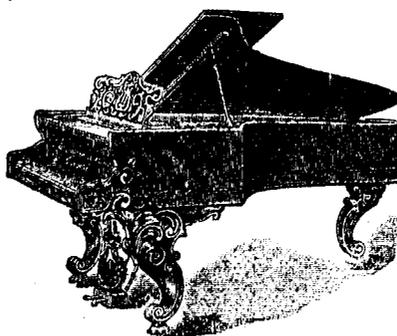
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

THE first visit of His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada to the Province of Ontario is naturally an event of considerable interest, and one well adapted to draw forth unequivocal manifestations of the loyalty of the people. The welcome accorded to Lord Stanley, who, accompanied by Lady Stanley and suite, arrived in Toronto on Monday, was unmistakably cordial, and, for a people not given to overmuch demonstration, enthusiastic. The address from the corporation, and other addresses to which, on such occasions, the representative of our sovereign must patiently and good-naturedly listen and respond, were couched in unmistakable terms of loyalty and attachment to the Queen and to the Empire, as well as of the sincerest respect for the person and office of Her Majesty's Vicegerent in Canada.

THE proposed settlement of the difficulty that has for some time past existed between the Senate of Toronto University and the city authorities is one upon which both parties may be heartily congratulated. Better still, it is one which cannot fail, if carried into effect, to prove beneficial to the whole Province, as enlarging the resources and extending the influence of the Provincial University. The permanent endowment of two chairs, to the extent of \$3,000 each, will enable the Senate to enlarge its curriculum and add to its teaching power in some directions in which reinforcements are still urgently needed. Though the provision of this \$6,000 annually, in addition to the other expenditures involved in the arrangement, will make no inconsiderable addition to the financial burdens of the city, the agreement referred to is not likely to be seriously objected to by intelligent citizens. From a purely business point of view, the amount to be paid is certainly a very moderate rental for an indispensable property. But, apart altogether from the question of commercial value received, the benefits conferred upon the city by the presence of the University are such as would amply warrant a liberal contribution from civic funds for its support. Such a contribution has not hitherto been made. It is peculiarly gratifying that, at this juncture, the city is in a position to aid an institution which has so strong a claim upon it, at the same time that it is discharging a simple financial obligation.

THE chief events of the past week of public interest to Canadians have been the speeches of Sir Charles Tupper in England, and of several Dominion ministers in Canada. In the present critical state of our commercial relations with the United States, it is natural that every utterance supposed to carry with it an official flavour should challenge unwonted attention. The intermediate position which the Canadian High Commissioner occupies between the Canadian and British Governments causes special weight to be attached to his words, as they may be supposed to reflect to a certain extent the attitudes of both Governments. The fact that his speech at Sheffield was supplemented by that of the Duke of Rutland, a member of the British Cabinet, rendered the occasion still more significant, as indicating that the Mother Country and the Colony are making common cause. The one sentence from the Duke of Rutland's speech, which is all that the meagre cable reports have as yet brought us, that, "England and Canada, united in a just cause, can stand a good deal more bluster than that which has just been addressed to them," is significant both in its thorough identification of the interests of England with those of Canada, and in its use of a rather blunt and undiplomatic epithet to describe the unfriendly language of President and Congress. The speech of Sir Charles Tupper, as no doubt became his position, was studiously moderate. His defence of Mr. Chamberlain as a diplomatist, and his protestations of Canadian fealty to England, however appropriate to the occasion, had little bearing on the main issues. No one supposed that the present belligerent attitude of the United States is either adapted or designed to force Canada into Commercial Union. Its effect is rather to check whatever tendency there may have been in that direction. Sir Charles Tupper's assurance that the Government he represents will deal with the important and delicate question before them with due forbearance and moderation, and carefully refrain from any act of indiscretion which might give rise to increased irritation, will, it may be hoped, be justified by the event. At the same time, his avoidance of the two main points at issue, the denial of bonding privileges and the alleged discrimination in canal tolls, must have been disappointing to those who looked for a discussion of the merits of the question.

APPARENTLY a new struggle for "provincial rights" is about being inaugurated, with Quebec in this case as the party aggrieved. The question at issue is so complicated that it would be rash for a layman to hazard an opinion as to the constitutional right of a Province to enact the legislation which has been, or is about to be, vetoed by the Dominion Government. The statute in question is, as our readers are aware, one passed by the Quebec Legislature at its last session, to abolish the Montreal Circuit Court, and create in its place, and for the discharge of its functions, two District Magistrates' Courts. That, by the terms of the B. N. A. Act, the Federal Government is clothed with power to veto any Act of a Provincial Legislature will probably be now admitted on all hands. But from the history of the origin of the Act, and the practice of the first few years of Confederation, it is equally clear that such power was conveyed only as a sacred trust, and in the full belief that it would be used with scrupulous regard to the autonomous rights of the Provinces, and so only in cases of constitutional necessity. The real question at issue, that on which the public opinion and sympathy of the Dominion will turn, is the question whether the vetoed Act is *ultra vires* of the Provincial Legislature. Amongst the "exclusive powers" secured to the Provincial Legislatures by the constitution are "the administration of justice in the Province, including the constitution, maintenance and organization of Provincial Courts, both of civil and criminal jurisdiction, and including procedure in civil matters in these courts." But on the other hand, the appointment of the Judges of the Superior, District, and County Courts is the exclusive prerogative of the Governor-General, *i.e.*, of course, of the ministry of the day. Whether the right of the Provinces to "constitute, maintain, and organize" courts implies the right to abolish, and the further right to transfer to the jurisdiction of magistrates functions previously exercised by Circuit Courts presided over by judges, are questions for the legal fraternity. There is, we believe, no doubt that additional judges were badly required in the Montreal District, that the administration of justice in the district had been in consequence very defective, and that the Dominion Government had disregarded the repeated requests and remonstrances both

of the Bar and of the public in the matter. So far, the action of Mr. Mercier's administration seems to have been in response to a genuine need. It is already pretty clear that the exercise of the veto will be resisted to the utmost, and that the contest will give new life to the demand for a revision of the constitution.

SECRETARY FAIRCHILD is reported to have said a week or two since, speaking in the name of the United States Government, that that Government had relaxed its vigilance in protecting the Alaskan waters against Canadian poachers, because the British Government was proposing such legislation as would put a stop to future depredations. The announcement is somewhat mysterious, and may, perhaps, be not uncharitably supposed to have been made purposely so, with a view to giving the matter a quietus pending the Presidential election. The desirability of protecting the seals from extermination is obvious; the difficulty is to understand how any legislation either of the British or the American Government, or of both combined, can afford such protection on the high seas. It is evident that Great Britain has no more right to legislate in the matter than the United States; that is, she has no right at all. The most probable supposition is, perhaps, that the British Government is moving to secure the adhesion of all the Maritime nations to some international agreement for the regulation and protection of the seal fisheries of the North Pacific. Such a convention would obviously be difficult to arrange, and more difficult to enforce, but it may be considered worth attempting. The assumption that England is negotiating with this object in view affords the best explanation of the otherwise unaccountable delay in vindicating the rights of Canadian fishermen in Behring's Sea.

RECENT events in Quebec have shown afresh the inherent and radical defect of the political system which has as one of its factors an Upper Legislative Assembly, or Senate, composed of members appointed by partisan Governments. It is obvious, on the slightest reflection, that when, after a long tenure of office has enabled the leader of one party to secure a majority in the Upper House, a change of Government takes place, the two Houses will almost inevitably come into collision. The result, sooner or later, is either a dead lock, or a reconstruction by methods of more or less doubtful character. It is, of course, contrary to every conception of popular government that the legislation of the people's representatives should be at the mercy of a branch of the Legislature dominated by appointees of the opposite party. Unless the new Premier and his cabinet are more than usually high-minded, the work of manipulation and intrigue is pretty sure to be commenced forthwith. The recent resignation by the Hon. Mr. Champagne of his seat in the Legislative Assembly of Quebec, and his acceptance of a magistracy in the newly-created court, is the case just now in point. There may be those who can believe that this gentleman's unexpected support of a Government measure to which his Conservative friends were opposed, and his appointment a few weeks after to a more remunerative office, were wholly unrelated events, but the belief will be confined to an unsuspecting few. It is easy for political opponents to denounce the Quebec Premier as guilty of bestowing, and the retiring Councillor of accepting, a bribe, and we hold no brief for the defence of either. But it is obvious that the system which offers so heavy a premium for such transactions is wrong at bottom, and that the impartiality and usefulness of an Upper House so constituted can never be above suspicion.

WHY is it that public opinion seems so often to set up a lower standard of morality for a nation than for an individual? When a man gets into a dispute with his neighbour his best friends do not hesitate to point out to him wherein they think he may be in the wrong, and to assure him that it is no less the part of true manliness to admit and correct his error, than to maintain his right. But no sooner do a whole people become involved in a dispute with a neighbouring nation than a large class of politicians and journalists begin to protest loudly that the true patriot must support the Government in every particular, irrespective of his own conscientious convictions. The moment a person of more than usual candour ventures to express a doubt as to whether the Government may not be in the wrong in some one or other of its contentions, the shout of "traitor" is raised and re-echoed from one end of the country to the other. "To stand by the Government," is proclaimed as the whole duty of every citizen. It surely does not require very highly developed moral perceptions to see that this is both wrong and mischievous. It is not only immoral in principle, but it is disastrous in practice. If it is right and patriotic for Canadians to take such a position in support of their Government, it is equally right and patriotic for the people of the United States to take the same attitude in support of theirs. The obvious result is to bring about a state of affairs

under which all considerations of right, truth, and justice are lost sight of and negotiation and reconciliation become impossible. Can it be doubtful that the bravest citizen and the truest patriot is the man who will uphold the action of his Government just so far as he sees it to be just and right, and condemn it when he sees it to be wrong.

THE substance of the charges that are being urged with so much vehemence against Canada by Congressional orators may be summed up as follows:—It is alleged that the Treaty of 1818, on which Canada takes her stand in the matter of the fisheries, is antiquated and out of harmony with the spirit of the age and the comity of nations; that the Canadian laws and regulations, made from time to time for the enforcement of that treaty, have been needlessly harsh and irritating; that the Canadian authorities and officials have carried out those laws and regulations in an unfriendly manner and spirit; and that in the matter of the Canal tolls the Canadian Government has violated the spirit of the Washington Treaty. Referring to the defences that have been made by Canadian ministers in recent speeches, they are found, with one exception, to be tolerably complete. To the first count it is replied that it is the fault not of Canada but of the United States that the two countries are thrown back upon the Treaty of 1818 for the regulation of their relations in the matter of the fisheries, and that Canada is ready at any moment to enter into negotiations for a new treaty to supersede the ancient one; but that, in the meantime, it would be utterly unreasonable to expect her to waive the very valuable rights of property secured to her by the old convention. If the meaning and construction of the Treaty itself are open to question, that again is matter for negotiation, but the United States is the party that refuses to negotiate. Little, surely, is left to be said on that score. The Ministers naturally maintain that their laws and regulations for the protection of the fisheries are fair and reasonable. They claim also, that they have been enforced with the utmost moderation, the Government officers being instructed to give the United States fishermen, in every case, the benefit of a doubt. Both these contentions are, in their very nature, largely matters of opinion. Demonstrative evidence in regard to either is out of the question. The refusal of permission to trans-ship fish in bond across Canadian territory touches the sorest point, though so high an American authority as Mr. Putnam has admitted that the trans-shipment of fish in bond from the fishing ground is not recognized by the ordinary comity of nations, and has never been asserted except when granted by express treaty provision. As, however, distinguished Canadian authorities do not hesitate to express the opposite view, it might, perhaps, be better were the Canadian Government to take the broadest ground, and admit this to a place among the debatable points. On the whole, whatever may have been the case a few years ago, American Senators themselves will scarcely challenge Minister Foster's emphatic declaration that there is not a single instance on record where an act of humanity, or a right of hospitality, due to a friendly power, has been withheld from the fishermen of the United States, so far as it applies to the last two years.

THERE is, however, an exception to the completeness of the Canadian case as presented by the Ministers. Is it not a little singular that one may look in vain through all the speeches for a word in defence of the Government's action in the matter of the Canal tolls? At least, if there is such a word we have failed to find it. Why is this? In the President's message, and in the Congressional debate, Canada's alleged violation of good faith in this particular is made one of the two cardinal grievances. One of the two radical strokes provided for in the Retaliation Bill now pending is directed specifically against the alleged discrimination in the refund of Canal tolls. There is, no doubt, much more probability that this part of the Retaliation Act will be immediately put in force than that the bonding privileges will be withheld. Proclamation can scarcely be made in reference to the latter, in the absence of a pretext in the shape of some fresh instance of alleged unfriendliness, and such instances are now hard to find. In the case of the former the grievance complained of already exists, and is in daily operation. Why then this ministerial reticence in regard to the source of the most immediate danger? Does the Government thus concede, as one, at least, of the most influential journals supporting it has done, that in this regard it has no case? If so, it would surely be much better to frankly admit the mistake and repeal at once the obnoxious order in-council. In other respects the Ministry is undoubtedly wise in resolving to await calmly the issue of events. Any advances on its part, even if such were in themselves desirable, would be pretty sure to meet with neglect, if not with rebuff, while the Presidential conflict is raging.

SOME of the facts elicited in connection with the Tobique tragedy in New Brunswick are of a nature to compel further consideration of the vexed question of riparian rights. The dweller on the banks of a stream or lake is generally disposed to believe that he has a natural right to take fish from its waters for his own use, and that any law or regulation forbidding him to do so, is unjust and tyrannical. In the Tobique case it appears that one of the parties who was driven from the stream by the husband of the murdered woman, and who is charged with being a party to the murder, was in actual destitution, and greatly needed the fish he was prevented from taking to satisfy the hunger of those dependent upon him for support. Of course not even this can justify, or even greatly palliate the cruel and cowardly murder, but it may and should direct public attention to the question whether the leasing of streams and natural fish ponds, on such terms as to prevent the dweller on their banks from taking a fish even to satisfy his hunger, is consistent with natural justice. It is evidently not even on a parallel with the game-laws which create so much bad blood in the Mother Country, inasmuch as the game preserves are made and stocked at the expense of the owner, while the fishes and the streams are, as a rule, placed there by the hand of Nature.

It is doubtful if anything in the past history of even spread-eagle eloquence can quite equal some of the gems with which the ears of the members of the United States Congress are being now regaled. Such specimens as the following, from the speech of Congressman Wilson, of Minnesota, may be culled in profusion to decorate some future portrait of the Bombastes Furioso of American party politics: "Should the Queen of England and the Empress of India, forgetting the lessons to her ancestors in the past, aim or discharge at us one unfriendly gun from one of her war ships, I predict that the echo which it would awaken would not cease to reverberate before Grover Cleveland, President of the greatest Republic on earth, would salute Charles Stewart Parnell as the president of the youngest republic on earth." In the meantime it is reassuring to observe that the sure reaction is already beginning to set in. The sterling good sense and right feeling of the large and influential classes who represent the solid weight and worth of the great Republic, though, unhappily, they stand too much aside from the management of its political affairs, are beginning to make themselves felt. The sound judgment and justice to be expected from those whom we prefer to regard as representatives of the real American people, are well exhibited in a recent letter to the *Springfield Republican*. The writer, "G. S. M." reviewing the situation with conspicuous ability and fairness, points out that the difference with Canada is one of "long standing," "involving no clear question of absolute right and wrong, touching financial interests which are small at the best, in no way a flagrant or imperative issue, and in every respect a subject for peaceful and friendly adjustment;" that "the treaty, warmly recommended by the President under whose authority it had been concluded, was rejected by the Republican Senate in a bitterly partisan temper, and with an accompaniment of preposterous bluster to the effect that this was not a case for negotiation;" and that the President's message, embodied in the Retaliation Bill which has just passed the House, "is a proposal to interject a huge vindictive retaliation into the peaceful discussion of a trivial quarrel." This is an admirable summary of the whole case, divested of partisan rant and patriotic "bluff." "G. S. M." proceeds to pay a compliment to the moderation of the Canadian and English press, which we are glad to think is on the whole, barring the bluster of the *London Standard*, and of an occasional jingo amongst ourselves, deserved. Canadians and Englishmen are able to listen to the abuse which is being heaped upon them with equanimity, because, on the one hand, they are conscious that it is undeserved, and that they want nothing but their rights, and on the other, they know that the Congressional orators are not voicing the sentiments of the real American people. While willing at any moment to re-discuss the whole question on its merits, they can, in the meantime, possess their souls in patience, feeling assured that exhortations of such genuine patriots as the writer quoted will sooner or later find a response in the mind and heart of every true American. "Let the people, by their own voices, disown the brawls and threats of the politicians. Let them speak out for peace, for arbitration, for good neighbourhood among nations. Let them show that truly 'the American people has a conscience!'"

so large before the eyes of President and Congress. An almost comical turn is given to the great agitation by the discovery that about three-fourths of the men who have been so abused and oppressed by Canada, and in whose behalf such depths of national sentiment have been stirred in the breasts of Congressional patriots, are Canadians. The vessels may be owned by Americans, but captains and crews are drawn mainly from the Maritime Provinces, whence they come to man the fishing fleets at the opening of the season, and whither they return to rejoin their families and friends at its close. It is true, of course, that the irony of the situation is double-edged and cuts both ways. While American orators are fulminating over Retaliation Bills devised to avenge the injuries thus inflicted by Canadians upon Canadians, the Canadian Government is, on its part, going to much trouble and expense in framing laws and equipping cruisers for the protection of their fisheries from the ravages of Canadian fishermen. These facts are but additional illustrations of the close connection that exists between the commerce and industries of the two countries. They set in a clear light the consummate folly of the threatened non-intercourse between neighbours whose interests are so closely interwoven. The matter, however, with which the Committee in question is more immediately concerned is the extreme difficulty of shutting out undesirable immigrants without at the same time excluding those whose coming is in every way desirable. How great this difficulty is seen to be appears in the heroic character of some of the measures proposed. Amongst these are an immigration tax of one hundred dollars per head, a notice by the immigrant of his intention to become an American citizen, to be given six months in advance of his leaving his native country, etc. The most feasible scheme yet suggested is probably that of Chairman Ford, who would apply an educational test by requiring the intending immigrant to apply in his own handwriting, but it is questionable whether even this would not be found on trial wholly impracticable.

It is gratifying to learn that the experience of the first five weeks of actual use of the great telescope in the "Lick" observatory have been the reverse of disappointing. An interesting report has been published by Professor Holden, the Director, which is not only full of promise for the future, but even chronicles some important results already attained. Special attention has thus far been directed to the moon and to the planet Mars. A number of "exquisite" pictures of the moon's surface have already been secured. These, when enlarged, as they are to be ultimately enlarged by means of apparatus in the observatory, will give the moon's craters on a scale of twenty-five to thirty-five, and even of fifty or more, inches to the diameter. "These ought," says Professor Holden, "to present really important testimony in regard to the vexed questions of change on the moon's surface, and as to whether or no we have to regard the surface of our satellite as simply dead; since life is nothing but change." The Professor speaks with scientific caution, but one can scarcely refrain from gathering an impression from the tone of his remarks, and of a quotation which he approvingly makes from a work of Maedler's, that he is by no means assured that the prevalent impression as to the deadness of the moon, or even as to the absence of animal and intelligent life from its surface, is so well-founded as generally supposed. The chief points of interest recorded in regard to the observations of Mars tend to disprove the recent announcements of Professor Schiaparelli, of Milan, with regard to the reduplication of the so-called "canals," and of M. Perrotin, of Paris, with regard to the disappearance of the "Continent" Libya. The testimony of the great telescope seems to refute both these alleged discoveries, showing the "Canal" lines as single broad streaks of dusky marking, and the triangular "Continent" Libya in its accustomed place on the surface of our neighbour planet. Further reports from Professor Holden will be awaited with interest.

AN influential movement, headed by the Primate of England, and Lord Carnarvon, and having for its object the daily opening of the churches of the Establishment in towns and cities for the free ingress of all who may choose to enter, is in progress, and, notwithstanding considerable opposition, is likely to succeed. To many it has long been a wonder that the Protestant churches of all denominations, both in England and America, do not follow the example of the Catholic churches of the Continent in this respect. Travellers in Europe tell us that one of the most impressive things about Continental churches is the absolute freedom of ingress and egress which they offer to all comers, a freedom which is perpetually used and prized, especially by the poor. Lord Carnarvon argues with force that "passers-by find mental and physical rest in withdrawing from the stress of the streets into the quietude of a church, and, being there, are drawn on by the associations of the place to devotional meditation." The *Times* carries the argument further by pointing out that the wayfarer may be

THE testimony taken before the Congressional Committee on Immigration, in New York, revealed the fact that the contract labour laws of the United States have been violated and evaded to a very great extent, if indeed they have not been practically a dead letter. The evidence thus far gathered in Boston confirms this view. The most important part of this related to the fishermen, whose rights and wrongs are just now looming

led thither by a legitimate desire to gaze upon the proportions of the architecture, the beauty of the carving, or the memorials of the dead. From a large amount of correspondence which has been called forth, it "is quite clear," says the *Manchester Examiner*, "that the practice is much more common than had been suspected, and that the drawbacks and difficulties supposed to be connected with it are as nearly as possible *nil*. The plan has been tried in large cities and rural parishes alike, and by High Churchmen, Broad Churchmen, and Low Churchmen." One important result has been to prove that the very natural dread of deprecation and injury is in the main unnecessary. For years churches, even in neighbourhoods which are notoriously the route of tramps and the haunts of thieves and roughs and others in the vicinity of places in which thousands of "navvies" are employed, have been left open for seven or eight hours daily, and "nothing has been lost or stolen, although parishioners leave prayer books, hymn books and other property unprotected in their seats." The movement is significant, it may be hoped, of a tendency to the passing away of "the conception of divine worship as the attribute of one day in seven," with which, as the *Times* observes, "the conception of our churches as buildings to be opened for a few hours once a week is on a par."

CAPTAIN WIGGINS, of the English mercantile marine, has accomplished a feat which bids fair not only to enroll his name high on the list of the great Arctic navigators and explorers, but to open up to commerce a vast region in Northern and Central Asia, hitherto unknown to the business world. If the reader will glance at a map of European and Asiatic Russia, he will observe that the long, crescent-shaped island of Nova Zembla approaches, at its western extremity, quite near to the mainland. The intervening straits and the eastward region beyond have hitherto been considered impassable and unapproachable seas of ice. When English navigators, three hundred years ago, doubled the North Cape, the most northerly point on the coast of Norway, and steered south into the White Sea, in a corner of which the town of Archangel, founded by English enterprise, now stands, they were supposed to have reached the utmost limits of possible navigation in this direction. Now, however, after years of effort, and in spite of many obstacles, financial as well as natural, Captain Wiggins has steered the good British ship *Phoenix* through Kara Straits, one of the passages separating Nova Zembla from the mainland, has sailed along the coast to the mouths of the two great rivers Obi and Yenisei, and has actually ascended the latter river and discharged his cargo of miscellaneous samples at the town of Yeniseisk, two thousand miles from the mouth of the river and in the very heart of the Asiatic continent. It may well be believed, as the *London Times* says, that "the people hailed him with enthusiasm. It was as if he had dropped from the skies." It is, of course, yet too soon to predict with any confidence the commercial outcome of this great discovery. Everything depends upon the length of the season during which the Kara Strait is found navigable, and the amount of difficulty and danger attending the passage. But should the opinion, which Captain Wiggins has formed, that the waters of the straits are tempered by the Gulf Stream, and their navigation fairly practicable for at least two or three months of the year, be confirmed, the results will be of great importance. Siberia has the reputation of being rich in gold. The rivers Obi and Yenisei are amongst the largest in the world, "mingling their tributary streams more than two thousand miles to the south (of the Kara Sea) with those which flow into the Lake Baikal and the distant Amour." The latter river flows eastward into the Okhotsk, and the town of Yeniseisk itself is only a few hundred versts from the Chinese frontier.

THE LAMBETH CONFERENCE.—INTEMPERANCE.

THERE are very few subjects of greater importance at any time than that of temperance; and there is none upon which, at the present moment, we should more desire to learn the judgment of a body of men like the Anglican Bishops. It is not merely that the vice of intemperance is always with us—now as ever, although with less extended sway—but there can be no doubt that the measures recently taken and advocated by an extreme section of the workers on behalf of temperance, are tending to endanger the prospects of reformation in this respect.

In the documents now before us we have the great advantage of comparing the resolutions of the Committee on Intemperance, consisting of those bishops who have taken the liveliest interest in the question, with those of the collective bishops and of the Encyclical letter finally promulgated by the Conference.

The Committee presented to the Conference a report which fills seven pages of the published pamphlet, and which deals carefully, and, on the

whole, judiciously with the different aspects of the question. We are not quite sure that they are right in saying that intemperance "is the most mischievous" of all sins. It is too often forgotten, in considering the evils associated with drunkenness, that intemperance is quite as often an effect as a cause. Moreover, in face of the evils resulting from the love of money, evils which touch the highest and the lowest, the richest and the poorest, we find some difficulty in saying which is the most mischievous. At the same time every one will applaud the sentiment, that "the Church cannot be justified in witnessing this enormous amount of sin and misery without endeavouring to ascertain whether any special means can be discovered for effectually dealing with it, or whether it must be left to ordinary agencies used with more than ordinary zeal and persistency."

Further, there can be no doubt that the Committee are right when they say that the Temperance Societies have awakened the Church to her duty in the matter of temperance, and that they have "compelled the attention of the public at large, and have, by so doing, profoundly modified public opinion." Besides, they have "compelled" (the word is a little strong and a little frequent; but allowance must be made for total abstainers) "compelled the medical profession to study the subject with more care than before, and the result of this study has greatly influenced their utterances and their practice."

We specially recommend to our readers those portions of the report which speak of the duty of helping the weak "by sympathy with them in their struggle, and by doing all they can to make that struggle easier." One obvious method is by those who are strong voluntarily submitting to total abstinence in order to encourage those who are weak. "But, on the other hand," the report declares, "it cannot be said that every one is bound to take up this particular burden as a part of his service of Christ."

The next means recommended for the suppression of intemperance is "wise legislation" which "might do a great deal of good in this direction." We are glad to see that even the bishops in the Committee, several of whom, if not all, are total abstainers, make no reference either to Prohibition or to Local Option. The light of reason has probably brought to them the convictions on these subjects, which, on this side of the Atlantic, are the result of painful experience. As "instances of legislative measures that would probably be very beneficial," they mention "the diminution in the number of public houses, the shortening of the hours of sale, and Sunday closing."

Even these changes, however, must be made with discretion. Those who are aware, as most people are, that the Scott Act has in this country called into existence multitudes of unlicensed places where liquor is sold, and even a number of illicit stills, besides bringing the law generally into contempt, and that these evils persist, to a greater or less extent, in countries in which the Act has been repealed, will understand that the best intentions do not prevent mischievous results flowing from unwise regulations. It seems, at first sight, very simple to abridge the hours of the liquor-seller, and to diminish the number of public houses; but care must be taken lest a greater evil result from these measures. The present hours of closing, both on Sundays and on week days, are almost perfectly observed in England, and this chiefly because they are reasonable. The common sense and the conscience of the people are on the side of the law. Let these be violated, and no police and no punishments will obtain respect for enactments which have not the real consent of the people. Here and everywhere the diminution of the number of places where liquor is sold below the natural requirements of the locality, always has led and always will lead to the opening of unlicensed rooms for the same purpose. We must teach people to drink less. We must get them to feel that the public house, the bar, the saloon, is not the place where men can be most rationally happy; and then they will want a smaller number of such places of entertainment.

Speaking of the necessity of a religious spirit in temperance work, the Committee remark that it is this "which can alone repress the fanaticism which sometimes makes the total abstainer talk of his abstinence as the one thing needful; which sometimes makes him uncharitable and presumptuous; which sometimes makes him think lightly of grievous sins, provided it be not the one sin which he condemns." On the whole, then, and taken with the slight cautions which we have suggested, the report of the Committee is excellent and judicious, and will tend to bring back to temperance work some of those who have hesitated, of late, to co-operate with others who carried on the work in a fanatical and irrational spirit. We know, as a fact, that several clergymen and laymen, who joined the Church of England Temperance Society, standing upon the dual basis of total abstainers and moderate drinkers, have recently refrained from taking any part in the proceedings of the society. They found, sitting beside them

on the platform, extreme men, who did not hesitate to speak of the moderate drinker as nearly as bad as, and sometimes worse than, the drunkard. We hope that the utterances of the bishops may do something to stop this mischievous work.

The Conference accepted the report of the Committee by the following resolution: "That this Conference, without pledging itself to all the statements and opinions embodied in the report of the Committee on Intemperance, commends the report to the consideration of the Church;" and they further declare "that the use of unfermented juice of the grape, or any other liquid other than true wine, distilled and undiluted, as the element in the administration of the cup in Holy Communion, is unwarranted by the example of our Lord, and is an unauthorized departure from the custom of the Catholic Church."

The same subject is dealt with in the Encyclical; and the whole tone of the paragraph on this subject is admirable, dignified, and convincing. While declaring the evil effects of intemperance, and appreciating the noble efforts put forth for its suppression, the Bishops add: "But we are constrained to utter a caution against a false principle which threatens to creep in and vitiate much useful work. Highly valuable as we believe total abstinence to be as a means to an end, we desire to discountenance the language which condemns the use of wine as wrong in itself, independently of its effects on ourselves and on others, and we have expressed our disapproval of a reported practice (which seems to be due to some extent to the tacit assumption of this principle) of substituting some other liquid in the celebration of Holy Communion."

We believe that these utterances will commend themselves to the judgment of sober men. The attempt to introduce unfermented wine as the element for the Cup has given rise to much bitterness and discord in the Churches. It is not only a condemnation of the unbroken practice of the Church for centuries, but it is equally a departure from apostolic practice. No one can doubt that the wine employed for the Holy Communion, at Corinth, in the time of St. Paul, was fermented, and had intoxicating qualities. It was actually misused so as to produce scandalous consequences, and yet St. Paul did not, for a moment, suggest the use of any other liquid. He knew that the Passover wine was alcoholic, that the Lord had used that wine at the institution of the Sacrament, and it was not for Him to change what His Master had ordained.

LONDON LETTER.

THERE are a certain number of magic canvases, painted in colours that will never fade in my eyes, and at which it is my pleasure to look again and again. Many of my treasures you, too, know by heart, for are they not duplicated in your gallery?—how much larger a collection you have than I, it is needless to remind you—and close to the best and brightest light I have no doubt we hang pretty much the same work, though perhaps I give more prominence to the little *genre* panels signed by Miss Austen and her school, to the Danish elves and fairies, to Mr. Gaskell's conscientious painstaking interiors (skying romantic scenery and the Grand School of which poor Haydon speaks) than you may think quite right, while on the line you have pictures the merits of which I am at present too poor a scholar rightly to judge, and I know you would pass by without a glance at many of the early daubs, badly drawn and feeble in expression, which I keep for no better reason than that they whiled away many and many a pleasant hour a hundred years ago, when Plancus was Consul, and before I had attempted to learn the alphabet from that patient sorely tried teacher Art. I wonder, do you remember "The Fairchild Family," or "Holiday House," empire pieces both; "Fabiola, a Tale of the Catacombs," in which the Roman toga is the prevailing costume; the Adams' "Allegories," to be reverently examined of a Sunday; or a special "Dance of Death," through which Rowlandson's fat squires and airy dames blossom in loveliest apple greens, and reds, and sky blues, till the grim skeleton throws his dart from the back of high-swung chariots, or from behind long folded screens, and lays low those feasting laughing lords and ladies? But, far better than these, have you too a little sketch—an Orchardson in quality—of a half-dark room in which sit three people; the chairs are covered with yellow utrecht velvet; there is a table by the chimney, and an old piano, on which the girl idly strums a tune; the father tries to read his paper in the dim light by the window; a lad listens to the music—do you remember? It is by Alphonse Karr, this little commonplace subject—you will recollect the scene with the yellow roses, and the drawing of the enriched woodman's cottage—I think his work is full of grace and feeling, and, as you find in many old engravings his figures are wreathed round about with the flowers of which he was so fond, a mode of framing that charms me. Do you know among the minor names Grant Allen, with his vignettes from nature, Philip Robinson and his Indian sketches, Greenwood's life-size portrait of the "Game-keeper at Home?" Of all the great masters you have copies (I take it for granted you were nourished on Scott, not on Roe; on Shakespeare, Addison, Fielding, Thackeray, Dickens, not on Messrs. Henry James and Howells) and this race of immortals it is needless to discuss; about the new men of to-day who are striving to make themselves famous there must be many a difference of opinion; but, after all, their places will be assigned to them in the future by other judges than ourselves, more sternly critical, more honestly just and unprejudiced.

For I own myself most prejudiced in favour of Mr. Stevenson, whose touch, so delicate and fine, produces effects that are to me quite wonderful and beautiful, and whose originality is such a pleasure, such a continual surprise. Of his faults I choose to think less than nothing, overbalanced as they are by those unique qualities which no reader can fail to taste, and which make his shortest three-paged essay richer than whole volumes of

other writers, qualities so captivating I feel sure that if Mr. Stevenson did but tell us the history of "Mother Hubbard" we should all stop and listen as if he were Orpheus himself touching his lute. Unlike his hearth-critic and in spite of Punch's mock I have been enthralled with the adventures of Dick Shelton (who in vigour resembles a figure drawn by Pettie) over the awful episode of the supposed Leper with his hood and bell, over Will Lawless in his monk's habit stumbling and singing in the corridors of the Moat House, and if, now and again, I have paused to take breath it was only that I might examine more minutely those exquisite water-colour sketches of Tunstall hamlet in which the story is set, of Shoresby, of the wood where the outlaws feasted and some sounded the horn, or that I might again take note of the manner in which perfectly simple arrangements of colour sparingly washed in produce such admirable effects, incomprehensible to the unskilful amateur. Certain scenes will stay by me always: the murder of Appleyard, for instance, just after the startled birds had settled themselves again in the branches; the wake of the dead spy in the church with Dick as an onlooker in one of the monks' stalls; the interrupted marriage—indeed there is hardly a portion of the interests and certainly no portion of the workmanship that has not my profound admiration. *Salut*, Mr. Stevenson! If I say no more it is because I remember a cruel answer made by Dr. Johnson to, I think, the praise of Miss Hannah More, a reply which, no doubt, has crossed your memory while you have been reading this paragraph.

A great company assembled in St. Margaret's, Westminster, the other afternoon, to see Dr. Butler married to Miss Ramsey, filled the beautiful church with all manner of bright colours and the scent of summer blossoms. The bride, charming to behold—to be pretty as well as vastly clever! the gods have indeed been liberal to this fortunate young lady—wore a gown draped with lace of a fine yellow tone, which once adorned the red robes of Cardinal Wolsey. In her dark hair were diamond stars (but diamonds, I submit, do not bear the light of day—sunshine completely puts out their glitter), and she carried a monster bouquet of white flowers. Behind her strode a page in Highland dress as train-bearer, and then two-and-two the bridesmaids came, in white with Cambridge ribbons, forming a group that was very picturesque as they stood before the altar under the light of the famous stained glass window. Milton has been here before Miss Ramsey to plight his troth to his second wife, poor May Powell's successor. And Pepys, with his fifteen-year old bride (would she not have written feelingly to the *Telegraph* on the subject of "Is Marriage a Failure?"); and Campbell, with his cousin, Miss Sinclair. And all these brides with their grooms listened to much the same words as Miss Ramsey and Dr. Butler listened to to-day. Look at those other figures in the glass: what have they not seen? This window was made in Dort, and was sent as a present to Henry VII. The story of the Crucifixion, with a royal blue background, is somewhat grotesquely told: an angel soars up with the soul of the penitent thief, a devil wings his flight down with the soul of the impenitent; in the centre hangs our Lord, a holy choir around him, in drawing like a Cimabue; on the left hand St. George of England protects Prince Henry as he kneels in prayer with his hands folded; on the right St. Catharine of Alexandria is by Catharine of Arragon, who kneels also, in a pointed cap and long-sleeved gown; above are the arms of Granada and a white and a red rose. This wonderful old piece has had a queer adventure or two. Meant for the decoration of the King's Chapel in the Abbey close, by some mischance it was put instead in Copt Hall; then, after the Dissolution, it was set up in New Hall, in the cellars of which it lay concealed for years during the awful times of the civil wars; a century later, after various mishaps it was bought by Westminster parish for St. Margaret's, and was near being displaced again by some fanatical part of the congregation, who objected to its brilliant hues as papistical. However, outliving all *sturm und drang*, to-day the poor Prince of Wales and his ill-fated bride gaze at each other in peace from under their embroidered canopies, and, guarded by their respective saints, need no longer fear the heavy crash of a Roundhead halbert or the cry of "No popery!" from a few narrow-minded Protestants. From the group by the altar they listen, do their Royal Highnesses, to musical intoning and occasional bursts of music with a placid indifference to mundane affairs, never turning their heads to look after the procession as it slowly sweeps down the aisle and goes out among the elbowing, curious crowd, while overhead the sweet bells triumphantly jangling disturb their orisons not one whit. When the last velvet-gowned guest had departed, and the "Wedding March" had ceased to peal, and the guardians of the place were preparing to cover up all ornaments and move away the towering palms, I slowly sauntered round the church, which is as full as it can hold of all sorts of interesting relics, and I found myself continually face to face with those great Dead who lie here so peaceful and so quiet. Caxton is at his printing-press by the font, you can see him in the many-coloured glass; and next comes the large memorial window to Raleigh, with Lowell's lines underneath, which say—

"The New World's Sons, from England's breast we drew
Such milk as bids remember whence we came;
Proud of her past, wherefrom our future grew,
This window we inscribe with Raleigh's name."

Then from the wall an old tablet bids you to remember Raleigh's many virtues, should you feel called upon to reflect on his errors: tells you to consider that he was but mortal: farther on Pope rhymes delightfully in praise of Elizabeth Corbett: and then one's attention is caught, unpleasantly I think, by the jubilee window, at the foot of which is Browning's unmusical verse. I was told that Protector Somerset, envying the white strong stone of which this church is built, was prevented only just in time—indeed his scaffoldings were already fixed—from pulling it down, as he wished to have the coveted blocks for his new Strand palace; and I was

shown in the yard outside the spot where they think our old friend Wenceslas Hollar, that interesting etcher, lies buried.

As I turn from Whittier's pretty lines on Caxton, from Lowell's graceful homage to Raleigh, I cannot help thinking the Americans imagine that as Christopher Columbus discovered their country, so they in turn have been good enough to discover us. Do they not insinuate that until they came over and pointed out to us the value of our own belongings we were almost, if not quite, unaware of them? Do they not think it a necessity that they should set up windows—generally dreadful specimens—to Shakespeare, to Charlotte Brontë, to Raleigh and the like in order to call our attention to our disregarded treasures? Mr. Barnum's offer to buy the little house in Stanley Street, Mr. Drew's suggestion that America would like to annex Stratford—these are genuine Yankee sentiments. If you ask an American traveller what he has seen of London, he will proceed to instruct you about your own town and its inhabitants, and will tell you, as was told the other day, that he had learnt more in three days of the city and its wonders than ninety-nine Cockneys out of a hundred knew who had lived here forty years, a remark for which he had no possible ground; or he will give you familiar histories of the quality (resembling in that particular the Norris family in "Martin Chuzzlewit"), and will set you right in a dozen matters of English etiquette and form. By the same token have you read "Mr. Barnes of New York?" Do gentlemen in the land of the stars and stripes habitually call young ladies "Miss" when they talk to them? Is the little girl an English type? Are there many New Yorkers so brave, so modest, such wonderful shots, dowered with such wealth? Where did the author meet an English lady like Lady Chatteris? And finally, would not a true friend recommend a course of reading and a total cessation of writing, at all events for the present, to the gentleman who in his leisure moments has told us in such an extraordinary fashion the stories of Mr. Barnes and Mr. Potter, and their remarkable English admirers? As Mr. Rider Haggard chooses to spoil for me his exciting adventures by his billiard-room manner of relating them—for his imagination I have a great regard, but for his vulgar familiarity I have a horror—so the Corsican tragedy and the account of the bombardment of Alexandria is made worse than ineffective by the words the story-teller selected to use.

From St. Margaret's I went to see a necklace, given to the Queen by the women of Great Britain, which is bought with some surplus money left over from the Nursing House Scheme, on which most of the collected seventy thousand pounds is to be spent. The jewels were shown in the ball-room of the Duke of Buccleuch's house, a beautiful place standing back in Whitehall, and as I went up the marble stair-case and passed through the pillared halls and long saloons I felt as if I had stepped straight into a picture by Paolo Veronese. Miss Burney tells how Queen Charlotte lost all affection for her regal ornaments in about a fortnight after coming into possession of them: do these pearls and diamonds afford Queen Victoria the least gratification any longer? On the walls of the long room—in the centre of which, on a small table, the jewel casket was laid—hang the many cases of famous miniatures which have been exhibited in the Academy winter exhibition, and, as I soon tired of the necklace, someone was good enough to draw aside one of the shrouding curtains and show me a few of these exquisite works apart. Here are Kings and Queens, statesmen, and poets, warriors, and beautiful maids of honour, looking at you from out of a small four-inch square of ivory in their habits as they lived. Henry the Eighth has his wives round him—red-haired Anne Boleyn, round-faced Anne of Cleves—and there is sad-mouthed Edward the Sixth, and Elizabeth with her handsome profile. Above Henry the Eighth's middle-aged face is a young likeness of him painted when he was about eighteen, and which has an inscription, written in 1642 I think, on the back, telling how this miniature was found in a *cupberd* in Whitehall, in the reign of Charles I. It would take a lifetime properly to examine these interesting pictures, and I had only half an hour. What must it be like to possess for one's very own a palace full of the finest art in every shape and form? I wondered as I slowly walked across the wide corridors and drawing-rooms with their evidences of vast wealth intelligently spent; if, after all, there is such a thing as a law of compensation. Indeed, one can hardly believe it if you go as I did, straight from the Duke's magnificent house—one only of half a dozen of his homes—from the Queen's superfluous diamond necklace, to a small dark room in Lambeth where a little child lies, dying of hip disease, who has never known for years, a day's cessation of pain, who had never in his life had sufficient food to eat. In this room live the family, consisting of seven persons, crowding the lad up in a corner, who has nothing to do all day except to make what haste he can to leave this world where he does not appear to be wanted. These contrasts will not bear discussing; they seem so cruel and unjust.

WALTER POWELL.

ERRATA.—In the London Letter of August 2, for "those delightful hugger-mugger dinners of which Nollekins tells in the 'Life of his Master,'" read "those delightful hugger-mugger dinners of which Northcote tells," etc.; and in that of August 30, in the description of Mr. Mansfield in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, for "the awful scene on the balcony as he calls in the sunlight to the girl he loves," read "the awful scene as he calls in the starlight on the girl he loves."—EDITOR.

ACCORDING to the Roman Catholic returns for 1888, there are in England and Wales 2,314 priests, as against 1,728 in 1875, serving 1,304 churches, chapels and missionary stations. In Scotland there are five bishops and 334 priests, serving 327 chapels, churches and stations. The estimated Catholic population in England and Wales is 1,354,000; in Scotland, 326,000; in Ireland, 3,961,000; total, 5,841,000.

MONTREAL LETTER.

IF you have ever read Gustave Flaubert's "Madame Bovary," you will remember a few pages of strange penetration which describe the heroine's sudden, too sudden, conversion. Slowly recovering from the fever caused by Monsieur Rodolphe's heartless desertion, she consoles herself by falling in love with religion, "pouring out *aux pieds du Christ* the tears of a heart which life has wounded." But Emma Bovary's nature remains unchanged. Incense for her replaces the boudoir's suave perfumes: and, kneeling on a Gothic *prie-Dieu*, she addresses Heaven with the same warm energy that had flattered quondam admirers. In this account of Flaubert's we get the key to what preachers have vainly tried to explain—our maiden aunt's high church propensities, why converted blacklegs prefer the Salvation Army, and, finally, all abnormal or inspired conditions of mind. The greater the sinner, the greater the saint. If we can fully realise this metamorphosis, which, recounted by General Booth, Mr. Moody, saints' biographers, will excite neither our incredulous hilarity nor our open-mouthed wonder. It seems almost ridiculous to expect that a high-handed "King of the Mountains" should settle down into some honest, self-controlled, unobtrusive, generous member of society; that pretty converts should not devote their whole existence to the decoration of the chancel, which, mark you, they are sure to call "chancel," or, under wonderfully becoming veil, to the service of every body on earth except those by whom they are immediately surrounded.

Reinforced by Hindoo Salvationists, and excited with feelings naturally over their sixth Canadian anniversary, the Salvation Army created here last Saturday and Sunday a heathenish uproar that even dark-throated Oriental worshippers might have envied. There were processions and meetings in the Temple on Alexander Street. At one of the latter, Lieut. Horatulu, formerly a thieving drunkard, living among the mountains of Ceylon, told us all about his conversion. Such accounts must always be more or less ghastly to anyone who still retains some fine sentiments, some delicacy. In the present case, however, Mr. Horatulu's excessive volubility, picturesque appearance, and impish gesticulations were so delightfully entertaining, apart from anything he said, that we quite forgot to be shocked. The mountain reprobate's passions have not been brought into subjection to his will, but only into other channels, so that the leader of a robber-band is now a religious mountebank.

Salvationists are accomplishing wonders in India it seems, they are redeeming the Englishman's foreign reputation.

Exasperated by misfitting garments, vainly seeking a moderately intelligent seamstress, in despair over the execrable work of your plumber, the vile taste of your house decorator, the deception of your plasterer, which is discovered by threatening rents in the walls from garret to basement, I ask if you can look with complacency on any labour day celebration,

There they come up the flag-hung, gaily decorated main street: The Cigar Makers' Union, the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, the Stonecutters' Union, all as self-satisfied as if they were figuring in some religious procession. Then after duly obstructing our principal thoroughfares, these Knights of Labour pour into the Exhibition Grounds, where music, sports, refreshments, and speeches are offered for their delectation. One address in particular was most flatteringly received. The speaker advocated a cementing of creeds and nationalities, and dwelt upon the importance of trade and labour organizations. Any doubts that the working man might have had respecting his own social status, this discourse more than dispelled. But I question whether such doubts existed, and wonder still more if it be the wisest thing to destroy them should they really exist. As a rule, our labourer seems only too ready to believe in his intrinsic worth. If he fails, the artist, or doctor, or writer, should count himself of less importance than the successful chimney-sweep; we must, therefore, persuade the working man and woman that high collars and gaudy frippery will never atone for an ill-fashioned door, or badly cooked dinner. The labourer cannot possibly hope to reach as high a point with patent leather shoes as he may with clogs; and the ambitious maid-servant has approached far nearer the enviable rôle of "lady," when, in cap and apron, she answers you politely, than when flaunting her laces and plumes under the flare of street lamps. These facts our anything but humble classes rarely realise.

The Rev. F. Lawrence has been here advocating burial reform. In his sermon at the Cathedral he inveighed against the danger, expense, the exaggeration of modern funerals, and calling St. Paul's teachings and the Book of Common Prayer into requisition, endeavoured to allay all scruples respecting our treatment of this "vile body" after such a fashion as would make its resurrection still more difficult than it seems at present. We must bury our friends in perishable coffins, without useless pomp and ceremony. Too much valuable ground is now devoted to the dead. Three years quite suffice to utterly destroy a body inhumed after the new mode. Then—then what? Shall the grave of lover and friend be filled by a stranger? I think you will prefer a little urn of ashes to the fact that your wife or father is forming, as an excessively practical old dame put it—"excellent material for the enrichment of the ground."

LOUIS LLOYD.

ONCE, discoursing on the singular effects of music, Boswell remarked to Johnson that it produced in his mind "alternate sensations of pathetic dejection, so that I was ready to shed tears, and of daring resolution so that I was inclined to rush into the thickest of the (purely hypothetical) battle." But Johnson, who had no great ear for harmony, replied that if it made such a fool of him he would never listen to it.

EVENTIDE.

The sun declining, on the dewy brow
Of even, twines an iris-wreath of gold,
In purple hues, the western portals glow,
And clouds like weary birds their pinions fold.

Night's dusky wings are spread, man's toil is done.
The warbler in the grove his vesper sings.
Come softly, brooding-night, with slumber come!
And to thy dream-land waft me on thy wings.

C. T. EASTON.

PROMINENT CANADIANS.—XXIV.

SKETCHES of the following Prominent Canadians have already appeared in THE WEEK :
Hon. Oliver Mowat, Dr. Daniel Wilson, Principal Grant, Sir John A. Macdonald, K.C.B.,
Louis Honoré Fréchette, LL.D., Sir J. William Dawson, Sir Alexander Campbell,
K.C.M.G., Hon. William Stevens Fielding, Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Samuel
Leonard Tilley, C.B., K.C.M.G., Alexander McLachlan, Hon. J. A. Chapleau, Sir
Richard Cartwright, K.C.M.G., Sanford Fleming, C.E., LL.D., C.M.G., Hon. H. G.
Joly, Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, Sir Wm. Buell Richards, Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, M.P.,
Hon. Honoré Mercier, Q.C., Hon. William Macdougall, C.B., Rev. Principal Mac-
Vicar, D.D., LL.D., Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts, M.A., and George Paxton Young, M.A.

HON. AUGUSTE REAL ANGERS, LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR OF QUEBEC.

WHEN one considers to how large an extent the Gubernatorial influence in the Province of Quebec has made for ministerial revolutions, it is not difficult to appreciate the anxiety experienced by the Quebec Liberals upon the occasion of Mr. Masson's resignation, and in regard to the selection of his successor. When the Conservative opposition to Mr. Joly's Government succeeded in inducing four of his parliamentary supporters to vote against him on a question of non-confidence, the only hope remaining to the Government of maintaining itself in power lay in an appeal to the country, and this was refused it by Lieut.-Governor Robitaille. Mr. Mercier can neither have forgotten how the action of one Lieut.-Governor thus sealed the fate previously pronounced by parliament upon the first Government of which he formed a part, nor yet the fact that that Government might never have been called into being but for the personal act of another Governor in dismissing a set of ministers enjoying the support of a majority of the people's representatives in parliament. Nor is it safe to assume that the fate of Mr. Letellier de St. Just will necessarily deter all future Governors from following his example. His dismissal, as Mr. Collins has pointed out "has not established any precedent save this, that Might is Right."* So that while a Tory parliament may dismiss the Liberal Lieut.-Governor who has already dismissed Tory ministers of his own, he need have no fear of official decapitation so long as the party to which the dismissed ministers belong fails to command a majority in the Senate and House of Commons. There was nothing unreasonable therefore in the Liberal anxiety as to the choice of a successor to Lieut.-Governor Masson, when it was well understood that such choice would be made on the advice of a Government differing in politics from, and supposed to be in every respect hostile to, the provincial administration. Yet it was no sooner announced that the Hon. Mr. Justice Angers had been offered and had accepted the Lieut.-Governorship of Quebec, than Mr. Mercier and his political friends and organs candidly expressed their gratification at the choice. The reason is not far to seek. Mr. Anger's political record, no less than his high character for fair dealing, and his familiarity with constitutional law and practice is an ample guarantee that, notwithstanding the active part played by him in the political warfare of the somewhat recent past, he could never be prevailed upon to use the exalted office of Lieut.-Governor for the advancement of party or political ends. By all who know him it is admitted that consistency is one of Mr. Anger's most distinguishing characteristics. The duty incumbent upon the chief of the Executive of governing in accordance with the recommendations of constitutional advisers, responsible for that advice to the representatives of the people, has been by nobody more strenuously insisted upon than by Mr. Angers himself. The principle for which he so stoutly contended himself, when one of the advisers of a former Governor, His Honour will never decline to concede, under similar circumstances, in his dealings with constitutional advisers of his own. Nobody is more ready to recognize this fact than Mr. Mercier, and hence the thorough satisfaction of the Liberals of Quebec at Mr. Anger's appointment as Lieut.-Governor. Yet Mr. Angers is far from being a mere figure-head—a puppet, whom his ministers may move at will. He has a thorough appreciation of his rights and responsibilities, and none know better than he the prerogatives to which he is entitled, and how to exercise them in harmony with the proper counsel of his constitutional advisers.

Auguste Real Angers was born in the City of Quebec, in 1838, his father being at the time a leading member of the Quebec Bar. Young Angers was educated at the College of Nicolet, studied law with his father, and was admitted to the Bar of Lower Canada in 1860. He practised his profession as a member of the firm of Messrs. Casault, Langlois and Angers, and was made a Q.C. in 1874. In the same year he succeeded the late Hon. Jos. Cauchon as M.P.P. for the County of Montmorenci. Mr. De Boucherville having been summoned that same year to form a government, Mr. Angers was selected by him as a colleague, and on the 22nd September he took the oath of office as Solicitor-General. His persistency, party zeal and debating power soon stamped him as a leader of his fellows, and such

he actually became in the Legislative Assembly, Mr. De Boucherville, the Premier, being a member of the Legislative Council. In January, 1876, the new leader of the Assembly was assigned to the position of Attorney-General. To Mr. Angers' efforts were principally due the construction, by the Province, of the North Shore Railway, the erection of the new Departmental Buildings at Quebec, and the adoption of a new Election Act, of a Controverted Election Act, and the establishment of a Superannuation Fund for the Civil Service. An indefatigable worker, Mr. Angers drafted himself the important measures above referred to, and they are a worthy monument to his legal force and acumen.

A widespread feeling of discontent was caused in the commercial centres of the Province, by Mr. Angers' introduction into the Legislative Assembly, in the Session of 1878, of measures respecting the levying of new taxes, and to compel the payment of bonuses voted in aid of the Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa & Occidental Railway by the cities of Montreal and Quebec. Before considering the momentous results attributed to this and other legislation of an equally unpopular character, let us consider for a moment the spirit in which it was conceived. Mr. Angers, the virtual leader of the Government, like Mr. De Boucherville, the nominal Premier, with whom he possessed many characteristics in common, had never deferred to the art of acquiring popularity, or learned to bow to the popular will. It was to this, if to any personal failing on the part of the ministerial leaders, that were due the disasters that befell their administration; for no Governor, under our constitution, would dare to remove from office advisers who, besides enjoying the support of a majority of the people's representatives in Parliament, were warm in the affections of the people themselves. Nor, under such circumstances, would he succeed in finding a leader to accept the responsibility of such action, even if contemplated. But Messrs. Angers and De Boucherville, while thus unconsciously contributing to their own fall, by studiously ignoring the wiles and artifices of the political charlatan, had not designedly flown in the face of intelligent public opinion, or intentionally challenged the people, for whom and by whom they were supposed to rule, to question their right to contemptuously disregard their representations and protests. Their protests and their representations against the legislation in question were undoubtedly disregarded, notwithstanding that many of them came from political allies of the Government; while the manner of their treatment, to those having but a limited knowledge of the true characteristics of the Premier and his Attorney-General, might readily have been mistaken for contempt. Contempt there undoubtedly was: not for the loyal representation of views antagonistic to the policy of the Government, nor yet for the protests accompanying the same, but for the spirit in which they had been deemed, rightly or wrongly, to have been conceived. It was that species of contempt, with which rigidly upright men are wont to regard a supposed effort to evade proper financial obligations. Nothing could persuade Messrs. De Boucherville and Angers, that the cities of Montreal and Quebec were not anxious to repudiate the indebtedness they had incurred, in the voting of subsidies towards the construction of the Q., M., O. and O. R. R.; and, as the truth must be told, appearances were not lacking, which, though possibly deceptive, were calculated to strengthen them in their belief. The opposition to the new tax Bill was susceptible of no other explanation than a desire to stave off the day of reckoning, or a protest against the development of the country, by means of provincial subsidies to various lines of railway, as proposed by the ministers, and supported by their large majority in parliament.

It was in the power of the Government to have stemmed the tide of popular indignation which rolled over the greater part of the Province when the legislation in question was proposed to the House. Other Governments have refrained from pressing the adoption of such measures as were found to have proven more obnoxious than there was reason to have anticipated, and our political leaders have on many occasions most graciously acquiesced in the popular desire that present obligations, and these by no means always such as might reasonably be charged to capital account, should be left as a legacy to posterity. Messrs. Angers and De Boucherville are not made of that kind of material. It would have added to their popularity to have raised by means of a loan, the additional revenue expected from the operations of the new tax bill, and have conduced to their happiness to have relieved the municipalities of their indebtedness to the Government. Other ministers have gained constituencies by settling liberally their obligations to the Province. But the advisers of Mr. Letellier were singularly blind to the scourge that they were preparing for their own backs, or wonderfully callous as to the result of their political rectitude. They acted honestly, but ill-advisedly, their well intentioned part. They disregarded the clamour against what they deemed to be right, though the course which would have brought them popularity and favour ran in the opposite direction. Political rectitude they possessed, but none of the artfulness that passes for political sagacity. Mr. Angers was incapable of the political knavery that in these days does duty for statesmanship. Thus he fell as a party leader, and thus fell Mr. Joly after him.

Into the details of Mr. Letellier's dismissal of his ministers, which practically terminated Mr. Angers' parliamentary career, there is no necessity to enter. Enough has been said to show how largely it was facilitated by the unyielding disposition of the subject of this paper, and his apparent disregard of public approval.

Yet in social life he is genial, kindly and sympathetic. In political debate his powers of oratory were strong, his language was sharp and incisive, and marked by a stern and rugged reality of manner. It was less pleasing than powerful, thus contrasting by no means favourably with that of his recent public speeches and gubernatorial addresses, which are remarkable for grace of diction as well as for literary excellence.

But little remains to add. It has been said that the dismissal of the

* Canada under the Administration of Lord Lorne.—Page 97.

Government of which he was the actual genius, practically terminated Mr. Angers' parliamentary career. Appointed leader of the opposition to Mr. Joly's administration, he remained a member of the Legislature for the few days only that intervened between the *coup d'état* and dissolution. Yet he found time and means in the interval to obtain the passage by the Assembly of a number of resolutions of non-confidence in the Government. In the general elections which followed he was an unsuccessful candidate for the County of Montmorenci. For some time subsequent to that event however, he was quite a disturbing element in federal politics, and for one session sat in the House of Commons, resigning his seat there in 1881, to ascend the Bench of the Superior Court. He was the real prosecutor of the impeachment, before the Canadian Parliament, of Lieut.-Governor Letellier, whose fate is so familiar to every Canadian reader. His was the principal share of the work in the celebrated factums representing the case of the dismissed ministers. No wonder then that Mr. Mercier and his Liberal allies are gratified to have as Lieut.-Governor, the statesman who secured the dismissal of poor Letellier for the official decapitation of his constitutional advisers. Mr. Angers' political record is proof of the fact that no fearful example, no dread of the consequences, is necessary to deter him from that which he conceives to be wrong. Even were he otherwise constituted in this respect, the fate of Mr. Letellier could prove no deterrent from a repetition of his unfortunate mistake, unless there was reason to fear that the new offence would be passed upon by a similar parliament to that which declared Mr. Letellier's usefulness to be at an end—that is, one in which the Government majority was in political sympathy with the dismissed provincial ministers. The offence and its consequences would again, of course, depend upon the constitution of the jury. Consistency and precedent mean much to men of Mr. Angers' stamp, but little to the average Canadian politician as we usually see him in the Province of Quebec.

As Lieut.-Governor of Quebec, Mr. Angers is extremely popular. Men and women of culture admire his literary and artistic tastes, and Quebec society is charmed with his manner of entertaining. Lovers of manly sport find in him an ever ready patron, and he is himself an enthusiastic yachtsman.

Mr. Angers married a daughter of Senator Chinic of Quebec, who died six or eight years ago.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

SALT LAKE CITY.

THE traveller about to leave San Francisco for the East, as it is always called, is frequently asked the question, "Are you going to Salt Lake city?" We were among the number so assailed, and the result was that, after making necessary inquiries, we determined to see the wonderful place, the history of which must surely be regarded as a marvel.

Starting from San Francisco on a sharp December afternoon, we soon began to feel that we had left the land of fruit and flowers for the colder blasts of a more northern climate; and when we stopped next morning for breakfast at a station, where we had to "change cars" for Salt Lake, we found the frost very biting, especially to shivering mortals who had neither seen nor felt that detestable thing—a winter—for some years.

About mid-day we were warned we were approaching the shores of the great Salt Lake, and for some time we rolled along the edge, looking with interest at the snow-bound banks, with masses of ice piled up in fantastic rocks; the water looked much like any other water does in winter, very dark and sullen. At a distance we could detect houses scattered about, no doubt for the benefit of the many who come out to the Lake in the hot summer weather for the bathing, which is said to have an exhilarating effect.

About an hour, or less, after leaving the Lake, we saw the dark, snow-capped hills which enclose the valley in which the Mormon City is situated, and presently we arrived at a large handsome station, which was disappointingly common-place! Common-place, because it was just like any other station, and disappointing, because one is at once on the look-out for something not to be seen anywhere else. However, a very ordinary omnibus deposited its freight at a most excellent hotel, the Walker House, in the principal street, and after luncheon we sallied forth to try our fortune in the way of sight seeing.

The town, in summer time, must be very lovely, the streets, which, by the way, are extremely broad and well-paved, being planted with double rows of trees, which are mainly cultivated with the view of giving shade, and we were told that in the hottest weather one need never walk in the sun. On each side of the roadway, close to the foot pavement, runs a clear stream of water, which it is against the law to pollute in any way. And let me remark here that Salt Lake is a most law-abiding city, the number of policemen being absurdly small in proportion to its population.

Walking along the streets one sees but seldom now, the sign over the shop doors, which formerly used to indicate that a Mormon or a saint was the owner of the place, viz, a huge eye, emblazoned in a large gold sun, the rays of which seemed to shoot forth from the eye in a manner terrific to behold, and sometimes over the sign, were a few words from the Book of Mormon.

As a way of seeing something of the outskirts of the town, we followed a plan, which is most useful in an American city for that purpose, that is, simply to get into a tram car, which apparently goes a long distance and return by the same route, and then—try another. The car into which we got went along one or two long streets, and then out some distance, gradually mounting the hill side till we had a fine view of the lovely city stretched before us. Lovely then, (in the cold winter with everything brown and bare)—what must it be in summer—when the avenues of trees

are in full leaf, and the gardens gay with flowers? Returning to the town, we marched to the tabernacle whose huge roof, smooth and shining, showed itself a most conspicuous object, the shape, rounded off without any distinct corners, reminding one of the plaster out-of-doors ovens, in use in Canada in its early days. The building itself seemed oval in contour, outside and in, and after wandering about trying to open one of the many doors we finally succeeded, and found ourselves in the huge, gloomy-looking structure; it was painted a dull brown and had a large gallery running round three sides, the fourth being taken up by a large organ, and seats for the choir down stairs; the seats ran in a sort of curve, extending under the gallery and up to where the platform for the speakers stood, placed under the choir. A caretaker took us to the far end of the gallery, and then went himself to the choir seats, and from that immense distance we could hear his voice in a sepulchral whisper, demanding to know if we "could hear him?" The acoustic properties certainly rival those of St. Paul's, and we were quite willing to concede the fact, in order to get out of the ghastly place as soon as possible. Not a cushion or carpet, or bit of colour anywhere to soften the effect of the dull dark whole, and, no doubt, that is one reason of the really wonderful fact of being able to hear a sentence spoken in the lowest tone at such a distance. The building holds some thousands, and if possible one would have liked to have seen a Sunday service in it, it being certainly unlike anything else one could see and hear.

The tabernacle stands in large grounds with numbers of trees planted about it, and close by is a smaller building, with a kind of cloister surrounding it, and in this, we were told afterward, are celebrated the Mormon marriages every Thursday. Under the rose now, of course, but as long as Mormonism exists so long will these marriages take place. No vulgar eye is allowed to view that interior, so we left it and walked over to where the new Temple was being erected. We doubt if this beautiful building will ever be completed; it had been two years then in the course of erection, and only the bare walls were standing. Built of handsome granite, three stories high, even then it had an imposing effect, but since the date of its commencement, Mormonism has undergone a fearful struggle, and it is scarcely a question if the scattered saints can ever gather together to worship in the aisles of their stately looking temple.

Opposite to the handsome, modern mansion of the president, Mr. Taylor, (who has since then died) stands one of the objects of great interest in Salt Lake City, viz., the house, or rather houses, formerly the homes of Brigham Young and his families.

The largest house was low but apparently long and broad, and running back from the street, to where stood several smaller houses, and close by the main building, was a large archway, now rather dilapidated, with a big gold colossal bee hive on the top, probably one emblem of what the establishment was supposed to be, a community of busy creatures working harmoniously together for the good of others; no doubt the drones had a hard time of it!

We were told that in the old and flourishing days of Mormonism, when visitors, rare enough then, I ween, brought letters of introduction to the great and powerful president, he would honour them with one invitation to "family prayers" in the evening, which were held in the large hall of his house; the astonished guest would find himself in a seat by his host, who presided in person over this interesting function, and behold in front of him rows and rows of benches, into which would presently fill the members of the "family," young and old! We could not help assenting to the wish that we had "come a little earlier." A wonderful sight truly, in these days of Christian observance. We were anxious, if possible, to see something of the home life of a Mormon family; but those to whom we had letters of introduction (unfortunately not Mormons) told us that the people had been so much annoyed at seeing themselves in print, perhaps held up to ridicule by those to whom every attention had been shown, that very strong influence would have to be brought to bear on our behalf.

We were slightly discouraged, but did not give up all hope, and were rewarded by having rather an odd experience. On leaving the Temple, we walked again toward the Bee Hive House, and on our way descried a tall stone wall, with a heavy door, and over the posts of which was a modern arch, painted blue, and in white letters was the inscription: "Woman's Exponent." What could this mean? Possibly the name of a newspaper! But we boldly pushed the door open, and found ourselves in front of a small stone cottage, with a green door; on this we rapped, and it was opened at once by a small, pale, rather elderly woman, whom we found to be really the editress of the *Woman's Exponent*.

The whole of the small room was taken up with piles of the papers, some of which she kindly gave me. At first she was very reticent indeed, and the fact of merely seeing strangers seemed to make her suspicious, but after a time she got more loquacious, and the talk with her proved very interesting.

"Sister Wells" was one of the old Mormons, and she told me that she had made the terrible journey in waggons from Nauvoo, where so many of the Mormons had been left while the advance guard went across the desert in search of their distant territory.

The hardships endured there by this band of strange people were indeed appalling, and Mrs. Wells told me that her eldest daughter was born on the journey shortly before the waggons entered the gates of Salt Lake City.

Her husband had been one of Brigham Young's chief councillors, and had, in fact, been such a well-known citizen that he, with many others, had been obliged to leave Utah for Europe, where he was hoping to gain many recruits to return when happier and more peaceful days should shine for the saints. She was one of five wives, and was, indeed, so perfectly satia-

ned that her lot was, in junction with the other four "sisters" (as they all address each other), a most happy one, that one could only wonder at her calm and not-to-be-shaken faith.

Presently a very pretty girl came in, and she was introduced as "My daughter." A sweet, refined face it was; and when I heard that the young lady was a singer of much promise, and had taken part in an amateur representation of the "Mikado," filling the character of "Yum-Yum," and moreover that she was not married, I thought, that it is in this generation that the Mormons will find the rebellion which in the days of their mothers was impossible. For they are allowed a latitude with regard to society and amusement that naturally was out of the question in the time when railways and telegraphs did not exist.

A picture of Councillor Wells was shown to me, a large engraving, apparently out of some publication, and very handsomely framed. It was the head and face of a man no longer young, with waving, snow-white hair and pointed beard, strongly-marked features and not a disagreeable expression.

But the crowning point came when a large photograph was produced of a group consisting of the thirteen daughters! apparently all sizes and ages, the youngest seven years old. And Mrs. Wells remarked, "There, you have seen what very few people have seen—the picture of thirteen daughters of five mothers and one father!" I certainly was impressed by the honour, and more than all, by the calm assurance of being in the right that was displayed by the Mormon wife. Her faith in Mormonism could not be turned more easily than that of an Eastern fanatic.

Subsequently Sister Wells paid me a visit, bringing her little granddaughter with her, such a pretty child, and invited us to spend the evening with her, so that we could see the interior of a Mormon household; and we regretted extremely the shortness of our stay prevented us from going to her house, but we heard many interesting facts from her.

She told me that her eldest daughter was one of three wives and was most happy. And on asking if she was perfectly satisfied herself, replied, "Oh, yes; because *we* consider it a step to further exaltation!" The children of the different families call the wives who are not their mother, "Auntie," and all the saints address each other as "Brother" and "Sister" So-and-so.

To the question if there was much bickering and jealousy amongst the different families, she said, "Not more so than in others," which was a most discreet answer. But further she said that the only jealousy, as a rule, was if the father noticed the children of one mother more than those of another.

Brigham Young had eighteen acknowledged wives, of whom seven or eight survived him, and when I enquired if any of them had ever married again, Mrs. Wells said "No, impossible that any wife of such a Saint as Brigham Young should ever marry again; he was such a wonderful man, such a splendid man in every way."

One of her own daughters had died unmarried, which was evidently a great grief to her, as there seems to be some stigma attached to such a fate.

The days of Utah, as a Mormon territory, are no doubt nearing a close; the Church of the Latter Day Saints will be soon extinct. They themselves look upon all the changes as a religious persecution, which only the coming of the Prophet can end, and which advent will restore the once great community to its former power. Polygamy is now heavily punished, and elders and Bishops of the Church suffer alike with their humbler brethren; but the problem to be solved is a stupendous one, as to what is to become of the helpless women and children.

Once well cared for, industrious and apparently happy in their prosperity, the new state of affairs has brought terrible suffering on those helpless beings, who are unable to cope with the hardships which they are forced to endure. The fathers and bread winners have in almost every case been forced to fly from the country, often without being able to make provision for their families, who are left to struggle as best they can to make a livelihood. It must seem hard in many ways, though naturally, the beginning of the end must come. One phase of the prosecution going on in the courts of law against Polygamy must be mentioned: In no case could a Mormon wife be induced to give evidence against her husband, it being well-nigh impossible to find out which was number one, as in that event only one wife could be acknowledged by law. A consequence perhaps of terrorism, perhaps of instinctive loyalty to the head of the household; one cannot tell.

The doctrines of the "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints," as set forth in a pamphlet of that name, given to me by Mrs. Wells, are striking in their similarity to those of the Episcopal Church, with exceptions of belief in "Miraculous manifestations of God's power, as not confined to the apostolic and earlier ages, nor to the eastern hemisphere, but may be enjoyed in this age, or in any dispensation or country." Also that the "Book of Mormon and revelations made to Joseph Smith were inspired strictly from God, to organize the Church of Christ anew." The ten Commandments are as binding now as in the days of Moses.

Due to the extent of first, a tenth of their property and afterward a tenth of their increase of income were exacted from members of the church. And finally, that "the dead who did not obey the Gospel in this world can hear and accept of it in the spirit world, their mortal relatives or friends attending to the ordinance of the Gospel on their behalf." This is a very extraordinary shuffling off of the sins to which flesh is heir, to the unoffending mortal and sorrowing friends left behind.

The declaration of the three witnesses to the effect that the Book of Mormon was laid directly before them by an angel, with engravings on plates of gold, is another extraordinary thing to read, and one can but wonder at the credulity exhibited by the descendants of these people in Salt

Lake City even in the present day, who have advantages of education and society that their parents were entirely cut off from, but, as has been said before, it is in the youth of the present day that the re-organization of the sect will come; there is but little wish to submit to the rules and regulations laid down so vigorously and so faithfully carried out by their forefathers.

The papers deplored the falling away of the young men especially, whose great object seemed to be to try their fortunes in other spheres than their native one, and who, in many cases, do not care to give their counsel and strength to the rebuilding of the old institutions. And it must be bitterness indeed to the old Mormons, who suffered in what they believed a righteous cause, to see their authority set at naught, and to feel and know that it is now only a question of time when their beloved church will be a thing of the past.

M. FORSYTH GRANT.

DESTINY.

A fledgling sung within a wind-blown nest,
Deep cradled in a modest hawthorn's crest,
To peer at it the curious leaves bent over
And crooned soft songs to lull it into rest.
The mother bird sang to the sun above her,
Till stirred the gold air throbbing, like her breast,
With love exprest.

Through summer days, the golden sands of years,
Shadow and sunlight crossed protecting spears,
Ebon and gold above earth's new-born guest.
With eager lips the leafage drained the tears
Of dying clouds, lest it should be distress,
And songs of love sang in its wondering ears
To soothe its fears.

Frail as a crystal flake of breast-white snow,
And fearful as an echo-fleeing doe,
Weak as a wayward thistle-down which veers
With winds that cannot bend the daisy low,
Instinct with charms, born of more heavenly spheres,
The tender nestling, bathed in the summer's glow,
Swung to and fro.

Thus wind-nursed passed its youth. And then my love
Found the shy nest within the hawthorn grove,
Yielding it all that soul-love can bestow.
I heeded not the warning poised above
In heaven's blue arch, nor fateward turned to know
That the frail nestling yet its wings would prove
And skyward rove.

Days wing the soul and poise it for its flight;
Days give it strength to win life's azure height,
With lapse of days the feeble fledgling throve,
And dreamed sweet dreams that thrilled it with delight.
Then, while soul-sick I watched, its pinions strove,
Not vainly, to uplift it to the bright
Portals of light.

Sunlight and shade dwelt in the swaying trees,
Sunlight and shade and happy melodies,
Sunbeams and song, but in my head is night
And wailings of a spirit ill at ease,
For vacant is the nest. Beyond my sight,
From upper skies, her joyous symphonies
Float on the breeze.

The little one has found a kindred mate
And flown from me, and left me desolate,
Yet, shall I hate it that my love it flees?
Nay, mine the sin, to struggle against fate,
And, though I drink life's poison to the lees,
Still may they sing, bright souls, at heaven's blue gate
Nor fear my hate.

Montreal.

ARTHUR WIER.

THE NOVELIST AS MILLINER.

It has of late become the fashion for novelists to dress their heroines with as much care as they construct their plots and develop their characters. Yesterday the heroine of romance wore clothes, and that was all. To-day her gowns and bonnets have become as important to the reader as her adventures. Dress in the old days was taken for granted, unless the dress of a past period, when elaborate descriptions were allowed, to intensify the local colour and add depth and brilliancy in the gray, antique atmosphere. When Thackeray touched on his heroines' clothes it was merely a high light on the canvas. In those spicy days, when Becky lived well on nothing a year, she once appeared in "a pink dress as fresh as a rose," while peeping out from under the hem was "the prettiest little foot, in the prettiest little sandal, in the finest silk stocking in the world." And there are *Beatrix Esmond's* red stockings, with the silver clocks, which she

wore, according to her brother and her author, for no other purpose than the capture of Mr. Henry Esmond's eye and heart.

Dickens tells us of Dolly Varden's cherry-coloured ribbons, without which we never can recall her bewitching face, but he generally preserves a severe reticence on the costumes of his heroines. Charles Reade, except in that superb, fifteenth century mosaic, "The Cloister and the Hearth," quietly ignores the dresses of Lucy, and Grace, and the rest of that charming group. The Brontës, women "to the red heart's core," scorned such meretricious methods of catching the public's eye, and Bulwer, with all his dash and brilliancy, generally contented himself with the statement that his splendid beauties were gorgeously arrayed, just as he tells us that his heroes "answer with their usual *bon mot*." Any of these literary great ones would consider describing a woman's gown on a par with giving the number of her shoe or the size of her hat. How we have changed! Have we advanced or deteriorated? Certain modern authors are as good authority on dress as a well-edited fashion paper. As our heroines now pass before us we not only know just what they look like and think about, but just what they wear. We are introduced to the most secret details of their wardrobes. We know that blue becomes them and yellow turns them sallow, that Mary has three tea-gowns made in such a way, and Ethel a skating costume to make one's mouth water.

It is hard to say who is responsible for this millinery epidemic. It was a slow growth, not the mushroom of a night. Since the birth of those redoubtable squires of dames, Granville de Vigne and Strathmore, "Ouida" has draped her jointed models in picturesque garbs, evolved from her rich and inexhaustible imagination. But "George Eliot" was probably the prophet of realistic dressing in novels. She it was who first introduced a heroine whose clothes "could be copied." No one ever thought of copying "Ouida's" sumptuous impossibilities. Who does not remember the wide-brimmed hat, with the sweeping, pale-green feather, the white dress, with pale-green cording, in which the lithe and elegant Gwendolen takes the field against Grandcourt? It was only a touch, and yet she stepped from the pages, stylish, exquisite, languidly superb. Again, we have her in a square-necked, long-trained, black silk; and yet again, unfastening a long glove, "finished with a ruffle of lace." These are the faintest of touches, the slenderest of descriptions, but they are the touch of Magunard on the canvas of Porbus. They give life to the picture, pulses to the figure. Gwendolen, after the green and white dress, was, to the average woman, real enough to cast a shadow.

But when "the lively Miss Harleth" was yet in embryo, "Ouida," under the glare of a red calcium light, had performed prodigies of dress-making. Hers was the sketchy style, which is both dashing and effective—the style of the stage. Her heroines look best across the footlights, where the chinks and the pins are hidden by the glare. There is no elaboration of detail, no fineness of finish, merely a confused but harmonious impression of heavy shimmering velvets, old laces, priceless and yellow, antique jewels, costly furs, piled together with regal lavishness. The effect produced is like a picture by Makart—opulent, glowing, splendid, unreal. Her books are rich with lustrous lengths of olive velvet, silvered with a bloom like a grape, and the soft sweeping of old-gold plush trains. Vera, the most obstinate of martyrs, is arrayed by her women in robes of white velvet, with a diamond the size of a walnut fastened around her neck. Wanda treads her ancestral halls with bronze plush skirts dragging richly on the polished floors. It is monotonous but picturesque, and, beyond all words, effective. The very want of detail adds to the dazzling splendour of the impression. In half a dozen words we see Lady Joan in black, with a collar of diamonds throbbing round her throat, and diamond spikes in her rough, black hair. We hear in a nonchalant and incidental manner that Etoile wears a balayouse of old Mechlin lace, that the Princess Napraxine lounges in a pink silk tea-gown veiled in priceless lace, and that Mme. de Sonnaz wears a wrap of golden feathers. It is all dazzling, glittering, meretricious, and stagey—an Englishwoman's taste for the picturesque grafted on a Frenchwoman's taste for the extravagant.

Among other writers of English fiction who describe dress, William Black deserves a first place. The dressing of his heroines is pretty, artistic, and, above all things, natural. Where "Ouida's" costumes are for the stage, his show to best advantage by the hearth. His taste is quiet, and ladylike, without being commonplace, tasteful without being showy. His heroine's pretty frocks have "given ideas" to many girl readers. Sheila's blue serge gown and stiff blue hat, with the white wing in one side, was the germ of all our modern blue and white yachting suits. Natalie's creamy white dress, with scarlet about the throat, originated the fashion for white nun's-veiling dresses, with deep toned velvet collars and cuffs. The sweetest of all his young girl heroines, Yolande, is a thoroughly well-dressed and charmingly natural picture, as she stands in the doorway in a white dress trimmed with black velvet, and a large black hat, or sits on the deck of the P. & O. steamer in dark blue linen with a silver girdle. They are all nice, well-bred, well-dressed young Englishwomen—as English as Du Maurier and Dickens, and as realistically dressed as though their author had sat at the feet of Worth.—*The Argonaut*.

TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND MILES BY POST-CARD.—A Shepherd's Bush correspondent despatched on June 8 last a postal card from London, via the Brindisi and Suez Canal route, to Hong Kong, with the request that it might be forwarded on to the address via San Francisco and New York, which was done. The card was duly received by the original sender, the time taken in its transit round the world being exactly seventy days, which is about forty days' quicker passage than that accomplished ten years ago. The card was franked for its long and circuitous journey for 3d., and it travelled upwards of 25,000 miles.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE

UNDINE: A ROMANCE. AND SINTRAM AND HIS COMPANIONS. By De la Motte Fouqué. Illustrated by Heywood Sumner. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: Williamson & Co.

These works of De la Motte Fouqué are so well known and so popular that we need only say that the publishers have brought them out in their beautiful and unique "Knickerbocker Series," to which we have had occasion to refer repeatedly in terms of unqualified praise.

STUBBLE OR WHEAT? A STORY OF MORE LIVES THAN ONE. By S. Bayard Dod. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph and Company. Toronto: John Young. Pp. 264. Cloth, \$1.25.

This is a book with a purpose. It is a simple, domestic story, told with considerable power and pathos, of a life modelled on the pessimistic philosophy. The interest is not centred entirely in the career of Sydney Morris. The lives of others touch upon and contrast with his. There is a good deal about school and college life in the story; the discipline in different colleges is discussed and the much controverted question of college athletics is warmly debated. The book is a good one: its warnings are fairly given, its lessons are clearly taught, and if they are properly considered, their influence on the mind of the reader should be only beneficial.

TAXATION, ITS PRINCIPLES AND METHODS. Translated from the "Scienza delle Finanze" of Dr. Luigi Cossa, Professor in the University of Pavia, Italy. With an Introduction and Notes by Horace White. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The publication of a translation of Professor Cossa's work at this time is one of the results of the revival of public interest in the United States in questions pertaining to economic science. This little book deals with the principles that govern, or should govern, taxation. It is not controversial; but in a very small compass it sets before the reader a very complete compendium of "the science of the finances." It may not affect opinion with respect to the great fiscal questions now of such intense interest in the United States, and here also, but a careful perusal of it should certainly aid men to form rational opinions on these and all other questions relating to direct or indirect taxation, which from time to time arise in civilized commonwealths.

THE RING IN THE CLIFF. By Frank West Rollins. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. pp. 278. \$1.25.

This is a capital story for boys. It is full of life, incident and adventure. It tells of a youth of seventeen fascinated from childhood with sea-life and determining to be a sailor when the opportunity comes. The time is the first quarter of the present century. The scene is near Portsmouth on the New Hampshire coast. Brant Burroughs, the hero of the story, has daily opportunities of meeting the captain and sailors of the sloops and schooners that pass up and down the Piscataqua. His fondness for a sailor's life becomes intensified and, assisted by a friend who is a ship carpenter, he builds for himself a boat. In this boat our hero gets away unseen, but with many qualms of conscience for the anxiety and pain which his disappearance must cause his parents. He falls in with an old fisherman who gives him counsel and assistance. Thereafter his real adventures begin and those who wish to become acquainted with them we must refer to the book which is beautifully printed and bound in very suggestive covers.

MANUAL OF CHRISTIAN EVIDENCES. By George Park Fisher, D.D., LL.D., Titus Street, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Yale University. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. pp. 123. 75 cts.

In this little work the author does not endeavour to prove the truths of natural religion or the inspiration of the Scriptures, nor does he enquire whether or not the Gospel narratives are free from discrepancies and like imperfections, such as pertain in some degree to the most trustworthy historical writings. "The substantial verity of the New Testament histories" is the only point which he endeavours to establish. The work is intended to supplement Paley's *Evidences of Christianity*, in which a very subordinate place is assigned to internal evidence, and "the argument for miracles is deprived of the legitimate, if not indispensable, advantage which is gained by a preliminary view of the need and the intrinsic excellence of the Christian Revelation. Moreover the aspects of scepticism and disbelief have somewhat changed since Paley's time. Books like Strauss's *Life of Jesus*, had not then been written. Patristic study has also made some advances. The proofs from this source require some revision. Besides, Paley's book is too long for the demands of those for whom the present manual is designed."

JUDAISM ON THE SOCIAL QUESTION. By Rabbi H. Berkowitz. New York: John B. Alden. pp. 135. Cloth, 50 cts.

This volume is a collection of discourses on the Social Question, which, upon their delivery, attracted wide attention, and which have since been translated into French and German. They evince a thorough study of the question, intimate acquaintance with its history, a keen appreciation of the dangers it threatens, and the difficulties in the way of its successful solution. The solutions known under the name of Socialism, Nihilism, and Anarchy, are he says, destructive in their method and utterly subversive, not only of social but moral order. "From the standpoint of Judaism, from the high ground of Jewish justice and Jewish morality, the Socialism of to-day, worshipping, as it does, at the shrine of pagan justice and immorality, can never be admitted as the true solution of the Social Question." The learned Rabbi thinks that "Judaism with her peculiar common-sense practicality and wondrous adaptability has a leading task still to perform in the world; her crown of greatest glory is still to be won through the establishment of social justice among men. . . . Her moral code alone can furnish the guiding methods and principles of any permanent social reform, whether it comes along the line of political or economic advancement, for the Social Question is, in the main, after all a question of moral conduct."

THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY: ESSAYS SCIENTIFIC AND ÆSTHETIC. By Henry W. Parker. New York: John B. Alden. Cloth, gilt tops, pp. 252, 75 cents, post 10 cents.

In the first two chapters of this little book the author reviews very thoroughly "the asserted facts on which the figments of brute reason and taste have of late been founded." He vigorously confutes the theory that appreciation of physical beauty—grace, symmetry, colour, plumage—or æsthetic sensibility is characteristic of beast or bird. Of "mind in animals" he says: "This examination was begun with some prejudice in favour of a degree of reason in brutes, but the plain logic of the subject and of the total phenomena,

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

as well as the wild construction put upon brute acts by the intelligence theory, reduce the whole theory to absurdity. Huxley is right; brutes are virtually automatons, but sensitive rather than conscious, as we can understand consciousness; and the insinuation that this automatism may be applied to man amounts to nothing so long as man is consciously rational, free and responsible. The manufacture of reason, and of conscience and aesthetic faculty, in and out of animals, is like such arts as the making of factitious butter out of animal refuse; it is psychological oleomargarine. But for a greedy zeal in behalf of everything that seems to favour evolution, or a deference to fashionable doctrine, it would soon be rated by well-educated scientific men as one of the baseless extravagances put forth from time to time in the name of science." The other chapters, dealing with such subjects as "The Moral in Nature," "Lessons of Crystals," "Ornament in Nature," "The Divine in Art," etc., are equally interesting, and exhibit Professor Parker's culture and aesthetic capacity, as well as the vigour and attractiveness of his literary style.

THE STORY OF TURKEY: By Stanley Lane-Poole, assisted by E. J. W. Gibb and Arthur Gilman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Toronto: Williamson and Company. 1888. Story of the Nations' series. Pp. 373. \$1.50.

The author does not profess to give in this work the history of Turkey. His aim is merely "to draw the main outlines of Turkish history in bold strokes and thus try to leave a connected impression on the reader's mind." In this he has fairly succeeded. In a bright attractive style he tells the story of the rise and decline of Turkish power and influence from the middle of the thirteenth century to the present day: from the battle of Angora, where, unknowingly, Ertoghul, son of Suleyman, took "the first step towards founding an empire that was destined to endure in undiminished glory for three centuries, and which even now, when more than six centuries have elapsed and many a fair province has been wrested or inveigled out of its grasp, still stands lord over wide lands, and holds the allegiance of many peoples of divers races and tongues," to the treaty of Berlin in 1878, when it was shorn of many of its provinces and dependencies and its existence as an independent power, in Europe at least, made a mere question of time depending on the temper of its neighbours and the exigencies of European diplomacy. A chapter describes the rise of Russia, without which the story of Turkey would not be complete. The concluding chapters, dealing with Ottoman literature, the Ottoman administration, and recent Turkish history, are of special interest. This volume, like its predecessors of the series, is admirably printed and bound. The illustrations are numerous, but many of them are old and of inferior execution. A good index and two excellent maps add greatly to the value of the work.

PRINCIPLES OF THE ECONOMIC PHILOSOPHY OF SOCIETY GOVERNMENT AND INDUSTRY. By Van Buren Denslow, LL.D. New York: Cassell and Company. Toronto: W. J. Gage and Company. Pp. 782. \$3.50.

This bulky volume is another contribution to the literature of economics, evoked by the conflict of parties in the United States on fiscal policy. There can be no doubt that the literature of this kind is a popular educator of inestimable value, if it be honest—if the books which comprise it express the unbiassed, earnest, candid opinions of thoughtful men, based on facts and figures which they believe to be as correct as can possibly be obtained. Professor Denslow says: "In the work of teaching political economy to young men, I found their perceptions generally keener than their text-books were adapted to satisfy. Still more, in responding to the innumerable inquiries made of an economic daily journalist, I have discovered that the people could not find in the books of current discussion of economic theories any answers whatever to the practical questions on which they sought light. Or, if the questions were answered, it was easy to perceive that the answer was false, partial, or obscure. Instead of the book being above the student or the inquiring public, it was rather below, or irrelevant to both." Professor Denslow has endeavoured to bring out a work which will prove acceptable to students of political economy the world over, "in the degree in which it fairly reflects the views of statesmen, the wisdom of nations, the views of practical men and men of affairs—for these get nearest the truth of things." But while the author's intentions are so unimpeachable, and his book contains a store of fact and information and argument of immense value, we hesitate to accept his guidance. We miss the calm, unimpassioned manner and cold logical method of the economic philosophers of the European schools. Many chapters read like political controversial articles, and there is no lack of the bitterness and brilliancy that often characterize such articles. Professor Denslow is a protectionist, and he uses facts, figures, and phrases with very considerable skill on behalf of the system to which he is attached. "The whole origin of our late costly war was an economic error, and every fibre of its economic errors is gathered up and woven into the detestable Shibboleth of England's American implements and tools—Free Foreign Trade. While the Free Trade argument has been identified with disintegration and disunion from the first, the desire to secure a national revenue through a protective tariff was the motive which welded the feebly United States of the Confederation into the present National Union. Its partizanship aside, the book is of unquestionable value. It contains an immense amount of information not readily obtainable, its matter is intelligently arranged, its arguments are set forth plausibly and with force, and it has not only a very comprehensive general index, but a "personal index," which is as useful as it is novel.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

A WAR TIME WOOING. A story by Captain Charles King, U. S. A. Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers.

MADAME SILVA. By M. G. McClelland. New York: Cassells and Company.

THE PAGANS. By Arlo Bates. New York: Ticknor and Company.

The *Canadian Grocer*, one of the best of trade journals, now appears in a handsome cover and enlarged from sixteen to twenty pages. The *Grocer* is deservedly appreciated by the trade in the interest of which it is published.

We have received from the author "The Legal Profession and American Progress," an address delivered by Ernest H. Crosby, A.M., LL.B., to the graduating class of the Law Department, University of New York City, June 7th.

The principal articles in the September *Andover Review* are "The Practical Treatment of the Problem of the Country Church," by Rev. John Tunis; "The Poetry of Matthew Arnold," by Vida D. Scudder; "Growth and Decay of the Mormon Power," by Rev. D. L. Leonard, and "Some Theological Burdens Removed," by Wm. Burrows, D.D. The editorial and other departments are well filled.

Three illustrated papers make up the bulk of the September *English Illustrated Magazine*: "In the Polish Carpathians," by Adam Gielgud; "London Street Studies," by J. Ashby Sterry, and "Hampton Court," by Barbara Clay Finch. "Patagonia," by Henry James, is continued, the "Mediation of Ralph Hardelot," by Professor Minto, is concluded. This number completes the volume for 1888, and has a very full index.

REV. J. MAX HARK, D.D., author of *The Unity of the Truth in Christianity and Evolution*, is comparatively a young man, being still on the sunny side of forty.

GENERAL GRANT is said to have left in manuscript a large number of humorous anecdotes drawn from his experience in the army. These are soon to be published, probably by C. L. Webster and Company.

M. RENAN believes in devoting the early years of life to thought and study, and not to writing. "My opinion," he says, "is that France will perish in a literary sense because of her young writers. It is impossible to write well before the age of forty years."

"THIRTY Years of Paris" is the latest addition to the Franco-Anglican book series issuing from the house of George Routledge and Company, London and New York. The volume is a translation of Daudet's "Trente Ans de Paris," and is a close imitation of the French edition.

SOMEONE has made the discovery that Ruskin, Browning and Stevenson stand pre-eminent in the art of book naming, that they give this important matter all the consideration it deserves, and the consequence is their books, in point of titles anyway, have a *cachet* quite wanting in the ordinary output of the press.

THE Clarendon Press, Oxford, will bring out in October a series of more than eighty hitherto unpublished letters written by David Hume to William Strahan, the King's Printer and member of Parliament and friend of Dr. Johnson. They will be edited by Dr. G. Birkbeck Hill. The period they cover is from 1756 to 1776.

WILLIAM HENRY HURLBERT has just published in Edinburgh a book entitled "Ireland Under Coercion—the diary of an American," which is reviewed by the *London Times* to the extent of five columns. Mr. Hurlbert concludes that landlords are good and alone deserving of sympathy, and that the Nationalist peasants are vicious, dishonest, and, as a rule, much too leniently treated.

ROBERTS BROTHERS are also about to publish in one volume all the "Nonsense Books," by Edward Lear, with all the original illustrations. The cover bears several of the grotesque figures which have made this artist's name so famous as a delineator of the utterly nonsensical. It will be remembered that Ruskin places this quaint creation as the best of his selection of the best hundred books.

ALPHONSE DAUDET has thought fit to insert the following brief preface in the sixtieth thousand of his novel, "L'Immortal": "The statements of various journals that 'L'Immortal' was the expression of a base feeling of revenge on the part of a defeated candidate, induce me to prefix to this new edition the letter I addressed to the *Figaro* five years ago. 'I am not a candidate for the Academy, have never been, and shall never be.'"

SIR MORELL MACKENZIE is at work on his reply to the recently published attack upon him by the German physicians. His answer will be shortly published in book-form simultaneously in England and Germany. Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Company will be the English publishers. A considerable portion of it will be in the nature of personal anecdote by Sir Morell Mackenzie respecting his illustrious patient, the late Emperor Frederick.

TICKNOR AND COMPANY'S September publications include "Western China," a journey to the great Buddhist centre of Mount Omei, by the Rev. Virgil C. Hart, Fellow of the Royal Asiatic Society; a cheaper edition of Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women," with all the illustrations of the first; "A Short History of the Secession War," by Rossiter Johnson; a new and enlarged edition of "Recollections of a Drummer Boy," by the Rev. Harry M. Kieffer; and the "Rainbow Calendar" for 1889, compiled by Kate Sanborn.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY publish this week "A History of the United States and the People," by Edward Eggleston. This may be fairly regarded as the most important in the recent history of educational literature. The author has been directly engaged for years in the collection of material and the work on this volume, which although primarily intended for schools, is calculated to delight young readers out of school, and readers of all ages everywhere. It is charmingly written, and illustrated abundantly in a novel and most effective manner.

THE *Spectator*, of London, says that Henry James' "Reverberator" is "one of the thinnest performances which was ever marked throughout by real genius. Nothing slighter can well be imagined, and yet, slight as it is, it gives us an insight into the comparative harmlessness of purpose which underlies a good deal of the Yankee pushingness, and into the blank neutrality of feeling which is accountable for a good deal of what looks like American unscrupulousness, that appears to us very instructive. When we laid down the book it was with the feeling that we could wish there was as little of guilty responsibility in the corresponding phase of English vulgarity as there appears to be in the society journalism of the United States."

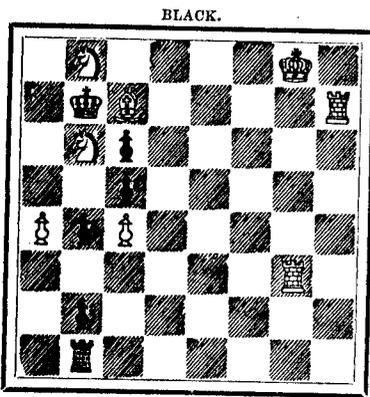
THE reviewer of the *Atlantic Monthly* writes in the following terms of the late George Frederick Cameron, author of the recently published *Lyrics on Freedom, Love and Death*. "Mr. Cameron was a Canadian writer and journalist of earnestness and feeling. He was young and ardent, and had not learned to separate his function as a journalist from his gifts as a poet. Thus, some of his fervid poems are editorials in verse; but this cannot be said of all. It may be said, however, that the journalistic facility seems to have got into his poetry, and his lyrics impress one rather as poured freely and without stint from a nervous nature than subjected to the discipline of obedience to Art." There is a half truth in this criticism that is almost as misleading and mischievous as "the lie that is only half a lie."

IN "A Plea for the Novel," in a recent issue of the *Quebec Chronicle*, Dr. Stewart says, that "in George Meredith, English literature has to-day its greatest master of fiction. He may never become popular in the sense that Dickens was popular, but he will always, and perhaps, for a longer term than any other Englishman, hold a place alongside of Sir Walter Scott and George Eliot. His stories are full of meat. They represent English society and English middle life as they really exist, nothing extenuated or set down in malice. They do more. They teach homely lessons which all men and women might, with advantage, follow. And they are not at all preachy. Meredith's style is, perhaps, his only fault, and certainly it must be said that his style does repel the reader who takes up his book for the first time. But one soon gets used to the mannerism of the man, and the ice once broken, it becomes plain sailing indeed. 'Diana of the Crossways' is regarded by his critics as his best work, and it is undoubtedly a masterpiece of fiction, but our own favourite is 'Evan Harrington,' and next to that there is 'Rhoda Fleming.' 'The Ordeal of Richard Feverel' is the weaker novel of the series, and it is a tale with a purpose,—that bugbear of the general reader,—but it is by no means deficient in power, and it has enough in it, in the way of character drawing, incident and conversation, to make the fortune of any other man than George Meredith. George Meredith is his own rival. But his books are too good to meet the popular favour. Those who can appreciate Thackeray will enjoy Meredith, for though he is not a satirist like the author of 'Pendennis,' he is a keen portrait painter of living men and women."

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 287.

By W. A. SHINKMAN.

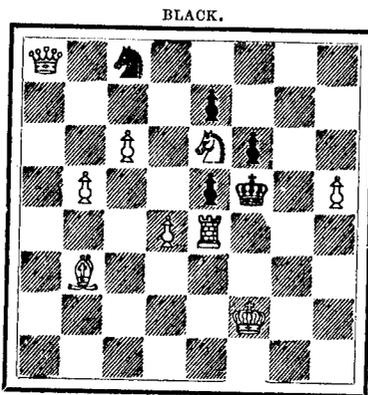


WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 288.

From Illustrative Zeitung.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

- No. 281.
- White. 1. Q-Kt 2
2. Q-K 2
3. P-B 3 mate.
- Black. 1. K-K 4
2. P moves
- If 1. P-K B 4
2. K-K 4
2. B-K 2 +
3. Q-K 5 mate.
- With other variations.

- No. 282.
- White. 1. K-B 1
2. K-K 2
3. Kt-Q 3 mate.
- Black. 1. P-Q 3
2. P-K 6
- If 1. P-K 6
2. K-Q 3
2. Q x P +
3. B-K 7 mate.
- With other variations.

GAME PLAYED AT THE TORONTO CHESS CLUB AUGUST 31st BETWEEN MR. A. T. DAVISON AND MR. A. HOOD.

ROY LOPEZ.

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------|
| Mr. DAVISON. | Mr. HOOD. |
| White. | Black. |
| 1. P-K 4 | P-K 4 |
| 2. Kt-K B 3 | Kt-Q B 3 |
| 3. B-Kt 5 | Q-B 3 (a) |
| 4. Kt-B 3 | P-Q R 3 |
| 5. B-B 4 | P-Q Kt 4 |
| 6. B-Q 5 | B-B 4 |
| 7. P-Q 3 | P-K R 3 |
| 8. Castles | K Kt-K 2 |
| 9. B-K 3 | B-Kt 3 |
| 10. B x B | P x B |
| 11. P-Q 4 | P x P |
| 12. P-K 5 | Q-B 4 |
| 13. Kt x Q P | Q x K P |
| 14. Kt x Kt (b) | P x Kt |
| 15. B x P + | Kt x B |
| 16. R-K 1 | Q x R + |
| 17. Q x Q + | B-K 3 |
| 18. Kt-Q 5 | Castles K R |
| 19. Kt-B 7 | R-Q R 2 (c) |
| 20. Kt x B | R-K 2 |
| 21. Kt x R (d) | R x Q + |

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-----------|
| Mr. DAVISON. | Mr. HOOD. |
| White. | Black. |
| 22. R x R | K x Kt |
| 23. R-K 4 | P-Q R 4 |
| 24. P-Q R 3 | P-Q Kt 5 |
| 25. R-Q B 4 | Kt-K 4 |
| 26. R-B 8 + | K-K 2 |
| 27. P x P | P x P |
| 28. P-K B 4 | Kt-Q 2 |
| 29. R-Q B 4 | K-Q 3 |
| 30. R x P | K-B 3 |
| 31. R-Q 4 | P-Q Kt 4 |
| 32. R-K 4 | K-Q 3 |
| 33. K-B 2 | Kt-B 3 |
| 34. R-Q Kt 4 | K-B 4 |
| 35. P-Q B 3 | Kt-Q 4 |
| 36. R-Q 4 (e) | P-Q Kt 5 |
| 37. R x Kt + (f) | K x R |
| 38. K-K 3 | K-B 5 |
| 39. P x P | K x P |
| 40. K-Q 2 | K-Kt 6 |
| 41. K-B 1 (g) and White wins. | |

NOTES.

- (a) Not good.
 (b) Winning move; a fine combination.
 (c) This and Black's next move are well played.
 (d) Best; but White should have played 19. Kt x Kt P, and this move would have been unnecessary.
 (e) R-K 4 is the better move.
 (f) Decisive; many games are lost or drawn by allowing the Kt to remain at large.
 (g) Best; keeping the extra P is the easiest way to win.

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A PRETTY woman in society once complimented Balzac on his subtle acquaintance with women. "Yes" he said, smiling, "I know them, so that by just looking at one a moment, I can tell her whole history from the day she was born. Shall I tell you yours, madame?" "Oh, not out loud!" was the frightened madcap's answer, and every one had a laugh at her expense.

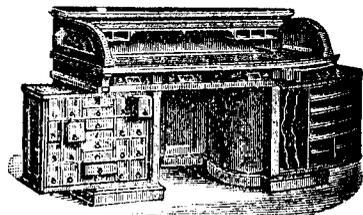
THE proper way to clean books is to take two of about the same size and strike their sides smartly together several times until all the dust is expelled, and not apply cloth, brush, or duster, under any circumstances, to the gilt or leather. If treated in this way, books will retain their original freshness for years. Books in cases without glass fronts retain their freshness longer than when put in closed cases. More dust will collect upon books exposed; but it is dust which comes off readily. When put behind glass doors, or in cupboards, less dust settles upon them, but in localities where soft coal is used, it is a fine sooty dust, which, when treated with a cloth, brush, or duster, acts like a black oily paint, discolours the leather and dulls the gilt. On books which are openly exposed, this sooty dust mixes with an innoxious and coarser dust and it all comes off together. These facts explain what seems at first paradoxical—that the more we try to keep books away from dust, and the more we clean them, the dirtier they become.

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Announcement Extraordinary. Our having commissioned so distinguished an etcher as Rajon to etch a plate expressly for THE STUDIO, has created considerable comment and speculation as to the nature of the subject. The inquiries for information continue to pour in from all over the country and abroad. The interest shown in this distinguished artist's etching has been so widespread, and as the subject will be of such great importance, to create a sensation in this country and abroad when published, we have decided to print 500 India Proofs, before lettering, to be sold by subscription at \$5.00 each up to the day of publication, when the price will be increased. A magnificent work of art is promised. Copies of THE STUDIO, complete, with Rajon etching, 50 cents each. Books are now open to receive advance orders. Order now to secure one. The price for single numbers of THE STUDIO, complete, with all etchings, is 20 cents a copy, and can be supplied by all art, book, and newspaper dealers. Ask to see a copy. Address all communications to THE STUDIO PUBLISHING CO., 3 EAST 14TH ST. NEW YORK.

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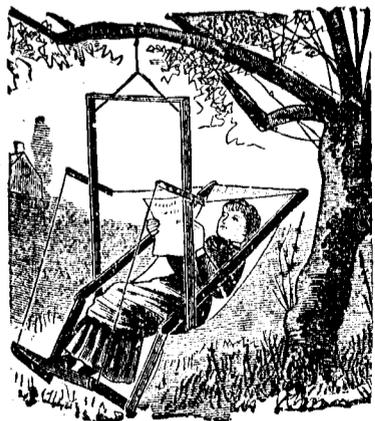
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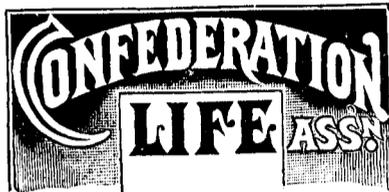
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