

THE WEEK.

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The Week,

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TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE miserable bribery scandal which is occupying the attention of the public and the press, to the exclusion of more wholesome subjects, is not a very extraordinary termination to a session productive of no particular good to anybody, and chiefly spent in undignified wrangling upon subjects often not within the jurisdiction of the Local House. But though the nine weeks' session just concluded has not resulted in any startling legislation, it has demonstrated, beyond possible doubt, the clumsiness and absurdity of a Provincial Parliament constituted as that of Ontario is. To the non-partizan observer it is evident that members come up to Toronto with pre-formed ideas upon the subjects touched in the address, and that every vote goes upon strictly party issues. It is equally apparent the oratory of the House is not directed at its members, but at the constituents of the speaker and the party he is identified with. This view is taken by the leading papers, each of which reports only the speeches made by members of the party it represents, and deliberately ignores replies, even when such responses absolutely demonstrate the untruthfulness or fallacy of the statements which provoke them. A dozen men of average capacity could do the whole business of the Province in a couple of weeks with infinitely more satisfaction to the public, and at a tithe of the cost.

THE revelation before the Parliamentary Committee on Privileges and the Police Magistrate affords no grounds for hope that any satisfactory explanation can be offered which will exonerate one political party from the attempt to corrupt another, members of which have not hesitated to descend to very sorry tricks in an endeavour to turn the tables and secure a party triumph. Whatever the judicial outcome of the muddle concocted by a "brawling brood of bribers," one moral result will be to further discredit the business of politics in this country and expose its weaknesses abroad. The wholesale attempt to bribe out of power a government undoubtedly representing the political opinions of the Province, forms a fitting climax to the Muskoka, the stolen telegrams, and the Weekes scandals. This is the kind of thing such creatures as Wilkinson are usually employed for. With Kirkland—who, as an American, has no possible political interest to serve—it appears to have been a mere matter of business. But it is difficult to understand his employers entrusting so absurd and dan-

gerous a scheme to such a notorious tool as the former. Apart from the immorality and dishonour of the attempt, it was a blunder only possible to men whose lack of principle equals their want of judgment. The bare-faced manner in which it was essayed is only paralleled by the assurance with which it is sought to throw the whole blame upon the "approached" and the Government. On the other hand, no generous leader should ask his followers to descend to the tactics employed to entrap would-be corruptors, even to snatch a party triumph. It would further have shown better generalship if the Government had at once appealed to the House when first it received an intimation of what was going on, whilst the hands of their party were clean, leaving the House and the country to surmise what was contemplated by the Opposition. The whole thing is unsavoury, and is strongly corroborative of the demoralizing influence of blind partizanship and resulting from the perpetual scramble going on for place and power as rewards for political services.

AT Ottawa the news caused a great sensation, and "the Ontario bribery conspiracy" was the subject of heated discussion by little knots around the Houses to the exclusion of almost every other subject. One curious result of the matter is that the copious reports of the Parliamentary and police court enquiries have so crowded the columns of leading dailies that Mr. Blake's speech on the Orange Bill was almost unreported; and thus the world has lost the opportunity of reading one of the most carefully prepared and successful speeches of the premier orator of the Dominion.

THERE can be no question but the scandal has for the moment utterly demoralized the Conservative Party in Ontario, as evidenced in the wild manner in which the "you're-another" cry, couched in most offensive language, has been taken up by their chief organ. Meanwhile the gentlemen whom it was sought to buy are feted by their constituents as political heroes who have assisted to confound the enemy. It is felt, however, that more, if not "worse, remains behind," and that if the whole truth should ever be known, it will be found others were implicated, on both sides the House, whose names have not yet been mentioned except in whispers. The reply of an M.P.P. who posed as an independent member to the question if he had nothing to say in the matter, was pregnant of meaning: "What I know I mean to keep to myself. I have no wish to figure in the Police Court."

IT is not thought that Mr. Hickson will push the proposed reduction of Grand Trunk employes' wages to extremity. The results of a strike and stoppage of business would not be confined to the company and the workmen whose wages it is proposed to reduce, but would bring widespread disaster to commercial men generally just at a time when it is hoped the spring will bring a revival of trade which will in some degree compensate for the disasters and stagnation of the past winter. A great responsibility would rest upon those who should precipitate so calamitous a result as a general strike at the present moment—a result which would be equally ruinous to the company, the strikers, and the public.

"BRADSTREET'S" records thirty-seven failures as having taken place in Canada during the past week, a decrease of one from the preceding week. In the corresponding weeks of 1882 and 1883 there were ten and thirty-two, respectively. There were also one hundred and ninety-two failures in the United States during the past week, as compared with one hundred and eighty-six the preceding week, and with one hundred and ninety-six, one hundred and eighteen, and one hundred and twenty-one, respectively, in the corresponding weeks of 1883, 1882, and 1881. About 84 per cent. of these failures were those of small traders whose capital was less than \$5,000.

THERE does not appear to be any reasonable foundation for the rumours of Mr. Gladstone's intention to dissolve the English Parliament. He has nothing whatever to gain by such a step, and is, furthermore, pledged to carry the Reform Bill now under consideration before appealing to the country. What effect his indisposition may have upon the situation it is impossible to surmise, though his absence from the House of Commons at the present moment might seriously imperil the Franchise Bill and the party.

CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS.

WHEN men are in the hands of public justice and are about to be brought to its bar for a serious offence, the commonest regard for propriety forbids the publication of anything which can prejudice the question of their guilt or innocence. Above all it is unfair to pillory as a convicted criminal a man who has not yet been tried. The objection is strongest of all when the accused person is a foreigner; indeed, his government would, in such a case, have a good ground for complaining that his trial had not been fair. To the "Bystander" therefore, it appears that silence upon the subject of the Ontario Bribery Scandal till the verdict shall have been pronounced, is a plain dictate of duty. Most cheerfully does he submit to it, since it exempts him, for the present, from the necessity of dealing with a case no part or incident of which can be touched without pain by anybody who has a regard for the character of our public men or for the honour of the country. The taint, however, ought not to be spread to more reputations than the disclosures affect. The existence in the hands of one of the accused of a note from the Minister of the Interior consenting to reward some subaltern services to the party with a petty appointment in no way justified the introduction of Mr. Macpherson's name into the present case. The object was apparent, but the act was unwarrantable. That the persons accused, if fairly convicted, may receive the punishment due to such offenders is the common desire of all good citizens. But the real moral of the whole affair is one which the "Bystander" has so often drawn that he is almost ashamed to draw it again, even under circumstances which give it so much force. This is the outcome, the inevitable outcome, of party government. When the two parties are evenly balanced, the excitement of the game becomes intense, and the party out of power seeing the prize so close within its reach makes desperate efforts to turn the scale by drawing over to its lines a sufficient number of the supporters of the Government. This happened at the opening of the session of the Ontario Parliament which saw the fall of Sandfield Macdonald's Ministry; and though bribes were not then offered, expectations were at least tacitly held out, and in one far from creditable instance, were ultimately fulfilled. When organic questions are out of the way and no real principle of division between the two parties any longer exists, the only agency by which they can be held together is corruption of one sort or other. Nor are the more refined and subtle kinds of corruption less injurious in their effects to the public than the coarser and more open kinds. A man who sells himself for a place or a so-called honour is likely to be fully as great a knave as the man who sells himself for money, while his influence for evil will be greater. Nothing, indeed, is practically more noxious than hypocritical solicitation of the "vote" of some section or church which has to be purchased by a sacrifice of public interests on the largest scale. Sir Richard Cartwright, in the debate on the Budget, bitterly deplored the condition into which our political morality had fallen, and declared that the government of the country was not only corrupt but corruption incarnate. He intended, no doubt that his description should be confined to the character of his opponents; but common sense will recognize no such limitation; the men on both sides are drawn from the same social element, have undergone the same training, and are subject to the same influences; the object of all alike is the possession of power; between individual politicians there may be wide differences, but between parties the difference can never be wide. The longer the factions fight the more violent the conflict will be, and the more desperate and the more corrupt will be the expedients to which, especially at the turning points of the struggle, they will have recourse. The larger, also, will be the train, on each side, of professional agents of corruption. Nothing will put an end to the consequences of the system but that which puts an end to the system itself. In the general history of this session of the Ontario Parliament we have an argument against party almost as cogent as the scene of scandal in which it closed. It opened with the waste of a fortnight of public time in the debate on the address, each member in turn reproducing in a diluted form the editorials of the party press; and throughout its course it has been little but a continuous broil. Of genuine deliberation upon public business, with the single object of promoting the interest of the Province, there has been almost none. If the affairs of any commercial company were managed in this style the end would infallibly be ruin. Why, in the case of the community, should we expect a better result?

THE President of the United States has obeyed the call of national honour by issuing instructions against the exportation of dynamite. The explosive being so easy of concealment, it is not likely that the instructions will be very effectual, but at least they are a tribute to humanity, the

payment of which, if the character of the American people was to be kept stainless before the world, no longer brooked delay. This is the cause not of England but of civilization, threatened in all its kingdoms and commonwealths by a domination of murder. The Government of the French Republic is exerting itself in earnest to put down by a vigorous application of the criminal law the plots and the preaching of the assassins; and the most liberal organs of the European press, even though not friendly to England, are loyal to morality. If the Americans continue to permit the open advocacy of murder at public meetings and the public raising of subscriptions for dynamite, their republic will be an oasis in the map of moral civilization. Mr. Godkin, of the *New York Post* and the *Nation*, is considerate enough to suggest that if assassins were not allowed to conspire and collect money for their work publicly, the English police might be deprived of useful information. What Mr. Godkin as an Irish Nationalist wants is that the Fenians should be left unmolested in their operations, and that they should succeed. His sympathy is the source of counsels which will lead America to dishonour. No man of sense can have any doubt as to the moral effect of licensing the open advocacy of crime. When any native American journal pretending to respectability meets with scoffs the remonstrances of England against dastardly attempts to butcher her unoffending citizens, we know what the motives are: they are that ignoble hatred of the Mother Country which is still the cherished heritage of the meaner Americans and, still more, the fear of the Irish vote: they are, that is to say, malignity and cowardice, the common seducers of men and communities from the path of rectitude. The Americans may rest assured that the struggle between their civilization and Irish Catholicism is as inevitable in the United States as it is in Great Britain, in Canada, in Australia and in all the other communities where the two elements confront each other; it is as irrepressible as was the conflict between Freedom and Slavery; and as in the case of Freedom and Slavery, the more the hostile power is courted and flattered the severer in the end the conflict will be. The sacrifice of national honour to Slavery was bootless; it only entailed in the end a large sacrifice of national blood. It may be wholesome to American patrons of Fenianism, though it is not pleasant to anybody, to reflect that on the occasion of the Draught Riots, American repression shed in one day a good deal more Irish blood than British repression has shed in fifty years.

MR. BLAKE'S speech against Orange Incorporation and against the "Secret Societies" in general is said by good judges who heard it to have been one of his highest efforts, though its effect was drowned in the "Scandal." But the whole strength of his case lay in one point of his argument. The Orange Association has allowed itself to be used as the vassal ally of a political party; it has given itself into the hands of leaders whose object was not Protestant liberty, but place; it has laid its head in the Delilah lap of patronage; it has even, by an unnatural and ignominious league with the Bleus, promoted that Roman Catholic ascendancy which it was the Orangeman's professed mission to restrain. These charges Orangeism cannot deny. It can purge itself for the future only by withdrawing itself from the leadership of intriguers, by renouncing mercenary aims, by re-kindling its fire at the original altar, by acting once more in the spirit of William of Orange, with proper regard for altered circumstances and without forgetting that the illustrious defender of Protestant freedom against Rome and her vassal despots was also the steadfast upholder of toleration. But when Mr. Blake assails Orangeism as a secret society, his foot is on less firm ground. There is a fallacious ambiguity about the term secret. It is loosely applied even to the Greek Letter Societies of the American Universities, which have nothing secret about them except a grip and a password, being in truth merely social clubs. Orangemen do not, any more than Freemasons or Oddfellows, make a secret either of their membership or of the object of their association; they parade in public; their aims are avowed, and whether expedient or inexpedient, are not illegal; they do not, like the secret societies of Europe, conspire against the Government or the law; they are now in Ireland actually engaged in defending the Government, the law, and the union against rebellion. Mr. Blake, on the other hand, by coming forward, with a motive not to be mistaken, to advocate Home Rule, that is, as he must well know, Disunion, and by forcing, as he unquestionably did, the Canadian Parliament to throw its moral weight into the scale of the Land League at the very time of the Phoenix Park murders, connected himself politically with an association which is secret indeed, walking in darkness, doing the works of darkness, and aiming at the subversion of the Government by terrorism and assassination. Recourse to private associations for the defence of public liberties is always in itself an evil; but when public liberties are deserted or bartered away by the cowardice or the selfish ambition of

politicians, there may be need for a strong arm to shut the gates of Derry. And the arm of Orangeism may yet be strong if the Order, having been used, and flung aside by the politicians, can profit by the bitter lesson and once more be true to itself and its cause.

THE Irish rebellion is raking up again all the bitter questions of Irish history, and notably that bitterest of them all, the question of the massacre of Protestants by the Catholics in 1641. Dr. John Macdonnell, of Dublin, kinsman of that Sir Alexander Macdonnell whose life was a proof that a British official in Ireland may be the best of Irishmen, undertakes to plead the cause of the Catholic insurgents once more at the bar of history. He shows his learning and his kindness; he detects, what is easy enough to detect, untruthfulness in Mr. Froude: but he cannot much affect the principal fact. There are wide discrepancies, no doubt, among the Protestant authorities as to the number of the victims, and some of them exaggerate immensely. But we have similar discrepancies and exaggerations where nobody has any doubt as to the reality of the main event. The massacres in the prisons of Paris at the commencement of the Reign of Terror, the September massacres as they are called, were enacted under the eyes of the Parisians; the prison registers and the testimony of the gaolers must have been there to assist inquiry; the subject was, after a short interval, brought up in the Convention, which was sitting on the spot, and was there debated several times; yet the estimates of the number massacred vary from six thousand to one thousand, and it is with much hesitation that Barante sets it down at about fifteen hundred. Panic and horror always distort and multiply. A half-savage race, as the native Irish then were, rose in frenzied wrath upon the intruders who were despoiling it of its land; first proceeded to expel them, and then, its fury kindling in the process, butchered all upon whom it could lay its hands. Such is the alleged fact, and why should we refuse to believe what was believed at the time by everybody, among the rest by Clarendon, an eminently sober writer, who must have had access to the best information, and was as far as possible from being inclined to magnify the wrongs of the Puritan party in Ireland? That in the war which ensued the Irish gave no quarter, is proved by the explicit and exulting testimony of the Papal Legat Rinuccini, and this forms a sufficient answer to the charges of inhumanity against Cromwell. Nobody proposes that the Irish Catholics at the present day shall suffer any privation or disparagement on account of the massacre of 1641. On the other hand it is preposterous to charge the people of England in 1884 with the acts of the Normans, of the Tudors, or of those who fought in the Civil Wars under the Stuarts. As well might the Government and the citizens of the French Republic be charged with the massacre of St. Bartholomew or the persecution of Protestants under Louis XIV. Let the dead past rest in its grave. Much stress is laid by the exhibitors of historical sores on the fact that one of the worst of the persecuting acts against Irish priests was passed so late as the reign of Anne. At the very end of Anne's reign one of the worst of the persecuting acts against English Nonconformists was passed by Bolingbroke and his Tory crew. The only use of these investigations is to warn us what might happen in a land still divided between hostile races and religions if the Union were now repealed and the controlling presence of the Imperial power were withdrawn. Who could guarantee us against another 1641?

As in every Irish conspiracy the informer is sure to come, so in every Irish party is sure to come the split. It has long been evident that there was a divergence between Mr. Parnell, who wants to play a waiting game till the Franchise Bill shall have been passed, and the Dynamiters, who do not want to play a waiting game at all. But now Mr. Power opens fire on the Parnellites in the House of Commons, and of course receives a broadside in return. Mr. Power is more moderate than Mr. Parnell; he is opposed to terrorism and outrage; yet the policy which he advocates is practically even more inadmissible than that which is advocated by Mr. Parnell. He wants, instead of a Legislative, a Federal, union between Great Britain and Ireland. The British statesman who consents to this must be in his dotage, or a traitor. What sort of life do even Sweden and Norway lead under such a system? At this moment the tie between them is strained almost to breaking; yet between Swedes and Norwegians there is no difference of race or religion, nor has Norwegian hatred of Sweden been cultivated by a long succession of mischief-making demagogues, as has Irish hatred of England. The character of the matrimonial relations which would subsist between the Parliaments of Westminster and Dublin, after a dissolution of the Legislative union extorted by Irish agitation, may too easily be foretold. A complete separation would unbind the hands of England. She would then be at liberty to meet insult and outrage, in the last resort, with arms; to extend a frank and unre-

served protection to the Protestants of Ulster; above all to guard herself against that most fatal of all invasions, the inflow of Irish Catholic immigration into her own cities. The end almost certainly would be re-conquest and the final settlement of the Irish question with the sword. But there is a better way. Let the British Parliament only lay faction aside for an hour, allow for an hour patriotism to prevail, and by its attitude make the conspirators understand once for all that while every real grievance shall be redressed, there shall be no tampering with the Union.

MR. DIKE, the investigator of the Divorce question, has an important paper in the *Princeton Review*. The disintegration of the family is apparently going on apace. Statistics showing the rapid increase of divorce cases have already been given. It appears that there were in a year in twenty-nine of the fifty-two counties of California 789 divorces to 5,849 marriage licenses, or one divorce to 7.41 licenses. It is safe, in the opinion of Mr. Dike to say that divorces have doubled in proportion to marriages or population in most of the Northern States within the last thirty years, while present figures indicate a still greater increase. It is, in fact, in the recent indications that the serious part of the case consists. Instances of fraud and collusion in obtaining divorces continually come to light. Causes are disposed of with haste, on frivolous evidence; in the courts of one State fifteen minutes is the average time spent on a divorce suit. A dozen families will be broken up in far less time than it takes the same court to decide a five dollars-suit. The example thus set in the higher grades of society is leading, as might be expected, to loss of respect for marriage all down the scale, the poor thinking that they are morally at liberty to do without expensive forms that which the rich do with them. The increase of licentiousness Mr. Dike says is marked; as are the lowering of the tone and the growth even among married women of the opinion that adultery is a mere peccadillo. The physician and the student of social life discover in some quarters immorality both in sentiment and practice which was unknown half a century ago. A partial loss of capacity for maternity has already befallen American women, and the voluntary refusal of its responsibilities is the lament of the physician and the moralist. That the majority of American homes remain yet untouched and happy is a fact which does not annul the significance of a growing tendency. Such are the phenomena which present themselves, and may well present themselves to Mr. Dike and to any one to whom the vital tissue of society is an object of interest as matter for anxious investigation. If the case is not overstated, Mormonism, when it is denounced and threatened by New England preachers and moralists, may hold up its monstrous head and fling back the accusation upon its censors. It at least does not discourage maternity; it even upholds the family in its own strange and barbarous way. Perhaps it may have the effrontery to maintain that the simultaneous polygamy is not more licentious than the successive or even has the advantage, inasmuch as it does not cast the children adrift. Mr. Dike ascribes the evil largely to the relaxation of divorce laws. But it appears that the tendencies of which he speaks run very much with that particular element which, though Puritan in its origin, has been most affected by the march of Radical ideas generally and especially by the progress of sexual revolution. The headship of the family and the family itself are being battered or undermined by a variety of subversive agencies of which direct alteration of the marriage law is one, while others are the changes in the political, educational and economical relations of the sexes which are being pushed on, generally with the effect and sometimes with the object of rendering the family less a unit, separating the interest of the wife from that of the husband and making the woman the competitor instead of the partner of the man. This does not escape the notice of Mr. Dike, who treats his subject with philosophic breadth of view. At this moment there is before the British House of Commons Radical legislation in respect to the guardianship of children manifestly directed against the headship of the family. The Radical is wise in his generation who acts on the conviction that while the headship of the family continues to exist and to be regarded as sacred, authority will not be extinct. Lawyers cannot help favouring the change from the bond of affection, or *status* as they choose to call it, to contract. Affection does not pay fees, but contract does. We are all so absorbed in politics that we pay little heed to the progress of sexual and domestic revolution, though it must affect things more precious than any civil rights, inasmuch as the home is the centre of our moral being. Professed Conservatives even allow themselves to tamper with it, and to borrow from it female suffrage, that they may steal a political victory, albeit the movement is directed against the very type and root of that principle of authority on which Conservatism rests. Collot d'Herbois, the frantic Jacobin who in the French Convention first proposed

female suffrage, well understood his own game. Amidst the general inattention, but under cover of a cloud of vague sentiment, a very small number of enthusiasts is sufficient to carry on the most fundamental of revolutions. In our own country we see recurring in every list of the movers, with kaleidoscopic variations the names of two or three ladies devoted to Woman's Rights, of the husband of one of them, and a few other gentlemen generally prominent in the championship of political and social innovation. A little personal wheeling and a few sentimental phrases are enough to prevail with Aldermen and members of Local Legislatures who like to show their gallantry and have never studied any social question. It is indeed rather appalling to think to what hands subjects affecting the very dearest interests of society are entrusted. "The Bystander," as he has said before, does not close his eyes to the possible advent of a great change. For the advent from time to time of great changes, every student of history must be prepared. It may be, as some speculators seem to think, that like the Clan, the Tribe and other primeval phases of society, the family is now about to pass away, or to undergo fundamental modification; though it must be owned that nothing in the Clan, the Tribe or any other primeval institution seems so deeply rooted in human nature as the relations of man to wife and of parent to child. That on which "The Bystander" insists is that the sexual and domestic revolution is of all others the deepest, and that the community cannot afford, abandoning itself to supine negligence or superficial sympathy, to leave the question to be decided by such agencies as those which are now at work. Women are much mistaken if they think that their interests will ultimately be less affected than those of the men. The man's turn for emancipating himself from irksome ties and obligations will come. Desertion, Mr. Dike intimates, is growing common among the working men. Contract may, as all publicists trained in the legal school think, be an improvement on status, but to make it as sacred as Christian wedlock has been in the eyes of man or woman is impossible.

SOME exceptionally moral person writing in the *Witness* the other day about the Charlton Bill exercised the privilege of exceptionally moral persons by using uncivil language. The Charlton Bill had been brought by its framer somewhat more within the lines of common sense; the insult to the educational profession had been struck out, and the "Bystander," not at all liking that class of subjects, had refrained on this occasion from saying anything about the matter. The reason why people have opposed the Bill was not that they approved seduction or wished to commit it, as from the tone of the writer in the *Witness* might be supposed, but that they thought Mr. Charlton's remedy not the right one. To be operative, especially on questions into which sentiment enters largely, law must be just, and it is not just when two have sinned, to treat one alone as a sinner. In most cases, no doubt, the advances are made by the man, whose passions are the stronger; but this cannot be always assumed to be the fact; and Mr. Charlton would punish a foolish boy for falling into the arms of an adventuress, while he would treat the adventuress as the passive victim of a wrong. The writer in the *Witness* says that "a ribbon" is often enough to do the seducer's work. Why is a sin committed under the weak temptation of vanity less heinous than a sin committed under the strong temptation of lust? This admission shows how dangerous it would be practically to preach to women through the law that they were not responsible for the keeping of their own honour. The writer in the *Witness* wants it laid down as a principle "that the chastity of a girl shall be protected against fraud by the same means and to the same extent as her chattels." Against fraud by all means as well as against force; let drugging, if it is ever practised, be punished as the worst kind of rape; but law cannot protect either a woman's chattel or her chastity if she chooses of her own free will to give it away or barter it for a ribbon. We are all as convinced as the writer in the *Witness* can be, that as pure affection is the highest source of happiness, so impurity is the ruin of happiness, not less than of character. We all condemn as miserable and vile the man who misleads and betrays a woman. But there is no use in legislation which disregards sense and justice, any more than in the unmannerly effusions of an angry pen. The remarks of Chief Justice Hagarty on the case of the plaintiff in the seduction case of Baird v. Sweetman and on the policy of Mr. Charlton's Bill may be instructive to the writer in the *Witness*.

It looks as if the titular and the actual throne of England were about to become vacant altogether. Mr. Gladstone's strength seems to be at last giving way under his immense burden of toil and care. Any amount of parliamentary work, and anything in the way of framing legislation, would be play to him; but such questions as those of Ireland and Egypt are out of his natural range, and sorely they must task him. He has not the cynical levity of Palmerston, who when his invasion of Afghanistan

had brought down an avalanche of disaster and disgrace, felt not a twinge of remorse and thought only of getting himself personally out of the scrape, which he did by coolly mutilating the despatches of Sir Alexander Burns. Few things are more tragic than this end of Mr. Gladstone's career. This statesman, whose foreign policy has been righteousness and peace, finds himself in his last days drawn into a bloody war of aggrandizement which we may be sure is not the less hateful to him because he is but the instrument of fate; while the framer of the Land Bill and the Arrears Bill, the great author of the policy of conciliation for Ireland, when he drags his failing frame to a country retreat for an hour of repose, is guarded by police against the knives of Irish Thugs. This last is, at all events, a black tribute to Mr. Gladstone's patriotism. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain needs no guard. Mr. Gladstone's retirement, by arresting the legislation which is in his hands, would at all events give the country a respite from political change and a little more time for the consideration of the Franchise Bill. The advocates of extension point to the success of universal suffrage in the United States. In a certain sense they are right. The breadth of basis which enables government to claim allegiance as the complete representation of the national will, is unquestionably a great advantage, as appeared on that most trying occasion when the American Government appealed to the loyalty of the people in carrying the country through a desperate civil war. But it must always be borne in mind, in the first place, that the masses which form the basis in the United States are superior both in intelligence and diffused wealth to those on which the polity of England rests; and in the second place, that in the constitution of the United States, which was framed in full view of democracy and its requirements, there are real conservative safeguards, whereas in the British Constitution, which in theory and in popular conception is monarchical, there are none. The American Executive is a real government, elected in an objectionable way, having but an existence independent of the fluctuations of party in the Legislature, and clothed with an actual authority of its own which it does not shrink from exerting. This is true not only of the Federation but of each State. The veto of the President and that of the Governor of each State is real, and has been used in momentous cases as a check on rash or unscrupulous legislation. There is a Federal Senate elected, not by popular suffrage, but by the State Legislatures, conservative in its tendency and strong in the confidence of the nation. There is a Senate in each State which at all events forms a real second Chamber, dividing power with the more popular house and not unfrequently modifying its action. There is a written constitution, clearly defining the limits of all authority, legislative as well as executive, which is graven on the hearts of the people and is in the keeping not of party but of a supreme court of law. There is the system of submitting all constitutional amendments to the people, a strong barrier against hasty innovation, and one which has of late been preserving more than one State from the spread of social revolution. In place of these safeguards England has nothing but the dead and ineffectual forms of what Mr. Gladstone calls an "Ancient Throne." There is no real veto; there is no written constitution; there is no submission of constitutional amendments to the people; the elections to the Central Legislature are all direct; there is no Second Chamber but an old feudal estate of the realm, as odious as it is obsolete and weak. The only government is a committee of the dominant party, dependent for its existence from hour to hour on the support of the majority in a legislature which is becoming every day more factious, more split up into sections and more difficult to control. The Federal system itself also is strongly conservative in its tendency, inasmuch as it puts bounds to the spread of revolutionary movements, and localizes a multitude of questions, political, social and economical, which, if made national, would bring on fatal storms.

THE re-election of Mr. Marriott, after his vote against the Government, by an increased majority at Brighton, and the election of a Conservative in place of a Liberal for Cambridgeshire by a majority of a thousand, seem to show that, in constituencies widely different in character, there is equally a Conservative reaction. Three influences are manifestly at work: fears for the Union, which Mr. Chamberlain and his section have shown a disposition to betray for the sake of gaining the Irish vote; alarm created by Mr. Chamberlain's breathings of social war; and impatience of the domination of his caucus, which is naturally suspected of serving his personal ends. But to these may probably be added, in the case of Cambridgeshire, the unwillingness of the existing county constituencies to be swamped by an extension of the suffrage. This last feeling is one which Parliamentary Reformers are sure to encounter, and which is likely to be fatal to them except when there is a prevailing enthusiasm sufficient to lift people above the motives which rule their actions in ordinary times. In 1831 proprietors of rotten boroughs voted for Reform, but at that time the spirit

of the nation was stirred to its depths by the desire of accomplishing a revolution which promised to all classes the removal of an immense pile of abuses and the inauguration of a better and cheaper government. The farmer is by no means disposed, on abstract grounds of philanthropy, to share the suffrage with his labourer, especially since his bitter war with Joseph Arch and the Agricultural Labourers' Union. If the Conservative leaders were not so deplorably bad as they are, and the party in the House of Commons would behave with some semblance of patriotism, instead of outvying the most reckless factiousness of the lowest demagogue, victory, and even ascendancy, for some years to come, might be within their grasp. But no reflecting enemy of revolution can fail to see that the straightest road to that which he wishes to shun would be through the government of arrogant and insensate reactionists such as Lord Salisbury and Lord Randolph Churchill. The friends of revolution see this very clearly, and are by no means unwilling to resign themselves to a brief period of Tory rule as the means of killing Moderate Liberalism, which they justly regard as their most dangerous foe; from the hands of the Tories they think, and are right in thinking, that power would soon come back into their own. The Parnellites, with whom the Conservatives, true to the traditions of Lord Beaconsfield, are not ashamed practically to conspire, have objects of their own in overturning the Government which has done, or tried to do, so much for Ireland. Toryism, if it gains the day, will requite them with a heavy hand, and in that portion of its policy, at all events, it will have the hearty concurrence of an insulted and imperilled nation.

Of the spirit in which the Tories will rule if they succeed in grasping power, and of the probable effects of their temporary ascendancy on the prospects of a rational Conservatism for the future, the Bradlaugh case is a portentous sign. Sir James Stephen the other day, while he rejected Bradlaugh's appeal to his court on the ground that the House of Commons was a tribunal whose decision, however unjust, was final, intimated plainly, though in reserved and decorous language, his opinion that the decision of the House of Commons had been unjust. That Bradlaugh's sentiments, both on social and religious questions, are more than extreme, and his expression of them singularly offensive, is very true; as it is that little respect seems to be felt for him outside of a small and ultra-revolutionary circle. These are proper matters for the consideration of his constituents. But his constituents have decided; nobody questions the legality of his election; and having been legally elected, though he were ten times an atheist and a revolutionist, he would have as good a title to his seat in Parliament as the Queen has to her throne. He has neither done nor said anything disloyal, nor given any reason for the suspicion that he means to make any bad use of his political trust. If he can be lawlessly excluded by party hatred from his place in the House of Commons, there is no lawful authority in England. The folly of persecuting into factitious importance a man who, if he had been allowed his right, would, like many others of the same stamp before him, have subsided into comparative insignificance, is truly astonishing, when we consider that those who are guilty of it are men of the world; but the folly is swallowed up in the injustice. The Speaker ought, on the first occasion when Mr. Bradlaugh presented himself after having been duly elected, to have insisted on performing ministerially the duty imposed on him by law; he ought to have accepted the oath, and left it to Sir Stafford Northcote afterwards to move the expulsion of Mr. Bradlaugh, if he thought fit. The House is now in the worst and the most humiliating imbroglio into which it has got itself since the Middlesex election, the Stockdale and Hansard case not excepted. It is evident that Bradlaugh will be continually re-elected, and that the House will have, at last, to make its choice between a disgraceful surrender and the barefaced exclusion of a particular man from his civil rights on the ground of political and social antipathy. Religion has nothing to do with the business; she has spoken by the lips of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Selborne, who have cleared her of complicity in the iniquity which political hypocrisy is committing in her name.

A SHORT time ago a curious document went the rounds of the European press. It purported to be a letter written by a Russian Nihilist, from a State prison. It was written, we were told, in blood, and it unfolded a fearful tale of cruelties and horrors. It described damp walls overgrown with fungi, neglected sufferers wallowing in filth and covered with vermin, wretches rotting away in diseases so infectious that the doctor dared not touch the patient's pulse, putrid food, foul pails, the yells of the mad, the shrieks of the scourged, a woman fighting desperately to save her new-born child from the rats. In Dante's *Inferno* there was nothing more hideous. Even the London *Times* inserted this thrilling narrative, and commented upon it in the accents of outraged humanity. To some, more sceptical, or

warned by the catastrophe of previous revelations, it occurred that those who made a practice of murder would hardly scruple to lie; and that if they found it expedient to lie, this was just the sort of lie that they would tell. An Englishman resident at St. Petersburg has now inspected the dungeon, and this is his report published in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a strong Liberal journal:

Not wishing to give you any second-hand information, I obtained permission through the Minister of Justice to visit at once the Troubetskoi bastion, the scene of all these horrors. I was shown through the guardroom, and into a long, well-lighted, and perfectly clean corridor. The floor was of asphalt, the walls of a light blue wash and quite fresh. To my right was the yard and garden containing the bath-house; on my left I saw the doors opening into the several cells, some of which, being empty, I entered, measured, and sketched. These cells are, as nearly as I could judge by stepping across them, about twenty-five feet long, fifteen feet wide, and about twelve feet high in the middle, the walls being slightly arched. At the further end of the room there is a window about seven feet by three feet, on which I could perceive little dust and no cobwebs, as asserted. The furniture consists of an iron bedstead, close to which is a table of the same metal, and both fastened down. On one side of the door, and therefore invisible from it, is an air closet, on the other a washing stand. An electric bell communicates with the soldier on duty in case the prisoner is unwell or nuisances need removal. Formerly the bedsteads were of wood and movable, but as the prisoners used them as ladders to reach the window, and thus communicate with the inmates of the neighbouring cell, fixed iron ones were substituted. It appears also that it was reported to the authorities by an informer, that in case members of the secret society were caught a system of communication by taps on the wall was invented, and that the boards of the bedstead served as their means of communication. Tapping on the wall is therefore strictly forbidden. Insubordination is punished, not by the knout, but by imprisonment in a room quite as clean and furnished the same as the rooms above described, but the room can be completely darkened, and a rug is substituted for the straw mattresses. A few cases of madness have occurred, but there has in every case been a reason for it other than the prison discipline. It has either been in the family or the poor victim was already a crazed fanatic before his arrest. In cases of sickness the invalids are removed to a hospital—when the brain is affected, to a special asylum. The gaolers are soldiers picked out for their good conduct; their wives attend on the women when necessary. The story of the stripping and the outrages to morality are but pure inventions. I then asked to see the kitchen and prison fare. The former was perfectly clean, and two cooks were preparing the dinner, which consisted of two courses. The first was a very good "borsch," or soup prepared of beet-root and meat, half a pound of which was given to each man. They could have as much soup as they liked. The second course consisted of a fairly sized piece of stewed beef ($\frac{1}{2}$ lb. is the regular size), potatoes and salt cucumber. I have often eaten a much worse lunch than I made off these two dishes. A vessel in the kitchen attracting my attention, I enquired its use, and on examining it more closely I found it to be a contrivance for keeping the prisoners' fare hot while carried through the corridors. In the centre of this vessel there is a small stove, which, when heated, keeps the contents almost at boiling point. I then visited the garden, where I saw a prisoner taking his solitary walk, two never being taken out together. Solitary confinement is doubtless a terrible punishment, but here it was the only one as far as I could judge. Men who take means to keep a man's dinner hot are not likely to treat him with unnecessary and wanton cruelty.

Not long since, it will be remembered, an English missionary named Lansdell took advantage of his mission to explore the Siberian torture-houses of the Russian tyrant, and found them to be really prisons on the general level of Russian civilization, while the penal quicksilver mines, on the horrors of which fancy had so often feasted, could not be found at all. Yet it would hardly have been wonderful, or have proved the Czar to be a fiend, if there had proved to be more truth in these stories than there is. If any men are out of the pale of humanity, they are who make a system of murder. Moreover, the hourly fear of assassination is proverbially of all things the most maddening; perhaps the only man whose nerve it ever failed to shake was Cromwell; and there would be little reason for astonishment if a Czar whose path and bed are beset by assassins, whose faithful servants were falling round him by dynamite or the dagger, should in his fury break all bounds and launch into the utmost excesses of retaliatory cruelty. That Czars, and not only Czars but communities threatened by the Terrorist, are too likely to be goaded into defending themselves by means repugnant to humanity, and may thus relapse and drag back the world into moral barbarism, is a strong reason for steadfastly withholding sympathy from murder, whatever grievances the murderer may allege, or however lofty the aspirations which he may be pretending to fulfil. Sentimental anarchists have told us that we ought to welcome liberty even in the guise of a serpent. The allusion probably was to the serpent which represents the struggling power of good in the opening of Shelley's "Revolt of Islam". But Shelley's serpent is not a cobra da capello.

Whenever we see charges against Russia, it is to be borne in mind that Reuter's agency, the Vienna press, a great part of the German and no small portion of the English press, are in the hands of Jews, and that the Jews are bitterly hostile to the power which is invoked as a protectress by the Christian peasantry of Eastern Europe, who are groaning under Jewish extortion.

A BYSTANDER.

Mrs. SPURGEON, the wife of the far-famed London preacher, has been engaged in the past year in a rather novel but extremely laudable undertaking, viz., the supplying, from a fund placed at her disposal, of books to clergymen who are too poor to add to their scant libraries. The income of the fund for one year, it is stated, is not far from \$9,000; and no fewer than 11,351 volumes were distributed among 1,155 needy ministers. Here is an example any wealthy Canadian might follow with profit not only to the recipient of the books, but to the congregations ministered unto.

HERE AND THERE.

THE advent of warm weather and the disappearance of snow from the thoroughfares has brought out numbers of ladies *en promenade*, or upon the more prosaic wheels which have now supplanted "runners." The "merry jingle of the sleigh-bell" is gone—and that same music, by the way, is apt to pall upon the most imaginative after some four months' iteration. The occasional glimpses of sun with which we have been favoured during the past few days have had an almost miraculous effect upon the appearance of King and Yonge Streets. Ladies appear to be determined to emerge from the chrysalis state of sealskin and rubbers into brighter dress, and a short continuance of spring weather will bring gladness and dismay to the dry-goods merchants and paterfamilias respectively.

THERE is nothing remarkable to chronicle regarding the winter season just past. The number of balls and dinner parties given in Toronto previous to the advent of Lent was quite up to the average. With regard to dinner parties, there is still too great a tendency to provide a long and heavy *menu*, instead of adopting the English *menu*, which grows lighter every day. The American fashion of crowding the tables with flowers seems unfortunately to be creeping into practice on this side. When overdone it becomes vulgar, and adds unnecessarily to the expense, whereas what Canadian hosts require is that these entertainments should be made cheap. They have imitated far too much the heaviest and most expensive styles of England, and the result is restriction in the number of dinner parties, for few people can afford profusion, and rather than be behind their neighbours they give no parties at all.

TOBOGGANING has been quite a feature of the season, and many moon-light parties have been organized for the exciting sport. A music society, which was formed to meet in the afternoons at the houses of the various members, has been very successful. A reading club was also inaugurated, but soon showed a tendency to degenerate into a succession of evening parties. Probably a reading club, to be successful, should consist of a few well-selected ladies and gentlemen who really care for the reading. If too large, such meetings become ordinary evening parties. People come late, and little attention is given to the readings.

THE so-called "Kettledrums" of the season have degenerated. The original English "Kettledrum" was a meeting of from six to ten persons in the afternoon, with music, perhaps reading, and conversation over a cup of tea. The thing which now bears that name is simply an evening crush given in the afternoon, where a lot of people go and stand in a hot room, tired to death, talk about things they don't care a straw about to an accompaniment of feeble music, and partake perhaps of refreshments that nobody particularly wants at that hour. It is the cheapest and easiest way of receiving all your friends—the sort of thing Sir George Lewis thought of when he said the world would be "pleasant enough if it were not for its pleasures."

THERE has not been much in the way of private theatricals going on in Toronto. This form of entertainment can never become very popular; it is difficult and troublesome to get up. Ladies have abundance of time in which to learn their parts, but the committing to memory of a long part is a great tax upon gentlemen in business. Neither is the distribution of the various parts easy or unaccompanied by heart-burnings. Generally everybody thinks he or she has got the wrong part. And all this trouble is for one evening's entertainment.

As others see us: With a sensational heading—"Seeds of Secession in the Province of Ontario"—the *Boston Globe* thus writes, under date March 18th:—

The Dominion Government of to-day seems blindly determined to repeat the disastrous experiment tried by the British Government of a hundred years ago. The Provinces of Manitoba and Ontario have long been discontented, and are now on the verge of secession, but the Dominion Government persists in its arbitrary course, and is rapidly provoking the people of the Province to the point of declaring their independence. Railroad monopoly is at the bottom of the trouble. The Province of Ontario has built about 2,000 miles of railway at a cost of \$14,000,000, and the Dominion now assumes the right to seize these roads and hand them over to the monopoly. Roads which were built under express stipulation that they should remain independent have already been absorbed by the Canadian Pacific, and the people are not in a mood to stand any more interference by the Dominion on behalf of that corporation. The prospects are that stupid tyranny will lose to England two more American provinces before long. When Manitoba and Ontario conclude to cut loose, they will not lack sympathizers south of the border.

A MEASURE has been brought before the South Carolina Legislature with the object of taxing pistols heavily. And so the "Gamecock State," as some of her rebellious sons and daughters once loved to call her, has taken up arms against a weapon which has left abundant traces of blood upon the pages of her stormy and diversified history. It is highly signifi-

cant of the utter disrepute into which the duel has fallen that the Palmetto State recognizes the time has arrived when a ready recourse to the pistol must be repressed and discouraged among her impetuous sons. Captain Basil Hall once suggested that, instead of the palmetto, the citizens of South Carolina should adopt the pistol for their typical symbol. At that time (1827) duels of the most sanguinary description were of constant occurrence, and adult white males were forbidden by law even to attend church upon Sunday without carrying a pistol or a musket, so as to be ready for immediate action in the event of a sudden rising among the slaves. In fact the pistol has played so conspicuous a part in the chronicles of this State that her sons might well be excused if they regarded it with the veneration bestowed upon his "saw-handed tool" by Charles Lever's Colonel Considine.

"CULVERIN" writes: "Was Leonardo da Vinci, the Director-General of Artillery in Cæsar Borgia's army, familiar with dynamite as a material of legitimate warfare? In his well-known letter soliciting employment under Ludovic the Moor of Milan, 1483 or thereabouts, he says: 'If through the height of the walls or the strength of the position of any place it cannot be effectually bombarded, I have means of destroying such fortress provided its foundations are not made on rock.' As gunpowder was in everyday use, Leonardo must have been acquainted with an explosive of more force and less bulk, and that exploded downwards. This is a conundrum for Battery B."

WITH reference to the question of the suicide of dogs, a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Budget* writes as follows:—"A dog of a rough Scotch breed belonged to a neighbour of mine, who lived next door to me. This dog was often kicked and ill-treated by a German man-servant of his, and this I saw take place in the back yard. I did not know my neighbour, and therefore felt reluctant to tell him of his servant's misconduct. I may be to blame in this, but that is not the question now. One day the dog went upstairs to the second floor and jumped out of the open window into the yard. I enclose my name and address, and can vouch for the facts exactly as I have narrated them."

M. CLEMENCEAU, as one of the results of his visit to England, is strongly impressed with the healthy hatred in which three things—the "quack," the "humbug," and the "snob,"—are held by Englishmen. On being asked what a "snob" is, he gave the following definition, which is on all fours with that of Thackeray. He said: "An individual who would enjoy living in a dirty hole provided it had a fine frontage, and who is absolutely incapable of valuing moral or mental greatness unless it is first admired by big people."

M. PHILIPPE DARYL, from whose *La Vie Publique en Angleterre* some extracts were recently given in this journal, allows his enthusiasm to get the better of his judgment in expressing his admiration for English journalism. He gives the following amusing eulogy of Mr. Forbes, the famous war correspondent:

Mr. Archibald Forbes, the type of a class, is always and at any moment at the disposal of his editor-in-chief. He has at his house, always ready, two campaigning equipments, one for winter or cold countries, the other for summer or hot countries. Arms, clothing, camp equipages, saddlery, everything is there, even to a purse filled with gold, even to passports and letters of credit upon all the capitals. A telephonic order comes from Fleet street, and off he goes for Zanzibar, for India or for Russia.

THE recent discovery of a boy possessed of a tail, or what appears to be the stump of one, in the State of Paraguay, has given fresh life to the theories of which the late Dr. Darwin was an exponent: namely, that the lords of creation, by the quadrumanal system, were descended from the noble race of simiæ. The unfortunate Isle of Man, that pleasantly situated spot in the midst of the Irish Channel, is thus again made the point of dispute amongst disciples of deceased naturalists. Two reasons have prominently brought the above-mentioned island into mention in connection with this discussion. It is well known to possess a breed of cats which, like the Guinea pig, have no caudal appendage; but that circumstance may reasonably be accounted for. In the northern parts of Africa, as well as in Spain, the so-called Barbary cats have no tails, and as many of the ships of the Armada were wrecked in the Irish Channel, it is natural to suppose that one or more cats (and a ship is rarely without some on board) may, with their proverbial nine lives, have reached the island, and have propagated a breed found in no other part of the British Isles. However, the derivation of the name "Man" in connection with the isle is the chief point of argument. The island was known to the ancients as "Mona," and Darwinians might jump to the conclusion that it was so called from the Spanish word *mona*, a monkey. It has frequently been called the

"Island of Monkeys." But the ancient name of the island had the penultimate short, whereas the Spanish word for monkey is long; hence it may be more fairly premised that the word came from the Greek—*monos*, a monk, as the island was well known to have been a refuge for anchorites. To account for the modern appellation two derivatives suggest themselves. First, "Man" may with great probability be considered to be a corruption of the word *mona*, *mon*, *man*, or it may be a corruption of *mannin*, a little island—by which it was known to the early Britons, and which we find Latinized into *manavia* by Orosius. The absurdity of alluding to the *Mona* of Tacitus as the present Isle of Man is ridiculous; for we are told by Suetonius that his men swam out and charged the island. Now, no one can believe that he could have persuaded even "his choicest auxiliaries, even his gallant 11th" to swim the sixty miles of water which separate "Man" from the mainland. The *Mona* of Tacitus was Anglesey, sometimes known as Southern *Mona*, also a refuge for the Druids of old, a circumstance which favours the derivation of the word from the Greek rather than the Spanish source. Darwin was by no means the originator of this theory in connection with the Isle of Man, as Snorrrwylch, an ancient bard, traces our development from the noble simiae through the quadrumana into man.

OUR friends "over the way" have been laying claim to "Mrs. Partington" as an American invention. In reality, Sydney Smith was the first to make this personage famous, and to him its creation is generally credited. In a speech delivered at Taunton, England, on Oct. 12, 1831, on the Reform question, he said:—

I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood upon that town—the tide rose to an incredible height—the waves rushed in upon the houses, and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up. But I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest. Gentlemen, be at your ease—be quiet and steady. You will beat Mrs. Partington.

This, so far as is at present known, is the earliest mention of Mrs. Partington, but since then she has passed over to America, and is credited with all sorts of queer sayings.

A LEADER of the Irish Republican Brotherhood has written to the *Pall Mall Budget* on "The Truth about the Fenian Murders." He frankly admits that "a certain number of assassinations committed in Ireland and elsewhere have been indirectly traceable to the Fenian organization." Previous to 1863, he says, the Fenian body never admitted the theory of assassination, and its leaders spurned the stiletto of the assassin as they would the assassin himself. Before the starting of Fenianism "Ribbonism was predominant almost everywhere throughout the land," but Fenianism broke up the Ribbon lodges and made them into I. R. B. circles. As a consequence the *Budget* writer claims that agrarian crime almost disappeared from the country. In 1865 an "Inner Circle" was formed, having for its object the "doing away" with spies and informers. "It was composed of desperate men, who had taken an oath to be loyal to one another in the extreme projects they contemplated carrying out."

In February, 1866, three or four of its members were told off to slay a Fenian brother named George Clark, who was reasonably suspected of having supplied the authorities with information which led to the discovery of the Fenian armoury at Dublin, and the seizure of arms and ammunition which were kept there awaiting the insurrection. The secret emissaries met the doomed man on the banks of the Royal Canal, Dublin, late at night, and "dealt" him several revolver shots, leaving him almost lifeless on the roadside. Shortly afterwards a policeman arrived on the scene, and with the aid of a few bystanders Clark was conveyed to the Mater Misericordie Hospital, where he expired from the effects of the wounds and injuries he had received. I remember well the night in question. A few of the other leading men of the I. R. B. who had not yet been arrested were closeted with myself discussing the prospects of the coming revolution. A rumour was in circulation that Clark was to be victimized, as he was suspected of being an informer. I told the members present that such a crime, if carried out, would be as impolitic as it was odious—impolitic because it would probably bring Ireland under the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, and fill the gaols with men whose presence shortly on a battlefield was imperatively necessary, and odious because the killing of Clark meant the execution of a man whose guilt was not proven satisfactorily enough to warrant such a punishment. At that very moment, however, the deed was being done, and in a few days afterwards what I anticipated had taken place.

It is then related how other "obnoxious" men were "removed" by the conspirators, whose plans were carried out with the certainty and almost the secrecy of the carbonari. A description of the manner in which S— was murdered concludes:

Apropos of this incident an anecdote may be not inappropriately put on record to show the animus of the Irish people against the betrayers of their brethren. S—, after having acquitted himself to the best of his abilities, paid his respects to an old and patriotic lady, a friend of mine, who had a vivid recollection of the rebellion of '98, and who heartily sympathized with the efforts that we were making to revolutionize Ireland. "I have good news to tell you, madam," said S—, with a chuckle.

"What's that?" she quietly asked. "I'm after kicking an eye out of Warner," he ejaculated. "Ah!" cried the aged dame, with bitterness, "ah! the d—l was in your foot that you didn't kick the other out too."

AN English lady has what she calls a remembrance album. She requests her friends to take a sheet of ordinary sized writing paper and, on the first page, write some poetry suitable for an album. Original poetry is preferred, but a quotation from the writer's favourite poet answers. In the second page the writer's name, address and the date are to be written. On the third page artist friends draw or paint something, but those not artistically inclined fasten ferns, flowers, or leaves, with the name of the same written underneath. Care is taken in selecting thin, delicate articles, as all others prove brittle and hard to manage when pressed. The fourth and last page is fastened to the album, which is large enough to allow a broad margin after the sheet is placed thereon.

THE following extract from an account of his crime, written by a man who had just completed a term of twenty years' penal servitude, would form excellent material for a dramatic idyl:—

She was my wife. But, only think! She left me on the night of the marriage! "Let me go with you," I said; but no, she would go by herself. I didn't know where she went for a long time after. She came back next day, and we lived for some days together. Then she went away and never came back; and I flew to drink. Soon after I saw her in the theatre with a man. They say I took out a knife and made for him; but I don't remember it; I was mad with rage and drink. Well, I shot her through the head, and that's a fact.

THE TRUE SOLUTION OF THE SILVER PROBLEM.

A FEW months ago financial circles in England were somewhat stirred by the publication of two or three papers by Mr. Goschen, M.P., on the appreciation of gold. In these papers he endeavoured to show, first—that during a number of years past prices of staple commodities generally had been falling; and, next—that scarcity of gold was the bottom cause of the apparent decline in commodities. It was not so much that articles of merchandise were getting cheaper, as that gold, relatively to all other things, was getting scarcer and dearer. The demonetization of silver in Germany, and the establishment of a gold standard there, had been a most pronounced and particular factor in aggravating an evil which had been developing elsewhere and from other causes. Silver had been discredited as money, at the same time that the production of gold had fallen off not only relatively but absolutely. There had been an actual shrinkage in the amount of standard coin available for the world's exchanges, alongside of an enormous expansion of the world's whole traffic in buying and selling. At the very time when a large increase of coinage of the precious metals was wanted to accommodate the world's expanding commerce, the withdrawal of silver from circulation and its consequent fall in price had caused a tremendous shrinkage instead. And it was argued that the world's growing needs could be met only by devising some means of bringing silver back to its old place as a medium of exchange and standard of value. The world's whole supply of gold being miserably insufficient for the requirements of commerce, it was imperatively necessary that silver be brought into use to make up the deficiency.

In other words, Mr. Goschen proclaimed himself a bi-metallist—an advocate of both gold and silver as standards of values. Of course the *Economist* and other organs of the gold money school were "down" on him immediately; and many links of statistics long drawn out were used to show that he was wrong in his facts, and that no general fall in prices of commodities, such as he affirmed, had taken place. Some of the organs referred to said, boldly and bluntly, that, as England was a creditor nation, it was her interest to keep money scarce and prices of commodities low, and that that should be the end of it, as far as she was concerned. Admitting this to tell in favour of the single gold standard in England, it evidently tells against it everywhere else in the world, from North America to Australia, and from China to Peru.

But Mr. Goschen, who ranks high among financial authorities in England, is not easily put down; and of late many letters sustaining his position have been published in the London papers. Among them is one from Mr. H. R. Grenfell, an ex-Governor of the Bank of England, and the *Economist*, it must be said, does not appear particularly strong in reply. The subject is now before the public, and England's vast interest in India, where silver is the standard, gives it a practical importance which cannot be pooh-poohed. The United States, too, has its silver question, which is every year becoming more pressing. The growing importance of India as a commercial country, the expected opening up of the whole "dark continent," also of China—all these are circumstances showing that the world's circulating medium *must be* largely increased ere long, if the

wheels of trade are not to be blocked. Now, can any rational and efficient solution of the problem be suggested?

The following is offered as the true solution of the silver problem. First fix the ratio between the two metals, be it $15\frac{1}{2}$, 16, $16\frac{1}{2}$, or whatever a competent international convention may agree upon. The relative values of the two precious metals once determined, make all debts payable *half in gold coin and half in silver coin*. Then, should any depreciation of one of them take place, from increased production or other causes, it would be exactly balanced by the appreciation of the other. Suppose a bond for a thousand pounds to be given now, payable twenty years hence. The holder at that future date would receive five hundred pounds in gold sovereigns, and five hundred pounds in English silver crowns, or American silver dollars, all which coins would be par value the civilized world over. No loss to the creditor could accrue, for if a loss there were on the silver it would be balanced by a corresponding gain on the gold, and *vice versa*. In the compensation pendulum, the ball hangs on a series of steel and brass rods placed alternately. These two metals are so differently affected by heat and cold respectively that the pendulum, as a measure of the time beat, is not affected at all. The action of one metal is compensated by that of the other, so that the ball neither falls with heat nor rises with cold, but remains constant at the same distance from the pin upon which it swings. The chronometer balance, used for first-class watches, is another application of the same principle. This may be taken as an illustration of the true solution of the silver problem—of the problem of two metals circulating side by side—the value of each and every payment of a thousand pounds or a thousand dollars remaining a constant quantity, because made half in gold and half in silver coin. JOHN MACLEAN.

SPELLING REFORM.

A LEARNED gentleman of advanced views has been making arrangements at a recent meeting of the Canadian Institute for a wholesale reform of English spelling. We presume he is a leading member of The Spelling Reform Association, under the auspices of which the *Fonetic Nuz* has been issued with such excellent results in the way of amusement to its bemused readers. He waxed eloquent on the sufferings and privations of the sorely afflicted rising generation under our present barbarous orthography; and gave way to joyous anticipations, in which every tender heart must sympathize, as he pictured the emancipated bliss of the coming juvenile, with his reformed primer. Here is a specimen of the spelling that is to be, in the happy times when advanced views get fully carried into practice. Let our readers understand that it is literally extracted from one of the publications of the St. Louis Spelling Reform Association, which has for its motto: "The best ejuceshun for ech and ol without west of tim, muni, or enerji." The editor introduces it with this commendation:

The following has only "one sign for one sound" and therefore represents the fewest letters possible to express the words: No marked letters are used.

UROP AND AMERICA.

Fu topics ar mor invitin or mor fit for filozofiol discussn tan te acsn and influens ov te Nu World upon te Old; or te contribusnz ov America to Urop.

Her obligasnz to Urop for siens and art, laz and mannerz, America acnolejez, az se ot, wit respect and gratitud. And te pepl ov te United Stats, desendants of Englis (or Inglis) stoc, gratif for te trezurz ov nolej derivd from ter Englis ansestrz, acnolej also wit tanks (or tances) and fylil regard, tat, amun toz ansestrz, undr te cultyr (or eulcr) ov Hampden and Sydney (proper namz ar not canjd) and oter asiduous frendz, tat sed ov populr liberti first jermiated, wie on or sol, haz sot up to itz ful hit, until itz brancez oversado al te land.

This is serious; and deals with Sydney, Hampden, "and others who called Chilton friends." But as the reform specially aims at relieving suffering infancy and tender youth, in their first orthographic throes, we shall select a lighter piece, only remarking that in the latter example, the original spelling is helped—or supposed to be helped a little,—by sundry dots, and tails to the vowels, which our unreformed founts will not reproduce. The piece is Charles Mackay's "Come and Help":

Cum forth from the vali,
Cum forth from the hil,
Cum forth from the wurkshop,
The min and the mil:
From plezhur or slumber,
From studi or ple,
Cum forth in yur miriadz
Tu ed us tu-de:
Thar'z a wurd tu be spokn,
A ded tu be dun,
A truth tu be utterd,
A coz (cause) tu be wun,
Cum forth in yur miriadz!
Cum forth everi wun!

Perhaps the reader can recall the time when he first peeped into Chaucer, and tried to spell his way through the old orthography of the "Canterbury Tales." If so he will appreciate the good time coming, when

all the literature of Pope, Addison, Goldsmith, Cowper, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Scott, Dickens, Macaulay, Freeman and Green, will be even more incomprehensible to the happy race of the new golden age.

We live in an era of advanced views; social, political, moral, and religious. As to alphabetic writing, it originated in hieroglyphics; why should it not return, like all else, to its second childhood?

The error which lies at the foundation of much that is at present written on spelling reform originates in the assumption that the sole function of the alphabet is to represent sound. This is a fallacy. Sound is a spoken, not a written thing. Spelling appeals to the eye, not to the ear. Whether we write ideas graphically or phonetically, we use a device intended to represent the word, and its meaning or idea, to the eye. A printed book represents the idea to the mind of the deaf mute who never heard a sound, just as clearly as to the reader gifted with hearing. To the latter *air* and *hair* are the same sound. He learns by the context which of the two ideas is referred to. So with *right*, *write*, *rite*, *wright*, and many another familiar example. Pronunciation, moreover, is far from stable. Chaucer rhymes *plough* and *enough*; and Pope, in his famous lines on Addison, makes *besieged* pair with *obliged*, as the pronunciation of the latter word fully justified in the last generation.

As to the orthographic reform, a steady, almost unnoted process goes on from generation to generation. The spelling of Pope's or Addison's original editions are by no means those of our own. Neither, for that part, is the grammar of Addison—prince of essayists,—always the grammar of to-day. Those silent, unnoted changes are the healthful vital process of a living language. Our prayer-book, for the most part, with characteristic ecclesiastical conservatism, will still be found spelling *musick*, *catholick*, &c., just as our clergy still make a distinct syllable of the final *ed*. But the world moves, in spite of such jealous conservatism; though happily not at the mad rate that the advocates of advanced views, communism, agnosticism, and all the other nostrums of the restless lovers of change for its own dear sake would have us resort to. D. W.

SOCIETY IN MANITOBA.

CONVENTIONALLY speaking, society does not yet exist in Manitoba. Among the negations by which a certain class of people describe the drawbacks to life in the North-West, "no society" figures conspicuously. Members of society, in the technical sense of that phrase, do not make their way to new countries, except under stress of a stern necessity. They are wholly destitute of the pioneer spirit, and, with all their self-importance, are only the bric-a-brac of humanity. Even in Winnipeg, society is as yet in a crude, primitive, chaotic state, but the crystals are already forming, and it is evident that they are taking on shapes and forms peculiarly their own.

Manitoba is almost wholly devoid of the rough element so prominent in the western and north-western States. The typical American and frontiersman is a *rara avis* there. Gamblers and blacklegs have found their way to Winnipeg in small coterie, but law and order are fairly established in the young city. It is the Chicago of the North-West only in rapidity of growth and commercial importance. Winnipeg, like every other city, has its cave of Adullam, and its haunts of vice, but their frequenters make no mark, even in municipal elections. Outside the city, the lazy, rollicking, devil-may-care species has hardly a representative. Industry of some kind is a necessary of existence, and those who aim to live by their wits have no vocation. A wonderful sturdiness characterizes the race that is moulding society in Manitoba. It is no country for weaklings. The rigor of the climate, and the fact that subsistence must be won mainly from the soil, put an effectual check on the influx of effeminate and *dilettanti* settlers. Only *men*, in some true sense of that significant word, can get on there. Goethe says that without energy it is impossible for a two-legged creature to be a man. Goethe's "man" invariably falls in love with the North-West. Its "illimitable possibilities" charm his mind and heart, rouse his indomitable spirit, and fire the energy that is latent within him. The statement that there is no society in a country where such men are attracted, is true only when and where but one is present. Give him a companion, and at once, like kindred drops, they mingle into one. A bluff, hearty friendship springs up between such congenial spirits. Yet rudeness and impoliteness are uncommon. The writer has been in many new countries, but never in one where courtesy was so uniformly the rule. Most of the settlers are educated people, if not in a scholastic sense, in that of being self-taught, self-reliant, and self-poised. They have seen the world, gained some polish and much breadth, know their bearings, and instinctively steer their ship clear of rudeness and discourtesy.

The large proportion of college-bred fellows among the younger settlers in the North-West is remarkable. Eton, Oxford, Cambridge, and even our own McGill, Toronto, and other Canadian seats of learning, have sent forth many of their sons to the prairie land. The over-crowding of the professions, the locking up of Britain's broad acres in few hands, and the cost of farms in the older parts of the Dominion, have all had their share in this. It is now becoming much more generally known than it was a quarter of a century ago, that scientific agriculture gives ample occupation for both head and hands. Nowhere in the world can labor-saving implements be employed to greater advantage than in Manitoba. There is hard work to be done at farming in Manitoba, but it is not the incessant drudgery that characterizes it in some other countries. In ploughing, all that is necessary is to touch a lever at the end of a long furrow. The seed-drill follows the sulky-plough. Then comes the roller, and you can ride on that. There is entire emancipation from the back-breaking scythe and sickle. You ride on the mower, take in your hay with a self-loader, dump it in the barn, or more likely stack it in the field, with a horse-fork. You ride on the reaping-machine, rather on the self-binder, and have but to pitch the bound sheaves, which is child's play. The race of men in the North-West who farm, as a great artist mixed his paints, "with brains, sir," is already large, and will multiply as the advantageous features of prairie farming become more widely known. To one who has long dreamed of "a good time coming," when the king of callings shall be prosecuted by a kingly race of men, the possibilities of rural life in the North-West seem like a happy realization, "too good to be true." There is, however, both truth and poetry in it.

The most striking feature about society in the North-West is the scarcity of homes. A hotel is not a home. Nor is a bachelor's shanty on the distant prairie, though inhabited by a pair, trio, quartette, or more of those to whom the post-prandial ditty is applicable:—

"For they are jolly good fellows."

An American writer says, "A man in a hotel is like a potted flower plant, carried about from place to place, shorn at the roots, and cut short at the top." A man in a bachelor's prairie shanty may not resemble the potted flower in being carried about from place to place, but he is very like it in being pruned both root and branches. The want of homes has led to Winnipeg's reputation for wickedness,—a reputation as unenviable as it is unfair. Given a large population of young men, and men in the prime of a vigorous manhood; exiled from family and home; passion, sentiment and affection strong within them, the natural flow of these pent up, yet stimulated by the most exhilarating climate—is it any wonder that many of them stray to the billiard saloon, bar-room, and house of ill-fame? Sheer loneliness tempts not a few astray, who, under other circumstances, had never left the path of rectitude. Nearly every single young man who has gone to the North-West, has done so with the definite purpose of returning for some already selected fair daughter of Eve, and the sweetest solace of his lonely hours is the memory of "the girl I left behind me." In most cases it would have been better to have "taken her along." Girls are just as brave as boys. They are quite as hardy too, if not hardier. Women may be, in some respects, "the weaker vessels," but it is not in power of endurance. Divine wisdom did not formulate the axiom, "It is not good that man should be alone," for Eden only. It is as true of the prairie wilderness as it was of the primeval garden. Indeed, the wilderness becomes a garden so soon as it can boast an Eve. It is wiser to make a home with a woman than for one. Give her a share in the task. Many a newly-married couple has gone to the North-West and made a start together. No one who has had extensive observation of life in Manitoba will condemn this plan. The moral phase of this question is of importance. It is a pitiful thing to meet with young fellows in the North-West "dead broke," as the saying is, financially, but this is not an irreparable calamity. The saddest of all spectacles, that of young men "dead broke" morally, may also be seen there. That is an irreparable calamity. "The bloom on the peach" is not more truly lost by a young woman when she falls from virtue, than it is by the young man who lapses into vice. Statesmen, fathers and mothers, teachers and preachers, philosophers and philanthropists, will do Manitoba the best possible turn by using every endeavour to multiply homes there. The ladies will not fail to do their part, if only asked. "Nobody axed me, Sir, she said," is woman's adequate explanation for not being where she is so greatly needed.

W. F. C.

CANON LIDDON is now far advanced with his "Life of Dr. Pusey," and hopes to bring it to a conclusion at an early date.

MR. ARCHIBALD FORBES, the war correspondent, is about to issue a biography of "Chinese Gordon," the now famous soldier and diplomat, whose career recent events in Egypt have brought into prominence.

ROME IN JANUARY.

EVERYONE is disappointed in Rome, I believe. Everyone expects largeness, grandeur, and finds littleness and meanness are the characteristics that force themselves upon the attention. Of course the visitor may climb to the Pincian, and, looking over the city that is stretched beneath him, with the Vatican and St. Peter's piled up, an architectural mass, to the level of his eye, realize that Michael Angelo did indeed "hang the Pantheon in the heavens," as he boasted he would do; and that the Vatican, with its four thousand rooms, is the largest palace in the world. Or he may walk beyond the walls and satisfy his longing for immensity with a sight of the Colosseum and the baths of Caracalla. But it is when walking about the city that the narrowness of the streets, their closeness and unwholesomeness, strike one most forcibly. For, from the time you leave your hotel in the Piazza di Spagna and set out to "do" St. Peter's, Raphael's Sibyls, the Sistine Chapel, or a one-hundredth part of the Vatican, to the time you return to the haunts of the Americans and English in the Piazza di Spagna, you are trudging through a labyrinth of dirty, noisome lanes and alleys.

But we are looking at Rome from an aldermanic point of view. Surely its streets, of all streets, should be looked at with the eyes of an artist. Surely, once within its sacred walls we should forget civic reform, and be satisfied with thoroughfares that are insanitary because they are picturesque; and, irregular though they be—steep, perhaps, or narrow—full of endless, purposeless twistings and twinings—we should see in them only a succession of paintable "bits," wonderful in colour, and as forceful in their clearly defined light and shade as Regnault drew them, or an Italian sun can make them. Nevertheless, Rome is crowded. Perhaps on entering a piazza (an open space at the junction of two or more streets) you are pleased with the portico of a church of which a good view is here attainable, and of which it is desirable to see more. But that is impossible: a narrow alley is all that intervenes between the remaining three sides of the building and the neighbouring houses; so you must abandon your hopes of gaining further information on the subject by your own enterprise, and "look it up" in "Murray." The city is filling rapidly; the season is just beginning; and one meets tourists everywhere—in the Corso (Rome's most fashionable street; about half as wide as King street, Toronto), in the Vatican, on the Pincian, and, on Sunday afternoons, in St. Peter's, where everyone goes to hear vespers sung by the male sopranos. Our American neighbours are here in great force; proving, by their untiring peregrinations in search of the art treasures of bygone ages, that their love of antiquity is as real as it is deep; and that that played-out old joke of ours about the Yankee who complained that Rome was "out of repair," though, perhaps, characteristic of the American of half a century ago, is far from being indicative of the feelings with which the trans-Atlantic visitor now looks upon the Eternal City and the wonders that are within its walls. But your practical, common-sense-loving New Yorker is sometimes guilty of anachronisms, and it was with some amusement that the writer, while looking at the antique statues that have lately been unearthed in the Forum, listened to a son of the great republic as he described to his lady friends how the Roman sculptors executed these works from sketches in "terra-cotta or plaster of Paris!"

When those *pellegrini* were here, on their pilgrimage to the shrine of Victor Emmanuel, they turned the city upside down. So great were their numbers they had to come in three detachments, and, as each detachment had its procession, there were at least three days this month when everybody was late for his business. Morning dawned in the city offices and had mellowed into noon before the clerks appeared. The man from the *latteria* knocked at the studio door and announced the arrival of the artist's lunch, but not the model whose protracted absence kept the painter idle. The caretaker at the bank warmed his hands over his charcoal fire, and wondered, as the day wore on, why the place was still empty. All day the procession streamed by on its circuitous route to the Pantheon. The main thoroughfares were impassable. An impenetrable crowd lined the pavement, and was kept from encroaching on the street by *garde*. The procession did not strike the foreigner with any degree of awe. The costumes were too fortuitous for that. Local magnates with frock coats, antiquated "stove-pipe" hats, white bosoms and pea-green ties, were very numerous, and followed their leaders, who held aloft banners of rare device and excruciating colour with a solemnity that befitted the occasion. Warriors in their civilian dress, each decorated with a silk hat (very much on one side) and innumerable medals (the non-possession of which made one feel quite conspicuous) marched proudly behind their tattered *gonfulon*. I have it from an eye-witness, that an elderly gentleman of the local magnate type, and evidently a man of distinction, fearing that the onlookers' interest in his person might be limited to that side of his head upon which he had adjusted his "stove-pipe," had obviated the difficulty by placing a red fez cap over the other ear.

There is no music, worth the name, to be heard in Rome just now; and yet the King is here. A concert occurs now and then, with, perhaps, one good thing on the programme, but, to hear it, one has to pay a dollar and a quarter for the cheapest seats. "Carmen" was performed here, for the first time, two weeks ago. It was well put on; the orchestration was first-rate, and the Romans showed their appreciation of it by encoring the overture and other orchestral parts two and three times. But these Italian singers spoil everything by their incessant *tremolo*, which they seem to think it necessary to make use of on every occasion.

The *sirocco*, an unpleasant, warm, damp wind, has prevailed of late, and we poor Canadians long for the cold, clear weather that our friends across the Atlantic tell us about. This wretched wind is so humid and clammy it makes the roads and sidewalks (where any exist) as sticky and

wet as though it had rained. The only people it does not seem to affect are the artists' models, who lounge on the steps of *Trinità de' Monti* and at the corner of the *vias Capo le Case* and *Sistina*, in any and every sort of weather. They are interesting, these models, and heterogeneous. There are ferocious-looking men from the Campagna who pose as bandits; meek maidens who look seraphic, when, artist-like, you stare at them, and who sit for Madonnas; boys who are painted as St. Sebastians; flower girls, shepherdesses, matrons; all are here, saint and devil, John Baptist and Beelzebub, priest and blackguard, prince and pauper—each procurable for about four francs a day. Modern Italian art, so different from that of the renaissance, excels in the elaborate imitation of nature: in the photographic, minute representation of textures, materials and surfaces; at least, these are the characteristics of the good modern school—for good it may be called however unfavourably its productions may compare with those of the painters of the sixteenth century. But the work which is exposed in the dealers' windows, the work from which, unfortunately, the visitor almost invariably gets his impression of modern art in Italy, is tricky, and, but for its possession of one good quality, would be distinctly bad. The redeeming features in these "pot-boilers" is their accentuation of local colour—over-done, generally, but yet characteristic of the glare and blaze of Italy, which is bright and "sudden" in its colouring, almost to crudity; in fact, on sunny days, which, despite an occasional *sirocco*, are most common, when the grass and trees are violently green, the roads a chalky white, and the walls and houses stand, yellow and garish, against a sky that, by contrast, seems so blue that one feels tempted to believe that after all Ruskin was wrong, and the Italian skies are more intense in their colour than those of any other country—on days like these, when the artist loads his palette with his brightest pigments and sweeps off his blacks and greys, the eye becomes so surfeited with gaudy tints that it is no wonder the painters should fall into the error of exaggerating the kaleidoscopic character of the landscape, forgetful of the atmosphere which does its best to mellow all.

The Italians say that none but "dogs and Englishmen" walk in the sun in Rome, and, though the canine connection in which we foreigners are thus placed is far from complimentary, yet we must admit that the practice, so common among us here of wearing insufficient clothing and trusting in the sun for warmth, is not a wise one in a city in which the streets are so narrow as to admit small patches only of the cheering rays. And in the shade the temperature is certainly very low. The court-yards, churches, and stone stairways have a vault-like chilliness that makes one grateful to the "experienced" friends whose advice was "bring your overcoat." But, really, there is nothing to complain of in the climate of Rome in the winter; and if you do not over-do your sight-seeing, if you always wear a great-coat, and do not climb too many of the seven hills which the visitor finds are no "historic fiction," but, on the contrary, a most wearisome actuality, a sojourn in Rome during, say, January or February, may be made as delightful as all who have learned to love the city have pictured it to be. G.

THE KENNEL CLUB EXHIBITION.

THE annual international exhibition of dogs, under the auspices of the Dominion of Canada Kennel Club, was opened yesterday with great éclat at the Pavilion. Though the second in the history of the club, it is the first time a show of this kind has been held in Toronto. The indefatigable work of the committee, the numerous entries, and the liberal support accorded in the way of special prizes, have given a full promise of the success the exhibition of 1884 is likely to prove. It is only by competition on show benches that owners of our respective canine breeds can become thoroughly acquainted with what should be the faultless characteristics of their favourites, and the excellent representatives in most of the prominent classes afford good subjects for the necessary study. Nor is it alone to the sportsman that a show of this nature commends itself; for those who may be possessed of no sporting proclivities whatever, who may be entirely ignorant of the distinctive nature and points, or in many instances, the very names of the various breeds which grace the benches, cannot fail to be interested in a movement not organized solely for the benefit of exhibitors or the gratification of the public, but also for the improvement of a race of animals seemingly ordained by an all-wise Creator as the friend, the companion, and, in many cases, the protector of man.

Cuvier, the naturalist, asserted that the dog was perhaps necessary for the establishment of human society, and it is true certain barbarous nations owe much of their elevation above the brute to the possession of the dog. "The more I know of men, the better I like dogs," is quoted as a saying of Madame de Staël. The antiquity of the dog is lost in the early ages. The monuments of Egypt show that dogs, like men, were as distinct in their races thousands of years ago as now. Naturally accident, as well as experimental breeding, has given rise to species, which in time have assumed distinct properties from the original stock. The distinction of Foxhound, Staghound, Terrier, Boarhound or the like, is only a matter of education and not of natural instinct. Whatever may have been their originals, it is altogether probable that the primitive dogs, like other domestic animals, were very different from any of the present races, and perhaps indeed from any now existing canines.

That different species of dogs have more or less brain power is beyond a doubt, and is notably proved in the case of the Bulldog, in which it is less developed than in any other breed. So strongly marked is this peculiarity that the Bulldog is by some considered a sort of abnormal canine monster; a dog idiot, yielding to uncontrollable impulses, now of blind

ferocity, now of equally blind and indiscriminating tenderness. Yet this dog, by those unacquainted with his natural characteristics and mental aberration, is looked upon as a reflex in the brute creation of the Anglo-Saxon in the human. The Bulldog, however, when expatriated from England, deteriorates in both pluck and strength.

In the present show the exhibits may be cut up into two classes, the sporting and the non-sporting. The former, from the use and importance its representatives play in the different fields of sport, is both numerically the stronger and in its sub-divisions boasts better specimens than in the non-sporting. Sport at the present time constitutes an important factor in the general commonwealth, especially amongst English-speaking nations, so that anything which furthers its interest receives especial attention. Reducing the number of breeds of dog now used in sporting circles to the smallest possible limit, a goodly array meets us. The Hound proper, as used for the different pursuits of stag, fox, hare or other four-footed game, is never, even in England, where hunting rages supreme, largely represented on the show bench, and hunting is yet too much in its infancy this side of the Atlantic for us to have hoped to see notable specimens. From the Foxhound, which is a careful cross between the Greyhound and Bloodhound, with a mixture of the English Southron, come the Terrier and Beagle. The blood of the Greyhound is largely circulated in most of our canine species. Representations of this hound greatly resembling its present physique are to be seen on Egyptian monuments, whilst figures with the characteristics of the Bloodhound are often met with.

Followers of the gun rely almost solely on Pointers, Setters or Spaniels for assistance in the field, and these classes are, individually as well as collectively, strong ones. The Pointer is generally looked upon as Spanish in origin, but was doubtless introduced by the Phœnicians from the east; our present breed owes much of its beauty of frame and increased pace to a dash of the Foxhound, and affords a practical illustration of the success which attends scientific breeding. The Setter is undoubtedly a greater favourite on the show bench, and some grand specimens are now on view, representing the three distinct varieties of this breed, the English, Gordon, and Irish. Having been originally used in the netting of partridges, for which purposes they were taught to squat flat down, they obtained their present name. The Gordon Setter owes its original distinction to the Duke of Gordon. Spaniels, as their name infers, were natives of Spain, and are also a largely represented class. Roughly they may be divided into two sections, the Water, and the Land Spaniel, and these again are largely sub-divided. Of the former the Irish Spaniel is far and away the best, while of the latter, the Clumber, so named from the seat of the Duke of Newcastle, bears off the palm. The Black, which for beauty takes premier rank, was introduced in the reign of Charles I., and by that monarch was highly prized, and doubtless from this strain sprung the Cocker. Terriers—*canis terrarius*—so named from their tendency to seek their game in subterranean burrows, are another strong class. Their origin is veiled in a certain amount of obscurity, yet their claims to antiquity must be respected, for it would be hard to class the dog so ably described by Oppian as anything but a terrier, though he doubtless owes his origin in the first instance to the Hound. There are two roots—the rough-haired and the smooth-haired, from which the numerous sub-divisions spring. The latter is chiefly represented by the Fox Terrier; the most notable exhibits of the former being the Skye, the Dandie Dinmont, and the now fashionable Bedlington. This last named has only recently found a place on show benches; no one knows their origin, though their very make suggests a clue. A pitman in the village of Bedlington, in the north of England, may be said to have fathered them, some score of years ago. For pluck, tenacity and general use, they have no equal.

The non-sporting division is more diversified, but not of such general interest, if we except Mastiffs and St. Bernards. The former, which came originally from the mountains of Thibet, command respect by their noble proportions and dignified mien. From ancient history the Mastiff seems to have been known to the Greeks about the time of the Macedonian conquest, and classic Roman writers describe the pendulous lips, fiery eyes, loose fold of skin above the brows and other characteristics of the modern Mastiff. The history of the St. Bernard is interesting. They were originally introduced in the year 962 by St. Bernard de Monthon, founder of the well-known monastery in the Alps, and their special tendency seems to be to save life. Bulldogs and Collies, though not a numerous, are a well represented class. Pugs, Toys and Pomeranians may be seen in all their various eccentricities of breed, while the Dackshunde, or "Turn-spit," as it was known in the olden time, from having been employed to turn the spit in the kitchen, walking round in a kind of wheel, is not missing.

TRIVIA-TOR.

OTTAWA NOTES.

THE news about the Toronto "Bribery Plot" has awakened the most intense interest here. This is only natural, considering that this is the meeting-place of the chief party politicians. Every scrap of information that can be secured about the case is eagerly canvassed, and hardly anything else is spoken of in the lobbies and members' rooms. It is rather difficult for an impartial observer, at this distance, to understand who were the bribers and who the plotters. The supporters of either party seem quite satisfied that the enemy never showed such baseness and pitiable weakness as in the present instance. Hon. Senator Macpherson, Minister of the Interior, whose name has been mixed up with the affair, has denied publicly, in his place in the Senate, all knowledge of any attempts at bribery.

The annual Orange Bill episode was relieved of its monotony this year

by a speech. It was a speech which would have made remarkable any occasion in any country. It is needless to say that the orator was Hon. Edward Blake, for no other man in the House is capable of such a magnificent effort. The oration was commenced under decidedly disadvantageous circumstances. It was the evening of St. Patrick's day—that itself is not necessarily one of the disadvantages referred to—and Mr. Blake was absent, having been invited to address a public meeting held in honour of the day. The Grand Trunk Double-track Bill was under discussion for a short time after recess, then the order for the second reading of the Orange Bill was called. Evidently the Liberals expected a hot discussion on the question, and that they would have opportunity to choose their time for speaking. But, contrary to precedent, Mr. Hector Cameron, who had the Bill in charge, only spoke long enough to say that he and his allies were willing to forbear from discussing the Bill if their opponents would do the same. The others seemed to accept the offer, for no person rose. The Speaker put the question and actually had the words "Call in the members" uttered when Mr. Mills rose to speak. The sergeant-at-arms, who had, with unusual alacrity, skipped—undignified, perhaps, but true—into the lobby, was called back. All hope of an early settlement was abandoned. Mr. Mills spoke and Mr. M. C. Cameron spoke. They said some good things, but were not listened to, because it was painfully evident that they were speaking against time so as to prevent the question being put before Mr. Blake's arrival. Meantime a messenger was despatched by the Liberal whips to summon their leader, and, while Mr. M. C. Cameron's rasping voice still assailed unwilling ears, the well-known form of the gloomy giant who makes the Opposition speeches loomed in the doorway. Soon after he rose, apparently not at all disconcerted by the fact that his speech must seem much like an elaborate dinner that had been kept warm. Such a feeling as that, however, if any felt it, must have soon worn away in listening to the oration. It was consistent throughout, logical, clear and magnificently worded. Its only fault was that it was too heavily cumbered with quotations. Mr. Blake will probably never get over his lawyer's habit of giving his "proofs" in full. His first argument against the Orange Bill was conclusive. The only reason for asking Dominion incorporation for the Orange Association is because some of the Provinces will not give a charter. The purpose of incorporation—to give the Association power to hold property as an association—is a matter within Provincial jurisdiction. Therefore, for the Dominion Parliament to give a charter would be to force upon the Provinces legislation which they had refused, and which they had a perfect right to refuse. But Mr. Blake went further than that. He put himself squarely on record as personally opposed to all secret societies, because of the opportunities they afforded unprincipled leaders to manage their weaker brethren. Believing this, he objected to all state recognition of secret political societies, and, narrowing it down further, he gave it to be understood that his *bête noir* was the Orange Association and that any recognition of it must be achieved against his most strenuous opposition. But not content with all this, Mr. Blake quoted the Orange denunciations of Roman Catholics, and made these documents the text of a sort of extension of his speech, and in that extension are the points that are most likely to be generally discussed. It is a defence of the Roman Catholics against the charge that they owe allegiance not to this country but to a foreign potentate. The defence is a magnificent one. Was it a bid for the support of the Roman Catholics? That is and always must remain a matter of opinion. The effect of this speech, however, certainly has been to make the French Conservatives feel much better disposed toward the Opposition and their leader than before. The immediate result is a great many eulogies in the French Conservative papers of Hon. Edward Blake and a revival of the talk about a union of forces by him and Sir Hector Langevin.

This brings up considerations of the present state of affairs with the Government. Although Sir John is, in the words of the now famous Wilkinson, "as smart as a cricket," yet it is clear he cannot hold his position long enough to bring a man forward as his successor. Sir Leonard Tilley is an older man, in fact if not in years, than Sir John, and Sir Charles Tupper seems to acknowledge that he has no reason to aspire to lead the Conservative forces. After these there comes Sir Hector Langevin; and after him a lot of nobodies. Not but that there are clever men in the ranks, among them Mr. Dalton McCarthy, Mr. Hector Cameron and Mr. Thomas White; but no man can hope to step from the ranks to the place of command. There seems to be a struggle now in progress between Sir Leonard and Sir Hector for the chief place at late sittings of the Commons and on other occasions when they are together and Sir John is absent. The other evening—or rather morning, for it was after midnight—Mr. Blake crossed the floor to speak to the occupants of the Government benches. Sir Hector was near the back of the Chamber speaking with one of his supporters, but, when he saw the Opposition leader approaching as if to speak to Sir Leonard, he came quickly forward and entered, as of right, into the conversation. A few minutes later a member of the Opposition rose to ask a question of "the leader of the House." The words were hardly out of his mouth when Sir Leonard rose to reply, as if to prevent Sir Hector having any possible excuse for speaking. If Sir Leonard hopes, as he seems to do, for the leadership he is deceiving himself. He has no following worth mentioning, and no man of any force of character at all would follow a leader who has only his respectable record to recommend him. But, if Sir Hector Langevin takes the lead he cannot hope to be successful unless he has a strong English-speaking partner. There is no such man on the Government side of the House. If Sir Hector has personal ambition to satisfy he must seek an alliance with Mr. Blake. Will the great Edward be satisfied some day to have a member of the old Pacific Scandal Cabinet for an ally, or will he put his foot upon Sir Hector's ambition and rule the victorious party alone? The

answer to this question, like Mr. Blake's accession to power, must come after Sir John has dropped the reins of his own accord.

There was a bolt of five of the French Conservative members on the license question the other evening. They argued that the law was now clear that the licenses were under the control of the Provincial Legislatures. That being so, in law as well as in fact of many years' standing, they declared they would not submit to Federal interference in the matter. It is a noticable fact that after declaring several times that the McCarthy Act would be enforced, Sir John has consented to submit a case to the courts to decide as to the constitutionality of the law.

Ottawa, March 22, 1884.

ED. RUTHVEN.

SWEET FERN.

The subtle power in perfume found
Nor priest nor sibyl vainly learned;
On Grecian shrine or Aztec mound
No censor idly burned.

That power the hoary Magian knew,
The dervish in his frenzied dance,
The Pythian princess swooning through
The wonderland of trance.

And Nature holds, in wood and field,
Her thousand sun-lit censers still;
To spell of flower and shrub we yield
Against or with our will.

I climbed a hill-path strange and new
With slow feet, pausing at each turn;
A sudden waft of west wind blew
The breath of the sweet fern.

That fragrance from my vision swept
The alien landscape; in its stead,
Up fairer hills of youth I stepped,
As light of heart as tread.

With me June's freshness, lapsing brook,
Murmurs of leaf and bee, the call
Of birds, and one whose voice and look
In keeping were with all.

A fern beside the way we went
She plucked, and smiling, hold it up,
While from her hand the wild, sweet scent,
I drank as from a cup.

O potent witchery of smell!
The dust-dry leaves to life return;
And she who plucked them owns the spell,
And lifts her ghostly fern.

Or sense or spirit? Who shall say
What touch the chords of memory thrills?
It passed; and left the August day
Ablaze on lonely hills.

Danvers, Mass.

THE ADVENTURES OF A WIDOW.

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

VII.—Continued.

On reaching home she had scarcely time to take off her bonnet before the name of her cousin Courtlandt was brought to her by a servant. She went down into the little reception-room to meet him, with rather lively anticipations of being forced to put herself on the defensive. Her sensations had not been unlike those with which we regard the lowering of the mercury in a thermometer, while ordering extra fuel so as to be on guard against a sudden chill.

Courtlandt was standing before the silver grated hearth-place; he watched the black, tumbled blocks of coal with eyes bent down upon their snapping and crackling flames, as Pauline appeared. He did not immediately raise his eyes as her entering step sounded. But when he did raise them, she saw that he was clad in his old impregnable calm.

She sank into a chair, not far from the fire. "Well," she said, with an amused smile playing about her lips, "I suppose you have come to scold me dreadfully."

"What makes you suppose so?" he asked.

"You darted away, there at the Battery, as if you were fearfully shocked."

"I don't think I darted away."

"Oh, well, we won't split hairs. You wouldn't stay, and you might easily have staid. You pleaded stress of business, and you hadn't any, or this appearance up-town at so early an hour couldn't have taken place."

"It is remarkable," said Courtlandt, with his gravest serenity, "how you pierce through people's pitiful disguises. You make me feel conscience-stricken by a realization of my own deceit."

"That is fortunate," said Pauline, with a slight, curt laugh. "For then you will, perhaps, express your disapprobation less impudently."

"I might speak pretty plainly to you and yet not be at all impudent."

Pauline threw back her head with a defiant stolidity. "Oh, speak as plainly as you please," she said. "I shall have my own views of just how impudent you are. I generally have."

"You did something that was a good deal off colour for a woman who wants herself always regarded as careful of the proprieties. I found you doing it, and I was shocked, as you say."

Pauline straightened herself in her chair. "I don't know what you mean," she replied, a little crisply, "by 'off colour.' I suppose it is slang, and I choose, with good reason, to believe that it conveys an unjustly contemptuous estimate of my very harmless act. I took a stroll along that beautiful Battery with a friend."

"With an adventuring newspaper fellow, you mean," said Courtlandt, cool as always, but a little more sombre.

Pauline rose. "I will stand a certain amount of rudeness toward myself," she declared, "but I will not stand sneers at Mr. Kindelon. No doubt if you had met one walking with some empty-headed fop, like Fyshkille, or Van Arsdale, you would have thought my conduct perfectly proper."

"I'd have thought it devilish odd," said Courtlandt—"and rather bad form. I've no more respect for those fellows than you have. But if you got engaged to one of them I shouldn't call it a horrible disaster."

Pauline smiled, with a threat of rising ire in the smile. "Who thought of my becoming 'engaged' to anybody?" she asked. And her accentuation of the word which Courtlandt had just employed produced the effect of its being scornfully quoted.

He was toying with the links of his watch-chain, and he kept his eyes lowered while he said: "Are you in love with this Kindelon chap?"

She flushed to the roots of her hair. "I—I shall leave the room," she said, unsteadily, "if you presume to talk any further in this strain."

"You are a very rich woman," pursued Courtlandt. What he said had somehow the effect of a man exploding something with a hand of admirable firmness.

Pauline bit her lips excitedly. She made a movement as if about to quit the chamber. Then some new decision seemed to actuate her. "Oh, Court!" she exclaimed, reproachfully, "how can you treat me in this unhandsome way?"

He had lifted his eyes, now. "I am trying to save you from making a ridiculous marriage," he said. "I tried once before—a good while ago—to save you from making a frightful one. My attempt was useless, then. I suppose it will be equally useless now."

Pauline gave an agitated moan, and covered her face with both hands. . . . Hideous memories had been evoked by the words to which she had just listened. But immediately afterward a knock sounded at the partly closed door which led into the hall. She started, uncovered her face, and moved toward the door. Courtlandt watched her while she exchanged certain low words with a servant. Then, a little later, she approached him, and he saw that her agitation had vanished, and that it appeared to have so vanished because of a strong controlling effort.

"Mr. Kindelon is here," she said, in abrupt undertone. "If you do not wish to meet him you can go back into the dining-room." She made a gesture toward a *portière* not far away. "That leads to the dining-room," she went on. "Act just as you choose, but be civil, be courteous, or do not remain."

"I will not remain," said Courtlandt.

He had passed from the room some little time before Kindelon entered it.

"You did not expect to see me," said the latter, facing Pauline. His big frame had a certain droop that suggested humility and even contrition. He held his soft hat crushed in one hand, and he made no sign of greeting with the other.

"No," said Pauline softly, "I did not expect to see you." She was waiting for the sound of the hall-door outside; she soon heard it, and knew that it meant the exit of Courtlandt. Then she went on: "but since you are here, will you not be seated?"

"Not until you have forgiven me!" Kindelon murmured. Between the rich, fervent, emotional voice which now addressed her and the even regularity of the tones she had just heard, what a world of difference lay!

"You were certainly rude," she said, thinking how chivalrously his repentance became him, and how strong a creature he looked in this weaker submissive phase. "You know that I had only the most friendly feelings toward you. You accused me of actual hypocrisy. But I will choose to believe that you did not mean to lose your temper in that positively wild way... Yes, I forgive you, and in token of my forgiveness, there is my hand."

She extended her hand, and as she did so he literally sprang forward, seizing it. The next instant he had stooped and kissed it. After that he sank into a near chair.

"If you had not forgiven me," he said, "I should have been a very miserable man. Your pardon makes me happy. Now I am ready to turn over a new page of—of friendship . . . yes friendship, of course. I shall never say those absurd, accusatory things again. What right have I to say them? What right have I to do anything more than the honour of your notice, as long as you choose to bestow it? I have thought everything over; I've realized the fact of your being willing to know me at all is an immense extended privilege!"

Pauline still remained standing. She had half turned from him, while he thus impetuously spoke; she was staring down into the ruddy turmoil of the fire.

"Don't say anything more with regard to the little disagreement," she answered. "It is all ended. Now let us talk of other things."

He did not answer, and she let quite a long pause ensue while she still kept her eyes upon the snapping coal-blocks. At length she continued:

"I shall have the full list of Mrs. Dares' guests quite soon. It has been promised me."

"Yes?" she heard him say a little absently.

"I shall, no doubt, have it by to-morrow morning," she went on. "Then I shall begin my arrangements. I shall issue invitations to those whom I wish for my guests. And I shall expect you to help me. You promised to help me, as you know. There will be people on the list whom I have not yet met—a good many of them. You shall tell me all about these, or, if you prefer, you shall simply draw your pen through their names. . . . Why don't you ask me how I shall obtain this boasted list?"

"You mean that Mrs. Dares will send it?" she heard him ask.

"No, I mean that I shall secure it from her daughter."

"Her daughter?"

"Yes—Cora. I have been to see Cora. I visited her studio . . . By the way, what a good portrait she has there of you. It is really an excellent likeness."

She slowly turned and let a furtive look sweep his face. It struck her that he was confused and discomfited in a wholly new way.

"I think it a fair likeness," he returned. "But I did not sit for it," he added, quickly. "She painted it from memory. It—it is for sale like her other things."

"Oh, no, it is not for sale," said Pauline. She saw his colour alter a little as her gaze again found stealthy means of scrutinizing it. "Miss Cora told me that very decidedly. She wants to keep it—no doubt as a precious memento. I thought the wish very flattering. . . . I—I wondered why you did not ask Cora Dares to marry you."

"She perceived that he had grown pale, now, as he rose and said:

"I think I shall never ask any woman to marry me." He walked slowly toward the door, pausing at a little distance from its threshold. "When you want me," he now proceeded, "will you send for me! Then I will most gladly come."

"You mean . . . about the *salon*?" she questioned.

"Yes . . . about the *salon*. In that and all other ways I am yours to command . . ."

When he had gone she sat musing before the fire for nearly an hour. That night, at a little after nine o'clock, she was surprised to receive a copious list of names from Cora Dares, accompanied by a brief note.

She sent for Kindelon on the following day, and they spent the next evening together from eight until eleven. He was his old, easy, gay, brilliant self again. What had occurred between them seemed to have been absolutely erased from his memory. It almost piqued her to see how perfectly he played what she knew to be a part.

Soon afterwards her invitations were sent out for the following Thursday. Each one was a simple "At Home." She awaited Thursday with much interest and suspense.

(To be Continued.)

"VERAX" ON THE QUEEN'S BOOK.

WE can know but little of the effect of a royal environment upon a royal personage except by a voluntary disclosure such as the Queen has now made, and which is so valuable, partly because of its rareness, but chiefly because it comes to us like a flash of light from a distant all but unknown land. Our ignorance, it should be observed, relates chiefly to the moral and intellectual effect produced by the royal environment, and not to the environment itself. Of this we may take several attributes for granted. We see at once that it must differ in many essential respects from the environments of common people. One difference is found in the almost absolute power of controlling it which lies in the Sovereign's hands. Ordinary folk cannot help themselves. They must take life as they find it. They cannot always choose the sort of people they have to deal with, but must take them as they come, rivals, cynics, critics, people who do not care a straw for them, and have not the smallest objection to tread on their corns. The disciplinary effect is no doubt admirable. It teaches us to know ourselves, and it compels a recognition of the rights of others. From discipline of this sort a sovereign is almost wholly exempt. He can take care to remove from the range of his habitual intercourse all unpleasant things. The result is the freest possible outcome of his own nature. The autocratic individuality has fashioned its surroundings to its own taste, we see it as it is. In such a state of things when everything disagreeable has been weeded out of the surroundings of daily life, there are no critics, no censurers, no advisers. Moods of temper which in private persons would have to be repressed are enticed and pampered into luxuriant growth. Sorrows meet with exaggerated sympathy, and when a fit of gaiety succeeds everybody is ready to attest by appeals to Heaven how natural and how laudable is the indulgence. How will it fare with poor human nature in such circumstances? If we really wish to know, the Queen's Book supplies us with abundant illustrations. In the first place we have what may perhaps be described as an enormous aggrandizement of self-consciousness. It absorbs into itself all persons and things that come within its range till they all think the same thoughts, sigh the same sighs, and shed the same tears. The Queen presents herself to the world as a sorrowing widow, and in that character asks for universal sympathy. It is not in human nature to refuse the request. Yet widowhood is no uncommon misfortune. A colliery explosion often makes fifty widows at a stroke. A collier's widow finds the cupboard empty, and is obliged to stifle her grief in order to find her children food. In the exaggerated self-consciousness of royalty a special measurement is applied to the ordinary incidents of life, so that what would appear to ordinary

people the most common things take the form of gigantic sacrifices. Thus the darling Albert is remembered and idolized for his ready self-denial, for his uncomplaining submission to the behests of Providence. We grant at once the demand made upon our homage, but we find ourselves slightly betrayed on discovering that the transcendent sacrifice he had to make was merely a journey from Balmoral to Windsor or from Windsor to London, when, like most family men, he would rather have stayed at home. Another result of the same cause is a disposition to regard the misfortunes of life as singularly atrocious and inexplicable when they happen to great people.

Here are the Queen's comments on the death of the Prince Imperial: "To die in such an awful and horrible way! Poor, poor dear Empress, her only, only child—her all, gone! Monstrous! To think of that dear young man, the apple of his mother's eye, born and nurtured in the purple, dying thus, is too fearful, too awful, and inexplicable that the others should not have turned round and fought for him. It is too horrible!" Horrible no doubt, but what of the scores of English lads of gentle birth, every bit as good as the Prince Imperial, who were speared at Isandula? We see another illustration of the same general principle in the tendency to over-estimate the value of personal fidelity. The hero here is John Brown, who figures on every page of the book. He was no doubt an honest man who did his duty. He had "a good time of it." His devotion to the Queen enabled him to domineer over everybody else. It does not need much knowledge of human nature to enable us to take an accurate measure of the man, and it is not one which would ensure him a high place in the esteem of mankind. A human lapdog is not a sublime object of contemplation. We should have thought better of him if he had got tired of his post, and sought refuge in his native Highlands, the home of independence, leaving his mistress to her maids. We cannot worship John Brown, though it is a comfort to think that he did not live in the times of Edward the Second, for in that case he would have run great risk of being hanged. When the battle of Tel-el-Kebir was pending, all the Queen's thoughts were for her "darling child," the Duke of Connaught. We felt sure that His Royal Highness would have the maximum of honour with the minimum of risk, and that no harm would come to him. The Queen prayed for him, and read Körner's "Gebet vor der Schlacht." There was no need for so extreme a supplication on the eve of a fight with the Egyptian forces of Arabi. It has been noticed that the Queen's Book is silent on the great occurrences which within the last twenty years have changed the fate of Europe. But it tells us of Loch Leven, where "poor Mary Stuart" was imprisoned, and swells into a sort of rapture when it reaches the lands of Lochiel, whose great-grandfather was the prime cause of the Jacobite rebellion of 1745. The Queen rejoices that she has Stuart blood in her veins, and that Scotland is her own dear country. Her English subjects will gladly make her a present of all our male Stuarts—James I., Charles I., Charles II., James II.—let Her Majesty take her pick of them, and tell us whose memory we should adore. Her Majesty visited another historic scene. On the 23rd of August, 1878, she was at Broxmouth Castle, the seat of the Duke of Roxburghe. The Queen reached Dunbar at a quarter to nine, suffering from "a rather stiff shoulder." They drove in a landau to the house. The Queen tells us how she and her retainers were quartered. Most interesting information. On her way from Dunbar the landau would cross a low bridge close to the park. Over that bit of low ground Cromwell sent his cavalry to storm the flank of Leslie's army at the famous battle of Dunbar, which settled the Stuart interest in Scotland. Along the southern bank of the Broxburn Leslie arrayed his troops after their fatal descent from the hills beyond. Instead of attacking them in front, Cromwell, anticipating the tactics of Frederick and Napoleon, threw his attacking force across the bridge over which the Queen passed, and doubled them up in half an hour. All this within bow-shot of the chamber where the faithful John Brown slept. I have no space left for deploring the fortune of the Queen's other favourites, the chief of whom was Dr. Macleod. Poor theologian! If he had ever dreamed of becoming such a fool as the Queen's Book makes him, even his Highland fidelity must have faltered. Yet we may be grateful for the book. It is one of the most instructive of the season, and if royalty can quite afford the venture we are ready to welcome another.—*Manchester Examiner.*

THE PERIODICALS.

THE April *Manhattan* couples with its usual elegance of appearance an unusual strength of subject matter. Mr. Matthew Arnold's eloquent plea for the retention of literature in a prominent place in education, as opposed to the utilitarian theory that it should be supplanted by science, will find numerous admirers. "To know ourselves and the world" is the aim of culture, and the means to this end is to "know the best which has been thought and said in the world." The next subject in point of importance is an able criticism by Henry C. Pedder, of Edwin Booth and his acting, prefaced by a short biographical sketch, and beautifully illustrated by cuts from photographs by Sarony. It is not generally known, we believe, that this dreamy actor was called before the curtain twenty-four times during his performance of "Hamlet" in Germany. Mr. Booth is described as a man who "from a small beginning made himself what he is by dint of perseverance, singleness of purpose, and worthiness of aim, backed by natural ability." Julian Hawthorne tells a quaint autobiographical romance, and Edna Dean Proctor contributes a poetical appeal from El Madhi to the tribes of the Soudan. There is much more truth than poetry in an article on "Recent Tendencies in American Journalism,"

and some Canadian journalists we know of might take a hint and a lesson from Mr. Smalley's blunt statements. Lovers of Chaucer will resent Kate Sanborn's attack on "The Chaucerian Mania," but may calm their ruffled feelings by perusing "An Easter Egg," or the interesting sketches of "Jasper Francis Cropsey, N. A.," and "Rothenburg in Bavaria."

THE *Century* has five profusely illustrated articles and a biographical paper with two portraits. "How Wilkes Booth crossed the Potomac" is told by George Alfred Townsend, and this interesting contribution fills the historical gap between the disappearance of Booth in the scrub pines of lower Maryland and his appearance in Virginia. Mr. John Burroughs endeavours to show that Emerson is entitled to a higher place than Matthew Arnold has accorded to him. The present status of the negroes of the South, from a Southern standpoint, is treated in an essay by Walter R. Hill, and Professor Samuel Willard has an essay on "The Destiny of the Universe." Of the illustrated articles, Canadian readers will probably be most interested in S. G. W. Benjamin's "Cruise of the Alice May"—a picturesque record of a cruise among the Magdalen Islands of the St. Lawrence Gulf. Good companion reading to the *Manhattan's* article on Booth is to be found in George Logan Montgomery's comments on "Lawrence Barrett and his Plays." Those who have read Miss Clark's charming "Notes on the Exile of Dante" will regret to part company in her concluding beautifully illustrated paper.

THE *Atlantic* is scarcely up to its average. It is redundant of romance, however, and in addition to the serials has a pretty little Florentine story, "Annina," by Charles Dunning, as well as Edith M. Thomas' account of "The Return of a Native." Bradford Torrey, under the caption "Phyllida Corydon" lovingly descants upon an evidently favourite theme—birds. Several recognized theories accounting for red sunsets are put in a very readable form by N. S. Shaler, and Oliver T. Morton, in his article on "Presidential Nominations" suggests a plan whereby he thinks the power of election "bosses" and wirepullers might be broken. Maria Louise Henry supplies "An Outline Portrait" of Madame de Longueville. Readers of THE WEEK who have followed the articles and correspondence on General Grant will read with pleasure a review of a work on General Beaugard.

EDUCATION (an international bi-monthly magazine devoted to the science, art, philosophy, and literature of education) has for a frontispiece a striking, beautifully-executed steel engraving of the Hon. Wendell Phillips. "Co-Education" is defended in a paper by Hon. H. S. Tarbell, whose contribution to a burning question is worthy the attention of thinkers. General John Eaton maintains that the nation is the only patron of education equal to the emergency. G. G. Bush, Ph.D., has an able article on "The Origin of the First German Universities." The desirability of including drawing in the industrial education curriculum and in grammar schools is discussed by S. Edward Warren and Walker S. Perry respectively, and John T. Prince writes on the duties of school superintendents. Especially deserving of notice is Mrs. C. Bascom's contribution on the "Rights of Children."

THE *Continent* company are to be congratulated on the success which has attended their efforts to establish a good weekly illustrated magazine. The quality and quantity of good subject matter, well illustrated, capably printed, which they offer for ten cents is almost incredible. The number dated March 27th has a very interesting article on Robert Todd Lincoln.

ST. NICHOLAS contains an account of the first ice-palace—that built by the Empress Anna Ivanova of Russia—which will be read with interest by not only the young folk for whom it is written but by many of their elders. The story of the boyhood of Henry V. of England is told in this number. As usual, the illustrations form no inconsiderable part of the attractiveness of the *St. Nicholas*.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE for March 15th and 22nd, contain, amongst other selections, Christian Agnosticism; Cardinal Newman on the Inspiration of Scripture, and Professor Tyndall on Rainbows, *Nineteenth Century*; Chinese Gordon, Reminiscences of Jamaica, and Club Gambling in the Last Century, *All the Year Round*; Gales and Hurricanes, *Spectator*; George Eliot's Essays, *Athenaeum*.

BOOK NOTICES.

NOVA BRITANNIA; or Our New Canadian Dominion Foreshadowed; being a series of Lectures, Speeches, and Addresses; by the Hon. Alex. Morris, P.C., D.C.L.; Edited by a Member of the Canadian Press. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co., 1884.

Little apology, we should say, is necessary for the re-publication of what constitutes the bulk of the present volume, namely:—a couple of lectures delivered in Montreal, twenty years ago, replete with information, which must have been difficult to procure at the time, concerning the resources and the future of the older provinces of Canada, together with much statistical matter relating to the Hudson's Bay and Pacific Coast Territories. In view of what has transpired in connection with the founding and the development of the Dominion in the past seventeen years, Mr. Morris's thoughtful and patriotic utterances, so long ago as 1858, may be looked upon, if not as a bit of inspiration, then as a shrewd, far-seeing speculation, and a remarkable forecast of history. To those who can remember the period when these lectures were delivered, and can recall the meagreness of the information we then had of the country we have since acquired, and have partly entered into the possession of, it will be curious to trace in the fuller light of to-day. How far Mr. Morris's prognostications have been verified, and in what direction there has been

the most gratifying development, the Editor's illustrative notes, as well as his introductory preface, will give substantial aid in making this interesting retrospect. How far what is yet a dream in Mr. Morris's picture of national progress the coming years may realize, it will be for the country's rulers and the people themselves to say. The future, if left to the play of circumstance, or imperilled by the sinister work of faction, may render it difficult to determine whether Canada is to hold its place as a distinct power in the New World, or holding it, will be able to do so for good. We can only hope that the roseate hues of Mr. Morris's imagination may set upon a maturity as full as promise as gilded the earlier days of the country, and that the nation as she gathers unto herself years, may also gather wisdom and strength. In the latter half of Mr. Morris's work the interest is more or less personal to Mr. Morris himself, if we except the speeches on Confederation and on the Resolutions for the Acquisition of the North-West territory. In these addresses, besides their patriotism and healthy national tone, there is much interesting reading matter, and the evidence of a wide and practical acquaintance with public affairs.

MEN OF THE TIME: A Dictionary of Contemporaries, 11th edition, edited by Thompson Cooper, F.S.A. London: Geo. Routledge & Sons; Toronto Williamson & Co., 1884.

Like its predecessors, the present issue is full of ripeness of age, with honours, and of the budding promise of Spring. More than its previous volumes, we have in the new issue, a larger proportion of younger men, men who are coming to the front as writers, journalists, newspaper correspondents, artists, travellers, actors, singers, scientists, and the representative names in law and medicine, politics, the army and the church. Names familiar and engrossing, as Butler and Barnum, Cretway and Chelmsford, Cesnola and Belthere, unfold their secrets and apprise us of what we have either forgotten or have never known. The United States have in the volume a large mustering of representative names, and Canada has extensive additions to her Walhalla of fame. Besides the new Governor-General, two or three Lieut.-Governors, the older statesmen of Canada, and the Bishops of the Anglican Church, among whom we find some of the later Right Reverends, we meet for the first time in this "Dictionary of Contemporaries," the following names: Blake, Mackenzie, Mowat, Howland, Huntington, Fleming, Frechette, Gzowski, Grant, Lindsey, and Hagarty. Dawson, Sterry Hunt, McCaul, Goldwin Smith, and Wilson, of those outside politics who have had place in an earlier as well as in the present edition. We note some obvious omissions, the result, we presume, of accident rather than of design. As a whole, however, the work is satisfactorily representative, and the facts and information furnished, though condensed, seem accurate.

A SHORT HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES. By Justin H. McCarthy. New York: Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square.

The art of epitomizing is an exceedingly difficult one. The tendency is to condense the life and usefulness out of the work abbreviated. So, when it was announced that Mr. McCarthy intended to issue "A Short History of Our Own Times," though the news was hailed with popular satisfaction, there was a fear amongst readers of his larger work that it would suffer in the process—the more so that it had not appeared at all prolix. The shorter history, however, though necessarily less interesting from the fact that much of the literary work upon which the facts were strung has unavoidably been eliminated, is still an exceedingly valuable and readable history of the period covered—from the accession of Queen Victoria to the general election of 1880. As reduced, Mr. McCarthy's history holds an unassailable position as a concise, reliable, unprejudiced, and eminently readable book. The edition under notice is also carefully indexed, and is well printed, on good paper—by no means a small consideration in the enjoyable perusal of a book in these days of omnivorous reading.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

D'OYLY CARTE has six companies travelling in England—two "Patience," two "Iolanthe," and two "Princess Ida."

MR. FRANK D. NELSON, well and favourably known in Toronto as a vocalist and comedian, has just recovered from a serious illness.

MR. BOUCICAULT is remoured to have been offered the management of a projected New York theatre which is to compete with Wallack's.

MARY ANDERSON re-opens at the London Lyceum in September with "Romeo and Juliet," with Terriss as *Romeo*, who played *Nemours* here with Irving.

THE re-appearance of Salvini in England after an absence of nine years has an interest not only for those with an intelligent knowledge of Italian, but of all playgoers who love the really good things appertaining to the drama.

MRS. LANGTRY returned to the Chestnut Street Opera House last week, says the Philadelphia *Progress*, handsomer than ever in appearance, and improved in her acting in that she is more natural, more evidently at her ease upon the stage.

SARA BERNHARDT was twice forced to suspend her performance during the past week. Wednesday night at the end of the first act of "La Dame aux Camellias" she fainted on leaving the stage and vomited blood. She was unable to re-appear that night.

"THE POWER OF MONEY" was unknown to Toronto audiences—that is, so far as a dramatic portrayal of that all-pervading passion is concerned—until given in the Grand Opera House this week. It has been most favourably received "across the line."

No better testimony to the continued popularity of the "Silver King" and the ability of Mr. Haverly's company could be desired than the Toronto Opera House presented on Saturday afternoon. On that occasion so crowded was the theatre that the band was placed up in the flies, and scores of eager listeners lined the passages. Mr. Sheppard thinks it was the biggest house ever known in this city. Considering that this dramatic romance is now an old friend, and has been played fourteen times during the past season, this speaks volumes for its merits and attractions. Messrs. Jones and Herman's play is so well known that criticism is superfluous. It may be interesting to record that Mr. Charles A. Haswin, whose powerful delineation of the leading part—*Wilfred Denver*, the Silver King—worthily rivals that of Mr. Wilson Barrett, the creator of the character, is a stage enthusiast, and did not don the sock and buskin for vulgar dollars and cents. He is a lawyer by profession, but threw up a possible successful career in law for the more congenial and fascinating pursuit of histrionic fame.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE late Blanchard Jerrold is succeeded by his son Evelyn as editor of *Lloyd's News*, one of the most popular weeklies in Great Britain.

FORTY-ONE of Du Maurier's "Pictures of English Society," reduced from the well-known illustrations from *Punch*, have been brought out in the 18-mo. parchment-paper library at the modest price of thirty-five cents.

THE John W. Lovell Company announce for publication a new American Novel by Charles W. Balestier, called "A Fair Device." The scene is among the Berkshire hills and at one of the Virginia springs. The idea of the story is said to be strikingly original.

MATTHEW ARNOLD told a reporter that the further west he went during his tour here the more discontented he became. He only went as far as St. Louis. Boston he found too cold and artificial. Philadelphia, in his opinion, the handsomest of the big cities, and Chesnut street is the only "business-looking street in America." It reminded him of Bond street, London.

A TRANSLATION is about to appear of the "History of the Coup d'Etat," from the pen of M. de Maupas, one of its first instigators and hottest and boldest actors. De Maupas was a prefect of police at the time of the *coup d'etat*, and his record of the event has just been published in Paris. The work is to appear in English, from the press of Messrs. Appleton & Co., of New York.

THE publication of Max O'Rell's "John Bull and His Island" has provoked the issue, by an English publishing house, of a brochure entitled as follows: "John Bull's Neighbour in Her True Light: an Answer to some Recent French Criticisms, by a Brutal Saxon." The author, who has lived for many years in France, it is understood, draws some startling pictures of French life, which will be rather disturbing to the Gallic mind.

A WRITER in a Port Hope journal, attacking Colonel Denison's paper on "Grant as a General," objects to the Colonel that he has never seen active service. But Tomini himself, when he published his *Traité des Grandes Opérations Militaires*, had acquired his knowledge almost entirely in the closet or in the war office. Colonel Denison's work on cavalry won the prize offered by the Russian Government to the whole world for the best treatise on that subject.

HENRY JAMES' new novelette, which is to begin in the May *Century*, belongs to the "International" series, the scene shifting from London to New York and back to London. The novelette will run through three numbers of the magazine. *The Story*, which has never yet been told in print, of how Wilkes Booth, the assassin of President Lincoln, crossed the Potomac, and where he spent his time from the night of the 14th of April until he was shot on the morning of the 26th, will be contributed to the April *Century* by George Alfred Townsend.

Few editors have been more happy in the results of their work than has Mr. Austin Dobson, in his charming edition, in the Parchment Series, of Goldsmith's famous tale, "The Vicar of Wakefield." In the preface and in the notes Mr. Dobson has given evidence of a genuine sympathy with the author, while the spirit of Goldsmith breathes throughout the book in the editor's charming style and in the terms and cadences in which he has given loving expression to the ever-increasing interest of nineteenth century students in the writings of "poor Poll." Free alike from pedantry and from the stilted criticisms so much in vogue of late, Mr. Dobson's notes seem as much a part of the book as if they had been prepared by Goldsmith himself.

It has been recently remarked that "Materialism is now in full retreat," that the aggressive position taken up by it of late years, and the strength it has given to the opponents of Christianity in formulating assaults upon the beliefs and faiths of the past, are weakening, and correspondingly, that theistic literature is taking heart of grace and coming more boldly to the front. No more encouraging evidence of this fact is to be seen than in the publication of such books as Paul Janet's "Final Causes," Prof. Flint's treatises on "Theism," and Mr. Henry Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." The latter work has met with remarkable favour, seven editions being successively called for by those who desire to see the tables turned on agnostic science.

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CHARLES DRINKWATER, Secretary.
Montreal, January, 1884.

WHAT IS CATARRH?

From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15.

Catarrh is a muco-purulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite amoeba in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favourable circumstances, and these are:—Morbid state of the blood, as the blighted corpuscle of ulcer, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxemia, 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.
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