

# THE WEEK.

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## The Week,

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher

## TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE prorogation of the Dominion Parliament, which is expected to be almost simultaneous with the publication of these pages, is hailed with infinite satisfaction by the Government, not least by Sir John A. Macdonald, who probably thinks no act of which it has been guilty during the thirteen weeks' sitting became it so well as dissolution will. The continuous game of grab which has characterized the whole session must at the last have become somewhat monotonous even to the open-handed and astute Premier, who has borne the heat and burthen of a trying session with remarkable vigour for a man rapidly approaching three score years and ten. Probably no other man in Canada could have successfully handled a party composed of such incongruous and restive elements as the Conservatives in the Ottawa Parliament have proved themselves during the 1884 sitting. No attempt seems to have been made to add any measure of great public usefulness to the statute book, and the session just concluded will be remembered chiefly by that truly *ouvrage de longue haleine*, the Canada Pacific Subsidy Bill—which, octopus-like, spread its huge arms over the whole session—and as having been prolific of conflict between the Federal and the Provincial administrations. The speech of Mr. Blake on Saturday on the Quebec subsidies was looked upon as the last oratorical effort of the session—some who heard him claim it was one of his greatest speeches—after which “the massacre of the innocents” commenced, to be followed by the closing ceremonies. *Post tot naufragia portum.*

WE live in an age of centenary celebrations, varied by such other forms as bi-centenaries, ter-centenaries, and the like. It was only last November we were paying respect to the memory of Luther on the occasion of the four hundredth anniversary of his birth. At the present moment preparations are being made in England for a quin-centenary commemoration in honour of John Wyclif, and Edinburgh is in a ferment of rejoicing over the ter-centenary of her University. And now, some enthusiastic Torontonians, imbued with an absorbing desire to celebrate, are engaged in arranging a semi-centennial anniversary of the civic birthday, to be held in June. It is not difficult to understand the pride with which loyal citizens mark the fast strides made by Toronto since Governor Simcoe in 1794

selected a spot occupied only by the ruins of a French fort and a solitary Huron wigwam—where the beaver was rarely disturbed by human footsteps—as the site of his provincial capital. Everyone must appreciate the pride “that weds each bosom to its native soil,” and would invite neighbours and friends on such an occasion to partake of the hospitality of a city which, in fifty years from its inauguration, has grown through many chequered experiences to be one of the most beautiful on this continent. But we fear it will not be found that many outside of Toronto share this enthusiasm, nor is it probable that the advertised processions and other attractions will attract, in the absence of this *amor patriæ*, more especially as the well-known Industrial Fair is to be held in September. Indeed, it does not appear that the proposed semi-centennial celebrations are evoking a great deal of interest even in Toronto beyond the small circle of enthusiastic organizers, and those who will immediately profit by them. There is a strong impression that if the programme were added to that of Fair Week the result would be very much more satisfactory to all concerned.

CHICAGO did not discover that the report of Matthew Arnold's criticism on her Philistinism was a hoax soon enough to prevent the appearance of the following paragraph in the *Chicago Current*, a literary journal of the first class, and, it is safe to say, a representative of the highest culture and best manners of the city:—

“It is time to stop the opening of our purses, our houses and our hearts to distinguished English tramps who come over here to rob us. Among the more noted Englishmen who have lately visited us are Matthew Arnold, Sir Lepel Griffin and Oscar Wilde. They are in great social favour at home and may be taken as representative of English society, brains and manners. Of this proposition there can be no dispute. Therefore, taking it for granted, we are justified in saying that the representative ‘upper class’ Englishman of to-day is a pig-headed boor, an ungrateful, snarling cur, and a jealous, cunning and venom-soaked enemy of all things American. Those people, largely found within the corporate limits of New York City, who affect English ways should be pelted off the streets whenever they appear. The average Englishman, who has lived all his life in a narrow island, has not the breadth of vision to enable him to grasp the life, business and high purpose of the American people, whose domain has yet to be settled, its resources determined, its wildernesses conquered. Bah! Out upon these pigmies! What have they to show us as exemplary? Their metropolis, which is practically all there is of England, is the most depraved and pauper-stricken city in the world, its aristocracy is the most rotten, its Government the least liberal, when pretenses are considered. It has nothing essential to be commended to us as worthy of emulation. What is to be thought of a Parliament, professedly enlightened and keeping pace with the spirit of the age, that hesitates to extend the suffrage among the people, in order that they may lift themselves out of their miseries? The policy of England is robbery of the weak at the cannon's mouth. Everything it has must be held by force. No wonder that those who leave her shores, seeking asylums in America, yearn to die away from them! Why, therefore, should any American pay regard to the criticism of those who have made England what it is to-day? Whether or not Matthew Arnold has declared there is no culture here: it is the cry of his kind who receive our hospitality. American social life is on a higher plane of culture to-day than English life. In literature, in scientific research, in applied art, in inventive skill, in all the comforts of life, in all things that go to make life worth living and to bless it with opportunity, the American people are as far in advance of England and her suffering colonies, as Rome was once in advance of the rest of the world. Therefore, let the doors be shut upon English beggars of distinction. Let every American householder consider that if he admits one of them he runs the risk of finding his hospitality abused. In short, let us hear of and see no more affectation in this country of English manners and methods.”

The public of Chicago, we may be sure, has acuteness enough after reading this, to come to the conclusion that hereafter, as often as the *Current* may deal with the character of England or of Englishmen, it will be prudent, in estimating the value of the judgment, to make some allowance for emotion. Whether Sir Lepel Griffin paid his own hotel bill or not, we have not been informed. Mr. Matthew Arnold, as well as Lord Coleridge, came by special invitation, and so did Mr. Oscar Wilde. Joking apart, however, the paragraph is a revelation, extorted by a paroxysm of wrath, of something beneath the smooth and smiling surface, against which Englishmen who feel inclined to accept invitations to the United States, especially invitations to star it, will do well to be on their guard. Onlookers who know the ground have for some time been nervous on this score. The old hatred is gradually dying out; in the hearts of the native Americans it is almost dead; and when a native American reviles England it is usually as a tribute of political deference to the Irish vote; but there is still room for caution, and visitors must take care to be assured that they are really welcome in the first place, and not to outstay their welcome in the second. It is rather fortunate that this warning explosion has been called forth, not by any real imprudence on the part of an Englishman of mark, but by a hoax. Other Chicago journals, besides the *Current*, are screaming with fury, and emptying slop-pails of abuse on Matthew Arnold's head. Poor Bidy in her rage has quite forgotten her lessons in manners.

## CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS.

THE Session which is just closing has not been very fruitful of legislation. Its only measure of first-rate importance has been the fresh grant in aid of our great political and military railway. The grant was necessary, and it is not likely to be lost. The line to the north of Lake Superior and that through the mountains, when completed, will probably require assistance in their operation: that through the mountains almost certainly will, unless the vision of a diversion of the Asiatic trade from San Francisco to British Columbia should be fulfilled. Conquering nature for political objects is a costly business, and the nation which embarks on such an enterprise must be prepared to pay. All impartial testimony goes to prove that the work is, at all events, being well done, and that the construction is solid as well as rapid. But the terms which the Government was compelled to make with Quebec and other Provinces, as the condition of their acquiescence in the grant, form, apart from the startling magnitude of the sum, an incident of the most profound significance. They at once make more manifest and wider a rift in the edifice of Confederation, which was too manifest and too wide before. It is evident that the several Provinces, and, above all, Quebec, instead of identifying themselves collectively with the interests of the Dominion, regard the Dominion as a separate, and almost as an adverse, interest, from which each of them is justified in exacting as much as it can. This is not union, nor does it promise union. It looks like a combination held together by a manager of vast experience and consummate address, whom it has no very assured prospect of surviving. If the original settlement between the Provinces had been made final, and no continuing claim of grants in aid, to the extent of eighty cents per head, had been introduced into the compact, a sinister element would no doubt have been excluded; but this would not have made New France British, nor would it have brought the Maritime Provinces close to the heart of Ontario, from which New France cuts them off. Great party struggles have been rendered impossible by the weakness of the Opposition. That the majority was not only overwhelming, but compact and unrestrained by scruples, was shown in the affair of Sir Charles Tupper. On the question of the Pacific Railway grant the Opposition was fatally crippled by the impossibility of directly refusing indispensable aid to an enterprise to which it was itself committed; while the policy of oblique attack to which it resorted failed, and deserved to fail, through the groundlessness of the charges against the Syndicate, the integrity of which in the fulfilment of its contract is really the strong point on the side of the Government. On the Tariff question nothing vigorous could be done by the Opposition, because the mind of its leader evidently wavers; his attitude is always that of a man standing on one foot, and uncertain where he shall put down the other. His financial lieutenant delivered himself of a fierce invective, but neither of them ventured to attack the coal tax, which embodies, in the most rampant form, the principle of Protection. Their abstention no doubt was dictated by their fear of losing the votes of Nova Scotia: but wrongdoing, or acquiescence in wrong, for the sake of votes is precisely the offence with which they are always upbraiding Sir John Macdonald. The Section B affair seems to have collapsed, though this is strange, after what appeared a virtual admission of the truth of the charge on the part of the accused. To raise great issues, such as that of the reform of the Senate, in face of an overpowering majority, may be bad tactics. But Mr. Blake has certainly failed to impress the country with any definite idea of the better policy which, if he were in power, he would pursue, and consequently he has failed to sustain public interest, once so intense, in his political fortunes. This is what people mean when they express disappointment at his leadership, for his speaking, without rising to eloquence in the highest sense, is uniformly good, though perhaps it somewhat exceeds in detail and lacks breadth. His great effort was his speech against Orange incorporation, and this was not a declaration of policy, but a stroke of strategy. Its character is marked, by its connection with his previous speech in favour of Home Rule, by the use which has been made of it as an appeal to the Roman Catholics, and by the significant exception from its general denunciation of secret societies of that not least questionable class which embraces the Terrorist Land League. This may be good generalship, and it may produce—what it is evidently intended to produce—a political friendship between the speaker and the Bleus. But it is not the Aurora speech.

“ See Mizriam's kingcraft, of its crown bereft,  
Sink to nocturnal deeds of petty theft ”—

Sink at least from the ambition of founding a nation to that of manufacturing a majority by the ordinary acts of the unsentimental politician—those acts against which so much has been said, and with so much force, when they were employed in the service of the wicked.

“THE idolatry of the heathen is not greater than the idolatry of party politics to-day.” Principal Grant, who is reported to have said this in a sermon, is clear of all suspicion of sinister motives, *sans reproche* as well as *sans peur*, and behind the ample shelter of his mantle the “Bystander” takes refuge from the imputation of covertly disseminating toryism, under pretence of decrying party. But, in this Conspiracy case, that which withheld the “Bystander” from following the example of eminent writers in the Reform press and holding up the accused to public reprobation, has not been preference of independence to party; still less has it been indifference to political corruption: it has been simply regard for the first principles of justice. Every man is to be held innocent till he has been proved guilty, and no man is proved guilty till he has been convicted after a fair trial. Surely that is a maxim recognized by every one who holds British traditions, as well as by every minister of the law. Therefore, in the interval between arrest and trial the lips of all those who love justice are sealed; and they will refrain not only from presuming the guilt of the accused, but even from descanting upon the heinousness of the offence, which the illogical are apt to accept as a sufficient proof of guilt, or doing anything which may influence the minds of those who are to serve upon the jury. In a political case the duty of forbearance becomes trebly strong, and it is still further enhanced when one of the defendants is a foreigner. It was a questionable measure even to keep a parliamentary inquiry on foot when the case had been consigned to the hands of ordinary justice, because one process was liable to be, in some degree, affected by the other. But party feeling in its paroxysms bursts through all laws. Let a conviction ensue, and the “Bystander” promises to show, as he believes he has before, that independence of both parties is not sympathy with the corrupt acts of either. Meantime let him assure his more powerful brethren of the party press that he is as far as possible from laying claim to any breadth or elevation of view not equally possessed by them. He has no doubt whatever that in their own minds they see things exactly as he does, and scoff at the absurd idea that there is any essential difference between the parties. But their public task is that of party advocates. No doubt they perform it with daily groans. Their finer intelligence shares the fate of Ariel, stuck by Sycorax in the cleft oak. Unhappily there is not likely to be a Prospero in this generation to set them free.

WHY will the Episcopal Church in this country persist in marring the festivals of a religion of charity and at the same time playing into the hands of scepticism by reciting the Athanasian creed? No document can have a worse pedigree. It is needless to rehearse the well-known proofs, historical and philological, of its spurious character and its late origin. The defence made for it is that, though a fabrication, it contains a genuine expression of the dogmatic tendencies of the day: but the same defence might be made for the False Decretals and for all the fictions of the Middle Ages. The ostentation of paradox which not only provokes but justifies the ridicule of the scoffer is fully as objectionable as the uncharitableness of the Anathema. But the Anathema embraces in its sweep not only Arians and Unitarians of every shade, including Milton as well as Channing, but the whole of the Eastern Churches which reject the procession of the Third from the Second Person of the Trinity, though to form an alliance with the Eastern Churches against Rome has long been, and still is, the cherished aim of high Anglican diplomacy. It is difficult to see how even the author of the Fourth Gospel escapes: for the Greek words, chapter i. 14, can hardly be translated otherwise than “The Word (The Second Person of the Trinity) was converted into flesh.” Responsibility for the Anathema is scarcely evaded by closing the prayer book, or omitting to respond, as is the habit of many, or even by sitting down, as old George III., liberal in this singular instance, used to do. The only presentable ground for retaining the creed is the desire of conformity to the Mother Church. But the Established Church of England has long ceased to be, if ever she was, a living authority. She has been, for centuries, morally “lapped in lead,” her powers of self-government, of legislation, of self-adaptation to times and circumstances being suspended by her subjection to the State. Nor is it possible that, without disestablishment she should recover her liberty and her volition. Independence will never be conceded by Parliament to a body holding vast State endowments, while Parliament itself, swarming with those whom the church counts infidels and heretics, is wholly incapacitated for ecclesiastical legislation. What the Church of England would do on any question if her chains were struck off, it is impossible to say. A large section of her clergy, apparently would move in the direction of Ritualism, Sacerdotalism, and ultimately of union with Rome. The great mass of the educated laity and some of the ablest and most learned among the clergy would move in the very opposite direction. But, at all events, it is idle to plead the

authority of a body which, since the days of the Tudors, has never had the power of free decision, either for the retention of the Athanasian creed, or for any other ordinance of the past.

THE majority of 130 by which the Franchise Bill was passed in the British House of Commons must have included not only all sections and shades of the Liberal party proper, but the solid Irish vote, the masters of which thereby show their conviction that the measure will add to their power, as, if they can manage to remain united among themselves, it unquestionably will. It is not certain, however—indeed it is very far from certain—that the largeness of the majority in the House of Commons indicates a corresponding amount of enthusiasm in the country. Mr. Chamberlain's caucus, having an organization in every city, can always produce mechanically a multitude of resolutions and addresses; but, to an eye accustomed to the diagnosis of opinion in England, the signs of spontaneous excitement on the Franchise question do not appear. There are no such practical objects to be gained as there were in 1830, and classes already enfranchised, though they may be not unwilling to share their political power with others, are seldom passionately desirous of the partition. The agitation which finally gave birth to the Bill of 1867 was confined to the Liberal party in parliament, or the active politicians of the great commercial cities. South of Birmingham, though the franchise question might figure in election addresses and speeches, hardly anybody really cared for a change. The consequence was that the Liberals, having launched the question for their own purposes, lost control of it, and it fell into the hands of their opponents, who, of course, settled it in their own interest. From the results of the bye-elections it would appear that in the constituencies alarm about the Union and fear of the demagogic socialism which finds its mouthpiece in Mr. Chamberlain, predominated over any desire to extend the Franchise. This must be taken into account in attempting to forecast the conduct of the House of Lords. The action of that body is invariably the resultant of two influences: its self interest as a privileged order, and its fear of a fatal collision with the people; not once in the whole course of its history, since its transformation by the Tudors, can it be said to have risen to a higher point of view. Idleness and sybaritism, which are the lot of most of these hereditary legislators, do not form great characters either in men or in assemblies. The moral position of the Lords on this Franchise question is as weak as the deadliest enemy of aristocracy could desire. Its last act was to pass, at the instigation of the most unscrupulous of tacticians, a measure, the patent and almost avowed object of which was, by enfranchising the masses of ignorance and what Carlyle called amenability to beer and balderdash, accumulated in the purlieus of the cities, to swamp the progressive intelligence of the country. The policy of "dishing the Whigs" has proved to have been as shallow as it was unprincipled. But upon what ground, consistent with public morality, or any semblance of it, can the Lords now take their stand in opposing an extension of the franchise to a class in the counties undeniably worthier and more trustworthy than that to which they have, by their own act, extended it in the towns? Can they avow their reason to be that the honest peasant would be less amenable to beer and balderdash than the populace of the cities, or proclaim their fear that household suffrage in the counties will weaken their own local influence, whereas household suffrage in the cities only weakened the influence of the respectable middle class? They may, perhaps, fix upon the Irish portion of the measure. But, if they refuse the extension to Ireland altogether, they will throw the whole Irish squadron into the arms of their enemy in the general election which will certainly ensue. If they merely refuse to Ireland a number of representatives out of proportion to the population, national feeling will support them, and the Commons will give way, as many of them, even on the Government side, would be nothing loth to do; but this will not appreciably lessen the effect of the measure upon the electorate as a whole, or upon the Lords. Brave words are uttered; but words equally brave were uttered about the Arrears Bill, which was nevertheless allowed to pass; and of the present leader of Reaction it has been said with not less truth than wit that he *saute pour mieux reculer*, and that he is a lath painted to look like iron. That battle cannot be accepted with much chance of ultimate victory on the field of the Franchise seems to be indicated by the persistent efforts of the Tory leaders in the Commons to exasperate the public mind against the Government on the question of Egypt; a not very hopeful policy, since, even if the people were more angry than it is likely that they are after the victories of Tel-el-Kebir and Teb, English elections will never be decided by anything which has only a remote interest for the great mass of the people. The probability is, therefore, that the Lords will succumb. There is very strong ground to be taken in opposition to blind and demagogic extension of the franchise.

But the man to take it must be one who has studied the problem of democracy, knows that the hour for solving that problem has come, and is prepared to deal with it, not like a demagogue or a sentimentalist, but like a statesman. Neither in the Lords nor in the Commons is such a man to be found.

THE defeat of the English Conservatives, whether desirable or not, was deserved; for the policy which they have been pursuing is one which ought not to succeed. They have been following the traditions of Lord Beaconsfield and not the traditions of Sir Robert Peel. The steadfast aim of Peel was to earn and keep for the party which he led the respect and confidence of the nation. He never forgot, in the struggle with his adversaries for power, his paramount allegiance to the interest of the country; he never factiously embarrassed the executive government, least of all when it was contending with public peril; he always loyally supported the moderate section of his opponents against the more extreme; he never formed unprincipled alliances; he never descended to paltry stratagems; he showed no indecent eagerness to take office, but on the contrary held back his impetuous followers and waited till with the full and deliberate consent of the nation he could assume real power. The men formed under him were of the same stamp; they were not intriguers or tacticians but statesmen trained to a thorough knowledge of the public business, and having solid claims to a high place in the public service. By these means he had placed on the firmest foundations the ascendancy of the Conservative party, and had he not been stabbed in the back after triumphing over the forces in his front, he might have held power for many years himself, and transmitted it to a long line of Conservative leaders after him. But the intrigue which overthrew him brought with it a complete change. From that time, not to deserve the confidence of the country, but to clamber into office, no matter by what means, became the paramount and avowed aim. Thenceforth prevailed the maxim, faithfully preserved as well as frankly enunciated by Lord Randolph Churchill, "Gain the victory, secure the fruits of it, and let moralists say what they will." To overthrow a Liberal Government by an intrigue with some extreme and disaffected section of its supporters, whether "Pop's Brass Band," Radicals, or Home Rulers, was the familiar strategy of Lord Beaconsfield, and by it his only great parliamentary victories were won. Repeatedly, as the result of these victories, he took office with a minority, and on each occasion bought a few months of power, or rather of impotence, by a fated sacrifice of principle. The men formed under him were like him, and of course unlike those formed under his predecessors. The pupils of Peel were Sidney Herbert, Gladstone, Cardwell, the Duke of Newcastle: the pupils of Beaconsfield are Lord Randolph Churchill and his set, who would have been regarded by Peel with contemptuous disgust. Had the Conservative leaders during the last three or four years controlled their personal ambition, suppressed their personal antipathies, abstained from factious embarrassment of the Executive, above all, from anything like complicity with rebellion in Ireland, and presented to the country the image of patriotism and moderation, they would have gained many adherents among the classes alarmed by Disunion or Socialism, and their feet would by this time be on the steps of power. They, or most of them—for Mr. E. Gibson, at all events, is an honourable exception—have done the very reverse. They have virtually sided with the Disunionists, they have openly coquetted with Mr. Parnell in the House of Commons, they have done their utmost to weaken the Executive in its struggle with terrorism and disorder, they have behaved on the Egyptian question with frantic factiousness, trying to put the Government in a minority even by a coalition with Mr. Labouchere, they have held the language almost of maniacs, and done everything in their power to repel from themselves national confidence and support. If they have won bye-elections it has been in spite, not in consequence, of their demeanour and their tactics. It is probable that they will now, in Committee on the Franchise Bill, try to snatch a victory over the Government by an unprincipled combination with some section of the Radicals, perhaps with the Female Suffragists, though there is hardly a man among them who does not know what the social and domestic effects of Female Suffrage would be, or who would think of voting for it except with this sinister object. For success, if they attain it, they will pay as usual by a sacrifice of principle, and by increased weakness in the future. The real Conservatives, and those who present the best rallying point for resistance to revolution are now the Moderate Liberals, such as Mr. Goschen and Mr. Albert Grey.

THE difficulty incident to an age of disturbed belief, which the Bradlaugh case at once most signally and miserably illustrates, does not fail to present itself in multiplying instances. We have now a Grand Juryman who, as an "Agnostic," declines to take an oath. It is a pity that the

school will cling to a fantastic name. Every man must either be a theist or an atheist; he must either believe that there is, or that there is not, proof of the existence of a God: that the existence of God could be disproved, no atheist ever pretended. This, however, is by the way. The facts with which jurisprudence has to deal are that at the present time, while the majority continues to believe in God, there is a minority, containing some most respectable people, which does not; and that members of the minority will sometimes be found on the jury panel and on the witness stand: perhaps they may even sometimes be found on the Bench. It has hitherto been assumed that religion was the sole basis of veracity as well as of morality in general. But it is possible to hold firmly the great doctrines both of natural religion and of Christianity without assuming anything of the kind. Apart from any theological belief, a man may obviously have inducements, both personal and social, to tell the truth, which will make the rejection of his testimony a flagrant wrong, both to him and to the interests of public justice. Were it not for the conduct of the English Conservatives in the Bradlaugh case, it might have been deemed impossible that any being endowed with reason should be found capable of upholding, as a tribute to the God of truth, the exaction of a false profession of faith from an unbeliever. On the other hand, the Agnostics themselves will hardly deny, or deem it offensive to assert, that a sincere belief in a Power which marks and punishes perjury, when it is unmarked and unpunished of men, is an additional guarantee for veracity; nor will they question that in the minds of common people, the belief is still sincere; and Public Justice, though she may be no theologian, must take notice of a motive which, whether founded on speculative truth or not, is, in its operation, real. It would be dangerous to assume that, in the mind of a rustic witness, the old religious basis had yet been replaced by that of evolutionary science. Even such evasions as kissing the thumb instead of the book prove that the awe of what the book denotes retains its power. In political cases the oath is utterly superfluous: the guarantee for the right performance of duty is not profession, sworn or unsworn, but a responsibility enforced by the vigilance of the constituency, or of the community at large. In the case of witnesses, the obvious course, where the witness objects, or attaches no meaning, to the oath, is to permit affirmation, and leave the difference, if any, between the values of the two kinds of testimony to find its level in the estimation of the jury. In the case of a jurymen the course to be adopted is not so obvious; but this matter is of less consequence, as nobody deems it a privilege to be a jurymen, nor does the exclusion of an individual from the jury box affect a cause like the exclusion of a witness. Whatever policy is most liberal is most Christian; and Christianity has suffered enough already from association with political injustice. Only let a Christian legislator ask himself honestly what St. Paul would have done, and he will not be likely to go wrong.

A BYSTANDER.

### HERE AND THERE.

EASTER MONDAY—a Bank holiday here as well as in England—may to a certain extent be looked upon as a day which in the Old Country, in no small degree, inaugurates the commencement of summer sports. In the list of events set down in the programme, cricket matches and athletic meetings figure prominently, but what is especially noticeable is the large number of fixtures for lacrosse. The game has made rapid progress in the Old Country, perhaps more especially in the northern counties, where in the vicinity of the great commercial cities it is most popular. The chief devotees of the game are, for the most part, drawn from the ranks of football players. As yet the game has assumed neither a definitely winter or a definitely summer sport, for by some clubs it is played in the summer only, when the football is laid on the shelf; by others only in winter, the former adopting it in the hot months to keep themselves in trim for football, the latter displacing the old winter sport in favour of the new. The visit of the Canadian lacrosse teams to the old country is now bearing fruit, for until their arrival lacrosse was not thoroughly understood; but we may now confidently expect that, before long, England will be able to send a twelve over here capable of holding their own in the national game of the country they visit, and when that event takes place, right royally will they be welcomed.

THOSE who are interested in athletic sports cannot fail to appreciate the inauguration, by the delegates of the various athletic clubs throughout the Dominion, of an association which is to bear the title of "The Amateur Athletic Association of Canada." The popularity of amateur sports has long been assured. The formation of fresh clubs and the increase of annual meetings sufficiently testify to the fact. The circumstance that these

contests are solely open to amateurs is not, however, guarantee sufficient that every event in connection with them is altogether above board. The very definition of what constitutes an "amateur" too often now-a-days wants explanation, while of late a certain amount of crookedness, which at one time was only to be met with in some of the lower ranks of professionalism, has crept into amateur circles. To put down any attempt at this, to protect the mutual interests of its members, and to advance all legitimate amateur athletic sports, is the object of the association. That a considerable impetus will be given to amateur athletics by this movement, there can be no reason to doubt, for clubs belonging to the association must hold annual athletic meetings, containing in their respective programmes at least three events open to amateurs, and any club failing to hold such a meeting will forfeit its membership. The first annual meeting will be held in Montreal in September.

THE *Saturday Review*, in an article on the decline of rowing and sculling in England, attributes the falling-off to the habit of spirit-drinking, and the waterman's custom of idling away nearly the half of every week. The former pernicious habit, now so long established amongst the working classes, has undoubtedly begun to have a serious effect upon their health and constitutions, whilst evidences are not wanting to prove the superior bodily strength of the labouring class in the colonies—a class both better bred and better fed, and living in a purer atmosphere, removed from the material and moral dinginess of great cities. The lack of public encouragement also prevents the most likely men from taking up rowing as a business. "It is not very flattering to our national good sense and good taste to find that, when so many thousands of pounds are annually offered for horse-racing, which so little promotes the strength or health of the people, it should have been found impossible to raise the very few hundreds necessary to give a first-rate regatta, such as was formerly held upon the Thames every year." The one thing that has most discredited professional rowing is the fact that book-makers manipulated the matches to suit their own personal ends, to the detriment of both public and performers. English amateur rowers and scullers have not suffered the same loss of prestige as the watermen. Foreigners seldom enter for the big events at Henley. When, last year, a Frenchman and a German entered, the former was defeated easily, whilst the latter, though he won his trial heats and beat the Frenchman, stood no chance against Mr. Lowndes, the winner. "The analogy of cricket and other sports, besides professional rowing, seems to show that if there had been crews anywhere good enough to win the Grand Challenge Cup, or the Diamond Sculls, they would have appeared at Henley to dispute these coveted trophies." The attempt to retrieve the lost laurels of England in the recent Buear-Ross match resulted in a disaster which "disposes of our chance for many a day to come, and again condemns English professional sculling to a place in the international list far below Canada, Australia, and the United States."

DR. PRICE, the Welsh Druid, who was recently tried and acquitted of having indecently cremated the body of his child, has at last succeeded in accomplishing his object. He fixed three hurdles on a hill, then had half a ton of coals piled within the triangle thus formed, and upon a pair of large iron grates he placed a box containing the body of the child, wrapped in napkins. Petroleum was thrown over the coals, and this served to make the pile a mass of fire as soon as ignition took place. The Druid, with a large shawl thrown over his shoulders, was present during the process, and chanted an ancient sacred song, in the presence of a number of women, who climbed the hill and peered over the fence to catch a glimpse of the proceedings. He promises to cremate his bull "Morgan" in similar manner after he has died a natural death.

AN English writer says, gourmets have often been advised that London is a place worth living in, as it is the first to receive the fruits of the year. This year will not diminish its reputation. Although March is not the month to expect strawberries and asparagus, London has both, thanks to Science aiding Nature. Two weeks ago English strawberries could be purchased at four shillings a basket of twelve berries at Covent-garden and elsewhere, and asparagus at five shillings a bundle. The prices are not so much too dear. Indeed, a dramatist remarked sententiously that the strawberries were "dirt cheap; for, look," said he, "a month ago I saw one of Mr. Hollingshead's coryphæes, whose salary is probably thirty shillings a week, munching strawberries at half a guinea a basket." Lilies were selling at two shillings a spray a few weeks ago. And notwithstanding close time, Tay and Severn salmon has been an article of food all the winter.

To the most loyal it was apparent that the Queen's book laid itself open to burlesque, and indeed it was expected that our American cousins would be unable to resist the temptation to thus score one against monarchical institutions. But, to their honour be it said, in criticising her Majesty as an author, American writers remembered her private virtues and her hereditary weakness, and, until the publication of a book entitled "John Brown and his Legs," confined their strictures within bounds. But that *brochure* is a rank offence against all decency, and is as mendacious in inference as it is vulgar in style. The writer is evidently unacquainted with the distinction between indecency and wit, and in a vain endeavour to raise a laugh, insults the understanding of the public by dwelling upon a series of disgusting creations of his fœtid imagination utterly unfit for perusal.

IN the English House of Commons signs of an approaching dissolution are abundant. Members answer the call of the Whip grumblingly, and great difficulty is experienced in "keeping the pack" together. Deputations from all manner of people haunt the worried members, and sound them on this or the other question, or ask explanations of certain votes. Not that all this means immediate dissolution; it is possible that the House may survive for twelve months yet. But experienced frequenters of the lobbies find there all the signs which usually precede an early break-up.

FRENCH journals do not always weigh their words when speaking of John Bull. One writer, in reference to the Englishman of to-day, says:—"He has inherited from the Danes and the Normans his readiness to anger and fickleness of mind, his passion for gambling and horse-racing, his proneness to alcoholic drinks and to table pleasures generally, together with the few artistic faculties that remain to him." The article concludes by alluding to the despairing moods which, "in this land of fogs, incite so many poor millionaires to spleen, to melancholy, and to suicide."

THE Earl of Lichfield and sundry members of the British Parliament have subscribed \$5,000 to be offered in prizes for the two best temperance drinks which shall take the place of the chief intoxicating beverages to which the public have been long accustomed. Many previous attempts have been made to provide for the need, but with little or no success. "Fruit essences," preparations of lime-juice, and the like, have not hitherto met with a more than temporary popularity, though one who should invent a palatable, cheap, thirst-quenching beverage for summer use; which would take the place of the alcoholic beverages now too largely used, would be a public benefactor. In the large centres of population there is little difficulty in obtaining non-intoxicating beverages in the form of soda water and numerous effervescent drinks of the class; but these are costly and far beyond the means of the great bulk of the people. If there was a great demand for effervescent drinks, there is no doubt that they could be supplied, as they are done to some of the troops in India, at an almost nominal cost. Other drinks are also coming into vogue which were formerly not to be obtained. Soda-and-milk is comparatively a novel announcement, and lemon squash is also a recent innovation. The coffee taverns now supply tea, coffee, and cocoa in quantities that were hardly contemplated by their founders; but, in spite of all these means of quenching thirst without having recourse to fluids that contain alcohol, there is a want of a drink which shall be as accessible as beer.

At last it is thought science has discovered the cause and cure of that terrible scourge, cholera. A German cholera commission, some time ago, discovered that *bacilli* of a particular kind were present in all true cases of cholera. These microscopic creatures were found swarming in the water used in the native quarter of Calcutta, where cholera raged. And now an English surgeon, Dr. Vincent Richards, has found the last link in the chain of evidence. He administered *bacilli* to a pig, which died three hours afterwards of what is believed to be genuine cholera. It remains now only to discover how to banish *bacilli* to some region of the universe where they may disport themselves without injury to man.

THE following is culled from an English letter:—"A curious occurrence is reported in connection with the Irish dinner at the Holborn Restaurant on Monday evening, over which Mr. Parnell presided. As usual upon these 'patriotic' occasions, the Queen's health was offensively omitted, as also were other loyal and customary toasts. During the proceedings, and when the audience were stimulated by the eloquence and excited by the utterance of the 'spakers,' an English gentleman in the company poised his glass to the gentleman who sat next to him and quietly

proposed 'The Queen.' The toast was cordially drunk, and then, in turn, 'The Prince and Princess of Wales,' 'The Army and Navy,' and 'Lords and Commons' were similarly honoured. There was a slight stir over the affair at the chairman's table, and Mr. Parnell looked daggers at the presumptuous Saxons; but there was no disturbance, and in the end the loyal twain created much merriment by solemnly toasting each other."

Love, like poetry, seems to flourish best among half-civilized peoples. In a state of highly advanced civilization the great primeval passion is apt to be whittled down to a form or ceremony, or a bargain. As a poet of our day somewhat cynically remarks:

For hearts, like sheep, are bought and sold;  
And Woman's arms will only fold  
To her keen bosom him whose hold,  
As tough as Death's and twice as cold,  
Is fixed on bags of beauteous gold.

But if not with us, in Russia love still holds its ancient sway; for a marriage has just taken place in St. Petersburg between two people who loved each other forty years ago, when the man was twenty-five years of age and the woman sweet seventeen. But the *res angustæ domi* forbade the bridal. They had not even enough between them for a perilous experiment of housing their love in a cottage. In all the barren and lonely years that passed neither loved another, but were true in thought, word, and deed to the mutual passion which moved their hearts when their love was first avowed. Since that time forty-two years have elapsed, and the man, who is the proud and happy owner of a twenty-story wooden house, and the woman who has saved 500 rubles, are at last, in reward of their patient fidelity, made happy by marriage. It is impossible, writes an eye-witness a few days ago, to describe the happiness which shone in the eyes of those old and faithful lovers as they were made one by the priestly blessing.

A LONDON "society journalist" is responsible for the statement that the belles of Philadelphia are what are known as "dancing girls," and not only begin young, but keep it up late in life. There are more dancing married women in Philadelphia, and more young old girls who dance whenever they can get a partner, says our authority, than any other place where dancing looms into prominence as a fine art. It is said to be the custom in Philadelphia, before any large ball, for women who have grown rather rusty to "brush up" a little, and accordingly they have recourse to the dancing master. The day before a recent assembly a most pronounced "old girl"—she was fifty years old if she was a day—entered the domain of a fashionable teacher, and told him in a grand way, with a great deal of manner, that he must "consider himself engaged" to practise with her for the assembly, and "the interview must be a secret." Wincing at his hard luck, the professor went at it. After a dozen turns about the large practice room had been made, the wrinkled and venerable belle began to enjoy her lesson. "Faster," she said; "can't you do the galop step? You don't pull me round enough!" "Madame," said the perspiring and desperate professor, "it will be five dollars extra for me to pull you round any more than I am doing." "All right," she said, and the extra sum was paid without a murmur. A gentleman who came in quietly also to practise was witness of it all. The same gentleman saw the ancient belle at the assembly with a huge bouquet, but in vain she waited for partners—not one came to "pull her round."

MADAME MARCHESI says American women have splendid voices, perhaps the finest in the world, but they will not take the time to train them. "They come to you with all sorts of impossible requests. They want to know how much you can make them do in six months; and when you tell them nothing, they cannot believe that you are serious. They bring you a lump sum, and ask you to pull them through for that as quickly as possible, and make often the mistake of timing you for the lesson, watch in hand. They hate the dull methodical labour of the beginning, and want to start at once with opera airs."

THE importance of poultry raising, as an agricultural industry, never seems to have struck home to the American farmer. The returns of the eggs and poultry imported into Great Britain during the past year form an interesting report, and their value is computed by tens of millions of dollars. In this special industry, France does the largest export trade. Statistics would seem to show that fifteen or sixteen eggs are annually imported from France for every head of population in Great Britain, and when it is taken into consideration that France imports no eggs from other countries for home consumption, the importance of this trade to France will at once be apparent. Yet, though poultry thrive nowhere so well as they do in America, the native farmer takes no share in this

commerce. The European poultry raiser is at considerably greater expense in the rearing of his stock than is the American. Who would ever think on this side of having shepherds or guards for their poultry, and not only that but veterinary surgeons? Yet in France such things are known, and all large poultry raisers have a guard for their fowls. France produces annually a grand total of nearly two thousand millions of eggs, which together with the value of the poultry is estimated at nearly one hundred millions of dollars. In only a few instances is this great result achieved by large producers. In most cases the middle-man crops up, collects the eggs from numerous large producers, and exports them to England. The farmer there gives close attention to his poultry, and is rewarded by substantial profits; attention is paid to the smaller details, and not even a feather is lost. Yet in France the condition for fowls is not so favourable as in America, where the fowl finds an abundance of running feed as a reward for his industry, which the French bird misses, and hence requires more artificial food. It is absurd to urge the coldness of the climate as detrimental to the thriving of fowls, and what is more, they do better roosting up in a tree than closed up in a house. Nature has made the fowl for the air as manifestly as the fish for water, and it is doubtless in no small degree owing to their being so often shut up out of their native climate that they become in many instances sickly and diseased. In the present depression of agriculture, it behoves all farmers to look carefully and systematically into an industry which requires so little outlay and promises sure and steady remuneration.

Farmers as a rule are not much given to argumentative theory; they are, in general, best satisfied with what takes them least time to learn; their ideas are simple and uncompounded, and if they have the ability they mostly want the inclination to trace effects up to their causes. If they see the immediate effect of a mediate operation and approve of it, its primary cause they leave to be investigated by others who have more leisure. But with an industry which is simply and purely one of easy practice, and not involved theory, it seems strange the enterprise should so long have been neglected. For this business, which in America has hitherto been regarded as trifling and contemptible, yields to the poultry farmers of France about one-third as much in value as the average wheat crop in America, and nearly twice as much as the gold mines of California produced in the best days, with the advantage, too, that poultry products are improving, while the gold mines are gradually declining.

#### THE BRIBERY CASE IN ITS SOCIAL AND MORAL ASPECTS.

THE recent developments in the Police Court in the bribery and conspiracy case have uncovered a spot in society which most of us would have been glad to discredit.

The purely legal aspect of the case laid aside, it presents a social and moral aspect which demands serious contemplation, and a wholesome discussion of the subject, based upon the theory of the criminal law, the essentials of the offence of bribery, and the mode of detection adopted, may well take place without in any way interfering with the course of justice.

Accept the finding of the Police Magistrate as demonstrating that an attempt had been made to unlawfully influence members of the Legislature; and accept the statements of the principal witnesses that, after they had been approached, they continued under the instructions of the Ministry to treat with the accused in order to see how far they would go, and provide themselves and their friends with what they believed to be undoubted evidence of guilt. Was the mode of detection consistent with morals or with the theory of the criminal law, the aim of both of which is to prevent crime, not to encourage it for the mere satisfaction of the greed of punishment or revenge? Was it consistent with a high tone of morality that the instruments of detection should toy with the blandishments of the seducers and finally surrender themselves to be debauched in order to induce the actual commission of an offence which could not have been consummated (as we for the moment assume it was) without their consent? Was it necessary that they should actually have accepted the proffered reward, whether with or without a guilty intent, in order to make the offence complete and the evidence sure?

To answer the last question first, it is undisputed that the offence of bribery consists in the giving, or offering to give, or in the receiving, or offering to receive, an unlawful reward, in order that a public officer may be influenced in the performance of his duty. The offer, then, was sufficient; acceptance was not necessary to complete the offence of the bribers. And, further, it is of the nature of the offence that both offence and

evidence are complete when the offer is made and refused—the offence consisting in the offer, the evidence existing in the testimony of the person approached. Whether it was conceived that, if the transaction had been checked at the mere attempt to bribe, the evidence of the patients (shall we call them?) would not have been credited, or whether it was that there was a desire to implicate more, or more eminent persons in the affair, and therefore events were directed as they were, it is difficult to say. But one would judge that the latter was the ruling motive, as the information was finally laid for conspiracy and not for bribery only.

As a rule, an honourable man will resent an insult at once, being more anxious for the preservation of his honour than for the detection of crime. He will as soon make a decoy of his honour as will a woman of her virtue—as a rule, be it said—for the Ministry of Ontario are honourable men. So are Messrs. McKim and Dowling. So are they all, all honourable men.

It will be said that it is perfectly justifiable to lay a trap for the purpose of detecting and bringing offenders to justice. For instance, A suspects his servant of pilfering. He is certain that an offence has been committed. He is morally certain that his servant is guilty. He marks a coin, and gives the servant the opportunity of stealing it. The coin is stolen, the servant is arrested with it on his person, and the evidence is now sufficient to convict the offender. But suppose that A suspects his clerk of undue intimacy with his daughters, will he adopt the same course? Will he give the clerk the opportunity of accomplishing the betrayal of his daughter in order that he may have a complete cause of action or ground of accusation against him for his own enrichment or for the punishment of the betrayer? One would say not. Lost money may be recovered; but not lost honour or virtue.

There is a difference in the offence itself; and there is a difference in the surrounding circumstances, which is easily pointed out. And the case in question may readily be distinguished in both ways. For bribery is an offence of such a nature that it must be committed towards or upon a person. That person cannot be debauched or corrupted without his consent. If he refuses the bribe, detection of the offender follows at once, from the nature of the events. But, if it be necessary to induce a continuance or repetition of the offence, in order to secure the conviction of the offender, life, liberty and honour are too dear to be sacrificed to the detection of crimes against them. Lay traps for criminals, by all means, but don't bait them with human beings.

It must, also, be borne in mind that there is a vast difference between furnishing opportunities to a suspected criminal, for the purpose of exposing him and bringing him to justice for crimes already committed, on the one hand—and on the other hand, inciting a person to the commission of an offence, with the sole desire to detect him in the act and procure his punishment for the offence alone. In the former case, prevention is impossible, and a criminal may escape punishment, but for the device of making him continue till he is caught. In the latter case, prevention is possible, and no punishment is merited until the actual commission of the offence, which the detective aids in bringing about. The creation or procuring of an offence to be committed, for the mere purpose of detecting it and punishing the offender, for that alone, is most abhorrent to morals. It involves two persons in the actual commission of crime, alone, the evil intent of one might have been frustrated. Indeed, the device of the marked coin is justifiable in morals only on the fictitious presumption that the theft of it is a continuance of an old offence. For, if the stealing of the marked coin be regarded as a separate and distinct offence, the inducement to steal it is quite as reprehensible as the offence itself. Assuming that there was an offer of a bribe to a member of the Legislature, the offence of bribery was complete, and the subsequent transactions were unnecessary in law to establish or prove the offence, and were most reprehensible in morals, because honour was held up for actual sale, and the commission of fresh offences was directly induced.

A French magistrate once said, in giving advice to a police spy, "Remember well that the greatest scourge of society is he who urges another on to the commission of evil; where there are no instigators to bad practices, they are committed only by the really hardened; because they alone are capable of conceiving and executing them. Weak beings may be drawn away and excited; to precipitate them into the abyss, it frequently requires no more than to call to your aid their passions or self love; but he who avails himself of their weakness, to procure their destruction, is more than a monster, he is the guilty one, and it is on his head that the sword of justice should fall; and to those engaged in the police, they had better remain forever idle than create matters for employment. The police is instituted as much to correct and punish malefactors as to prevent their committing crimes; but, on every occasion, I would wish it to be

understood, that we hold ourselves under greater obligations to that person who prevents one crime, than to him who procures the punishment of many."

There is this peculiarity in the offence of bribery, that there can be no inciting to the crime without actual guilt in the person inciting. For, as the offence consists in the accepting, or offering to accept, as well as in the giving, or offering to give, a bribe, there can be no offer to accept without actual commission of the crime. If, however, there must be an actual giving in order to constitute the offence, it is evident that there must be an actual acceptance before the gift is complete. And, therefore, the offence cannot be complete in the giver without being also complete in the acceptor. However the matter may be viewed legally, it is manifestly subjecting morals to grave risks to incite to the offence of bribery.

E. DOUGLAS ARMOUR.

### HUNTING IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

THE fox-hunting season is now drawing to a close in Great Britain, while spring hunting on this side of the Atlantic is at hand, so it may not altogether be inappropriate to attempt a comparison between the sport as carried on in the two great homes of foxhunters. To attempt this on an equal footing would not be fair, for climatic influences and the difference of country must be taken into consideration. Still, allowing for these local disadvantages, foxhunting in the new country is not worked on the same sound sporting basis as in the old. In Great Britain hunting plays a most important part in her general commonwealth, and is a powerful factor in her social welfare. If the words "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" are a reality anywhere it is in the hunting-field, and they would be more in place over the doors of hunting-stables and kennels than on some of the public buildings in republican France. There is no place and no pursuit, whether of business or pleasure, where men are made so much to feel of one family, for in the arena of the chase the peasant may jostle the peer, the tenant cut down his landlord—and that, too, with no Land League assistance—the sporting curate may over-ride his patron, and the costermonger kick the mud in the face of royalty. Whether it was in the playing grounds of Eton or across the grass lands and heavy jumps of the shires that the battle of Waterloo was won, we know not; still, it is a fact that the Duke of Wellington often remarked that the best training-ground for officers was the hunting-field. At the present time the old country can boast of two hundred and fifty packs of hounds, representing an expenditure of over half a million of pounds. Though this large amount, it must be remembered, only represents what is actually spent on hounds, horses and servants of the hunt. Were it possible to compute the expenditure of those who keep horses for the sole purpose of hunting, the amount would have to be reckoned in millions. In America the number of packs is under fifty. With few exceptions the establishments are not on so large a scale, nor does the desire to support hunting in all its branches permeate through the various grades of society, as in England. It is not difficult to find a solution of the great success of the sport in the old country, for it is to the agricultural element that so much is due, though the fact is not generally acknowledged. Yet it is not too much to say that hunting would be impossible unless supported by the farmers. For were they inimical to hunting, foxes would soon cease to exist, fences would be impracticable and damages ruinous. This sympathy with fox-hunting seems to be peculiarly inherent in the British agriculturist, and as the bull-dog, it is said, deteriorates in pluck and energy when expatriated, so it would seem that the English farmer, when colonizing, leaves behind him, or loses entirely, that love for the chase which characterizes him at home. Let anyone remember with what tenacity the exclusive right of entering upon their small territories is clutched and maintained by all foreign cultivators. Let him remember the enclosures of France, the vine and olive terraces of Tuscany, or the narrowly-watched fields of Lombardy; the little meadows of Switzerland, on which no stranger's foot is allowed to come, or the Dutch pastures divided by dykes and made safe from all intrusion. Let him talk to the American farmer, of English hunting, and explain to that independent, but somewhat prosaic husbandman, that in England two or three hundred men claim the access to every man's land during the period of the hunting season! Then when he thinks of this, will he realize what English agriculturists contribute to their national winter sport, and what American agriculturists do not? The English farmer looks for his day or two a week with the hounds as regularly as he attends the market, and if, as is so often the case, he is a breeder of horses, he regards the hunting-field as a useful horse-mart. On the other hand, his American compeer looks upon a pack of hounds with jealous eyes, as an innovation and an encroachment, and an institution to be opposed at every hazard.

Whether, as some are inclined to doubt, the science of hunting has made as much progress these last ten years as it did in the previous decade, cannot well be decided; but that more people ride to hounds than ever before is a fact beyond all dispute, though but a very small proportion merits a claim to be ranked as fox-hunters in the full sense of the term. *Quot homines, tot sententiae*, says old Terence, and it might well have been applied to the community which usually graces a hunting meet. Those who help to swell the field may, in general, be divided into two classes—those who hunt and do like it, and those who hunt and don't like it—for, strange anomaly as it may appear, the latter forms by no means a small minority. Many are worshippers at the shrine, few priests at the altar. Fashion, which now rules all things seemingly, divine as well as human, which popularizes a religion or a church as well as a sport or a special breed of dog, has ordained that fox-hunting should, *facile princeps*, be the sport *à la mode*, and has accordingly brought out would-be disciples of Diana, who, redundant in pink and superlative tops, imagine themselves "mighty hunters and Nimrods on the face of the earth." This class is not confined to one side of the Atlantic, though it is much more common on this. Fox-hunting is an art to which one must be educated and in which one must early be initiated. The creed of the latter-day saints at the shrine of fox-hunting is not a sound one. The two classes, as above named, which apparently meet for the same purpose, are as diametrically opposed as is summer to winter. In fact, they may almost be divided as fox-hunting representatives of the seasons mentioned. The man who hunts and does like it, looks forward with a keen relish to the days when with the corn gathered in, the fields bare, and when the hedges and ditches have lost their blindness, he can once more pursue the sport he loves so well. To such the very drawing of a cover, the whimper of a puppy newly entered, the general working of the pack, the country crossed, the nature of the jumps negotiated, all afford an untold pleasure. The man who hunts and doesn't like it—he who has become the votary of fashion—our friend who, in every hunting group, is to practised old-timers so painfully conspicuous, must now pay the penance for that gaudy attire, the contemplation of which in the non-hunting months has caused him so much joy. If fashion had only ordained the attire of fox-hunters to have been such as characterized the early Puritan fathers, would there have been so many worshippers at the shrine? We trow not. The delight of these hunting martyrs is at its highest in presence of their tailors or possibly their boot-makers. A new pair of top-boots is a pretty toy, and more decorative in a man's dressing-room than any other kind of garment. And top-boots when multiplied in such a locality tell such pleasant lies on their owner's behalf. While your breeches are dumb in their retirement, as though you had not paid for them, your conspicuous boots are eloquent with a thousand tongues. This is the class of followers in the field which so brings bitterness to the heart of the master of hounds. In England the rule of a master is superbly autocratic; on this side it is too often ridiculously democratic, with too much of the amateur huntsman and a superfluity of amateur whips. These gratuitous assistants are always drawn from the class of fine-weather fox-hunters—those who air their pink and faultless tops in summer, and who loudly brag around the social board of the wonderful runs of a past season, and who seek to verify their boastings by the length of their hunting crop. In England there have been, and still are, notable non-professional huntsmen, but they are a rare class. In America those amateurs who have attempted to carry the horn are a complete failure—to them the sounding of the horn seems to be the consummation of all that is necessary in a master and huntsman of hounds: it is all "blow." Tennyson, in one of his most charming sonnets, sighs "for the sound of a voice that is still," and foxhunters on this side, who have followed the hounds of "gentlemen huntsmen," when they think of the "view hall" of the immortal John Peel, must reiterate the lament of the poet laureate.

Hunting establishments, as in Great Britain so in America, vary considerably. They are simply a matter of finance and no indication of the sport they afford. The magnificent appointments of the Montreal hunt fully equal, if not surpass, those of the Duke of Beaufort's, at Badminton, which for luxurious surroundings may be said in England to fill the premier position. Of the hounds themselves—"dogs" many so-called sportsmen and sporting organs on this side call them, while the "brush" of the fox is often designated the "tail," and the "mask" the "head"—the hounds in England, which in most packs have for so long been bred with such great care and judgment, may, like the horse of the Arab, trace their origin back for generations, and are, as a class, decidedly superior to any found on this continent. A pack of foxhounds rarely leaves the country of its birth, and can but seldom be purchased; time and care can alone establish it. Still, the fault to be found in many instances in America is not the hounds or huntsmen, but the sport pursued. Sportsmen in general love fair play; "a fair field and no favour" is their motto, but

does a fox always receive it? Alas! for American foxhunters, the answer must be in the negative. But recently a foxhunt was announced at Williamstown, to afford sport for the noble fox-hunters of New Jersey. A fox was trapped in a gin, by which one of his legs was broken. A large number graced (?) the meet, and the poor animal with but three legs to use, having previously had his brush shaven to a stump, was *unbagged*. The poor fox was dazed and helpless, and refused to move. In order to compel him to show sport, one of the "foxhunters" poured a flask of turpentine over him, causing him to make a feeble effort to escape. He ran a short distance, dragging his broken leg helplessly behind, then rolled over on the grass in agony. More turpentine was applied, and he made for the woods. The hounds were laid on, the "gentleman" huntsman loudly "tooled his horn," the self-appointed "amateur" whips, resplendent in scarlet, wielded their crops, and the chase commenced. Why continue? In five minutes it was over, the "mask" and "pads" were duly awarded, and a fresh victim sought.

What the future of fox-hunting will be is hard to say. At present there is no doubt the sport is more or less under a cloud. Many old established packs in England are now going a-begging for masters, and changes are imminent on this side, whilst the general agricultural depression no doubt has a considerable damping effect on the present state of fox-hunting.

TRIVIATOR.

#### NORTH-WEST NOTES.

It is not news to say that the transitions from Winter to Summer in this country are most sudden. There is really no Spring; it is a jump from the keen air of Winter to the mosquito. What is called Spring is indeed but an apology for it. It is a rush, and Summer is here. Correctly considered, there are only two seasons in this climate—Winter and Summer. There is not that regularity, either, which some climatologists have undertaken to credit the seasons here with. As an instance: On the 20th of April, 1877, a fierce blizzard swept over Manitoba, lasting fifteen hours. The anemometer in the United States Signal Office, at Pembina, D. T., showed a wind velocity of fifty-two miles per hour, and the mercury went down to 29°. A Mennonite was frozen to death a few miles west of Emerson during that storm, and the "drift" was as heavy as anything that had occurred during the whole of the winter. Less than a year later, March 16th, 1877, the ice broke up on the Red River, and three or four days later a steamer passed down the Red River from Grand Forks. The indications are that navigation will be opened on the rivers about the 20th of the present month. The variableness of the climate is only exceeded by the fickleness of its politicians. Perhaps the climatic influence will explain much that seems unaccountable to an eastern Provincialist. The voice of the agitator has died with the first flock of crows that the local meteorologist has already recorded as "having seen." This ominous bird is always a welcome arrival, for he is looked upon as the *avant courier* of thousands of winged processions which are now on the way for the far north—an immigration which cares nothing for your railways or steamboats, and which is diminished only by the rifle of the sportsman.

Mr. Norquay and his legislature—for he still has the upper hand—have been in session for some time, enacting, re-enacting and amending with much of the old clamor that appears to be a part of the legislative machinery of the Province. Acts which were passed last session and engraven on the statute book as something like perfection itself have been found to be wholly inapplicable and unworkable in practice. Every session there is a new Municipalities' Act; but instead of each new Act being an improvement on its predecessor, it is a Bill of confusion immensely confounded. Mr. Norquay and his Government have assumed full control of the grievance question, and there seems to be no disposition on the part of the farmers to worry him with dictation or suggestion. Those in the Province who have any knowledge of political grievances in other Provinces are satisfied that the Dominion Government intend to make reasonable concessions, and with these the people ought to be satisfied. Even Mr. Norquay asks more than he hopes to get, but he is doing this to satisfy the farmers that he is working for his Province, for he frankly maintains that it is better to ask for a whole loaf at once than for a fraction of it. The farmer, as well as the real estate owner, has awakened to the momentous importance of looking a little into the question of local taxation. A strong current has set in against judicial Boards and County Councils, and a direct motion to sweep them away has been met by the Government with an amendment providing for a select committee to enquire into their utility.

With the near approach of the warm season the farmer has commenced to make his preparation for the work of the field. With last year's

experience before him, he sees that it is of the utmost consequence that as the frost relaxes its grasp upon the prolific soil he must be up early and late in order that no time may be lost. A great deal of noise has been made about the frost of the 7th of last September, by which a great quantity of wheat was frozen; but when the past experience of the country, from immemorial time almost, shows that a frost invariably takes place in this climate about the first or the beginning of the second week in that month, the farmer should protect himself against that fact. Last year he was late in putting in his crop, and before he could get through with his harvest what might have been reasonably expected occurred. Not only must seeding in this country be done with a rush, but harvesting must be conducted with the greatest expedition.

The discussion of the Hudson's Bay railway scheme is maintained in the local press with a persistency that shows it will soon wear out, and some other hobby will be ridden with the same characteristic devotion. The latest literary contribution to the subject is the "Illustrated North-West Quarterly," which is to be published by the Bishop Engraving and Printing Company. The first number, which is now in the press, will contain illustrations of the old historical scenes near and around Churchill.

The Legislature is likely to be prorogued at an early day. Perhaps there has been an unfair proportion of debate as compared with actual work done, but when it is considered that nearly all the work done this session will be undone in the next, the people should not complain that there has been nothing done.

G. B. E.

Brandon, Man., April 5, 1884.

#### OTTAWA NOTES.

It is probable that by the time this appears in print the Session of the Dominion Parliament for 1884 will be over. If prorogation comes on Thursday next, the session will have been of exactly thirteen weeks duration. A quarter of a year of talk! All here admit that it is a great advantage to have the session close thus early in the year. Meeting in February, as in former years, ran the day of prorogation into the latter part of May. None can know, who have not experienced it, the wretchedness of the last weeks of such a session. The spring is Ottawa's most beautiful season, and it is all the more delightful because it follows a long and steady winter. Bright skies, life-giving breezes, springing flowers, pleasant walks invite the sessional worker to enjoy himself outside. Stern duty drives him into the buildings, and there he finds dark close lobbies, flaring lights, and hard work. No contrast could be greater, and the most soothing philosophy cannot reconcile one to the situation.

Once again the rumours have been revived of difficulties in the ranks of the French Conservatives. It is wonderful what credence is given to these rumours of Bleu disaffection. Everything in the French Canadian nature and training is against such a division. The vast majority of them are not ambitious to shine, and those who are ambitious are quite ready to take second, or any lower place until they can see their way to rise. Chapleau, but a short time ago the autocrat of Quebec, seems quite content to have the almost nominal office of Secretary of State, to sit in the second row, behind Sir Hector Langevin and M. Caron, and to speak only when he is directed to do so. He will rest quietly where he is until he is sure of his way. What is true of Mr. Chapleau is eminently true of other French Canadians, for the others have neither his ambition nor his force of character. The difficulty which was said to exist was a revival of the old North Shore question. When the Bleu contingent wheeled into line on the Canadian Pacific Loan question a few weeks ago, it was only on the promise that the Province of Quebec should be recouped \$12,000 a mile on the railway she had built from Quebec to Ottawa. But the Government has undertaken to make a change. Instead of giving \$12,000 a mile for the whole line from Ottawa to Quebec, they divide the line into two sections, and give a different compensation for each. The first section is that now owned by the Canada Pacific from Ottawa to Montreal, and for this Quebec gets the full subsidy of \$12,000 a mile, or for the 120 miles \$1,440,000. But for the section from Montreal to Quebec, now known as the "North Shore Road," and controlled by the Grand Trunk, the Province is to receive only \$6,000 a mile, or for the 159 miles \$954,000. This change is made notwithstanding that the very resolution presented by the Government says:—"To the Government of Quebec, in consideration of their having constructed a railway from Quebec to Ottawa, forming a connecting link between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, via the Intercolonial and Canadian Pacific Railways, and being as such a work of national, not merely Provincial, utility," etc. These words are applied, it will be observed, to the whole line from Ottawa to Quebec. The reason for this, however, appears in a subsequent section of the subsidy resolutions, which says:—"For the extension of the Canadian Pacific Railway from its terminus at St. Martin's Junction, near Montreal, to the Harbour of Quebec, in such manner as may be approved by the Governor-General in Council, a subsidy not exceeding \$6,000 per mile, nor exceeding in the whole \$960,000." It has been quite evident all along that the Canadian Pacific wanted to get to Portland, and Quebec is not by any means on the direct line from Montreal to that city. But the Government is anxious to have the national highway make its summer terminus at Quebec, and takes this means of inducing the Syndicate to run a line



down that way. It will be remembered that during the Canadian Pacific Loan debate, Manager Hickson, of the Grand Trunk, published his ill-advised letter virtually offering to give the North Shore road to the Syndicate if the Syndicate would cease their rivalry to the Grand Trunk in Ontario. It is evident that the Government has determined to have the credit of putting the Canadian Pacific through to Quebec without making any concessions whatever to the Grand Trunk. This is virtually an offer of almost a million dollars to the Syndicate to take over the North Shore Road at a fair price, and a quiet intimation to the latter that if it proves contumacious the Government will assist to build a line parallel with that already existing. Of course, there is dissatisfaction among some of the Bleus. They were promised three millions for their Province, and they find that a million of it will go to the Canadian Pacific. Those who were most prominent in demanding the concession in the first place are of course compelled to come forward now and maintain the rights of their Province. But it is evident that some strong influences are at work, for most of the disaffected ones make only a plaintive little protest.

But whatever differences may have existed, or may still exist, among the Bleus as to the exact disposition of the three million odd dollars, they are forgotten in the necessity of uniting to save the measure itself from defeat. Contrary to general expectation, the Opposition have taken a decided stand on the question, and contrary to their usual practice, instead of merely opposing the measure have proposed a different course. In effect they ask the Government to put the other provinces on the same footing as Quebec, by assisting to pay for roads already built. The amendment was proposed by Mr. Blake, and, of course, was preceded by a long speech. There will always be differences of opinion on such matters, but I give my judgment for what it is worth, that this is the speech by which his friends will most wish him to be remembered. There were no fireworks of theoretical state-craft as in his earlier speeches, no efforts to strain a point for party purposes as in such orations as those on the Irish Resolutions and the Orange Bill, no mere magnificent fault-finding as in nearly all his parliamentary utterances, but the development of a broad-minded policy calmly and at the proper time. There can be no doubt that what he did he did with a view to party advantage. But he is a party leader, and if the advantage is a fair one it is his duty to seize and to make the most of it. One thing is noticeable above all else in the speech—the announcement by the Liberal Leader that he is in favour of a revision of the Constitution. No Canadian but will believe that the principle of the provinces coming to the Dominion for assistance, and being educated to believe that they can live extravagantly if they will but support the party in power at Ottawa, is not to be admitted in a country with a Federal Constitution. Five years ago the Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa and Occidental road was built by the Province of Quebec, and, until a short time before this session, such a thing as Federal assistance to the road was hardly hinted at. Quebec got into financial trouble, and her representatives refused to support the Government on its most important measure, the Pacific Railway Loan Bill, unless they received the promise of three millions of dollars for their province. The promise was given, and now it is proposed to carry it into effect. The Liberals demand that the other provinces should be dealt with in the same way, and they give notice through their Chief that, not content with this, they will agitate to have the principle carried into full effect by a revision of the subsidy arrangements of the constitution. In the course of his speech he accused Mr. Blake of trying to stir up sectional jealousy—rather a queer argument coming from the leader of men who are trying to make a grab of three millions for their section. The result of this move on the part of the Liberals is at this writing in the future. Sir John Macdonald is still full of resource and daring, and will probably see his way to bettering the Conservative position somewhat. If there is no other way out of it, his majority will calmly pull him through as they have done so often before.

One cannot speak of constitutional points just now without being reminded of the recent decision in the celebrated case of McLaren v. Caldwell. There were three great questions involved in the issue—the legal, the commercial, and the political; and in the latter two Ottawa is specially interested. Ottawa's great industry, far greater, not to say more industrious, than the Civil Service industry, is lumbering, and the question whether McLaren could prevent Caldwell floating his logs down that stream was an important one to hundreds of people here. Just at present, of course, the political question which party should gain a point on the other in this case was of most absorbing interest. There are many of the best lawyers in the country among the politicians, and the legal question excited as much discussion here as anywhere. When Mr. Blake learned the result, he was more than glad. He became almost jolly. His conscience seemed to prick him at times, and to check his smiles, but at others he seemed on the point of giving himself up to the enjoyment of the occasion. He bantered Mr. Haggart, and other strong supporters of McLaren's claims, and told the news to every friend he met. The case decides nothing, of course, so far as political questions are concerned, but it is another point against Sir John Macdonald on a question of law, and that is sweet consolation for the Liberals.

The question of assisted immigration, which has come up in several other ways, was discussed once again on the vote for the immigration service. Unfortunately, this important work has been under the control of Hon. J. H. Pope, a man who has never earned, nor has he seemed to care to earn, the respect even of his friends. He is a politician, and a schemer, nothing more. In the House he knows no argument but the votes behind him and the scanty facts supplied him by his subordinates. When, therefore, the claim is put forward that 133,000 people settled in Canada in 1883, and that statement is met with figures of the municipal census of Ontario, and the Government's own figures respecting Manitoba, showing

no such proportion of increase in either, and when the Government's only rejoinder is in the shape of charges of want of patriotism against the men who collate them, it is difficult to understand why the Government supporters do not make some effort to have this service put in better shape. The Government could make no more popular move than to declare that it will cease assisting all classes, except, possibly, genuine agricultural labourers.

Ottawa, April 11.

ED. RUTHVEN.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JAMES THOMSON.—Your communication on "Intemperate Temperance" shall appear next week.

"The C. P. R. to the Selkirks.—No X." is unavoidably crowded out.

### THE IRISH LAND ACT.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—As among your readers there are those who will some day sway the destinies of Canada, their attention should be drawn to some results of Mr. Gladstone's departure from the Laws of Political Economy. "Bystander" has truly observed (March 20th) that the general defect of Mr. Gladstone's mind is, that it lacks practical forecast, in other words, there is an inability to see what a given course of action will lead to. When the Land Bill was under debate, it was pointed out to him, that besides the injustice of the proposed law, one mischievous result would be, that the majority of the present tenants, after acquiring at the landlord's cost a valuable interest in their holdings, would ultimately sell the same, and that the next generation of farmers would begin farming with a great deal of their capital unprofitably sunk, in addition to that required for carrying on their legitimate business, thus seriously handicapping them.

In the weekly edition of the London *Times* of March 14, there is a case exactly in point. A, the Landlord, let to B thirty-four acres, at a rent of £22, or about \$3.11 per acre. B owed £68, upwards of three years' rent. Under the Land Act he brought his Landlord into the Land Court, but it refused to reduce the rent. He then, claiming to be a pauper, took the benefit of the Arrears Act—he paying one year's rent, the Government paying the second, and the landlord losing the third. He then sold to C his interest in the farm (given to him by Mr. Gladstone's Government) for £300. He was indolent, careless, and dishonest; and, contrary to the laws which we have been taught should govern this world, he was largely rewarded at his landlord's expense for being so. At twenty years' purchase for the tenant's interest, it is clear that the fair rent of that farm was not £22, but £22 plus £15, together £37. It is estimated that a farmer in the old country, requires £8 per acre as capital to work his farm with, he obtaining about fifteen per cent. profit thereon. Now C, the new tenant, instead of carrying on his business with a capital of £8 per acre, or £272, has in addition sunk £300. He will therefore require £572 instead of £272 as capital, besides the outlay necessitated through coming after an indolent tenant, with all that that means in Ireland. At fifteen per cent. on the working capital of £272, the net return to C as a farmer would be £40 16s. 0d. Add the return at five per cent. on the £300 sunk for the purchase of B's interest £15 0s. 0d. Total return, £55 16s. 0d. on a capital of £572; so that instead of getting a return of fifteen per cent. on his capital, which C would have obtained had he rented in the ordinary way, he will not get ten per cent. on his present outlay.

Had there been no Land Act, C could have rented a larger farm with his £572, and at fifteen per cent. obtained an annual return of £85 16s. 0d. instead of as at present, only £55 16s. 0d., a difference of £30. Practically he loses thirty-five per cent. of his income. Another evil result will be, that a poorer class will be prevented from rising into the condition of farmers.

You young statesmen-readers should ponder over these facts, and the various aspects of the case, material and moral, as showing some of the consequences of "banishing Political Economy to Jupiter and Saturn."

LIBERAL.

Toronto April 7.

### INFORMATION FOR IMMIGRANTS.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—The placing of the agricultural capabilities of this province before the tenant farmers of Great Britain in such a manner as will enable them correctly to appreciate these advantages is of such importance that I trust you will afford me space to draw the attention of your readers to the subject.

I would submit that Ontario has reached a stage when the financial position of those who come to settle is of more importance than mere numbers. All will be ready to acknowledge that the practical tenant farmer who brings five to ten thousand dollars with him is worth as much to the country as a dozen labourers. The former provides a means of our absorbing the latter, since he will always employ, and profitably too, more labour on his farm than a Canadian farmer will. He will, besides, provide remunerative employment for the professional man, the store-keeper, &c. and his children will be pupils at our public schools.

During the last few years a number of English farmers have come to me, anxiously enquiring how they can commence for themselves on a farm here, after having lost all, or nearly all, of their capital at home, &c. They invariably lament that they did not know sooner what could be done here, as in that case they might have brought with them an amount of capital that would have made them thoroughly independent, &c. It is evident, therefore, that all the glowing generalities so lavishly furnished in most of the pamphlets issued for gratuitous distribution do not meet the case of the better class of farmers. In order to reach them, full and reliable information as to particular properties requires to be furnished. If in addition to this, they were met in the markets by a practical man who could discuss matters with them, and answer questions as to the characteristics of the different districts of the province, I think much greater success would be met with than at present. The Government agents might, also,

when asked, call upon them at their homes in order that all who are interested in so important a step may learn all they possibly can before it is undertaken.

The Canada West Land Agency Company has, for the past three seasons, been earnestly engaged in this work as far as it can be done by a private corporation, but it must be manifest to those who understand this subject that to be thoroughly done it ought to be taken up by our Provincial Government. The eager demand in England for our Canadian Farm Journal shows how much information is desired.

Trusting that the discussion of this subject may lead to practical results in the immediate future,

I am, etc.,

J. R. ADAMSON, Manager, C. W. L. A. Co.

#### ALLEGED CONSERVATIVE CREED.

"A Reformer" who disagrees with "Bystander's" assertion that there is little difference between political parties in Canada, thus summarizes what he calls the Conservative creed:—

The Tories lay down the following principles and act on them:—

1. The labourer and all wage-earners must be subjected not merely to the fullest competition from the whole world, but to competition intensified by aided immigration.
2. Certain capitalists must be relieved from such competition.
3. When rich capitalists go to buy from the labourer they must be allowed to buy in the cheapest market.
4. When labourers go to buy from capitalists they must be prevented by severe penalties from so buying.
5. The people, as a whole, must not be allowed to make the best possible exchange they can for their labour, but must be driven by penalties to make exchanges with certain individuals.
6. Canadians are unfit for freedom and have not common sense enough to know where to buy and sell.

#### "WHAT'S IN A NAME."

[Being a reply by a correspondent "with a grievance," to the sonnet "A Brace of Fortunes," in THE WEEK of April 3rd.]

Your nose will be red  
From a cold in the head,  
If you marry a Fred,  
And you'll live in a cellar rheumatic.  
And you'll ride to the mart  
Not in cab but in cart,  
And your drink will be very "dram"-atic.  
And you'll wish you were dead,  
If you marry a Fred.

#### II.

In the shops you'll have "tick,"  
And of ribbons the pick,  
If you marry a Dick,  
A strong-armed and long-headed fellow.  
Not over æsthetic,  
Not ultra poetic,  
But with voice loving, tender and mellow.  
Give a kick to Fred'rick,  
And get wed to a Dick.

Ottawa, 9th April, 1884.

R. J. W

#### A MODEL WOMAN.

—I know a woman wondrous fair—  
A model woman she—  
Who never runs her neighbours down  
When she goes out to tea.

She never gossips after church  
Of dresses or of hats;  
She never meets the sewing school  
And joins them in their spats.

She never beats a salesman down  
Nor asks for pretty plaques;  
She never asks the thousand things  
Which do his patience tax.

These statements may seem very strange—  
At least they may to some—  
But just remember this, my friends,  
The woman's deaf and dumb.

A WISELY ANONYMOUS POET.

DR. SAMUEL O. RISLEY, one of the most eminent oculists in Philadelphia, says that the result of three years' careful examination of the eyes of public school children shows that almost five per cent. of the pupils in the primary schools are short-sighted, and that this increases in the upper grades until it is as high as twenty per cent.

#### THE ADVENTURES OF A WIDOW.

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

#### X.

"I AM very glad to see you," Pauline was telling her aunt, a little later. She felt, while she spoke them, that her words were the merest polite falsehood. "I did not suppose you would care to honour me this evening. . . . I mean all three of you," she added, with a rather mechanical smile in the direction of Miss Sallie and Courtlandt.

Mrs. Poughkeepsie promptly spoke. She was looking about her through a pair of gold-rimmed glasses while she did so. Her portliness was not without a modish majesty; folds of black, close-clinging, lace-like fabric fell about her large person with much grace of effect; her severe nose appeared to describe an even more definite arc than usual.

"Sallie and I had nothing for to-night," said Mrs. Poughkeepsie. "Lent began to-day, you know, and there wasn't even a dinner to go to."

"I am pleased to afford you a refuge in your social distress," returned Pauline. It flashed through her mind that circumstance was drawing upon her, to-night, for a good deal of bitter feeling. What subtle thunder was in the air ready to sour the milk of human kindness to its last drop?

"My dear," murmured her aunt, temporarily discontinuing her stares, and speaking more in reproach than conciliation, "you must not be so very quick to take offence when none is intended."

Pauline gave a laugh which she tried to make amiable. "It pleases me to think that no offence was intended," she declared.

"Your little party was by no means a *pis-aller* with me, dear Pauline," here stated Sallie, whatever it may have been in mamma's case. I really wanted so much, don't you know, to see these. . . . persons. The peculiar pause which Sallie managed to make before she pronounced the word "persons," and the gentle yet assertive accent which she managed to place upon the word itself, were both, in their way, beyond description. Not that either was of the import which would render description requisite, except from the point of view which considers all weightless trifles valuable.

Pauline bit her lip. She had long ago thought Sallie disqualified for contest by a native silliness. The girl had not a tithe of her mother's brains; she possessed all the servitude of an echo and all the imitativeness of a reflection. But like most weak things she had the power to wound, though her little sting was no doubt quite unintentional at present.

Courtlandt here spoke. He was perfectly his ordinary sober self as he said:

"I happened to drop in upon Aunt Cynthia to-night, and she brought me here. I believe that I come without an invitation. Don't I? I've forgotten."

"You haven't forgotten," contradicted Pauline, though not at all unpleasantly. "You know I didn't invite you, because I didn't think you would care to come. You gave me every reason to think so."

"That was very rude," commented Sallie, with a rebuking look at Courtlandt. She had a great idea of manners, but her reverence was quite theoretical, as more than one ineligible and undesirable young gentleman knew, whom she had chosen to freeze at parties with the blank, indifferent regard of a sphinx. "It is so odd, really, Pauline," she went on, with her supercilious drawl, which produced a more irritating effect upon her cousin because apparently so spontaneous and unaffected—"it is so odd to meet people whom one does not know. I have always been accustomed to go to places where I knew everybody, and bowed, and had them come up and speak."

Pauline busied herself for an instant in smoothing the creases of her long gloves between wrist and elbow. "Don't you find it rather pleasant, Sallie," she said, "to procure an occasional change?"

"It ought to be refreshing," struck in Courtlandt, neutrally.

"You can have people talk to you this evening, if you wish," pursued Pauline, while a certain sense that she was being persecuted by her relatives waged war with a decorous recognition of who and where she was.

Before Sallie could answer, Mrs. Poughkeepsie, who had ceased her determined survey, said in her naturally high, cool, suave tones:

"Oh, of course we want you to present some of them to us, Pauline, dear. We came for that, Sallie and I. We want to see what has made you so fond of them. They are all immensely clever, of course. But one can listen and be instructed, if one does not talk. Do they expect you to talk, by the way? Will they not be quite willing to do all the talking themselves? I have heard. . . . I don't just remember when or how. . . . that they usually *are* willing."

"My dear Aunt Cynthia," said Pauline, in a low but not wholly composed voice, "you speak of my guests as if they were the inmates of a menagerie."

Mrs. Poughkeepsie threw back her head a very little. The motion made a jewel of great price and fine lustre shoot sparks of pale fire from the black lace shrouding her ample bosom. She laughed at the same moment, and by no means ill-naturedly. "I am sure they wouldn't like to have you suggest anything so dreadful," she said—"you, their protectress and patroness."

"I am neither," affirmed Pauline, stoutly.

Mrs. Poughkeepsie lifted her brow in surprise. She almost lifted her august shoulders as well. "Then pray what are you, my dear?" she asked.

"Their hostess—and their equal," asserted Pauline. She spoke with momentary seriousness, but immediately afterward she chose to assume an air of careless raillery.

"Ah, Aunt Cynthia," she went on, "you don't know how you make me envy you."

"Envy me, Pauline?"

"Oh, yes, you have settled matters so absolutely. You have no misgivings, no distrusts. You are so magnificently secure."

"I don't understand," politely faltered Mrs. Poughkeepsie. She looked inquiringly at Courtlandt.

"It is metaphysics," Courtlandt at once said. "They are a branch of study in which Pauline has made great progress." His face remained so completely placid and controlled that he might have been giving the number of a residence or recording the last quotation in stocks.

Sallie had become absorbed in staring here and there, just as her mother had been a brief while ago; Mrs. Poughkeepsie was at a little distance from her niece; Courtlandt stood close at Pauline's side, so that the latter could ask him, in an undertone full of curt, covert imperiousness:

"Did you come here to say and do rude things?"

"I never say nor do rude things if I can help it," he answered, with a leaden stolidity in his own undertone.

"Why did *they* come?" continued Pauline, lowering her voice still more.

"You invited them, I believe. That is, at least, my impression."

"I mentioned the affair. I never imagined they would wish to come."

"You see that you were mistaken. If I had been you I wouldn't have given them the awful opportunity."

"What awful opportunity?" queried Pauline, furtively bristling.

"Of coming," said Courtlandt.

"My dear Pauline," here broke in Mrs. Poughkeepsie, "shall you not present anybody to us?"

"Anyone whom you please to meet, Aunt," responded Pauline.

"But, my dear, we please to meet *anyone*. We have no preferences. How can we have?"

"This is torment," thought poor Pauline. She glanced toward Courtlandt, but she might as well have appealed to one of her chairs. "What shall I do?" her thoughts sped fleetly on. "This woman and this girl would shock and repel whoever I should bring to them. It would be like introducing the North Pole to the South.

But her face revealed no sign of her perplexity. She quietly put her hand within Courtlandt's arm. "Come, Court," she said, with a very creditable counterfeit of gay sociality, let us find a few devotees for Aunt Cynthia and Sallie."

"We shall find a good many," said Courtlandt, as they moved away.

"Have no fear of that."

"I am by no means sure that we shall find *any*," protested Pauline, both with dismay and antagonism.

"Pshaw," retorted Courtlandt. "Mention the name. It will work like magic."

"The name? What name?"

"Poughkeepsie. Do you suppose these haphazard Bohemians wouldn't like to better themselves if they could?"

Pauline took her hand from his arm, though he made a slight muscular movement of detention.

"They are not haphazard Bohemians," she said. "You know, too, that they are not. They are mostly people of intellect, of culture, of high and large views. I don't know what you mean by saying that they would 'like to better themselves.' Where have they ever heard of Aunt Cynthia? Her name would be simply a dead letter to them."

Courtlandt gave a low laugh, that was almost gruff, and was certainly harsh. "Where have they ever heard of Aunt Cynthia?" he repeated. "Why, she never dines out that the society column of half-a-dozen newspapers does not record it, and her name would be very far from a dead letter. It would be a decidedly living letter."

"But you don't understand," insisted Pauline, exasperatedly. "These people have no aims to know the so-called higher classes."

"Excuse me," said Courtlandt, with superb calm. "Everybody has aims to know the so-called higher classes—if he or she possibly can. Especially 'she,'" he added in his colourless monotone.

Just then Pauline found herself confronted by Miss Upton. The moon-like face of this diminutive lady wore a flushed eagerness as she began to speak.

"Oh, Mrs. Varick," she said, "I've a great, *great* favour to ask of you! I want you to introduce me to your aunt, Mrs. Poughkeepsie."

"With pleasure," answered Pauline, feeling as if the request had been a sort of jeer. "You know my aunt by sight, then, Miss Upton."

"Oh, yes, I've known her for some time by sight, Mrs. Varick. Miss Cragge pointed her out to me one night at Wallack's. She had a box, with her daughter and several other people. One of them was an English lord—or so Miss Cragge said. . . But excuse my mentioning my friend's name, as you don't like her."

"Who told you that I did not like Miss Cragge?" asked Pauline, with abrupt crispness.

"Oh, nobody, nobody," hurried Miss Upton. "But you haven't invited her here to-night—you left her out, you know. That was all. And I thought. . ."

"Are you a friend of Miss Cragge's?" asked Pauline.

"Oh, yes. . . that is, I know her quite well. She writes dramatic criticisms, you know, and she has seen me in amateur theatricals. She's been kind enough to tell me that she *doesn't* think I have a tragic soul in a comic body." Here Miss Upton gave a formidably resonant laugh. "But I'm convinced that I have, and so I've never gone on the stage. But if I could get a few of the *very* aristocratic people, Mrs. Varick

—like yourself, and your aunt, Mrs. Poughkeepsie—to hear me give a private reading or two, from "Romeo and Juliet" or "The Hunchback" or "Parthenia," why, I should be prepared to receive a *new opinion*, don't you understand, with regard to my abilities. There is nothing like being endorsed at the start by people who belong to the real upper circles of society."

"Of course there isn't," said Courtlandt, speaking too low for Miss Upton to catch his words, and almost in the ear of Pauline. "Introduce me," he went swiftly on. "I will save you the bore of further introductions. You will soon see how they will all flock about the great nabob, though she may be ignorant of aesthetics, philosophy, Emerson, Herbert Spencer, Carlyle, and anybody you please."

Pauline turned and looked at him. There was the shadow of a sparkle in the familiar brown eyes—the eyes that she never regarded closely without being reminded of her girlhood, even of her childhood as well.

(To be Continued.)

## THE SCRAP BOOK.

### PLATFORM WOMEN.

How will the world be the better for the public-speaking women of our own day is the question before us, for of course the bettering of society at large is universally acknowledged to be the object of all public speaking and teaching on whatever subject. That immediate good results may be traced to women's work in this direction, among educated men and women, as well as among men and women the very lowest of the low and most corrupt of the corrupt, no reasonable person can doubt. A woman's powers of persuasion are great, her personal attractiveness, be she young or old, is often greater still; she possesses as a rule, a larger share of energy and perseverance than men, she has an unmistakable gift of speech, she can be eloquent and heart-stirring in her appeals to the imagination of her hearers, even addresses to their sense and reason are not wanting. If she be not always as logical as she is heart-stirring, logic is not what is mainly wanted in speakers, though it may be granted that some very few women (and only some few men!) have strictly logical minds.

I would admit all this fully and heartily, and yet I must also declare that there are serious intellectual drawbacks (apart from any others) to women as public orators. We commonly allow ourselves (and this I regard as part of our physical constitution, and dependent upon it), when we feel strongly on any subject, to become mentally warped in that direction. We are no longer able to see it in its true bearings as it stands in relation to other things, it fills our whole horizon (justly it may be, and even necessarily), and therefore we see no reason why it should not fill the horizon of everyone else, to the exclusion and almost to the extinction of matters which are in themselves perhaps equally important, and which may be to other people of greater significance than what we have in hand. When, therefore, we force our particular subject, as likewise our own special view of it, on the minds of others (it may be, less educated minds than our own, and therefore in our power as regards the immediate impression to be produced upon them), we do certainly achieve our object, we oblige our hearers to take our view of the matter, but if it be a warped or one-sided view, how do we thereby contribute to the improvement of the world? All teaching is of course open to this objection, since a man may be narrow-minded and warped as well as a woman, but I believe that we women have this one-sided tendency to such a marked degree that we are usually unable to control it. Education only increases our unfitness as public teachers and speakers, since with education our power of using influence fairly or unfairly also increases.

Further, not only is the calm judicial quality usually absent from our natures, but common fairness under argument or opposition of any kind is apt to desert us. We are ready to measure ourselves with men, and yet we require of them that they shall treat us with the courtesy and consideration which used to be accorded to old-fashioned, weak-minded women, and we lose our self-possession, if not exactly our temper, because we have deliberately put ourselves outside the pale by our own act and by the declaration of our ability to stand alone.

Here it becomes desirable to notice, though for a moment only in passing, the physical disqualifications of women for any sustained or prolonged public effort. Our conditions of being are against us, and let those who have made such efforts say whether they have not paid either in the quality of their work, or in the health of their bodies, and through these, in their tempers, ay, and in their intellects too, for the strain which they have put upon themselves in order to sustain their parts. This, however, is hardly a part of our subject, and is only a digression, because it applies to actresses, to public singers and readers, to medical women, women artists and others, of whom we are not speaking, because the following of their professions implies no *personal* display whatever, and may be consistent with the utmost actual privacy.

The mental and moral condition which the modern platform woman herself exhibits is the surest proof of the mischief which public speaking is working by her agency on the community at large—the gradual hardening of the countenance and of the external manner and address, indicating too surely the real repression going on within of much that is lovable and admirable in woman. No repose, outwardly or mentally, is to be found in her society, she produces a strong impression of unnaturalness, and of living in antagonism with the world around her; an unfortunate frame of mind which has to be fostered, since her position is not yet, thank heaven, by any means an assured one, and must be struggled for and pursued under protest from a large section of both sexes. Who does not know the shudder with which a sensitive, highly wrought, fastidious man or woman speaks of

those whose persons are continually before the world, whose names are bandied about, whose principles are discussed in half the drawing-rooms of London. "That dreadful woman" is the mildest term applied to them. Even the hard-natured part of the community receives shocks from its public-speaking sisters occasionally with a shrug of the shoulders, and makes jokes at their expense. And the meaning of it all is that the women who take up a personally prominent position in the world are distasteful to the good sense and refined feeling of the majority, and therefore that female influence in the world is degenerating. Their power may be increasing (but that I take leave still to doubt), but in their proper sphere, a small, it may be only a home, circle, their once all-powerful influence is waning. Would not true width of intellect, true largeness of heart and soul, be shown by submitting to live in what seems a small space—by seeking to influence what appear to be few men and women, to bring up a few children faithfully—by realizing that a narrow sphere does not imply narrow sympathy—that in fact "the growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts, and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs?"—*Margaret Lonsdale, in The Nineteenth Century for March.*

## CORRESPONDENT FORBES ON THE BAYONET.

BOTH in Afghanistan and in Zululand it befell me to see something of the use of the cold steel, and I cannot agree with your correspondent "C. B." that against foes armed with stabbing implements as their main weapon, any advantage would be gained by discarding the bayonet for the short sword, the Ghoorka kukrie, the American bowie knife, or any other kindred instrument. Napier was right; the bayonet is the "queen of weapons"—that is, of all varieties of *l'arme blanche*; of death-dealing instruments that one man can wield, the repeating rifle is unquestionably the most lethal. Let me clear the air a little before coming to "close quarters" with "C. B."—not, I hope, "with tiger-like ferocity." Hand-to-hand fighting is a thing of the past, except in campaigns against savages such as our three latest—those in Afganistan, in Zululand, and this one on the Red Sea coast. The bayonet was but once used in the Franco-German war—in a street-fight in the village of Villiers-le-Bel; and only once to my knowledge in the Russo-Turkish war, at Skobelev's final capture of the redoubt outside Plevna on the Loftcha road. Our men occasionally used the bayonet at Inkerman, where "C. B." thinks a shorter weapon would have been "servicable." Why? They were fighting with men armed with bayonets like themselves, and in single combats it was the man who was handiest with his bayonet who won. Those men of ours at Inkerman who were armed with shorter weapons—namely, the officers with their regulation swords—had rather a bad time against the longer-reaching bayonets. The Prussian infantry did, and perhaps still do, carry a short, straight sword, without a guard, which is never used in fighting; and in the Russian army the Guards and Grenadiers carried a similar weapon, concerning which Lieutenant Greene truly observes that the "only use to which this antiquated weapon was put was in hacking twigs and wood for camp fires, for which it is not adapted, and it will probably soon be abolished." At Ulundi no Arabs could have "meant it" more intensely than did the Zulus, yet not a Zulu got within twenty yards of Lord Chelmsford's close-locked square. Again at El Teb while the square was maintained, no Arab fell but by the bullet; nor at Tamaniab could the furious fanatics get up to within striking distance of Redvers Buller's firm-gripped square formation from whose faces streamed the deadly hail. The Arabs did not break the square formed by the 2nd Brigade at Tamaniab, nor could have broken it, had it been true to the square formation. The change of the front face—I do not now care to enquire how that change came about—dislocated the square, and then the gaps thus made gave the Arabs their opportunity. You have Tommy Atkins, with his bayonet, a stabbing weapon with which he can lunge well on to six feet. If he knows how to use his bayonet the swordsman Arab cannot reach him, that is surely clear enough. In fighting the spearsman, given the two men of equal physical calibre, the bayonet-wielder should have the best of it. Both Arab and Briton are tied to stabbing practice; neither has a striking weapon while they are at "out-fighting;" but the bayonet has advantages not possessed by the spear. It has greater strength for the parry; by reason of the weight of the rifle, which is its shaft, it has greater force for the lunge than the spear, which, even when lead-weighted at the butt, cannot accumulate such impetus of penetration. It is for these reasons that in the school of arms the skilled footman with the bayonet has the mastery of the smartest mounted lancer; with him the dismounted lancer is simply "not in it."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

## PRINCE LEOPOLD.

FOR the departed Prince there is nothing but praise. No scandal has ever touched his name; and since his boyhood he has shown signs of a literary faculty and a moral elevation which have given him a character in the eyes of the whole people. Even Republicans to-night mourned that the one Prince with whom no thought of unworthy self-indulgence was associated should have fallen before the deadly archer. He has for years associated himself with movements intended either to extend true scholarship or to elevate the masses of the people. The interest which he has taken in education has had great effect on the national progress. It was he who first impressed upon the Prince of Wales the evils connected with the dwellings of the poor. He had more thought in his speeches than either of his brothers permit themselves to express, and he took such pains with his elocution that he was developing into an orator. Personally, he

was so modest and unassuming, so anxious to learn, so desirous to be informed, and so thankful to anybody who assisted him, that the whole town is ringing to-night with stories to his credit. Oxford men of his day recall his pleasant parties at his villa. He was, with one exception, the best chess player in the University. He was no bad whist player, and, though he never gambled, he indulged himself at the table with eagerness. He was an energetic Freemason, and was to have presided at the feast of the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys in June. He was an enthusiastic student of Shakespeare. One edition of Shakespeare bears his name. He was also a member of the Shakespeare Society. In fact, his activity ran in all directions. Nobody would have guessed from his constant and most punctilious regard to all claims upon him how severely he suffered. From his infancy, however, he has been an invalid. He was not expected to reach manhood. In his youth a bruise nearly destroyed him, and a cut threatened to be fatal. For years he has been subject to fits. The exact manner of his death is being kept very secret; it was such as to add to the distress and grief with which his death will be universally regarded. Its suddenness is the more agonizing since he could be seen by none of those who loved him best.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

## ANTHONY TROLLOPE FROM AN EDITOR'S POINT OF VIEW.

IT was indeed a comfort for any editor to have Trollope as a writer, for there was never any anxiety as to "copy" being forthcoming at the appointed time. We remember the surprise we experienced when, on the occasion of our first arranging with him for a story, he asked, "How many words do you wish?" "On what day do you wish copy?" was the next question. A jotting was then taken of the agreement, and it was observed by him to the letter. Such methods cannot but appear inconsistent with any preconceived notions of inspiration, and as being too mechanical for the accomplishment of the best work. Yet we believe it had no such trammelling influence on Trollope, whose temperament was such that he could reach his highest power whether he was flying in an express train or being pitched about in a steamer in a gale. With unflinching regularity and decision he could concentrate his mind on his allotted task—sometimes even timing himself with his watch for the production of so many words in so many minutes.—*Donald Macleod, in Good Words.*

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

ON DIT that the Gilchrist scholarship will be withdrawn from Canada. BRET HARTE is said to be becoming lazy, and to be too much addicted to brandy and soda. He is ostensibly U. S. Consul at Glasgow, but lives at the House of the Belgian Ambassador in London.

HENRY J. BYRON, first editor of *Fun*, but better known as an actor and the prolific writer of burlesques and extravaganzas, died on the 12th inst. One of his comedies, "Our Boys," has been played over a thousand times.

LORD BUTE has offered a prize of \$2,500 for the best setting of music to the "Alcestis of Euripides" after it has been translated into Welsh. The Marquis has offered \$250, through the National Eisteddfod Committee, for the translation.

GEORGE ELIOT'S widower, John Walter Cross, will use three sets of correspondence for the basis of his biography of her. These cover the period from 1859, when "Adam Bede" was published, to April, 1880, eight months before her death. One of these series of letters is appearing in the *Paris Journal des Debats*.

ON the occasion of Mr. Matthew Arnold's visit to Chicago, the apostle of culture was asked by the ubiquitous reporter what his opinion was of Chicago journalism. "I think," was the stinging reply, "you make too much of the sort of news which is excluded from the English newspapers and appears only in our *Police News*."

THE Council of the Society of Authors has formed itself into a legal corporation called the "Incorporated Society of Authors." It includes Matthew Arnold, R. D. Blackmore, Wilkie Collins, W. S. Gilbert, Lord Houghton, Prof. Huxley, Thos. Hughes, Cardinal Manning, Mrs. Oliphant, George Augustus Sala, Prof. Tyndall, and Prof. Seeley.

Two new serials will begin in the *May St. Nicholas*, one by Maurice Thompson, entitled "Marvin and his Boy Hunters," in which the author will endeavour to treat the question of guns for small boys; and the other, "The Scarlet Tanager," by J. T. Trowbridge, the story of the adventures of a young naturalist in his efforts to secure a specimen of this rare bird.

THE *Andover Review*, Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. This high-class theological monthly has at once taken a place in the front rank in the class of literature to which it belongs. It is solid without being dull, scholarly but not pedantic, liberal but reverent in its treatment of subjects bearing on the speculative and practical questions of the day. The April number is the best that has yet appeared.

IT is not generally known that among his other accomplishments General Gordon is a skilful draughtsman. In the Commissioner's house at Mahé is a very careful and accurate pencil study by him of the *coco de mer*, and, as everything connected with the General is of interest to the public, we would suggest that Mr. Barkly would do well to lend this drawing for exhibition in conjunction with Miss North's sketches.

HERE is a book by a man who has been at work among the graveyards of criticism, which, we opine, can be of interest only to the literary antiquarian. Mr. T. Hall Caine, author of "Recollections of Rossetti,"

has just published a collection of Essays, entitled, "Cobwebs of Criticism," which reproduce much interesting and curious information concerning the reception, by contemporary critics, of the early works of Byron, Keats, Shelley, Leigh Hunt, and Wordsworth.

A STRIKING literary feature of the May *Century* will be Julian Hawthorne's paper on "The Salem of Hawthorne," in which the scenes of Nathaniel Hawthorne's daily life and of his romances are described with a personal knowledge and an insight which only a literary son could command. Incidentally, much new light is thrown on the character of the father and on the relations of his scenes and his people to real places and persons. Harry Fenn has made several pictures for the paper.

A CURIOUS pamphlet is advertised in London, under the title of "The Battle of the Standard." It is described as "the interlocutory documents in the action in the Court of Queen's Bench, Cooper v. Mudford and others (the proprietors of the *Standard* newspaper), for the recovery of 1000 guineas for an advance copy of the Earl of Beaconsfield's last novel, 'Endymion,' with elucidatory hints." This refers to the appearance in the *Standard* of a review of "Endymion" before the issue of the book to the press.

FRENCH criticism on English public and social life seems to be now the fashion. A second edition of *La Vie Publique en Angleterre, par Philippe Daryl*, has just been issued in Paris, which affords John Bull a capital opportunity to view himself as he and his country appear in the eyes of a shrewd but not unkindly observer. The first part of the work deals with English literature, the press and the stage; the second, with Parliament, elections, and municipal matters; and the third, with the Queen, the army and navy, and the courts of justice.

"THE Wife of Monte-Cristo," being the continuation of Alexander Dumas' celebrated novel of "The Count of Monte-Cristo," is in press and will be published immediately by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. It has all the power, vividness and intensity of that renowned romance, and weaves a spell of fascination about the reader impossible to resist. The Count himself, and other well-known personages, figure very prominently in the charming narrative. All who have read "The Count of Monte-Cristo," will look with interest for "The Wife of Monte-Cristo."

IN "Essays and Leaves from a Note Book," by George Eliot, we have in an authoritative form the early contributions to the *Westminster Review* of the distinguished novelist. With most of the matter we are already familiar, in the collection of essays, principally on German literature, which appeared in cheap form about a year ago in New York. Interest, nevertheless, will centre in the book, which is edited by Mr. Chas. Lewes, a connection, we apprehend, of the late George Henry Lewes. The "Leaves from a Note-Book" seem to be material partly worked up for use in a novel, or to be expanded some day into an essay.

GEORGE H. ADAMS & SON make an announcement which will be read with interest by the multitudes who are looking for good maps, but do not know where to find them except in high-priced atlases. These publishers will begin on the 1st of May the publication of a geographical and industrial monthly to be called "American Progress." One of the characteristic features of the magazine will be the treatment in each issue of some single State or Territory with reference to its geographical and industrial position, to be accompanied by a new map of such State or Territory, corrected up to the last date. Dr. L. P. Brockett will act as editor.

MATTHEW ARNOLD says we in Boston are "artificial." He is now at a safe distance and will not explain himself to us by word of mouth, therefore we must try to give our own interpretation of his opinion. To be "artificial" would seem to mean that which is not what it *pretends to be*. Now let us see where we are not what we pretend we are. Are we not the most cultured people in the land? We are, or else we think we are. Are we not the most polished of American people? We are, or we think we are. Have we not the proudest ancestry? We have, or we think we have. Are we not the most benevolent, the most musical, in fact, is not Boston the "hub" of the republic, or is it only that we think so from ignorance of the world? Do we not make for ourselves graven images? Do we not set our gods up on pedestals so mighty that the pedestal is out of all proportion to the image? Let us ponder. This is a time for meditation and prayer. If these sins are ours, let us find it out and try to be forgiven, not only by Matthew Arnold, but by the world at large. The best the world has to-day ought to be our ambition to deserve.—*Boston Home Journal*.

APROPOS of the attacks made upon our methods and our manners in books written by travelling Englishmen, a *Times* correspondent relates the following story: "When Sir Charles Dilke was in Nevada, then in the heyday of its lusty youth, he was somewhat disappointed that he met none of the rude and rough manners which all tourists had taught him to expect to find there. Harry Mighels, editor of the *Carson Appeal*, a college man, wit and *bon vivant*, but a joker withal, was willing to see the stranger gratified. So, one day at the hotel dinner table, Mighels, who had a slight acquaintance with Mr. Dilke, said, in his choicest affectation of the true nasal tone of the true American, 'Mr. Dilke, do you know Thomas T. Carlyle?' Mr. Dilke acknowledged that he had a speaking acquaintance with the great man, whereupon his interlocutor said, with warmth, 'Wal, he kin sling ink, he kin!' Mighels afterward told Bret Harte how he had 'sold the English maker of note-books,' whereupon Harte said: 'You think you have done a very clever thing, Harry, but that will appear eventually as a genuine Americanism.' Sure enough, the incident subsequently was printed in Dilke's book, where the curious reader may find it to witness the truth of what may seem an improbable yarn."

BOOK NOTICES.

THE WORKS OF ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, Poet Laureate. New edition, corrected by the author. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Rowsell and Hutchison.

THE CUP AND THE FALCON. By Alfred, Lord Tennyson. New York: Macmillan. Toronto: Rowsell and Hutchison.

The latter volume is the latest work of the Laureate, and comprises two short dramas, "The Cup," produced by Mr. Henry Irving in London in 1881, and "The Falcon," first put upon the stage of the St. James' theatre, London, in 1879. By neither representation, however, did Mr. Tennyson add to his literary or dramatic renown. The plot of the former composition is laid in Galatia. An ex-tetrarch, "Synorix," by Roman assistance regains the governorship of the province from which he had been driven for his tyranny, and compels the wife of his slain rival, "Camma," to marry him. To this she consents, but only in order to poison herself and "Synorix" at the altar. Mr. Tennyson is indebted to the story of Ser Federigo in "The Decameron" for the materials of "The Falcon." The latter drama is still less fitted for production than the former.

The "Collected Works," though they contain a few poems which have not, until now, been re-printed since their first appearance in the edition of 1883, are not complete. Neither of the dramas "The Cup" and "The Falcon" are included, nor does "The Charge of the Heavy Brigade" appear. The volume, however, is a very handsome and reliable edition of the Laureate's versifications, and presents them in convenient and economic form, and as such meets a real want.

THE STATESMAN'S YEAR-BOOK FOR 1884. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

Mr. Martin has been succeeded by Mr. J. Scott Keltie in the editorship of this veritable *multum in parvo*. This "statistical and historical annual of the states of the civilized world" has attained its majority—the 1884 edition is the twenty-first issue—and is deservedly so well known as to make it unnecessary to expatiate on its merits. Additional statistics on political, educational, social, agricultural, mining, and manufacturing matters are included, and information on six more countries—Madagascar, Orange Free State, the Transvaal, Zanzibar, Burma, and Hawaii—have necessitated the adding of some hundred pages more than the book swelled to in previous years.

CREATORS OF THE AGE OF STEEL. [By W. T. Jeans. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This is a work which bears evidence on every page of the loving familiarity of its writer with his subject. Not only has Mr. Jeans broad and comprehensive views, but his knowledge includes the *minutiae* of the manufacture of iron as well as an intimate acquaintance with the minds and work of those who have made its almost universal adaptability possible. The synopsis of the life and studies of Sir Henry Bessemer is most interesting reading, and the passages in which it is told how the "Bessemer steel process" alternated between success and disaster, ending in revolutionizing the iron trade, and saving the world five million dollars in a score of years, read more like a chapter of romance. The same might almost be said of the chapters on Sir William Siemens, Sir Joseph Whitworth, and Sir John Brown's inventions.

MY HOUSE. By Oliver B. Bunce. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs.

Mr. Bunce has condensed into a book of ordinary dimensions a fund of instruction and advice on house decoration which is of the highest value to those who would make their residences something more than places of shelter and rest. To men of taste and to almost all women the experience of others in domestic architecture and ornamentation is most acceptable, and to such Mr. Bunce's book will prove a treasure. He tells how he has beautified "my house," outside and in, gives hints on the construction and planning of verandahs, porches, lawns, gardens, and the rest, and plants here and there the most refreshing bits of word-painting on scenery and ornamentation. Present and intending housekeepers cannot do better than consult Mr. Bunce's book.

PARTS III AND IV OF THE LIFE OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN (by Sarah Tytler, published by George Virtue, Adelaide street, Toronto) contain beautiful steel engravings of the Prince and Princess of Wales, Osborne Castle, and the Princess Helena. The portrait of the Prince is particularly good. Chapter V. deals with the coronation, and "The Maiden Queen" is treated of in the following chapter, "girl-like in her fondness of a racket and perpetual excitement." In her "Journal" Her Majesty "thanks God that none of her dear children are exposed to the dangers" of the position of a maiden queen of eighteen. "A worse school," says the Queen, "for a young girl, or one more detrimental to all natural feeling and affection cannot well be imagined." Chapter VII is devoted to "the betrothal," and how the young queen subsided from the liege lady to the loving woman. In the Eighth chapter is a minute account of Her Majesty's marriage, and in Chapter IX. the royal pair are subjected to critical survey as man and wife. The author comments on the fact that time has confirmed the proud and glad condition of the first day of wedlock, when the Queen wrote to Baron Stockmer: "There cannot exist a dearer, purer, nobler being in the world than the Prince."

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

It is one of the unavoidable disadvantages of weekly journalism that it occasionally happens some interesting event takes place just at the hour for going to press, which is too late for notice a week afterwards. But the Toronto Choral Society's second subscription concert of the season, which took place on the evening of Tuesday, April 8th, was too important an event in the musical world to be dismissed without reference. It is pleasant to have to record that the pavilion was well filled on the occasion, subscribers only being admitted. The principal feature of the concert was the first section of Haydn's oratorio, "The Seasons," the text being an adaptation of Thomson's well-known poem of that name. The music is charmingly graceful and melodious, and perhaps is as fair a specimen as could well be chosen as a representative of that master's choral works. No gloomy Calvinist was "Father Haydn." His soul, brimming over with childlike *naivete*, unrestrained joy, and good nature, doubtless found in the words of the text—descriptive of the budding forth of Spring, bright promise of Summer—a subject in complete sympathy with his own cheerful nature. The society, numbering about a hundred voices, rendered the choruses with great steadiness, paying particular attention to the varied lights and shades, thereby producing those pleasing effects which at the present time are too prone to be overlooked by some conductors, in the desire to startle by means which might be more properly described as *noise* than music. The orchestra, usually good in part, was on this occasion deserving of credit as a whole; excepting in the overture, where the brass, especially the trumpet, was perhaps a little too pronounced. There were none of those "blurring" sounds which have hitherto so often marred the effects of the orchestra at the concerts of both the Philharmonic and Choral Societies. The absence of the horns may account for the absence of these defects.

The second part of the programme was of a miscellaneous character, a feature of which, well worthy of remark, was the Concerts for Pianoforte and Orchestra, by Schuman. Miss Cox rendered the difficult pianoforte part with clearness and expression, and was carefully supported by the orchestra. The performance drew from the audience warm manifestations of approval which were well deserved. The vocalists of the evening were, in addition to members of the society who assisted in the solo parts, Mrs. Wells B. Tanner, soprano, of Buffalo, and Mr. F. A. Bowdoin, tenor, also of Buffalo. Mrs. Tanner contributed to the second part of the programme "O Luce di quest Anima," from "Linda di Chamounix," receiving an *encore*. This lady has a voice of great range and clearness, and of a pleasing quality of tone, and her method evinces a good school. Mr. Bowdoin's voice belongs rather to the *tenor di gracia* order, smooth and cultivated, with considerable power, especially in its upper middle register, but his singing, while pleasing, does not arouse in one any degree of enthusiasm. He impresses one as though he could do more if he liked, but that he *did not* like. Mr. Warrington struck out of the fields on which he has won many laurels into the strange and difficult one of Italian "buffo" singing, essaying "Largo al Factotum," from Rossini's "Barbère di Seviglia." To say that he more than fairly succeeded, would be false praise. The English language is not a vowel language, and for that reason the English tongue is not adapted for the rapid utterance of separately articulated vocal sounds. "Feranti," who perhaps created the character of the barber in this opera, sang it half as fast again and smiled the while. A charming part song, "When Hands Meet," by Pinsuti, was delightfully sung, without accompaniment, by the Choral Society, and drew forth an *encore*. The concert concluded with the chorus, "The Heavens are Telling," from The Creation, in which the Society fully sustained its high reputation.

THE amateur operatic and theatrical performance in aid of the Home for the Incurable is announced to take place in the Grand Opera House on Friday, May 2. The affair is in the hands of the Government House party, and will doubtless prove a success.

THE musical programme at the forthcoming Semi-centennial demonstration will embrace the oratorio, "The Creation," by the Toronto Choral Society, and, we believe, "The Redemption," by the Philharmonic Society. There is to be a third concert, the nature of which is not fully determined upon.

MESSRS. I. SUCKLING & SONS, of Toronto, have published a pretty transcription for the piano, of Mr. Torrington's popular song "Abide with Me," arranged by Arthur E. Fisher. The same firm are also the publishers of "Farewell," a song without words, by W. Octavius Forsyth, and a song, "Meet me, Darling," words by J. H. Porter, music by Chas. W. Stokes.

THE Eighth annual concert of the band of the Queen's Own Rifles took place in Shaftesbury Hall on the evening of Friday, April 11. The soloists for the occasion were Mrs. Morris and Miss Berryman, sopranos; Miss Alice Scott, contralto; Mr Taylor, tenor; Mr. H. M. Blight, baritone, and Miss Leonora Clench, solo violiniste. These concerts have always drawn a large attendance, and Friday evening was no exception. Space will not permit of a detailed notice of the concert. As a whole, it was a pleasing and varied entertainment. Miss Nora Clench deserves special mention for the artistic manner in which she performed the violin solo "Reverie," by Vieuxtemps; winning an *encore*, she responded with a *melange*, "Auld Robin Gray," and "Last Rose of Summer." Miss Berryman and Miss Scott both sustained their favourable reputation by the tasteful way in which they sang the numbers entrusted to them. The same may be said of Mr. Morris, in the Romance "Com 'e Bello," Donizetti, and of Mr. Taylor and Mr. H. Blight, the former singing the "Last Watch," Pinsuti, and the latter "Trusty as Steel," also Pinsuti. The vocal quartettes were fairly well rendered, but do not call for special mention. The selections by the band were both well chosen and well performed. The concert was under the directorship of Mr. John Bayley, who performed the responsible duties with his usual ability.

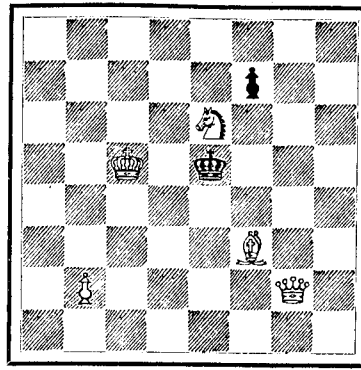
CHESS.

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

PROBLEM No. 2.

By J. MCGREGOR (Toronto Chess Club).

BLACK.



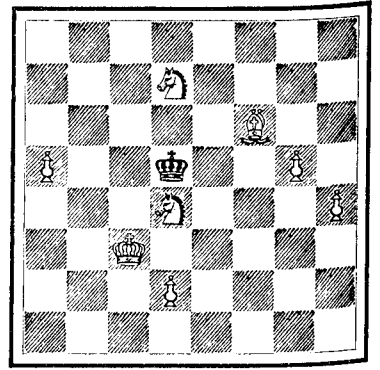
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 3.

By the Editor.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

THE ART OF PROBLEM SOLVING.

The following concludes a very interesting series of papers on problem composition and solving, by H. E. and J. Bettmann, in the *Milwaukee Sunday Telegraph*:  
 "The prime object in solving a problem is to obtain pleasure therefrom. The object in analyzing is to test the problem's soundness. In this latter occupation, pleasure is not expected and is seldom derived. The best way to analyze a position is the shortest, and only by method can speed and accuracy be assured. Every move of each piece should be carefully examined, and having once thoroughly determined its power, it should no longer be considered. It has often been suggested that this method should be applied to solving also, as being the quickest way of coming upon the solution. But although this is a sure process, it is not at all satisfactory, because, to be pleasing, the theme should strike the solver, and not be ground out mechanically. Besides, it is no faster, under most circumstances. The best and most interesting way of solving, and one much more in accordance with the spirit of chess, is this: Examine the problem carefully to determine its nature. Be in no haste to finger the pieces, as it will lead the mind into special channels at a time when it is important to take a comparative view of the whole. Look for the author's idea, and then try moves that will bring it about. In no case will there be any difficulty in discovering the first move, when the theme has once been hit upon."  
 Will some of the members of the Toronto Chess Club read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest this morsel of wisdom.

HERR DANIEL HARRWITZ.

In the death of this distinguished player recently at Posen, Germany, the chess world has lost one who, by his genius and power, greatly added to our knowledge of the game. Though generally delicate in health, some of his matches gave evidence of a tenacity of purpose and indomitable pluck unrivalled in the history of chess. Among other remarkable contests in which he engaged, his great match with Lowenthal stands as the most extraordinary example of unflinching courage on record. The first winner of eleven games was to be the victor. Harrwitz won the first two games, but, suffering from sickness, he then lost seven in succession to his opponent, two being drawn. Still, continuing ill, he determined at all hazards to restore his health, and went to Brighton, thereby forfeiting two more games. The score then stood—Lowenthal, nine; Harrwitz, two; two drawn. Returning to town much invigorated, he steadily won game after game, and though twenty more games were played before the issue was decided, of these Lowenthal only scored one, the final score being—Harrwitz, eleven; Lowenthal, ten; drawn, twelve.  
 He was for several years the undoubted champion of France, and did much for the game in that country.  
 His brilliant career was, however, marred by his disastrous match with Paul Morphy, in which the final score stood—Morphy, five; Harrwitz, two; drawn, one. This, added to his subsequent defeat by Kolisch, broke his spirit, and he returned to spend the rest of his life amid the romantic mountains of the Tyrol.

GAME No. 2.

Played at the St. George's Club (London), on the 5th July, 1869.

From the *Chess Monthly*.

Remove Blacks K B P.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Messrs. Pullar and Young (consulting).	Ph. Hirschfeld.	Messrs. Pullar and Young.	Ph. Hirschfeld.
1. P K 4	P K 3	7. B K Kt 5	Q B 4
2. P Q 4	P Q 4	8. Kt K 5 (d)	B Kt 5 ch (e)
3. Q R 5 ch (a)	P Kt 3	9. P B 3	B R 4 (f)
4. Q K 5	Q B 3 (b)	10. Q Kt 7 (f)	Q takes B
5. Q takes B P	Kt B 3	11. Q takes R (g)	Mates in three (h)
6. Kt K B 3 (c)	P takes P		

NOTES (ABRIDGED).

- (a) White may force the exchange of Queens by 3 P takes P, 3 P takes P, 4 Q R 5 ch, P Kt 5 Q K 5 ch.
- (b) 4 Kt K B 3 is the usual continuation at this point.
- (c) 6 B Q Kt 5 would be much better.
- (d) Again the allies neglect to strengthen their attack with 8 B Kt 5. After the exchanges White would have K and 3 P's against two B's.
- (e) The commencement of a beautiful combination deeply conceived and finely executed.
- (f) 10 Q to Q 6 equally loses a piece.
- (g) Immediately fatal; any other continuation, however, would leave White with a piece behind.
- (h) With 11. Q B 8 (ch), etc.

CHESS INTELLIGENCE.

The match announced for Good Friday between Toronto and Hamilton did not take place owing to the inability of some of the Hamilton men to leave home. Messrs Beynon and McKinnon, however, appeared to represent Brampton against the T. C. C. The score was:

Toronto.		Brampton.	
Phillips	2	Beynon	0
Gordon	2	McKinnon	0
	4		0

We are glad to hear that Blackburne the English champion, who has been seriously ill, is now fully restored to health.  
 Steinitz is not the bear he is in some quarters represented to be. We learn on the authority of "Mars," in *The Sporting and Dramatic News*, that having been unexpectedly defeated in a blindfold contest by the eminent problemist W. Grimshaw (not having been previously informed of the name of his opponent), the great player heartily congratulated his antagonist, and asked him to drink a glass of wine in honour of their first encounter.  
 English ladies set a good example to our Canadian fair ones in the active interest shown by many of them in the royal game. Miss Rudge as a player and Miss Beechey as a problem composer, have with many other Englishwomen upheld the honour of their sex, and now another is added to the list. In the *Sheffield Independent Solution Tourney* Miss Agnes Larkom has tied for first place with Messrs. Winter, Wood, and H. Jacobs.  
 A novel and interesting match was played on the 15th March last at the school for the blind, Broomhill (Eng.), between five of the blind boys and five members of the Owlerton Club. The games were played on boards specially adapted for the blind by Mr. Wood Superintendent of the school. The black squares are raised, and the black pieces have a peg at the top so that the position may be taken in by the touch. The match lasted two hours, and was won by the blind boys, by the score of nine to three. In this age of invention and discovery it is very pleasant to find that the intellectual pleasures of those who are deprived of their sight are being thus increased.

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**CHARLES DRINKWATER,**  
Secretary.

Montreal, January, 1884.

**WHAT IS CATARRH?**

From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15.

Catarrh is a mucopurulent 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 uherole, 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.

Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distressing disease by the use of inhalants and other ingenious devices, but none of these treatments can do a particle of good until the parasites are either destroyed or removed from the mucous tissue.

Some time since a well-known physician of forty years' standing, after much experimenting, succeeded in discovering the necessary combination of ingredients which never fail in absolutely and permanently eradicating this horrible disease, whether standing for one year or forty years. Those who may be suffering from the above disease, should, without delay, communicate with the business managers,

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

Oakland, Ont., Canada, March 17, '83.

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Yours, with many thanks,  
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THE  
**MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY**  
 For April, 1884.

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PORTRAIT OF MAJOR-GENERAL RICHARD MONTGOMERY—MAJOR-GENERAL RICHARD MONTGOMERY. Brevet Major-General George W. Cullum, U.S.A.

Illustrations.—Antique View of Quebec, after engraving by Royce—Montgomery Place on-the-Hudson—Portrait of Edmund Burke, after engraving by Wagstaff of painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds—Portrait of Right Honourable Charles James Fox—Quebec and its Environs, from a rare map—Old City of Quebec, from a rare map—Prescott Gate, Quebec—Portrait of Daniel Morgan, in the Shirt Uniform—St. Johns Gate, Quebec—Palace Gate, Quebec—Where Arnold was wounded—Cape Diamond, from a rare print—Where Montgomery Fell—The Plains of Abraham—Montgomery's Tomb—An Original Autograph Letter from Montgomery to Colonel Bidel, St. Johns, from the collection of Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet.

THE NATCHEZ INDIANS, A LOST TRIBE. J. H. Walworth. THE GRISWOLD FAMILY OF CONNECTICUT, III. (Conclusion). Professor Edward E. Salisbury. An exhaustive sketch—historical, biographical, and genealogical—showing the part taken in public affairs by various members of this notable family during successive generations from the beginnings of settlement in Connecticut. Fresh information from English and other sources adds greatly to the interest and value of the contribution. THE GRISWOLD PEDIGREE—THE UTAH EXPEDITION. Major-General John C. Robinson, U.S.A. ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS. Sir Henry Clinton's Original Secret Record of Private Daily Intelligence. Contributed by Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet. Introduction and Notes by Edward F. De Laucey. Chapter VII. (Begun in October.) MINOR TOPICS: Letter from Mr. Thomas C. Amory; The Massacre of St. Andre. NOTES: Dr. Franklin as a Courtier—A Poetic Morceau of 1772—The Murphy Sale of Americana—A Scrap of Unwritten History—Wayne's Indian Name—Mrs. Fletcher's Tomb. QUERIES—REPLIES—LEARNED SOCIETIES—BOOK NOTICES.

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