

THE WEEK:

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The Week.

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY AND LITERATURE.

Edited by W. PHILIP ROBINSON.

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TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

LORD DUFFERIN is a man of much tact and address; the speeches which he elaborately composes are in grace and felicity worthy of the pains which he bestows upon them; he has inherited a true touch of Sheridan's genius; his social popularity is universal, and in the art of flattery he is unrivalled. But whatever may be his gifts, his achievements have not yet been extraordinary. As Governor-General of a Colony he had only to accept the guidance of his constitutional advisers; in Russia he had nothing to do, and in Egypt, so far as appears, he did nothing; for the system of government which he framed for that country came at once and totally to the ground. At Constantinople he is believed to have shown high diplomatic skill, but we may be sure his chief in England retained throughout, through the telegraph, the supreme control of the negotiations. While, therefore, it would be easy to understand a very favourable reception of his appointment to the Viceroyalty of India, it is not easy to understand this unparalleled outburst of eulogy and jubilation. Perhaps the explanation may partly be found in the fact that no man cultivates more assiduously and skilfully than Lord Dufferin friendly relations with the press. He has managed to turn it into one vast sounding-board of his praise. Unfortunately we have had practical proof enough of the difference between a press-made reputation and one of a more genuine kind. General Wyndham in England, and General Sickles in the United States, were press-made heroes. The first was the only British General who was defeated by the Sepoy Mutineers, and the second by his presumptuous incapacity nearly caused the loss of the battle of Gettysburg. A crisis like the mutiny would show of what metal Lord Dufferin is really made. It is to be hoped, however, that he will not be tempted to create for himself opportunities of distinction by dangerous dealings with the native powers of which suggestions have been thrown out, or in any other way. Those who, like our contributor, Mr. Riach, know India well, are unanimous in thinking that what she needs is rest, while the measures of improvement already inaugurated are receiving a fair trial. Lord Dufferin's taste will be thoroughly gratified by the pageantry of an office which is now, in the magnificence of its trappings, almost unrivalled in the world. With this, and with the safe exercise of his social and rhetorical gifts, if he is wise he will be content. So say all those who are best qualified to judge.

WHETHER the Federal Government win or lose in the license case, now before the Supreme Court, the result is almost certain to prove that it would have been better if Parliament had not passed the Act which is the occasion of dispute. A marked tendency of the time is to exalt localism into patriotism, to place the Province before the country, and to deny that one who prefers the interests of the whole country to those of a part can be a patriot. Devotion to local interests, when kept within rational bounds, is laudable; but when the lesser is magnified so as to make a part look larger than the whole, the folly and delusion of the game are evident. But the excesses of localism are not to be checked by the Federal Legislature trenching upon what, by common consent, would, if no political passion had been aroused, be recognized as its own special domain. The granting of tavern licenses has hitherto been an exercise of local authority; and when the General Legislature steps in and supercedes the authority of the Provincial Legislatures, its action is naturally stigmatized as centralization. Parliament, in passing the License Act, may be found not to have acted without due authority; but in view of the irritation which its intervention was certain to produce, it would be difficult to justify the introduction of the measure on grounds of policy. The causes of the strained relations between the Provinces and the Federal authority do not all come from one side; the spirit of conciliation has been wanting on both sides, and its absence has not been less conspicuous on the side of the Provinces. Should the Federal Parliament be declared to have exceeded its authority, the rebuff will be thrown in its face whenever a question of doubtful jurisdiction comes up; and if it should prove victor in the courts, a demand for an alteration of the constitution, in favour of the Provinces, would almost certainly be made. It would be unworthy of Parliament to cower at the prospect of an agitation of this kind if its right to act in the premises were clear and some certain evil would follow its inaction. But the right was not clear, and the Provinces might safely have been left to regulate the issue of tavern and shop licenses.

THE contested election of Jacques Cartier has taken a new turn. It is now said that M. Mercier will resume proceedings for the disqualification of Judge Mosseau. Should the threat be carried out, the Conservatives will only have themselves to thank. According to their own story, they first bribed M. Mercier, by whom the proceedings against M. Mosseau were being conducted, to drop the demand for disqualification, and then denounced their alleged partner in the guilt of bribery for allowing them to draw him, by a golden bait, from the path of rectitude. They got a royal commission to enable them the better to expatiate on the enormity of M. Mercier's crime; and they succeeded in proving that if there was bribery in the transaction they were themselves the bribers. But if, as his accusers' story goes, M. Mercier was induced to show clemency to a political adversary for a consideration, he does not feel disposed to observe a truce which the other side has broken. M. Mosseau's bill, after being agreed to and paid, is stigmatized as proof that justice had been sold. But if his adversaries have had their revenge, M. Mercier declares that he, in turn, will have his: as it is represented as a fault in him to have bargained not to push the demand for disqualification, he will rectify that error by retracing his steps and asking the court to disqualify M. Mosseau to be elected a member of the Legislature of Quebec. But M. Mosseau is no longer in a position to be elected to the Legislature, and disqualification could not affect him otherwise than by the stigma it would attach as a memorial of his political career. The petitioner refuses to aid M. Mercier to satisfy the exigencies of party revenge; and M. Mercier declares that he will seek out another petitioner. And this threat brings into relief the methods sometimes followed in election protests. M. Mercier, besides being counsel for the petitioner, was also practically the petitioner himself in the first instance. He brought an elector to his office, induced him to become petitioner, and paid him \$20 for expenses, though it was not certain the petitioner had expended that amount. He afterwards brought the proceedings to a sudden close, on receiving from the opposite party an amount considerably larger than his taxable costs. Disqualification being abandoned, the petitioner will not now agree to its resumption. M.

Mercier threatens to find a new petitioner. This may be allowable in a political case, but it is running near the wind; and outside the political arena an attorney would not be allowed practically to make himself the plaintiff in suits of a speculative character. And there must be some limit to which the practice will be allowed to be carried even in political cases.

BACK from the Rocky Mountains have come the hundred members of the British Association who ventured so far, full of hope for the future of the vast prairie country over which they passed. On his return to Winnipeg, Sir Richard Temple, in a public lecture, stated his impressions of the capabilities of the country of which he had made such examination as is possible on a flying railway visit. From Winnipeg to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, his impression was, "There was hardly a foot of ground that did not seem capable of being converted to human use." He had the assurance of the botanical members of the party that the soil was well suited for agriculture. The pasturage was good, and the grass nutritious and green. The finest of vegetables were grown along the line of railway. Speaking for his fellow excursionists, Sir Richard said they had been profoundly impressed with the excellence of the country. The theory which had been current in England that wheat could not be grown at the altitude of Calgary, two thousand feet above the sea, had been contradicted by the fact; and even at Conmore, three thousand five hundred feet above the sea level, it was found to grow. To the lignite, which is excellent of its kind and abundant in quantity, the lecturer did not assign a high value as fuel; but it could be made excellent fuel by being mixed with bituminous coal. The climate, dreaded in England on account of its severity, was so tempered by the Chinook winds, in the neighbourhood of the mountains, that an Englishman would not experience much change from the temperature of his own country. But a difference he would find; he would find the temperature lower and the air drier. When Sir Richard Temple expressed the opinion that "no landed proprietary should be allowed" in the North-West, he meant a landed proprietary who live on rents and form a class distinct from the tillers of the soil. That the soil should be kept out of the hands of speculators, and that it is unwise to grant large areas in the aid of railway construction, he may be right in thinking; but the danger of large quantities of land remaining in the hands of individuals, in the infancy of settlement, is very small. Where to-day are the vast estates of the heirs of Penn or Lord Baltimore, or of any other of the court favourites who were the recipients of royal charters which gave a right to the soil? If we search from Florida to Nova Scotia, where the possessors of these charters once claimed nearly all the soil, not one of them will be found. In the infancy of the Republic, the United States Government offered the Western lands at auction before any one could buy at private sale. There are instances of individuals becoming possessed of a million acres; but scarcely one of them was able to retain these large possessions during his life-time, and to-day it is doubtful whether the descendants of one of them have received by inheritance an area equal to that of the Bell farm. The danger of the accumulation of land in the hands of large proprietors, if danger there be, is at the other end of the line: it begins with the accumulation of capital, and if we had no North-West, it would soon have begun to show itself in Ontario. Still injury may be done by sales of land to speculators and large grants to railway companies. But the answer to his objection Sir Richard Temple himself supplies. He admits that without the land grant the Canadian Pacific Railway could not have been constructed. And what is true of the main line is likely to be true of the branches.

WHAT political ideas did the sight of the wide expanse of prairie country suggest to the minds of the hundred scientists who travelled over it? M. Desjardins, M.P., who accompanied them and had an excellent opportunity to learn their opinions, submitted to the inevitable interviewer at Montreal, and told what he knew about the political opinions of his fellow travellers. Some of them saw in this vast country, capable in their opinion of becoming the granary of England, reasons in favour of Imperial Federation, if reasons they can be called. "In vain," says M. Desjardins, "I told that this would be unacceptable to Canadians; they insisted on looking at the matter solely from the English point of view, and thinking Federation desirable because it could be made advantageous to England" (*L'Angleterre y trouverait son profit*). M. Desjardins' preference for a diplomatic relation was rejected by those with whom he conversed. Some expressed the opinion that the Canadian representation in the House of Commons would be useful as a counterpoise to the Home Rulers. The reason for desiring the presence of a Canadian representation in the House of Commons is not flattering to Canada, and if the experi-

ment were made there is no certainty that it would succeed. A representation which, in the Canadian House of Commons, unanimously and unasked, offered advice in favour of Home rule in Ireland, could not be relied on as a counterpoise to Home rule in the British House of Commons. M. Desjardins is of opinion that, on the return of the members of the British Association who took a special interest in politics, they will become pronounced advocates of Imperial Federation. In taking that line, they will be quite within the limits of their right; but they will, doubtless, remember that their opinions are their own, and not those of Canada. Here individuals may be found to coincide in these views, which were probably held by only a limited number of our late visitors. England draws food from all countries which can supply it on the best terms, and will continue to do so, without reference to nationality; and the Canadian Pacific, as a means of reaching China and Japan, whatever use it may be to her, can be utilized without Imperial Federation as well as with it. Imperial Federation is in the clouds, and neither Mr. Forster nor Lord Rosebery has ventured to let fly the Franklin kite by which the experiment of bringing it down to the earth may be tried.

CO-EDUCATION in University College may perhaps be described as transition in a state of momentary suspense. The Legislative Assembly has indicated a desire that the experiment of co-education should be tried; but it has not passed any Act to carry its wishes into effect, or made any appropriation by which the necessary accommodation could be provided. It did not go beyond a resolution; and a resolution, while it is a direction to the executive, is not law for any one else. The college authorities would no doubt feel it their duty to act upon any instructions which the Government might give; but beyond communicating the resolution of the Legislature, the Government, knowing the absence of accommodation for female students, has done nothing. In this state of matters, intemperate threats are made that female students will be forced upon the college; threats the attempt to execute which would bring deeper discredit on their author, if possible, than the threats themselves. If we are to have co-education, let us not commence it by a display of physical force, after the fashion of bruiser Heenan or Tom Sayers. A physical force demonstration would not alter the present aspect of the matter; for Professor Wilson is practically powerless to act without instructions from the Government, by which alone the change could be effected.

THE Provincial Exhibition of Ontario for the year 1884 has not been a success. But its friends are congratulating themselves that it has not stooped to court success by an alliance with the circus. This slap at the great local fairs is not altogether unmerited. People will seek after amusement; and there can be no objection to amusements being carried on in a city in which a fair is being held; but it would be better if the great industrial exhibitions were kept distinct from the side shows. The Provincial Exhibition can at least claim to be father of the great exhibitions which, in several cities, are fast eclipsing and superseding it. Rivals of the Provincial they may be, but they are none the less its heirs; and in them the Provincial will live after its individual existence is closed. Some of its friends think that the Legislature should increase the annual grant to the Provincial as a means of trying to revive its relative importance; but it would, perhaps, be better to recognize the fact that it has had its day, and that the purposes for which it was called into existence can now be better served by younger and more vigorous rivals which have already become established on their own merits and without the aid of legislative grants.

NOTHING can be more natural than the desire of the United States Government to extend its trade with South and Central America. As a means of getting a basis on which to discuss proposals for reciprocity treaties with these countries, a commission has been appointed and will at once proceed to Mexico. The President was of opinion that it would be undesirable for Congress to authorize representatives of the United States to take part in a congress of these powers until means had been taken to find out what they were likely to do, and a plan of action had been settled at Washington. The desire of the Government, as stated by Secretary Frelinghuysen, is that the reciprocity treaties to be formed should exclude from the free list whatever would come into competition with American products and manufactures, and that they should secure to the United States the coasting trade of these countries and the free navigation of their rivers and lakes. The United States, in turn, would be willing to reduce the duties on coffee and sugar. An arrangement of this kind might be made mutually advantageous, but care would have to be taken not to sin against "the most favoured nation" clause in pre-existing treaties. The delusion to which Congress gave way, when it

enjoined the monthly coinage of an amount of silver for which there is no adequate demand, reappears in another form in the Secretary's letter. The desire is expressed that Central and South America should agree with the United States "upon a common silver coin of some definite standard, which should be current in all the countries of this continent." The States of Central and South America being, like the United States, producers of silver, are assumed to have a common interest in an attempt to increase the value of that metal. But it is more than improbable that such an increase of value can be brought about by an artificial contrivance of this kind. The real object, stripped of all disguise, is to force silver into circulation at more than its real value. If all these countries produce silver in excess of their own wants, none of them requires to import any from the others, and a common coin for general circulation, as a means of employing the product of the mines would, by over-filling the channels of circulation, depreciate this metal instead of appreciating it. As the cheaper currency of the two—nobody will pay in a dear currency when a cheap one will answer as well—the silver would drive out the gold, and all these countries, including the United States, would be brought to a silver standard. The Washington Government, if it would look closely into the history of an experiment similar to that now suggested and tried in the early days of the Republic, would find conclusive reasons against the course which Secretary Frelinghuysen recommends Central and South America to enter upon in company with the United States.

A NEW coal combination, to go into force on the first of January, is reported to have been formed by the producers of anthracite in the United States. A Philadelphia journal estimates that the old combination had the effect of compelling every consumer to pay a tax to the combined monopoly of two dollars a ton. Anthracite coal is not known to exist in the old States in inexhaustible quantities; and that is a reason why it ought not to be wastefully dealt with. The possessors of the mines are more than private owners: they are, in one sense, trustees: a gift of nature, limited in quantity, and essential to many of the purposes of life, has come under their control. In checking any tendency to waste, on the part of the public, while giving out abundant supplies for all necessary purposes, they would be justified. But the monopoly prices exacted have no such plea of justification; their only object is to bring inordinate profits. Without interfering with the rights of property, some regulations might be framed for the production and sale of coal by which the interests of the public would be protected. But the time to make them would be when the Government disposed of the mines. As a condition of the sale, the imposing of any reasonable conditions would be perfectly justifiable; and the public would be protected from imposition, which, in the case of the poor, is sometimes equal to a sentence of death.

"BYSTANDER" ON CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS.

A CALAMITY, for nothing less can it be called, has befallen the country. Amidst all the corruption and debasement of politics we have hitherto enjoyed, in British Canada at least, the inestimable blessing of a respectable and trusted judiciary. This was the saving feature of our system. Party, while it prostituted, sold, and profaned everything else, had so far, in some tolerable measure, refrained from the abuse of judicial appointments. Members of the party in power had been generally selected, but always with a reasonable regard for their qualifications. Sir John Macdonald had voluntarily or unvoluntarily used every other sort of patronage without exception for party objects. To satisfy the evil claims of his adherents, he had not shrunk from bestowing his patronage so as to reduce a branch of the legislature to impotence and degradation. But there was one bright spot in his otherwise dark record. He had spared the judiciary, and had seemed to take pride in being able to say that, though he was compelled to yield to the importunities of faction in all other departments, his care in the appointments of judges proved that regard for the interest and the honour of the country was still the ruling principle in his own heart. He had even won the applause of all good citizens by promoting to the Bench an eminent lawyer of the opposite party. But now it seems the judiciary has gone with the Senate and every other part of the Minister's trust into the common fund of corruption. Judicial appointments are beginning to be used not merely as rewards for eminent partisans in the legal profession, which was endurable though not desirable, but directly for the purchase of votes. The special motive for the appointment of Mr. Rose was too probably the hope of propitiating a powerful church. That appointment, however, though not recommended by professional distinction of the highest order, was perfectly respectable. But the last appointment,

the political motive of which is unmistakable, is pronounced by the whole profession, not excepting the warmest political friends of Sir John Macdonald, in itself improper and such as cannot fail to diminish the respect of the people for the Bench and to shake their confidence in the administration of public justice. This is done in Canada, while in England things are taking the very opposite course, and judges are now generally appointed for professional merit only, without regard to party. We point the finger of reprobation at the elective judiciary of the United States. But to what has that system led worse than the use of a judgeship by a party government for the purchase of the Catholic vote? It is true that the salaries of the Canadian judges are too small, and that this makes it difficult to induce the leaders of the Bar to take judgeships; but for this the Prime Minister is himself responsible, since he has refused to propose an increase of the salaries; and even with the present salaries it must be possible to get reputable men if not to get the best; it must be possible at all events to refrain from using the appointments for the purpose of political corruption. And now let everybody take note of the great service which Party renders the commonwealth as the vigilant guardian of public interests and the inflexible censor of ministerial misdeeds. Here was the most patent and flagrant of all wrongs done by the Government to the community: the Profession and society were ringing with it: what did the organs of the opposition say? They dared not say one word. Their party holds power in this Province by a compact with the very influence which has inflicted on us this injury. Young men, about whose attachment to "Liberalism" so much has of late been said and sung, if your hearts are really true to Canada, instead of trailing in party processions, be "Liberals" indeed and come over to the side of the country.

THE New York *Herald* is nothing if not sensational, and at present there is an unusual demand in the American market for intelligence unfavourable to England. This may partly account for the alarming reports of a European league against British aggrandizement. Only the correspondent of the *Herald* is admitted to the meetings of Emperors; but the progress of Nihilism, Communism, and Anarchism furnishes to the uninitiated a sufficient explanation at all events of the Conference at Warsaw, without supposing the existence of dark designs against Great Britain or any other nation. England being still regarded on the Continent as rather a Conservative power, Emperors threatened by the revolutionary dagger are not likely to be plotting her overthrow. Bismarck's enemy is France, and it is hardly probable that he wishes to provide her with the alliance of the greatest maritime power in the world. German exasperation against England has its source in the jealousy caused by an apparent leaning of the British Government to the French connection, which is in a fair way to be effectually removed. The German settlement on the coast of Africa, though it may have caused some embarrassment, will scarcely be allowed to produce a quarrel. Danger to a certain extent there is, but it is on the side of France. It was naturally supposed that after the Franco-German War the enmity of France would be diverted from England, its immemorial object, to Germany. But this expectation has not been fulfilled. The sentiment with which France regards Germany is fear, which will prevent a renewal of the war on her part, in spite of all the bluster about revenge and all the hanging of wreaths on the statue of Strasbourg in the Place de la Concorde. Her hatred of England remains unabated, or rather has been increased by the consciousness that her ancient rival is the witness of her humiliation. It has now been brought to a head by the Egyptian embroglio, and by the comments of the British press on the unprincipled filibustering of France in the East. The feeling between the two countries is no doubt highly inflamed, and when feeling is highly inflamed, disputes, such as the interference of France with British interests in China may breed, are not easily brought to an amicable termination. The panic outcry about the state of the British navy will of course encourage French insolence. On the other hand, the French know that their own army is in a very bad state; there is a deficit in their finances; and the people who bleed and pay by no means equal the journalists and the demagogues in their passion for war. It is possible that the willingness of Canada to go into a European war on the side of Great Britain and the strength of her armaments may be put to the proof, but in spite of all the angry uproar and the shower of literary projectiles the chances are the other way.

SINCE the last of these papers went to press the evidence in the Blaine scandal case has received a serious addition in the shape of a fresh instalment of the "Mulligan Letters." Demagogism is an evil trade; the man who engages in it is pretty sure to be unscrupulous; if he is poor the chances are that he will take some questionable mode of escaping from poverty; we

must be content if success makes him respectable, and practice, with regard to the early history of a political career, the judicious blindness which the adage recommends with regard to the mysteries of the kitchen. Mr. Blaine is now rich enough; ambition, not lucre, is his ruling passion; and there seemed to be little reason to fear that the practices of the needy adventurer would be renewed in the Presidential chair. But this new series of letters throws decidedly a darker hue over his case. It not only substantiates the charges of corruption against him by showing that he did receive large gratuities in payment for the use of his political influence, but proves, or seems to prove, that he has publicly told what can only be designated as downright falsehoods in his attempts to conceal the offence. Worst of all, perhaps, is a draught of a letter denying the damaging facts which he penned and solicited an associate to adopt and address to him as that associate's own that he might use it in his public defence. This is not only falsehood but subornation of falsehood, and of the worst kind. It is difficult to believe that in the breast of the man who could be guilty of it any regard for principle can reside, or that his election to the highest office in the State could fail to act as an announcement to all young men, and especially to all young politicians, that magnetism and success will cover dishonour. It is possible that there may yet be an explanation; but at present Mr. Blaine's chief organ, the *New York Tribune*, only meets the fatal disclosure with impudent bluster and rascally appeals to American prejudice against Great Britain. Mr. Blaine is paying campaign visits to the principal centres, where his unquestionable power as an orator no doubt produces a great effect; and it appears that the special reason for the exertion of his magnetism at Philadelphia is the difficulty experienced by his managers there in collecting a large sum of money which is needed for the purpose of electoral corruption. A precious exhibition this great nation is making of itself before the world! A noble training the political character of its people is undergoing! One thing is certain, and the nervous persons who are always looking for an annexationist under their beds may take note of it to their comfort, that no community which is well advised will ever, if it can help it, join the American Union without requiring, as a condition preliminary to its entrance, the abolition of Presidential elections.

JUDGE NOAH DAVIS, who, in a recent number of the *North American Review*, pleaded for a reform of the Divorce Law in a conservative sense, as the only mode of arresting the disintegration of the family, is answered by Mrs. Cady Stanton, who also pleads for a reform of the Divorce Law, but in the opposite direction. She wants liberty of divorce, universal and entire. Marriage, under the system which she foreshadows, would cease to be anything more than legalized cohabitation, terminable at the wish of either party. In the face of experience, ancient and modern, and of the four thousand applications for divorce which have followed the passing of a Divorce Law in France, she persuades herself that such license of separation would be conducive to the harmony and stability of marriage. The tyrannical husband or the peevish wife, she believes, would be deterred by the fear of a divorce which would always be at the option of the injured partner. She forgets that divorce is sometimes desired as well as feared; that both husbands and wives sometimes form attachments in other quarters, and that wives sometimes have a fancy for living freely on an alimony in Paris. She, with reason, regards the Christian Church as the great upholder of that sacred and indissoluble union which it is her object to abolish. Her feelings have, perhaps, somewhat coloured her interpretation of history when she asserts that Christianity was in its origin, and remained for centuries, polygamous; and that it became monogamous only through its contact with the Greek and Roman civilizations. Christianity, unlike modern revolutions, attacked nothing and changed everything. The union of souls in a double life, depicted by St. Paul, is incompatible with anything but monogamy; and when he ordains that a bishop—that is a president of the congregation—shall be the husband of one wife, he plainly shows what was the ideal towards which from the outset Christianity worked, though it could not disturb society by dissolving polygamous marriages already made. That the marriage in Cana was “polygamous” is a fact which Mrs. Stanton must have derived from private sources: but if it was, Christ by His presence at it no more sanctioned polygamy than He sanctioned arbitrary government by His payment of the tribute money. Roman monogamy under the Empire, by which Mrs. Stanton imagines Christianity to have been schooled, was accompanied by a liberty of divorce so complete that a Roman lady is jocosely described as having ten successive husbands within a month; and the satirist who coarsely called this a legalized adultery, and preferred to it unvarnished prostitution, had not had the opportunity of considering Mrs. Cady Stanton's arguments in its favour. Both at Rome and in Greece the license of concubinage was

boundless. Towards the close of the Middle Ages, the Church, among her other apostacies, had betrayed the sanctity of marriage, at least among the higher classes, by profusely granting to all who chose to purchase it separation on the ground of factitious consanguinity or pre-contract, with permission to remarry. The Lady of Branksome, who figures in “*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*,” among others, made an extensive tour of nuptial beds. Frightened into morality by the Reformation, the Church of Rome has in later times steadily upheld the sanctity of marriage, and she has deserved on this account the gratitude of those who deem Christian wedlock essential to virtue and happiness. Of her policy on this question and other questions respecting the relations between the sexes, she has reaped the fruit in the fecundity of races, such as the Irish and the French-Canadians, which have been specially under her influence, and with the increase of which her power increases at the expense of races which are under influences of a different kind. Judge Davis and others have pointed to the manifest decay of the Anglo-American race as a proof that there was something wrong in the estate of marriage. “Our decreasing families,” replies Mrs. Cady Stanton, “so far from being an evidence of the dying out of maternal love, indicates a higher perception of the dignity and responsibility of motherhood.” Woman, “with her keen sense of moral principles,” is afraid lest she shall add to the number of the criminals, the lunatics, the deaf, dumb and blind, the drunkards, the orphans and the paupers already existing in a world so fearfully mismanaged by the inferior sex. “Is this a life-work worthy our highest ambition, a religious duty for our best powers? The answering echo from every mountain top is, No!” Courtesy bids us believe that this explanation, so awfully enunciated, presents itself to Mrs. Cady Stanton's mind as true. But it at all events involves an admission of the momentous fact that the end of her theories, for any race which practically embraces them, is likely to be extinction.

THE controversy between Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mr. Harrison has been transferred from the monthlies to the dailies. Mr. Herbert Spencer's spirit could not brook for a whole month the imputation of plagiarism from Comte, which, as his antagonist merrily remarks, makes him fume “as if he had been charged with stealing a pair of boots.” Mr. Spencer protests that when he constructed his system of philosophy he had not read Comte. His adversary replies that though he may not have read Comte himself, he was in such constant and familiar intercourse with Mr. Lewes and others who were full of Comte's doctrines, and were engaged in introducing them to the British readers, that he could not fail to be as thoroughly acquainted with the system of “Positive Philosophy” in its main features as if he had read the book. Is it not possible that the controversy might be brought to an end and war averted by inquiring rather more carefully into the nature and real importance of that which is the subject of disputes? What is this “Positivism,” the rival claims to the prior authorship of which are breeding philosophic litigation? Fierce and obstinate battles have been often fought about names by disputants who never asked themselves whether anything corresponded to the name. How does a “positive” view of things differ from a “scientific” or a “sound” view? What is there in “positive” science which there is not in science without the epithet prefixed? Has the term in short any specific meaning, or has it none? If it has none, the contest is for priority in a pleonasm, and can hardly be worth much expenditure of ink. Mr. Herbert Spencer's theory of progress, at all events, is not borrowed from Comte. Comte makes progress depend upon the advance of the human mind, in its mode of interpreting phenomena through three successive stages, the Theological, the Metaphysical, and the Positive. Mr. Herbert Spencer makes it depend upon the operation of a mechanical force which, by gradual differentiation, converts the homogeneous into the heterogeneous; and he has not yet explained why, if all human actions are equally the results of this force, one action is right and another wrong. Neither the theory of Comte nor that of Mr. Spencer is identical with the Darwinian theory of Evolution, which makes progress depend on the survival of the fittest in the continual struggle for existence. Thus philosophy has not yet provided us with a settled creed or a certain criterion for our moral judgments. Evolution itself seems to hang fire. The missing links are not found, and an explanation of the failure to produce them, however plausible, is not so satisfactory as their production. No attempt, it is believed, has yet been made to show that by the mere improvement of accidental variations, through the struggle for existence, nature as we see it, including the faculties and habits of man, could have been generated within any period which reason can assign to the duration of the planets. All the phenomena at present known seem to be compatible at all events with a different hypothesis, such as that of a single creative force, acting under different circumstances and relations, but retaining homological

marks of its identity in all its productions. That the Evolutionary theory is pregnant with momentous truth cannot be doubted; but at present it hangs fire.

THE new history of the Thirty Years' War by Gindely, noticed the other day in *THE WEEK*, recalls to our minds a series of events second in their calamitous effect on the fortunes of the race to nothing but the wars of Napoleon. To say that Germany was devastated by the Thirty Years' Wars would be but a faint expression of the fact. She sank into a gulf of ruin. Three-fourths of her inhabitants perished, with four-fifths of the cattle. Through whole provinces the villages were utterly destroyed, and such of the people as survived were forced to take refuge in dens and caves of the earth. The Germany of Luther, with all its religious and domestic virtues, with all its intellect, its aspirations and its promises of a glorious future, ceased to exist, and nothing was left but a remnant of population with a spirit utterly broken and fitted to be, as for two centuries the Germans were, the slaves of a group of petty despots. And who were the chief authors of all this havoc? The war was truly called the Jesuits' war. The Society of Jesus, as the intriguing and murderous brood of Loyola hideously misnamed itself, was the prime mover in this as it was in the other religious wars and persecutions of Europe during those centuries; and as it was afterwards, through the influence of a Jesuit confessor on Louis XIV and his bigoted wife, of the Dragonnades and the extermination of the Protestants in France. Poland, Sweden, and Holland felt its malignant activity as well as France, Germany, Italy, and England; and when the Jesuits parade the pictures of their martyrs, as they are pleased to style the emissaries of the Order who met their doom in trying to excite a bloody revolution in England, they had better also parade the picture of the poor Dutch serving-maid, Anna Van der Hove, who for her persistence in the Protestant faith was led out between two Jesuit fathers to a field near Brussels, there to be buried alive. The executioner, we are told, covered her with earth up to the waist, when she was once more summoned to renounce her errors; but she refused, and the earth was then piled upon her, the hangman jumping upon it till it was flattened and firm. That Jesuits were privy to the Gunpowder Plot is as certain as it is that they were the soul of the conspiracy for the subversion of English liberty by the hand of James II. Jesuitism is not Roman Catholicism, nor is Roman Catholicism Jesuitism. The great Roman Catholic writers of the Middle Ages are free from Jesuitical as well as from Ultramontane tendencies, however they may be tainted with superstition. From the Roman Catholic author of the Provincial Letters the Order received its mortal wound. By the heads of the Roman Catholic nations in the last century it was for a time suppressed as an incorrigible enemy to civil government. It came to life again after its period of suspended animation with nature entirely unchanged. By its intrigues division was put between the Catholic and Protestant Cantons of Switzerland, the schism of the Sunderbund was brought about and the Confederation was plunged into civil war. Through its malign influence over the devout and frivolous Spanish woman who had become Empress of the French, France was incited to invade Germany, with a promise of treasonable co-operation on the part of the German Jesuits, which when the crisis arrived they happily proved unable to fulfil. No society or organization in history has anything like such a load of crime upon its head. The missions which are the brightest part of its history, even if they had not ended in failure, would be a poor set-off against its bloodguiltiness. At present the Jesuit accommodates his language and his demeanour to the requirements of a civilization which he abhors. But he has repented of nothing and renounced nothing. In the Syllabus and Encyclical penned by his hand are embodied, under the decent veil of philosophical phraseology, the principles which, if the power which he serves were again to become master of the world, would warrant him in demurely escorting another Anna Van der Hove to her living grave. It has been said that everything ought to be tolerated except intolerance. Intolerance itself ought to be tolerated so long as its manifestations are confined to spiritual exclusiveness and ecclesiastical denunciation. What ought not to be tolerated is conspiracy; and any community against which the Jesuit is caught conspiring has a perfect right to follow the example of Switzerland and France by showing him over the frontier. Country he has none except the Papacy, and therefore he can never be an exile.

GINDELY raises of course once more the question respecting the guilt or innocence of Wallenstein, about which there has been as much controversy as about the guilt or innocence of Mary Queen of Scots. He considers himself to have found fresh documentary evidence of Wallenstein's—or as he always calls him, Waldstein's—guilt, but he has not published it, and

he admits that we are bound to reserve our judgment till it shall have appeared. There can be no doubt that the great marshal was a selfishly ambitious and thoroughly unscrupulous man. The foundation of his vast fortune was laid by a mercenary marriage, by getting into his hands in a very equivocal manner a large family inheritance, and by immense purchases of confiscated lands. On this foundation he afterwards reared a still loftier edifice of wealth and power by the still worse method of raising, for the service of the Emperor, armies which he maintained by systematic plunder. That he should have been guilty of treason, therefore, is by no means incredible supposing the temptation to have been sufficient. The majesty which waits on self-created, self-sustained and solitary power, the mystery which surrounds Wallenstein's character and designs, have cast a spell over the judgment of history like that which has been cast over it by the beauty and the misfortunes of Mary Queen of Scots. By resorting to assassination, his enemies hopelessly blackened their own cause: they blackened it all the more deeply by the masses which their coward conscience caused to be sung for his soul; and in damning themselves they half absolved their victim. But apart from sympathy and pending the production of any fresh documents, a sufficient explanation of his fall presents itself without assuming that he was guilty of treason. As a statesman, he belonged like Richelieu and Strafford to that monarchical reaction which was produced and partly justified by the crudity and turbulence of liberty both Protestant and feudal, as possibly some similar reaction may be produced by the communistic and anarchic excesses of the present revolution. As a rule the monarchical was also a religious reactionist, the religion of the priest being evidently congenial to despotism. But Richelieu, though a Prince of the Church, was a statesman pure and simple; he was perfectly willing to tolerate the religious opinions of the Huguenots so long as they did not interfere with his ideal of a highly centralized and regular administration; nor did he shrink from allying himself with Protestant powers when he wanted to humble the House of Austria. Wallenstein, though like every Imperialist a Catholic, was even less of a bigot than Richelieu; his real religion apparently was astrology, which with other forms of divination has so often, at periods of scepticism, filled the void left in the heart by the departure of religious faith. He warred against Protestantism only so far as it was anti-Imperialist, and he was justly suspected by the Catholic Princes of Germany of being as hostile to their political independence as to that of their antagonists in the religious struggle. His aim was a Germany united under Imperial power, of which he would himself be the real wielder, as Richelieu was of that of the French Monarch, as would Strafford, if had succeeded, have been of the power with which he sought to invest the King of England. This he saw could not be compassed without measures of religious pacification which his scepticism made perfectly congenial to him, and which he was evidently prepared to introduce. But here he came into mortal collision with Jesuit confessors and familiars of an Emperor who had himself vowed at the Holy House of Loretto inter-necine hostility to Protestantism, and had proclaimed that he would rather reign over a desert than over an Empire full of heretics. By these advisers, counsels of religious cruelty had all along been breathed into Ferdinand's ear. The mercenaries by whom Wallenstein was murdered could themselves have no motive for the deed; the priests, and above all the Jesuits, had motive enough. Of sentimental loyalty the mighty adventurer was no doubt as devoid as he was of religion: the Empire was to him a gambling table on which he played the game of his insatiate and towering ambition. That he had at last opened communications with his Emperor's enemies, and was throwing himself into their hands is certain: whether this was a move of unprincipled self-aggrandizement, or a desperate measure of self-defence, enforced by the ascendancy of Jesuit influence in the councils of Vienna, the appearance of the promised documents may possibly decide.

A BYSTANDER.

HERE AND THERE.

THE belief that miscellaneous newspaper reading has a demoralizing effect upon the memory and perceptive faculties has not a few adherents. This theory appears to receive some confirmation from the unintelligent deductions which are occasionally drawn from editorial writings—a result probably attributable to a cursory style of reading. A case in point is that of a correspondent to a daily paper, who voices a delusion under which some others apparently labour: that *THE WEEK* upholds the use of ardent liquors—in the phraseology of these critics, that it is “a whiskey organ.” Nothing could be further from the truth. Every person who has intelligently noted the position taken by *THE WEEK* upon this question is aware that whiskey has been held up as the principal contributing cause to drunkenness, and as being worse than valueless as a beverage. Further,

the opinion has been stated in these columns, that the total suppression of the manufacture of whiskey would be of immense benefit to the community. Once made, it is a farce to attempt to prohibit its sale, as all experience shows. What THE WEEK has maintained is, that Prohibition as a panacea for all ills resulting from drinking has been and must be a failure, as it is also an injustice to a specially licensed business, and to those who are not subject to depraved appetites. Numerous as are the attributes of alcohol, it cannot create or develop qualities in those who use it which were absent previous to its being taken.

THE *quidnuncs* are saying that the recent visits of the Hon. L. S. Huntingdon to Toronto and his presence at the Mowat banquet are indications of his return to public life in Canada. Should there prove to be any foundation for this rumour, and Mr. Huntingdon really could be brought again into the Liberal ranks, he would prove a powerful reinforcement to the party, which is sadly in want of additional strength.

WE are assured, on the best authority, that there is no shadow of foundation for the rumour that the editorial control of the *Mail* has changed hands, or that any organic reconstruction of the staff has taken place. Mr. Farrar has returned to the scene of his former labours; but, at any rate for the present, he will merely strengthen the list of writers without taking any part in the management. Doubts of the possible permanence of the arrangement are freely expressed on the street, and the working of the experiment will be watched with curiosity.

A CURIOUS feature in connection with the career of the late Mr. Riorden is that he was the proprietor of the most uncompromising Conservative and the most advanced Radical journals in the Dominion. What an immense drain the sustenance of these organs was upon his resources none but journalists can imagine. No other than an extremely wealthy man could have afforded the speculations. Mr. Riorden was much too good a Conservative and far too sound a business man to have attempted really to assist his "friend, the enemy," on the one hand, or to have divided his attention and capital between two opposing schemes, without some very sufficient motive, on the other. It was generally understood that his second venture was sent out to damage the Liberal journals by commercial opposition, and to discredit them by dragging their shibboleths through the mire, in the hope that his Conservative paper would profit by the warfare. These objects, however, were not attained, the methods employed during Mr. Riorden's sickness being such as to repel the great majority of reputable readers and advertisers. This fact has been realized, and for some time frantic efforts have been made to dispose of the Ishmaelish sheet, but hitherto without success.

THE impression is still prevalent amongst natives of this continent who have not been in England that the average Englishman thinks of Canada as a region of perpetual snow, where civilized man furtively travels from hamlet to hamlet in momentary fear of the Indian's tomahawk, and where wolves and bears are daily shot in principal thoroughfares of the cities. Something very nearly approaching such a state of ignorance did at one time exist in England, but to imagine that this is the case now is to strangely undervalue the labours of the emigration agent and to ignore the statistics of travel between the two countries. That ignorance of Canadian affairs is by no means confined to the British Isles is apparent from the following cutting, taken from the *New York Independent*:—

Sir John Macdonald, the present Premier of Canada, began life as a bootblack. He persuaded a wealthy Canadian girl to elope with him when he was only eighteen, and the influence of her forgiving father ushered him into his career.

And this is fame! Forty years of public life has Sir John Macdonald seen, and during that period he has steadily risen from a briefless barrister to be Premier of a country actually larger than the United States—all of which has, moreover, been told to the world in a book. And yet an influential New York journal could sum up his career in so unflattering and incorrect—not to say brusque—a paragraph.

THE history of Canada has not been one to develop many military heroes. The men to whom this country owes most are the pioneers who, with a bravery far before that born of passion on the battlefield, performed miracles of valour in transforming tracts of desolate and uninhabited country into smiling homesteads giving sustenance to a contented population. At the time when Canada was being opened up there were few pens capable of describing the incidents of the battle so successfully fought by early settlers against natural obstacles; yet without some knowledge of these the historical student could not form an intelligent idea of the national growth. Probably no known book has thrown so much light upon the

backwoods life of early pioneers as "Roughing it in the Bush," the author of which died last week at the ripe age of eighty-two. Mrs. Moodie came of a literary stock, and, with her husband, John Wedderburn Moodie, Esq., 21st Fusiliers, came out to Canada in 1832, settling near Peterborough. When only sixteen years old Miss Susan Strickland began to write juvenile sketches, since which time she published several successful volumes of prose and poetry, in addition to her greatest success, "Roughing It." She was also a constant contributor to the *Montreal Literary Garland*, and edited the *Victoria Magazine*, published at Belleville.

THE persistent manner in which John Bright's opinions upon redistribution are distorted by the Tory press in Canada, as well as in England, shows to what dire straits it is driven to excuse the position of the House of Lords. It is perfectly well known, Mr. Bright has again and again asserted it, and notably in his speech the other day at Manchester, that he has always held extension of the franchise and redistribution of seats should be embodied in different bills, though years ago he warned his fellow-countrymen that one reform ought to immediately follow the other—as the Gladstone Ministry now propose. In a letter to Mr. Disraeli, recently published, Mr. Bright strongly dissuaded that gentleman from tacking on a redistribution scheme to his Franchise Bill of 1867. These facts have been as widely disseminated as were the misrepresentations which prompted them, and which set forth that Mr. Bright once advocated the course now taken by the Lords. That the false statements should be circulated by Tory journals after their untruthfulness has been so thoroughly demonstrated is a lamentable illustration of the depths to which the party press has fallen.

APROPOS of this matter, in a weekly list of subscribers to a fund which is open at the office of the *St. James's Gazette* for circulating placards containing extracts from one of Mr. Bright's old speeches, in which he said, "The question of redistribution is the soul of reform," etc., one anonymous subscriber signs himself "Suppressio Veri," and gives five guineas. "It will be remembered," says the *Manchester Examiner*, "that Mr. Bright made a reference to this extract in his speech at Pomona Gardens, and fully explained his present attitude to franchise reform. All reference to this explanation is carefully omitted from the placard, and 'Suppressio Veri' makes no complaint that the truth is withheld." The subscription list appears to be used somewhat ingeniously as a very thin veil from behind which opprobrious epithets may be hurled at the great reformer. One subscriber gives £1 to write himself down "Flagrantissimo Mendox." Others put opposite their subscriptions such signatures as these: "From bullies at home and sneaks abroad, good Lord deliver us;" "In loving memory of John Bright's egotism and spite;" "No Quaker prevarication." Can it be supposed that gutter work of this kind really helps the Tory cause?

AN epidemic of elopements is upon us. For days the average newspaper reader has looked just as naturally for "another elopement" as he has for the latest intelligence from China, or the most recent Presidential scandal. Nor is the area affected by this plague circumscribed by geographical limits. It appears to have attacked both this continent and Europe with the utmost impartiality. Its demoralizing effects have even extended in a curious form to those whose duty it is to chronicle similar events; for two journals, the one dating from London (Eng.), and the other from Ottawa, determined probably that their respective localities should have a share of the popular attention, gave mysterious and sensational accounts of fashionable elopements which had no existence outside their fertile imaginations. If these erratic procedures were confined to young people, however reprehensible they are, the charitably-minded would be disposed to see extenuating circumstances; but elderly and even married persons of both sexes have scandalized the world in general and their friends in particular by giving way to this epidemic of aberration. It is extremely probable that in some cases parents are to blame for the absconding of their daughters, through the mistaken policy of forbidding male society. There is also a comic side to some of these *esclandres*. The most punctilious upholder of the proprieties can scarcely fail to see the absurdity of a retired hog-washer bewailing that his daughter has eternally tarnished the family escutcheon by eloping with her coachman.

THE report that Miss Fortescue is again engaged to the gentleman she some time ago jilted in order to capture Lord Garmoyle, has not been contradicted. If it be true that this indifferent but enterprising actress does propose to endow her former lover with the \$50,000 extracted from Earl Cairn's dull-pated son as compensation for "blighted affections," the whole

affair will be open to suspicion as a commercial speculation in which Miss Fortescue's relations with Lord Garmoyle might be explained as "heads I win, tails you lose." If a further argument against the breach of promise laws were needed, here it might be found.

It is very odd to read in the English papers the numerous accounts of what the Claimant will do when he comes out of prison. He will become an hotel manager. He will go into Parliament. He will become a lecturer, and go on show. The latest idea was that he should go round the country telling big audiences what his experiences were of his (enforced) teetotalism while in gaol; this he was to do as the accredited agent of the Church of England Temperance Society. Mr. Alfred Sargent, the Secretary of the Society, is very indignant at the propagation of this fable. He gives an unqualified denial to the story that anything bearing the name of the Church of England will engage a convict. The truth seems to be that there is no truth in anything told of the future of Orton, *alias* Castro, *alias* Roger Tichborne. He will probably pick up a living as he can. The Magna Charta Societies are extinct; the *Englishman* is dead; Dr. Kenealy is gone. The Claimant is an exploded rocket. He would probably settle down as a mild publican but for that awkward clause in the Licensing Act which makes an ex-convict incapable of holding a certificate to sell.

THE English Tory leader, Sir Stafford Northcote, deserves the sincerest sympathy in the struggle he waged under such adverse influences in Scotland, where he was sent to minimize Mr. Gladstone's speeches. He could not shine as he was disposed to do, because of the superior radiance of the Prime Minister further north, and there is no escaping the conclusion that in pitting himself against the Premier he was over-matched. Even the Conservative organs fostered the idea by the superior prominence they were compelled to give to Mr. Gladstone's doings, and it was confirmed by the marvellous robustness Mr. Gladstone showed and the confidence with which he met the masses. Mr. Gladstone's health may always be gauged by the tone of his speeches; and the spirits of his friends in London have risen wonderfully now that they see how the leader's view of the situation reacts upon his health.

A VERY slight acquaintance with the peculiarities of Sir Edward Watkin and with the tactics pursued by that gentleman in advocating the practicability of his pet Channel Tunnel scheme, is sufficient to suggest that Captain James B. Eads has been the guest of the indefatigable Chairman of the English South-Eastern Railway Company. The gallant American informs the *Springfield Republican* that a tunnel connecting England and France "will some day be built," and our contemporary proceeds to deliver a philippic to the British nation for its "insular narrowness and ignorant and selfish prejudice" in opposing the project. A more extended knowledge of the facts would have made it impossible for the *Republican* to assert that the opposition of Parliament to the proposed tunnel was founded merely upon the "nonsensical fear that it could ever be used to the injury of England in case of war." That a majority of military experts consulted did declare against the tunnel on various grounds is quite true, but it is "the wildest nonsense" to say that was the sole or the principal cause of the rejection of the scheme by Parliament. Even the *Republican*, we suppose, would not suggest that the outlet of such a structure should be left unguarded, nor could it justly be maintained that the nation should be taxed to protect the undertaking of a private company. The projectors on their part do not propose to build and garrison the citadel that common prudence would dictate should guard the possible route of an enemy. Nor is any scheme propounded by Sir Edward Watkin for destroying the tunnel in case of attack which would not be liable to "go off" by accident at a time when ordinary travellers were using it. The probabilities of such a costly undertaking being an unremunerative one is the company's affair, though it would be a minor consideration to its Chairman in his craze for notoriety. Not a few shareholders opposed the proposal on the ground that very low rates are charged on existing lines of transit, and on the well-founded suspicion that even the dreaded *mal de mer* would not dispose the average continental traveller to elect an hour in a badly ventilated sub-marine boring in preference to an hour and a-half's sail in a splendidly appointed steamboat—to avoid "the ills they have" and "fly to others that they know not of."

THE following extract from the letter of a lady correspondent may prove of interest to our fair readers:—"I had a large red Japanese fan in my hand one hot day when I first came here, as I sat in the very shady delicately-green-papered drawing-room. 'What a pretty bit of colour!' said my friend, as she took it from me and placed it wide open on the wall over

one of her China plaques, between two good old engravings, which hung on each side. The effect was excellent, though unpremeditated, and so there I shall leave my red fan as a souvenir of the hot weather, which is past, and which in its sudden departure plunged us all at once into autumn. These morsels of colouring, if well chosen and arranged, add very much to the charm of any room; but they should not be too numerous or varied. A fan or two, an old-gold satin sofa cushion, a mass of bright flowers in a well-contrasted jar, here and there, perhaps, a little table covered with rich velvet or plush, enables a tasteful mistress of a house to use her old and possibly shabby furniture, and yet to retain the consciousness of having a pretty, bright room. This is why I always prefer to have a subdued tone of colour on my walls, just as I like the substratum of a dress to be of unremarkable hue, that will not interfere with any accessories of ornament one may wish to wear with it."

THE NEGRO VOTE IN THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

IN dealing with American politics, "Bystander" and others appear to lose sight of one of the most important factors in the problem—the large negro element at the South. The Tariff question is made to be the main difference between the two parties, although upon this issue party lines are, it must be confessed, not very clearly drawn. It is regretted that old shibboleths are adhered to, and the necessity for the existence of two opposing camps has, it is asserted, disappeared.

Now, all this may be true in the North; but in the South the matter wears quite a different face. There are in the United States about seven millions of negroes, the vast majority of whom are south of the old Mason and Dixon line. Almost the whole of this immense coloured element is Republican. This is only natural. The present generation of negroes or their fathers were slaves. These slaves were freed by the Republican Party. It is true that the emancipation was chiefly a war measure, having the double object of recruiting the depleted ranks of the Northern armies and of depriving the South of the value of its slave property. But still, the slaves naturally looked upon the Republican Party as their protectors and benefactors, and they have consistently voted Republican ever since the War. Whatever the negroes are, the opposite of that the whites of the South must and will be. To Canadians and Northerners this seems a most illiberal policy, and so theoretically it is; practically it is the only policy whereby the whites can hold that ascendancy to which their race, their intelligence, their wealth and their old-time position entitle them. It is all very well for Canadians to say: "Take the coloured man by the hand; receive him with open arms; work side by side with him in developing the destiny of your common country." Even in Canada, with only a handful of negroes, this ideal philosophy is hardly followed out. In the County of Essex, which has a considerable coloured population, there are villages where no coloured man is allowed to live: it being a well understood thing that any negro settling there will be ejected by force. The same policy is followed in certain towns and villages of the Northern States, where there is a tendency to form large coloured settlements.

What must be expected, then, at the South, where in certain districts the blacks outnumber the whites ten to one? Simply a struggle, sometimes with ballots alone, sometimes with bullets in addition thereto, between the white domiciled residents of the country on the one hand and the negroes, along with the outside white Republicans, on the other. When it happens—as it did happen just after the War—that the latter are in the ascendant, the result is that coloured politicians, judges and municipal officers are very naturally appointed to the various vacancies caused by removals of the former occupants. Now, as long as they can prevent such a state of things occurring again, the whites of the South will not consent to be ruled by their coloured brethren, even although the latter may be led by kindly (and, of course, disinterested) friends from the North. These whites of the South object to negro rule, not only because they dislike to be governed by what all unprejudiced people consider an inferior race, but also because at present the negroes are not sufficiently intelligent to be entrusted with the government. As to the latter point, those who have not visited the South can form no conception of the state of ignorance and the utter unfitness for governmental work in which, even yet, the great mass of the negroes are living. But the whites of the South object to coloured supremacy also on the ground that its effect upon the negro himself is evil, inasmuch as it renders him arrogant and idle. It is a well-known fact that at the present time it is unsafe in any Southern cities for young girls and young lads to walk out at night; and that if they do so, they expose themselves to open violence or at least to rudeness and boisterousness at the hands of the many negro idlers upon the street. This conduct on the part of the latter is not at all to be wondered at, and we should be extremely

forbearing in passing judgment; but still facts cannot be ignored; above all others, these two: that sudden emancipation (with the bestowal of full rights of citizenship) has produced most bitter fruit, and that education has rendered the negro but little real benefit. We acknowledge that he has shown an aptitude in study reflecting great credit upon him; but, after all, he has benefited but little, if in any degree, by the progress he has made. The position is just this: After attending school for some time the negro very naturally becomes adverse to rough manual labour; he wishes to rise in the world, to be something more than a mere cotton-picker or mule driver. But what is he to do? The professions, commercial life, even the trades are all over-crowded with white men. And even were there room for coloured competition, the merchants, bankers, professional men, master-mechanics and other employers of skilled labour are not willing to have coloured help when they can get plenty of white, and would not be allowed by public opinion to prefer the former to the latter, even if they were. The consequence is that the educated negro finds himself shut out from those positions to which he feels himself adapted. His pride and natural distaste for hard labour prevent him from returning to his former menial work; and he leads, therefore, a life of discontented idleness—a life to which the conditions of climate and soil are peculiarly favourable. The natural result follows: lawlessness and crime.

The more intelligent among the negroes see that the whites will never concede to them social or political equality; and that their only hope of obtaining this is by combination among themselves and with the white Republicans. This is the way in which matters stand in the South: the negroes and the few white Republicans on the one hand against the whites on the other; the question to be settled between the two sides being which race shall rule the country.

The end of the slavery question has not yet been reached; and it is by no means improbable that the South will see before many years a war of races. This is the more probable from the fact that the negroes are increasing at an alarmingly rapid rate; that white immigration refuses to flow into many parts of the "Old South" on account of the presence of the negroes; and that the latter are becoming accustomed to the use of firearms and have a large number of military organizations.

It is, then, this position of affairs at the South which renders the result of the elections of such moment to the whites; for upon their result depends white supremacy. The difficulty with "Bystander" and many other Canadians is that they draw conclusions in American politics from an experience of only one part of the United States, which part is almost invariably the North. Did they understand the "race problem" and other problems more fully, they would also refrain from the advocacy of the annexation of Canada to the Union. Whatever they may say, or however they regard annexation from their own standpoint, most thoughtful Americans know perfectly well that for Canada it would mean simply an entanglement in many perplexities in store for the Union: the Mormon problem, universal suffrage and its attendant evils, the marriage question, the "spoils system," the negro question, and others. They know, also, that for Canada it would mean the lowering of the tone of public morality and of social and educational life; for, disguise the fact as we Americans may, in our hearts we know that, with all its triumphs and its progress, America is the most corrupt and perhaps the least cultured of all civilized nations.

Were this negro question more fully understood, Canadians would hear very little about the annexation of Jamaica. A SOUTHERNER.

OUT OF HIS PARISH.

CROSSING to Niagara with the contingent of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, one could not help remarking the quiet solidity, and unostentatious bearing, and unaffected geniality of our scientific guests. They were charmed with their visit, and were not slow to express their admiration of Canada, and their belief in its great future. With hearty good will they waited for the starting of the special train that was to convey them to Niagara Falls. There was no impatience and no exercise of what is popularly supposed to be the Englishman's prerogative—grumbling. Instead, more than one distinguished *savant* good humouredly helped to place the baggage in the car provided for its conveyance; others sauntered observantly around collecting specimens; one gentleman made scientific investigations in a barrel of fish, whilst his friends were quietly making sketches of the scenery that presented a charming aspect in the morning sunshine.

Sunday in Brooklyn, the city of churches, sees large crowds hastening to their respective services. Beecher is back from his holidays, and most

of his congregation have returned to the ordinary conditions of city life. The Old Man Eloquent is as fervent in his oratory as ever. His illustrations are as vivid, and there is no lack of pungent sayings; but it is felt he is not the power he once was.

It is near the hour for morning service. Street car after street car deposits its load of worshippers as they near Talmage's Tabernacle. Many are strangers visiting New York and Brooklyn who do not wish to return without hearing one who at least has gained great notoriety. Criticisms are freely expressed on the return journey. They were good-natured enough, but outspoken.

Clason Avenue Presbyterian Church, built for the congregation of Dr. Joseph T. Duryea, now of Boston, contained a large, intelligent and decorous congregation. The present pastor, Rev. Dr. Chamberlain, preaches a clear-cut, thoughtful, yet direct and practical sermon. The devotional part of the service was quiet and impressive.

Dr. George T. Pentecost has just returned from a short vacation after his labours in London in connection with Messrs. Moody and Sankey. He is energetic, zealous, and devoted, not what could be called very graceful or refined. He is nevertheless a man thoroughly in earnest, and has done much good work in Brooklyn and elsewhere. He conducted the devotional exercises, which were diversified by the choir leader, a fine tenor, rendering a solo with great skill and beauty. A Mr. Osborne, an East Indian from Allahabad, who had held a position under Government, felt called upon to devote himself to the work of preaching the Gospel to his fellow-countrymen. He had come to America for the purpose of raising funds for the building of a church and college in connection with his mission. He preached a discourse displaying much fervour, though not approaching the subtle thinking power of Narayan Sheshadri and other Indian converts. Mr. Osborne gave graphic descriptions of Indian scenery and life, deeply interesting to his large audience. He was accompanied by a son, eight years old, who appeared in a suit of gorgeous Oriental apparel, and sang with much sweetness several hymns in his native tongue. Mr. George H. Stuart, of Philadelphia, a business man who takes an active part in religious and philanthropic movements, accompanied the missionary and closed the proceedings with a lively and hearty address. The meeting was somewhat protracted. The evening was excessively warm, and as the time advanced people began to retire, but the collection was not yet taken. Dr. Pentecost succeeded in staying the exodus, though it did seem in a rather ungracious way.

Ecclesiastical, like other architecture in New York, has been allowed to run riot. The vagaries in stone only tend to bring out into clearer relief the fine old structures of an earlier time. The absurd façade of the Church of the Heavenly Rest, with its twin angels bearing trumpets, does not throw the pure style and ornate finish of Grace Church into the shade. Its new spire is finished, and the building is now a completed gem. The Church has also got a new rector, necessitated by the elevation of the former incumbent to the Bishopric of Long Island. The Rev. William R. Huntington, formerly of Worcester, Mass., has become the pastor of the fashionable congregation that assembles in Grace Church. The other Sunday he preached his inaugural sermon. The subject selected indicates that it is not his mission merely to prophesy smooth things. He dwelt on the peculiar perils of modern civilization. One of these perils, he said, was that of letting wealth become the sole criterion of standing and the only channel of influence. There seemed to be in the very atmosphere an infection of dishonour. The remedy was to bring in a higher love, a better enthusiasm, a nobler devotion in place of this base, vile, and degrading worship of houses and horses and railway stocks and good clothes. This is preaching to the times without circumlocution.

The graceful spire of Trinity, that as a monitor points heavenward at the head of Wall Street, is at present encased in scaffolding. It is to be renewed, and this landmark is to continue much the same as in former days, despite the many changes in this changeful business centre.

The stately Roman Catholic Cathedral of New York, though not yet finished according to the original design, has been open for some time. It is massive in its proportions and tasteful in finish. Illuminated windows of more or less artistic merit admit a tempered light into the interior. Worshippers and visitors keep coming and going all the time during week days.

ASTERISK.

A NOVELTY in English journalism is the printing of part of the foreign supplement of the *Ironmonger* in Chinese characters. The *raison d'être* of this eccentricity offered by the editor of this trade journal is that the Chinese are the most numerous and persevering and often the most wealthy traders in those parts of the world in which the foreign supplement is specially distributed.

NORTH-WEST NOTES.

WINNIPEG.

If real prosperity be the primary aim of the Government of our or any other country, and the coveted destiny of a nation, then it only requires a visit to Southern Manitoba and to that part of Northern Dakota bordering on the international boundary to satisfy one that under the present rule this north-western portion of the disjointed Confederation of the Dominion can never attain to success, handicapped as it is by the discriminating tariff. The following list of retail prices at Emerson, Manitoba, and Pembina, Dakota, three miles south of the line, will illustrate more forcibly than words can do, the advantage that Northern Dakota, our great rival, has over Manitoba:

	Emerson.	Pembina.
Sugar, granulated, per lb.....	\$0 10 to \$0 00	\$0 09 to \$0 00
Canned Fruit, 2 lb. cans, each....	0 20 to 0 00	0 18 to 0 00
Canned Vegetables, 2 lb. cans, each	0 20 to 0 00	0 15 to 0 00
Hams, per lb.....	0 18 to 0 20	0 17 to 0 00
Bacon, per lb.....	0 15 to 0 00	0 12½ to 0 00
Cheese, per lb.....	0 18 to 0 20	0 18 to 0 00
Flour, per 100 lbs.....	2 75 to 3 50	2 75 to 3 25
Tea, per lb.....	0 40 to 0 70	0 35 to 0 50
Tobacco, per lb.....	0 45 to 0 75	0 50 to 0 55
Rasins, per lb.....	0 10 to 0 15	0 10 to 0 00
Dried Apples, per lb.....	0 12½ to 0 15	0 10 to 0 00
Coffee (green), per lb.....	0 19 to 0 20	0 16 to 0 18
Grey Cottons, 36 inches wide....	0 08 to 0 12½	0 07 to 0 10
Prints, English.....	0 08 to 0 15	0 00 to 0 00
Common inch pine boards, per M	24 00 to 28 00	20 00 to 24 00

It does not require much investigation to ascertain the effects created by the figures set forth in the above table. Coupled with the railway policy of the Government, it has driven thousands of people across the line, so that Northern Dakota and Southern Manitoba are occupied almost wholly by Canadians, and a visitor who knew not of the existence of the boundary could not possibly determine which was the Canadian and which the American side. Thus it will be seen that, away up in this northern country, the boundary is practically ignored, and the people on either side of it have become one people with common interests. True, there are thousands of American immigrants and migrants crossing into Dakota, but they heed not the presence of the Canadians, nor do they regard with any degree of jealousy the Canadians who have virtually taken possession of a large portion of the State and are thriving therein. On the contrary, the people are readily connected with that bond of unity born of identical interests. Hundreds of the Canadians who possess farms in Dakota are also the proprietors of homesteads in Southern Manitoba. They secured the latter first, but at the expiration of three years, having secured their patents and become weary for the long-promised railway facilities, they have mortgaged their Manitoba possession and crossed the line, where they have secured other homesteads and pre-emption from the American Government. Their intention is to sell their Manitoba farms just so soon as prices which will in a measure recoup them for the time and money spent can be secured. It is well known that the mortgage and loan companies hold a lien upon almost one-half of the farms in Southern Manitoba.

Thus it will be seen that the Dominion Government by its crass policy has set in motion a force which is operating strongly in the direction of what every man who observes closely must acknowledge to be the ultimate destiny of Canada—union with the Republic. The people living on either side of the boundary have almost forgotten its existence, and the children growing up seem surprised on hearing that such a line exists. No further evidence than that contained in the table given above is required to show the folly of observing the line when nothing can be shown to exist which would militate against the interests of the people were it wiped out. Sentiment, say the expatriated Canadians, is all very good; but, to use a familiar phrase, "it don't buy the child a dress." A full outfit of agricultural implements costs \$100 less south of the line than it does north of it.

Commercial union is spoken of as likely to prove preferable to absolute union; but the opinion of the settler is different. The tide of English capital has been turned from this country, the success of which must depend upon the early construction of railways, and the establishment of as many outlets and inlets as possible. The true development of the country the settler has already recognized must be by as much railway connection with the States as possible. The policy pursued at present must be recognized to be the damming up of the proper channel of a large river to endeavour to induce the water to cross a mountain range and flow down another valley. If the dam is built high enough, or, to make the metaphor more plain, if the tariff is raised sufficiently high, feeble streams may flow over the mountain into another valley; but the pressure will become too great some day, the long pent up waters will gather force, and when occasion offers, or the dam weakens, the crisis will cause the artificial barrier to be swept away, and the volume of water will pour down its natural channel. The settler sees that the natural channel through which the resources of this country should flow is the valley to the South, nor does it require any stronger visual power to observe that the channel through which the necessaries of the country should come is the one used to convey the products of the country hence.

A not insignificant force, which has been at work at the leveling process in this country for a number of years, is the large number of Americans employed on our railways. As the Canadians were totally ignorant of railroading in a prairie country, Americans had to be employed to operate the systems now in existence here. It is estimated that not less than ten thousand men, including those working on the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway in the far West, are living in this country. They have

exerted a subtle influence upon those with whom they came into daily contact. Not understanding thoroughly the cause of the drawbacks in the country, but perceiving the disadvantage at which settlers are placed here, they have been earnest and most effectual emigration agents.

Under the existing state of affairs Manitoba, through the Dominion Government, is engaged in an unequal contest with Dakota and Minnesota. The payment of the heavy duty on American goods is the alternative which the settler has between buying goods in Toronto or Montreal and paying the heavy rate of transportation. He is also placed at this disadvantage with what he has to sell; instead of sending it down the natural channel to be disposed of in the American market, he is obliged to pay the heavy cost of transporting it to the markets of Eastern Canada. R.

RONDEAU.

QUICK as a flash the leap from life
Took place. He had just kissed the maid,
Way in the valley's deepest shade.
Queer time for Death to bring Love strife—
To come with his life-cutting knife.

Queer time to make such *breathless* raid:
Taken away when bliss was rife.
Bolt follow'd kiss, I heard it said,
Quick as a flash.

Now, over Styx, he calls her *Jade*;
Living, he would have called her *Wife*.
As country clown is caught by life
New man she catches in kisses to wade.
Trust woman? trust winds I would as lief,
Quick as a flash.

THE IRISH PEASANT POET.

A CONVERSION.

[From the French of Thomas Bentzon.]

VI.

IN the afternoon of the same day Vicar Fulgentius found himself upon the road, when he caught the sound of the gentle trotting of a horse and the rumbling of a light vehicle. It was the doctor. He waited, as he required to speak to him. Soon the old white mare came out of the turning on which he had kept his eyes fixed. Her driver continued to advance with an unheeding look.

"A fine day, doctor!" said he, from a distance—"weather that should cure invalids."

"Yes, if it did not kill them," interrupted the physician, who had stopped his horse. "I have nothing left to do at La Prée. Those folk have hardly any interest for you, your Reverence; they are not your parishioners. All the same you will own that it is cruel to lose a girl of twenty-three, who is passing away just like a rose shedding its petals, without one's knowing what wind is carrying them off. Look here! after thirty years' practice we have a proud contempt of medical science which leaves us ignorant of so many matters. She dies consumptive, that is all I can say. What fine progress in knowledge! Merely to name the evil that one has known neither how to forestall nor to cure!"

"She is dying, then? The young girl is dying? That is certain, is it?" asked the Vicar, musingly. He only wished to know one thing: whether he was led to this bold step by the gravity of the circumstances.

"To-morrow all may be over; but this pitiful condition may also last a week or even longer. Last evening I thought she would not see the sun rise to-day: she had the most terrible crisis! Her mother spoke vaguely of something's having agitated her. So fragile as she is, everything agitates her, everything upsets her, a breath of wind is enough! She vibrates like glass, and she will shatter like it, too, poor child!"

"Truthfully, you have no more hopes then?" repeated the Vicar, with strange emphasis.

"Yes, indeed! the hope of a speedy end that she will not feel approach. These struggles of youth with death are horrible. . . . Now I am going off to see, just to ascertain that he is in admirable health, the old farmer of La Petite-Croix, who will be a hundred next Easter. What a mockery! His children have long since grown tired of looking after him; they confine themselves to keeping him alive by feeding him with a few crusts! And he lives; while others die as soon as their spring-time has begun. . . . I had to warn the unfortunate parents. They have known it for months past; but the unexpected favourable turns that characterize these kinds of malady are so deceitful! One is so ready to believe that the battles in which the dying person appears to snatch back existence will have a victorious issue. The father, whilst mourning over it, thought it only a languour which it would be possible to overcome. Now he lays the blame on me; and he offers me half of all he possesses in exchange for the life of his daughter. Oh! if health would let itself be bought, there is a hussy who would beggar the world. The mother says nothing; she has, I think, worn out her trouble. Poor things! How one longs, in the face of such woes, that science were a power in good earnest."

The doctor stroked his mare with the whip, and off she set at her jog-trot again, whilst Vicar Fulgentius walked on towards La Prée.

As he walked he pondered, then presently thought out a subterfuge to be resorted to if the master of the house chanced to be in his way, guarding that green gate which before him no priest had ever passed. But he soon took courage; there was no one in the courtyard but Madame Le Huguet, who was seated on the stone bench knitting, and who came to meet him as if she had expected him. Her face wore a gloomier and still more passive look. One would have said she was a sleep-walker acting without any will of her own taking part in her movements. And truly she did not belong to herself—she was undergoing a tyranny which mothers cannot resist; her daughter for so long hopelessly reserved, cold and mute, had given way at last, weeping on her bosom and covering her with caresses, and had placed at her mercy the consolation or the despair of her last days. She yielded in distraction, knowing that she was doing wrong, that this cowardice would heap burning coals upon her head; she felt sure of the anger of her husband, and of a still more terrible judge, to whom, twenty times a day, she repeated as her whole prayer, "Lord, may I alone be punished!"

Without speaking to the priest, without looking at him, she showed the way as she had done the day before, and then returned to watch in the courtyard.

This time the windows were closed, the curtains closely drawn; instead of the perfume of pinks, an odour of ether filled the room. The priest saw the fatal impress upon that wasted brow. He had assuredly done well to come.

"Simone!" said he, in a very low voice; for she had not opened her eyes at his approach.

She awoke with a start, stretched out her arms, tried to speak; a ray of joy had suddenly changed her whole appearance—a joy that still distrusted itself, a joy mingled with apprehension, but still more with gratitude, with boundless gratitude.

"Oh, how kind you are!" she murmured at length; "how kind you are!"

And not meeting in the eyes sought by hers all that she wished to discover, "Yes," she continued timidly, "you are kind not to despise me altogether. That note-book, after giving it you, I longed to take it back again. It seems that I had delirium the whole night, that I kept on crying out, 'Do not read!' My father told me so without being able to account for it. . . . Perhaps you have not read the book, since you are here!"

"I have read—I do not despise you; I pity you," he replied, in his clear, manly voice, softened by compassion.

"You pity me?" she repeated. Then after a pause, as if she were expecting something more, she added, "That is all you come to tell me?"

"No, I have many other things to tell you, my daughter, my sister," answered he then. "I have come to talk with you, as we may do; I, who belong to God, you, who are to appear before Him, concerning a love condemned upon earth, but which it rests only with you to see flourish up above, where nothing dies."

Leaning upon her elbow, she listened to him with her whole soul in her eyes.

"Simone," he went on, "you have confided to me the history of a poor child who has been loving, without knowing that she was sinning, whilst paying with her life for this involuntary fault, a man who had forbidden himself by oath the most lawful joys in this world, and who would himself rather have died than be perjured. In such rare kinds of love the soul either burns or refines: they lead to heaven or to hell—to no middle place; they have for their end either eternal separation or eternal reunion."

"Reunion?" sighed Simone.

"Yes," continued the priest, his handsome face beaming with a deep and lofty impulse; "it is for you to choose." (And he drew from his belt and laid upon the bed, as a witness of their interview, the little black wooden crucifix that never parted from him.) "My Master forbids me to hear anything that could turn me aside from Him. But of what consequence is this passing world? If I were the poor girl whose tortures of mind you have revealed to me, I would not stop at such a transient meeting, I should aspire to a tryst without end—again to see him, who instead of being for me an occasion of falling has tried to be a means of salvation, in that realm where there will be no more sins, no more obstacles; where all is pure, all is love."

"How can that be brought about?" she stammered, deceived by that apostolic fervour which resembled passion, which was indeed the strongest kind of passion—that of proselytism.

"Do not you know," said he, "the souls that meet again are those that in this world have had a like faith and a like hope for the next. There is still time. Allow me to teach you, or rather yield yourself to the heavenly promptings which warn you that by strange and devious ways God is leading you to know him."

"Then if I believed what you believe we should meet again?"

"I can promise you that."

"You think so? You really think so?"

"I am sure of it."

"Speak, then!" she exclaimed.

And he did speak—eloquently, ardently; he found without effort words fitted to open that wounded heart, consumed by many fires, to the depths of tenderness, the profound mysteries, the matchless consolations of Catholicism.

She listened intently, wishing only to hear his voice as long as possible, to keep him beside her upon any ground conceivable. That desire which he had expressed to see her again in the life to come sufficed to cast a spell over her dying hour. The time was flying quickly away while her

thoughts were all turned to his beloved presence, and his to the instruction that he had begun. Suddenly they heard Monsieur Le Huguet say aloud in the garden, "I am going upstairs to Simone," and his wife reply with evident agitation, "Take care you do no such thing! She is resting." Then a few minutes later the mother came and said to the priest, "Take advantage of his back's being turned. Be off quickly."

"But to-morrow!" murmured Simone, "to-morrow!"

"Yes, to-morrow," answered Vicar Fulgentius.

And Madame Le Huguet repeated after him, as though in spite of herself, "To-morrow!" happy midst her grief to see that a thread bound her child to life; certain that to-morrow, by the sovereign virtue of that hope, she would still be in life.

VII.

TWICE, three times did the vicar of Arc return to La Prée. He chose the hour when the father was absent; he slipped in furtively towards the little back door, half-opened mysteriously to him; he multiplied stratagems and precautions, as a lover would have done to cheat jealous guardians. His design and the condition, every day more alarming, of her whom he called his catechumen, justified this trickery in his eyes. Never did a scruple check him in this battle fought, as he deemed, with the demon of heresy; only he lamented that he did not meet with more dangers.

All was too easy, thanks to the complicity of the mother. But this interesting task absorbed him body and soul; they were the best filled days of his life, those that supplied him with emotion—the food his heart had longed for. In the intervals between his visits to Simone he prepared overwhelming arguments, applied himself to opposing the principle of love to the principle of protestation, in which she had doubtless been brought up; he summed the doctrine up in a rapid and substantial manner adjusted to their interviews, so brief and so soon to be broken off. Besides, it was of little consequence to fathom dogma, to explain symbolism to the bottom; he only required an impulse of confidence and faith, one of those impulses that decide in a second for eternity. Was he gaining ground? How could he tell?

She offered no objection, she lent her ear, kept ever silent, appeared docile. At times a big tear stole down her cheeks from her closed eyelids; at times she would fix a heart-broken look on the mirror in front of her—the mirror of that famous wardrobe about which there was a talk in the locked note-book. But if, while he spoke of heaven to the Christian, the woman was weeping for her vanished beauty, he knew it not, but steadily pursued his aim, without looking at her, without any distraction. Never did he observe the funereal coquetry with which to receive him she wrapped herself in delicate white shawls. One day when she said to him, with a look of unutterable pain, "I am no longer a woman, I am only a phantom,"

"You are a soul," he answered, "a purified soul; that is why I return here."

And when she grew more pointed, saying, "Since you have taken pity on me, and I have seen you every day, death which before did not terrify me, I now recoil from."

He added, sternly still, "Do not regret life: it had nothing to give you," thus driving her back sadly submissive to the unknown shores, where she was to wait for him. Yet sometimes, jealously exclusive, she relished the certainty of leaving her memory in a heart which no human affection would ever enter; at other times, again, so feeble a consolation did not suffice her. In all sorts of ways earthly feelings continued to have a hold upon this dying girl, unknown to him who in the full vigour of youth and health was more dead than herself to the impressions of life. Nevertheless an article of the faith proposed to her delighted her, enraptured her; it was the close though invisible bond subsisting between those who are no more and the friends that survive them, leaving them the power of caring for each other, and influencing their destiny. "You will think of me," said she to the priest; "you will speak to me in your prayers; and I will never leave you any more. I will not leave you again for a moment—never again!"

These words were the last let fall by her lips.

(To be continued.)

THE DECAY OF GENIUS.

THERE is a general feeling in the world that the present is not an age of genius. Despite the many brilliant discoveries which have been made, despite the enormous pains taken to develop the intellect of the human race, despite the large number of clever and educated men there are, a conviction is abroad that there is a lack of genius. Nor is this merely the discontent often felt with the present, and a longing retrospect to a former age of gold. There seems really to be good evidence that, however improved our civilization may be, however increased the number of men who work in concert for the advancement of knowledge, the individual greatness which marked some previous epochs is no longer to be found.

It might have been thought that when education reached the lower classes, when many more men were brought within the light of knowledge, many "mute inglorious Miltons" would have found their voice, and enriched us with their song. It is not so. Neither in eloquence, nor in poetry, nor in painting, nor in the art of leading men in politics, have we found successors to Shakespeare, or Burke, or Joshua Reynolds, or Pitt. The same kind of decadence has been seen in other days.

It is notorious that while ordinary talent is more or less hereditary,

that amount of talent which approaches genius, not to say genius itself, is quite sporadic and apparently capricious in its appearance. In other words, even the physical conditions at which we can guess are so complicated and easily disturbed that we find ordinary parents, who have other ordinary children, producing at a particular moment one child of a totally exceptional quality. There is no ascertainable law among the instances furnished by history. Alexander the Great was an only child, Newton an eldest born, Descartes and Kant sixth and seventh in large families, and so on. Some are delicate in health, some exceptionally strong, some studious, some at first idle; some have an able father, some an able mother, still oftener both are obscure and, perhaps, commonplace people. So far then it might be argued that, unless we undertake to study the physical condition of the productions of the human race with a minuteness impossible in modern society, the origin of genius is a matter of haphazard. Even if careful observations were possible, we could never reach a law without the help of an experiment, and this is practically impossible. The world has drifted further and further away from the notion of Plato, that the most valuable of all the animals in the world should have the condition of its production most carefully superintended.

But if we should infer from these facts that genius, because sporadic, is altogether beyond the reach of known natural causes, history affords us strong objections to such a conclusion. Though any ordinary parents seem capable, at an exceptionally favourable moment, of producing a child of genius, there are epochs in the history of nations when this does not occur. Nothing is more remarkable than this symptom in a decaying civilization—that it loses the power of producing individual genius. It may be objected that I am merely giving divers names to the same thing, and that the decay of a nation means nothing more than the inability to produce individual genius. This is not so. It is notorious, for example, that the Roman Republic grew great and prospered without the help or guidance of any great political or literary genius. But even if the two facts were not distinct, they are distinct expressions of the truth that the production of genius is not haphazard, and that there are historical conditions which perhaps promote it, others which certainly prevent it. The history of Greece after Alexander, the history of the Byzantine Empire, of Egypt in its later days, of China, all afford notable examples of the latter. It is possible, therefore, to have general conditions where no parents, even the best, produce children of genius. Like some fair river which, after running a splendid course through rich plains and wooded valleys, ends its course amid flats and muddy slabs, so do nations end a splendid record with dull and ignoble epochs of senile impotence, when the course of affairs runs smoother and slower till it is lost in the great Lethe of the ocean. If it be true then that our own is an age in which genius is not produced, we are in the face of this serious problem: Is it only a momentary failure arising from the sporadic nature of the thing, or are we coming to one of those epochs of decadence of which it is the most hopeless and melancholy symptom? It is a very general belief that real genius cannot be quenched save by killing the body. According to this theory it must show itself, whether thwarted or fostered, in spite of ignorance or any other obstacle; on the other hand, is there any one that has not known people who, in spite of the greatest talents, seemed to have failed in life? Is it not a common remark, that had such an one had fair play, he would have made a great writer, or speaker, or leader of men; and that, though genius will overcome, and even gain by a certain kind of obstacles, there are many cases where it has died away into mediocrity under the effects of adverse surroundings?

It is indeed quite possible that great public excitement, that days of noble strife and exalted patriotism, may so effect ordinary parents as to enable them to produce extraordinary offspring. "Man is very much the creature of circumstances." In art, it is often the conventional shackles—the necessities of rhyme and metre, the triangle of a gable, the circular top of a barrel—which have led the poet, the sculptor, or the painter, to strike out the most original and perfect products of their art.

The difficulty of the present day is, however, one of a very different kind. It is the question whether, among the adverse conditions, protection and misguided patronage be not the most serious. It is almost a truism in literary history that Court patronage is bad for men of letters, that the pay and encouragement of the State, instead of promoting, hinder literary perfection. The apparent exceptions to this law are explained by the fact that a great outburst of that kind of talent, starting in revolution or opposition, does not die at once when taken under the protection of the Court, but fades out presently, in a generation perhaps, from vigour to grace, from grace to feebleness. Were it not invidious, we could point out, even in our own time, great artists debauched and degraded by Court favour, not to speak of that bureaucratic patronage of art imported by well-meaning but stupid persons from Germany.

It seems to me that the most fatal of all influences upon genius—that of superior protection and systematic encouragement in the form of direction—has taken in our own day a new and deceptive form, and is possibly the main cause of the decay in the intellectual greatness of our age. If, as is conceded, Court favour and support has been so deleterious to the art of grown men, what must be the effect of similar patronage beginning with the child and escorting him under its pernicious care from the cradle up to mature life. Instead of discovering and fostering undeveloped genius, the present method of rewards and punishments in education are certain to overpraise second-rate faculties, to starve or strangle some first-rate qualities, and to treat others with contempt and neglect.

The average parent who does not think these things out for himself, but adopts the directions of the State as his guide, sets to work as early as possible, and pushes forward his children with all his might, if perchance they may be prepared to win one of those "under 14" scholarships which

are considered almost a provision for life. If the child shows peculiar aptness for his studies, and learns his lessons quickly, instead of giving him the benefit of it in leisure, new subjects are crowded upon him in the hope of more prizes. If it be true that genius can really be stifled, that an original thinker by birth may be reduced to a commonplace inhabitant of the world, no system can be conceived more likely to accomplish this end. He is taken from the beginning; he is pampered and threatened, coaxed and coerced, into following the particular course laid out for him; he is sent to schools where herds of average boys are taught with him in a fixed system, which he is not allowed to outrun or to evade; he is persuaded that not learning, but learning in a certain way, is the object before him; he is taught living languages, and living sciences, as if they were dead; and so he is led on, from examination to examination, till he comes into life with a great reputation and no real thinking to sustain it. He has been forced to forego independent thought as waste of time from his early childhood; is he likely now to recover it? What national improvements in education can be pointed out which have given the high pleasure and produced the real improvements which are due to Homer and Eschylus, to Danté and Shakespeare, to Mozart and Beethoven, to Rembrandt and Raffaele? If, in the effort to make as many men as possible appreciative of genius, you destroy the few and delicate plants which were about to bear new fruit of that rare excellence, you may make your age at most cultivated and learned, critical about the excellence of the past—but all true vitality and progress will stop, and this condition will presently lead, it may be to a refined, but not the less to a real decay.—*J. P. Mahaffy, in Macmillan's Magazine.*

THE SCRAP BOOK.

ANGLO-COLONIAL CO-PARTNERSHIP.

"I AM all for co-partnership between the colonies and the mother country for purposes of self-defence. It will help you materially. It is absolutely essential to us. But I regret to say that there is little interest taken in the subject here. Yet from every point of view it is a question of vital importance to the English in all parts of the world that the English realm, wherever it is scattered, should be as one against all foreign foes. I think that the vast expanse of uninhabited lands which you have handed over to us ought never to have been handed over to us; for what right have 300,000 persons, settled upon the mere outside fringe of a colony like Queensland, to dispose of the absolute ownership of 400,000,000 acres in the interior? That we have not made a bad use of it I admit, and sometimes we stand aghast at our own moderation. What is there to hinder our dividing up the country among ourselves, each man of us settling upon himself and his heirs for ever fertile lands equal in expanse to that of many a European kingdom? But at present we would be very willing to make over a very large proportion of these lands to you as security for the expense which might be incurred in the task of national defence. What could we do at present in Queensland against a single fast cruiser let loose upon our shores, in case of difficulties either with Russia or with France? We have spent some money not very wisely. What we want is to see the money which is spent in Imperial Defence spent intelligently, under the direction of an Imperial representative body."—*Sir Thomas McIlwraith, ex-Premier of Queensland.*

THE NEW MOTHER HUBBARD.

WHEN old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
Her costume was modest, though queer.
As the ham-bone she sought,
'Twas little she thought
How the future would deal with her gear.

When first her old fashion
Became a strong passion
They truthfully copied her gown—
Of fancies the oddest,
Short-waisted and modest,
Long-sleeved, narrow-skirted, and brown.

But the late innovation
That's shocking the nation
Leaves the arms, like the cupboard, all bare.
Of the puffy high neck
There is left not a speck,
And too much is revealed of the fair.

The gauzy confusion
Of lace and illusion
Would shock Mother Hubbard outright.
She'd never endorse it,
Nor own to the corset—
Mayhap, she would die of the fright.

OUR workmen expect a stringent measure to restrict Chinese immigration, and they will take nothing less. British Columbia in particular will insist upon this, and its demands will be backed up by the more eastern Provinces. The question must be boldly grappled with, and no half-way measure will do.—*Ottawa Sun.*

MR. BLAKE, in fact, is nothing more than a skilful lawyer who has a faculty for picking holes in an adversary's case, and who never concerns himself about the process of mending it.—*Montreal Gazette*.

THE Norquay Government must of course come in for their share of condemnation for their stupid course in connection with the boundary dispute. Even had the Province wanted the territory to the east, there was not the slightest obligation upon it to become a party to the quarrel.—*Manitoba Free Press*.

"CHEAP travel" is at the present time capable of almost indefinite expansion, and just as the penny post has yielded almost fabulous results so will it be in this instance, and what is now looked upon as a "finality" in fares will ere long be recognized as a fatal obstacle in the way of developing traffic.—*Quebec Chronicle*.

Mrs. LOCKWOOD, making the race for the Presidency on a tricycle, is a picturesque feature of the campaign; but she is not so grotesque as Bunting Butler in the guise of an anti-monopolist. Like the drunken temperance lecturer, Mr. Butler illustrates the evil he deprecates—he is the goblin of his own graveyard.—*Philadelphia Record*.

WE believe that when any English colony in America makes up its mind to enter the American Union, Great Britain will offer very little opposition. The disposition of England at the present time is to let the colonies do as they please, and this is a sound and liberal policy. The Mother Land does not desire to impose her will upon her children when they think they can do better if allowed to act for themselves.—*St. John (N.B.) Globe*.

THE keen competition with Canadian wheat which has sprung up emphasizes the importance of freeing the St. Lawrence route and the harbour of Montreal from all public tolls. It also points to the necessity of reducing transshipment charges at Montreal, and providing the most improved and economical shipping facilities at this port. In the great game which is soon to be played for the supply of the European wheat market the Dominion cannot afford to lose a single advantage, however apparently insignificant.—*Montreal Herald*.

LORD ROSEBURY'S speech before the Trades Union Congress in Aberdeen the other day, on the Federation of the Empire, was an excellent one in all points, and entirely different from the telegraphic report of it which we had occasion to criticize. Like many others this Liberal nobleman has much reason to complain of in his treatment by the Press Association, which deals with matter which is transmitted to this side of the ocean as if its pleasantness to the palate of the Americans was the first consideration and truth or accuracy an altogether secondary thing.—*Montreal Witness*.

If there be any meaning at all in the characteristically shifty argument which Sir Stafford Northcote addressed to his friends in the Edinburgh Corn Exchange the other day it is this—The Franchise Bill is so dangerous a measure in itself that we do not desire to see it passed until we have had the opportunity of taking all the vice out of it by a scheme of redistribution of our own concocting. In point of fact, not liking either measures, Sir Stafford and his friends desire to have both before them in order that they may use the one to defeat the other. And this is precisely what Mr. Gladstone is far too old a tactician to give them the opportunity of doing.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

FRANCE may be rich enough to pay for her glory, but she seems to find it very inconvenient to do so in cash down. The warlike enterprises in which she is engaged are simply ruining her finances, and the deficit promises to be as normal a condition of the Republic as it was in the days of the Bourbon monarchy. This year French authorities estimate the probable deficit at as much as eight millions sterling, and that without making any allowance for much outlay for the Chinese war. It is therefore not improbable that the beginning of next year we may hear of a new French loan. This, it should be understood, is an optimist estimate, which takes no account of the ten or twelve millions that will be required immediately if the Chinese war is prosecuted vigorously.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE Irish landlords say, and the truth of it is undeniable, that after the recent serious reductions they are every way worse off than before. The holders of Egyptian stock might welcome a measure which, though cutting down their interest by giving substantial guarantees, might nevertheless increase the value of their capital. At all events they could realize at any moment. But the Irish landlords find it harder to collect their rents than before, since the tenants are waiting and hoping for another bout of agitation. The landlords cannot sell, for in that expectation of theirs few tenants will buy, while no speculative investor will embarrass himself with Irish property. Estates are put up and withdrawn from the auction-room because there is no higher offer than eight or nine years' purchase. So that, even should the land market happily grow brisker, a load of the land is hanging on the market. I conversed with several of the large land agents in Dublin. All agreed that nothing would tempt them to risk any money in Irish land. All said that they would recommend their clients to sell at anything like reasonable prices. In other words, they could only recommend the impossible. What is wanted, I repeat, is the belief in the finality in land legislation, which is felt in neither the one quarter nor the other.—*London Times*.

It is a moot point with practical politicians whether the two millions of new voters would disturb the present balance of power, except at the cost of the Liberals. There is an enormous force in an established church, a territorial aristocracy, and a body of yeomen invincible in their affection for obsolete politics, and this would operate materially to keep the new constituencies Conservative. But that does not weigh with the Conservative peers or Sir Stafford Northcote. They want to manipulate in their

own interest the new constituencies of the urban class. By a system of lopping there and adding here it would be possible to get an electoral map, resembling a patchwork quilt in eccentricity, but excellently adapted to secure Conservative ascendancy. This is the method of redistribution which is known as "jerrymandering." It is to be able to "jerrymander" the Constitution after their own hearts that Lord Salisbury and his colleagues are striving now. It really might be a good strategic stroke to say this plainly from the Conservative platforms. The party would possibly jump at it and work with still greater vigour than ever. It would not be a very respectable confession. But the present line of policy is not honest. It cloaks a design the Tory chiefs have compunction to disclose under forms of words which are misleading.—*Manchester (Eng.) Examiner*.

MR. COWEN, in proposing "The Industries of Tyneside," achieved the feat of speaking, almost with a Ruskinian eloquence and discrimination, of a class of achievements which Ruskin utterly despises and condemns. Mr. Cowen's description of the mingling of the old Border spirit—the spirit which originated forays into Scotland—with the training and discipline of modern industries, and of the adventurous practical wisdom which had thence resulted, was quite a work of rhetorical art. "The doughty Newcastle burghers in old times often rolled back the tide of war. Their sons contribute to the national defence weapons of unrivalled precision and potency. . . . This, too, was the birthplace of the locomotive and the nursery of the railway system. It is seldom that modern industrialism so closely confronts the crumbling relics of a legendary and turbulent, but memorable, past. The suggestive contrasts have not been without influence on the inhabitants. The Northumbrian's character is pre-eminently his own. He impresses his ancestral individuality on his surroundings. He was cradled in adventure, and is trained to steady works. The disposition that once made him a riever, and sent him in forays across the Border, still makes him a rover, and sends him to far Savannahs, where he fights a brave battle for himself, his family, and his race. The impulse that instigates to adventure, promotes mental flexibility and physical hardihood, which constitute at once the supremacy and the safeguard of English merchantile speculation."—*Spectator*.

THE PERIODICALS.

IN the September number of *Le Livre* the editor bewails the somnolent condition of Paris in "Terrible August." His beloved "Centre of the Universe" is empty. There is absolutely nobody in town that he knows, and the intolerable heat dries the ink on his pen. For these reasons he claims the indulgence of his readers; but he is too modest. The number containing this Jeremiad is a really good one. The writer of the opening article, "Le Livre en Chine," apologizes in a humorous manner for venturing upon such a subject at a time when every French paper teems with *chinoiseries*. Paul a'Éstrée introduces French scholars to the third copy of "La Guirlande de Julie," which he has discovered in the National Library. And there is the usual wealth of literary and critical notes.

THE October *Magazine of American History* is a strong and notable number. Its articles are all readable, and of timely and varied interest. An exquisitely engraved steel portrait of the late Orsamus H. Marshall of Buffalo forms the frontispiece. The opening article, "Curiosities of Invention—a Chapter of American Industrial History," from the able pen of Charles Barnard of the *Century*, will be read with interest. It is illustrated with some of the best portraits ever published of Whitney, Blanchard, Howe, Lyall, McCormick, Goodyear and Edison. The second article, "Monroe and the Rhea Letter," by the eminent author and historian, James Schouler, and "A bit of Secret Service History," by Allan Foreman, are each fresh with curious and instructive information. "The Nation's First Rebellion" (in 1794), by H. C. Cutler, throws new light upon a singular episode in history. A "Tribute to the late Orsamus H. Marshall," by Col. W. L. Stone, and a second scholarly paper from M. V. Moore, "Did the Romans Colonize America?" complete the list of the most important contributions of the current month. The Original Documents contain an important letter on "Secession," from Gen. Houston while Governor of Texas. Minor Topics gives us a short and entertaining article on "Massasoit," by Rev. R. W. Allen. An article is announced for the November number on the "Unsuccessful Candidates for the Presidency of the United States," and will be illustrated.

OCTOBER *St. Nicholas* completes a six months volume, and has a title and list of contents for binding. In addition to the usual excellent reading for young folks, there is an article by Mrs. Lizzie Champney, entitled "Another Indian Invasion," which is well worthy the attention of children of a larger growth. The gratifying results of an attempt to civilize the red man at Carlisle are here set forth at length. The experiment has been made at the instigation of the United States Government, carried out under the superintendence of Captain Pratt, assisted by several devoted ladies, including Miss Temple and Miss Hyde. Joaquin Miller is also a contributor: "Lost on the Plains." An instructive sketch on "Slang" contains much advice that is well worth the attention of the youth of Canada as well as their brethren "over the line." Lessons in drawing, complete and continued stories, a "very young folks' department," and the rest are included in the part.

OCTOBER *Literary Life* contains articles entitled "MacGahan: Hero, Journalist, Liberator," "Will Farrand Felch," "Some Young Poets," "A Package of Letters," "Anecdotes of Authors," "The First Edition of Grey's Elegy," "Patty Honeywood," editorial notes and selections.

THE numbers of *The Living Age* for Sept. 20th and 27th contains "Leo XIII. and Goethe," from the *Contemporary*; "The Prophet of Walnut Tree Yard," *Nineteenth Century*; "Unpublished Notices of James Sharp, Archbishop of St. Andrew's," *Scottish Review*; "Beaumarchais," *Cornhill*; "Mary Russell Mitford," *Argosy*; "Mount Carmel," *Sunday Magazine*; "A Lady's Life in Manitoba," *All the Year Round*; "A Positivist Pigeon, and Lord Ampthill," *Spectator*; Byron's "Newstead," *Athenæum*; "Moscow's New Cathedral," *London Times*; with "Friede, a Village Story," "Monsieur Michaud's Fiancée," and an instalment of "Beauty and the Beast," and poetry.

BOOK NOTICES.

NATURALIZATION AND NATIONALITY IN CANADA. By Alfred Howell. Toronto: Carswell and Co.

In 1870 the Imperial Parliament, after full discussion in both Houses, and after consideration of the elaborate report of the Royal Commission—the fruit of two years' labour of the distinguished men who formed that Commission—enacted the "Naturalization Act," which, being amended by two subsequent Acts, is now known as the "Naturalization Acts, 1870-1872." This law, with some variations, has been adopted by the Dominion Parliament in the "Naturalization Act, Canada, 1881," which recently came into full operation. In addition to the common naturalization, the Act contains provisions as to several other important matters, particularly that recognizing the right of expatriation, expressed in the language of the 9th section, as follows:—"Any British subject who has at any time before or may at any time after the coming into force of this Act, when in any foreign State, and not under disability, voluntarily become naturalized in such foreign State, shall be deemed within Canada to have ceased to be a British subject and be regarded as an alien." It will be seen from this that the time-honoured maxim "once a British subject, always one" no longer prevails. Mr. Howell has gone to no little trouble in collecting Orders in Council, treaties and conventions with foreign states, and other matters necessary to an intelligent reading of the Act; besides which, there is a disquisition on the old rule of perpetual allegiance as known in the United Kingdom, Canada, and the United States, and the controversies arising out of that rule, which, with the annotations to the Act itself and the statement of the United States' law, with forms, makes the work a complete compendium of the law upon the subject treated of. In rather unfavourable contrast with the simple oath of allegiance required under the English and Canadian law is the iron-clad oath in use in the United States (p. 113), in which the applicant for citizenship there is required to swear, "I do absolutely and entirely renounce and abjure all allegiance and fidelity to every foreign prince, potentate, State or sovereignty whatever, and particularly to" Queen Victoria, or as the case may be—which indeed seems inconsistent with the right of the person under the new laws to throw off the acquired nationality and resume his former status. Mr. Howell's book is of exceeding value, and is, we understand, the only work on the subject in Canada, there being but one (that of Cutler) similar treatise in England.

OVER THE BORDER. Acadia, the Home of "Evangeline." By E. B. C. With Illustrations in Heliotype from Water-colour Sketches. Boston: James R. Osgoode and Company.

An account of a trip to a region "seemingly distant, really accessible," comparatively unknown—a country whose people

Dwell together in love, those simple Acadian farmers.

The writer and his fellow-travellers visited the Bay of Fundy, the Basin of Minas, Port Royal, Annapolis, Digby, Halifax, Grand Pré, Clare and L'Isle des Monts Deserts, and the unpretentious narrative is accompanied by charming illustrations from original drawings of many points of interest. The book is, moreover, a typographic gem, and reflects the greatest credit upon the publishing house whose name appears upon the title.

NOTES ON NIAGARA. Edited by R. Lespinasse. Chicago: Published by the Editor.

A literary and artistic gem, consisting of a collection of eloquent descriptions of the mighty cataract by eminent pens, illustrated by nearly one hundred views. One glance at the contents is sufficient to show that the list of writers and artists laid under contribution by the editor includes many names of world-wide reputation. Typographically viewed, "Notes on Niagara" would grace any table.

HAND-BOOK OF THE ST. NICHOLAS AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION. By Harlan H. Ballard. Lennox, Mass.: Published by the Author.

A handy little explanation of the *raison d'être* of the society formed by a number of collectors of natural objects, to which is added much technical information—a plan of work, how to collect specimens, and a quantity of other matter that is interesting to lovers of natural collections.

A POLITICAL CREED. By G. Manigault. New York: Wynkoop and Hallenbeck.

The author calls this book an answer to Henry George's "Progress and Poverty," though it was written before he saw the would-be land reformer's work, because if the above "creed" be true, Mr. George's doctrines must be false. But Mr. Manigault's book is too abstrusely scientific in form for the bulk of our readers.

THE ADVENTURES OF A WIDOW. By Edgar Fawcett. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

This novel, having run through the columns of *THE WEEK* previous to its publication in volume form, is tolerably familiar to our readers. Mr. Fawcett professes a lofty contempt for plot and incident in fiction, and the present book is a good sample of his ideal. He relies chiefly upon polished dialogue, one result of which is that his characters talk upon stilts, so to speak. Nevertheless, this sort of writing evidently has its admirers, for Mr. Fawcett has propounded the same social theories in identical periods in several preceding works, most of which have been successful—and nothing succeeds like success.

THE CATALOGUE of the Toronto Circulating Library is out, and is probably the most welcome book published in the city this year. Mr. Bain is to be congratulated upon its conciseness and simplicity, and the printers upon its appearance. We cannot but think, however, that the book is worthy of a stouter binding.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE continued popularity of the "Silver King" was manifested by the large audience which assembled to greet its presentation at the Toronto Opera House on Monday. The "drama of a life-time," as it has been aptly called, is billed for the remainder of the week, the company performing it being that of Mr. Harry Miner. The cast is not by any means the strongest which has been seen in Toronto, but it is a fair all-round one, whilst the scenery is excellent. Mr. Bangs is too strong for *Wilfrid Denver*, failing in the lighter and more delicate passages. The *Nellie Denver* of Miss Behrens is an in-and-out performance; she is too stagey, and the audience laughs when she attempts pathos. *Jacques*, the family servant, is moderately well played by Mr. Verney; Mr. Colton makes a good *Spider*; the *Coombe* of Mr. James Vincent is a burlesque upon a burlesque; and the parts of *Cripps* and *Corkett*, assigned to Messrs. Dayton and Burbridge, are average performances. Mr. Sheppard must be congratulated upon his determination to raise the curtain at eight sharp; let him put a stop to the ear-piercing whistling of the "gods" and he will confer a further and even a greater favour on his patrons.

THE Toronto Choral Society has resumed work for the winter. "Samson" is the work taken up, and the society feel confident of a prosperous season. The position of pianist, formerly occupied by Miss Dallas, has been filled by the appointment of Miss Ella Cowley.

THE congregation of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, had an opportunity last week of hearing their newly appointed organist, Dr. Davies, to rather better advantage than whilst in the performance of ordinary musical services. A selection including Kreutzer's "Night in Grenada;" a pastorate in G, by Stephens; an allegro moderato, by Hainworth; Mendelssohn's "Marcia Funebra" and "Reformation" Symphony; a minuet and trio (Octetta), by Schubert; "The Horse and his Rider," by Handel; and Gounod's Marche Cortège "Irene," was given in the Cathedral by Mr. Davies, and considerable satisfaction was expressed by those present with the great ability shown.

It is seldom that an opportunity occurs of hearing so accomplished a musician as Madame C. C. Rossiter, and it was gratifying to see so large an audience to welcome her as assembled in the Toronto Temperance Hall on Tuesday night. On that occasion Madame Rossiter, assisted by Miss Beaver, a fine contralto, gave a selection of piano and organ solos, songs, recitations, and concertina solos, in a manner which delighted and astonished her hearers.

A CONCERT company, consisting of Mrs. Agnes Corlett-Thompson, her husband, Mr. Thomas Hurst, a tenor whose name has not transpired, and a pianist, has been organized in Toronto "to meet the constant demand of societies and churches made for the same."

THE Toronto Roller Skating Rink, which closed during the hot weather, was re-opened on Monday night last, when a number of ladies and gentlemen indulged in the fascinating sport. The rink has been made bright, clean, and handsome by the Messrs. Going, and will no doubt become a fashionable winter resort.

THE programme of the Irving performances at Montreal is as follows:—Wednesday, "The Merchant of Venice," Thursday, "Much Ado About Nothing," Friday, "Hamlet," Saturday matinee, "Much Ado About Nothing," Saturday night, "Louis XI." A tremendous rush has been made for seats, as might have been expected. Mr. Irving's company are announced to appear in Toronto next week in four performances, as follows: Wednesday, "Merchant of Venice," Thursday, "Much Ado about Nothing," Friday, "Hamlet," Saturday matinee, "Much Ado about Nothing," Saturday night, "Louis XI." The sale of seats commences at the box-office Saturday.

A MEETING of the professional and amateur orchestral players of Montreal was held last week to take into consideration the formation of an orchestral society. Thirty-five members were enrolled. Mr. Edwin Harris was appointed president and conductor, and Mr. Johnstone secretary.

THE concerts of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society for the coming season will be at Christmas time, on February 22nd (Handel bi-centennial), and Easter Sunday.

THE great Italian tragedian, Tomaso Salvini, is on his way to this continent to fulfil several professional engagements.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE *Rambler*, our spicy Chicago contemporary, has come out in a new dress—with a semi-coloured cartoon wrapper, a two-page illustration entitled "Dulce-Domum," and several minor illustrations.

ROCHESTER is next month going to lay the corner-stone of a monument to the famous Indian orator, Red Jacket, and his body and those of some of his contemporary chiefs will be placed under it. This is intended to arouse the jealousy of Buffalo, which claims Sa-go-ye-wat-ha as her own.

MEISSONIER has never made any attempt to conceal the low opinion he entertains of the ability of women. "It's no use talking, your Majesty," he once blurted out to the Empress Eugenie, at Compiègne, "Show me a she Raphael, or a female Rembrandt, or a female Meissonier and I'll change my opinion, but not till then."

THE "Milton Bible," which the trustees of the British Museum have just purchased, is the first Mrs. Milton's Bible. "I am the book of Mary Milton"; so runs the inscription, in the lady's own handwriting. The poet himself, however, has entered the dates of the birth of his children, which are given with commendable precision.

A REMARKABLE blunder occurs in the *Saturday Review's* notice of Lord Lorne's "Canadian Pictures," in which it is said there are no Jews in Canada. Where the Marquis obtained his information is unknown: but it is strange he does not know there are a considerable number of Jews in this country, who are not only industrious, but wealthy citizens.—*Ottawa Free Press.*

MR. C. D. WELDON, of New York, whose painting entitled "The Wedding Dress" attracted so much attention at the last Academy Exhibition, and was bought by Mr. Graves, of Brooklyn, for \$2,000, has been engaged during the summer upon illustrations for "The Buntling Ball," a poetical satire upon New York Society, to be issued anonymously by Funk and Wagnalls.

LORD TENNYSON is reported to be in high dudgeon over the determination of a New York house to publish, in a new edition, all the earlier poems which he suppressed, particularly the one satirizing Bulwer Lytton. We know of no new edition of the Laureate's poems, other than the one being published by Macmillan and Co., and that, as is expressly stated, is revised throughout by the author.

THE whole number of publications of the world, during the year 1883 was, according to the official accounts sent out from Leipzig, no less than 15,474 books, pamphlets, etc., and 386 maps, or 429 books etc., and 40 maps more than during the year 1882. Leipzig continues to be the centre of the book trade for Germany, and indeed for the whole world. In that city, during the past year, no less than 2,624 books and 14 maps were published, while in Berlin 2,434 books and 57 maps were issued. Austria issued 1,944 publications, and Switzerland 644.

A GOOD deal of attention is just now being directed to the plagiarisms and imitations which Verdi has incorporated into his works. For a man with a remarkable fund of original melody, they are as inexplicable as they are indisputable. In the *Musical Courier*, Mr. Ernest Saltus has been commenting upon the indebtedness of the author of "Aida" to the scores of Donizetti. Some years ago, at a Paris *café*, a well-known feuilletonist exclaimed, enthusiastically: "Verdi carries melody in his sleeve! All he has to do is to shake his arm and it pours out." "Yes," quietly answered an American gentleman, standing by. "And he wears his sleeves as do the Chinese pickpockets—extra wide; and the police can always find them full of stolen goods."

ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston, announce: "Our Great Benefactors: Short Biographies of the Men and Women most eminent in Literature, Science, Philanthropy, Art etc.," edited by Samuel Adams Drake, with nearly 100 portraits; "Paris: Historical, Social, and Artistic," by Philip Gilbert Hamerton, profusely illustrated with woodcut engravings and twelve full-page etchings; "The Countess of Albany," by Vernon Lee, "Harriet Martineau," by Mrs Fenwick Miller, and "Mary Woolstonecraft," by Elizabeth Robins Pennell, in the "Famous Women Series"; "The New Book of Kings," an attack on monarchy, by J. Morrison Davidson (of the Middle Temple); "The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman," illustrated by George Cruikshank; "Atheism in Philosophy, and other Essays," by the Rev. Frederic H. Hedge, D.D.; and "The Making of a Man," by the late Rev. Wm. M. Baker, author of "His Majesty, Myself," being a sequel to that book.

THE history of Van Dyck's portrait of Charles I. lately bought for the National Gallery from Blenheim Palace for £17,500 is as follows. It was originally, no doubt, painted for the king, and was sold during the Commonwealth for £150. The great Duke of Marlborough bought the portrait at Munich. The painting is on canvas, in excellent condition, and shows the king bareheaded, otherwise in complete shining black armour, mounted on a dun-coloured horse, seen in profile, advancing to the left, and attended by his equerry, Sir Thomas Morton, on foot, and holding the royal helmet. The portrait is a superb masterpiece, a splendid example of Van Dyck's art at its most potent stage. The painter never imparted to the cold, hard, narrow, and proud features of Charles a grander and more king-like expression than on the face of this glorious work. The horse is perhaps the best Van Dyck produced, which is saying much. The sky and the abundant foliage would have charmed Titian. The general colouration and handling attest the profit gained by Van Dyck during his sojourn in Italy. The picture, though often copied, has never been adequately engraved.

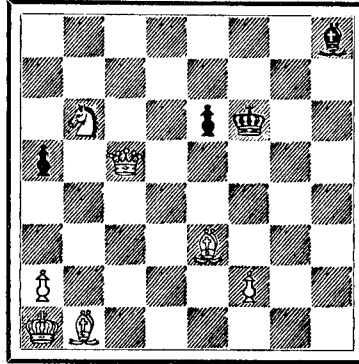
CHESS.

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

PROBLEM No. 48.

By W. Atkinson.
No. 46 corrected.

BLACK.



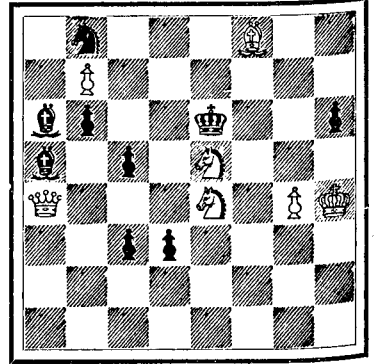
WHITE.

White to play and sui-mate in four moves.

PROBLEM No. 49.

TOURNEY PROBLEM No. 5.
Motto:—"Tempore candidior."

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

COOK'S SYNOPSIS—AMERICAN EDITION.

We have received from the publishers, Messrs. Robert Clarke and Co., Cincinnati, this latest addition to the literature of the Royal Game.

The first part of the book, a verbatim reprint of the latest edition of the English work, occupies 140 pages. Of this section we need not speak; its excellence is attested by its wide-spread popularity, and the rapid exhaustion of the previous editions. It is "The American Supplement" to which we wish particularly to refer. It purports to contain "American inventions in the openings, fresh analyses since 1882 (the date of the English third edition), and a list of chess clubs in the United States and Canada."

Among the inventions ascribed to American players we may mention Mr. A. P. Barnes' defence to the Lopez, the Jerome gambit, Mr. Henry Loewe's variation in the Scotch, the Blackmar gambits, and Mr. Ware's pet, the "Meadow Hay," and the "Stonewall" openings. Of these the "Jerome gambit" presents Black with a piece and the better game, and the "Meadow Hay" and "Stonewall" openings are aptly characterized by Mr. Steinitz as more remarkable for irregularity than value.

There is one feature of the American Supplement which is worthy of all praise, i.e., the giving of actual games played in late international tournaments by great masters, in the place of long-winded theoretical analysis. There is no doubt that in their games in important contests great players give honest opinions as to the best lines of play, and thus are better guides for the enquiring student than the mere opinions of perhaps third or fourth rate players, who make their arguments suit particular pet moves of their own.

In the list of American Chess Clubs we find the names of eighty-seven chess organizations in the United States and Canada, the most comprehensive list yet published we believe. We notice, however, that Boston does not appear among the number. How is this? Has the city of "culture" no Knights of Chess?

The history of the New Orleans Chess, Checkers and Whist Club, near the end of the book is an exceedingly interesting description of the thoroughly tropical rapidity with which this immense organization has grown and flourished.

The volume is well bound, the cover being embellished with a most ingenious Knight's Four. The paper is good, and the typographical work simply splendid. We hope in subsequent issues to examine more fully this useful work. It contains a vast amount of analysis invaluable to the progressive student, and we heartily recommend the work to all chess-players who desire to possess a handy and most remarkable authority on the openings.

SYNOPSIS OF THE CHESS OPENINGS.—A Tabular Analysis, by William Cook, a member of the Birmingham Chess Club, with American inventions in the Chess openings, and Irish Analysis since 1882, by J. W. Miller, of the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke and Co., 1884.

SOLUTION TO END GAME.

The end game which appeared in our issue of the 18th inst., has excited a great deal of comment. Strange to say some of the most expert analysts in the country declared it a draw, while the win for White can be forced in the following elegant manner:—

<p>White.</p> <p>1. B R 5 2. B Kt 6 3. B B 7</p>	<p>Black.</p> <p>K Kt 1 (a) K B 1 (b) P Kt 5</p>	<p>White.</p> <p>3. K B 7 4. P x P and wins.</p>	<p>Black.</p> <p>2. K R 1 3. P Kt 5</p>
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(a) If P moves, P x P and wins.

GAME No. 25.

The Scottish Chess Association.

The following game was played in the Major Tournament of the Scottish Chess Association, July 22nd:—

King's Gambit refused.

<p>White.</p> <p>Mr. G. B. Fraser.</p> <p>1. P to K 4 2. P to K B 4 3. Kt to K B 3 4. B to B 4 5. P to B 3 6. P to Q Kt 4 7. P to Q B 4 8. P to Q 3 9. P to R 3 10. Q x B 11. B x P 12. B x Kt 13. Kt to Q 2 14. Kt to B sq 15. P to Kt 5 16. P to Kt 4</p>	<p>Black.</p> <p>Mr. Mills.</p> <p>P to K 4 B to Q B 4 (a) P to Q 3 Kt to Q B 3 B to K Kt 5 (b) B to Kt 3 P to Q R 3 Kt to K B 3 P x P B x Kt P to R 3 Kt to K 4 P x B Castles P to Q R 4 Kt to Q 2 Q to R 5 ch</p>	<p>White.</p> <p>Mr. G. B. Fraser.</p> <p>17. Q to Kt 3 (c) 18. Kt x Q 19. K to K 2 20. B to Kt 3 21. Q R to Q sq 22. B to B 2 23. K to B 3 24. Kt to K 2 25. K P x P 26. Kt to Kt 3 27. K x P 28. K to R 5 29. K R to Kt sq 30. R x B 31. P to Q 4</p>	<p>Black.</p> <p>Mr. Mills.</p> <p>Q x Q P to Kt 3 K to Kt 2 Q R to Q sq Kt to B 4 Kt to K 3 R to Q 3 P to K B 4 (d) P x P P x P double ch R to B 5 ch B to B 7 (e) B x R K to B sq</p>
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NOTES.

- (a) P to Q 4 and the move in the text are the best methods of declining the gambit. In Germany we believe that the move in the text is preferred to P to Q 4.
- (b) It may be doubted whether this move should be played before bringing out the K Kt. If now White played P to K R 3, Black would need either to exchange B for Kt, or retire the B on its original diagonal.
- (c) White here felt it necessary to offer the exchange, otherwise we suppose, if it could have been safely avoided, he would have refused to surrender his chief weapon of attack.
- (d) Well played. This at once initiates a strong attack.
- (e) We incline to think that Kt to Q sq or B sq was more effective. To save mate the Kt must have been at once sacrificed, if indeed it would have had that effect.

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 ameba in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favourable circumstances, and these are:—Morbidity of the blood, as the blighted corpuscle of umberle, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxo-mea, 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.

Magazine of American History
 FOR OCTOBER, 1884.
CONTENTS.

CURIOSITIES OF INVENTION: A chapter of American Industrial History. By Charles Barnard. *Illustrations*—Portrait of Eli Whitney—Blanchard's Lathe—Portrait of Thomas Blanchard—Howe's Original Sewing Machine—Portrait of Elias Howe—Fouring Web Loom of Lyall—Shuttle and Carriage—Portrait of James Lyall—McCormick's Reaper—Portrait of Cyrus H. McCormick—Portrait of Charles Goodyear—Portrait of Thomas A. Edison.

MONROE AND THE RHEA LETTER. A paper of exceptional interest by the eminent author and historian, James Schouler. **A BIT OF SECRET SERVICE HISTORY.** By Allan Foreman. A contribution throwing light upon certain events in the late Civil War.

THE NATION'S FIRST REBELLION IN 1794. By H. G. Cutler. A graphic and authentic account of this singular episode.

TRIBUTE TO ORASMUS HOLMES MARSHALL. By William L. Stone. Mr. Marshall's portrait in steel is the frontispiece to this number of the Magazine.

DID THE ROMANS COLONIZE AMERICA?—II. Some Epithets and Idioms in the Aboriginal Indian names. M. V. Moore.

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS contain an original letter from General Sam. Houston, giving his views on the subject of secession while Governor of Texas.

MINOR TOPICS has an interesting article on "Massasoit," by Rev. R. W. Allen.

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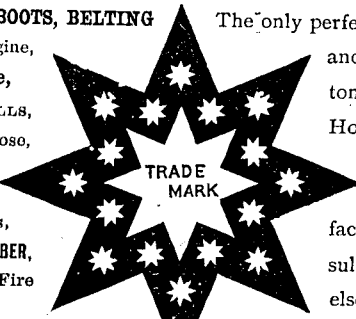
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CHARLES DRINKWATER, Secretary.
 Montreal, January, 1884.



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