

# THE WEEK.

Vol. I., No. 22.

Toronto, Thursday, May 1st, 1884.

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

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## The Week.

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, POLITICS, AND CRITICISM.

TERMS:—One year, \$3.00; eight months, \$2.00; four months, \$1.00. Subscriptions payable in advance.

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

## TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE author of the just-published "Canada under the Administration of Lord Lorne" has scant consideration for the press of this country, and has the courage to say in his new book that "the intelligent ones among our readers have no respect for the critical estimate of the [Canadian] newspapers." An unprejudiced reader of a recent issue of the *Globe* would be inclined to find ample justification for the statement in the circumstance that it was thought fit to refer in the editorial columns of that journal to a letter which ought not to have found a place in a leading organ without a liberal use of the pruning-knife. It not only contained what the editor ought to have known were misrepresentations—if not fabrications—but these were worded in the language of intentional insult to a writer whose offence is the outspoken expression of his convictions. Fortunately the letter was its own antidote, so apparently was it the vapourings—not of an over-heated imagination, but of a would-be literary assassin, *avec malice prepense*. The letter has, of course, been ignored by the writer assailed, for the same reason that in the days of duelling a gentleman could not fight with a blackleg. *Noblesse oblige*. But it may be worth while to point out that it is the admission into its columns of billingsgate for argument and slander for logic that has made it possible for an unbiassed writer to speak of the Canadian press as he does in the work already referred to. The apostle of a new creed expects and welcomes criticism when it is conducted upon possible lines: it has been the unvarying fate of thinkers who have lived to see their doctrines adopted by the men who opposed them. And if those Grit politicians who object to "Bystander's" utterances would take cognizance of the fact that Tory organs, such as the *Hamilton Spectator*, are just as much dissatisfied with his course, they would see the absurdity of discovering in him a masked Conservative, and of ascribing covert motives. Such a mode of attacking a writer *sans peur et sans reproche* is a boomerang policy which will not stand the test of experience. It is too absurdly ridiculous to serve even a present purpose: for everybody knows the "Bystander" has no temptation to be otherwise than impartial. He is out of politics, and notoriously

has no desire for place, political position, or anything which he does not already possess. Intelligent men of all shades of politics must grieve to see such treatment accorded to him. It was only the other day that a journal published in Toronto, and another printed in Hamilton, circulated reports of "Bystander's" visit to Buffalo which their conductors must have known had been officially contradicted, capping them by hysterical screeds against him as the propounder of an "annexation doctrine." The authors of such stuff would save themselves much unnecessary tribulation if they would previously and honestly read the writings they undertake to comment upon.

It is pointed out to us that the information upon which we based our remarks last week on the County Board of Audit was not exact. County Attorneys, as such, are not members of the Board. The body consists of the County Judge and two members of the County Council. By a recent statute the County Councils are authorized to pay to these nominee auditors certain fees for their services. Two of the Board are practically the paid servants of the County Council, and their duty is to strike off the accounts of all constables every possible item. If they fail in this respect, their places will be filled by more subservient successors. The only independent member of the Board to whom the constables can look for a liberal and equitable taxation is the County Judge. Unfortunately, this their sole safeguard is wanting in some counties, owing to the action of the County Council in annually voting a "honorarium" to the County Judge for his services. The unfortunate constable who faces this extraordinary tribunal—judge and jury all feed by the county—has a hard time of it in getting his just dues. The public official to whom we alluded last week as having protested against a niggardly policy on the part of his board of audit which practically amounts to "consideration for thieves," and who was so pompously rebuked for protesting, had just the hybrid board last mentioned to contend with. The Board of Audit is a cumbersome and absurd tribunal, and, with rare exceptions (as, for instance, where the County Judge happens to be a painstaking, liberal-minded man), its treatment of constables is harsh and illiberal. As the law stands, the disbursements incidental to the pursuit of a criminal have to be borne, in the first instance, by the officers of the law; and whether they ever receive them back depends upon a board of audit who are feed to disallow the bill, if possible. In any event, the unfortunate constable has generally to wait from three to four months after his advance before he can recover his own. A more objectionable system than this it would be difficult to devise, but notwithstanding the periodical remonstrances made to the Local Government by those who suffer under it, the redress so often promised has not yet been given.

A CONTRIBUTOR to the *Canadian American* who has been touring through Ontario gives some of his impressions to the readers of the journal named. He says that whilst "the drinking customs of the country are very prominent," he saw "less drunkenness than he would have expected to see in the States." He was much impressed with London, and thinks "the cathedral they are building there would be a credit to a city of a hundred thousand population." Canadian business people he found were not in such a hurry as their American cousins. He seems surprised that anyone in business can say "thank you" and mean it. "The manners of the alespeople are not so conventional as with us, and when they say 'thank you' they really seem to feel it." "Manners are much more seen in public ways and places than with us." He does not think much of the average Canadian's "directive" power, and was glad to hunt up places for himself. "The greatest fault and wonder is, they do not seem to believe either in themselves or in their country. They disparage their land and the crops they produce. They compare opportunities with the States unfavourably to themselves. They will swear by England, and die for England." The writer does not see why Canadians should migrate to the States. He grants that more money is made in his own country, but thinks Canada has more health and comfort. "I know no place where they seem to get as much comfort out of life. The women, especially, look much healthier; they are, in nearly every instance, strong and hearty, but they are not usually as good looking as the men, while in the States it is generally the reverse. I do not know that Canada, or even London, would be a good place to move to, but I feel that it is not the best place to move from."

## CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS.

It is excusable, in a notice of the Session, to have totally overlooked the Senate. The Senate can scarcely be conscious of its own existence. In the early part of the Session its sittings were suspended for want of business, nothing having come up to it from the Commons; a conclusive answer to the allegation that it exercises a useful initiative in any special class of questions. By extinguishing the last spark of life in Mr. Charlton's luckless Bill it provided itself, as it is careful to do each session, with formal proof of a lingering trace of vitality in itself. Otherwise, it hardly did anything which might not have been done equally well and far more cheaply by means of a stamp affixed by a clerk to the legislative acts of the Commons. Its debates are seldom reported unless they happen to be personal. If we did not know from constant experience how the most inane titles are coveted, it might seem strange that there should be so many applicants for a position of conspicuous nonentity. Yet nonentity would be respectable compared with the servility which the nominees of the Minister in the Senate are compelled to display in registering the decrees of a master who does not condescend even to make a show of acknowledging their legislative authority. The theory that independence would be the result of nomination for life, plausible as it might seem, has received a decisive confutation. Independent of national opinion the Senate is with a vengeance, but it is entirely dependent on its patron. We have in this institution the misleading show of a conservative safeguard without any conservative influence either in the way of initiative, or in that of control. The analogy of the House of Lords, a body of territorial magnates, few of whom can be at any one time the nominees of the Minister, if it were attractive in itself, would be wholly inapplicable. Never did the work of a constitution-builder more signally break down. The only assignable reason for allowing a minister, under the name of a *faineant* Governor-General, to nominate a whole branch of the legislature was that the power, if generously, or even sagaciously, used, might produce a more comprehensive representation of national worth and distinction than was likely to be produced by any political election, especially under the party system. The Senate of the Bonapartes, though not morally august, was at least an attempt to bring together the eminence and influence of France. The Senate of Sir John Macdonald is nothing but a political infirmary and a bribery fund, nor is it possible to conceive any case in which a body so destitute of moral weight could render real service to the nation. Any freshet of popular passion would, in a moment, sweep away such a dam. In appointments to judgeships, Sir John Macdonald has not risen to the magnanimity of the British Ministers, who generally disregard party altogether; yet he has always kept the greediness of party at bay, and shown his regard for the interests of public justice. It is reasonable, as well as charitable, to suppose that in this he has shown his real inclination; and that if he misuses, as he has misused, his power of nominating to the Senate, it is because the government which he is set to administer can exist only by purchasing support, the price of which he is unable to withhold. So we shall go on, however, till greater changes come. Yet, if there is a waste of public money at which we have a right to be indignant, it surely is the maintenance of such an institution as the nominee Senate by taxes levied on agricultural implements and coal.

It is to be feared that the conceit of the arrogant Britisher will be pampered by the nervous anxiety with which Americans look for the criticisms which they assume to be coming from Mr. Matthew Arnold. Chicago, betrayed by the credulity of her fear, into belief in a ridiculous hoax, has been already writhing and bellowing under the phantom shaft like the Python struck from the bow of Apollo. In the new number of the *North American Review* is a criticism on Matthew Arnold, the author of which at once discloses his motive: "It is doubtless to be supposed that Mr. Arnold's estimate of our civilization will not be flattering to our national vanity or national pride. A writer who has repeatedly told his own countrymen that their higher classes are materialized, their middle classes vulgarized, and their lower classes brutalized, cannot be expected to proclaim after a few months' residence in this country, that the conduct, politics, society, science and literature of the United States come up to the high ideal standards which he is accustomed to apply to other nations as well as his own." Mr. Arnold is conjured above all things not to be condescending. Any thing may be endured except condescension. Then follow some pages of elaborate disparagement, the object of which manifestly is to blunt, beforehand, the point of the arrow which is supposed to be already quivering on the string. In vain. The arrow will come, painless at first, but dipped in a subtle venom which

will, by degrees, produce intolerable pain, and make Chicago writhe and bellow to some purpose. There will ensue a violent fit of Anglo-phobia, a great increase of sympathy with Irish dynamite, and a call for more iron-clads to punish the arrogance of a nation which produces such insufferable *persiflage*. Suppose, after all, Mr. Arnold were to say nothing; might not his silence be harder to bear even than his condescension? Joking apart, the "English tramp," as the *Chicago Current* calls him, has far too much in common with other English tramps of the same class to requite hospitality by rude or malicious criticism; and there is every reason to believe that anything Mr. Arnold may write about the United States will be animated by the same friendly feeling, and the same sense of kindness received, which he expressed to those who conversed with him at the close of his tour. That he will flatter is not likely. Flattery, in the estimation of all people of sense, is an insult more intolerable even than condescension.

At Washington, the doom of the Tariff Bill appears to be sealed. Its friends admit that even if it passes the House by a small majority, it will be killed in the Senate. The free people of the United States will thus be condemned still to bear, at the bidding of a ring, a load of unnecessary and arbitrary taxation, such as no despot or aristocrat would venture to impose. The debate on the Bill is hardly serious. Upon it, as upon every other discussion and interest, has now fallen the deadly shadow of the coming Presidential election. To put himself and his party in a good position for that contest, not to settle the fiscal and commercial question before him, is the real object of each speaker in the interminable series. This interruption, during one year at least in every four, of the current of legislation on all questions of practical importance is not the least of the evils which attend the elective Presidency. As a ventilation of theories, however, the debate is not without interest. Some of the views propounded are curiosities of the human understanding, considering that the propounders are living more than a century after Adam Smith. The policy of the thorough-going Protectionist amounts to nothing less than the construction of a Chinese wall around a people which boasts itself the most progressive in the world. Immigration as well as importation is to be excluded; the nation is to consume its own produce and to produce just enough of everything for its own consumption. It is to be perfectly isolated, and it would soon become stationary, like that Celestial Empire from which its policy would be borrowed. But reasoning has very little to do with this matter. The strong hand of the Ring is upon the throat of the nation. The despoiled are an unorganized multitude; the spoilers are an organized army, and the organized army prevails. Protectionism has, of late, received some accession of strength from the rising manufactures of the South. Yet Free Trade, or to speak more properly, the principle of a Revenue Tariff, is decidedly gaining ground, and has developed in the battle over the present Bill more strength than it has ever shown before. The patent evidences of overtaxation could not fail to tell on the mind of an intelligent people. The artisan is not the gainer by Protection: his wages, nominally high, are not really so, because everything purchased with them is dear. The sole gainer is the master manufacturer. When this truth dawns upon the mind of the artisan, the end of Protectionism will be at hand; and it appears that recent reductions of wages have, at all events, drawn the attention of the working classes to the point. Many there are who see, or at least suspect, the fallacy of taxation for the purpose of Protection, yet are afraid to knock away the artificial props upon which the manufacturing industries of the United States are supposed to rest. They believe the orator who tells them that a reduction of twenty per cent. would be fatal to the existence of some of the greatest branches of manufactures. Admitting, or half admitting, the system to be wrong, they cling to it from fear of falling into some commercial abyss. A too zealous revenue officer, as the story goes, once fell into the hands of smugglers, who, to revenge themselves, blindfolded him, suspended him over a precipice with a rope in his hands, and there left him, as they told him, to hang on as long as he could, then fall and be dashed to pieces. He hung on till his sinews cracked: then having commended his soul to Heaven he let go, and found that he had been hanging only six inches from the ground. If those who nervously cling to the Protectionist system in the United States would, like the revenue officer, commend their souls to Heaven and let go, they would find that in five years the emancipated industries of the United States would not only hold its own market, but compete with the foreigner in the markets of the world. At present the United States export little except raw material, while an artificial stimulus often entails on them the evils of over-production at home. Great Britain has far less interest in the abrogation of American Protection than is commonly supposed. The American market,

though valuable, is of less value, as well as far less sure, than those of countries which do not manufacture for themselves, while the policy which has killed the mercantile marine of the United States, and prevents its resuscitation, rids England of a most dangerous rival all over the world.

THE *New York Nation* is so good as to advise the English press "not to be led astray by the foolish talk of THE WEEK, which rejoiced lately over the Attorney-General's circular enjoining the enforcement of the law against the exportation of explosives, and said that this showed what could be done, etc., etc." "The circular," adds the *Nation*, "was really of no importance whatever." No importance was ever attached, by the "Bystander" at all events, to the circular beyond that which it unquestionably possessed as a recognition of an international duty which the *Nation* has not itself been very anxious to see performed. Nor has the "Bystander" said that "this showed what could be done, etc., etc," or used any expression susceptible of that courteous paraphrase. Anger, which in the present case is extreme, disturbs perceptions as well as manners. When a foreign journal seeks to influence English opinion, at the same time doing its utmost to damage English interests, on the Irish question, British journalists have a right to pluck off its mask of impartiality, and to warn their readers that it is the organ of an Irishman who sympathizes with the Disunionist movement, and has plainly betrayed, not only a political, but, a social antipathy to England. Antipathy to England may be a highly respectable emotion, but it is not a qualification for giving sound advice to Englishmen. It never has been suggested that the American Government should take extreme measures against Dynamiters, much less that it should "suspend trial by jury." The difficulties under which it labours in this matter are well known, and the world in general is not so bereft of common sense as the *Nation* always seems to imagine. But the people of the United States owe, like the rest of us, allegiance to civilization. They are called upon to say whether their law, which is the embodiment of their national morality, does or does not sanction the holding of public meetings and the collection of subscriptions in aid of assassination, and of the assassination of particular persons named by the promoters of the meetings? If it does, where is the turpitude of murder, and why should murderers be hanged? A BYSTANDER.

#### HERE AND THERE.

It seems to be taken for granted that Toronto ought to have a great public hall—one capable of seating four or five thousand people. But there is a division of opinion on the form such building ought to take. The proposal that it should be included in the projected civic buildings would appear to be inadvisable, as it is said any hall so built would have to be on an upper floor—a fatal objection in a room so large. Surely if a hall of such dimensions, and with such pretensions—for it is proposed to make it the Canadian hall—is necessary, it might be made a commercial success; and if so it is worthy a separate and central location. It is a common thing in other large cities, and especially in those which are used as pleasure resorts, to construct large concert halls or theatres in connection with winter gardens. These huge, covered spaces also serve as promenades in unfavourable weather, whilst the surrounding attractions induce the constant presence of numbers of people who are always ready to swell the attendance at any specialty in the main building. Such concerns generally pay good dividends, and it is very probable that a similar venture in Toronto would prove a sound investment. Certainly it would be the most practical manner of providing the city and the Dominion with a place of meeting sufficiently capacious and ornate.

THOSE who have heard Dr. Talmage repeatedly were not surprised to read "Grumbler's" letter in the *Mail*. That correspondent complains that the preacher-lecturer's last deliverances "were nothing but a re-hash of his old lectures which I heard years ago," but which had been re-baptized. Mr. Talmage, it is well known, has not an inexhaustible repertoire. He has delivered the same lectures over and over again in America, Canada, and England. The impression he made in the northern counties of the latter country (where they are apt to see whether a man preaches for Christ or for the loaves and fishes) was not universally favourable, and his visit to Bolton, amongst other places, must bring anything but pleasant memories to the popular preacher.

THE cabled information that a thousand emigrants are now on their way from England for Canada need cause no alarm to those who have been protesting against the continued shipment of people from the Old Country who are not needed, or who are no acquisition. Not only are most of the

men farmers and mechanics, but situations are awaiting them on arrival. There are really two parties on board, the smaller being under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Bridger, emigrant chaplain at Liverpool, and consisting of selected young women who cannot find employment in the fierce fight for existence in England, and for whom registered situations have been found on this side by the indefatigable Miss Richardson, of the Government Reception House, Point Levis. They have, moreover, been prepared for domestic life in the hard-working but prosperous homes of Canada. Writing on the possibility of finding safe openings for young women in this country, Miss Richardson says:—"I am inundated with applications, and could place an unlimited number of women and girls in good homes. It seems a pity, healthy, well-behaved girls do not arrive in greater numbers; the demand is practically unlimited and ever increasing." Miss Richardson places herself directly in communication with the Girls' Friendly Societies which are beginning to spring up in Canada, and with the protective homes which exist in most of our large towns, and works in conjunction with Miss Adelaide Ross, the organizing secretary for Mr. Bridger's party.

THE reported gazettement of Colonel Middleton as successor to Major General Luard lacks confirmation, though the appointment would be a good one. Meanwhile General Luard has been given the command of the 2nd Brigade of Aldershot, pretty convincing proof that the military authorities at home fully recognize the difficulties the General has had to contend with out here, and they evidently do not blame him for the unpleasantness caused during his term of service in Canada, by his desire to promote the interests and efficiency of those under his command.

THE *Chicago Current* is unrepentant, and will not acknowledge that it was a victim of the hoax which brought upon the devoted head of Matthew Arnold such an avalanche of American vituperation. The *Current* was "in full knowledge of the hoax," and now "cheerfully reiterates" its opinion:

The ungrateful utterances of so many of the eminent Englishmen who have come to America for no higher motive personally than to replenish their exhausted purses, but who have been, as the guests of the nation in a sense, accorded the recognition of private hospitality, are numberless. Matthew Arnold's expressions, both while here and since his return to London, have been in the worst possible taste, and he had himself prepared the public mind to accept as true the recent hoax. The *London Times*, a few days ago, very loftily declared that there had been nothing in American affairs for some time worthy of a paragraph in an English journal. Such a declaration means that Englishmen have no personal interest or solicitude in the progress or welfare of their American cousins. The United States will probably survive the indifference of the English press, the money-coining cunning of her poverty-pressed lecturers, or the taunts of her aristocratic idlers.

But surely the *Current* does not take the *London Times* as a characteristic English journal? Nor can our contemporary seriously mean that "Englishmen have no personal interest or solicitude in the progress or welfare of their American cousins," because the least enterprising London daily can find nothing American which would interest its antediluvian readers? And this in face of the long columns of matter which is daily and weekly appearing in the leading organs on the Presidential elections, the tariff, and the American social world?

"THE weather prophet, Wiggins, of Canada, has been remarkably unfortunate in his predictions. The hobby of Wiggins is the tidal wave. Several times he has announced, with the gravity of the Delphic oracle, that the Atlantic Ocean would, on a certain date, rear high in the air and fall with crushing and overwhelming force upon our eastern coasts. Notwithstanding his repeated failures he continues to blow his trumpet of woe, and two or three awful cataclysmic predictions are now pending. Mr. Wiggins, however, is not regarded with honour in his own country. He is an employé in the Canadian Civil Service, in the Financial Department, and it is asserted that he devotes a large portion of the time which he should consecrate to the Government's work to his own meteorological dreaming and figuring. The *Quebec Chronicle* says: 'We have had enough of this Professor. A man who fails nine times out of ten ought to go into another business. Storms are clearly out of his forte. He has no right as a public officer of the Dominion, to use the name of the country in these wretched "predictions." That he does so use his official position in the manner indicated is established beyond question.' Strangely enough, this man, pronounced a humbug in his own country, is regarded by many Americans as a seer of extraordinary power." Thus says the bright *Chicago Current*.

THE chief drawback to cricket in Canada is in general the great difficulty in procuring a suitable ground on which to practise upon. That difficulty may, however, be obviated by the use of cocoa-nut matting, which makes a very fair and playable wicket. Asphalte has sometimes been used, but the balls are soon knocked to pieces on it. Matting has

been tried with success at several public schools in England, as well as by regiments stationed at Gibraltar. The mode of laying it down is as follows: The matting, which consists of two long strips, each twenty yards long and one wide, joined in the centre—the seam if neatly made will be found no inconvenience—is nailed down with spikes eight inches long, three at either end and two on either side at the centre. The matting must only project about two inches over the batting crease at either end, otherwise a bowler with either spikes or nails would cut it up in no time if stretched to the wickets. Any sort of level ground will do, which should first be well watered, and when the water has soaked in, pull the matting tight all round, peg closely down, and in a short time you have an excellent pitch, on which a much more satisfactory match can be played than on many of the bumpy and dangerous grounds now used. It is best for the batsman to run clear of the matting.

THERE has been a lot of nonsense talked and written in England and America about the *World-Yates* affair and about what is known as "society journalism." Mr. Yates has explained himself in his own organ, and his rival, Labouchere, has not only contributed to the same subject in *Truth*, but has unbosomed himself in the *Pall Mall Gazette* office. Premising that the mainstay of "society" journals is their gossip, Mr. Labouchere claims that good natured gossip is harmless, is the staple talk of the wisest of the human race, and does not see why the press should ignore it. He did not justify the paragraph for inserting which Mr. Yates was sentenced to imprisonment, but thought it slipped in the *World* through inadvertency.

"To show you how accidents may occur, I will tell you a case in my own experience. One of the best-known men on the press sent me a paragraph. Its basis was political, but it contained a reflection on an individual. I passed my pen through the reflection. The printer, however, imagined that I meant to underline it, and printed it in italics. The individual brought an action. I, of course, accepted the responsibility, and did not state in my pleadings what had really occurred, for I thought that people would say that I was trying to get out on a subterfuge. Well, we each spent about £300, when I came to the conclusion that my best plan was to agree to pay the plaintiff's costs. A mistake, therefore, which certainly was no fault of mine, cost me £600."

Mr. Labouchere would never dream of inserting a fact sent to him by the best of ladies—"the fair sex is credulous and imaginative." He thinks the sentence of four months' imprisonment a severe one "considering that a man may break his wife's head for a great deal less." He cannot understand why the writer of the obnoxious paragraph, Lady Stradbroke, was not prosecuted by Lord Lonsdale.

THE partizans of Cambridge, who were overjoyed at the result of the boat race, met with a serious disappointment on the following day in the Inter-Varsity sports, the majority of the events in the programme being looked upon as "sure things" for the representatives of the Light Blues. However, of the nine events set down for decision, Oxford won six and Cambridge but three. The contests were good throughout, the mile, done in 4.26½, being the best on record in the history of 'Varsity sports, while the performance of Pollock, of Cambridge, in the Hurdle Race, who covered the distance in sixteen seconds, if the timing be correct, marks him as the most brilliant hurdle racer of the day. The other two events which went to Cambridge were the high jump and broad jump. Since the commencement of these sports in 1864, Oxford has won ninety-four and Cambridge ninety-three events. The chess contest between the sister Universities went to Cambridge by four games to three. Seven men represented each University. Since the inauguration of the annual meeting in 1873, Cambridge has won five games, Oxford three, and one resulted in a draw. The double-handed rackets for the ninth time in succession went to Cambridge, though the match was one of the best ever witnessed, the Light Blues winning by four games to three. Thus making as the result of all the matches played fifteen to Cambridge and thirteen to Oxford. In the single-handed game the Cantab also proved too much for the Oxonian and won a grand match by three games to two. Of these matches Oxford has won fifteen and Cambridge thirteen.

FEW there are of those now left amongst us whose names are associated with Waterloo. Of that select few, one who witnessed the glories of that memorable Sunday has just gone to join so many of his comrades who then fell at La Belle Alliance—Mr. William Hamilton Williamson. The deceased gentleman was the second son of Sir Hedworth Williamson, the sixth baronet of that ancient and honourable house, and at an early age was sent to Eton. The only books, however, which he ever studied *con amore* were the Racing Calendar, the Stud Book, and the lists of the Durham and Zetland Hounds, and his stock of learning when leaving that classic seat was much on a par with that of Sir Robert Walpole, who by his own confession acknowledged to having picked up "a few lines of Horace and

a knowledge of how to swim." At an early age Mr. Williamson was gazetted to the 6th Dragoons, or "Inniskillings," in which regiment at Waterloo the present Earl of Albemarle also served. But it is not as a soldier, but as a sportsman, that "Billy Williamson" was so well and so generally known. Few there are of us but have revelled in the pages of "Mr. Soapy Sponge," drawn by the master hand of Mr. Surtees, in which old Ralph Lambton figures as the master of the Durham Hounds, and Billy Williamson as his favourite pupil in all matters pertaining to horse and hound. To the mastership of this celebrated pack he succeeded on the death of his Mentor. Still, it is chiefly in his connexion with the turf he has gained such notoriety. No man living was a better judge of thoroughbreds, and never was the proof of his keen judgment more satisfactorily proved than in the case of "Voltigeur," who won the Derby and St. Leger of 1850. Yet had it not been for Mr. Williamson's discernment, his brother-in-law, the late Lord Zetland, would never have purchased the colt, and possibly one of the finest horses the English turf has brought out might have never been seen between the flags at all. As long then, as Derby winners are valued and honoured among the foremost nations of civilization, so long will the name and memory of Mr. Williamson continue to be associated with the history and fame of "Voltigeur." With the late Admiral Rous, and with the late Sir Samuel Martin, Mr. Williamson lived on the closest intimacy, and no men of the present century ever knew more of the thoroughbred and racing matters in general. Sir Samuel never ceased to regret, to the hour of his death, that he had not left "Coke upon Littleton," and "Byles upon Bills" alone, and confined his studies to the works periodically promulgated by Messrs. Weatherby.

THE action of the French Chamber of Deputies in voting General Campenon's proposal making it obligatory on all classes of the nation, without any exemption whatever other than that of physical or mental incapacity, to serve three years in the army, is a step full of political portent. Hitherto, considerable exemptions were allowed, and the professional classes were allowed to pass out of the ranks after a year's service. This policy will bring the probabilities of war closer even than they are. Indeed, a writer in the *Journal des Débats* has the courage to make the following gloomy forecast:—"The Republic is preparing a dragon's crop of armed men which will some day be let loose on Europe to avenge the disaster of Sedan, and to realize again the dream of military glory which has always been the bane of France."

### THE C.P.R. BY THE KICKING HORSE PASS AND THE SELKIRKS.—X.

#### THE ROGERS' PASS.

FROM the summit of the Selkirks—down the western slope—to the Columbia, the distance is about forty-five miles; and, in the first week in September, a trail had been cut only about half way. Soon after starting from the summit, we came upon the Ille-cille-waut, sometimes called Moberly Creek, and followed it pretty closely all the way down, except in the last three or four miles of its course. We found ourselves in the heart of the undisturbed forest primeval, and among slate mountains intersected by quartz veins tempting to prospectors. The cedars, hemlocks, spruce and white pine are all on the largest scale. Before reaching a point where the river is said to "fork," or where a large branch enters the main stream from the north, we came upon the most perfect box cañon we had yet seen. The river boils between walls of naked rock, two hundred feet high, the distance from wall to wall at one point being not more than twenty feet. A mile or two below this cañon, the trail—to our sorrow—ended. Here, at McMillan's Camp, whose men were busy surveying and trail making, we were to part with Major Rogers and with our horses, and foot it as best we could to the Columbia, where we hoped to effect a junction with Indians from Kamloops.

On the way down from the summit to McMillan's Camp, I had many long talks with the Major about the steps taken by him to discover the pass. The information obtained then, and confirmed subsequently, in all requisite points, by official documents, I may give in the form of a historical sketch:

From the time that British Columbia was formed into a Colony, its public men looked forward to being connected, by waggon road and then by railroad, with the other British Colonies in North America. They were thoroughly loyal, and had no idea of remaining in the condition of a thumb separated from the body any longer than they could help. Discoveries of gold at the Big Bend of the Columbia attracted a mining population in 1864 to that remote district, and it became important to

connect these with the settled parts of the Province. Miners are a profitable community to deal with, and the British Columbians were unwilling that the Colville merchants, south of the boundary line, should monopolize the trade of what were expected to turn out rich gold fields. From Kamloops, steamers could run up the South Thompson River and Shuswap Lake; and from a point on the lake called Seymour, Mr. W. Moberly constructed a trail through the Gold Mountains to the Big Bend; and in 1865, he discovered a direct pass from Shuswap Lake to the Columbia. Mr. Trutch, in a Report of the Land and Works Department, dated 29th October, 1865, speaks of this pass and of his hopes in connection with it, in what has turned out to be prophetic language:—"It was not only unknown to white men but so far as can be ascertained, neither the Shuswap nor the Columbia River Indians had any knowledge of it previous to Mr. Moberly's reconaissance. . . . The Gold Range was supposed to be an unbroken and impassable wall of mountains. The summit of this pass, now known as Eagle Pass, is only four hundred and seven feet above the level of Shuswap Lake, which lake is one hundred and twenty-seven feet lower than the Columbia River at low water mark at the mouth of the pass—the distance through being thirty-two miles. For some distance near its summit, this pass is walled in on each side by abrupt cliffs and is not therefore available for the construction of a cheap trail; but for a waggon road or railroad it is most applicable, and its discovery may be regarded as of great value, for by this pass, it may be confidently hoped will one day be brought a line of communication, by waggon road first, and afterwards by railroad, from the British possessions on the Saskatchewan across the Rocky Mountains into the central portions of British Columbia, and down the valley of the Fraser River to the sea."

The Eagle Pass through the Gold Range having been discovered, Mr. Moberly was naturally anxious to find a pass across the Selkirks also. He was sure that quartz mining in the Big Bend would be most extensive, though it would take time to develop the mines, as the extremely difficult nature of the country made it impossible for prospectors to move about without trails. Those quartz veins to which he alluded in his reports are still awaiting a railway through the Rockies before they can be developed. That there was a pass through the Selkirks he had little doubt. On coming through the Gold Mountains to the Columbia, a cleavage through the Selkirks can be seen, almost as if it were a continuation of the Eagle Pass. Through this cleft the Ille-cille-waut runs into the Columbia, and it was obvious that by it a pass should be sought. He sent one of his engineers to ascertain if anything favourable could be found, but his report was discouraging. He himself then took the matter in hand. Proceeding up the Ille-cille-waut to its forks, and rightly judging that the eastern branch of the river was the one to follow to its source, he tried hard to induce his Indians to accompany him up it and all the way across the range. But, as he reported, "all my efforts were unavailing, as they affirmed that if we went on we should be caught in the snow and never get out of the mountains. As I now found it would not be possible to complete the exploration of the easterly branch so as to arrive at a definite conclusion, . . . and as a partial exploration would only be a waste of time and money, for should it be explored throughout, at any future time, which I would recommend, the same ground would have to be traversed again, I decided to explore the northerly fork . . . . At a distance of about four miles above the forks I entered the slate range, and continued in it the rest of the distance travelled up the stream. These slate mountains are intersected in all directions by innumerable veins of quartz, and on the river banks and bars much hard blue gravel, intermixed with clay, was seen." He washed a few pans of dirt and obtained prospects pronounced to be five cents to the pan. Noticing traces of silver in a vein of quartz, he knocked off a few pieces of rock, and the Government Assay Office reported the mineral to be argentiferous galena, with 84 oz. of silver to the ton. Finding that the valley turned more and more to the north, and that nothing could be gained by a longer continuance in the Selkirks that year, he retraced his steps and reached Shuswap Lake on the 10th of October.

Soon after these explorations, the diggings at the Big Bend having proved disappointing to the miners who had flocked to them without proper equipment, the necessity for further examination of the Selkirks by the British Columbia Government ceased. The colony had no money to spend on surveys that did not promise an immediate return, and Mr. Moberly had thus no opportunity of discovering the pass in the existence of which he fully believed. That honour was reserved for our friend the Major.

When the Syndicate decided to get a more direct route to the Pacific than that which the Yellow Head Pass offered, it became all important to know whether the Selkirks could be crossed or not. Major Rogers, who was appointed Engineer of the Mountain Division in February, 1881, was

instructed to settle the point. Studying the Reports, he saw that he had only to take up the examination of the mountains where Moberly had been obliged to leave off. In April, he left Victoria, B.C., for Kamloops, and obtaining ten Shuswap Indians from the mission there, he determined to push through the Eagle Pass, cross the Selkirks somehow, and reach the mouth of the Kicking Horse; for, from the first he had come to the conclusion that the Kicking Horse was the natural pass down the western slope of the Rockies. He failed in this first effort. He forced his way indeed through the Eagle Pass, and succeeded in getting up the eastern branch of the Ille-cille-waut, into the heart of the Selkirks, and on May 29th climbed a mountain near Syndicate Peak and saw that there was an opening down the other side of the range, and "snow-clad desolation" everywhere else. But provisions were running short, and it was impossible to advance farther. Turning back to the Columbia, he dismissed his Shuswaps, and rafted down the river to Fort Colville. From that point he got round to the Vermilion Pass, and on July 16th he met on the Bow near Padmore's his Rocky Mountain parties. The rest of that season was spent in exploring everything bearing the name of a pass in the main range—the Kananaskis, Vermilion, White Man's, Kicking Horse and Howse. In May, 1882, he made another attempt to find a pass through the Selkirks, beginning this time from the eastern side. Starting from the mouth of the Kicking Horse with a small party he struggled up the south bank of the Beaver till he reached a point where he saw Bear Creek joining it, and coming evidently from the right direction. The Beaver was in flood. He tried to cross that he might follow up Bear Creek; but though he felled trees on its bank by the dozen, they either broke as they fell or they were too short and the torrent swept them away. Failing in his attempts, and provisions running short, he pushed southerly along the Beaver, and then struck across the divide into the valley of the Spillamacheen, and got back to the Kicking Horse Cache on June 16th. The men with him had kept his birthday by sweetening their tea; but tea and everything else as well as sugar were exhausted before they reached the Cache, and had they not found a canoe that enabled them to cross the Columbia it would have gone hard with them. A month later, he started on a third effort to discover the Pass, taking with him Carroll and D. Bellhouse as assistants, and three Indians, Louis, Charlie Mountain and Pete. Every man carried his pack, and the brush was so dense that they travelled only from two to four miles a day. It rained almost every day, and when it did not rain the black flies, mosquitoes and sandflies made it hot for them. Cutting their way up the north bank of the Beaver they crossed Mountain Creek and Bear Creek, and discovered the Pass on July 24th. But the Major was not satisfied. Every spot had to be explored. There might be a connection between the headwaters of the North Fork of the Ille-cille-waut and of Bear or Mountain Creek; so, sending Bellhouse and an Indian back to a point where he had cached some provisions, and instructing them to push up Mountain Creek, he and the rest went down the Ille-cille-waut to the Forks, and then pushed up the North Fork. "Each day," said Carroll, "was a repetition of its predecessor, with this exception, that our packs were becoming lighter, and we were able to make better time. Finding that there was no prospect of a Pass by the North Fork, we concluded to cross from where we were, and try and strike Mountain Creek. It took us a whole day to climb from the valley to snow-line, about 7,500 feet high, where we camped, melting snow to make our tea. A high wind was blowing. Our clothing was wet. Our blanket—for the Major and I had only one between us—was wet also. We could not get enough wood to make a big fire. Our supper had been limited, as there was little grub left. Altogether, it was a night to be remembered. The next day we crossed the main divide, but for some time could not find any water running in the direction of Mountain Creek. At last we struck it, and also a good cariboo trail which followed the stream about sixteen miles and proved invaluable to us in our almost famished state. At one place near the trail we saw eleven large cariboo, quite tame, but we had no gun. Soon after, we met Bellhouse, and we then made for the Kicking Horse cache. Two of our Indians were worn out, and one of them has not been able to do much since. Major Rogers suffered severely from mosquitoes and black flies. His forehead and ears swelled so, that they shook as he walked, and he declared that they felt just like a piece of liver."

This sketch is sufficient to show how important were Mr. Moberly's contributions to a Canadian Pacific Railway, and how much credit he is entitled to in connection with the discovery of the Selkirk Pass. It may also enable even casual readers to understand somewhat of the phenomenal energy and pluck of Major Rogers. Not one engineer in a hundred would have risked, again and again, health and life as he did. Certainly he deserved success. Few can understand the difficulties that have to be

encountered, where everything has to be transported on men's backs, and where—what with torrents, precipices and inhospitable mountains, densest underbrush and incessant rain—only a snail-like progress can be made. The Selkirk system consists of several parallel ranges, which send out transverse spurs enclosing deep valleys; and it is simply wonderful that among such a sea of interlaced mountains so good a Pass as the Rogers' should have been discovered. It deserves to be known for all time by the name of its discoverer, and on the same principle I would suggest that the Pass through the Gold Range should be called after Moberly, instead of by the meaningless title of the "Eagle Pass."

It may be asked how it was that the Indians did not know of the existence of the Rogers' Pass. The explanation is that the Indian travels either on horseback or in a canoe. He would rather go a hundred miles round the difficulties that huge fallen trees and dense underbrush present than cut his way through a mile or two with an axe; and the valleys of the Beaver and the Ille-cille-waut were choked with obstructions that he considered insurmountable.

G. M. GRANT.

### HESSIANS IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTIONARY WAR.\*

IN the American Revolutionary War of 1776, the royal forces consisted of English regular troops, the United Empire Loyalists, Indian allies, and German mercenaries principally from Hesse, and therefore generally known as Hessians. Of all these, probably the latter were looked upon with the greatest aversion by the rebels, and down to this day the term "Hessians" is one of reproach in the United States. Interest has been lately attracted to this subject by a work just published in New York by Edward J. Lowell, entitled "The Hessians and the other German Auxiliaries of Great Britain in the Revolutionary War."

In this work Mr. Lowell has given a most interesting and readable history of the organization and exploits of these troops, and his researches have brought to light much information not previously made public. The treaties made between the English Government and the various German princes whose troops were employed were of the most business-like character. It was a clear case of the bargain and sale of human blood at so much per head. A provision in one treaty deserves especial mention. It runs: "According to custom, three wounded men shall be reckoned as one killed, a man killed shall be paid for at the rate of levy money." It is said on the authority of the German historian, Kapp, that this blood money, amounting to \$35 a head, was pocketed by the German prince, and not by the family of the soldier.

The total number of German troops sent to America during the war amounted to 29,867. The total number returned was 17,313, leaving 12,554, who were either killed in action, or died of wounds or sickness, or deserted. While being recruited and organized, in Germany, the most careful precautions were necessary to prevent desertion, and they were detailed in the military regulations with minute precision. Although marched to the seaboard practically under guard, these soldiers, when they arrived in America, fought bravely, maintained good discipline, and rarely deserted. It is a curious fact that desertions were more numerous from the English troops, in proportion, than from the Hessians.

Mr. Lowell has written in a fair and impartial spirit, and his book will do much to relieve the Hessians from prejudices that exist in the United States against their memory. It is said that in the battle of Long Island, where the Hessians first met the rebels in action, they did not give quarter. Mr. Lowell says: "The fact that neither side could understand the other, may have tended to diminish the chance of surrender, and have contributed to swell the complaints that some of the Americans had treacherously attacked their captors after yielding." The same belief on the part of the Americans, that the Hessians gave no quarter, existed among the garrison of Fort Washington, which was captured by Knyphausen's column on the 16th November, 1776; the popular imagination had made fiends of the Hessians. Captain von Malsburg relates that when he entered the fortress he was surrounded by anxious officers, who expressed surprise at his affability, telling him they had not been led to expect such from a Hessian officer. After the defeat of Trenton, where a Hessian brigade under Colonel Rall was surprised and captured, the Hessian officers were treated with the greatest courtesy by the American commanders, Washington expressing his sympathy with them immediately after their surrender. The letters of the Hessian officers to their friends speak very kindly of Washington.

The Brunswick contingent under Baron Von Riedesel, nearly 4,000

\* The Hessians and the other German auxiliaries of Great Britain in the Revolutionary War. By Edward J. Lowell, with maps and plans. New York: Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, 1884. pp. 328.

strong, formed almost one-half of the army which set out in 1777, under General Burgoyne, to move by Lake Champlain and the Hudson to Albany. The work before us gives a most vivid and interesting account of this march and the subsequent surrender. The facts are mainly drawn from the narrative of the Baroness von Riedesel, who accompanied the army on its march, and was an eye-witness of the stirring events she relates. She is somewhat severe on General Burgoyne, and blames him for his conduct of the campaign. The Duke of Brunswick's action on hearing of the surrender of his contingent at Saratoga, was characteristic of the system of hiring troops. He insisted that the men surrendered should not be allowed to return to Germany lest they should be discontented and discourage others from enlisting. His commissioner writes: "Send these remnants to one of your islands in America, place them in Europe in one of your islands like the Isle of Wight." He did not intend to let the poor fellows come home.

As a history of the military operations, Mr. Lowell's book is very incomplete and defective, in fact it is not a military history. It is rather an account of the organization and fortunes of the Germans in America, and is full of anecdotes, and opinions of these strangers, written to their friends in Europe, and gives a striking picture of the kind of people they were, while their impressions of the United States and the American soldiers and citizens are most valuable and interesting. The bitter feeling engendered by the war is well illustrated by an anecdote related by Baroness von Riedesel. While travelling with the prisoners from near Boston to Virginia she spent one night at the house of a Colonel Howe, who had a pretty daughter about fourteen years old. "I was sitting," says the Baroness, "with her before a bright open fire. She looked at the coals and cried out: 'Oh! if I only had the King of England here! with what pleasure I would cut open his body, tear out his heart, cut it in pieces, lay it on these coals, and then eat it.'"

The following extract from Captain von Ewald's work shows a striking contrast between the British and American officers. "I was sometimes astonished when American baggage fell into our hands during that war to see how every wretched knapsack, in which were only a few shirts and a pair of torn breeches, would be filled up with military books, for instance the 'Instructions of the King of Prussia to his Generals,' 'Thielke's Field Engineer,' the partisans 'Jenny' and 'Grand Maison,' and other similar books, which had all been translated into English, came into my hands a hundred times through our soldiers." This was a true indication that the officers of this army studied the art of war while in camp, which was not the case with the opponents of the Americans, whose portmanteaus were rather filled with bags of hair powder, boxes of sweet-smelling pomatum, cards (instead of maps), and then often on top of all, some novels, or stage plays.

We can recommend this book as pleasant and instructive reading to all who take any interest in the history of this continent.

G. T. D.

### THE TORRENS SYSTEM OF LAND TRANSFER.

IT is now, we believe, exactly eight years ago since the introduction of the Torrens System of Land Transfer into this Province was first mooted in the press of this country. For a long time the proposition lay dormant, it was referred to by the Hon. Edward Blake, in a political speech, as a desirable amendment in the law, but, we believe, he was the only public man who made any public profession of his faith in the system, until the Hon. Mr. Mills, in 1878, introduced a bill into the Dominion Parliament or the purpose of applying the Torrens' system of land transfer to the North-West Territories. The Government, of which the Hon. Mr. Mills was a member, shortly afterwards suffered defeat at the polls, and, in the convulsions of that crisis, Mr. Mills' infant was forgotten, and perished, at all events it failed to elicit any paternal sympathy from the minister who succeeded Mr. Mills in office.

It was under these circumstances, when public opinion seemed absolutely stagnant on this important question, that some gentlemen in Toronto, determined to take the question up, and, by organized effort, endeavour to bring it into the sphere of practical politics.

In April, 1883, the Canada Land Law Amendment Association was formed, having for its principal object the introduction of the Torrens system of transfer, and also as a subsidiary measure the amendment of the law of succession to land, so as to assimilate it with that of personal estate. After a year's labour, the Association recently held its first annual meeting, and, on the whole, we think it may be congratulated on the success which has thus far attended its efforts. For one man that was cognizant of the nature of the Torrens system when the Association was started, it is safe to say there are now hundreds who have an intelligent knowledge of the

matter, and who are convinced of both its superior merits and the desirability and practicability of speedily introducing it into this Province. It is, in fact, impossible for any intelligent man to compare the system of tenure and transfer which at present prevails in Ontario, with that which the Association desires to substitute, without being convinced that the substitution would be a most decided benefit to the owners of land. There is, however, still a large amount of apathy and indifference to be overcome ere we can hope to see the question satisfactorily settled.

In these days when communistic ideas are afloat, and principles are openly advocated, which, in plain English, amount to nothing less than robbery under the form of law, the most useful counter-movement that can be inaugurated is that which will increase the facility with which land may be bought and sold. If land be placed on the footing of goods and chattels in point of facility of transfer, people will readily see that visionary schemes for robbing people of their land are about as honest as breaking into men's houses and stealing their furniture would be. Increased facility of transfer is one of the leading features of the Torrens system, but to this is added the equally important one of greatly increased security of title—two most important objects to be attained. We are aware that the question of law reform is a difficult one, and one requiring technical knowledge in a large degree, and yet this most important measure of reform was conceived and carried into operation, not by a professional lawyer, but by a layman. This is an encouragement to those who are too prone to regard such questions as only fit for the consideration of lawyers to take heart of grace, and endeavour to master the subject sufficiently to give a practical and intelligent support to those who are seeking to bring about the much needed reform of our land laws.

LEX.

### NORTH-WEST NOTES.

WHAT a change in a week! A difference of longitude in the North-West also means a difference in latitude, at all events in the matter of climate. I left Brandon on the sixth of April with winter still entrenched in his fortress on the Assiniboine, and his scouting parties still lingering on the prairie. Our train had twelve coaches literally alive with passengers when we left Brandon—a circumstance that is worth noting in connection with the anti-immigration resolution. Most of the passengers bear the unmistakable Canadian type. A few are English, and one coach contains the typical miner and railroad constructionist bound for the Rockies. The passenger who looks from the car window as the train bowls along and believes he sees the North-West is like the inhabitants of the Pyrenees who imagined that their familiar lofty mountain range bounded the world.

Regina was bathed in moonlight and solitude as we reached it, and a number of refined-looking ladies and gentlemen disembarked. One might have suspected that a state ball was in progress in the capital of the North-West Territory, and these fashionable people were going to attend it; but there was no ball, no dinner party. It was the picnic of the settlers. These people were actually farmers, and farmers' wives and daughters, who had undertaken to subdue Regina soil and Regina blizzards. They would, with all deference, do better if they cultivated oranges and lemons in the valley of San Loso. There is a very thin curtain between madness and farming near Regina when such people undertake to till the soil. The British Government, however, may be gainers by the colonization of such a class as that which I have indicated.

Our train is far west of Regina as the scarlet shafts of sunrise betoken the opening day, and as there was a very heavy white frost the night before, the prairie snow sparkled with its millions of feathery diamonds. There is no perceptible change of temperature until Medicine Hat is reached. Here, as our train crosses the magnificent bridge of the Saskatchewan, the blue waters of that stream show that we have entered upon a region with a milder climate. Medicine Hat (what a horrible apology for a name) nestles like a little coal town away down east under the shadows of the great bluffs which here indicate the margin of the Saskatchewan, and we climb the steep grade with the assistance of their powerful engines just as the gray dawn is beginning to pencil the eastern horizon. But we had entered into new climatic conditions. The stove fire which had been religiously kept going was now neglected. Ponds and lakes were unbound, and well the ducks and the cranes and the geese knew it, and they knew too that there was a train passing, for they scampered away into space in many a V-shaped procession.

There is undoubtedly a great change of climate after the Saskatchewan is reached, and it is a subject which challenges the attention of the local meteorologist. But if the snow and ice had totally disappeared from prairie and pond as we flew west from Medicine Hat, the exposed prairie was not inviting to the man who can tell you sandy loam from alkali and clay marl. West from Medicine Hat to within a few miles of Calgary the soil, if soil it is, is part of the great American desert, and it extends as far as the eye can reach on each side of the track. Station houses are the only habitation along this route, but it may be mentioned as important, at one of the stations the company had a well sunk, and that coal oil has been struck at a great depth. The matter, however, is something of a state secret, and it will be kept such until it is necessary to take the public into confidence.

Calgary is reached after the field glasses have long been levelled at the

solid rock and eternal snow which loom up against the western horizon. For twenty-four hours there were two Calgarys; but it was for a day only. It is only in the west that a town can get up on its own account and walk across the river. The first Calgary was located on the east side of the Elbow River, at its junction with the Bow. When the Railway Company located the station on the west side, about a mile away from the old site, the east siders, with a few exceptions, folded their tents and stole across the river and joined the enemy. In less than six weeks upwards of one hundred and fifty buildings (I ought to say *shacks*, for most of them are shanties) were run up with all the rush of a booming mining town. A large crowd of Calgaryites turned out to meet our train. As there is only one passenger train a week, its arrival is looked forward to with the eagerness with which the Bluenoses formerly used to regard the arrival of a Cunarder. Daily trains are soon to run. A construction train runs to the "Summit" two or three times a week, but Calgary is the end of regular travel. It will continue to be the terminus of passenger travel till the road is completed to Moody.

The society of Calgary consists of a variety—in fact, quite cosmopolitan—from a Mexican saddle to a Prince Edward Island skipper. The "mining" and ranch hats are the favourite coverings for the head, but I may make an exception in favour of the landlady of the leading hotel, who was out in a Fifth Avenue riding habit the other day, and who "holds" the aristocracy over at the fort.

The burning questions of Alberta are the mining regulations, the Rancing leases, and the Mounted Police. The first do not suit the alluvial miners, most of whom cannot make the government deposit of \$50. The squatter is already locating on the preserves of the ranch kings, and the local sociability, including the cowboy, is kept in wholesome terror by the Mounted Police. Nowhere in Canada can you find a saloon or a bar-room without the liquid stock-in-trade. The conventional bar-room is here; so is the bar-keeper. Beer is the most intoxicating beverage. Not a great deal of this is sold, considering the embargo that is laid upon the more exciting alcohols. The loungers sit around the bar-rooms, smoke cigars, and talk about bears and the Rockies. No one is seen intoxicated on the street, though a person suspected of having too much "permit," as it is put here, is met at odd times. It is an orderly community. Nothing like it east or west, a civilization peculiar to itself, and quite original too. It will pass away, no doubt, with the advance of "civilization," but it will be regretted by those who have enjoyed a life where temperance, if not practised from choice, has, at all events, been observed from necessity.

The "Devil's head" in ominous granite may be plainly seen from the door steps of the hotel; and the various peaks of the great Rockies themselves which rise under their eternal snows are affording to the observer a magnificent view. It is something to live in sight of the Rockies. That they will yet pour down their golden sands to swell the money circulation of the world, there cannot now be any doubt. This year is likely to witness most important mineral discoveries both in the Rockies and the Selkirks.

G. B. E.

Calgary, April 13th, 1884.

### NOTES ON THE MONTREAL ART EXHIBITION.

"Nature benign and bounteous, let me draw  
Pure inspiration from ye, as a child  
Draws nurture from a loving mother's breast,  
And be your child, your yearning, wayward child,  
And sitting here as on a parent's knee,  
Gaze wonder-full into the face of nature."

JOAQUIN MILLER'S "Songs of the Sierras."

ALTHOUGH philosophers and doctors do sometimes differ, there is a common point of agreement between artists as they reverently worship at the altar of Nature, whilst they hang their heads at the weak expression of their ideal on canvas. Otherwise they are human. As for artists, they seldom see straight, and are for ever pushing their noses under the sun and proclaiming, owl-like, that "after all the sunlight is a mistake." The artist's trials are severe. There is no royal road to the fame he courts, his home is as near to heaven as a garret can raise it, but his poetical nature is dragged through the mire of the market where he waits the earning of his "daily bread," and there he endures the torture of crucifixion in the careless criticism of the crowd on "the hope of his youth, the despair of his age." Fortunately for Canadian artists, as I learned to hope from the words of the noble patron of the Academy at the opening of the present exhibition, there is every reason to feel assured of the progress and success of art and its priesthood in Canada. Be it far from us as Canadians to forget our past benefactors, high or humble, as we now rally round His Excellency, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the able and willing delegate who has accepted the trust of administering and fostering all that is nearest and dearest to us politically, socially, and aesthetically, in which last rôle we have now specially to regard him as the worthy representative of an unbroken line of benefactors. In this address there was linked with the magic of the orator, the wisdom of an appreciative patron of art, who realizes and tends the adolescent stage in which art stands in Canada, and kindly strives to indicate the way leading to progress and to a standard worthy of our people and of this beautiful home of the northman. Being so minded and in sympathy with artists, a few notes on the present exhibition may be taken in good part by the exhibitors, and so tolerated, as from a friendly, though, doubtless an erring, critic. Comparing this exhibition with that of 1882, held in the same hall of the "Art Association of Montreal," it does appear to me that the present one is not quite equal

to its predecessor. The artists have not kept up to the average in number of paintings or in quality. Some of our old friends are not represented; of those we miss the bold draughtsman and brilliant colourist Fowler, whilst Hamel, Millard, Fraser, and many others of our able and representative men are absent. However, we have to greet our Dusseldorf veteran Jacobi, who sends us four mementos of his well-trained pencil. No. 26 (oil), is a "Youthful Pioneer," axe in hand, in his winter work-a-day dress; an ice cutter. This picture, carefully painted in the master's rich style, which would do credit to any school, is after all a portrait. Three small woodland scenes, No. 144, 128, 164, in water colour, with the strong primary colouring, characteristic of this painter, bear evidence of being compositions in which he has undoubted skill, but fails to do himself justice as when he seeks nature. Life is too short for an artist to master geology, botany, meteorology, zoology, and all the "ologies," and combine therewith applied art on which to construct a picture. When he cannot represent himself or any live animal correctly without a model, how can he possibly hope to paint absent nature, who changes her airs and graces each instant? Composition is a will-o'-the-wisp which has deluded many an able artist.

L. R. O'Brien, President of the R.C.A., has thirteen exhibits in water-colour, and all are good. I select those which appear to attract most attention, and best indicate his style: dreamy, poetical, harmonious, and tender, but not crisp. No. 134, "Cape Trinity, Saguenay River." Although the height of this cape, about 1500 feet in nature, renders the water stretch of two miles across the Saguenay delusive to the eye of a spectator, still the introduction of a foreground to help the picture robs this grand river of its waste of water. We can, however, forgive the artist in this when he has so softly rendered the Indian summer haze and the Montagnard's light canoes as they skim below the over-hanging masses of nature's Laurentian foundations. Still, this foreground destroys the distance, and detracts from the height of the distant hills. No. 144 (water colour), "On the coast of North Devon," is a good mate to the former picture. Here the misty spray has lent its opalescence to the air, and you draw in the briny perfume as you watch the surf breaking far, far, beneath, against the base of the walled-in sea. This is a picture grateful to the senses and well handled. No. 156 (water colour), "A Clovally herring boat taking in the nets," is the somewhat familiar subject of a fishing boat rocked on the restless tide, very carefully painted but not imaginative or otherwise striking. No. 106, a "Devonshire Woodland Road," and No. 135, "Twilight on the Thames," are charming bits of English scenery. In the former the foliage and grassy carpet of sweet old England, and in the latter her quiet evening river repose, with that soft atmosphere admirably caught by this artist, are rendered in masterly style and with individuality. Are these exhibits equal to his former ones? I prefer "St. Annie" and "Des Eboulements," and possibly "Quebec" of a prior exhibition. I pass now to

M. Matthews, Secretary of the Academy (and a courteous one he is), who shows one picture in oil and four in water colour. No. 48 (oil), "Mountain Gloom, N. H.," is a cold mountain peak desolation, too cool in colour to warm one's heart. I prefer this artist's water colours. No. 104, "Mount Jefferson, N. H.," (water colour). This is one of Mr. Matthews' pleasing mountain tops—no gloom about that—but standing among the richly mossed and lichened rocks of the foreground you see before you one of nature's sentinels rising from the misty depths below, and gradually lifting its head to the clouds while it waves its banners of green in rivalry to the blue and mottled canopy above. "The Wet Day in the White Mountains," now in our "National Gallery," is perhaps even a better picture than the present No. 104, as the subject affords more scope for distance, variety and atmospheric effects. Nevertheless for truth, freshness, harmony, richness of colour, crispness, and an avoidance of over-plastering, and consequent loss of the out-door sketch-charm, Mr. Matthews is deservedly admired in all his works. He is another individual artist inspired by Canada's charms.

C. I. Way has three exhibits in water colour. No. 122, "An Alpine Gorge," is the largest, a very large, and perhaps too large, a work to suit either water colour or the artist. He excels in smaller pieces, particularly in such as represent the placid sea, boats, and their accompaniments, as shown in his No. 118, "Twilight at Venice." The Alpine gorge is assuredly, from the characteristic of this painter, true to every circumstance. The air is clear, and each detail sharp and carefully rendered; but this very particularity in detail mars the general effect, which is thus dissipated. There should be only one, and a central idea, presented in a picture, a *focus* point to which the attention is directed. When this is interfered with by the protruding of details, the picture loses unity. This painting would cut up into several fine pictures, but in its present combination it appears to me to fail. No. 118, above referred to, is small, but it is nice, and No. 174, "On the Mountains, Summer Afternoon," is a picture in which this artist is at home.

Henry Sandham, has six oils and three water colours. No. 60, "The Old Subdued and Slow," represents an old fisherman bearing on his shoulder a heavy log of "Drift wood" as he drags his weary legs homeward along the heath. It is evidently inspired by Millet's style of a shadowy suggestion, in this case, however, not sufficiently marked to be generally acceptable. No. 21 (oil), "An Old Canadian Homestead," and as such is very good. This house, however, has a story, and the tale of the chivalry of Lasalle whose home and fort it was, standing as it does at the head of the Lachine Rapids, with the associations of the French and English regime as narrated by Parkman, the English Chateaubriand, might have suggested the lines, with altered circumstances, of

Day set on Norham's castled steep  
And Tweed's fair river," etc.

No. 137 (water colour), "Close Quarters," is an admirable Canadian winter *rencontre* on a narrow snow track between two merry *habitants*, who are discussing the legal part of "the right of way." This is happy, natural, and pleasing, affording scope for Mr Sandham's powers of drawing and colouring, and of which he has taken advantage.

A. Boisseau has five exhibits, all in oil. No. 43, "Montreal Cabbies; a rush for a fare," attracts the most attention. This painting needs no explanation, which is a good point in a picture. As a local scene it is well represented, and although some of the leading figures are faulty in drawing, the general effect is pleasing. No. 47 (oil), "Witness and Star, Sir!" needs explanation, as it is only the portrait of a young girl news-vendor. Passing this point and noting the colouring, there is an abuse of the negative "black" in this as in nearly all of this artist's works. "Black and white" are effective in places, but black is not a colour, and should not be attempted in union therewith, as it mars all harmony.

Homer Watson has five exhibits in oil, and all good. No. 54, "Near the Well in the Ravine," and No. 89, "Near the Close of a Stormy Day," are capital specimens of his style, strong, truthful, and with good atmospheric effects. The lights of the clouds being particularly well rendered, and the landscape natural, although possibly partly sacrificed by heavy shadows to help the sky. This painter's exhibits this year show an advance over his also good ones of prior exhibitions, but his cattle have not yet recovered from the "foot and mouth disease."

Robert Harris leads the list as an exhibitor of fourteen oils. In producing these works he must have worked *hard*, as he certainly has done well. No. 24, "The Confederation" picture, although painted under the special circumstance of an order from our Dominion Parliament, and thus exceptional to the other works on exhibition, has to be noticed as a feature of Canadian art. In fact, you are brought face to face with the Canadian delegates as you enter the Association Hall, where this painting covers a very large wall space. As it is neither finished nor placed it cannot be fairly criticised; but viewing it from the most distant point, on the off side of the entry Hall, the general effect is highly satisfactory. The subject presents the greatest number of artistic difficulties, particularly that of grouping naturally and unaffectedly a number of persons for portraiture whilst maintaining the light, shade, colour, harmony, and unity of a picture. As if this were not sufficient to try any artist's mettle, there is added the trying back light of the windows affording another portrait, not to be ignored, of the wonderful landscape of the citadel of Quebec, the expanse of the Orleans Basin, the shipping of the harbor, and the distant hills of Beauport. In spite of all this, the picture is harmonious and the colour rich and pleasing, from the judiciously adopted colours of summer dress for the figures, and from the scarlet drapery. In its present position the colour is strong, but in the "House" this will be modified by the there surroundings of red. The figures are very good, and the portraits are life-like. The jaunty premier, the *vis* Cartier, the *bonhomme* of Tache, the cheery Galt, the calm Tilley, the prompt Mitchell, whilst Brown, Langevin, Campbell, and the other Fathers of Canada are there.

More space cannot be given to the notice of this historic painting, which, however, will hold its own with Lentze's paintings in the Rotunda at Washington, or any pictures of like class. It does credit to our Canadian artist, and proves that he has availed himself of foreign authors, and adds thereto his personal power. No. 7, "Canadian Fiddler," and No. 35, "All, all, are gone, the old familiar faces," shew the powerful and able rendering of Mr. Harris. The former subject gay, the latter sad indeed, whilst No. 65, "And Son from Sire," and No. 90, "The Colour Sergeant hard pressed," touch our sentiments of humanity or stir the blood. Objection has been made to the boldness of touch and intensity of colour of this artist. It is a good fault that time will tone down both in the artist and in the painting; but I must admit that he has not surpassed if equalled "The Flute Player," and "The Chorister Boys," of a former exhibition.

F. M. Bell Smith has seven exhibits in oil and four in water, as well as several out-door water-colour sketches. No. 2 (oil), "The Heart of the White Mountains," No. 20, "Art Students" (oil), and No. 29 (oil), "Daughters of Canada," are the most striking of the oils. Taking No. 2, the most ambitious landscape I have seen of this artist, it shows great progress, and is carefully painted, but it does not strike one as a powerful work. No. 20, "Art Students," is a cabinet picture in a nice quiet key of colour, delicately and carefully handled, and not only this artist's best exhibit in oil, but a "bit" that would grace any exhibition. No. 29, "Daughters" scenes been painted over and over again, it would have to be admitted that this picture should command attention. The grouping is good, colour rich and drawing true. It is all that can be desired, and the subject is happy, where one sees the dear young faces beaming as they are thinking of their dinners, but the subject is hackneyed. In water colours Nos. 100 and 171 are a pair of little beauties, with the sunlight popping through the trees and tipping the stones and water of the brook. The out-door sketches are good and happy. This artist has power and poetry in him, and has made good progress since last exhibition.

F. A. Verner has one oil and four water colour exhibits. No. 16 (oil), "The Upper Ottawa." Mr. Verner is well known for his prairies, canoes, and buffalos, which attract special attention. It is said that he astounds the "natives" in England, who now take an interest in the wonders and inhabitants of the great "Lone Land" of a past generation. The painting of the "Upper Ottawa" is not of this class, but is without exception the best work this artist has ever exhibited here. It is worthy of particular attention as a remarkably well painted and pleasing landscape, such as ever charms and never wearies in the beholding. In early autumn, as the picture sets forth, when the woods are beginning to mellow, of a bright



sunny day yon bark canoe lightly poised on the glassy surface of the river losing itself between the rocky shores separated and still united in their reflections whilst they claim the companionship of their island aide-camps in waiting. The sky laughs, the water responds in this mirror, and the reflections dance. The wind must be present, so it comes in a gently wheeling eddy, and kissing the water marks the spot. It would be a joy to live even in converse with such a scene. This is nature not painting. No. 130 (water-colour), "Buffalos, Winter." How different from the foregoing work! The sky is dark with the heavily charged snow clouds as they beam on the unbroken lines of the horizon, making the "prairie," a word unknown to English tongue. The snow on the plain lightens the sky, and yet in its subdued tints passes through all the shades from light to darkened white. Nothing but snow, and a straggling blade of grass for the advancing skirmishers of the scattered herd of bison, with their heads prone to crop a scanty meal. Here and there they break the drear desolation of snow space, and say this is winter indeed. If not so pleasing a picture as that of the "Upper Ottawa," it is an equally good painting.

Mr. Brymner shows three oils, all figures, and very good. No. 85 and No. 94, each an old housewife, one at work over her wheel, the other dozing over her beads. Both carefully and artistically painted and showing evidence of good work.

Mrs. Schreiber shows six oils. No. 30, "Amy and her Kitten," is nice and the best. No. 27, an ideal head, is also a pleasing exhibit of this lady's style, which attracts and secures many sympathizing friends among her own sex particularly. In her own way she works smoothly but wants force.

P. G. Wickson has two oils. No. 38, "The Dawn of Genius," and No. 79, "One of Many," both painted in the cool French style. The former picture was selected by His Excellency, and was purchased by him. The drawing is perfect, the colouring quiet but harmonious. The subject shews a lad intent on the tracing of his "ideal" on the sand for want, perchance, of a future palette awaiting him. Genius is in the boy from face to fingers, and genius and skill are in the artist who represented him. No. 79, "One of Many." Why tell this tale, unless as a finger post of our social errors and in the hope of a speedy remedy? One hates the picture for its truth. As a painting it is perhaps inferior to the former, but I can well understand the hurry with which the artist sought to break the link between himself and the skeleton arms and wan features of this waif of misery and neglect.

Allan Edson has two oils and one water colour. No. 14, "Shooting Path in the Park," is the best exhibit shown since his residence in Paris, where he is studying under the celebrated Pelouse. It is a close imitation of the noted master of woodland scenes, and a remarkably good picture, "after Pelouse," but I should prefer Edson himself.

As several of our young and rising artists have wisely taken advantage of European training it may be proper here to refer to this course. If a student gains, by training under a first class master, a knowledge of *technique* and a familiarity of observation of the best works of the perfection of beauty, whereby his confidence in himself is increased, and his skill properly directed—well he is benefitted. But, on the other hand, if he has not sufficient staying power to rise above his training in his own ideality and individuality, he is lost. He becomes a copyist of style or matter, and is consequently weak. To put it broadly, Messonnier is himself—and so is Murillo—and so must others be, each in his own walk and order. We all hope for the "survival of the fittest" among our Canadian youth.

Paul Peel shows three oils. Selecting No. 51, "The Young Mother;" this painting reminds one of a former picture of this artist, the subject and treatment being much alike in both; but the present one is not quite so carefully painted as the former.

P. F. Woodcock has five oils, No. 11, "An Italian Boy," and the others landscapes. Mr. Woodcock is a close imitator of that fault of the French school wherein "Paris green" and "shadowy nothingness" are adored. He paints figures carefully and with considerable skill, but we trust he may develop his own individuality and be true to himself, when he will surely rise. I am not an admirer of his landscapes now exhibited.

George Harvey. Two oils. No. 59, "Early Morning." Very good indeed, in the English style of landscape, and the whole force thrown into the sky which glows with light.

E. S. Calvert. One oil, No. 64. "The Toilers of the Shore," a coast scene in cool grays. Admirably painted, light very good, and the whole harmonious, and not laboured; a good point.

J. C. Forbes. No. 67, oil. One picture, but sufficient to attract much attention. A rocky cañon in the rockiest part of the Rockies. If the British scientists see this painting they are sure to take it as a specimen of what we have to show. Were there more variety in tone it would make a good picture, and although carefully painted it is remarkable as being striking rather than artistic.

J. W. H. Watts. No. 108. "The Glen, Shelbourne, N.H." One water colour. A woodland scene such as Edsar used to charm us with. The only complaint to be made is that this artist has given us but one specimen of his wonderful aptitude for treating these subjects. It would be difficult to say that this glen or any other glen could be better treated. Crisp, bold, rich, and careful in drawing of rocks, water, foliage, and trees. This is truly a good water colour.

George Harlow White. Thirteen water colours, mostly small but all painted with exquisite skill and grace, and showing more finish than most water-colourists. No. 145, mountain tops, "Carnaevonshire," is well filled with solid and careful work in colour, texture and style. No. 157, "Cell Farm, North Wales," is larger, and suggests the late English painter Whittaker in his celebrated moorland scenery. This painter's

works are such as one would love to have in a library and contemplate continually.

W. Pye, an English painter, sends two small water colours. No. 182 and 158, "Village of Hadleigh, Essex." His style is strong, but bright, and shadows possibly rather gloomy; but his foliage and drawing are very good.

And now enough, perchance too much, as space obliges me to reserve for a future occasion many well known names, and the attractive pictures by Day, Bird, Cresswell, Warton, Porteous, and a long list of others. Well may we feel encouraged over this result of our illustrious founder's zeal for our Canadian artists and art itself. We have but started in the race for the culture of the intellectual eye to the harmonies of the creation and an appreciation of the truth of "all Thy works praise Thee, O Lord," and shew forth "Thy handiwork." We have good men; the material is before us. Some rival of Turner's may yet, we hope, paint "Quebec" in all its glories in its morning haze or mystic sunsets. From the Alpine heights of the Rockies, over prairie, lake or river, through forest and defile, until you reach the gardens of Grand-pré, Canada you are beautiful, and must inspire your children who would fall to sleep in your arms and there dream on in love forever.

Quebec.

C.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"ANOTHER WISELY ANONYMOUS POET" did not enclose his name; besides which the idea is threshed out.

COUNTY ATTORNEY.—Thanks. We had already discovered that our information was not reliable, and an amendment was in type when your communication came to hand.

BREWER.—Your letter came to hand too late for insertion this week. It will appear in our next issue.

THE BRIBERY CASE IN ITS SOCIAL AND MORAL ASPECTS.

To the Editor of *The Week* :

SIR,—Mr. Armour does not prejudge the case. The witnesses may be proved unworthy of confidence. Their testimony is accepted simply for the sake of the argument. On the supposition alone that their statements are truthful depends the force of whatever may be said here on the "moral aspects" of this celebrated "Bribery case." I am not sure that we can accept all the views presented by Mr. Armour. In some instances he assumes what is untenable and thus builds without a foundation. He takes it for granted that the recipients lost their honour, that they were corrupted and debauched, and that this fearful self-sacrifice was unnecessary to make the sin of bribery possible. If a man from the standpoint of morals may steal without taking another man's property, may he not bribe without taking another man's honour? If the morals of the case lie in the intent, it follows that the motives of one depend upon the motives of another; that, in this particular, the one cannot have an evil purpose unless the other has it too. This would be a new doctrine, and very hard to believe.

In this "Bribery Case" were these men "corrupted" or "debauched?" On the grounds that their testimony is truthful, it is difficult to see how such a charge can be sustained. As we are dealing with the morals of the question, we are compelled to consider their acts in the light of their intentions. They acted no traitors' part; they did not sell their country, nor their party, nor themselves; they had no thought of doing so. They had no personal interest in the bribery funds that came into their hands. It was no secret transaction on their side. They stood in the light, in full view of those against whom the bribers were plotting. They had the certainty in their own minds that their act would soon be made known to all the world. There was with them the entire absence of all the conditions which govern an act of bribery. And whatever name may be given to their offence (if offence it be) it cannot be that of being bribed.

It must be confessed that they pretended to be bribed, and how far they were justified in this is a question upon which no doubt a great difference of opinion will exist. All pretences are not necessarily sinful; one can conceive of many cases in which misleading is an excellent and proper thing to do, and where the detection of crime is the object (explain it as we will) there is a common feeling everywhere that such methods of procedure are quite frequently perfectly right.

This much may safely be said, the men who are loudest in their protests against the deceptions that were practised to detect this great political crime have nothing to say against that system of pretence which is universally employed by professional detectives. When clever misleading devices culminate in the capture of a knave, they bestow their unmeasured applause, with the feeling that the moral sense of the community is with them. But in laying "a trap for the purpose of detecting and bringing offenders to justice" care should be taken that a man sustains no injury in setting it. Mr. Armour thinks a man would hesitate to expose his daughter to betrayal for the sake of convicting the betrayer. The illustration, for the purpose given, will not bear criticism. The betrayer is caught, but the daughter is ruined. The man deliberately brings an awful calamity upon one to secure the punishment of another. He inflicts a damage that can never be repaired for the purpose of convicting a villain. If such a thing were conceivable, is there any parallel between it and the case before us? The act of these men upon whom bribery was intended is more perfectly paralleled by the case (known to the writer) of a virtuous young woman who was solicited on the street by an infamous scoundrel, whom, under the pretence of compliance, she led straight into her own father's house, where he summarily received the due reward of his infamy. Was she debauched because she pretended to yield to his solicitation? Can her virtue be impeached because (for the moment with a view to his punishment) she seemed to comply with his request. Is it true "there can be no offer to accept without actual commission of the crime?" If not, no more were these men debauched when by artful pretence they led these political libertines straight into the hands of justice.

Viewing the question of bribery from another aspect, it will readily be admitted that the "device of the marked coin is justifiable in morals only on the presumption that the theft of it is a continuance of an old offence," and that the "procuring of an offence to be committed for the mere purpose of detecting it, and punishing the offender

is most abhorrent to morals ;" but does Mr. Armour mean to intimate, as he seems to do, that this is the character of the act by which the (so-called) conspiracy was brought to light. If so, he will hardly get the parties in power, at least, to agree with him. They hold that it was the "continuance of an old offence." They hold that the country was full of bribery and corruption. They had their strong suspicions as to who were the guilty men. They "marked the coin," so to speak, and put it where it could be appropriated, and sure enough they caught the very men whom they suspected.

It is contended that in order to do this the mere "offer was sufficient ; acceptance was not necessary to complete the offence of the bribers." To which it is only necessary to say : true enough the offence is complete when the offer is made, but the evidence of the offence is much more complete when the offer is actually carried into effect. It gives vastly increased weight to the testimony of the witnesses. As it is, a partisan press will denounce them as liars, utterly unworthy of confidence, but their statements backed up by the actual production of the purchase money will be hard to shake.

W. S. GRIFFIN.

### THE MAYFLOWER.

DEEP dungeon'd under drifted snow,  
But nursing hope in patient breast,  
The little Mayflower lies at rest,  
Waiting to hear the south-wind blow.  
"For time," she saith, "doth changes bring,  
And after Winter will come Spring."

The south-wind comes, persuasive, mild,  
Melting grim winter's icy bands,  
Loosing his grasp on Northern lands.  
The little Mayflower's heart throbs wild,—  
"Sure time," she saith, "doth changes bring ;  
Winter is passing, near is Spring."

Her prison opened, soon anon.  
No longer draggled, dull'd, despoiled,—  
Fresh robed in green, of earth assoiled,  
She lifts her pink face to the sun.  
"God's time," she saith, "sweet change doth bring ;  
Good-bye, old Winter, welcome Spring."

JESSIE CAMERON

### A SONNET.

IN other days round classic boards, I met  
With those whose young brows bore the laurel, pure  
From stain. Talking of art and strong to endure  
All things, we felt youth's star could never set ;  
The wine I spurn now like an anchoret,  
But oft from out the past I fain would lure  
The joyous wit, the impromptu portraiture,  
The high philosophies which haunt me yet.

Fresh as those you gave us for a whet,  
Apicius sent cool bivalves to his friend  
In Parthia. Many millions would he spend  
On feasts colossal ; but I'd make a bet  
Than yours a choicer did he never get,  
And higher our young wits did ne'er ascend.

Ottawa, March 19th, 1884.

D.

### THE ADVENTURES OF A WIDOW.

By EDGAR FAWCETT, author of "A Gentleman of Leisure," "A Hopeless Case,"  
"An Ambitious Woman," "Tinkling Cymbals," etc.

#### XI.

She meant the words, precisely as she spoke them. She longed for the entertainment to end, and when it had ended she felt relieved, as if from a painful tension and strain. Musing a little later in her bed-chamber, before retiring, she began to feel a slight change of mood. Had she not, after all, expected, demanded, exacted, too much? Was she justified in giving way to this depression and disappointment? Was she not more blamable in deceiving herself than these people were in surprising her? She had been warned by Kindelon ; she had in a certain way, been warned by Mrs. Dares. But these were not her desired band of plain lived and high thinkers. They were very far below any such elevated standard. They had seemed to make a sort of selfish rush into her drawing-rooms, for the purpose of getting there and afterward boasting that they had got there. She was by no means sure if the very quality and liberality of her refreshments had not made for them the prospect of another Thursday evening offer increased allurements. Many of them were full of the most distressing trivialities. The conduct of Mr. Barrowe had seemed to her atrociously unpleasant. His action with regard to the excluded Miss Cragge struck her as a superlative bit of impudence. If she went on giving more receptions she would doubtless only accumulate more annoyances of a similar sort.

No ; the intellectual life of the country was young like the country itself. It was not only young ; it was raw and crude. To continue in her task would be to fail hopelessly. She had best not continue in it. She might be wrong in abandoning it so soon ; there might be hope yet. But,

after all, she was undertaking no holy crusade ; conscience made no demands upon her for the perpetuation and triumph of her project. Let it pass into the limbo of abortive efforts. Let it go to make another stone in that infernal pathway proverbially paved by good intentions . . .

She slept ill that night, and breakfasted later than usual. And she had scarcely finished breakfasting when a card was handed her, which it heightened her colour a little to peruse.

The card bore Miss Cragge's name, and one portion of its rather imposing square was filled with the names of many Eastern and Western journals besides, of which the owner evidently desired to record that she was a special correspondent. It seemed to Pauline, while she gazed at the scrap of pasteboard, that this was exactly the sort of card which a person like Miss Cragge would be apt to use for presentation. She was at a loss to understand why Miss Cragge could have visited her at all, and perhaps the acquiescing answer which she presently gave her servant was given because curiosity surpassed and conquered repulsion.

But after the servant had departed, Pauline regretted that she had agreed to see Miss Cragge. "What can the woman want of me?" she now reflected, "except to abuse and possibly insult me?"

Still, the word had been sent. She must hold to it.

Pauline gave Miss Cragge a cool yet perfectly courteous bow, as they met a little later.

"You are Miss Cragge, I believe," she said, very quietly and amiably.

"Oh, I didn't suppose you'd forgotten me so soon!" came the reproachful and rather unsteady answer. Miss Cragge had risen some time before Pauline entered the room, and her gaunt shape, clad in scant gear, looked notably awkward. Her street costume was untidy, shabby and even bedraggled. She held a bundle of newspapers, which she shifted nervously from hand to hand.

"You wish to speak with me, then?" said Pauline, still courteously.

"Yes," returned Miss Cragge. It was evident that she underwent a certain distinct agitation. "I have called upon you, Mrs. Varick, because I felt that I ought to do so."

"It is, then, a matter of duty, Miss Cragge?"

"Yes—a matter of duty. A matter of duty toward myself. Toward myself as a woman, you know—I think that I have been wronged—greatly wronged."

"Not wronged by me, I hope."

"Through you, by someone else."

"I do not understand you."

"I—I shall try to make myself plain."

"I trust you will succeed."

"Oh, I shall succeed," declared Miss Cragge, gasping a little for breath as she now proceeded. "I have an enemy, Mrs. Varick, and that enemy is your friend. Yes, I mean Mr. Kindelon, of course. He has set you against me. He has made you shut your doors upon me. Oh, you need not deny that this is true. I am perfectly certain of its truth. I am always received by Hagar Williamson Dares. She is a noble, true woman, and she lets me come to her house because she knows I have my battle to fight, just as she has always had her own, and that I deserve her sympathy and her friendship. I don't maintain that I've been always blameless. A newspaper woman can't always be that. She gives wounds, just as she gets wounds. But I never did Ralph Kindelon any harm in my life. He hates me, but he has no business to hate me. I never cared much about his hatred till now. But now he has shown me that he is an active and dangerous enemy. I mean, of course, about this affair of yours. I wanted to be invited to your house last evening ; I expected to be invited. I was on the Dares's list. I'm going to be perfectly candid. It would have been a feather in my cap to have come here. I know exactly what your position in society is, and I appreciate the value of your acquaintance. If you had snubbed me of your own accord, I would have pocketed the snub without a murmur. I'm used to snubbings ; I have to be, for I get a good many. Nobody can go abroad picking up society-items as I do, and not receive the cold shoulder. But in this case it was no spontaneous rebuff on your part ; it was the malicious interference of a third party ; it was Kindelon's mean-spirited persuasion used against me behind my back. And it has been an injury to me. It's going to hurt me more than you think. It has been found out and talked over that I was dropped by you. Now, I don't want to be dropped. I want to claim my rights—to ask if you will not do me justice—if you will not waive any personal concern with a private quarrel and allow me to have the same chance that you have given so many others. To put it plainly and frankly, Mrs. Varick, I have come here this morning for the purpose of asking you if you will not give me an invitation to your next entertainment."

All the time she had thus spoken, Miss Cragge had remained standing. Pauline, who also stood, had shown no desire that her visitor should sit. She was biting her lip as Miss Cragge ended, and her tones were full of a haughty repulsion as she now said :

"Really I am unprepared to give you any answer whatever. But you seem to demand an answer, and therefore I shall give you one. You are very straightforward with me, and so I do not see why I should not be equally straightforward with you."

Miss Cragge gave a bitter, crisp little laugh. "I see what is coming," she said. "You think me abominable, and you are going to tell me so?"

"I should not tell you if I thought it," replied Pauline. "But I must tell you that I think you unwarrantably bold."

"And you refuse me any other explanation?" now almost panted Miss Cragge. "You will not give me even the satisfaction of knowing why you have dropped me?"

Pauline shook her head. "I do not recognize your right to question me on that point," she returned. "You assume to know my reason for

not having asked you here. I object to the form and the quality of your question. I deny that I have dropped you, as you choose to term it. I think your present course a presumptuous one, and I am ignorant of having violated any rights of your own by not having sent you a card to my reception. There are a great many other people in New York besides yourself to whom I did not send a card. Any quarrel between you and Mr. Kindelon is a matter of no concern to me. And as for my having dealt you an injury, that assertion is quite preposterous. I do not for an instant admit it, and since your attitude toward me is painfully unpleasant I beg that this conversation may be terminated at once."

"Oh, you show me the door, do you?" exclaimed Miss Cragge. She looked very angry as she now spoke, and her anger was almost repulsively unbecoming. Her next words had the effect of a harsh snarl. "I might have expected just this sort of treatment," she proceeded, with both her dingy-gloved hands manipulating the bundle of newspapers at still brisker speed. "But I'm a very good hater, Mrs. Varick, and I'm not stamped on quite so easily as you may suppose. I usually die pretty hard in such cases, and perhaps you'll find that your outrageous behaviour will get the punishment it merits. Oh, you needn't throw back your proud head like that, as if I were the dirt under your feet! I guess you'll be sorry before very long. I intend to make you so if I can!"

Pauline felt herself turn pale. "You are insolent," she said, "and I desire you to leave my house immediately."

Miss Cragge walked to the door, but paused as she reached its threshold, looking back across one of her square shoulders with a most malevolent scowl.

"You've got no more heart than a block of wood," she broke forth. "You never had any. I know all about you. You married an old man for his money a few years ago. He was old enough to be your grandfather, and a wretched libertine at that. You knew it, too, when you married him. So now that you've got his money you're going to play the literary patron with it. And like the cold-blooded coquette that you are, you've made Ralph Kindelon leave poor Cora Dares, who's madly in love with him, and dance attendance on yourself. I suppose you think Kindelon really cares for you. Well, you're mightily mistaken if you do think so, and if he ever marries you I guess it won't be long before he makes you find it out!"

Miss Cragge disappeared after the delivery of this tirade, and as she closed the outer hall-door with a loud slam Pauline had sank into a chair. She sat thus for a longer time than she knew, with hands tensely knotted in her lap and with breast and lips quivering.

The vulgarity, the brutality of those parting words had literally stunned her. It is no exaggeration to state that Miss Cragge's reference to her marriage had inflicted a positive agony of shame. But the allusion to Cora Dares's love for Kindelon and to Kindelon's merely mercenary regard for herself had also stabbed with depth and suffering. Was it then true that this man's feelings toward her were only the hypocritical sham of an aim at worldly advancement? "How shall I act to him when we again meet?" Pauline asked herself. "If I really thought this charge true I should treat him with entire contempt. And have I the right to believe it true? This Cragge creature has a viperish nature. Should I credit such information from such a source?"

(To be continued.)

## THE SCRAP BOOK.

### WOMEN'S WEAR.

ALTHOUGH *chacun à son goût* is professedly the watchword of fashion, the question, "what will be worn this season?" is one which no individual will venture to answer. The favourite colours of the season are likely to be the soft light browns known as biscuit and mushroom, and *réséda* and moss-green. The shot silks which began to appear last season are coming more and more into vogue, and are worn both plain, striped, and figured. The effect of a combination as, for instance, of a striped light blue skirt shot with terra-cotta, with bodice and drapery of terra-cotta satin, is very striking. Another combination of moss-green and ruby is equally charming. The richest looking among the shot *surahs*, *glacés*, etc., are the brocades, where the ground of grey, brown, blue, red, or green colour is figured with more brightly coloured leaves, flowers, or fruits, the whole effect either forming an effective contrast or a soft harmony. In dinner and evening dresses the biscuit colour is equally popular. An evening dress of biscuit satin and embossed velvet of the deeper mushroom shade, richly trimmed with lace of a corresponding colour, looks very elegant. Bright terra-cotta with a front of broad lace flounces of the same colour is also very fashionable. There is a new red colour of a shade between crimson and magenta, which, with lace and ribbon trimming, has a good effect as an evening dress, although it is rather a difficult colour to harmonize with any other. Black lace dresses will also be much worn. Black lace on a foundation of shot silk makes another pretty dress, recalling the olden times of the *grenadine*—covered lilac silks, once so much in vogue. A pretty white nun's-cloth dress, with a broad border of blue Japanese embroidery, the back and bodice trimmed with dark blue velvet, is one of the prettiest and most novel-looking dresses for garden parties. For young ladies there is a number of light woollen materials interwoven with tiny tufts of pink, blue, or cream chenille. The walking dresses are generally of a quiet colour; the trimming is in chenille, braid, velvet, ribbon, fringe, or woollen tufts. The drapery is full, but the arrangement differs as much as the dress materials. Chenille outline embroidery is frequently seen on shot silk skirts, strewn carelessly about as rosebuds, foliage, or small fruit. Bodices are generally made

with a short pointed basque; but it appears that the round basques are again beginning to be in favour. Full bodices with waistband are almost abandoned, but the sleeves are still high on the shoulders, and longer than last season, but there is no trimming to be seen except perhaps a simple velvet cuff. The walking dresses are almost all very high round the throat.

Hats and bonnets do not vary much in shape from those of last season. The chief characteristic is that the brim of a hat is generally narrowed, vanishing almost entirely at the back. Sometimes it is turned up at the back, while in front it overshadows the eyes. The crowns are high and wide. Bonnets are small and close-fitting, cut out at the back to suit the present fashion of arranging the hair. Transparent hats and bonnets, which were introduced last season, are likely to be much worn. There is scarcely a bonnet or hat to be seen in which there is not combined with darker shades a sparkling of gold, silver, or the dull lustre of a bronze. It may be the centre of a flower, the wing of a butterfly hovering above it, the half-hidden buckle, or a narrow edging of the brim, but it is rarely missing. Brown, moss-green, and mushroom are worn more than black and white straw; a wealth of ostrich feathers, butterflies, and other winged insects, laces, flowers, and ribbons make each head-dress ablaze with colour. The fur or velvet cuff so often seen on gloves during the winter is giving way to a similar one of lace. It is of the same colour as the *gant de Suède* to which it is attached, and will be found an improvement on the long tight-fitting glove, or the stiff gauntlet of the past season. There is no ornament whatever on the new walking boots or shoes. Even the patent leather has been abandoned, and a neat plain boot or shoe of kid has taken the place of the ornamental *chaussure*.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

### MIRAGE.

WE'LL read that book, we'll sing that song,  
But when? Oh, when the days are long;  
When thoughts are free, and voices clear;  
Some happy time within the year:—  
The days troop by with noiseless tread,  
The song unsung; the book unread.

We'll see that friend, and make him feel  
The weight of friendship, true as steel;  
Some flower of sympathy bestow:—  
But time sweeps on with steady flow,  
Until with quick, reproachful tear,  
We lay our flowers upon his bier.

And still we walk the desert sands,  
And still with trifles fill our hands,  
While ever, just beyond our reach,  
A fairer purpose shows to each,  
The deeds we have not done, but willed,  
Remain to haunt us—unfulfilled.

A. S. R.

### PROTECTIVE (!) TARIFFS.

A SALUTARY lesson is taught in a very able letter appearing recently in the *New York Herald*, respecting the useful industries wiped out, in the States, by the high war tariff. Every monopolist went in for his share of protection, the Lake Superior copper owners included. Copper smelting was a very important branch of trade in Baltimore, and other places in Massachusetts. Before 1861 there was a large trade with Chili, which took a great quantity of American manufactures, sending, as return cargoes, Chilean copper ores in American ships to be smelted, in the States, by American workmen. The gentlemen of Lake Superior, however, managed to get so high a tariff put on foreign copper as to exclude the Chilean supply entirely. The American industry was thus effectively crushed, and American ships could not get return cargoes from Chili. Then Yankee captains tried carrying Chilean ores to England, but their ships went back—empty. The British people then, seeing the blunder made by America, sent to Chili, English and Scottish goods in "British bottoms" (ships), and freely took, in exchange, the ores, as return cargoes.

"It will thus be seen," concludes this welcome letter, "that in order to enrich the Lake Superior copper-mine owners, who employ a comparatively insignificant number of men in one of the least desirable and least paid of all the occupations—mining for day's wages—the high tariff men destroyed, first, American smelting works, and second, a valuable shipping trade, and finally destroyed a large and rapidly growing market for a great variety of American manufactures—a market which the English now, thanks to this single instance of so-called protection to American industries almost monopolize, and which is so valuable that they run a semi-weekly line of very large and finely-fitted steamers to Valparaiso."

A further effect of this mad and ridiculous policy is evidenced in what has happened to the American manufacturers of copper goods. "The protected copper-mine owners actually now charge American manufacturers more for their protected copper, than they sell the same copper for to foreigners in English and other European markets." "Thus," says the letter already referred to, "our home manufacturers of copper goods are oppressed in favour of foreigners, and this is called protection to American industry."—*Financial Reformer*.

### VARIETIES OF SWORDS.

THE forms of the sword may be reduced to three types; the straight-edged, the leaf-shaped, and the scimitar. A French duelling sword is the complete development of the first, a good Persian or Indian sabre of the

last. Our Western military swords are a compromise between the two. The leaf-shape, familiar in the classical monuments of Greece, is represented in modern times only by a few eccentric patterns of short swords and sword-bayonets, and possibly, by no means certainly, by the yataghan. The common yataghan form of sword-bayonet, by the way, is much disparaged by Captain Burton, and we fully agree with him. Probably the yataghan is the most formidable of short hand-weapons; but at the end of a rifle, which it spoils for shooting and makes top-heavy for a pike, it is hopelessly out of place. It is tempting to see, with General Pitt-Rivers, the original type, developed in metal from the hint of a stone spear-head, in the symmetrical leaf-shape. Straighten out the edges and lengthen the point, and we have the broadsword, and are on the way to the rapier. Give the preference to one edge and incline the axis of the blade in its direction, and we have the doubly-curved yataghan shape. Lengthen this blade in proportion to its width, and transfer the cutting edge to the unbroken convex curvature which forms the back of the yataghan, and we have the Eastern sabre, preserving in the old Turkish scimitar, now rare, and in the common tulwar, with their broadening near the centre of percussion, a trace of the original model. This, we say, is tempting. But the historical evidence is none of the most encouraging to this or to any other simple theory of origin. On the Assyrian monuments we find a tapering, pointed sword with straight edges. Bronze weapons of the same pattern, only longer, have been found in considerable number by Dr. Schliemann at Mycenæ. The like form occurs in Egyptian bronze daggers, and in several iron swords found in Etruscan tombs, to which Captain Burton justly calls particular attention. Egyptian monuments abound in a particular cutlass or hanger, shaped somewhat like a broad sickle, the name of which is written Khopsh by our author, and connected by him, after Meyrick (with doubtful warrant, we conceive), with the Greek *κοπίς*. The leaf-shaped bronze sword has also been found in Egypt, we are not told with what indication of date, or whether, in particular, under such circumstances as to exclude its being a Greek importation. Of the earlier history of the Eastern sabre there is not forthcoming, that we know of, any positive evidence whatever. Thus we have no proof that the leaf-shaped pattern was in fact earlier than the others, but rather a certain amount of presumption to the contrary.—*The Saturday Review on "Burton's Book of the Sword."*

### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

#### THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

THE second concert given by the Toronto Philharmonic Society this season was so well received that we may hope the promoters feel encouraged to persevere in their laudable efforts to produce a first-class programme in finished style. The capacious Pavilion presented a brilliant appearance, the white-and-black draped artistes on the orchestra being faced by the *élite* of the city. Dr. Sterndale Bennett's beautiful pastoral cantata "The May Queen" was cast for the first part of the programme, the second half consisting of "selections." The *pièce de résistance* is too well known to need detailed description, especially so as the Society gave it some years ago. Mrs. Caldwell accepted the soprano rôle of Queen of the May; Mr. F. Jenkins, as tenor, of course portrayed the rustic lover; his rival, "Robin Hood," was assumed by Mr. E. W. Scuch; whilst the part of "The Queen" was taken by Mrs. Petley. Succeeding the opening chorus, Mr. Jenkins' rendering of the air "O Meadow Clad" left little to be desired, except that he looked so uncomfortable whilst singing it. But he sang well in tune, correctly, and with expression, though it is apparent that his is a comparatively untrained voice, and he occasionally gets throaty and brazen in his upper range. The villagers' sympathetic chorus, "O Melancholy Plight," succeeded by the inspiring "With a laugh as we go round," were faithfully given by the choir, who, with one exception, got through with great credit, being well under command, fairly well together, and conscientiously painstaking. Mr. Torrington will, no doubt, in time be able to get it better balanced, and if he could persuade *all* his ladies to wear white dresses the effect upon the eye from the auditorium would be much improved. But to return. "The May Queen" then sang a solo rejoicing in her coronation, but did it in a mechanical manner. The same remark applies to the duet between her and her lover, there being a lamentable want of expression on both sides. This lack of feeling, of sympathetic tone, indeed, is Mrs. Caldwell's principal weakness. Possessed of a voice of extraordinary range and flexibility, and well under control, she yet fails to move her audiences. She compels their admiration by her pleasing manner, she gratifies their ears, but she does not touch their hearts. And Mr. Jenkins, comparatively at home in oratorio, is lifeless and almost expressionless in operatic music. All too little was heard of Mr. Scuch, but in the air "Tis jolly to hunt in the bright moonlight" he acquitted himself like an artist who understood both the music and the words he sang. The trio in which the queen hears the impassioned appeal of the forester and the warning notes of her lover was very successfully given, as was the following recitative and chorus, which leads up to the pageant music announcing "The Queen." The instrumental work here was very good, but, as in several other parts of the programme, the brass was too pronounced. Mrs. Petley was not in her best voice, and after the cantata met with a slight accident which prevented her from taking part in the second half of the programme. When "The Queen" dismisses "Robin Hood" and admonishes the "May Queen" to be more circumspect, Mrs. Petley was feeling more at home, but the band completely drowned her, as it did even the chorus, powerful as it was, in the final soli and chorus, the cornets, as usual, being the principal offenders. To Miss Dervieux and Mr. Jenkins was entrusted the opening of the

second part of the programme. The "Miserere" scene from *Trovatore* was the first item, and "Leonora" sang so well as to give great promise of high rank as an amateur vocalist. Naturally, having only recently made her *debut*, she was nervous, but she really won the enthusiastic applause which followed. Mr. Jenkins' "Troubadour" left much to be desired. In the first place, it was a mistake to perch up in the top gallery instead of taking a position out of sight near the platform. That fact probably accounted to a great extent for him singing so flat in his upper register in this number. Miss Kerr's piano solo was a creditable piece of manipulation. Miss Torrington won golden opinions by her rendering of Donizetti's "Com'è bello," and "Si voli il primo." The "Fantasia Militaire" violin solo of Herr Jacobsen was a splendid piece of execution, and though this devotee of "the perfect instrument" has got far to go to attain pre-eminence, he is so evidently an enthusiastic student that he may probably make a wide reputation. The orchestra then played a waltz, and played it so well that the audience would have encored it but that Mr. Torrington wisely forbade repetitions. Mrs. Caldwell's aria from the "Magic Flute" was a very fine effort, and gave her an opportunity to show her phenomenal compass. The "Good Night, Beloved" of the choir was remarkably well done, and fittingly brought to a close a very successful concert.

#### THE CLAXTON CONCERTS.

THE two concerts given by Mr. Claxton's orchestra, assisted by several vocal and instrumental soloists, in the Toronto Opera House on Saturday afternoon and evening, were not attended by the success anticipated. In gathering into one band some forty local musicians, and giving them the opportunity of constantly practising together which alone will enable them to play good orchestral music, Mr. Claxton has undertaken a very praiseworthy task, and deserves the hearty encouragement of those who are "moved with concord of sweet sounds." Nor ought such to be too critical of the first performances of the band. Though there is as yet a want of finish in the executants, still, judged by the manner in which the "Claxton Orchestra" performed the *morceaux* allotted to them on Saturday, and making allowances for the comparatively short time it has worked together, that band reflects great credit upon Toronto, and is worthy of better patronage than it has hitherto obtained. There was much truth in Mr. Manager Sheppard's statement—that had the artistes down on Saturday's programme been imported from New York or Boston the Opera House would have been filled. But if Mr. Claxton is desirous to cater to any other part of a house than the gallery, he must not repeat the experiment of introducing buffoonery into his programmes. The vulgar and senseless antics of one "performer," and the inane exhibition of a quartette of others, were out of all keeping, and were an insult to the understanding of the audience as well as to the artistes engaged. The overture, "Semiramide," was very well played, as also was the waltz "Violet," in the second part. In accordance with the opinion expressed, it will be sufficient to point out to Mr. Claxton the absolute necessity of attending to the drums (!). We do not remember to have heard anything so hard other than two-inch boards. Miss Agnes Corlett is a self-possessed, capable soprano, and is very pleasant to see and hear. Her rendering of "May Blossoms," "The Return," and the portions of two duets for which she was down, amply merited the encores and applause given to her. Mr. J. F. Thompson found "The Toreador" too much for him. In addition to an awkward lisp, this gentleman, though he has a good voice, has a bad habit of straining after upper notes which are not in his natural compass. Herr Jacobsen repeated the fine "March Militaire" he gave in the Pavilion on Tuesday night. But what a falling off was there! Certainly, the difference in the accompaniments would account in great part for this. The concert was wound up by a performance of the overture "Niagara" (Bœttiger) by the orchestra.

#### MODJESKA IN TORONTO.

THE brilliant performance of the countess-actress in "As You Like It," "Twelfth Night," "Mary Stuart," and "Romeo and Juliet," which were given in the Opera House on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, supplied a dramatic treat not readily to be forgotten, well and favourably known as she was previously. Looking back to the earlier days of her dramatic career, to 1880, when Madame Modjeska first made her mark in Shakespearean characters—in the Court Theatre, London—one is struck with the advances made during that period, and more particularly with the great improvement in her English. The slight accent that now remains adds but piquancy to her elocution, whilst her greater familiarity with English enables her more thoroughly to enter into the spirit of the lines she speaks. It was not Modjeska, the accomplished actress, that one saw and heard, but *Rosalind*, *Mary Stuart*, *Olivia*, and *Juliet*. In each portrayal, her sweet, expressive features, and melodious voice, her cultured "concealment of art in art," her tasteful costumes, combined to a *tout ensemble* charming to the most *blasé* of playgoers. Her rare versatility enabled her to give a *Mary Stuart* worthy of Ristori, at the same time to play the child-mistress *Juliet* in a manner vividly recalling Neilson. It is not too much to say that she electrifies her audiences by the passionate manner in which—in the second act of Schiller's *unhistorical* "Mary Stuart"—she pours forth her torrent of reproaches on *Queen Elizabeth*. Madame Modjeska's exquisite rendering of *Rosalind* and *Ganymede* did much to draw attention from the extreme improbability of the plot of "As You Like It." The great master asks rather more than this matter-of-fact age is prepared to grant, when he would have us believe that an impassioned *Orlando* did not see through the disguise which his inamorata had adopted, especially as they were so much thrown together, and actually made mock love one to the

other. From the moment the daughter of the banished duke loves *Orlando* for his valour in the wrestling match, to the period where his brother recounts to her enraptured ear the encounter with a lioness in the woods, *Rosalind* is the wayward, loving, *chic*, true woman—full of *abandon* as *Ganymede*, charged with exquisite tenderness as *Rosalind*. Not a word, not a gesture, not a look but is in consonance with the part played, and never for one moment betraying the consciousness of the individual. Madame Modjeska's *Juliet* is one of her finest conceptions, many of her intonations reminding one of Neilson. The infinite pathos with which she wailingly grieves, "Wherefore art thou Romeo?" is the very acme of art. The scene in which she in her impatience first offends and then artfully conciliates her *Nurse* by her irresistible coaxing, left nothing to be desired. In Mr. H. M. Barrymore Madame Modjeska has an actor of no small parts, and who well acquitted himself in the characters assigned to him. Miss Mary Shaw, Mr. Ian Robertson, Mr. McManus, and others contributed in no small degree to the smooth running of the performance. On the whole it is an excellently balanced company. The *mise en scene*, as is usual in this house, was all that could be desired.

CAMPANINI'S voice is reported hopelessly broken.

SIR MICHAEL COSTA has had a second stroke of paralysis. He is now speechless and there is no hope of his recovery.

GOUNOD has completed a new work, an oratorio, which is entitled "Mors et Vita," and is a sequel to the "Redemption."

A COMPLIMENTARY concert to Mr. Sims Richards will be given this (Thursday) evening in the Lecture Hall of Jarvis street Baptist Church, Toronto.

SATISFACTORY progress is said to have been made by the Toronto Choral Society with the "Creation," which is in preparation for the Semi-Centennial celebration.

It is expected that about 600 voices will take part in the Buffalo Musical Festival on June 15th, 16th, and 21st. Several star vocalists have been engaged to take part in a very strong programme.

A MUSICAL treat is expected at the Toronto Grand Opera House on Saturday, when the Lablache Concert Company will give the last two acts of Verdi's ever-fresh "Trovatore," and a miscellaneous selection.

THE operetta "Hans and Gretel," at the Opera House to-night (Thursday) ought to be well patronized. The receipts go to the Toronto Relief Society. The Home for Incurables is to have the proceeds of Friday night's performance of the amateurs in "Used Up." Both entertainments are under the patronage of the Government House party.

MR. SIMS REEVES, when a boy, was known as "Jack," and the town boys used to mock him for the dreadful grimaces he made in singing; but his father, who is said to have been a sergeant, and clerk of the barracks church, told them that "his son's voice would be worth a guinea a minute to him some day." The prophet even understated its value.

MR. DAVENPORT KERRISON delivered the fourth of his series of lectures on classical composers in the Toronto College of Music on Friday night. Hummel and Cherubini were the masters whose works were commented upon, and Mr. Kerrison's sketch of their history was of great interest. For the illustrative recital Mr. Kerrison selected Hummel's "Return to London" and Cherubini's "Overture to Anacreon," the secondo to the latter selection being played by Miss Lily Smith. The next lecture will be on Dussek and Wolf.

It would have reflected anything but credit upon Torontonians if they had not availed themselves of the opportunity of hearing the charming and *petite cantatrice* Madame Trebelli Bettini, who is engaged, we understand, to sing in the Pavilion on May 15th. Referring to a recent performance of this brilliant singer the *New York World* said:—"There were two or three things which never were sung better, and the principal among them was the drinking song from 'Lucrezia' by Trebelli. There were richness, method, and the most perfect power of pleasing both the cultured and the uncultured. They all joined in a salvo of applause that shook the house."

### BOOK NOTICES.

#### PROCEEDINGS AND TRANSACTIONS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF CANADA FOR 1882-3.\*

THIS ponderous volume in black (why was it not bound in royal blue?), which we have been permitted to see, is the gift of the Crown to the Eighty "immortals" nominated by Lord Lorne to sit on the pedestal of Canadian fame. It is late in the day now to take exception to the inauguration of a Canadian Academy of Letters—an institution, as we think, of doubtful benefit to literature, and one that can be of small service in calling forth native talent, or in sowing the seeds of patriotism. Measured by its \$5,000 cost to the taxpayers of the country, we should say that the Society was a "culpable luxury," and that its product, so far, at least, as English literature is concerned, gives us but little for our money. To the members, or, as we believe we ought to designate them, Fellows of the Society, the presentation at the public expense of a printed copy of their proceedings in the courtly capital of the Dominion must be a gratifying incident. But as a souvenir of a pilgrimage to the literary Mecca, the volume comes not to all of the members of the Society, for at neither gathering, it seems, has there by any means been a full muster. Not a few, indeed, have yet to put in a first appearance at the place hallowed by the meetings of the Society, so doubtful, we presume, are they of the benefits of State patron-

age of letters or of the advantage of taking from the public the right of determining, and of honouring, merit. It is well, however, that such defaulters should be reminded of an ordinance of the Society, which provides that "any member failing to attend *three* years in succession without presenting a paper, or assigning reasons in writing satisfactory to the Society, shall be considered to have resigned." As the Society has ventured upon the experiment of calling itself into being, it would be a pity that disintegration, from the failure of a sufficient number of its members to answer to the roll call, should prevent the experiment from being put to the test of time, and the equally practical test of existence without the artificial stimulus of Court favour.

As we thought would be the case, the literary section of the Society is overweighted by the scientific. In this fact, which the volume before us brings into relief, we see some justification, as we previously admitted, for the creation of a Canadian Institute of Science, to consolidate, if necessary, the various local organizations already in existence for furthering scientific research. But we see little or no justification for founding an Academy of Letters, or in allying literature with science, especially where literature in Canada, to gain anything by union, has to pit itself against those who speak and write an alien tongue. The rivalries of race and language, it may be said, are likely to be beneficial to both literatures; but, on the other hand, the consciousness of being overmatched may have a depressing, if not fatal, effect. In the volume before us this sense of inferiority is more than apparent, for if we set aside the two addresses of the president of the English literature section, which, by the way, deal with archæology rather than with literature, we shall find the English matter quite overlaid by the French. The knowledge of this fact will give a bad quarter-of-an-hour to those who are fond of boasting that English is one day to become the dominant language. But a more unpalatable fact has yet to be stated. Not only in volume, but in quality and interest, does the French department tower above the English. The French literature section fairly teems with literary productiveness; and in most of the contributions there is a grace and style of diction peculiarly Gallic, and without parallel in the corresponding English section. Nothing in the volume is more noticeable than this, and the disparity brings into unpleasant prominence the weakness of our English section in both men and matter. One feels at once that the French members not only have more intellectual vivacity, but that they are moved by a high intellectual ambition, and, moreover, have the insuperable advantage of possessing what the English section has not: a history and a literature to inspire them in their work. The latter circumstance, of course, is an accident of history, for which the English members of the Society are not responsible. Only partiality, however, can excuse what they are responsible for—the failure to put that strength and enthusiasm in their work which distinguish the contributions of their French compatriots. Even in volume, as we have already said, the English contributions are far outscaled by the French. This will be readily seen by enumerating the papers in both sections, leaving out of account the inauguration addresses of Principals Dawson and Wilson in the one department, and those of M. M. Chauveau and Faucher de St. Maurice in the other. The English literature contributions, which do not exceed *five* papers (three brief abstracts by Dr. Clark Murray belong to the department of Psychology, and are therefore not here counted), are as follows: On "Free Public Libraries," by the late Dr. Alpheus Todd; on "Language and Conquest," by Mr. John Reade; on "Pre-Aryan American Man," by Prof. Wilson; "The Literature of French Canada," by Mr. John Lesperance; and "Some Old Forts by the Sea," by Mr. Bourinot. It is only fair to say that to this department belong four other papers, which, however, the Printing Committee of the Society have not deemed it expedient, or had permission, to print.

Against this meagre showing in the English section we have *fifteen* papers in the Department of French Literature, which are as follows: Two papers entitled "Les Archives du Canada," and "Nos Quatre Historiens Modernes," from the pen of Mr. J. M. Le Moine; two papers, "Familles Canadiennes," and "Etude sur les Noms," par l'Abbé Tanguay; two papers, "Les Interprètes du Temps de Champlain," and "Premiers Seigneurs du Canada," par M. Benj. Sulte; with the following single contributions: l'Abbé Casgrain on "Notre Passé Littéraire et nos Deux Historiens;" M. Faucher de St. Maurice on "Louis Turcotte;" l'Abbé Verreault on "Les Fondateurs de Montréal;" M. Chauveau "Sur les Commencements de la Poésie Française au Canada;" besides contributions in verse by M. M. Fréchette, LeMay, and F. G. Marchand.

Again, if we compare the literature sections with the scientific, a like disparity, in matter at least, is manifest—the latter doing duty as an enormous tail to a very small kite. Into the importance and merit of the science transactions we have left ourselves no space to enter, nor can we now even enumerate the papers. That they form the more worthy portion of this portly volume, even a cursory inspection will readily disclose. As an exchange for the transactions of other societies the science section must be depended upon to make the work acceptable. In English literature, at least, it has little to commend it to favour, nor, we fear, can there be better promise for the future until the section is strengthened by new material or (shall we be pardoned for saying it?) until the old is rebaptized in Helicon.

But we must take leave, for the present, of the volume, hoping that literature may do more for the Royal Society than we have any expectation the Royal Society will do for literature. We have noticed a number of errors in its pages, which sit as a blemish on the work: even the roll of members for both years has omissions which it is not easy to account for, and is as difficult to excuse.

G. M. A.

CANADA UNDER THE ADMINISTRATION OF LORD LORNE. By J. E. Collins. Toronto: Rose Publishing Company.

This is the third volume of "Rose's Canadian National Series." Whilst claiming to have written an impartial history of the régime of Lord Lorne, and begrudging no praise which he considers to be merited by that nobleman, Mr. Collins frankly declares in his preface his objections to such "foreign importations" filling the Governor-Generalship. Just as he is outspoken in his condemnation of men and systems he dislikes, the author is lavish—perhaps too lavish—of praise to those with which he is in sympathy. In the introduction he delivers a philippic to extreme partisans, and declares for a Third Party which is to bring about the millennium in double-quick time. Mr. Collins' most readable book is supplemented by a number of speeches, germane to the history, delivered at various times and places by Lord Lorne. In a future issue we hope to give a fuller notice of the work—despite the assurance of Mr. Collins (in his review of the literature of the period covered) that no literature other than such as is devoted to horse-racing or sculling gets more than "two inches solid" of notice in the Canadian press.

A POPULAR HISTORY OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA. By the Rev. H. Withrow, M.A., D.D. Toronto: William Briggs.

This new edition, which has not undergone so careful a revision as was desirable, brings the history down to the year 1892. Of illustrations of varying merit there is a profusion, the aim being to make the work what it purports to be—a popular history of the country.

THE MACEDONIAN CRY. By the Rev. John Lathern. Toronto: William Briggs, 78 and 80 King Street East.

This book is a "plea for missions"—"a voice from the lands of Brama and Buddha, Africa, and Isles of the Sea," and the author is above all things exceedingly in earnest. He at once enlists the sympathies of his readers in behalf of uncivilized heathendom by a description of Oriental religious systems, and by showing their results, after which he makes a powerful appeal for aid to Protestant missions. Of these latter he gives an interesting account, and upon what has been done bases an estimate of the good that might be effected did he inspire his readers with the same zeal as he is evidently imbued with himself.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

GEORGE ELIOT'S posthumous "Essays and Leaves from a Note-Book" are to be published by Harper Brothers.

It is now said that Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, jr., is the author of the charming romance "Those Pretty St. George Girls."

It would appear that the gods would destroy Mr. Ruskin. His latest eccentricity was to dub Mr. Gladstone "an old wind-bag!"

THE subject of the last *Art Interchange* extra coloured study supplement is "Marguerite," an ideal head, produced in most charming tints.

MESSRS. PUTNAM have ready a new edition—the fourth—of their "Globe Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World." A strong recommendation of this work is its convenient size.

THE *Toronto World*, after being suspended for some days, has taken a fresh, and we hope a long, lease of life. Our bright breakfast-table contemporary, by the law of survival of the fittest, ought to have a useful future before it.

MR. H. S. HOWLAND, JR., read a very interesting paper on "The Art of Etching" in the Canadian Institute, Toronto, on Saturday night. After describing the fascinations of etching, Mr. Howland gave a graphic history of the progress of the art and an account of the *modus operandi* of reproduction. By the kindness of Mr. Jardine, the reader was enabled to show his hearers a number of etchings by various masters.

THE May number of *Outing* and *the Wheelman* is decidedly the best so far. Cyclists will read with interest an account of the great Canada bicycle tour last year, as also Mr. Marsh's account of his tricycle run over the Alps. Yachting and canoeing are assigned due place, and fishing, photography, story and poesy each in turn are treated in an intelligent and interesting manner. Withal, there is a wealth of capital illustrations.

JAMES R. OSGOOD and Co., of Boston, announce a strong list of works whose appearance will be awaited with interest. Amongst others we note the "Complete Pocket-Guide to Europe," "Over the Border," a volume of sketches by Mr. Howells, entitled "Three Villages," "Song and Story," by Edgar Fawcett, Mr. Grant's "Average Man," a new book by "Uncle Remus," Henry Irving's "Impressions of America," "Tinkling Cymbals," "The Battle of Stone's River" (a valuable military work), an edition of Rolfe's "Students' Tennyson," two new editions of Scott's "Lady of the Lake," etc.

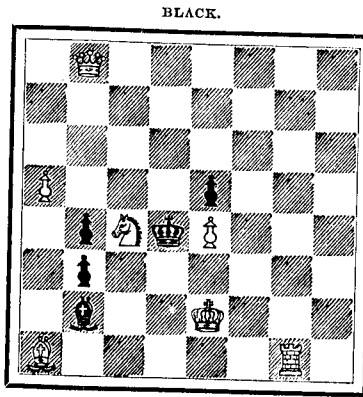
THE *May Magazine of American History* is a very good number. An historical paper by John Esten Cooke on the "Virginia Declaration of Independence," accompanied by about twenty illustrations, is well worthy special attention. "The Cherokees were Probably Mound-Builders"—at least so thinks Dr. Cyrus Thomas. Fred G. Mather writes interestingly on "Slavery in the Colony and State of New York," and the editor has a contribution about "William III. of England." Other subjects are "The Great Seal of the Council of New England," Mr. Dr. Lancey's "Notes," "Private Intelligence Papers," "Minor Topics," etc. It is not surprising to read the publishers' announcement that this magazine is "growing on the public with every issue."

CHESS.

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

PROBLEM No. 6.

By E. H. E. EDDIS (Toronto Chess Club).

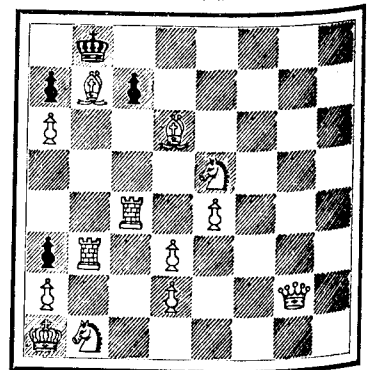


BLACK.

White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 7.

By C. W. PHILLIPS.



BLACK.

White to play and sui-mate in five moves.

SOLUTION TO END GAME NO. 1.

- |                               |                |                            |                  |
|-------------------------------|----------------|----------------------------|------------------|
| BLACK.                        | 1. R Kt 3      | 7. Kt K 1 (nothing better) | 7. R R 7         |
| 2. Kt takes B P!              | 2. K Q 2       | 8. K Kt 1                  | 8. R R 8         |
| 3. P Kt 4 (best)              | 3. P takes P   | 9. R B 1                   | 9. Kt B 6 ch     |
| 4. P R 5 (best)               | 4. P Kt 6      | 10. K B 2                  | 10. Kt takes R P |
| 5. Kt R 4 (best)              | 5. R K R 3     | 11. R R 1                  | 11. P Kt 7       |
| 6. Kt K Kt 2 (nothing better) | 5. R takes R P |                            |                  |

We have not space to give the many variations of this play which are possible, but if our readers will carefully study the position we believe they will come to the same conclusion that we have reached, viz., that after 1. R Kt 3, with best play on both sides, Black will win.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 2.

1. B Q 5 2. Mates acc.  
Correct solutions received from E. B. G., Montreal; F. W. M., Detroit; W. H. M., London

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 3.

1. B Q 8 2. Kt K B 6 3. Mate acc.  
Correct solutions received from E. B. G., Montreal; Senex, Ottawa; F. W. M., Detroit.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. B. G., Montreal.—Your's received. Correct. Thanks. Can you not do something yourself in the desired direction. J. MacM., Ottawa.—Your solution of No. 1 is not correct. After 2. Q takes P ch, 2. B B 4, how do you mate? D. J. W., Brantford.—Thanks. Hope you will be successful.

GAME NO. 4.

Played at the Wiesbaden Congress, 1871.

IRREGULAR.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Dr. Göring.	Herr Minckwitz.	Dr. Göring.	Herr Minckwitz.
1. P Q 4	1. P K B 4	11. K Q 2	11. Q takes R (c)
2. P K 4	2. P takes P	12. Kt B 6 (ch)	12. K B 2 (d)
3. Kt Q B 3	3. Kt K B 3	13. Q Kt 8 (ch)	13. K takes Kt (e)
4. B K Kt 5	4. P K 3 (a)	14. Q takes B ch (f)	14. K Kt 4
5. B takes Kt	5. Q takes B	15. P K B 4 ch	15. K Kt 5
6. Kt takes P	6. Q Kt 3	16. B K 2 ch	16. K R 6
7. B Q 3 (b)	7. Q takes P	17. Q R 6 ch	17. K Kt 7
8. Q R 5 ch	8. P Kt 3	18. Q Kt 5 ch	18. K takes P
9. Q K 5	9. Q takes R	19. B B 3	19. Q K B 8
10. Q takes R	10. Q takes Kt ch		

NOTES ABRIDGED FROM NEUE BERLINER SCHACHZEITUNG.

- (a) The proper play is 4. P B 3. Then after 5. B takes Kt, 5. K P takes B, 6. Kt takes P, Steinitz's move 6. Q Kt 3 gives Black the better game.  
(b) White's method of attack is very spirited and pretty.  
(c) After this move the game cannot be saved. By 11. Q takes R P, Black possibly would have escaped by very careful play; but the chances in his favour justified the sacrifices he has risked.  
(d) If 12. K K 2 White forces mate in a few moves by Kt Q 5 ch! P takes Kt 14. Q takes R P ch! against 13. Q takes R P ch, Black might escape with a draw by 13. K Q 1, whereas now the ch at K R 4 is open in reply to that move.  
(e) 13. K K 2 would be followed by 14. Kt Q 5 ch, as in preceding note.  
(f) White, whose play has been brilliant, here overlooked the shortest course: 15. P R 4 ch 15. K Kt 5! 16. B K 2 ch 16. K R 6, 17. Q B 3 ch, and mates in two more moves.

NEWS ITEMS.

MR. W. BOULTBEE has won the 2nd prize in the Championship Tourney T. C. C. CAMBRIDGE won the Inter-University match by a score of 5½ to Oxford's 4½.

PRINCE LEOPOLD ON CHESS.

Reference having lately been made in these columns to the late Prince Leopold's patronage of chess, we now reproduce a portion of a speech delivered by H. R. H. when presenting the prizes at the 55th Anniversary of the Birkbeck Literary and Scientific Association some years ago. He said:—"I notice that in what is called the Miscellaneous Department of your curriculum you provide instruction in the game of chess. This is not the most obviously practical of your subjects, but it has struck me that even those, if any there be, who desire to limit their education to this branch alone, may learn some not unimportant lessons of life from the manner in which you teach it. Particular attention, I see your programme says, is paid to the study of the openings. Now is it not true that in life as in chess it is often the opening, and the opening only, which is under your control? Later in the game the plans and wishes of others begin to conflict unpleasantly with our own. Sometimes it is as much as we can do to avoid being checkmated altogether. But for the first few moves we are free. We can deploy our pieces to the best advantage; we can settle on the action that best suits our power, and we sometimes find it will repay us to sacrifice a pawn or a piece so as to gain at once a position which will give us a decided advantage throughout the whole game. Does not this remind us of early life? Must we not often be content to sacrifice some pawn of pre-emptive pleasure or profit to gain a vantage ground which may help us to success, which self-indulgence could never have won?"

THE CHAMPIONSHIP TOURNEY OF THE TORONTO CHESS CLUB.

This interesting tourney which is now practically concluded, has during the winter attracted great attention in chess circles in Toronto. The close run between the leaders kept up the excitement till the last moment. There can be little doubt of the value of such contests in improving the play of the members. They keep up a spirit of generous rivalry among them, which goes far toward ensuring the success of such an organization. We append the full score.

TORONTO CHESS CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP TOURNEY—1ST CLASS.

PLAYERS.	Phillips.	Boulbee.	Freeland	Gordon.	Eddis.	Gibson.	Meyers.	Games won
Phillips.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	9
Boulbee.....	1 0	0 1	1 1	1 1	1 0	0 0	1 1	8½
Freeland.....	0 0	0 1	1 0	1 1	1 1	1 1	1 1	7 (one to play)
Gordon.....	0 0	0 0	0 *	.....	1 ½	0 1	1 1	4½ (one to play)
Eddis.....	0 0	½ 1	0 0	0 ½	.....	1 1	1 0	5
Gibson.....	1 1	0 0	1 0	1 0	0 0	.....	0 0	4
Meyers.....	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0*	0 1	1 1	.....	3
Games lost.....	3	3½	4	6½	7	8	9	

\* 2nd game unfinished.

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173 CHURCH ST., TORONTO, and consult the Surgeons of the International Throat and Lung Institute, the medicines alone to be paid for. If unable to call write for particulars and treatment, which can be sent by express to any address. DR. M. SOUVIELLE, ex-Aide Surgeon French Army.

WHAT IS CATARRH ?

From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15. Catarrh is a muco-purulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite amoeba in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favourable circumstances, and these are:—Morbid state of the blood, as the blighted corpuscle of ulcer, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxo-mosa, from the retention of the effeted matter of the skin, suppressed perspiration, badly ventilated sleeping apartments, and other poisons that are germinated in the blood. These poisons keep the internal lining membrane of the nose in a constant state of irritation, ever ready for the deposit of the seeds of these germs, which spread up the nostrils and down the fauces, or back of the throat, causing ulceration of the throat; up the eustachian tubes, causing deafness; burrowing in the vocal cords, causing hoarseness; usurping the proper structure of the bronchial tubes, ending in pulmonary consumption and death.

Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distressing disease by the use of inhalants and other ingenious devices, but none of these treatments can do a particle of good until the parasites are either destroyed or removed from the mucous tissue. Some time since a well-known physician of forty years' standing, after much experimenting, succeeded in discovering the necessary combination of ingredients which never fail in absolutely and permanently eradicating this horrible disease, whether standing for one year or forty years. Those who may be suffering from the above disease, should, without delay, communicate with the business managers,

Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King St. West, Toronto, Canada, and inclose stamp for their treatise on Catarrh

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

Oakland, Ont., Canada, March 17, '83. Messrs. A. H. Dixon & Son: DEAR SIRS,—Yours of the 13th instant to hand. It seems almost too good to be true that I am cured of Catarrh, but I know that I am. I have had no return of the disease, and never felt better in my life. I have tried so many things for Catarrh, suffered so much and for so many years, that is hard for me to realize that I am really better. I consider that mine was a very bad case; it was aggravated and chronic, involving the throat as well as the nasal passages, and I thought I would require the three treatments, but I feel fully cured by the two sent me, and I am thankful that I was ever induced to send to you. You are at liberty to use this letter stating that I have been cured at two treatments, and I shall gladly recommend your remedy to some of my friends who are sufferers. Yours, with many thanks, REV. E. B. STEVENSON.

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PREPARATION FOR HARVARD, OXFORD and CAMBRIDGE (Eng.), and for Wellesley, Lady Margaret Hall and Girton Colleges for Women, by E. R. HUMPHREYS, LL.D., by separate, personal teaching, 7 pupils. Vacancy for one pupil in place of one who has just left to enter Oxford. Attention is invited to these facts:—1. Dr. Humphreys has successfully prepared for Harvard, in 16 years 131 candidates. 2. In each of the present four classes there are members in good standing prepared by him. 3. Five of his former pupils will graduate next June, all creditably, one in High Honors. 4. During the same period he has prepared for various Examinations at Oxford and Cambridge 17 students. 5. And for other American and English Colleges 25 in all. Dr. H. gives lessons in Greek and Latin composition and criticism by correspondence. For circular, address E. R. HUMPHREYS, LL.D., 129 West Chester Park, Boston, Mass. February 25th, 1884.

READ THE EXCHANGE & MART. OUT ON SATURDAY, THE NEW ILLUSTRATED FAMILY AND SPORTING PAPER COMBINED. The Poultry Yard, The Kennel, The Library, The Garden, Woman's Work, Sports and Pastimes, etc., etc. OFFICE - 23 ADELAIDE ST. EAST. Subscription - \$1.50 - per annum. ESTABLISHED 1859. 364 Yonge Street.

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MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY For May, 1884. CONTENTS: PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM III. OF ENGLAND. Frontispiece. THE VIRGINIA DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE. A group of Virginia Statesmen. John Estlin Cooke. Illustrations.—The Old Raleigh Tavern—Portrait of Benjamin Harrison—Apollo Room of the Raleigh Tavern—Berkeley, Residence of Benjamin Harrison—Old Capitol, the Focus of Rebellion in Virginia.—The Old Stove in America.—The Speaker's Chair—Portrait of Edmund Pendleton—Portrait of Patrick Henry—Seat of Patrick Henry—Portrait of Thomas Nelson, Jr.—Portrait of George Mason—Gunston Hall, Home of George Mason—Portrait of Colonel Archibald Cary—Portrait of Richard Henry Lee—Portrait of James Madison—Portrait of Edmund Randolph—Portrait of Thos. Jefferson. CHEROKEES PROBABLY MOUND-BUILDERS. CYRUS THOMAS, Ph. D. SLAVERY IN THE COLONY AND STATE OF NEW YORK. Frederic G. Mather. WILLIAM III. OF ENGLAND; His Influence on America. Editor. THE GREAT SEAL OF THE COUNCIL FOR NEW ENGLAND. James P. Baxter. ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS: Sir Henry Clinton's Original Secret Record of Private Daily Intelligence. Contributed by Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet. Introduction and Notes, by Edward F. De Lancey. Chapter VIII. (Begun in October.) MINOR TOPICS: The Soldier's Homeward Voyage—A Thrilling Experience at the close of the late Civil War, by R. G. Dill. Aaron Burr at Quebec, by James Parton. Letter from William Morton Fullerton. NOTES: Philena—The Zero of Baptismal Names—Governor Hutchinson—Gordon's History—Reverend Stephen Johnson. QUERIES: Oliver Brown—Plates in National Portrait Gallery. REPLIES: Webster Chowder (1)—Webster Chowder (2)—Webster Chowder (3)—Mrs. Webster Made the Chowder—Webster Chowder (4)—Flags of the Revolution—First Piece of Artillery. HISTORICAL SOCIETIES—BOOK NOTICES. Sold by newsdealers everywhere. Terms, \$5 a year, or 50 cents a number. PUBLICATION OFFICE - 30 Lafayette Place, NEW YORK CITY.

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