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CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

BYSTANDER PAPERS—

	PAGE	PAGE
Abolitionist, An American.....	131	292
Abolition, Jubilee of.....	805	819
Agnostic Jurymen.....	307	594
American President's Message.....	20	67
America, Sir Lepel Griffin on.....	116, 276	402
America and Canada.....	130	418, 516
American Tariff, The.....	131, 338, 370, 387	355
American-Irish Politics.....	227, 258	435
American Revolution, The.....	499	259
Anarchy, An Anarchist on.....	387	132
Anglicanism in the States.....	819	324, 563
Anti-Semitic Movement.....	725	388
Arnold, American Libels on Matthew.....	68, 356	515
Arnold, Matthew, on America.....	323, 338	579
Asceticism, Modern and Medieval.....	276	595
Athanasian Creed.....	306	677
Australian Colonies, Lord Rosebery on.....	371	756, 772
Australian Federation.....	578, 803	789
Aztecs and Incas, The.....	757	693
Bacon, Lord.....	404	482
Betting on Horse Races.....	419	757
Bi-Metalism.....	276	723
Blake, Mr., and the Irish Vote.....	354	741
Blaine, Nomination of Mr.....	435, 450, 466	83
Blaine's "Twenty Years of Congress".....	482	132
Blaine's Programme.....	530	130
Blaine and the Tariff.....	546	243
Blaine Scandals.....	691	132
Book Trade in Canada.....	35	466
Boundary Case.....	66	35
Budget, The.....	210	97
"Bystander's" Politics.....	402, 790	402
Canadian Constitution.....	4	676
Canadian Pacific Railway.....	114, 146, 194, 290, 594	466
Canadian Sentiment.....	434	67
Catholic Vote, The.....	162	67
Catholic Vote, The, and Mr. Blake.....	290, 322	388
Catholic Riots in Newfoundland.....	84	547
Charlton Seduction Bill.....	260	148
Chinese in British Columbia.....	115	755
Cholera in France.....	565	418, 675
Churchill, Lord Randolph.....	346	578
Church and the Franchise.....	563	582
Cincinnati Riots.....	275	805
Classical Education.....	565, 708	261
Clericalism in Belgium.....	467, 547	130, 243, 355
Cleveland's Nomination.....	498, 514, 724	18
Cleveland's Election.....	787, 803	498
Co-Education.....	178, 227, 244, 741	691
Commercial Morality.....	84	35
Commerce in England.....	724	66
Confederation.....	18	34
Co-operation in Canada.....	228	195
Conservatism in England.....	307, 387, 403	258
Conspiracy Case.....	258, 274, 354	244, 258
Continental Politics.....	115, 226, 516	708
Democracy.....	756	771
Discipline of Youth.....	323	179
Disestablishment.....	450, 597	179
Distribution of Wealth.....	531	290, 306, 370
Divorce Reform.....	147, 259, 692	274
Dominion and Provincial Politics.....	724	386
Dynamite Outrages.....	211, 419	19, 228, 376, 434
Dynamite Methods.....	291	131
Dynamite, Americans and.....	339, 436	Place-Hunting.....
Earl Spencer and Mr. Biggar.....	84	804
Eastern Question, Russia and the.....	435	Political Institutions on Their Trial.....
Education, Public.....	114	804
Egyptian Matters.....	242, 292, 386, 595	Prince Leopold, The Late.....
Egypt, Gladstone's Policy in.....	356	274, 291, 322, 434, 675, 709, 772
Election by Lot.....	547	790, 803, 820
Emigration.....	19	531
Emigration from Ireland.....	419	Presidential Nominations.....
Emigration, Mixed.....	563	370, 418, 434, 546
English Politics.....	50, 67, 115, 116, 146, 195, 242, 260, 371, 386, 419, 593, 691, 707, 805, 820, 820	562, 579, 676, 740, 819
English Franchise Bill.....	242	707
England in Egypt.....	275	Presidential Elections, The System of.....
England and her Colonies.....	514	740
English in Canada.....	756	788
Evacuation Day at New York.....	2	803
Expansion of England.....	2	803
Exemptions in Toronto.....	788	Provincial Subsidies.....
Eyre Incident in Jamaica, The Governor.....	789	290
Fleming's "Old to New Westminster".....	547	276
Franchise Reform in England.....	307, 324, 466, 499, 515	Quebec Politics.....
Free Trade in America.....	67, 355	130
Frederick Douglas Case, The.....	179	498, 595
French in Quebec, The.....	723, 739	Railway Accidents.....
Froude's "Carlyle".....	418, 772, 821	82
Governor-General's Duties.....	115	Readers, The Canadian.....
Grand Cross of the Bath.....	819	66
Grocers' Licenses.....	210	388
Henry George.....	115, 195, 450, 530, 579	Reciprocity.....
Herbert Spencer's New Toryism.....	130	31, 243, 354
Home Rule in Ireland.....	323	148
House of Lords.....	210	Religious Beliefs.....
Hudson's Bay Route.....	243	532, 578, 677, 692, 725, 757, 821
Immigration, Assisted.....	292	Religious Teaching in Schools.....
Imperial Federation.....	562, 578, 594, 675, 740, 819	789
Imperial Politics.....	594	Religions, Egyptian.....
Indian Ilbert Bill.....	67	790
Independence, Sir Richard Cartwright on.....	402	Religion in the University.....
Independence, Canadian.....	418, 516	804
Ingersoll, Colonel.....	355	Renan's Religion.....
Ireland, its Capabilities.....	435	564
Irish History, Fallacies of.....	99, 259	Robespierre.....
Irish Assassins.....	324, 563	228
Irish Squabbling.....	388	Rouher.....
Irish Demands.....	515	162
Irish Land Act.....	579	Royal Society of Canada.....
Irish Emigrants.....	595	83, 436
Irish Question.....	677	Schopenhauer.....
Irish Question and Mr. Gladstone.....	756, 772	325
Irish Policy in Parliament.....	739, 771, 789	Section B.....
Jamaican Annexation.....	482	98
Jesuits in the Thirty Years' War.....	757	Senate, The Dominion.....
Jews in Europe, The.....	723	338
Johnson.....	741	Session, Review of the Parliamentary.....
Journalists, Social Position of.....	83	306
Judaism.....	132	Sexual Revolution.....
Labour Congresses.....	130	227
Land Nationalization.....	243	Sexual Revolution and the Church.....
Library Act, The.....	132	356
License Question, The.....	466	Sir Charles Tupper Libelled.....
Limited Holdings.....	35	36
Literature, Canadian.....	97	Sir John Macdonald's Policy.....
Lord Coleridge and Canada.....	402	354
Lord Lansdowne in Toronto.....	676	Sir John Macdonald's Successor.....
Lord Lorne, Mr. Collins on.....	514, 546, 563, 579, 676	723
Lords and the Franchise, The.....	466	Sir R. R. Torrens.....
Loan, The Canadian.....	67	755
Max O'Rell.....	388	Socialism in England.....
Maurice, F. D.....	547	51
Marlborough Pictures, The.....	148	Socialism in Europe.....
Ministerial Salaries.....	755	709
Municipal Government.....	418, 675	Socialism in Germany.....
National Policy, The.....	578	404
National Policy, The, v. Free Trade.....	805	Speculation.....
Negro Question.....	84, 261	322
Nihilism.....	130, 243, 355	St. George's Society, The.....
North-West Discontent.....	18	562
North-West, Opening the.....	498	Titles in Canada.....
North-West Prospects.....	691	99, 467
O'Connor Appointment, The.....	35	University Consolidation.....
O'Donnell-Carey Incident.....	66	147, 178, 708, 772
O'Donnell, Execution of.....	34	University Confederation.....
Ontario Bye-Elections.....	195	19
Ontario, Depopulation of.....	258	Virtue of Public Men.....
Orange Bill, The.....	244, 258	676
Overpressure in Schools.....	708	Wallenstein, Character of.....
Partisanship.....	771	693
Party Spirit in England.....	179	Women Advocates.....
Party Government.....	290, 306, 370	20
Party Government, Substitute for.....	274	Young Oxford.....
Party, The Liberal, in Canada.....	386	99
Pauper Immigrants.....	19, 228, 376, 434	ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS—
Place-Hunting.....	131	Acadian History, A Side Light on.....
Political Institutions on Their Trial.....	804	F. Blake Crofton.....
Prince Leopold, The Late.....	274	68
Prohibition Movement.....	274, 291, 322, 434, 675, 709, 772	Alpheus Todd.....
Preaching.....	790, 803, 820	137
Presidential Nominations.....	531	American Humanity in the Civil War.....
Presidential Contest.....	370, 418, 434, 546	Goldwin Smith.....
Presidential Election, Negro Vote in the.....	562, 579, 676, 740, 819	245
Presidential Elections, The System of.....	707	American Poets, Notes on Some of the Younger.....
Protection for Canada.....	740	C. G. D. Roberts.....
Protection in England.....	788	328
Provincial Subsidies.....	803	American Revolutionary War, Hessians in the.....
Public School System in America.....	290	G. T. D.....
Quebec Politics.....	276	342
Quebec and Old France.....	130	Athleticism, Modern.....
Railway Accidents.....	498, 595	Trivictor.....
Readers, The Canadian.....	82	537
Reade, Charles.....	66	Bank of Issue, Origination of the.....
Reciprocity.....	31, 243, 354	Sir Francis Hincks.....
Religious Beliefs.....	148	34
Religious Controversies.....	532, 578, 677, 692, 725, 757, 821	Bank Officials, Speculation and.....
Religious Teaching in Schools.....	789	C. L.....
Religions, Egyptian.....	790	452
Religion in the University.....	804	Blaine and his Accusers.....
Renan's Religion.....	564	Canadian in U. S.....
Robespierre.....	228	582
Rouher.....	162	Boarding Schools v. Day Schools.....
Royal Society of Canada.....	402	B. 453
Salvation Army.....	83, 436	Boundary, The Disputed.....
Schopenhauer.....	325	C. L.....
Section B.....	98	534
Senate, The Dominion.....	338	Bribery Case, The, in its Moral and Social Aspect.....
Session, Review of the Parliamentary.....	306	E. Douglas Armour.....
Sexual Revolution.....	227	310
Sexual Revolution and the Church.....	356	Bribery Case, Another Aspect of the.....
Sir Charles Tupper Libelled.....	36	S. G. Wood.....
Sir John Macdonald's Policy.....	354	329
Sir John Macdonald's Successor.....	723	British Association.....
Sir R. R. Torrens.....	755	James M. O'Leary.....
Socialism in England.....	51	C.....
Socialism in Europe.....	709	598
Socialism in Germany.....	404	British Association at Montreal.....
Speculation.....	322	G. M. Grant.....
St. George's Society, The.....	562	628, 643
Titles in Canada.....	99, 467	C. P. R., The, by Way of Kicking Horse Pass and the
University Consolidation.....	147, 178, 708, 772	Selkirks.....
University Confederation.....	19	G. M. Grant.....
University Endowment.....	676	20, 52, 85, 117, 150, 182, 213
Virtue of Public Men.....	20	247, 278, 340, 391
Wallenstein, Character of.....	693	Canadian Pacific Railway.....
Women Advocates.....	99	X. Y. Z.....
Young Oxford.....	99	612
ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS—		Fidelis.....
Acadian History, A Side Light on.....	F. Blake Crofton.....	422
Alpheus Todd.....	137	Canadian Achievements, A Field for.....
American Humanity in the Civil War.....	Goldwin Smith.....	J. W. Longley.....
American Poets, Notes on Some of the Younger.....	C. G. D. Roberts.....	485
American Revolutionary War, Hessians in the.....	G. T. D.....	Canadian Legislatures and their Relative Powers.....
Athleticism, Modern.....	Trivictor.....	E. Douglas Armour.....
Bank of Issue, Origination of the.....	Sir Francis Hincks.....	631
Bank Officials, Speculation and.....	C. L.....	Carnival Notes.....
Blaine and his Accusers.....	Canadian in U. S.....	J. R.....
Boarding Schools v. Day Schools.....	B. 453	166
Boundary, The Disputed.....	C. L.....	Carlyle's First Love.....
Bribery Case, The, in its Moral and Social Aspect.....	E. Douglas Armour.....	Louisa Murray.....
Bribery Case, Another Aspect of the.....	S. G. Wood.....	474, 489
British Association.....	James M. O'Leary.....	Churches, The, Asterisk.....
British Association at Montreal.....	G. M. Grant.....	216, 249, 281, 330, 376, 423, 472
C. P. R., The, by Way of Kicking Horse Pass and the	Selkirks.....	519, 568, 617, 696, 761, 808
Selkirks.....	G. M. Grant.....	744

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CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

	PAGE.
TOPICS OF THE WEEK	1
France and China.—The Lord Rectorship of St. Andrew's University.—Lecture at St. John, N.B.—Ministers of Education.—Sir Richard Redivivus.—The North-West.—Trades Unions.—Spain, France and Germany.—The Soudan Disaster.	
CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES	2
Current Events and Opinions.....	<i>A Bystander.</i>
Manitoban Farming.....	<i>W. F. C.</i>
International Copyright	<i>J. E. Collins.</i>
LITERATURE	6
Three Lyrics.....	<i>Edgar Fawcett.</i>
A Monition.....	<i>A. Lampman.</i>
The Adventures of a Widow.....	<i>Edgar Fawcett.</i>
MUSIC AND THE DRAMA	9
The New York Philharmonic Club at the Horticultural Gardens.—Theatre Accommodations.—Mlle Rhea and Mrs. Langtry.	
BOOK NOTICES	9
C. L. Moore's "Poems, Antique and Modern."—Gilman's "Magna Charta Stories."—Winchell's "World Life."—Adolphus Trollope's "Diamond Cut Diamond."—Thomas's "Biographical Dictionary."—Minor Notices.	
PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED	12
THE PERIODICALS	12
LITERARY GOSSIP	13
CHRONICLE OF THE WEEK	14

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TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

FRANCE professes to have now no design in Tonquin more ambitious than to occupy Bacninh and Sontay, as a salve to her honour which has been so sorely wounded. This done, it is said she will propose an armistice and will seek the good offices of England as a mediator. But it is impossible for France to refute the charge of rapacity in the face of M. Ferry's late confessions. She cannot deny her arrogance and wantonness in regard to the neutral territory in Tonquin; nor can she deny that the negotiations have been carried on by her in an unfriendly if not offensive manner throughout. It appears certain also that Annam has been tributary to the Chinese throne for centuries; and it looks equally certain that the excuse for French falsehood and the cause of French violence, here as in Madagascar, has been simply greed of territorial gain.

THE election of Mr. Lowell as Rector of St. Andrew's University against the Right Hon. Edward Gibson, one of the finest speakers and foremost men in the House of Commons—a man indeed who would lead the Conservative party better than its present leaders—is a signal instance of what is called "free trade in intellect" and of the generous disposition to recognize a commonwealth of letters divided by no national boundaries. But in the particular case of Mr. Lowell, the homage has now been carried far enough. He is the writer of the best satire, probably, which has appeared on this side of the Atlantic, though there is nothing in his "Bigelow Papers" which is likely to live much beyond the hour. In some of his literary essays and reviews there is acknowledged merit. As a serious poet he can hardly be said to display the originality of genius. His fellow-countrymen know this perfectly well, and when he is treated as if he were a writer of the first rank and put over the heads of Englishmen who are really his superiors, they cannot help concluding that there must be something hollow and diplomatic in these overstrained demonstrations. If there is a diplomatic object, definite or indefinite, exaggeration defeats itself.

In honour of its centenary, St. John, N. B., has put forth an unusually attractive programme for the course of lectures at its Mechanics' Institute.

These lectures are remarkably well attended and form a prominent feature in the winter life of the place; nor would any lecturer desire a more intelligent or a kinder audience. But if St. John wishes to secure the services of a high class of lecturers, without restriction on the ground of political party, she will have to persuade a certain portion of her political press to respect the amenities of social life and the interests of an institution which ministers to the instruction and amusement of all parties alike. If a literary man, brought perhaps from a great distance to take part as a friend in the course of lectures, is to receive as his reward public insult from that section of the community from which he happens to differ in political opinions, and this notwithstanding the strictest observance of neutrality on his part, he will be apt to regret his acceptance of the invitation; while by such treatment of an invited guest, the reputation of the city for courteous hospitality will be in danger of contracting a stain. These remarks, which we believe will be not unwelcome to the literary public of St. John, are occasioned by an editorial of the *St. John Sun* in which that journal somewhat departs from its usual good breeding, urbanity and generosity to opponents.

BOTH in Ontario and in New Brunswick the superintendence of Education has passed into new hands. In Ontario Mr. G. W. Ross succeeds to the position of Minister of Education, *vice* the Hon. Adam Crooks, whom ill-health has compelled to resign. Mr. Ross has abundance of work cut out for him; he finds the Department of Education much in need of clear judgment at the head of it. It is to be hoped he will prove himself the equal of his predecessor in general ability, in enthusiasm, in scholarship, and in culture; and his superior in organizing ability, in lucidity, and in grasp of detail. Mr. Crooks devoted himself to the labour of the department with a zeal which, in combination with the worry of striving to satisfy conflicting claims and give heed to contradictory cries of faction, resulted in the breaking down of his health. Endeavouring to continue at his post when overwork had rendered him physically unfit for it, he made several mistakes which his successor may display his skill in rectifying. In New Brunswick the resignation of Dr. Rand has deprived the Province of a Chief Superintendent of Education whose energy, power of organization, and executive ability are indisputably great, but whose somewhat autocratic rule, with the rigidity and over-minuteness of his system, raised against him strenuous opposition. His successor, Mr. William Crocket, is an able educationist. He has always been a supporter and adviser of Dr. Rand, and it may therefore be supposed that he will continue his methods and carry on his traditions, in which case there will be dissatisfaction in a large part of the Province. As the Government which has appointed him, however, is one which, before attaining office, was professedly hostile to Dr. Rand, and had been in no small degree helped into power by its pledged disapproval of his system, it may perhaps turn out that Mr. Crocket has modified his views to some extent. It is but just to say that he has always shown himself opposed to machine-education.

It would seem as if the Reformers were girding up their loins for battle at the coming session. Mr. MacMillan, the representative for South Bruce, has, at the request of his supporters, resigned his seat in favour of Sir Richard Cartwright, who was defeated in Centre Wellington at the last general election. Very naturally even the loyal Reformers of South Bruce desired to know why it was necessary to sacrifice the ambition of Mr. MacMillan, and to their enquiry it was answered by Mr. Blake that financial and fiscal questions would during the next session probably assume more than usual prominence. This is an age when in the struggle only the fittest survives, and all agree that it is better a candle should go out than the moon. Aside from party considerations there is room for congratulation that the unquestioned ability of Sir Richard Cartwright is to be restored to the House of Commons.

In the North-West we have a spectacle painful enough to all Canadians who choose to be patriots before they are partisans. The perils attendant upon government by party are most imminent in a young nation like Canada, which has not yet had time to become solid and homogeneous, and wherein many causes have combined to force on party feeling to its fullest undesirable development; wherein, at the same time, that surest

guarantee of a nation's ultimate well-being, which is found only in genuine national feeling and loyalty to the soil, is but now struggling into existence through opposing prejudice and discouragement. We do not ourselves think that any of the schemes proposed as substitutes for government by party are practicable. It is not this method of government, but the abuses which we see accompanying it, against which we would raise a voice of warning. Yet if party should prove to be, as it now to some extent appears, inseparable from demoralization and the supremacy of selfishness, it would become the duty of true citizens to seek a better means of government. In the North-West, upon whose healthy growth depends our future as a nation, we see one party by ill-judged measures creating a sore, which the other poisons and skilfully inflames, to the peril of the national organism, in order that it may have something worth holding up to view, as the execrable work of its rivals. Not wholly from the real grievances of the settlers, but in part from the seductive suggestions and loudly-expressed sympathies of those who would turn their grievances into political capital comes all the angry talk of secession—of annexation. Vain is this talk, we believe; but it is injurious. Young as the Confederation is, we may congratulate ourselves that the central power is pretty firmly established, and could muster to its support, were it or the integrity of our union seriously menaced, most of the best men of the country, Conservative and Reformer alike.

IN the late strike of the compositors of the *New York Evening Post* there was afforded an illustration of what the opponents of trades-unionism claim, and what believers in the combination of labour for the purpose of defence against capital find it so hard to argue against. When trade unions by fair and honourable means enable the labourer, who cannot afford to wait, to negotiate on equal terms with the capitalist, who can, they have legitimate reason for their existence and should be regarded as a good sign for the future of the working class. We should be the last to say anything against them did they prove themselves rational, to the smallest degree temperate, and capable of respect for the rules of business morality and the considerations which vitally affect the order of a civilized community. But experience of trade unions has lately shown them regardless of these considerations and influenced in the main by irresponsible socialistic schemers. In the case referred to the negotiations which preceded the strike were conducted judiciously, and the strike itself would as things were shaping have probably resulted in a way satisfactory to the workmen. But here the men interested lost control, and the Union stepped in and took possession. The result was a series of dishonest and criminal acts on the part of unionists;—and the dismissal from employment of the original strikers, decent men who were heartily ashamed of the tactics employed but were unable to escape responsibility for them, or to act independently of the organization to whose control they had committed themselves. The workman is under a worse tyranny than that of capital when he commits his conscience and his daily bread to the keeping of an irresponsible council of designing agitators, who at their own caprice or for the furtherance of their own ends may compel him to stand idle while his family starve or steal. In the case in question all was in the hands of a *lawyer*, not a compositor or a printer. Then what a mockery to see the chief dictating and taking no risk; the men whose livings were at stake obeying blindly, and losing after a dishonourable struggle.

IN spite of the very conciliatory attitude of Marshal Serrano and the Spanish Ministry toward France, it is plain that Bismarck has attained, by the visit of the Prussian Crown Prince to Spain, the object he had in view. The present Coalition Ministry represents but a small factor in Spanish politics. The enthusiasm for Germany was by no means confined to the Court circles, but was shared in by the leaders of opposing parties, and by all but an insignificant minority of the people. The power of the Martos-Serrano faction will in all probability be brief. Whether the reins fall next into the hands of the Conservatives or the Moderates,—whether the next Prime Minister of Alfonso be Canovas or Sagasta,—the attitude of Spain toward France will speedily be made unmistakable, and her Ambassador to the Republic be recalled.

THE disaster in the Soudan opens up the way for serious complications. El Mahdi's claims are established in the minds of the inhabitants by his overwhelming victory, and all the surrounding country may at his bidding burst into a blaze of insurrection. How far this might spread among stuff so inflammable as the Moslem populations is a question it were rash to attempt to answer. Turkey has sought to profit by the opportunity, and has asked permission to send troops to reconquer the lost provinces. Neither to England nor to France was this greatly desirable; and Turkey

makes complaint to the Powers because her request was not granted. Though Hicks Pasha's army by no means consisted of Europeans, and though anything else than defeat would have been a miracle, considering his spiritless troops, ridiculously inadequate supplies, and the nature of the country he had to traverse, nevertheless this crushing disaster cannot but seriously damage the prestige of England in oriental eyes. The pronouncement from Mecca declaring the prophet an impostor may prove about as effective as a barrier of tissue paper against a conflagration, when confronted by such proof of the prophet's divine mission, as is afforded by this prompt annihilation of his enemies. The situation at Khartoum is one of extreme peril: rebels within and fanatical enemies in overwhelming numbers without the city, and an insufficient and unsupported garrison to hold it. Baker Pasha, who will at once go to the Soudan, it is said, accompanied by Seiker Pasha, the conqueror of Darfour, writes to the *London Times* that Khartoum may with due precautions be rendered impregnable. He suggests that the Abyssinians might be invited to march upon the city, but advises that no British troops be exposed to the deadly climate of the Soudan. He urges above all that England straightway declare her policy in Egypt.

THERE appears to be an obstacle to the acceptance by Mr. Lowell of the Lord Rectorship of St. Andrew's to which he has been elected. The reports that have reached us have the customary inconsistency, but we gather that the difficulty arises, not from the fact that Mr. Lowell is an alien, but that he is a foreign envoy and therefore not amenable to British law.

CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS.

IN spite of a drizzling rain, Evacuation Day at New York seems to have been celebrated by a great throng, which however may have been drawn as much by the pageant and by the presence of the President and other notabilities as by the anniversary itself. There was nothing Anti-British in the demonstration or in the speeches, and at the banquet the Queen's name was received with full honours, the company standing while "God Save The Queen" was played. The old feud then is happily buried; the hearts of the Anglo-Americans are manifestly turning again to their Mother Country; and as the Germans are emigrants of nations between which and England there is fast friendship, Great Britain has now no enemies on this continent except the Irish, whose antagonism is not to her only but to Anglo-Saxon civilization. Mr. George W. Curtis was the orator, and he could not fail to speak eloquently and with good taste. But the best of Revolution orators has now to squeeze an orange which has been squeezed by a hundred orators before, and which to tell the truth never was over full of juice; for the heroism of the American Revolution was not unlimited: it fell very far short of that displayed by the Dutch in their sixty years' struggle against Spain. The English have been blamed for not duly acknowledging the help which they received from the Prussians at Waterloo; but if the Prussians had failed to come up Wellington would at worst have had to fall back, whereas it seems certain that without the intervention of France, in spite of the inefficiency of the king's generals, and the distance of their base of operations, the American Revolution must have completely succumbed. Mr. Curtis says that Hamilton was the head, Jefferson the heart, and John Jay the conscience of the country. Hamilton and John Jay deserve their crowns, but if a malevolent and canting Jacobin like Jefferson was the heart of the country its blood must have been bad indeed. The centenary of the foundation of St. John, New Brunswick, celebrated just before that of Evacuation Day, recalls another unheroic feature of the American Revolution, the vindictive proscription of the vanquished party. Precision can hardly be exacted of eloquence; but Mr. Curtis, if he were writing history, would not fail to admit that George III. and the oligarchy of borough-mongers were not "England."

In his work on the "Expansion of England" Professor Seeley gives us an illustration of that which he considers the proper mode of treating historical subjects. History, he thinks, ought always to lead up to a political moral. The worst of this plan is that the political moral is very apt to lead up to the history. Professor Seeley's political moral, put into definite form and current phrase, is Imperial Federation. The expediency of Imperial Federation depends on the value of a Colonial Empire; and to prove the value of a Colonial Empire Professor Seeley turns the whole history of the European Powers, during the last century and the early part of the present, into a struggle for priority in the race for Colonial dominion. Even Napoleon, it seems, in overrunning Germany, grasping Spain, and invading Russia, was really aiming not at the subjugation of

Europe (though he had actually formed a plan for making Paris the European Capital), but at the ejection of England from Colonial Empire, and the installation of France in her place. It is singular, in that case, that he should have made over Louisiana to the United States. He may have exclaimed "Old Europe bores me"; but his visionary aspirations pointed not to America but to Asia, where he was on his way to found an Empire when his march was arrested at Acre by Sir Sydney Smith, who he always said had made him miss his destiny. How was it that of all the statesmen and soldiers who played a part in these events, of all the contemporary writers who chronicled or discussed them, not one should have betrayed his consciousness of what we are now told was their real import? Why England directed her attacks against the transmarine dependencies of the other powers is obvious enough; she was strong at sea, while they were strong on land. It was only after failing in descents on France that Chatham turned his arms against Canada. His son, in the same manner, sent out his fleets to capture the Colonial dependencies of France and her vassal allies, because they were open to maritime attack, while he was unable to make head against the French armies on the battlefields of Europe. The "Expansion of England" by Pitt was, if ever anything was, an accident of war. How could he have supposed that in annexing a number of sugar islands, peopled with negroes, he was extending what Professor Seeley calls "the English nation"? Going further back, there appears no ground for saying that the Colonial policy of the Protector was "Imperialist"; it seems rather, so far as there is any trace of it, to have been Emancipationist: he practically recognized the independence of New England; and, when he had conquered Jamaica, offered it to the New Englanders as a more genial place of settlement. His object in conquering it, and the object of his operations generally in that quarter was, no doubt, to break the Spanish monopoly, and open those waters to English enterprise; but this is different from the object of Imperial Federation. It is surely surprising that Professor Seeley can represent the policy of Charles II., in making war upon Holland, as a continuation of the policy of the Protectorate. Has he forgotten the vassalage of Charles II. to Louis XIV., and the hatred borne by the Catholic despot to the Protestant Republic? Cromwell, instead of making war upon Holland, had made peace with her as soon as he got power into his hands; and he would be wronged if his policy were judged by that of Shaftesbury, one of the unscrupulous cynics always engendered by the catastrophe of a revolution, when Shaftesbury had entered the service of the Restoration. The foundation of New England, the vital germ of the whole, had nothing to do with English policy; it was the work of religious refugees. By the rulers it was opposed, while, had the popular party been in the ascendant, the refugees would have stayed at home. England faced the new world across the Atlantic, and her people were seafaring: otherwise the transmission of her race and institutions to America by the crew of the *Mayflower* was as accidental as the seed dropped by a bird. An entirely new version of history is always suspicious and, when it comes wedded to a political theory, it is pretty sure to be the offspring of fancy, though of a fancy, it may be, learned and ingenious.

In so motley a series of acquisitions and accretions as that which includes New England, Virginia, Canada, the Cape of Good Hope, the West Indies, Mauritius, Malta, Australia and India, it is surely vain to look for any uniform aim or policy beyond that desire of aggrandizement which a better understanding of the true conditions of national strength and happiness, as well as the progress of morality, has taught us to regard as belonging rather to the past than to the present; nor will the want of real unity be supplied by casting over the whole of the scattered and heterogeneous multitude of dependencies the dragnet of a collective name, such as "Greater Britain." That name is not applicable to India, as Professor Seeley seems aware, though he cannot help bringing in India in order to make up the bulk of Britons outside the British Islands necessary to support the title; his exclusive regard for political aggregations under the sway of Downing Street preventing him from seeing that morally he may have a real "Greater Britain" in the reviving affection of the people of the United States for the ancient home of their race. It is not applicable to Mauritius, or any of the military dependencies: barely applicable to the negro-peopled West Indies, to South Africa, where the British are but a section of the European population which is itself greatly outnumbered by the natives; or even to French Canada, the nationality of which is not as Professor Seeley supposes dying out, and ceasing to stand in the way of British consolidation, but on the contrary becoming more intense and territorially gaining ground, the vital force of British Canada being insufficient for its assimilation. No verbal generalization will impart likeness to things radically different from each other, or make it politic to deal with them in the same way. There is a political as well as a philosophical Realism; and, while the Realism of the

Schoolmen bred nothing worse than metaphysical chimeras, the Realism of the politician may lead to practical errors. "The growth of our Empire," says Professor Seeley, "may, indeed, have been in a certain sense natural; Greater Britain, compared to old England, may seem but the full-grown giant developed out of the sturdy boy; but there is this difference, that the grown man does not and cannot think of becoming a boy again, whereas England both can and does consider the expediency of emancipating her Colonies and abandoning India." We might as well say of a man that he was considering the expediency of putting his full-grown son out in the world and separating from his wife. India, to which alone the term Empire, properly belongs, as the Queen has shown in assuming the title of Empress, has nothing in common with the British and self-governed Colonies, nor are the arguments for and against the abandonment of India identical with the arguments for and against the emancipation of the Colonies, except in respect of the military danger and expenditure which the defence of distant dependencies may in both cases entail. India, if England retired and withdrew her armies, would be totally lost, and with it would be lost the vast Indian investments of Englishmen, including the India debt and the railway stock, besides all those posts in the Indian service which form so splendid a part of the heritage of English youth; while the country, full of hostile races and religions, would become again a prey to the murderous and devastating anarchy in which it was weltering when the British first appeared on the scene. The Colonies instead of being lost by emancipation would be retained and perhaps improved for all purposes of usefulness and of a really grand ambition. Their attachment to the Mother Country would not be diminished; probably it would be increased, as it has certainly grown with their progress in self-government; and they would afford just as good homes as ever to the British emigrant. The privilege of controlling their commercial policy in her own interest England has already resigned. Even of the political connection, that part which alone is genuine and abiding, mutual citizenship might, and it is to be hoped would, remain as before. To the Colonies themselves the change would be merely the crowning of an edifice of self-government already in substance complete. Instead of lapsing into confusion and being overrun by Pindarrees and Mahrattas, they would be conscious of no political alteration except the warm flow of national life in their veins. Nothing would be sacrificed except that mysterious entity, which, having no name in English, is called by the French name of prestige—derived from a Latin word which means a conjuring trick or imposture—and against this England will have, whenever she makes up her mind, to balance the unique glory of freely and deliberately giving existence to a nation.

Professor Seeley holds that the secession of the American Colonies, or as he calls it, the "schism in the Greater Britain," was caused solely by the defects of the old Colonial policy, but for which, apparently, he thinks the United States might at this day be a British dependency under a Governor sent out by the Colonial Office. It might have been supposed that only in the bosom of Colonial officialism was this fond belief still cherished. Horace Walpole, apart from his personal prejudices, was one of the most clear-sighted men of his time, and his very dilettanteism preserved him from those exclusively parliamentary views of things by which Professor Seeley complains that the true significance of this portion of history has been obscured. To him it appeared plain that the American Revolution was the inevitable severance from the Old Country of a community too large even in that day to be governed, at least as to free principle, from a distance. Professor Seeley says that steam and electricity have "abolished distance," but this is rhetoric: steam and electricity have not abolished the Irish Channel, or even Lake Superior, much less the Atlantic; nor have they abolished, as Professor Seeley himself confesses with sorrow, the ignorant indifference of the mass of British citizens to Colonial affairs. He more than once points to the extension of the United States as a "proof that territorial expansion may be indefinite"; but he forgets that between Vermont and Texas there flows no ocean, and that oceans are obstacles to unity, especially in case of maritime war. He wastes words in proving that American prosperity is not the consequence of secession but of qualities manifested by the people before that event, combined with the natural wealth of the country. But independence gave America national life, without which what a mass of pork and pumpkin pie that vast community would be! Unless Professor Seeley admits this acquisition to have been momentous, it is difficult to see how he can attach such enormous importance as he does attach to the American Revolution, which he pronounces superior in pregnancy even to the Revolution in France; though to most readers of history it would probably appear that American Democracy was really founded by the first settlers in New England and that its separation from the monarchical and aristocratic England, on the other side of the Atlantic, was merely a ques-

tion of time and circumstance. English writers, living themselves in the heart of an intense and glorious nationality, do not know what a dependency is. That independence should have come to the Americans in the form of a violent rupture with the Mother Country, was a great calamity to both parties, but especially to the Americans, since a revolutionary bias was thus given to American politics and the nation lost the influence, at once ennobling and tempering, of a historic past. That a similar calamity may never befall Canada is the earnest desire of all British Canadians; and, in order to extinguish the only conceivable cause of it, many pray that the meddling, whether official or covert, of Downing Street and its representatives with Canadian affairs and destinies in the interest of the British aristocracy, may some day cease.

The paper by the late Governor-General in the *Contemporary Review* proves to be not, as some had inferred from the telegraphic summary, a warning to Ontario about the boundary question, or, as others surmised, a rebuke to the centrifugal tendencies of Quebec, but a review of the Canadian Constitution, with reference to the relation between the Dominion and the Provinces, written for the satisfaction of some persons who desired his Lordship's opinion on the expediency of applying Canadian Home Rule to Ireland. "Sir," Boswell is made to say in a travesty of his Life of Johnson, "would you advise a man to wear green spectacles if they hurt his eyes?" "No sir," the sage is made to reply, "I should dissuade him." Statesmen might as well provide the Irish people with Canadian snowshoes as extend to them the Canadian Constitution. There is nothing in the political world, past or present, at all resembling the relations, geographical, historical, religious and social, of Ireland to Great Britain, and of Ulster to the rest of Ireland. Neither in the relation of the Dominion to the Imperial Government, nor in that of the Provinces to the Dominion, is any help towards the solution of the Irish problem to be found. Lord Lorne is right in saying that there has been a constant tendency, under Confederation, to the increase of the central power: he is wrong if he thinks that this is certainly conducive to the stability of the Federal system. The stability of the Federal system depends not on the stability of the central authority but on the freedom from dangerous tension which attends the secure enjoyment of local liberties. It was not defect of central authority, but fear lest the central authority should be exerted for the abolition of Slavery, that led to the Civil War in the United States. The danger of Canadian Confederation at this moment is the abuse by Quebec of her practical possession of the central power. As becomes an ex-Governor-General, his Lordship talks a good deal of gentle optimism, and shows that a British nobleman enthroned in Rideau Hall sees Canada from a balloon. In a balloon indeed he would have no courtiers to mislead him about the sentiments of the people. A BYSTANDER.

MANITOBAN FARMING.

THERE is a tendency in human nature to invest the distant and the new with unreal charms. When it is discovered that an over-estimate has thus been formed, mankind are apt to go to the opposite extreme, so that what was at first exaggerated is at length belittled. The public mind has gone through both these processes in regard to Manitoba and the North-West. It is gradually regaining that equilibrium of common-sense, which was disturbed alike by the speculative craze, and by the depression that followed in its wake.

A level prairie country, possessing an exceptionally fertile soil, without stones or trees to obstruct the progress of the plough, could not but be attractive to a race of husbandmen who had wrestled with the primæval forest, and conquered the difficulties attendant on its conversion into a fruitful field. But wherever there are great advantages, we may look for corresponding disadvantages, and the great North-West is no exception to this rule. It may be questioned whether, after all, scarcity of timber be not a greater evil than superabundance of it. The two items of shelter and fuel are very important in practical life. In the older Canadian provinces the earlier settlers found themselves amply provided with building materials, with which, at very trifling cost, a comfortable habitation could be quickly constructed. When the house was built, there was a plethora of fuel with which to warm it, close to the door. On the prairies of the North-West sod is the only material out of which the settler can construct a home-made dwelling. It is at best but a poor apology for a house. Compared with it, the average log-shanty of the settler in the eastern provinces was a mansion, if not a palace. The scarcity of fuel becomes a serious drawback when six months of winter have to be counted on, and winter, too, in downright earnest, the thermometer being most of the time below zero, and often a good way below.

Manitoba must come to the same test as Ontario, and be judged according to its ability to sustain a population. The future of the great North-West mainly depends on the development of its agricultural resources. A large amount of capital has been invested there, which will prove profitable or the reverse in proportion to the yield obtained from the land. That, at the present time, bountiful crops can be raised in Manitoba with comparatively little labour, is undeniable. How long this state of things will continue is a question of the greatest interest to the settlers themselves, and to the Dominion at large. If the usual course of impoverishment is pursued, farming in the North-West will not be profitable very long. Under the most moderate scale of freight tariffs, the cost of transporting surplus produce to the European market must make a considerable reduction in the farmer's gains. But it is not probable that freights will be moderate. There will be no competition to keep them down for many years to come, and it is the invariable practice of railway monopolies to exact all the tariff that the traffic will bear. Once let the crop average in the North-West go down to that of older countries at the east, and the farmers of that region will find themselves hopelessly distanced in the agricultural race.

The great mass of settlers in the North-West are improvident and reckless in regard to the resources of the soil. They are fully persuaded that those resources are inexhaustible. It is passing strange that this delusion should prevail as it does, with the lessons of other prairie countries written on the great blackboard of the soil, in view of all the world. Illinois, Iowa, and even the newer state of Minnesota—prairie countries like Manitoba, and with a soil equally rich at the outset—have deteriorated to such an extent, that the wheat-crop is only about one-third what it was at first. In a recent report of the United States Department of Agriculture, the editor, in an article headed "Wheat Culture Ruinous," asks, "Is proof of impoverishment wanted?" and replies, "One witness only is needed—the soil itself. First, thirty bushels per acre is the boast of the farmer; then the yield drops to twenty-five; to twenty; to fifteen; and, finally, to ten and eight. Minnesota claimed twenty-two bushels average a few years ago—some of her enthusiastic friends made it twenty-seven—but she will scarcely average this year twelve, and will never again make twenty-two under her present system of farming." The same experience awaits Manitoba and the North-West, if, as now seems probable, a similar system of exhaustive farming is pursued. It is therefore important that the voice of warning be uplifted against a style of husbandry which would, before very long, reduce the Garden of Eden itself to a barren wilderness.

There is no necessity and no excuse for exhaustive farming. The plea of ignorance even cannot be urged, because light on this subject has blazed forth all over the civilized world. It has been demonstrated times without number, that successive croppings without manure, are the short and sure road to poverty, both of the land and the land-owner; while by due attention to rotation of crops, clovering, and stock-feeding, the fertility of the soil may not only be maintained, but increased for all coming time. Nature is inexorable. Obey her laws, and there will be prosperity; violate them, and retribution is inevitable.

At this point, scarcity of timber comes in again as a serious drawback to Manitoban farming. Stock requires shelter, and shelter is costly. The settler who finds difficulty in housing his family, can hardly be expected to provide stabling for stock. But it must be done, if stock are to be kept, and Manitoba is no exception to the rule; "no stock, no manure; no manure, no crops." For a time, necessity, which knows no laws, will compel the farmers of the North-West to forego stock-keeping, but ere long, a sterner necessity will demand it, and they must either accept the situation or quit the field. The sooner they admit this to themselves the better. It is a stupid folly to be day-dreaming, as many are, that the soil of Manitoba is *sui generis*, and has been gifted by nature with inexhaustible fertility. No such soil has ever yet been discovered on earth, and it is safe to say it never will be.

It would be a fine thing if the Canadian North-West could be made exceptional in its agricultural history, so as to escape the soil-deterioration and crop-diminution which have marked the careers of the other countries of the new world. This is perhaps too much to hope for; but, considering all that we have been told of the superior intelligence and high farming qualifications of the great bulk of the settlers who have gone thither, it is surely not unreasonable to expect that there will be, at least, an improvement in this respect, and that some evidence will be given of wisdom being learned from the mistakes of others. The prodigal son who goes to a far country and wastes his substance in riotous farming, may be a grade better in moral character than the historical one who wasted his substance in riotous living, but he will come to want all the same, and richly deserves to do so. No fatted calf or sumptuous feast will be found awaiting his repentance and return to reason.

W. F. C.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

HERE is one of those obvious subjects with but one side and admitting of only one contention. A question so crying could not but have had many exponents, one so transparent must have many times over gathered unto itself all the possible argument. Therefore, I shall be very brief where I have to state what has been said so often and so well before. The laws of nations upon Copyright, so far, bears the impress of a parentage that was blind to the fact that neither oceans nor political lines can intellectually divorce a group of nations speaking the same language, and wedded to a common literature. The literature and thought of a group of countries, having but one language for all, in making their great cycles, will not be thwarted by political barriers. The literature of such a language is a confederation unto itself; it ignores the division of monarchies and democracies, and distance its greatest enemy to unity has been conquered by steam. We have no longer a British and an American literature, but a great republic of English letters, belonging not less distinctively as a possession and as a characteristic of thought and culture to the New World than to Great Britain, the homestead of our Cis-Atlantic people and speech. The works of Matthew Arnold, of Ruskin, of William Black, find in America as large a proportion of readers as in England, while the books of our American writers do not fare less well with the British public. Where distance is not reduced to the least point by the frequency of rapid steamers which carry from one side of the Atlantic to the other the new works before they are cold, it is annihilated by simultaneous publication, the reader in New York or London, getting into his hands the book or important periodical that appears the same morning on the other side of the Atlantic. But while Science, improved printing facilities, and an imperative desire for community of share in the common stock have declared that all English wherever written belongs to one republic of letters, the Statute Books of the nations maintain bars to brotherhood, at once unwise, unnatural, but fortunately not all-potent for the narrow and mischievous results at which they point. From these self-obvious facts it is apparent that wisdom lies only in giving to all countries, whatever be their nationality, that have a common literature one common law. But, if a treaty of Copyright between the United States and Great Britain and the Colonies is desirable for the sake of literature, it is of equal moment to authors and publishers of repute, while it could not be contrary to the interests of the reading masses. It is hardly necessary to argue here that the old laws regarding Copyright merely embalmed the barbaric myth that as everything belonged to the king—the gold and precious stones digged up from the earth, the continents discovered by loyal subjects, and the persons of all liegemen in the realm—that, therefore, the sovereign who really owned the author might appropriate his brain-products for the benefit of the commonwealth. At this day, however, the author is regarded to have as much right in his book as the inventor has to any mechanical contrivance evolved from his own brain; but the law protecting patents is rigid and inexorably enforced.

It is the trade of some to write books, and their livelihood is derived from a sale of their works: the publisher who, because unforbidden by his nation's law, takes these books without making some recompense to their author is neither an honourable nor an honest man. It is about as just and as high-minded as if, instead of stealing books, he waited upon the quay till a ship laden with merchandise from an alien port cast anchor, and that then, fearing no molestation from his country's laws, he boarded that vessel, seized the cargo—which belonged to some one in the foreign country—and sold it over the land for his own profit. There is, unfortunately, a strange lack of united action among authors in seeking for international copyright. It seems certain that if they moved resolutely as a body they would have the assistance of all publishers of good name and standing, and must succeed. And at this late hour, when even some honourable houses have begun to soil their reputations, they would have a potent assistance from the publishers. But there is a diseased trade-morality abroad through the United States which, perched on the top of every pirate's press, will tell you that this is an age of twenty-cent books; that the masses now read, and that they do not read dollar books; that international copyright would abolish cheap reading; that, therefore, the rule which now obtains is the greatest good of the greatest number; and that the interest of a dozen authors is small when put in the scale against the whole people of America. If it were true that international copyright would abolish cheap reading for the masses, it could not make the practice of stealing more honourable or capable of defence; though as a matter of fact it would not lead to the supersession of cheap books, but would bring the trade into the hands of respectable publishers, and compel those who now grow rich upon theft to become

honest, and to compete in an upright business way with their *confrères*. The voter who buys a twenty-cent book is reluctant, for the sake of a morality and an honesty that he does not bring home to himself, to surrender his privilege of cheap reading; but he would find that piracy, not he, would be called on for a sacrifice; that a certain portion of readers, those especially who have libraries, great or small, would, and do now, buy dollar books; that as soon as the publisher, protected by copyright law, saw a market for the dollar book in twenty-cent form, he would respond to the demand; that cheap books and expensive books each appeal to their own special field, and that no one would suffer save the publishing houses of soiled reputations, while upright publishers would thrive, and book-printing become once again a pure calling; while authors, who have to live by the product of their brain, as the artisan who earns his bread by the cunning of his hand, would have his due, though nothing more.

Home to Canadian doors more keenly than anywhere else comes one of the brood of grievances begotten of existing copyright law. Canadians, having the honour of being a Colony of Great Britain, cannot make laws upon copyright, but must accept legislation at the hands of law-makers in England. A clause in the Imperial Act provides that, "the author of a book first published in Her Majesty's Dominions, shall, whether he is or is not a British subject or domiciled or resident in Her Majesty's Dominions, be entitled to copyright in the book throughout Her Majesty's Dominions." Then we come to what are meant to be the Colonial clauses of the British Act, whereby it is provided that a Canadian author who takes out a copyright under the Canadian law thereby secures copyright through the British Dominions. Such generosity must have exhausted the Lords who consented to the law, as it must have put into ecstasy all those who feel themselves honoured by their connection with the empire. But just what our standing is as colonists, the imperial Legislature, a little further on in the act, do not suffer us to forget. They are aware that we have a few typesetters in Canada, and some publishers that know something about printing and binding books, but our modes of setting types, and making books is only colonial, and unworthy of British readers. Hear this proviso: "Where a book is first published in a British possession, and not published in the United Kingdom, in number and *manner suitable for general circulation therein*, after one month from first publication any person may apply to Her Majesty in Council for a judicial license to publish the same which may be granted upon such conditions as seem just; and if any book is not so published within six months after first publication, any person may apply to Her Majesty in Council to be allowed to import foreign reprints of the book:" which means that if a Canadian author bring out a book in Canada, and if the printing and binding of the volume do not meet the taste of the foreign law-makers, it may be reprinted to suit English readers, whether the Canadian author and publisher are willing or unwilling; but if an English author bring out a book in London which in "manner" of make proved unsuitable to Canadian readers, and a Canadian publisher to suit his customers made a new edition of the book, he would be fined. This surely is one strong mark of our equality in the empire, and ought to go far to hush the mouths of those who talk about nationality.

But this is not the chief benefit which colonialism and the barbarous state of copyright law confers on Canada. An English author bringing out a book in London obtains copyright throughout the British Dominions; and the Canadian publisher who reprints his book without authority is, very properly, visited with the penalty of the law. But the American pirate seizes the English book, reprints it, and sends it into Canada by paying fifteen per cent. and the author's royalty, into the custom house. This is an actual surrender of the Canadian market to the American publisher at an agreed price, while our own publishing houses must stand with folded arms. Under the same clause, an Englishman acting for an American author can secure copyright in Canada, while the Canadian author and publisher are given no protection in the United States. Canadian publishers ask that copyright be withheld in Canada from the American author, but they are likely to be met with the very convincing answer that this would be, if the exceptional circumstances noted were without weight, to fly in the face of the best feature of the British copyright law, namely, that which refuses copyright to no author that gives to any part of the British possessions priority of publication. But the exceptional circumstances of the case are momentous: Canada is confronted by an army of pirate publishers, and her Government opens the door and lets them in by paying a royalty toll of twelve and a-half per cent., while the entry-ways are kept shut against her own book-makers. The only way out of the difficulty seems to be—pending the adoption of a copyright treaty between America and Great Britain—a surrender to Canada of the right to make her own laws upon copyright as upon finance and trade; and the Canadian Legislature will be criminally derelict of its duty if it does not take steps towards attaining that end.

The opinion amongst some Canadian publishers seems to be that the Canadian Legislature ought to dictate the royalty and import the book at the rate fixed, whether the English author is willing or unwilling; and the proposition, which to me seems monstrous, is practically admitted by the Imperial and Canadian Governments in their dictation of a royalty-rate where the book comes from one of the American pirate-houses. Upon the other hand, I do not think it is necessary for those who ask a change in our copyright law to assure us that the British author will not suffer in consequence. We have adopted a fiscal policy in Canada, notwithstanding that the manufacturers in England protested, and that they have suffered some loss by the operation of our law. In a question of this kind, the author has no more to expect than the cutler or the cloth-weaver.

J. E. COLLINS.

THREE LYRICS.

I.—A DEAD BUTTERFLY.

IMMORTAL were you named when earth was young,
Yet here, with wings where florid fire still stays,
On the cold strand of death I find you flung,
Blent with its desultory waifs and strays!

Ah! blithe and lovely Bedouin of the air,
Once to such revelling life so richly wed,
Well might I dream, while gazing on you there,
That immortality itself lay dead!

II.—TEMPTATION.

ONCE, in the bleak gray bournes where ghosts abide,
Nine spectral figures met, each gaunt and vast,
With blood-red lips, with faces hollow-eyed,
With voices like a shivering autumn blast!

Then later, to a poet whose cheek had grown
Pale with the pain balked love so darkly wins,
They glided, saying, in stealthy undertone:
"Make us thy Muses . . . We are nine black Sins!"

III.—REMEMBERED LOVE.

STILL as of old, I seem to sit
Where gods convene, with brows that shine;
The aroma still is exquisite;
Still glows the unearthly wine!

Yet Hebe, urging us to sup
With dimpled smile, no more I see . . .
But serving every golden cup,
Glides dark Mnemosyne!

—EDGAR FAWCETT.

A MONITION.

OUT of the north-land sombre weirds are calling;
A shadow falleth southward day by day:
Warm summer's arms grow cold, his fire is falling,
His feet draw back to give the stern one way.

It is the voice and shadow of the slayer—
Slayer of loves, sweet world, slayer of dreams.
Make sad thy voice with sober plaint and prayer,
Make grey thy woods and darken all thy streams.

Black grows the river, blacker drifts the eddy,
The sky is grey, the woods are cold below;
Oh make thy bosom and thy sad lips ready
For the cold kisses of the folding snow.

Ottawa.

—A. LAMPMAN.

At the unveiling of the statue of Alexander Dumas, in Paris, on the 4th of last month, M. Flmond About referred to it as "the portrait of a prodigal who, after having wasted millions in every kind of generosity, left, without knowing it, a princely heritage. This smiling face is that of an egotist who devoted his whole life to his mother, children, friends and country; it is a portrait of a weak, easy-going father who had the rare good fortune to see himself continued in one of the most illustrious, one of the best of men ever applauded by Frenchmen."

THE ADVENTURES OF A WIDOW.

A NOVEL.

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

CHAPTER I.

It is not long ago that the last conservative resident of Bond Street, proud of his ancient possession and no doubt loving the big brick structure with arched doorway and dormer windows in which he first saw the light, felt himself relentlessly swept from that interesting quarter by the stout besom of commerce. Interesting the street really is for all to whom old things appeal with any charm. It is characteristic of our brilliant New York that few antiquarian feet tread her pavements, however, and that she is too busy with her bustling and thrifty present to reflect that she has ever reached it through a noteworthy past. Some day it will perhaps be recorded of her, that of all cities she has been the least preservative of tradition and memorial. The hoary antiquity of her transatlantic sisters would seem to have made her unduly conscious of her own youth. She has so long looked over seas for all her history and romance, that now, when she can safely boast two solid centuries of age, the habit yet firmly clings, and she cares as little for the annals of her fine and stately growth as though, like Troy, she had risen, roof and spire, to the strains of magic melody.

It might be of profit, and surely it would be of pleasure, were she to care more for the echoes of those harsh and sometimes tragic sounds that have actually blent their serious music with her rise. As it is, she is rich in neglected memories; she has tombs that dumbly reproach her ignoring eye; she has nooks and purlieus that teem with reminiscence and are silent testimonies of her indifference. Her Battery and her Bowling Green, each bathed in the tender glamour of Colonial association, lie frowned upon by the grim scorn of recent warehouses and jeered at by the sarcastic shriek of the neighbouring steam-tug. She can easily guide you to the modern clamours of her Stock-Exchange; but if you asked her to show you the graves of Stuyvesant and Montgomery, she might find the task a hard one, though thousands of her citizens daily pass and re-pass these hallowed spots. Boston, with its gentle ancestral pride, might well teach her a lesson in retrospective self-esteem. Her own harbour, like that of Boston, has had its "tea-party," and yet one whose anniversary now remains a shadow. On Golden Hill, in her own streets, the first battle of our Revolution was fought, the first blood in the cause of our freedom was spilled; yet, while Boston staunchly commemorates its later "massacre," what tribute of oratory, essay or song has that other momentous contest received? This metropolitan disdain of local souvenir can ill excuse itself on the plea of intolerance toward provincialism; for if the great cities of Europe are not ashamed to admit themselves once barbaric, Hudson in fray or traffic with the swarthy Manhattans, or old Van Twiller scowling at the anathemas of Bogardus, hold at least a pictorial value and significance.

Bond Street has always been but a brief strip of thoroughfare, running at right angles between the Bowery and Broadway. Scarcely more than thirty years ago it possessed the quietude and dignity of a patrician domain; it was beloved of our Knickerbocker social element; it was the tranquil stronghold of caste and exclusiveness. Its births, marriages, and deaths were all touched with a modest distinction. Extravagance was its horror and ostentation its antipathy. The cheer of its entertainments would often descend to lemonade and sponge-cake, and rarely rise above the luxury of claret-punch and ice-cream. Its belles were of demurer type than the brisk-paced ladies of this period, and its beaux paid as close heed to the straight line in morals as many of their successors now bestow upon it in the matter of hair-parting. Bond Street was by no means the sole haunt of the aristocracy, but it was very representative, very important, very select. There was even a time when to live there at all conferred a certain patent of respectability. It was forgiven you that your daughter had married an obscure Smith, or that your son had linked his lot with an undesirable Jones, if you had once come permanently to dwell here. The whole short, broad street was superlatively genteel. Nothing quite describes it like that pregnant little word. It dined at two o'clock; it had "tea" at six; its parties were held as dissipated if they broke up after midnight; its young men "called" on its young women of an evening with ceremonious regularity, never at such times donning the evening-coat and the white neck-tie which now so widely obtain, but infallibly wearing these on all occasions of afternoon festivity with an unconcern of English usage which would keenly shock many of their descendants.

But by degrees the old order changed. Commerce pushed northward with relentless energy. Its advance still left Bond Street uninvaded, but

here and there the roomy brick dwellings received distinctly plebeian inmates. One night, in this street formerly so dedicated to the calm of refinement, a frightful murder occurred. No one who lived in New York at that time can fail to remember the Burdell assassination. It was surrounded by all the most melodramatic luridness of commission. Its victim was a dentist, slaughtered at midnight with many wounds from an unknown hand. The mysterious deed shook our whole city with dismay. For weeks it was a topic that superseded all others. To search through old newspapers of the excited days that followed is to imagine oneself on the threshold of a thrilling tale, in which the wrong culprits are arraigned and the real offender hides himself behind so impregnable an ambush that nothing but a final chapter can overthrow it. Yet in this ghastly affair of the stabbed dentist a protracted trial resulted in a tame acquittal and no more. The story ended abruptly and midway. It lies to-day as alluring material for the writer of harrowing fiction. It still retains all the ghastly piquancy of an undiscovered crime.

The vast surrounding populace of New York have long ago learned to forget it, but there would be truth in the assertion that Bond Street recalls it still. Its garish publicity scared away the last of her fine-bred denizens. The retreat was haughty and gradual, but it is now absolute. Where Ten Eyck and Van Horn had engraved their names in burly letters on sheeny door-plates, you may see at present the flaunting signs of a hair-dresser, a beer-seller, a third-rate French *restaurateur*, a furrier, a flower-maker, and an intercessor between despairing authors and obdurate publishers. The glory of Bond Street has departed. Its region has become lamentably "down town." The spoilers possess it with undisputed rule. It is in one sense a melancholy ruin, in another a sprightly transformation.

But several years before its decadence turned unargued fact (and now we near a time that almost verges upon the present) Mr. Hamilton Varick, a gentleman well past fifty, brought into perhaps the most spacious mansion of the street a bride scarcely eighteen. Mr. Varick had lived abroad for many years, chiefly in Paris. He was a tall, spare man, with a white jaunty mustache and a black eye full of fire. He was extremely rich, and unless remote relations were considered, heirless. It was generally held that he had come home to end his days after a life of foreign folly and gallantry. This may at first have seemed wholly true, but it also occurred that he had chosen to end them in the society of a blooming young wife.

His Bond Street house, vacant for years, suddenly felt the embellishing spell of the upholsterer. Mr. Varick had meanwhile dropped into the abodes of old friends not seen in twenty years, had shaken hands with a characteristic lightsome cordiality, right and left, had beamingly taken upon his lap the children of mothers and fathers who were once his youthful comrades in dance and rout, had reminded numerous altered acquaintances who he was, had been reminded in turn by numerous other altered acquaintances who they were, had twisted his white mustache, had talked with airy patriotism about getting back to die in one's native land, had deplored his long absence from the dear scenes of youth, had regretted secretly his transpontine Paris, had murmured his bad, witty French *mots* to whatever matron would hear them, had got himself re-made a member of the big, smart Metropolitan Club which he thought a mere tiresome sort of parochial tavern when he last left it, and had finally amazed everyone by marrying the young and lovely Miss Pauline Van Corlear.

Pauline herself had very little to do with the whole arrangement. She was the only child of a widowed mother who had long ago designed to marry her notably. Mrs. Van Corlear lived upon a very meagre income, and had been an invalid since Pauline was eight. But she had educated her daughter with a good deal of patient care, and had ultimately, at the proper age, relegated her to the chaperonage of a more prosperous sister, who had launched her forth into society with due *élan*. Pauline was not a good match in the mercenary sense; she was perfectly well aware of the fact; she had been brought up to understand it. But she was fair to see, and perhaps she understood this a little too well.

New York was then what so many will remember it to have been about twelve years ago. The civil war had left few traces of disaster; it was the winter of seventy-one. Wall Street was in a hey-day of hazardous prosperity; sumptuous balls were given by cliques of the most careful entertainers; a number of ladies who had long remained unfashionable, yet who had preserved an inherited right to assert social claim when they chose, now came to the front. These matrons proved a strong force, and resisted in sturdy confederacy all efforts of outsiders to break their dainty ranks. They shielded under maternal wings a delightful bevy of blooming young maidens, among whom was Pauline Van Corlear.

It was a season of amusing conflict. Journalism had not yet learned to fling its lime-light of notoriety upon the doings and mis-doings of private individuals. Young girls did not wake then, as now, on the morning after a ball, to read (or with jealous heart-burning *not* to read) minute descriptions of their toilets on the previous night. The "society column" of the New York newspaper was still an unborn abomination. Had this not been the case, a great deal of pungent scandal might easily have found its way into print. The phalanx of assertive matrons roundly declared that they had found society in a deplorable condition. The balls, receptions and dinners were all being given by a horde of persons without grandfathers. The reigning bells were mostly a set of loud, rompish girls, with names that rang unfamiliarly. The good old people had nearly all been drowsing inactive during several winters; one could hardly discover an Amsterdam, a Spuytenduyvil, a Van Schuykill, among this unpleasant rabble. There had been quite too many of these spurious pretenders. Legitimacy must uplift its debased standards.

Legitimacy did so, and with a will. Some very fine and spacious mansions in districts bordering or approximate to Washington Square were hospitably thrown open, besides others of a smarter but less time-honoured elegance in "up-town" environments. The new set, as it was called, carried things by storm. They were for the most part very rich people, and they spent their wealth with a lavish freedom that their lineage saved from the least charge of vulgarity. No display of money is ever considered vulgar when lineage is behind it. If you are unblessed with good descent you must air your silver dishes cautiously and heed well the multiplicity of your viands; for though your cook possess an Olympian palate and your butler be the ex-adherent of a king, the accusation of bad taste hangs like a sword of threat in your banquet hall.

Among all the winsome *débutantes* of that season, Pauline Van Corlear was the most comely. She had a sparkling wit, too, that was at times mercilessly acute. Most of the young friends with whom she had simultaneously "come out" were heiresses of no mean consideration; but Pauline was so poor that an aunt would present her with a few dozens of gloves, a cousin would donate to her five or six fresh gowns, or perhaps one still more distant in kinship would supply her with boots and bonnets. The girl sensitively shrank, at first, from receiving these gifts; but her plaintive, faded mother, with her cough and querulous temper, would always eagerly insist upon their acceptance.

"Of course, my dear," Mrs. Van Corlear would say, in her treble pipe of a voice, while she rocked to and fro the great chair that bore her wasted, shawl-wrapped body—"of course it is quite right that your blood-relations should come forward. They all have plenty of money, and it would be dreadful if they let you go out looking shabby and forlorn. For my part, I'm only surprised that they don't do more."

"I expect nothing from them, mamma," Pauline would say, a little sadly.

"Expect, my dear? Of course you don't. But that doesn't alter the obligation on their part. Now please do not be obstinate; you know my neuralgia always gets worse when you're obstinate. You are very pretty—yes, a good deal prettier than Gertie Van Horn or Sallie Poughkeepsie, with all their millions—and I haven't a doubt that before the winter is over you'll have done something really handsome for yourself. If you haven't, it will be your own fault."

Pauline clearly understood that to do something handsome for herself meant to marry a rich man. From a tender age she had been brought up to believe that this achievement was the goal of all hopes, desires and aims. Everybody expected it of her, as she grew prettier and prettier; everybody hinted or prophesied it to her long before she "came out." The little contracted and conventional world in which it was her misfortune to breathe and move, had forever dinned it into her ears until she had got to credit it as an article of necessitous faith. There are customs of the Orient that shock our Western intelligences when we read of women placidly accepting their tyrannies; but no almond-eyed daughter of pasha or vizier ever yielded more complaisantly to harem-discipline than Pauline now yielded to the cold, commercial spirit of the marriage decreed for her.

She was popular in society, notwithstanding her satiric turn. She always had a nosegay for the German, and a partner who had pre-engaged her. It was not seldom that she went to a ball quite laden with the floral proofs of male admirers. Among these latter was her third-cousin, then a gentleman of thirty, named Courtlandt Beekman. Courtlandt had been Pauline's friend from childhood. She had always been so fond of him that it had never occurred to her to analyse her fondness, now when they met under the festal glare of chandeliers instead of in her mother's plain, dull sitting-room. Nor had it ever occurred to any of her relations to matrimonially warn her against Courtlandt. He was such a nice, quiet fellow;

naturally he was good to his little cousin; he was good to everybody, and now that Pauline was grown up and begun to go to places, his devotion took a brotherly form. Of course he was poor, and if sensible would marry rich. He had been going about for an age in "that other set." He knew the Briggs girls and the Snowe girls, and all the parvenu people who had been ruling at assemblies and dancing-classes during the dark interregnum. Perhaps he would marry a Briggs or a Snowe. If he did it would be quite proper. He was Courtlandt Beekman, and his name would sanctify nearly any sort of Philistine bride. But no one ever dreamed of suspecting that he might want to marry the cousin, twelve years his junior, who had sat on his knee as a school girl, munching the candies he used to bring her and often pelting him with childish raileries at the same ungrateful moment.

In person Courtlandt was by no means prepossessing. He had a tall, brawny figure, and a long, sallow face, whose unclassic irregularities might have seemed dull and heavy but for the brown eyes, lucid and variant, that enlivened it. He was a man of few words; but his silences, though some times important, were never awkward. No one accused him of stupidity, but no one had often connected him with the idea of cleverness. He produced the impression of being a very close observer, you scarcely knew why. Possibly it was because you felt confident that his silences were not mentally vacuous. He had gone among the gay throngs almost since boyhood; if he had not so persistently mingled with ladies (and in the main very sweet and cultured ones, notwithstanding the denunciatory dogmas of the "new set") it is probable that he would continuously have merited the title of ungainly and graceless. But ease and polish had come to him unavoidably; he was like some rough-shapen vessel that has fallen into the hands of the gilder and decorator. It would have been hard to pick a flaw in his manners, and yet his manners were the last thing that he made you think about. He was in constant social demand; his host and hostesses forgot how valuable to them he really was; he almost stood for that human miracle, a man without enemies. He made a kind of becoming background for nearly everybody; he had no axe to grind, no ladder to climb, no prize to win; he stood neither as debtor nor creditor toward society; he was, in a way, society itself. There were very few women who did not enjoy a chat with him *à deux*, and in all general conversation, though his attitude was chiefly that of listener, the talkers themselves were unaware how often they sought the response of his peculiar, serious smile, or the intelligent gleam of his look.

Pauline had not been greatly troubled, on her advent among the merry-makers, with that timidity which is so keen a distress to so many callow maids. Bashfulness was not one of her weak points; she had borne the complex stare levelled at her in drawing-rooms with excellent *aplomb*. Still, she could not help feeling that her kinsman, Courtlandt, had comfortably smoothed her path toward an individual and secure foothold. Those early intervals, dire to the soul of every novice like herself, when male adherence and escort failed through meagreness of acquaintanceship, Courtlandt had filled with the supporting relief of his presence and his attentions. There had been no *mauvais quart d'heure* in Pauline's evenings; her cousin had loyally saved her from even the momentary chagrin of being left without a courtier. Later on, his kindly vigilance had become needless; but he was always to be trusted, nevertheless, as a safeguard against possible desertion. The occasion on which Mr. Hamilton Varick first saw Pauline, was at a ball given in the February of her first season, two full months after she had modestly emerged with her little sisterhood of rosebud damsels. It was a very beautiful ball, given in a stately and lovely house adjacent to the Park, and by a lady now old and wrinkled, who had held her own forty years ago as a star in our then limited firmament of fashion. The dancers, among whom was her fair and smiling grand-daughter of eighteen, chased the jolly hours in a spacious apartment, brilliant with prismatic candelabra, and a lustrous floor of waxed wood. The rosy-and-white frescoes on the ceiling, the silver-fretted delicacy of frieze and cornice, the light, pure blues and pinks of tapestries, the airy and buoyant effects in tint and symmetry, made the whole quick-moving throng of revellers appear as if the past had let them live again out of some long-vanished French court-festival.

"These young people only need powdered heads to make it look as if Louis Quinze were entertaining us in dead earnest," said Mr. Varick, with his high-keyed, nonchalant voice. He addressed an elderly matron as he spoke, but he gave a covert glance at Pauline, to whom he had just requested and received the honor of a presentation.

"I think it would be in very dead earnest if he did," said Pauline, speaking up with a gay laugh; and Mr. Varick laughed, too, relishing her pert joke. He paid her some gallant compliments as he stood at her side, though she thought them stiff and antique in sound, notwithstanding the

foreign word or phrase that was so apt to tinge them. She found Mr. Varick pleasantest when he was asking after her sick mother, and telling her what New York gaieties used to be before the beginning of his long European absence. He had a tripping, lightsome mode of speech, that somehow suited the jaunty upward sweep of his white mustache. He would oscillate both hands in a graceful style, as he talked. Elegant superficiality flowed from him without an effort. It needed no keenness to tell that he had been floating buoyantly on the top crest of the wave, and well amid its froth, all his life. He made no pretense to youth; he would, indeed, poke fun at his own seniority, with a relentless and breezy sort of melancholy.

"Did you ever hear of a French poet named François Villon," he said to Pauline, dropping into a seat at her side that some departure had just left vacant. "No, I dare say you've not. He was a dreadful chap—a kind of *polisson*, as we say, but he wrote the most charming ballads; I believe he was hung afterward, or ought to have been—I forget which. One of his songs had a sad little *refrain* that ran thus: '*Ou sont les neiges d'autan?*'—'Where are the sorrows of last year?' you know. Well, mademoiselle—no, Miss Pauline, I mean—that line runs in my head to-night. *Ça me gêne*—it bothers me. I want to have the good things of youth back again. I come home to New York, and find my snow all melted. Everything is changed. I feel like a ghost—a merry old ghost, however. *Tenez*—just wait a bit. Do you think those nice young gentlemen will have anything to say to you after they have seen you a little longer in my company? I'm sure I have frightened four or five of them away. They're asking each other, now, who is that old *épouvantail*—what is the word?—scarecrow. Ah! *voilà*—here comes one much bolder than the rest. I will have mercy on him—and retire. But before my *départ* I have a favour to request of you. You will give mamma my compliments? You will tell her that I shall do myself the honour of calling upon her? Thanks, very much. We shall be ghosts together, poor mamma and I; you need not be *chez vous* when I call, unless you are quite willing—that is, if you are afraid of ghosts."

"Oh, I'm not," laughed Pauline. "I don't believe in them, Mr. Varick."

"That is delightful for you to say!" her companion exclaimed. "It means that you will listen for a little while to our spectral conversation and not find it too *ennuyeuse*. How very kind of you! Ah! we old fellows are sometimes very grateful for a few crumbs of kindness!"

"You can have a whole loaf from me, if you want," said Pauline, with an air of girlish diversion.

Not long afterward she declared to her cousin, Courtlandt: "I like the old gentleman ever so much, Court. He's a refreshing change. You New York men are all cut after the same pattern."

"I'm afraid he's cut with a rather crooked scissors," said Courtlandt, who indulged a sly epigram oftener than he got either credit or discredit for doing.

"Oh," said Pauline, as if slowly understanding. "You mean he is *French*, I suppose."

"Quite French, they report."

Mr. Varick made his promised visit upon Pauline and her mother sooner than either of them expected. Mrs. Van Corlear was rather more ill than usual, on the day he appeared, and almost the full burden of the ensuing conversation fell upon her daughter.

The next evening, at the opera, he dropped into a certain box where Pauline was seated with her aunt, Mrs. Poughkeepsie. On the following day Pauline received, anonymously, an immense basket of exquisite flowers. Twice again Mr. Varick called upon her mother, in the charmless upstairs sitting-room of their boarding-house. As it chanced, Pauline was not at home either time.

An evening or two afterwards she returned at about eleven o'clock from a theatre-party, to find that her mother had not yet retired. Mrs. Van Corlear's usual bed-time was a very exact ten o'clock.

The mother and daughter talked for a little while together, in low tones. When Pauline went into her own chamber, that night, her face was pale and her heart was beating.

At a great afternoon reception which took place two days later, Courtlandt, who made his appearance after five o'clock, coming up-town from the Law-office in which he managed by hard work to clear a yearly two thousand dollars or so, said to his cousin, with a sharpened and rather inquisitive look:

"What's the matter? You don't seem to be in good spirits."

Pauline looked at him steadily, for a moment. It was a great crush, and people were babbling all about them. "There's something I want to speak of," the girl presently said, in a lingering way.

A kind of chill stole through Courtlandt's veins, at this. He did not know why. He always afterward had a lurking credence in the truth of presentiments.

"What is it?" he asked.

Pauline told him what it was. He grew white as he listened, and a glitter crept into his eyes, and brightened there.

"You're not going to *do it*?" he said, when she had finished.

She made no answer. She had some flowers knotted in the bosom of her walking-dress, and she now looked down at them. They were not the flowers Mr. Varick had sent; they were a bunch bestowed by Courtlandt himself at a little informal dance of the previous evening, where the cotillion had had one pretty floral figure. She looked at their petals through a mist of unshed tears, now, though her cousin did not know it.

He repeated his question, bending nearer. It seemed to him as if the sun in heaven must have stopped moving until she made her answer.

"You know what mamma is, Court.," she faltered.

"Yes, I do. She has very false views of many things. But you have not. You can't be sold without your own consent."

"Let us go away from here together," she murmured. "These rooms are so hot and crowded that I can hardly breathe in them."

He gave her his arm, and they pushed their way forth into a neighbouring hall through one of the broad yet choked doorways.

(To be continued.)

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE concert given at the Horticultural Gardens by the New York Philharmonic Club, under the management of Messrs. Suckling & Sons, was a feast for all those whose love for music is with understanding. A disappointment to many was caused by an accident which prevented the appearance of Mlle. Ilonka de Ravasz; and it was some disappointment to a few to observe that the programme was lighter and more popular than they had looked for. For the former disappointment the audience was recompensed by the engagement of Mr. Waugh Lauder to fill the vacancy. Mr. Lauder's rendering of the Chopin "Andante Spianato and Polonaise" was skilful, artistic, sympathetic, and merited the enthusiastic encore which was given it. The selections assigned to the Club were rendered with such unity in the phrasing and admirable proportion in the shading as command the highest praise. Perhaps their most exquisite playing, perfect in accord and full of delicacy and feeling, was displayed in the rendering of Schuman's "Evening Song." The performance of Mr. Weimer, who is a member of the New York Symphony Society, was brilliant and artistic; and the virile "Romance" of Goltermann was rendered by Mr. Schenk with admirable breadth and firmness. Mr. Arnold's solos on the violin were characterized by technical perfection, by a certain rich sensuousness of tone in the lower notes, and in particular by the certainty of his touch and the ease of his utterance on the upper notes of the first string. Mlle. D'Ervicux, the vocalist of the evening, is, we are informed, a young Toronto singer. Her voice is very excellent for its purity, clearness, and flexibility. Expression and sympathy were less prominent than other excellences in her performance, but we should judge that these also are easily within her reach by means of careful study and the continued training that her brilliant talent deserves.

THE facilities for getting to seats are no small consideration to theatre-goers; and it is a matter of special importance at matinées when ladies go without escorts. It is pertinent to this place to say that during the matinée and evening entertainments held by Mlle. Rhéa and Mrs. Langtry the floor arrangements were not such as are found in first-class theatres. It would perhaps be severe to say that the manager is not indisposed to take advantage of the fact that Toronto has now but one theatre, and that the public must be satisfied with what they get. This much is certain that at both the matinée and evening attendance on the entertainments in question groups of ladies alone, or with their escorts, were frequently obliged to wait an unpardonable length of time in the passage-ways looking for their seats; and that during this time there was not an usher to be found on the whole floor. If this were an exceptional occurrence it might seem severe to refer to it in this way, but it is unfortunately somewhat a feature of the management now. It may also be remarked, as perhaps has been done before, but without avail, that camp-stools should not be put in the passage-ways, so as to choke up egress in case of an emergency. Because a score or two of people have not been roasted alive or crushed in trying to get out of the theatre is not a reason that a course should be pursued which would lead to this result did a panic arise. Liberal

passage-way at the least should be afforded in a theatre where the means of outlet from the building itself are as limited as at the leading Toronto Opera House, and if the management cannot be made to see the importance of one safeguard or the other, it would properly be a subject for the civic authorities to consider.

THE visits of Mlle. Rhéa and Mrs. Langtry to Toronto having come so close together, one may make a brief comparison of their acting. Mrs. Langtry had the advantage in the part of *Lady Teazle*, wherein her innocence and girlishness were quite natural, free from the least taint of unreality. Rhéa had at times an air of intrigue, as if a skilful woman of the world were assuming girlishness as a blind. For the most part, however, she conceived the character correctly and rendered it with winning grace, though her slight piquant French accent tended to dispel the illusion. In the scene of disclosure she rose to a tragic height, which Mrs. Langtry fell far short of; her acting at this point was sincere and strong. Mrs. Langtry, however, has been making very great advances in her art. In the less emotional parts her acting is good, at times even brilliant and convincing; in tragedy she often treads perilously near the verge of ranting. In righteous wrath she becomes undignified and a scold. But in one difficult passage toward the close of "The Hunchback" she rose to the occasion with unexpected strength, and with instantaneous effect upon her audience. Her fine achievement at this point leads one to think that with study and experience she may attain a considerable degree of success in tragedy; though she will probably remain the marked inferior of Rhéa in this field. It was unfortunate that Rhéa should have been so far forgetful of the difference between a French and an American or Canadian audience as to appear in a drama so objectionable as that which insulted morality and decency on one evening of her engagement. In the matter of support the advantage was with Rhéa.

MR. THEODORE THOMAS, with his orchestra, assisted by Madame Boema, will be at the Horticultural Gardens on the 7th of January.

The American says:—"Mr. Irving's first week in New York produced about sixteen thousand dollars; his second week, about eighteen thousand. On the opening night the speculators got caught, and some of the best orchestra seats were sold on the sidewalk at fifty cents each. Three nights later, the same seats were in demand at seven dollars and a half. It is estimated that the Philadelphia season of two weeks will produce thirty thousand dollars. The sales at the Opera House on Monday reached ten thousand dollars."

IN the opinions expressed by American critics concerning Mr. Irving there is abundant variety. On individual observers, even, he seems to create a different impression with each rôle he assumes. His acting of *Matthias* in "The Bells" has been enthusiastically praised, though never without some reservation; and again it has been severely criticised. In the "Merchant of Venice" he has succeeded in pleasing nearly everybody. In "Louis XI." he was splendidly successful; in "Charles I." he was tolerated. It is generally agreed that he is a remarkably finished dramatic artist, conscientious and thorough, but often artificial; dignified always, perhaps not sufficiently flexible at times. For Miss Ellen Terry there seems to be little but praise.

BOOK NOTICES.

POEMS, ANTIQUE AND MODERN. By Charles Leonard Moore. Philadelphia: John E. Potter & Company.

If this volume is the maiden effort of a young man, then certainly it is great with promise. The poet is over liberal with his epithets and compound adjectives; too often he labours in his diction; and, worst of all, he frequently tends toward bombast and turgidity. He indulges immoderately in fantastic conceits; and now and again his pronunciation seems a law unto itself. As a single instance of this latter license observe that "Oceanos" (page 308, line 17) is pronounced with the accent on the penult. Here and there are met with careless or inharmonious lines; and some of the similes lack dignity. In fact, the poetry contained in this volume is uneven in merit—and there is perhaps too much of it. All this may seem a heavy indictment to bring against a book of verse. On the other hand it is obvious at once that this verse is full of large and novel conceptions; that it is imaginative and richly sensuous; that it is indisputably strong, though at times, too heavily freighted, it moves painfully

under its burden. Its faults are largely those of over-possession; they are such weeds as no meagre soil produces. In the initial poem, "Herakles,"—and not here only—is manifest the influence of Keats. This is an epic in eight books, filled with a confusion of riches. The intrusion of the Centaurs upon the retreat of Herakles,

"A world
Surrendered all to shadows, cool and dim,"

is thus finely given:—

"Glad they seemed,
Hurling precipitously on, then checked
To watch the swifter passage of some shaft:
Garrulous in their games they were, and filled
Each pause and moment of expectancy
With cries. But silent grew they when they saw
Herakles, twice terrific in his fear,
There burning;—"

In Book IV. is told the death of Cheiron, whose body is borne away from the presence of Herakles by strange, great shapes, somewhat vaguely, yet impressively outlined. These shapes are succeeded by a procession of beings, described in a series of pictures such as the following:—

"Then, sleeping, blown by music, brought by clouds
Recumbent, came another royal form,
Whose hand trailed idly on the hoary earth.
Half restless, as in trance, the next one roamed,
By sleep abandoned, yet by dreams abused,
A silver form shot through and veined with fire."

On page 65 is an apostrophe to Death, which is beautiful and new. Instance this too brief extract:—

"O undivorced, last bed-fellow of man,
Is thy kiss as the promise of thine eyes
Potent and fatal, thine embrace so full
Of fervent passion and fulfilled desire,
That none may need to dream, and none need wake,
Kissed ever by thy cool delirious mouth—?"

This, from the beginning of Book VIII., contains in the last two lines a splendid piece of word-painting:—

"But I will back unto those shapes that make
A legendary murmur in the hills,
There sunk, by early revel overcome.
I touch a goblet of the muse's wine,
I drink, and am a Greek and am a god.
Again I guide my sheep by streams, that wind
With pastoral flutings in their reedy verge;
Or up embowered and eternal slopes
Drive herds of lofty cattle toward the sun."

But Mr. Moore is not always a Greek. In Part VII. of a modern poem, *Don Spirito*, he gives this beautiful picture of a South American city:—

"A-riot for half the day with the rush of its sea-maned steeds,
And quiet for half the day with the pictures of clouds in its reeds;
In the harbor the forests' stir, the trample of winds in the street:
City of tumult, Para, where Atlantic and Amazon meet;

.
Red rise its towers at morn, and an anger of light from them gleams,
White and hushed they lie, at night, like the sculpture of dreams."

Part II. of the same poem is a charming piece of ornate narrative in *ottava rima*. This measure Mr. Moore has handled very skilfully, and with an ease and fluidity that one would gladly see approached in his blank verse. The conclusion reached on closing the book is that one has indeed gone through some hard reading, but has been on the whole well repaid. One cannot but feel, at the same time, that a little hard labour with the file would well repay the author. Such impossible rhymes as "warm" and "calm" are rather out of place in a volume of this character.

MAGNA CHARTA STORIES. Edited by Arthur Gilman, A.M. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

This is one of those exquisite little volumes for the young people which are likely to slip not seldom into the hands of older readers. Mr. Gilman has gathered together twelve vivid narratives, of as many episodes in ancient and mediæval history by which the cause of freedom was advanced. The events selected for narration are such as stand out very clearly on the records of the past; and they are told of in compact, attractive style. The natural taste of a child for a "true story," is gratified here in such a way as to send him with eager interest on the search after fuller information on his subject; and at the end of each story are directions which will guide his search effectively. Not one of the stories is tame, and it is hard to imagine a more seductive means of beguiling a child into reading what

he ought to read. The fault most frequently noticeable is that of over-simplicity, as if the writer were consciously unbending, placing herself too elaborately on a level with the minds of her readers. This is nowhere sufficiently marked to mar the interest of the narrative; but there is nothing to be gained by "writing down" to one's audience, when that audience consists of intelligent children. Among the very best of the stories may be mentioned that by Susan Coolidge, entitled, "At the Toe of the Big Boot;" Lizzie W. Champney's "Two Immortal Names;" and "Miltiades at Marathon," by the Editor. Probably no one who has undertaken to tell the story of Hannibal has succeeded in being uninteresting; certainly Mrs. Sherwood, in "The Triumph of an Idea," has not. This is an excellent piece of work, genuinely sympathetic in its tone; but here and there, in the bits of imaginary soliloquy, we cannot but notice a little of the "writing down." Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop contributes "The Barbarian's Overthrow." As might be taken for granted, this story contains richly imaginative passages, and has a delightful flavour. But it is a little uneven; and the battle itself, the great Battle of Chalons, is dismissed with provoking lack of ceremony. At this not unimportant point the narrative must be regarded as inadequate. As for the publishers, their work leaves nothing to be desired. The little volume is rich and heavy; the binding exceedingly tasteful. Most of the illustrations are effective, particularly the well-drawn design, entitled, "At the Secret Pass."

WORLD-LIFE; OR, COMPARATIVE GEOLOGY. By Alexander Winchell, LL.D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

This volume, as may be gathered from the title, is one that must be of profound interest, not alone to scientists and thinkers, but to the reading world at large. It is not long since Professor Winchell gave a book to the world on the Preadamites, a work which, from the conscientious and pains-taking character of its conclusions, brought admiration and respect where it did not carry conviction; and now the same author is before the public with the volume mentioned above in his hand. The discussions in his book are, let it be said, conducted from the standpoint of nebular cosmogony, so that those who differ from the professor will, in the greater number of cases, find it necessary to go back and quarrel with the theory assumed when the author set out. Before pointing in a few words to the scope of the book, it may be said that Professor Winchell does not give us a work made out of his own materials entirely; he has rather put in concise, clear, and, certainly, very interesting form, the deductions of all the noted men of science. Having set forth these theories—though naturally enough the professor gives to each fact stated a direction in application, so as often to make it do duty to his own conviction—the author declares it to be part of his intention to leave the reader with "a profound impression of the omnipresence and supremacy of One Intelligence." The professor's "One Intelligence," however, it is not unfair to say, is the Divinity of a generous reason like the author's own, rather than one such as we learn of in the Revealed Word; for Mr. Winchell has had a human parent for Adam. But this by the way. Most fascinating, even where not convincing, are the theories by which it is explained to us how worlds are developed from the "world-stuff" that floats through inter-stellar space. "This characteristic world-stuff, born out of ether, in the depths of space or however born, strewn through the depths of space, is acted upon by forces of attraction and probably of repulsion. The material particles, either as atoms, or, less probably, as molecules, are drawn by mutual attraction into groups or swarms." Binding his faith to the nebular theory, he re-states the case, and pictures a planetary body at a certain period in a state of fire-mist, tracing its development onward and upward. On page 218 Mr. Winchell shows that, as solid glass will float on molten glass, and solid iron upon molten iron, it is easy, and indeed logical, to conceive of the solidification of the earth beginning at the surface; though later on he does not courageously grapple with the theory of the thorough rigidity of our planet. On page 259 he accepts the theory of Mr. Darwin, that the moon and the earth once formed a mass of mist-fire, after having been detached from the parent sun, and that divorce took place after the earth had assumed a molten or plastic condition. It is interesting then to read of a day—it was 52,000,000 years ago—only an hour and a half long, and a night of the same duration, when there were no lunar tides, but a solar "bore" raced round the earth once every ninety minutes. During the Palæozoic ages here, too, it is vouched, the moon was only a sixth of her present distance from the earth; tides rose 648 feet, which would be sufficient to flood the St. Lawrence River to Niagara Falls into Lake Erie, and all the way round to Chicago. All New England, it is shown, would be an archipelago, all the cities of our eastern slope would be inundated, and the greater part of the Gulf States be for a few hours sea-bottom. The professor estimates that if the earth's incrustation began 14,000,000 years ago, and the moon's

began at the same time, the moon reached the present terrestrial stage 11,000,000 of years since. It is his opinion that Venus, Mercury and Mars are inhabited, though to the yearning mind there is nothing new in this; but there is the comfort that such a clear-headed thinker as Mr. Winchell commits himself to the opinion. The professor with the great world of scientists does not believe that the moon was ever suitable for sustaining such life as we know, and about that corpse of a world he presents much previously-evolved fact in an interesting way. He is of opinion that the planets—children of the sun—will eventually fall upon the breast of the parent, and that there will blaze through space the light of a mighty combustion from the tremendous collision. Altogether Professor Winchell's book will well repay perusal. There are not many new facts in it, but there is much original deduction from accepted facts, and a happy presentation of the most interesting theories of cosmology; while the volume is written in a charming style that holds one throughout. The phraseology is mellow and comprehensive, and a love of nature and of all things of the universe breathes through the pages.

MR. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE, a brother of Anthony, and author of a good history of Florence, is thoroughly acquainted with Italian character and life. His story, "Diamond Cut Diamond," is an illustration of priestly influence in the family, and in its tragical catastrophe, the suicide of a young girl, points a moral against the system. Incidentally he gives a curious account of the priesthood and its operations. There are four classes, he says, of priests. First and rarest, there is "the earnest, fanatic, ascetic doctrinal priest, who believes the generation in which he lives to be the worst the world has ever seen, and that the only thing to be done is to merit a distinguished place in a better world by the intensity of his hatred for the enemies of the Church in this and perhaps to succeed in saving a few select (female) souls together with his own." Second and next rarest, there is the priest who is a real blessing to his parish, a man of shrewd sense, who performs his sacerdotal functions in a somewhat perfunctory manner, but is always busying himself with plans for the temporal good of his people. Thirdly, there are "the priests who are all priest," not spiritual, except in the sense of being ecclesiastical, but absolutely devoted to the great cause of church supremacy, full of *esprit de corps*, proud with the pride of caste, ambitious for their order, grasping in the interest of the Church, and unscrupulous in serving "God." The fourth class is the most numerous of all, especially in Central and Southern Italy. It consists of the mass of very poorly educated, very narrow-minded men, to whom the priesthood is simply a means of finding bread. Some of these men, says Mr. Trollope, are well meaning; many are low, depraved blackguards. The majority are content to drone away life, mechanically performing their priestly functions, but thinking mainly of their daily food and repose. The attention of the priests is given, according to Mr. Trollope, almost entirely to the women; the man they are content to leave to go his own way to perdition, provided he does not actively oppose them. There is, however, a close alliance between the wax chandlers and the priests, because wax candles are so much used in offerings and in the Church worship.

COMPREHENSIVE BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY. By Edward A. Thomas. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

In this handsome duodecimo we have certainly what the publishers aimed to give us—much riches in small room. The volume is substantial and compact, printed in clear, readable type on excellent paper, and does not trespass on the field of more ambitious encyclopædias by attempting detailed criticisms of the persons it has to deal with. Obviously, a work covering such broad ground, as this in its little space claims to do, should concern itself almost wholly with biographical statement. When Mr. Thomas does give criticism, it is almost invariably in the words of some acknowledged authority on the subject under consideration. Of course, one must be prepared to find names omitted which would seem to command notice; also to find certain names dwelt upon at too great length, while others are in some degree slighted. But one must wonder at finding no reference to Théophile Gautier, seeing that one no whit greater, Alfred de Musset, is included. The encyclopædist need hardly arrogate to himself the office of censor of public morals; and he takes an unwarranted liberty when he neglects to give information concerning men in whom the public are unquestionably interested, be their reputation savory or otherwise. Yet Mr. Thomas has ignored Emile Zola. Walt Whitman's name, too, is omitted; probably, through a failure to appreciate his importance. The author's sense of proportion is sometimes slightly defective, especially when he deals with those of his own countrymen who have distinguished themselves. More space is devoted to Alice Cary than to William Morris,

who receives but half as much attention as is given the Rev. Phillips Brooks. Joel Barlow has nearly half a column; Dante Rossetti and Robert Browning each eight lines—on the principle, we suppose, that he of whom we know and care to know least, is the one concerning whom we should be made to learn most. There is a good deal more of this sort of thing, but we need not multiply instances of what is really a minor defect, though the most apparent one in the work. After a somewhat careful examination, we have failed to find palpable inaccuracies, careless or slipshod statements. Conscientious workmanship and lucid arrangement are the rule; inadequacy, the exception. If we, in Canada, should feel just a little aggrieved at seeing no remotest reference to the founders of Confederation, or to either of the two men who have guided the affairs of the Dominion since its establishment, while some third-rate American statesman is immortalized in three-quarters of a column, we must accept the lesson conveyed. The affairs of a boy, be he big or little, are of somewhat small importance in the eyes of a world of men.

THE SHAKSPEARIAN MYTH: William Shakspeare and Circumstantial Evidence. By Appleton Morgan, A.M., LL.B. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Perverse devotion to a ludicrously feeble cause is displayed not seldom by men of unusual ability. Several brilliantly aggressive special pleaders have essayed the task of degrading William Shakspeare from his throne. Perhaps the most aggressive and the most ingenious of them is Mr. Appleton Morgan, who says with much raciness about all that there is to be said on the subject from his point of view. This volume will be read with relish, and with little serious danger to his faith, by the well-grounded believer in Shakspeare. It is certainly readable, and contains much close and persuasive argument, but the author has little holy horror of a sophistry, and does not hesitate to proclaim a certainty where he has only succeeded in deducing a small probability. In spite of the lack of perspective the work will afford the reader some exhilarating mental exercise; and no one coming in contact with a mind so full of enthusiasm as Mr. Morgan's, and so variously informed, can fail to be enriched and stimulated. Nevertheless we think that Shakspeare yet stands secure.

QUAINTLY funny and really artistic drawings in siena and warm sepia tints, racy nursery verse, laughable and piquant applications of famous quotations, go to make up the dainty juvenile gift-book, entitled "Merry Thought," by Miss L.B. Humphrey and M. J. Jacques. (Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.) The letterpress, in maroon ink, is printed from cut types of agreeable design; the deeply toned paper is phenomenally thick and handsome.

It would be hard to find a book catalogue more admirably arranged than this one, entitled "Bibliotheca Americana," 1883. (Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.) Almost every work of importance relating to America, or to any section of America, appears to be included in this catalogue, which is indexed evidently with the unusual object of assisting the reader to find what he wants. A catalogue as ambitious and comprehensive as this one is too apt to be a labyrinth which no man can unravel.

SEVEN SPANISH CITIES by Edward E. Hale is rather like a leaf in the Fall, light but dry. It is in fact laboriously light, and the levity is about all that there is in it. Here and there is something of interest. Mr. Hale made a pilgrimage to Palos, the place from which Columbus sailed, and which in those days was an important seaport. The harbour has since been silted up, and a few white specks in the light of the evening sun, mark the places of the few houses, inhabited by a hundred or two of poor people, which occupy the spot once covered by the docks and warehouses of the active town. At Madrid Mr. Hale was shown a book which must be about the most valuable in existence, and if the effects of the Spanish monarchy should ever come to the hammer will probably be bought by an American money king for about half a million. It is a missal elegantly printed by hand, and illuminated, with a number of contemporary portraits introduced among the illuminations. Its binding blazes with gold and jewels. It was made by order of Ferdinand and Isabella for their grandson Charles V., and the inscription on its fly-leaf tells that the gold employed was the first-fruits of the Indies.

AMONG the most charming gift-books of the season must be numbered the beautiful volume, "Ideal Poems, illustrated by American Artists." (Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.; \$3.) Between its massive and æsthetic covers are contained twelve well-known poems; and though to more than

one of them the term "ideal" may seem hardly to apply, yet each may boast that here it is ideal in presentation at the least. The selections cover as wide a range as exists between Shelley's "Skylark" and Burns' "A Man's a Man for a' That." One feels it almost ungracious to draw any comparisons between the illustrations, when all in one way or another are so good. But Mr. Sandham's work must be mentioned, a drawing as vigorous, spirited, and fresh as Browning's poem which it illustrates. Finely interpretive also is Mr. Hovenden's drawing for "The Three Fishers." The illustrations to "The Skylark," and "Three Years She Grew in Sun and Shower," drawn by Mr. E. H. Garrett and Mr. Parker Hayden, are exceedingly poetical in treatment. A strange piece of impressionism, inviting and rewarding attentive study, is that by Mr. Harper for "Ring Out, Wild Bells." The engraving, by Kilburn, is admirable.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- THE ROYAL CANADIAN READERS, I. to V. Toronto: Canada Publishing Co. (limited.)
 AN AMBITIOUS WOMAN. A Novel, by Edgar Fawcett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
 ANCIENT EGYPT IN THE LIGHT OF MODERN DISCOVERIES, by Professor H. S. Osborn, LL.D. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. Illustrated, with map.
 ESSAYS ON EDUCATIONAL REFORMERS, by Robert H. Quick, M.A. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. Limp cloth.
 TWO KISSES, by Hawley Smart. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. Morocco cloth and paper.
 IVANHOE, by Sir Walter Scott. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. Cheap edition, paper.
 THE EPIC OF AN ALP, by Starr H. Nichols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
 SONGS OF FAIR WEATHER, by Maurice Thompson. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.
 POEMS, ANTIQUE AND MODERN, by Charles Leonard Moore. Philadelphia: John E. Potter & Co.
 Vols. II. and III. of "THE CONTINENT." Philadelphia: Our Continent Publishing Co.
 IDEAL POEMS. Illustrated by American artists. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.
 AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by Anthony Trollope. New York: John W. Lovell Co.
 THE SPANISH GIPSY AND OTHER POEMS, by George Eliot. New York: John W. Lovell Co.
 WORLD LIFE, OR COMPARATIVE GEOLOGY, by Alexander Winchell, LL.D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.
 A COMPREHENSIVE BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY, by E. A. Thomas. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

THE PERIODICALS.

THE *Century* for December is wonderfully rich. This magazine appears to be surpassable only by itself. We thought nothing could be better in magazine literature than the November number, until this one came to hand and we were enlightened. Mr. F. G. Heath's exceedingly readable paper on Devonshire—"The Fairest County in England"—is illustrated by a series of sketches exquisite alike in choice of subject and in rendering, engraved with a delicacy of feeling beyond praise. H. H. writes of the city of Los Angeles with her wonted variety and freshness of observation, but with her equally wonted profuseness. One cannot but wish for a little more condensation in her work. There is a more than clever short story called "One Chapter," by Miss Grace Denio Litchfield, which ends a trifle provokingly, after the usual fashion of short stories in this periodical. Mrs. Van Rensselaer writes of George Fuller; these papers of hers on American artists are always valuable. Mr. Stevenson in "The Silverado Squatters," completed in this number, gives us a sweet-flavoured compound of description and semi-humorous narrative. Whoever has read these papers has tasted of life upon the mountains. In the department of "Open Letters" Alfred Arden discusses some "Recent American Novels," and Rev. Washington Gladden sounds a true note on "Hurricane Reform." *Bric-à-Brac* contains a pleasant little poem entitled "Nancy," by John A. Fraser, jr., of Toronto. The more important fiction,—Cable's "Dr. Sevier," "The Bread-Winners," James's "Impressions of a Cousin," and Robert Grant's "An Average Man,"—cannot be adequately dealt with in this brief space, and will therefore receive notice in our next issue. The following extract is a translation from *Bric-à-Brac* of one of Tourguéneff's "Poems in Prose":—

There lived a fool in the world. For a long time he remained content and happy; but slowly rumours reached him that everywhere he was held to be a brainless idiot. Grieved was the fool, and began to think how he could stop these slanders. A sudden idea lightened his poor darkened brain, and without delay he began to execute it. He met an acquaintance on the street, who praised highly a renowned painter. "Mercy!" exclaimed the fool, "this painter is almost forgotten. You do not know that? I did not expect to find you so naïf. You are behind the time!" His acquaintance blushed and hurriedly agreed with the fool. "What a beautiful book I read to-day!" another acquaintance said to him. "Beg pardon! are you not ashamed? This book is good for nothing; all have long ago abandoned it." And this acquaintance also made haste to agree with the fool. "What a marvellous man is my friend N. N.!" said a third

acquaintance to the fool. "Why!" exclaimed the fool, "N. N. is known to be a scoundrel! to have robbed all his relatives! Who does not know that? I pity you!" The third acquaintance did as the others, and forgot his friend. Whomsoever or whatsoever was praised in the presence of the fool, he made always a similar reply, adding sometimes the refrain, "And you believe yet in authorities?" "Malicious, captious man!" began the fool's acquaintances to say of him, "but what a head! and what a tongue!" added the others. "Ah! he is a man of talent!" It ended in a publisher's asking the fool to control the critical section of his paper; and he began to beguile everybody, without changing his expressions or exclamations. And now he who inveighed so much against authorities is himself an authority, and the youth worship and fear him. And what are the poor youth to do? If even it is not proper, generally speaking, to worship, fail to do it here and you will be pronounced stupid. Fools can make their way among cowards!

THE *New York Critic*, which has no superior, in our estimation, among the purely literary journals now printed in our language, is a strenuous, though by no means blind, advocate of Walt Whitman. We quote from an article by Whitman, entitled "Our Eminent Visitors," contained in a late number:—

Welcome to them, each and all! They do good—the deepest, widest, most needed good—though quite certainly not in the ways attempted, which have, at times, to an appreciative nostril, a scent of something irresistibly comic. We have had Dickens and Thackeray, Froude, Herbert Spencer, Oscar Wilde, Lord Coleridge—and now Matthew Arnold and Irving the actor. Some have come to make money—some for a "good time"—some to help us along, and give us advice—and some undoubtedly to investigate, *bona fide*, this great problem, democratic America, looming upon the world with such cumulative power through a hundred years. But alas! in that very investigation—at any rate, the method of that investigation—is where the deficit most surely and helplessly comes in. Let not Lord Coleridge and Mr. Matthew Arnold (to say nothing of the illustrious actor) imagine that when they have met and surveyed the etiquetted gatherings of our wealthy, distinguished, and sure-to-be-put-forward-on-such-occasions citizens, they have "seen America," or captured any distinctive clue or purport thereof.

To my mind America, vast and fruitful as it appears to-day, is even yet, for its most important results, entirely in the tentative state. Its very formation—stir and whirling trials and essays, more splendid and picturesque, to my thinking, than the accomplished growths and shows of other lands, through European history, or Greece, or all the past. For to-day and the States, I think the vividest, rapidest, most stupendous processes ever known, ever performed by man or nation, on the largest scales and in countless variety, are now and here presented. Not as our poets and preachers are always conventionally putting it—but quite different. Some colossal foundry, the flaming of the fire, the melted metal, the pounding trip-hammers, the surging crowds of workmen shifting from point to point, the murky shadows, the rolling haze, the discord, the crudeness, the deafening din, the disorder, the dross and clouds of dust, the waste and extravagance of material, the shafts of darted sunshine, through the vast open roof-scuttles aloft—the mighty castings, many of them not yet fitted, perhaps delayed long, yet each in its due time with definite place and use and meaning—such, more like, is a symbol of America.

THE December *Manhattan* shows what rapid strides this young magazine is making. In external appearance it is the most tasteful periodical that comes to our table. Its poetry is perhaps the best of the month;—nothing has lately been done more exquisite than Mr. Austin Dobson's "Ballad of the Judgment of Paris." Mr. Julian Hawthorne concludes his "Beatrice Randolph;" and also contributes an article on Trollope, under the title of "The Maker of Many Books." It is very interesting to read the views of this distinctly greater, though less popular, novelist on one who achieved such wonderful success as did Trollope. Mr. Hawthorne has a warmer admiration for the personality of Trollope than for his writings. Mr. Edgar Fawcett gives two more chapters of "Tinkling Cymbals," which grows in interest, and is as keen and polished as a rapier. The scene is laid, so far, in Newport, which is engrossing much literary attention this year. One of the most judicious critiques we have yet seen on "The Poetry of Matthew Arnold" is written by Mr. Joel Benton. "A Corner of Acadia," of which we give an extract below, is an appreciative and unusually correct account of St. John and its vicinity. Its chief fault is a not unnatural tendency to find an Acadian, an Indian, or a half-breed in almost every New Brunswicker:—

Back again at Indiantown we heave to and disembark. If you desire a little violent exercise which will give you "a good shaking up," you can do no better than take here "an army-worm" for a ride up and down the cliff-like streets of St. John, hewn as they are out of the solid rock. "Army-worms" is what the hack-coaches of St. John are called. Why "army" I cannot say, except the antique horse and vehicle be a genuine relic of the armies of the Revolution, which seems quite possible. The philology of "worm" as referring to the pace is patent enough. When the tide serves one may shoot the rapids below Indiantown in almost any kind of craft. The St. John River is four hundred and fifty miles long; numerous tributaries, big and little, empty their contents into its stream and give it altogether a navigable length of eight hundred miles. Fancy this great mass of water being discharged into the sea through a rocky gorge which, at one point, is not quite four hundred and fifty feet wide! The scene is striking when, at low tide, the foaming volume sweeps through with tremendous swirl. The walls of the gorge are steep and impressive, and they are spanned by a very graceful suspension bridge that adds to the picturesqueness of the place. But these rocky walls, pitiful to say, are defiled by the paint and whitewash of the murderous advertiser,

a baser savage than the Micmac he replaces. The municipality of St. John or Portland, whichever has jurisdiction, should put an end to this wretched work. To rush through these rapids, in either a small boat or a steamer, is an exciting experience.

THE December *Lippincott's* fully maintains the character of this periodical, and some of the contents are of more than usual interest. That wholesome and extremely interesting story, "The Jewel in the Lotos," by Mary Agnes Tincker, is concluded in this number; and M. H. Catherwood writes a short story, "The Old Colony House," with a vein of humour thoroughly characteristic of the author. "Saucy Betty Mark," by Arlo Bates, will prove itself attractive to tennis players; while such papers as those of Mr. Charles Burr Todd, and C. H. Fitch, are full of facts of much value, made interesting by their presentation. Mr. Todd writes on the Menhaden fisheries and factories, giving a comprehensive account of these industries. Mr. Fitch writes "Studies from the Census," in which he shows that true progress is not a resultant of increase in population, and in wealth as generally understood, but of the increase of those engaged in agriculture, manufactures, and the employments that create. Marie L. Thompson succeeds in making an amusing paper out of "Dr. & Count Mattei," a famous Italian charlatan. Professor Beers writes "The Modern Feeling for Nature," a paper carefully worked out, and showing the writer's love of nature in all moods. But Mr. Beers is not strictly accurate when he says that "Milton employed the ptolemaic conceptions in 'Paradise Lost.'" Maurice Thompson has a charming poem "To a Mocking Bird;" Eunice W. Felton describes "The Funeral of a Greek Statesman" with vivid picturesqueness. "Women and Gowns" will be found interesting by the ladies.

IN the *Atlantic Monthly* for December Mr. F. Marion Crawford's delicious story, "A Roman Singer" begins to display more prominently those characteristics which we have learned to look for, with half apologetic pleasure, in Mr. Crawford's work. Mr. G. P. Lathrop's "Newport" moves slowly, but maintains its interest; it exerts through its two chief feminine characters a fascination at the potency of which one is surprised. Emerson's paper on his Aunt, Mary Moody Emerson, is chiefly interesting from the importance which was attached to this lady's influence by Emerson himself. Mr. Frederick Hedge writes of Luther with the authority of competent scholarship and of temperate judgment. Some of the richest descriptive work we have seen in many months occurs in Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr's delightful paper entitled "Bermudian Days." Mr. Richard Grant White returns to the hunt for "Americanisms," which, when caught, turn out to be Anglicisms of ancient and honourable lineage. A poem by Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman, entitled "The World Well Lost," is beautiful and peculiar. Mrs. Fields' poem, "The Initiate," is fine but uneven, showing traces of a roughness caught from Emerson. The most unfailingly delightful department of this magazine is perhaps The Contributor's Club. We quote Mr. Stedman's poem:—

THE WORLD WELL LOST.

That year? Yes, doubtless I remember still,—

Though why take count of every wind that blows!

'Twas plain, men said, that Fortune used me ill

That year,—the self-same year I met with Rose.

Crops failed; wealth took a flight; house, treasure, land,

Slipped from my hold—thus Plenty comes and goes.

One friend I had, but he, too, loosed his hand

(Or was it I?) the year I met with Rose.

There was a war, methinks; some rumour, too,

Of famine, pestilence, fire, deluge, snows;

Things went awry. My rivals, straight in view,

Throve, spite of all; but I,—I met with Rose!

That year my white-faced Alma pined and died:

Some trouble vexed her quiet heart,—who knows?

Not I, who scarcely missed her from my side,

Or aught else gone, the year I met with Rose.

Was there no more? Yes, that year life began:

All life before a dream, false joys, light woes,—

All after-life compressed within the span

Of that one year,—the year I met with Rose!

THE *Continent* continues to improve with each number in its special field of fiction and light sketches. Its *pièce de résistance* is the new novel "Once there was a Man," by Mr. R. H. Newell (Orpheus C. Kerr). Mr. Newell proves himself an admirable story-teller, not an analytical novelist. His story is full of life, colour, incident, and humour; sometimes a little crowded and involved, but exceedingly readable. In "Mr. Dodge" he

has created an original and definite character. The short stories that have appeared in this magazine during the last three weeks are bright and good—particularly good the sketch called "Afloat," by Mr. Frank Converse. The department called "Migma" is always valuable on account of the clearness, moderation, and vigour of Judge Tourgée's utterances on all live questions.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE best selling book of the season in London is Anthony Trollope's "Autobiography."

TEN days ago the orders for December *Harper's* had already exceeded two hundred and sixty thousand copies.

IT is expected that Mr. Matthew Arnold will visit the principal Canadian cities during the months of February and March.

MR. T. HALL CAINE, author of a biographical study of Rossetti, is editing for the delightful "Parchment Library" a selection from Coleridge's prose writings.

MR. GARDINER G. HUBBARD contributes to the *North American* a particularly timely article, in which he argues with much force in favour of the "Government Control of the Telegraph."

THE vigorous and not too refined novel "The Bread-Winners," whose concealed authorship provokes so much discussion and so much rash conjecture, will be printed by Harper Bros. at an early date.

YET another great man has proved so neglectful of ordinary precautions as to die without burning his memoirs. It is rumoured that those of Tourguéneff are in existence, and may some day be thrown to the public curiosity.

MR. W. D. HOWELLS is as indefatigable, almost, as the marvellously prolific Mr. F. Marion Crawford. Yet he shows small trace of haste in his carefully elaborated work. Mr. Howells will soon print a new novel in *The Century*.

IF the report is true which says that Sir Francis Hincks is engaged in writing his reminiscences, we may look forward with agreeable anticipations to a contribution to our history which cannot but prove of very great value and interest.

MR. AUSTIN DOBSON is about to give us a new volume of verse;—but not a volume of new-verse entirely, they say. It will be entitled "At the Sign of the Lyre," and will be received, no doubt, with delighted welcome which Mr. Dobson's verse deserves and is accustomed to.

TO the *Youth's Companion* for 1884 Tennyson and Lord Lytton will contribute poems, and Mrs. Oliphant a story under the title of "The Covenanters' Daughter." It would be interesting to know what time Mrs. Oliphant can have at her disposal for sleeping and eating.

A NEWSPAPER correspondent thus describes Jules Verne:—"He is now about fifty years of age. His hair and beard are turning gray, and his figure, once so supple and elegant, is acquiring considerable embonpoint; but the bright eyes and intelligent face are still sparkling with youthful ardour."

WILLIAM BLACK considers his new story, "Judith Shakespeare," which is to appear in *Harper's*, the best novel he has written in a long time. A more disinterested judge, who has had access to the manuscript, is committed to the daring opinion that it is the best novel written by anyone in a long time.

THE *London Spectator* is too eulogistic of Miss Rhoda Broughton's "Belinda," lately completed in *The Continent*. American critics have been over severe upon the story, which is clever, skilfully handled, compact, and often very racy. Sometimes it is just a little ridiculous, one must confess; and it is light,—very.

IT is rumoured that a new weekly paper, with Captain Kirwin as editor, is about to be issued in Montreal. It is to be literary and political, with marked military leanings. In politics it will be Conservative, but

will hold aloof from party connections. It expects to pay particular attention to the Irish question, giving its support to the Nationalists, but will attempt the difficult task of dealing temperately with the question.

FIFTY copies of the admirable paper entitled "Nos Quatres Historiens Modernes, Bibaud, Garneau, Ferland, Faillon," which was read before the Royal Society of Canada, by Mr. J. M. LeMoine, President of Section I., have been daintily printed on thick, toned paper, for private circulation. The four French Canadian historians with whom this monograph deals are men whose literary excellence and historical weight are a matter for congratulation to all who are interested in the growth of our literature.

THE following are prices that have been received by some novelists—it is needless to say successful ones: "Trollope received \$240 for his first production and \$35,000 for one of his last. Capt. Marryat received \$100,000 for one of his works, and Lord Lytton \$150,000 for the copyright of the cheap edition of his works by Messrs. Routledge & Sons, in addition to the large amount paid at the time of their publication, while it is well known that Messrs. Longman paid Lord Beaconsfield \$50,000 for 'Endymion.'"

A VOLUME on Newfoundland, dealing with its present condition and future prospects, by Joseph Hatton and Rev. M. Harvey, has just been published in Boston. This book tells of what should interest every Canadian—the rich resources and splendid possibilities of a country just now in process of being opened up by railway enterprise; a country closely bound to us by ties of kinship, and one which in the natural course of events will some day become an important member of our commonwealth.

MESSRS. HUNTER, ROSE & Co., Toronto, have in press a volume entitled "Canada Under the Administration of Lord Lorne," by Mr. J. E. Collins. We know of none more capable of breathing life into the dry bones of this subject than the caustic writer of "The Life and Times of Sir John A. Macdonald," a work which, to judge from the fact that it is now in the eighth edition, does not appear to have suffered seriously from the storm of vituperation drawn upon it by the author's uncomfortably searching criticisms.

THE following extract from *Chambers' Journal* should be marked by Nova Scotians:—"At a clerical gathering in a certain town in Nova Scotia, an aged brother rose and remarked: 'We are all acquainted with the scriptural injunction—this day every man is expected to do his duty.' As the meeting dispersed, one of the clergymen spoke to the reverend lapse-maker, and informed him the quotation was from Shakspeare. 'Shakspeare!' replied the old minister; 'that can't be, for I've never read Shakspeare.'"

CHRONICLE OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.—An organization styled the "Manitoba Rights League," has issued a manifesto condemning the policy of the Canadian Government.—Sir John Hawley Glover, lately Governor of Antigua and the Windward Islands, has for the second time been appointed Governor of Newfoundland.—A public breakfast was given to Dean Baldwin, Bishop-elect of Huron, at Montreal on Monday; the attendance was exceedingly large.—The steamer *Eclipse* is supposed to have gone down in a gale off Pine Tree Harbor, Lake Huron. Portions of the vessel, and the bodies of the captain and some of the crew have been cast ashore.—At Drumbo, on the 26th inst., a man named John Allen, a baker, went out to the barn to get his waggon ready for its usual trip. While standing in the doorway a gust of wind violently slammed the door, striking him upon the forehead, and knocking him senseless. He died shortly afterwards.—The license of a Toronto hotel has been suspended because gambling had been permitted in the house.—Mr. Donald A. Smith voted against the old directors of the Hudson Bay Company, and he states in a circular that his reason for doing so was because enquiry into the conduct of some of the chief officers had been refused.—Hon. G. W. Ross was nominated for West Middlesex on Wednesday last. Mr. Ross resigned his seat in the Federal Parliament to accept the Ministership of Education made vacant by the illness of Hon. Adam Crooks.—A woman named Alice Bossenberger, on Thursday last went to Berlin, Ont., to have some teeth taken out. Chloroform was administered, but while under its influence the woman died.—The cab-hire of Canadian ministers and their families at Ottawa is about \$20 a day. This is paid by Government.—Snow fell in Eastern

Ontario and through Quebec on Friday to the depth of from four to six inches. Very boisterous weather in many places accompanied the snow fall.—Attorney-General Miller, of Manitoba, on Friday had an interview with Mr. Mowat on affairs in Rat Portage.—The mile belt through the North-West territories has been opened to settlement by the Dominion Government at a cost of \$2.50 per acre.—The consecration of the new Bishop of Huron took place in Christ Church Cathedral on Friday. There was an immense attendance at the church.—Mr. D. W. Allison the Reform candidate has been elected for Lennox by a majority of four votes.—Superintendent Egan of Winnipeg has been compelled to give a written guarantee to carry wheat on the C. P. R. at 20 per cent. less than former prices. This is the first important concession to the discontent against North-West railway rates.

FOREIGN.—President Arthur has pardoned Sergeant Mason who was under sentence for having attempted to shoot Giteau.—The decree forbidding the importation of American pork into France is about being withdrawn.—It is said that the British Government has proposed negotiations between France and China, which would give to China the north and to France the south bank of Red River.—An attack was made on the French gunboat *Carabine*, by 1,200 Black Flags. The arrival of another gunboat saved the *Carabine* from destruction.—The Paris *Soleil* was exercised lest England should take the island of Hai Nan in return for the loss of the Soudan.—The hundredth anniversary of the city of New York was celebrated on Monday last.—George Warden, late manager of the London and River Platte Bank, was on Monday last sentenced to twelve years' penal servitude.—The French are reported to have bombarded an unfortified town on the coast of Madagascar, without having given warning.—The remains of Dr. Charles William Siemens have received sepulture in Westminster Abbey.—The Emperor of Germany declares his belief that the peace of Europe will not be disturbed; and as Bismarck knows, the Emperor must be considered as speaking with some authority.—The Japanese are anxious to throw open the interior of their country to accommodate foreign trade.—The British troops in Egypt are enthusiastic over the prospect of another active campaign.—There is some danger of an iron famine in the United States, so many furnaces have been blown out.—Several suspected dynamiters have been arrested in Ireland, charged with endeavouring to destroy the residences of certain County Mayo landlords, but many have been released for want of evidence.—King Alfonso's proclamation of pardon to all private soldiers imprisoned throughout the kingdom for military offences has led to the release of 1,200 prisoners.—It is asserted that Minister Lowell will be ineligible for the position of rector of St. Andrew's University.—The editor of an Irish newspaper has been arrested for having incited Orangemen against Nationalists.—A Pittsburgh firm claims to have solved the problem of underground telegraphy.—In connection with Wolff's attempt to blow up the German embassy, several Frenchmen have been arrested in London.—A negro was admitted into the National College of Pharmacy, Washington, and the rest of the students were so indignant that they withdrew in a body.—For the sum of \$50 a body can be cremated at a crematory to be established in Erie, Penn., by a Connecticut man.—Prof. Brown of the Red House Observatory has, from certain solar phenomena, come to the conclusion that the earth is passing through the tail of a gigantic comet, or is enveloped in a mass of meteoric dust.—Upon the authority of Mr. Gladstone and Earl Granville, it is stated that the Suez Canal Company has the monopoly of the Isthmus, and that the British Government will not assist in the construction of a second canal.—Nordenskjöld is planning an expedition to the South Pole in 1885.—In the yard of an anti-Italian newspaper, on Thursday night, two bombs were exploded. There was no damage.—There is a deadlock between Germany and the Vatican; the reason is that Prussia does not respect the demands of the Holy See on the question of clerical education.—Two French war sloops will be sent to assist M. de Brazza. The French naval commander on the west coast of Africa has been ordered to render all possible assistance.—A meteor that lit up the sky in rosy flame was seen in New York on Thursday night.—On the 8th of this month the American bishops will hold a grand reception in the Eternal City, and then leave for home.—The surplus of the United States for the last year reached nearly \$83,000,000.—The damages to the Masonic Temple, New York, by fire reached \$100,000.—Gilbert and Sullivan will not yield the right to have their new play first brought out in America.—Archbishop Croke thinks that in a "measurable period" Ireland will wear the garb of peace under the Irish flag.—The English press is waging a war against gambling on transatlantic steamers. Gambling there is said to have taken a serious form.—O'Donnell who shot Carey was found guilty and sentenced to death on Saturday.

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Many prominent medical men have personally investigated the INTERNATIONAL THROAT AND LUNG INSTITUTE and express themselves satisfied that the Physicians comprising the Staff are thoroughly qualified medical men; that patients receive the latest and most scientific treatment, and that the Spirometer, invented by Dr. M. SOUVIELLE, Ex-Aide Surgeon of the French Army, is really a valuable addition to Medical Science. Anyone suffering from Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness, Consumption in its first stages, or Laryngitis, should consult the physicians of the Institute personally and be examined; if not, write for list of questions and copy of "International News," published monthly. Physicians and sufferers can try the Spirometer free. Consultations free. Address International Throat and Lung Institute, 173 Church Street, Toronto, or 13 Phillips' Square, Montreal, P. Q.

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From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15.

Catarrh is a muco-purulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite amœba 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 uercele, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxæmia, 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.

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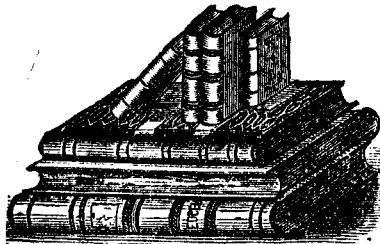
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It may be briefly described as a purely literary review. Each number opens with quite lengthy notices of the freshest and most important books, frequently from the hand of a specialist, followed by minor notices of works of fiction, or those of less importance. Editorials on a great range of current topics of literary interest next follow, succeeded by departments of Literary Personalities, sketches of noted authors of the time, News and Notes, etc. Of chiefest value among these departments, perhaps, are those of "Notes and Queries," upon a great variety of topics of interest to writers and readers, usually extending to two or three columns; and "Shakespeareana,"—the latter edited by Mr. W. J. Rolfe, the eminent Shakespearean scholar, and frequently occupying a whole page.

Often articles of much historical value are given, as notably those by Mr. Justin Winsor, on the public and private libraries of the early days of American letters, of which several have appeared in late issues. The journal seems admirably well balanced in all its departments, and it is always a pleasure to open its bright, modest pages, so abundant of good scholarship, careful editing, a choice variety of contents, and with no sign of pedantry, no "slashing" criticisms, and no unkindly tone.—Maine Farmer.

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