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The Week.

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Two recent incidents conspire to show to how low an ebb Canadian political life has fallen, under the influence of the party system. The revelations of the Glengarry election trial are such as would have done no discredit to the days of Walpole in England, or those of Francis Bond-Head in Canada. With instances of gross personal bribery by agents, appointed or self-constituted, of candidates on both sides, the records of the Courts have made us, unhappily, too familiar. But the cases are still rare, and it may be hoped will long continue so, in which money has been distributed right and left with such reckless profusion, and with the full sanction, if not immediate cognizance of the candidate himself, as in Glengarry by Mr. Purcell's agents and friends. While the honest men of the Liberal party were still, it may be hoped, blushing over these disgraceful revelations, the Conservatives of Queen's, N.B., as if to balance the account, did themselves the lasting discredit of returning at the head of the poll a man whose course has done much to bring both the party and the constituency into contempt. It would be superfluous to recount the two familiar facts connected with Mr. Baird's return to Parliament and his subsequent career up to the time when he was at last forced, by stress of public indignation within the House and without, to abandon the seat to which he must have known perfectly well he had neither legal nor moral right. But his subsequent attempts to make merchandise of the constituency, and his shameless avowal in effect, on the public platform, that he regarded any stratagem as fair in a political contest should have aroused such righteous indignation as would have cut him off forever from all hope of a place in Parliament. Worst of all, these cases, humiliating as they are to every honourable Canadian, are exceptional only in that they are a little worse than dozens of others, which plainly belong to the same category of dishonour.

THE tendency to despair of any early purification of Canadian public life, which is induced by such occurrences, is rather aggravated than otherwise by the attitude of the party press. Were the leading journals on either side to speak out in unequivocal repudiation of the men and the methods which are inflicting so dire disgrace upon their party there would be some room to hope for better things in the near future. When instead, those papers which have been most unsparing in denouncing the alleged corrupt practices of their opponents are found condoning with faint censure the grossest bribery by or on behalf of their own adherents, and even

pleading in half-apologetic tones that the arch-briber of Glengarry "spent his own money," the case looks dark indeed, so far as hope of reform from such a quarter is concerned. The source of the difficulty lies at the very roots of party journalism. The limitations as to editorial candour imposed upon a writer for the party press are such that it is impossible for him to be perfectly frank and impartial in his treatment of a party question or a subject involving party, no matter who may be helped or hurt. Anything in the shape of an honest admission, or concession, unfavourable to his own case, or that of his party, made by a writer on one side is instantly caught up by the organs of the other party, torn from its context, and so distorted as to be made the medium of unfair and damaging misrepresentation. Fairness, not to say generosity, to a political opponent is a virtue yet to be acquired by the party press of Canada.

FEW persons who have paid any attention to the way in which political affairs have been managed in Manitoba will be greatly surprised by the revelations which, it is said, are being made as to the state of the Treasury. The influence of the boom, which for a time seduced even cautious business men into courses of extravagance, could hardly fail to produce a spendthrift Government. Private individuals, when capital and credit are exhausted, are forced to return to economical habits, but to the manipulators of the public revenues the necessity comes only when the resources and credit of the whole Province are exhausted. The case of Manitoba will probably add new interest to the discussion in regard to the workings of the subsidy system, and the need of giving the people of the Provinces more direct control over their sources of revenue as well as over expenditure. Meanwhile, Premier Greenway and his Cabinet have before them an open door, and a large opportunity, though not of the kind they would undoubtedly have preferred. The evidence, if furnished, of the unfaithfulness and dishonesty of their predecessors will aid them most effectively in securing a good majority. If then, by inaugurating a reign of economy and efficiency, they can manage to provide for carrying on the public business, and at the same time keep expenditure well within income, they will deserve, and no doubt receive, the confidence and support of the people for years to come.

UNLESS rumours and probabilities are alike at fault, there is little ground to hope for any result of the labours of the Washington Fishery Commission that will be at all satisfactory to Canadians. The American members of the Commission stand, it is believed, firm as adamant in their original position. They have a tremendous advantage which they are not slow to use in the fact that the question of settlement is a matter of vastly greater moment to Canada than to the United States, and in the auxiliary fact that they have in their threatened Retaliation Bill an argument of tremendous force, against which Canada can bring no counter argument of much avail. It is, at first thought, matter for surprise that the points in dispute are not at once referred to friendly arbitration. If, as certain hints of the Canadian Government organs, as well as the statements of Washington correspondents, seem to indicate, the reluctance to resort to this method of settlement is on the part of the Canadian Commissioner, a new and discouraging phase of the subject is presented. The fact would go far to warrant the view that however good the Canadian contention may be in law, or even in equity, it is hardly in accordance with modern usages or modern notions of international comity.

THE enormous extent and power of the British nation are so familiar to us that they have ceased to appear marvellous. From a group of islands, comparatively insignificant in size, off the coast of North-Western Europe, go forth forces and influences which dominate a large part of the earth's surface, and are to a great extent moulding its institutions and history. From recent returns it appears that of the total tonnage of sailing and steamships on the registers of the principal countries of the world, the United Kingdom had in 1885 very nearly forty-four and a half per cent. Reckoning only the steam tonnage she had sixty-seven per cent. of the total furnished by the chief fourteen merchant navies of the world. Between 1875 and 1886 the increase of her foreign trade was sixteen and a half millions, whilst the increase in the case of the United States was only seven millions, that of Germany about six millions, that of France

and Spain about ten millions each, that of Italy three and a quarter millions, and that of Russia less than two millions. The geographical extent of the British possessions is well illustrated by the correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who, telegraphing from British Columbia, could say that after travelling 3,000 miles across the ocean in an English ship he was able to travel 3,000 miles by railway on British soil, and that he is about to start on a 4,000-miles ocean voyage in another British ship, only to reach another land of almost continental dimensions over which the British flag waves. He might have added that from the Australian Continent he might, if so disposed, sail across to British India, an empire of vast extent and magnificent resources and possibilities yet undeveloped. When and where will the culminating point of British expansion be reached?

THE larger war believed to be impending between the great European Powers diverts public attention to a large degree from the smaller, but still by no means insignificant struggle which may be regarded as actually in progress between Italy and Abyssinia. The King of Abyssinia seems resolute in his determination to drive the Italians from Massowah. The Italians, on the other hand, are equally eager for the conflict, both the Government and the troops stimulated, no doubt, by a desire to avenge the four hundred of their countrymen who were recently overwhelmed and slain by the Abyssinians. The Italian force at Massowah and vicinity is said to be now increased by reinforcements to about 12,000, and King John, with an army of probably twice the number, is believed to be on the march to attack them. The Abyssinians are a hardy and warlike race, and their mountain heights and defiles afford them a great advantage, especially in defence or retreat. Should war between Russia and the members of the Triple Alliance break out before Italy has this business off her hands, the latter's means of aiding her allies will be greatly curtailed; a fact of which the Czar will not fail to take account.

THE treaty which the British East African Association has recently concluded with the Sultan of Zanzibar has brought under British control a large district of what is probably one of the most healthful and promising regions in Eastern Africa. The area of the district is estimated at 50,000 square miles. It contains, according to a correspondent of the *London Mail*, "a population of some two millions of people, a rich belt of coast-land, vast grazing grounds for cattle, and, above all, a splendid high-land plateau, covered with pine-like woods and European vegetation, plentifully watered, and enjoying a climate in which Englishmen may live and work." If railway communication could be opened up with the interior, this fine sea-board district would compete on at least equal terms with the adjacent territory under German influence for the trade of the rich regions around the Great Lakes and on the Upper Nile. Such development is, presumably, only a question of time. The energetic rivalry which is going on between Great Britain and other nations for some of the splendid prizes to be won in Eastern Africa, affords a pretty sure pledge and prophecy of the steady opening up of the vast habitable regions of the dark continent to European enterprise and civilization.

WHAT is to be the character of the approaching session of the British Parliament? Will it, like so many that have preceded it, be occupied almost exclusively with a succession of duels having more or less direct connection with the Irish Question, or will the affairs of other portions of the Empire come in for a modest share of attention? This is a question to which the public mind naturally turns as the day of opening draws near. Lord Salisbury and his colleagues are, no doubt, honestly anxious to let Irish affairs have the go-by to a large extent, and to devote their energies to the promotion of much-needed legislation about matters nearer home. The Local Government Bill, full as it must be of difficulties and complicated details, sure to excite almost endless differences of opinion, will of itself, if exhaustively discussed, make a very large draught upon the time and energies of both Government and Parliament. It is so far satisfactory to note that Mr. Gladstone, in his Dover speech, somewhat modified his previous declaration that "Ireland blocks the way." He now says that there is no reason why "some progress" may not be made with other legislation, if only the Government will leave aside "aggressive and provocative measures," and apply themselves to business. Some discussion has arisen over the alleged ambiguity of the phrase just quoted, but the context seems to make it clear enough that the reference is not to the Crimes Bill, which the Government does not probably intend to amend or modify, but to its foreshadowed purpose of further strengthening the powers of the majority in the House of Commons by fresh amending the rules of procedure. Even so, Mr. Gladstone's condition gives no hope

of unobstructed progress unless the Government will forego its policy in that respect, which is not at all likely. Hence it is pretty clear that even if the session is not inaugurated with a prolonged struggle over the Irish Question, the Local Government Bill can be reached only after a bitter contest over the new rules of procedure. The great measure of the session is thus relegated to second, if not third place on the programme. The prospect is not reassuring to those who think other parts of the nation, as well as Ireland, entitled to some share of Parliamentary attention. Mr. Parnell's utterances, however, seem to indicate a wish on his part to let business proceed without unnecessary obstruction. That acute strategist no doubt anticipates disagreement and possibly disruption of the Tories and Liberal Unionists over the Local Government Bill.

ATTENTION has recently been drawn to the wonderful material development of India. When India first came into British hands it neither bought nor sold to any considerable extent in the markets of the world. It has now become one of the most important buyers and sellers. In the cotton trade, for instance, India is becoming a formidable rival of Lancashire. Its exports in cotton yarn have increased eighty-three per cent. within five years. Its proximity to China and Japan enables Bombay to interfere seriously with Lancashire's command of these markets. In 1886 these two countries combined absorbed no less than 80,000,000 lbs. of Indian yarn. In regard to the wheat export from India to England, of which so much has been said, it appears that though the United Kingdom took twenty per cent. less of Indian wheat in 1886-7 than in 1885-6, India actually exported between five and six per cent. more in the former than in the latter year. The apparent discrepancy is explained by the fact that France, notwithstanding her high tariff, took large quantities, and a vast expansion took place in the export to Italy, where Indian wheat is becoming increasingly popular, and by reason of its cheapness is making the cultivation of the native product unprofitable. An important factor in the rapid progress of India is the remarkable development of her railway system. During the year ending March 31, 1887, 1,025 miles of railway were opened for traffic, making the total mileage in operation at that date 13,390. And yet such is the activity of trade that in the year 1886, an average return of close upon six per cent. was yielded on the entire capital of nearly £180,000,000 sterling invested in these roads.

AN important question has been raised in the United States Congress by the application of Utah for admission as a State, and the introduction of a Bill for that purpose. The Territory has the necessary population. With a view, no doubt, to the present application, it has adopted a constitution prohibiting polygamy absolutely and forever. Nevertheless, the objections to its admission are many and strong, and will probably prevail. The population, though sufficient in numbers, is not, it is urged, in quality up to the standard the nation has a right to apply to a people claiming the high privilege of equal representation in the Senate, proportionate representation in the House of Representatives, and all the other prerogatives of Stateship. A very large majority of the people of Utah are foreigners by birth, and wholly un-American in political views, methods, and aims. They have come to America not to identify themselves with the institutions and life of the great Republic, but to secure opportunity and scope for the propagation of a fanatical creed, and the reign of an aggressive though politic hierarchy. They know and care nothing for American history. They have no sympathy with the genius and aspirations of American nationalism. With regard even to the crucial test, the formal renunciation of polygamy, it is impossible for the national Government to exact any guarantee of good faith, since no law will enforce itself, and in the absence of an honest and strong sentiment against polygamous practices in the State, there would be nothing to prevent this article of the Constitution from becoming practically a dead letter, without the possibility of interference by the Federal authority. On the whole there seems little probability of the Bill being allowed to pass. If the Mormon propagandism has been the source of so much perplexity in a Territory, it would seem to be the height of unwisdom to permit it to entrench itself in the heart of the Union, with all the advantages that must accrue from possession of the rights and powers of a full-fledged State.

A RESOLUTION has been offered by a member of the House of Representatives at Washington, and reported from the Committee on the Merchant Marine and Fisheries, calling for information relative to an alleged discrimination in tolls against American vessels passing through the Welland Canal, in violation of Article 27 of the Washington Treaty. That Article provides, in substance, that the citizens of the United States

shall have the use of the Welland and St. Lawrence Canals on terms of equality with Canadians. The alleged infraction of its provisions is the result of an Order-in-Council, passed by the Dominion Government in March last. This order provided that the toll to be paid on certain specified grains, for the passage through the Welland and St. Lawrence Canals, when shipped for Montreal or any other Canadian port east of Montreal, should be fixed at two cents per ton; whereas, the full toll of twenty cents per ton was to be exacted on all such grain if shipped for any of the lake or other ports, Canadian or American, west of Montreal. The Ottawa correspondent of the Government organ in Toronto claims that in this provision there is not the slightest ground for the charge of discrimination, since it is not aimed at American shipping, but intended to promote trade by the St. Lawrence, in which American vessels may fully participate. To the fair-minded Canadian this seems a mere subterfuge, since the evident design of the order was to favour Montreal at the expense of intermediate ports. The discrimination takes effect against all American ports. The fact that it is also against intermediate Canadian ports makes no difference from the American point of view. So far as the Order-in-Council effected its avowed object, it diverted traffic from United States ports to Montreal and foreign countries. This, it can hardly be denied, was a violation of the spirit of the clause of the Washington Treaty referred to. When it is further remembered that American vessels cannot trade between Canadian ports, it will be seen that it is scarcely correct to say that the trade intended to be fostered was one in which American vessels could freely participate. Thus, the provision at least approached very nearly to a violation of the letter as well as spirit of the treaty. It is so far satisfactory to know that the Order-in-Council was for the season only, and is not likely to be renewed. Canadians cannot afford to give the slightest colour for any charge of failure to fulfil every treaty obligation honourably and scrupulously, in the letter and in the spirit. If the United States have, on their part, failed to do this there is surely a straightforward way of calling their attention to the fact.

LAND VALUES AND THE PUBLIC REVENUE.

WHATEVER may be the opinion of social Conservatives as to the justice or the practicability of the land nationalization theory, it cannot be denied that the persistent and active propagandism of its advocates has done much to enlighten the public mind as to the fact which underlies it, of the enormous increase in land values, caused by the growth of population. As to this point at least there can be no room for controversy. Irrespective altogether of any opinions which may be held as to the effect of this increase upon the condition of the landless class, or the possibility of remedying social inequalities arising from this source, the discussion has emphasized and brought into prominence an important economic truth, the significance of which was formerly only appreciated by the learned few; to-day every intelligent newspaper reader is familiar with the doctrine of "unearned increment" and—attention having been directed to the subject—finds it confirmed by the every-day transactions of the real estate market.

Now, putting completely aside for the time what is distinctly known as the Henry George theory, and having regard only to the bare, universally-admitted fact which the enunciation of that theory has brought out into strong relief, let us consider what bearing this fact ought to have, as viewed from an ordinary, common-sense, business standpoint, on the course of Governments and other bodies holding valuable areas of land in trust for the public. This question has just now a practical interest for the people of Ontario, owing to the change of site, either in contemplation or actually determined upon, of several important public institutions, including the Parliament Buildings, Upper Canada College and the Lunatic Asylum. Owing to the phenomenal growth of Toronto, their present locations have become at the same time enormously valuable and in some respects less suited to the purpose of the buildings. Their removal to suburban or less central sites will leave the Provincial Government in possession of several large blocks of land of great value, which are no longer required for public use. It is proposed in accordance with the policy hitherto followed in such cases to sell this land and thereby increase the funds at the disposal of the Government.

Years ago, before the rapid growth of cities had impressed the public with the advantage of the ownership of building land over every other form of investment, there might have been some excuse for such a course. While the future of Toronto was doubtful—so long as this city had rivals, which it was possible might outstrip us in the race, the wisdom of holding, in the hope of a large future increase in value, real estate not required for public purposes might have been debatable. But that time has long passed. It is as certain as any thing human can be that Toronto will

continue to expand, and that consequently the value of all land in central localities will advance by leaps and bounds. Should the Provincial Government now dispose of the sites of the present Parliament Buildings, Upper Canada College and Lunatic Asylum they will give private individuals the opportunity of making fortunes out of the increase in value sure to increase within a few years. They will be deliberately throwing away an advantage which, even on the ground of the orthodox doctrines of political economy, ought to belong to the public as present possessors by a valid title. They will be acting as no prudent, far-seeing man would act in conducting his personal affairs. The most urgent want of ready money could alone excuse the folly either of the private investor or the holder of such property in trust for the public who would be guilty of allowing considerations of slight temporary advantage to outweigh the duty of jealously conserving it as the source of a large future revenue. But if we may believe the repeated statements of successive Provincial Treasurers, the Government is in no immediate need of money. Even if they were their credit is good, and as unearned increment on Toronto real estate augments more rapidly than interest at a moderate rate, it would be sound economy to borrow rather than to alienate these valuable sites.

The Ontario Government has been charged with living on its capital instead of husbanding it, and devoting the interest only to the current expenses of government. There are many who contend that the timber resources from which so large a proportion of our yearly income is drawn ought to be regarded not as the means of furnishing the Provinces with funds to carry on business from year to year, but as affording an opportunity to make investments as a provision for the future, when a largely increased revenue will be needed and the source of supply diminished. It is certain that the day will come when timber dues can no longer be calculated on as a steady item of revenue. Just as the "illimitable" public domain of the United States is now rapidly approaching exhaustion, so our timber supply, hitherto regarded as practically inexhaustible, must diminish, owing to the continually augmenting demand. It is none too early to anticipate and provide against this falling off. The area of Toronto real estate shortly to be vacated should be retained in the hands of the Government as by far the best investment which they can possibly make against the day of deficits. It should be leased instead of being sold, thereby securing some present income, and what is of far more consequence, retaining the public title to the freehold, so that when the leases expire the public of that day will find themselves in possession of an immensely valuable property the revenue from which will defray a considerable proportion of the expenses of government.

Special reference has been made to the Ontario Government, inasmuch as the question in their case has arisen in a present and practical form. But the same principle is equally applicable to the dealings of the Dominion Government and municipal bodies in regard to land now in their possession, unless in exceptional cases where some strong reason exists for pursuing a different policy. The objections which are made on the score of justice or expediency to the Government or the municipality treating all land as public property obviously do not apply to the retention for revenue purposes of such land as yet remains unalienated. Adherents of both the old and the new political economy can at all events unite in demanding that where a large and steadily continuous increase in value appears certain which can be secured to the public without even the semblance of a violation of private rights, this policy shall be pursued.

PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

ART IN FRENCH-CANADA.

THE late fire at the Seminary Chapel of Quebec may be viewed as a national disaster. The paintings lost therein formed a gallery singular of its kind in America, and which cannot be replaced. They were: "The Saviour and The Woman of Samaria," by the brothers Lagrenée; "The Virgin with the Needle," by Dieu; "The Crucified," by Monet; "The Thebaid," by Guilloit; "The St. Jerome and the Last Judgment," by Hullin; "The Ascension," by Philip de Champagne; "The Christ in the Tomb," by Hutin; "The Flight into Egypt," by Vanloo; "The Pentecost," by Philip de Champagne; "The St. Peter in Chains," by De la Fosse; "The Christ in Jordan," by Claude Guy Halle; "The St. Jerome Writing," by J. B. de Champagne, and "The Worship of the Wise Men," by Borenieu. The collection contained two other works—"The St. Anthony in Rapture," by Parocel d'Avignon, which was saved as if by a marvel, the frame having been burned to cinders, and "The Angels," by Charles Le Brun, which had been transported to Laval University, hard by, only a few days before. All of these paintings were more or less ancient, and of more or less merit, but as a whole they possessed exceptional value, and it is a pity that measures were not taken long ago to place them out of the danger of fire. Quebec has surely had lessons enough within the past few years. The historical citadel has been exposed to the flames once or twice, the Parliamentary Buildings have been destroyed several times, and on the

last occasion the whole country was startled to learn that the precious library, containing books, documents, and manuscripts, inaccessible elsewhere, had perished almost entirely.

Fortunately the Ancient Capital has still abundant treasures left, as we learn from a list published by M. Faucher de Saint Maurice, of the Royal Society of Canada. In the Basilica the following hang from the walls: "The Banishment of St. Paul," by Carlo Marotti; "The Christ," attributed to Van Dyck; "The Christ Outraged," by Fleuret; "The Pentecost," by Vignon; "The Holy Family," by Jacques Blanchard, and "The Annunciation," by John Bertrand. The collection of the Hôtel Dieu is very fine, and composed of the following works: "The Christ in the Crib," by Stella; "The Virgin and the Infant Jesus," by Noel Coypel; "The Ecstasy of St. Theresa," by William Menageot, and "The Meditation of St. Bruno," by Zurbaran. The Ursulines have also a number of valuable paintings, such as, "The Jesus and the Pharisee," the best Philip de Champagne extant; "The Death of St. Jerome," attributed to Domenichino; "The St. Nonus and St. Pelagia," by Prud'homme; "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes," by Dieu; "The Birth of the Saviour," by Vigneau; "The Saviour Preaching the Gospel," by Philip de Champagne, and "The Algerian Captives Redeemed by the Friars of Mercy," by Restout. In addition to these we find several good examples of sixteenth and seventeenth century masters in other ancient churches outside of Quebec, as St. Anne du Nord, the site of the famous pilgrimages, where there is a splendid Le Brun; at Tadousac; St. Michael of Bellechasse; St. Antoine of Lotbinière; St. Henry of Levis, and other places.

The way that these works came into Canada is given by M. Faucher de Saint-Maurice, in the publication of a letter of Antoine Plamondon, a well-known Quebec painter, to M. J. M. Le Moine, the still better known historian and essayist. Plamondon says that in a conversation he had with the Abbé Desjardins, in 1826, on handing him letters from his brother, then almoner of the Hôtel Dieu, Quebec, the latter told him this: "All our churches were pillaged in the time of Robespierre, in 1793, by thousands of ruffians. Speculators had gathered together an infinite number of stolen paintings. One of these men failed in business, and his collection came under the hammer. I went to the sale, where the paintings were piled up in a courtyard in Paris, making a mountain of canvases. This mountain was knocked down to me *en bloc* for a mere trifle compared to its real value. A few days later, Cardinal Fesch, uncle of Napoleon, Archbishop of Lyons, and a great judge of art, directed me to have my collection transferred to his house. He bought a few and returned the rest, which then all went to Canada, where the buyers were the Quebec Seminary, the Cathedral, and several of the country churches. This took place from 1815 to 1820."

Quebec is not the only portion of French-Canada possessing good examples of ecclesiastical art. Almost all the ancient posts have some of their own as, for instance, Three Rivers, Nicolet, Yamachiche, Maskinongé, Batiscan and St. Anne de la Pérade. Montreal is still farther endowed, as might be expected from the wealth of its corporations and the taste of the members thereof. The Seminary of St. Sulpice stands at the head, and any one will be convinced of this who visits its spacious parlours and corridors. As much may be said of the Montreal College, under the same direction, at the foot of Mount Royal. The Congregation of Notre Dame, that founded Montreal, with Maisonneuve, and the Nuns of the Hôtel Dieu, who also co-operated, under Mademoiselle Mance, have a large number of relics of artistic worth on the one hand, and of still greater historical interest on the other.

A recent event has further revealed the riches of the French Province in this respect. The Montreal Antiquarian and Numismatic Society attempted, in last December, an exhibition of Historical Portraits, from the beginning of the colony down to 1840. The movement was mainly tentative and experimental, but it succeeded beyond anticipation, and while not more than a couple of hundred of specimens were looked for, over eight hundred were sent in from all parts of the Province. The best families, including a large number of the English-speaking, contributed to one of the most interesting, artistic, and historic displays ever devised in Canada. A committee of the Society, mainly represented by Mr. Henry Mott, of Montreal, have published a valuable descriptive catalogue, which will hereafter be consulted for its authenticity. It is to be hoped that this exhibition of historical portraits will soon be repeated on a large scale, so as to include Ontario, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, and indeed all the Provinces of the Dominion. Even the Indians and the missionaries should not be forgotten, as they were not at the late exhibition. The venerable mission of Caughnawaga, over against Montreal, through its learned director, Father Burtin, of the Oblate Congregation, sent in portraits of two of its former pastors—M. Marcou, who wrote a complete Iroquois dictionary and grammar, preserved in the archives of the mission—and the famous Father Lafitau—the latter a remarkably well-coloured and delicate likeness. Caughnawaga sent also the portrait of Charlevoix, who passed several years there, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and wrote many chapters of his history. His room, arm-chair, books and book-case, with other relics, are still shown in the ancient presbytery.

Montreal.

JOHN TALON-LESPEANCE.

MR. BROWNING has received the unusual compliment of a message from Prince Bismarck, whose love for Englishmen is not generally supposed to be excessive. The Imperial Chancellor sent the poet his best wishes and congratulations, describing himself as one of his admirers, and expressing his regret that State business had thus far prevented him from reading Mr. Browning's last volume.

AT THE FALLS OF RIVIERE DU LOUP.

WHERE the white raving cataract tosses high
'Gainst the dark precipice, its sheets of foam,—
A tiny harebell finds a sheltered home,
And rears its drooping blossom towards the sky;
And the great roaring flood that rages by
But sheds a tender dew upon its head:
Even so, the heart, in meek humility,
That seeks but heaven in this rude earth of ours,
May dwell unharmed amid the roar and din
Of human passion, as in sheltered bowers,
Growing but fairer 'mid turmoil and sin,—
Keeping the hue of heaven, like the flowers,
Because it keeps heaven's purity within.

AGNES MAULE MACHAR

LONDON LETTER.

I SUPPOSE it must be nearly twenty years since, that, passing the Spaniards' Inn at Hampstead one summer afternoon, I saw at the small, geranium-decked window Dickens standing. He knew my companion, and laughingly called out something trivial, which I now forget; but the look of the man, with his "face of steel," and eyes which gleamed and sparkled—brown stars, still shining in my memory—I think I shall remember always. How fond he was of this queer roadside cottage. How often he used to come in the days when *Pickwick* was just published, and Phiz had taken up the drawing-block which poor Seymour dropped. It was here that Mrs. Bardell gave that celebrated tea-party the afternoon when Messrs. Dodson and Fogg sent all in a hurry for their client, and here he spent many of those holiday hours of which any one of his old friends (and was ever man blessed with so many?) tell you with the most affectionate enthusiasm. The testimony of one's own family carries little weight, as a rule, for their eyes are supposed to be blinded by affection. But it is the people who live in the house with the great man—those who see him at breakfast, that trying time, and talk to him when Society has shut the door, and he is left by the admiring throng to the humdrum critical home circle—to whom one should apply, and from whom one gets a truer impression than from pages of biography or stacks of letters. "I cannot tell you what my father was to us all," said Mrs. Perugini to me once, and from Miss Dickens' charming sketch some time back in *Cornhill* we have the other daughter's testimony of the manner in which the author of *David Copperfield* was regarded at Gadshill. Wendell Holmes says the *real* Thomas is only known to his Maker; but it is as well that "John's ideal Thomas" should be as truthful a portrait as possible, and the people who will most successfully draw you that portrait are in Thomas' own household. Up here on the heath, where yesterday the Van der Veldts used to sketch, with a bitter north-easter blowing in our faces, with iced ponds at our feet, with the great dome of St. Paul's dimly visible away beyond the vast stretch of houses to the right, Dickens' influence is potent still, and for one person who turns to look at our cathedral twenty hurry down the road toward Highgate to gaze at the little inn he made famous; for one who stays for country views of whitened fields and hedges, and bare trees, twenty push on to peer across the palings into Lord Mansfield's park, quoting from *Barnaby Rudge* how here the mob were turned aside from their original purpose of sacking this house during the Gordon Riots—"This is the place where Romney worked at his pretty, graceful portraits; his studio is now turned into an assembly room"—"Ah," I am answered, "but which is Jack Straw's castle, where Dickens used to dine, and did the Steerforths live down that lane?" "Those are the chimneys of Du Maurier's house," I continue conscientiously. "Here Lord Erskine used to walk, and if you keep straight on you get, in time, to High Barnet,"—"Where the Dodger first met Oliver Twist," comes in the interruption, and so, as it is no use instructing, I leave instruction alone. And, after all, how real are these creations, and how infinitely nearer to us than any dead law-lord are the Micawbers and Nickelsbys, the Kenwigs and Pecksniffs. "These are the realities; we are the shadows," as Wilkie's oft-quoted monk says to him of the pictures in the Spanish church; and without a doubt true immortality lies in the work which defies, sometimes for many a generation, those twin silencers, Time and Death.

Not long ago I went on a pilgrimage to the Gadshill shrine, and stayed for an hour in Rochester by the way to see the Hospital of Richard Watts, with which a Christmas number in *Household Words* has made us familiar. It is an ordinary white-washed house on the street (the charity was founded in Elizabeth's time, rebuilt about 140 years ago) with a tablet let in over the front door, but the interior is oddly enough arranged, for the Poor Travellers' six small bedrooms are built round a narrow court, into which their kitchen looks also; so the matron has the only cheerful view into the busy country town from her windows. But the kitchen is snug and warm, and the bedrooms (lighted by a large lamp-post in the centre of the yard) are clean and tidy. Every night—the evening on which I am writing this: the evening on which you will read this—these beds are full, and indeed have never once been empty these three hundred years. Through the dark winter, through the pleasant summer, the visitors tramp into Rochester; generally twice the number come than can be accommodated, and then the most destitute are chosen, and the rest drafted to the work-house. Four pence is given them to buy their supper, which they cook themselves in the kitchen, "and," says the matron, "some talk, and some read the paper, and they are always quiet and well-behaved." She showed

me a register of their names and crafts which they sign before leaving next morning. After a line of well-written, clerky writing, you come to the cross of the ignorant man; after the idle lad's wriggling hand is his idle elder's unreadable scrawl. Sometimes they return, but not so often as one would think. Rochester lies on the old coach road—the High Road—between London and Dover, and consequently there is an immense variety of visitors to the Hospital, which would not happen if the town were not so well-known. Tramps by-the-by have a wonderful way of communicating with each other,—in America as well as in England: *vide Rudder Grange*—and I am told that on the right hand side of the village pump you will see always the hieroglyphics which after a little practice are quite easy to make out. Did you ever hear of the man who was horrified at discovering a sketch in chalk of what resembled a bursting bomb on his front door just below the handle: how, keeping the discovery to himself so as not to alarm the family (he had Irish property, and feared foul play), he was paralyzed with fright a few days after by finding another sketch, but of a hatchet this time; and how, on a third day, a drawing of a murderous instrument with a knob at one end, to which he could not put a name, met his bewildered gaze? At this, silence was no longer possible, and when the whole household was questioned as to the probable meaning of these terrible signs, the cook's eyes fell, and the cook's cheeks reddened. At last she confessed everything. This was her only means, she said, of communicating with X 32, stationed at the corner of the square. The bursting bomb was the portrait of a harmless Christmas pudding, holly adorned, which, at a given signal at the area gate, would be delivered into his willing arms; the hatchet was a symbol of that tender pork chop, love's gift, all ready and waiting for the constable; and the murderous instrument was but the "counterfeit presentment" of a ham-bone. How needlessly in this world do we torment ourselves over matters which do not in the least concern us?

Four miles out of Rochester, up hill, and down hill, along a more or less uninteresting road, and one comes to the roadside villa, once so envied by that "not particularly well-taken-care-of small boy," and to which pilgrims wander from all parts of the world just to look at the house where that queer small boy laboured for so many years. The garden-gate clicks behind me, and as I go past the winter flowers to the Georgian porch, a paragraph, written some time ago, and which I came across the other day, recurs to my memory; "I think of these past writers [Sterne is being spoken of] and of one who lives among us now [alas no longer] and am grateful for the innocent laughter and sweet unsullied page which the author of *David Copperfield* gives to my children." Do you remember who said that, and many another appreciative word of our great English humourist? Truly as great a man, and as wise a man, as Mr. Howells, and whose critical faculty was surely as sound and trustworthy.

Gadshill contains now no relics of Dickens beyond the wooden lining to the hall and the wooden staircase which were brought from Switzerland and some book-shams in the library, of which Forster made a list in his *Life*: but the rooms are interesting in themselves, and well worth seeing. Here Dickens died: there he used to work: this was the "Bachelor's Bedroom" of the occupants of which Wilkie Collins gave such a humorous sketch in *All the Year Round*: this is the drawing-room where the ghosts of those people you and I know so well still seem to linger. Burly Mark Lemon, who played Falstaff without making up: handsome Maclise with his Irish eyes, that "arbitrary gent" Forster, contradictory Stone, gentle Egg, graceful Fechter with his foreign accent—their names are legion. And amongst them is dear Hans Anderssen, who understood and spoke English so imperfectly, and was such a trial to amuse, and whom I think one would have liked to have known more than any of them. Out in the garden everything looks the same; the tunnel under the road leading to the shrubbery where the Châlet (now belonging to Lord Darnley) was set up, reminds one of the mining operations of which Dickens laughingly spoke: and the many flower-beds recall his love for the brightest of red geraniums, the most brilliant of blossoms. I have seen, for Miss Hogarth has them still, the sofa on which Dickens lay all through that dismal 9th of June (into which is let a brass plate recording the fact that on this he died) and the arm-chair which he perpetually used, and many possessions of interest, including a portrait of "Mr. F.'s aunt," and another by Hablot Browne of "Mary," whose grave, with its pathetic epitaph by Dickens, is in the old part of Kensal Green, and I wish these things had never left Gadshill, but had remained as memorials of the author in the places where he put them.

I spend an hour sometimes with the widow of one of Dickens' oldest friends, and I protest it is as interesting to hear stories of the Society that gathered round him, as to read of the friends and of the doings of Smollett or of Fielding—they seem equal now.—"All, all are gone, the old familiar faces." I am told that it is only a few years since the original of Miss Haversham died: that the lady remained in her bedroom twenty-five years without leaving it, in consequence of the misconduct of her lover, who behaved as did the faithless Mr. Moddle: that Dickens, taken by a friend to call on this lady, saw exactly what he describes—candle-light in the daytime, drawn curtains, stopped clocks—in *Great Expectations*; that "Flora" was "Dora," grown middle-aged and sentimental, and "Dora" Dickens never married, though David Copperfield did; that the little church near his home in Devonshire Terrace, which Hogarth drew in the "Rake's Progress," and Phiz for "David's Wedding" is still standing, much modernized, a chapel-of-ease to St. Marylebone that—but am I speaking to people who don't appreciate our humourist, whom we in England care so much for? Do you shut his books with a superior air, remarking?—"His pathos is forced; his wit is vulgar; he never drew a gentleman or a lady!" Are you sure you are right? Is—to take only his masterpiece—is the pathos which surrounds David's mother or little Em'ly forced; the

humour of Peggotty, of Traddles, vulgar; is David not a gentleman, or Agnes Wickfield not a lady? Memoirs of the time give some idea of the manner in which Dickens' works were received. Was the great British public wrong when it recognized the truth in Mrs. Gamp, in Sam Weller, in a dozen of other types, now household words? Surely not. We like strong colour, and we don't object to a little exaggeration in outline, in expression and so forth, but we must have truth as a foundation; without that virtue you cannot hope to touch us, for we recognize its existence at once, even if we are not able to describe accurately what we have found.

WALTER POWELL.

MONTREAL LETTER.

A VERY wise Committee has decided that there shall be no Carnival this year. However, notwithstanding the prospect of entertaining a public, seemingly rather out of sympathy with him these days, our original, indefatigable, and most gifted artist Jack Frost is far from allowing his deft fingers to remain idle. We have at present the privilege of contemplating the daintiest piece of his fantastic work that he has given us for some time.

The disastrous fire on Saturday morning which completely gutted three large buildings in a handsome business block, would have left behind an unusually gaunt spectacle had not the intense cold converted into ice the water thrown upon the walls. Now they stand glistening and glinting as if covered with the most wonderfully wrought Parian marble, or like a huge stalactite cave open to the sun. From garret to basement, the entire masonry is encased in ice and icicles. We have had many "palaces," but I question whether there has ever been a lovelier one than this. Some architects of the more severe school will doubtless point out many details that they could improve, and vow it is architecture gone mad. However it has gone mad with so happy a result, we might wish the fashion more popular. Soft white smoke pours continually from the building, and ever and anon a lurid glare fills one of the windows. The whole scene is beautiful and weird, and reminds us now of Dante's favourite haunts, now of a theatrical conflagration.

The Victoria Rink masquerade is quite an old story with us, yet we still persist in shivering as "Heathen Chiuce," or "Little Bo-Peep," or some other character chosen with equal felicity when the thermometer says "Zero." The masquerade on Friday night was distinguishable in no way from countless other masquerades, except perhaps by the presence of a party of Fishery Commissioners, who with John Bull and Brother Jonathan, held several spirited debates on the ice. The final decision of the Commissioners was announced in fair characters upon a card, and was to the effect, that the price of red herrings shall remain the same.

That melancholy age when flowers were born to blush unseen has passed. He who runs may not only write but publish, and we are not ones to lose sight of such an advantage. There is another poet about to rise and shine on us. However, "these empty singers of an empty day"—no, no, that can't be it; where is the volume of "Familiar quotations"?—are sure of success, like *le vin du pays*.

Whether a salon, or as Mrs. Z. put it, perhaps more aptly, a *parlor*, is a natural consequence of poets, we Canadians, more or less ignorant of both, are unqualified to judge. Be this as it may, Montreal can boast a salon. That we have amongst us neither a Marquise de Rambouillet, a Madame de Sévigné, nor a Madame Récamier, signifies nothing to our ambitious souls. We are bold and enterprising, and boldness and enterprise should always meet with reward in a new country. If *les Précieuses* appear periodically on our stage, there is no Molière lurking near, so they have ought to fear.

"To live, signifies to unite with a party or to make one." If one would be considered intellectually alive, one must belong to a club. We have here a number and variety that a European city with four times our population might envy. If it is not the reading club, it is the Dutch, and if not the Dutch, the musical, and so on *ad infinitum*. But something quite interesting has been imagined at last; as near to a Bohemian affair as anything can be tempered by "femininity." No original articles will be tolerated, which in itself should recommend the enterprise. However, more of it anon, when in thorough working order.

We are to have beautiful new enamel street signs, so that it will be no longer necessary to trust either to "dudes" or lamps for the oft-needed information. Not satisfied with having the street name in fair white letters on a blue ground, it has been suggested that those of an enquiring mind might feel still greater satisfaction were they to find appended a short history of the street. Thus, we should discover that "Dollard Street was named after a brave warrior, who, in 1660, with sixteen companions defended the city in a fort at the foot of the Long Sault Rapids of the Ottawa, against 700 Iroquois." This is quite a unique idea, which, unfortunately for those who have neither the time nor money to spend on Parkman, must be abandoned, as it would entail an extra expense of from twenty-five to fifty cents on each plate.

LOUIS LLOYD.

WILKIE COLLINS lives in a pleasant, substantial house in Gloucester Place, Portman Square, London. He suffers much from nervous prostration and gout in the eyes; but, notwithstanding this, the commands of his physician, and the advice of his friends, he will persist in weaving the wild, weird stories so favourable to the production of goose-flesh in the British public. The great novelist admits himself that what he needs is "coolness, peace, and quiet." At the same time he cannot endure the noises of travel, and while he remains at home the temptations of his library and writing-table are too much for him.

PROMINENT CANADIANS.—X.

SIR SAMUEL LEONARD TILLEY, C.B., K.C.M.G., LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR
OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

ON the 8th of May, 1818, Samuel Leonard Tilley, son of Thomas N. Tilley, was born at Gagetown, Queen's County, New Brunswick. His great-grandfather, Samuel, was a staunch Loyalist, who at the close of the American Revolutionary War left his old home in Brooklyn, New York, and settled in New Brunswick, becoming a grantee of the City of St. John. At that time the family, which is of Dutch extraction, spelled the name "Tilly," and in that form it frequently appears in the public documents and records of a century ago. Young Tilley was educated at the County Grammar School, and, considering the limitations of his opportunities, acquitted himself creditably. At the age of twelve he was obliged to leave his home and seek employment. He went to St. John, and having a predilection for the calling of an apothecary, entered the drug establishment of the late William O. Smith as an apprentice. Mr. Smith, who repeatedly occupied the civic chair of his native city, was a man of superior intellectual abilities, and a politician of great shrewdness and breadth of view. From him the future statesman received his first lessons in politics, though in after life the two men differed materially on questions of policy, Tilley being an ardent Liberal and Smith a strong Conservative. After duly serving his time, the subject of this sketch went into business with Thomas William Peters—also the descendant of a Loyalist. He joined a Debating Society, and became a warm and uncompromising exponent of the Temperance cause. From the principles of Temperance reform he has never swerved, having throughout his long life remained a zealous and consistent teetotaler. In 1849 Mr. Tilley's name first appears in connection with the politics of his Province, when, espousing the side of the Protectionists of that day, he nominated, and helped to elect, a candidate for the Legislature. The new tariff, proposed by the Government, proved too high, and the dissatisfaction being pronounced in a marked way by the leading merchants and consumers, the obnoxious measure was withdrawn. Towards the close of this year Mr. Tilley took an active part in forming the New Brunswick Railway League, which had for its object the construction of a line of railway from St. John to Shediac. This League exerted a large amount of influence. It owed its inception to an indignation meeting of the citizens, who, enraged at the conduct of the Legislature in defeating the various railway schemes which had been brought before the House, petitioned the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Edmund Walker Head, to dissolve Parliament and appeal to the people. Mr. Tilley was a spirited member of the organization, and at the general elections of 1850 he found himself nominated a candidate for St. John in the Reform interest, and with a substantial party at his back. In June he was elected to a seat in the House of Assembly, and the Coalition Government was broken and discredited. In 1851, however, the Liberals suffered a serious reverse, two of the leading members of their party having at the last moment deserted them for places in the enemy's camp. These gentlemen were the Hon. John Hamilton Gray, now a Supreme Court Judge in British Columbia, and the author of a History of Confederation, and the Hon. Robert Duncan Wilmot, afterwards Speaker of the Senate, and later, Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick. They entered the Government on the very day that their treachery was communicated to their late allies. Messrs. Tilley, Ritchie (now Sir W. J. Ritchie, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada), and Simonds were indignant. A meeting was held, and those three gentlemen, with Mr. William H. Needham as a fourth, issued a card to the electors, in which they put forward their views in strong terms, and asked the people to pronounce judgment on Messrs. Wilmot and Gray's course by their votes at the polls. Should the deserters be sustained by the electors, Tilley, Ritchie, Simonds, and Needham promised to at once resign their seats. The issue went before the people, and, strange to say, the recalcitrant members were returned by the very men who only a short time before had elected them to dethrone the obnoxious ministry, which they had themselves subsequently joined. Messrs. Simonds, Ritchie, and Tilley promptly resigned, the latter retiring into private life. Mr. Needham failed to keep his promise, and clung to his seat. In 1854 Tilley returned to politics, and was elected by a good majority for St. John. In November he was offered a portfolio in the Cabinet of the Liberal Administration, which he accepted, and from that day to the present time he has enjoyed, save in two periods of a few months' duration, uninterrupted power as Minister or Governor. In 1856 he was beaten at the polls on the Prohibitory Liquor Law question, when his Ministry made the subject a direct issue. The new Government repealed the Act, but was unable to maintain itself in power longer than a year, when, a dissolution occurring, the Liberals were again triumphantly returned to office, and Mr. Tilley was reinstated in his old position as Provincial Secretary. Shortly afterwards he became Premier. Elsewhere the writer, in treating of the events of the years 1854 and 1856 in New Brunswick, has said: "Two new political terms were invented which attached themselves to the fortunes of the two parties for a period extending from that day up to the date of the union of the Provinces, when their usefulness ceased. These were the well-known words, 'Smasher' and 'Stubtail,' phrases which old politicians in New Brunswick will readily recall. Their origin is of sufficient interest to note down here; indeed, so popular were they at one time that 'Liberal' and 'Tory' readily gave place to 'Smasher' and 'Stubtail,' and a famous journalist predicted that they would become historic, and that the local parties would be known by them for all time to come. 'Smasher' was first used in 1854. A leading member of the Legislature announced in the House that the policy of the

Liberal party should be 'to the victors belong the spoils.' Great objection was taken to this assertion by the Opposition, and they called the party 'Smashers,' as it appeared they seemed disposed to break up all old usages in respect to the tenure of office. At the general election in 1856, it was alleged that the then Opposition sought to influence votes by a liberal distribution of an inferior description of flour, the brand being 'Stubtail.' The result was that the party was nicknamed the 'Stubtail' party."

From June, 1857, to March, 1865, Mr. Tilley remained Prime Minister. In 1864 he went to Charlottetown, P.E.I., to attend the conference of Maritime Parliamentarians, with a view to forming a Legislative Union of the three Provinces by the sea. Several members of the Canadian Government, among whom was Sir John Macdonald, being on a visit to the Lower Provinces, and hearing of the proposed meeting, expressed a desire to be present. Invitations were sent to them; they attended, and succeeded in getting the delegates to abandon the smaller scheme, and meet later in the year at Quebec, when a grander union would be proposed and discussed. The greater assembly met at the Ancient Capital on the 10th of October, and sat with closed doors until the 27th of the month, when the famous "Quebec Scheme," as it was termed in New Brunswick, was completed. In the framing of those resolutions Mr. Tilley took a very prominent part. The plan proposed was for the different Governments to submit the question to the Houses of Assembly in each Province, without allowing a single word of its provisions to be altered. Great secrecy was enjoined, and until the subject should come regularly before the local Parliaments, it was decided that no publication of the scheme should be made. Of course public expectation stood on tiptoe, but the curious had not long to wait. An enterprising Prince Edward Island journalist secured in some surreptitious manner a copy of the important paper, and ruthlessly published it. All was excitement then in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island. The politicians abandoned their old war cries, and threw themselves into hostile camps, one being the "Confederates," and the other the "Anti-Confederates," though the Liberals of New Brunswick for the most part espoused the side of the Unionists, and the Conservatives found congenial sympathizers in the ranks of the "Antis." There were men in those days who said that Confederation was only Annexation to the United States in disguise, and to a man, almost, the descendants of the old Loyalists joined the Anti-Confederate party. The country was overrun with campaign papers, broadsides, and pamphlets. The printing press was kept going night and day. The British Association, handsomely endowed by ardent Unionists, employed the ablest political writers in the country to advocate union with Canada, and its publications were circulated all over the land. In March, at the general elections, Mr. Tilley submitted the whole question to the people, but they had not been sufficiently educated up to the idea, and he and his party suffered ignominious defeat. Notwithstanding the Premier's strong personal popularity in his own constituency, the majority of votes cast against him in 1865 was very large. Not even a single member of the Quebec Conference was returned, and on surveying the battlefield after the contest was over the promoters of Confederation felt appalled and crushed. But they rallied, and determined to fight again. An Anti-Confederate Ministry was formed, under the auspices of the Hons. A. J. Smith and George L. Hatheway. Their following in the Assembly was large and influential.

It was different in the Upper House, however, where the fiery and resolute Peter Mitchell carried matters with a high hand, and earned for himself the *sobriquet* of "Bismarck." He had the majority of the Legislative Council with him, and S. L. Tilley, called in derision at that period, the "forty-second member" was constantly at his elbow. Mitchell induced the councillors to present an address to the Lieut.-Governor, the Hon. Arthur Hamilton Gordon. The Colonial Secretary, Mr. Edward Cardwell, afterwards raised to the peerage as Baron Cardwell, and since dead, informed the representative of the Queen that the Imperial Government approved of Confederation. This was made the most of, and it proved a potent weapon in the hands of the Confederates. A Fenian excitement also taking place about the same time, served the friends of the great movement well in their emergency. The Smith Government resigned. Mr. Tilley was sent for, a new election took place, and the verdict of 1865 was in the next year promptly set aside, the Anti-Confederates being reduced almost to a corporal's guard. It may thus be said that New Brunswick entered the Dominion by the almost unanimous consent of her people. Delegates from Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick (for Prince Edward Island declined to join her fortunes to the larger compact) were next sent to London to complete the terms of Union, and at this conference Mr. Tilley ably represented his Province. For his services he was made a C.B. (civil) by the Queen, and on resigning his seat in the New Brunswick House of Assembly for a seat in the House of Commons at Ottawa, he was sworn in a member of the Canadian Privy Council, and appointed Minister of Customs in the first Cabinet of the Dominion. From November, 1868, to April, 1869, he was acting Minister of Public Works; and on the 22nd of February, 1873, he was made Minister of Finance. This important portfolio he held until the fall of the Macdonald Government on the Pacific Scandal matter, November 5th, same year. Before leaving office, Sir John appointed his colleague Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, Mr. Tilley succeeding the Hon. Lemuel A. Wilmot. This high office he filled with great acceptance until July 11, 1878, and though it is said, a second term was offered to him by the Mackenzie Administration, he preferred the more active life of a Parliamentarian, and at the general election of that year, he allowed himself to be nominated in his old constituency for a seat in the House of Commons. He was elected, though his majority was only nine votes. This was doubtless due to the stand which he took on the tariff question, which was declared to be a high pro-

tective one, and framed to protect the Canadian manufacturer. The platform of the Liberal-Conservatives obtained throughout the country, and Sir John Macdonald, on being asked to form a Government, invited Mr. Tilley to resume his old post. On presenting himself for re-election he was returned by acclamation. In due time he formulated the National Policy of the Ministry, on the floor of the House, in one of the ablest and most masterly speeches that he had ever made. It was a clear and convincing address, and although the measure was hotly discussed, it finally passed, and has ever since been the policy of the country. On the 24th of May, Mr. Tilley was created a Knight-Commander of St. Michael and St. George by the Marquis of Lorne, at an investiture of the Order held at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal. The honourable gentleman also holds a patent of rank and precedence from Her Majesty, as an Ex-Councillor of New Brunswick. He held the office of Finance Minister until October, 1885, when his health could no longer stand the strain put upon it, and he retired from Parliament and the Ministry to accept for a second term the less laborious office of Lieutenant-Governor of his native Province, which position he still holds.

Sir Leonard is a fluent and eloquent, though not a severely correct, speaker. He has tact, good administrative abilities and a character which politically and socially is above reproach. He has carried his Temperance principles to the extreme limit, and during his occupancy of Government House, no wines or liquors have been allowed in his household. Industrious to a degree, he has won his way to power and influence by his own unaided efforts, and is a striking example of the self-made man. Many important Acts of Parliament owe their origin to him. Sir Leonard has been twice married—first to Julia Anna, daughter of James T. Hanford, of St. John; and second in 1867, to Alice, elder daughter of Z. Chipman, of St. Stephen, N.B. If his life be spared until the 8th of May, 1888, he will have completed his seventieth year.

GEORGE STEWART, JR.

POESIE.

BUT now, a moment since, she passed me by,
So beautiful! O calm thyself, my soul!
Her smile was given in pity, as a dole
Unto a beggar; not to crown thine eye,
With recognition of thy heart's outcry,
To be led upward to the starry goal.
Poor, panting trembler! Strive then to control
Thine anguish and thy longing lest thou die.
What though her glance, more radiant than the morn,
More beauty hath than all the earth beside:
To die were better than receive her scorn,
And, scorned by her thou surely would'st have died.
Poor wilful fool! then live and die forlorn,
Since die thou wilt or reach unto her side!

J. H. BROWN.

BISHOP CLEVELAND COXE ON CHRISTIAN HISTORY.*

The volume before us is interesting in many ways. In the first place, it illustrates some of the difficulties of this hemisphere in regard to religious education, and it shows us some of the wisest ways of meeting those difficulties. The University of Michigan, located in the pretty city of Ann Arbor, nearly forty miles beyond Detroit, like all the State Universities of the great Republic, is a secular institution. That this is a matter of necessity, and not of choice, is sufficiently demonstrated by the fact that prayers are said daily in the central University building before the beginning of lectures, and are largely attended both by Professors and by students. There can, however, be no theological or religious instruction given by the University, and it has therefore become a matter of serious consideration to the various religious bodies, whose younger members are students in the University, how they shall best provide for their instruction, and for retaining them in Christian fellowship.

The able and distinguished Bishop of Michigan, Dr. Harris, has manifested this interest in the young men of his diocese in a very enlightened and practical manner, by promoting the foundation of the Hobart Guild, as a Church Society, consisting of members of the University. The Guild has found a home in the Hobart Hall, a beautiful and commodious building, containing a lecture room, a library, reading rooms, gymnasium, etc.; and finally, through the liberality of the Hon. H. P. Baldwin, formerly Governor of Michigan, and subsequently a Senator of the United States, a lectureship, similar to the Bampton foundation at Oxford, has been established in connection with the Hobart Guild. It is well known that other lectureships of the same kind, founded by various religious bodies, exist in other parts of the United States, and it seems likely that some of the other religious communions who are represented in the University of Michigan may follow the example set by the Episcopal Church.

In making choice of Bishop Cleveland Coxe as the first lecturer, the Bishop of Michigan made as good a beginning as perhaps it was possible to make, whether we consider the scholarship, the learning, the literary ability, or the fame of the lecturer, and the present volume amply justifies the selection made. It is a contribution to the study of Church History which is of distinct value, providing, as it does, a useful clue by which the inexperienced may be guided through the difficult paths of that most

interesting field. The object of the lecturer was not so much to instruct the hearer and reader in the facts of Church History as to place these facts in a proper perspective, in short, to explain the principles upon which alone the history of the Church can be made intelligible.

"The era of scientific history," says Bishop Coxe, "will be created just as soon as some able and original genius shall be raised up to apply, in historiography, the principles which our age has inexorably demanded in other scientific work. The law of such a movement is simply that of sweeping away demonstrated falsehood and fable, and of proceeding at every step upon the rock foundation of fact. If the East gave to Christianity its historic form and shape, its creed and doctrine, its whole cast and visible outline before the world, why not proceed accordingly? Yes, why not? A thousand myths disappear from the Western mind when once these truths are worked out and made manifest. No more haggling about the popes of controvertists. The entire papal theory perishes as soon as we find where Rome stood at first, and how absolutely inconsiderable was her place in the early founding and teaching of Churches." In this passage we have a good specimen of the tone and also of the general purpose of the lectures, which may be described as an endeavour to substitute the Catholic for the Roman Catholic point of view in the study of the history of the Church. In the same way the lecturer points out how little importance, in comparison with its real significance, is attached to the transfer of the capital of the empire from Rome to Byzantium, a fact, he remarks, which is "evidence of overwhelming significance as to the workings of Christianity before Constantine, as to the predominance of the East in its origin and progress for three centuries, and as to the leavening influences in Roman politics, which, in spite of Diocletian and the persecutors before him, had made such a revolution possible, if not inevitable."

To a careless or hasty reader it might seem as though the Bishop had "Popery on the brain"; but those who really appreciate the significance of his book will understand that there can be no real halting-place between the Bishop's position and that of submission to the Church of Rome. It is of no use talking of uncharitableness towards Roman Catholics, if by that is meant the root and branch condemnation of their theory as now understood. If the Bishop of Rome is supreme ruler and teacher of the Christian Church, then all other Christian communions are in perilous schism; out of Peter they are out of Christ. If these characters are not to be assigned to the Pope, then the sources of the error must be explored, and it must be shown that every device by which it has been commended to the belief of Christendom is a mere innovation and falsehood and not a primitive truth.

This work Bishop Coxe accomplishes in a thorough and satisfactory manner. The first lecture, from which we have illustrated the principles of his undertaking, is introductory. The second deals with the Apostolic Fathers and the succeeding age, the third with the synodical period, the fourth with the creation of the Western Empire under Charles the Great, a period not less important in reference to the development of the Western Church than that of Constantine is to the Church at large. The fifth lecture deals with the Middle Ages. On one point we might here offer a remark. We entirely agree with what the Bishop says respecting the pseudo-Isidorian decretals; but we think he attaches a little too much importance to their influence in the belief of the Church respecting the Papal power. The ideas embodied in the False Decretals were already in the air. The remaining three lectures are devoted to what is practically a defence of the Anglican Reformation, and an assertion of its absolute necessity as a return to primitive and Catholic principles. Here, of course, the interest of the lectures will be diminished to non-Episcopalian readers, but we may promise such that they will find no words to offend them in this charming book, and the man or woman who can read these lectures without receiving illumination from them must have a great deal more knowledge of Church History than is at all general. C.

LOHENGRIN—A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

In several particulars the Lohengrin of the legend of the Rhine is different from the Lohengrin of Wagner's Opera. In the opera some of the most touching scenes, as such, are omitted; though in the weird melodies running throughout the music they are wonderfully suggested, as in the music of the swan and the tinkling of the silver bell. The old legend is as follows:—

The Duchess Else of Brabant had lost her parents at an early age, and as a ward was placed beneath the guardianship of Frederick, the grim Count of Telramund. And as she grew to womanhood she became so beautiful as to inspire even her grim guardian with feelings he had never known before. And he plagued her day by day to accept his hand and to become his wife. But she ignored the offers of a man who had won an evil name, who had been her youth's tormentor, and whose person and appearance she both loathed and feared. And while he still pressed his suit, in order to frighten her into compliance, he brought against her an accusation of having made away with her young brother, Gottfried; and meanwhile he kept her shut up in his castle and grounds where she had little company, and only her sorrows for companions. And one sunny summer's day, as she had wandered out among the woods and meadows, and the rippling brooks that flowed through Telramund's domains, she sat down among the flowers; the bees were humming by her side, the birds were singing their cheeriest songs among the boughs, and in the upper air the clouds were floating like helmless ships athwart the noonday sky, while away, as in the bluest depths of the heavens, the lark's shrill notes were flooding all the air; the tall tree-tops were motionless, the willow sprays and restless weeds and rye-grass were asleep, and all things seemed so full

* *Institutes of Christian History: an Introduction to Historic Reading and Study.* By A. Cleveland Coxe, Bishop of Western New York: The Baldwin Lectures for 1886. McClurg and Company, Chicago, 1887.

of joy and of repose as on one of those delicious days when all creation seems again one blessed family, and mutual love and crowning peace prevail. And as Else lay and looked up into the heaven she forgot her sorrows, and thus reclining, she closed her eyes and gently fell asleep. And her spirit fled fast and far away through the regions of light, and up to the throngs of the just, and to the Judger of tyrants and the Helper of the innocent and the wronged. And she beheld a figure emerge from that upper company, clad in royal robes and knightly armour; the diamonds of his sword-hilt flashed in the sunbeams, a golden horn glittered by his side, his helmet bore the wings and neck of a swan; in his visage and bearing he was noble above the heroes of earth, glorious as the sun of the morning, and he moved with music in his steps, and advanced as her protector and friend, and offered her the strength of his arm. And Else now awoke, and a smile was on her lip; but she lay motionless thinking of her foolish, girlish dream; for Count Telramund had overthrown the most valiant knights of Europe, and none dare venture to enter the lists or tournament against him, and as she thought of her tormentor she wept again, and weeping fell asleep. And one of those dear birds, which had been cooing fondly with its mate among the forest trees, a snow-white dove, seemed to her to rise and fly away beyond the gloomy forests and the distant hills, beyond the fleecy clouds and beyond our mortal ken, and later, in her dream, she heard the ringing of a silver bell, the silvery ringing of a tiny bell; three times it rang, and she then observed a snow-white dove flitting near and nearer and soaring in narrower circles above her where she lay, and a little silver bell was hanging from its neck, and on the bell was written "ring thrice and aid will come." And when she awoke, behold a dove perched upon her shoulder, with a tiny silver bell around its neck. And Else detached the bell and put it in her breast, and the gentle dove then flew away, and Else went back to the castle full of silent joy.

And when Else had firmly rejected the solicitations of Count Telramund, he found at length another spouse, the Frisian Duchess, Ortrude; but he still insisted on his right of disposing of his ward; and in his chagrin and his spite he now made a public denunciation of the duchess to the king for her brother's murder, and a demand for the incorporation of her vast duchy with his own domains, and for the final and arbitrary administration of her estates and wealth. And the king could not do otherwise than acknowledge his claims, and Telramund had his demands proclaimed aloud by the herald at a vast assembly of the Court and people, met on the banks of the Lower Rhine, by Cleves. And he entered armed into the lists to oppose in battle any hero who should gainsay his accusation or offer his hand or protection to the duchess. And Else was there, pale and speechless, but hopeful in her inner mind that God would move some one to take pity in her case, or that some knight would come to her deliverance. And when the herald's bugle sounded there was silence in that tumultuous gathering, and through the calm, clear air the restless rushing of the Rhine alone was heard instead of the former din. And Henry the Fowler, King of Germany, was judge of the appeal and tournament and he asked the little duchess if she had any one to defend her right against the accusation of the Court of Telramund, and the simple girl then told the king, for "In thy king thou may'st confide." And she told him of her dream of the armoured knight, with his swan-winged helmet and golden horn, and said she would wait his proffered aid which would shortly come, and she kept looking steadfastly into the sky. And the good-natured king smiled, and the people said she was in a trance, and Telramund laughed with a grim sarcastic sneer.

But Else took out the little silver bell from her breast and rang it with her fairy fingers, and the silvery sound was heard by all to spread through the lists and over the river, and they listened and watched as it rose and rang, away and away, over the trees and mountains, like a thing of winged light, and it seemed to circle and soar like a thought of the mind till it passed the clouds and the air, and hied and hurried onwards and on and filled the hollow sky. For there is perhaps a something after all in the old Pythagorean theory and the ancient Persian belief that "no sound dies," but that every echo and note and tone reverberates, tingles and spreads "still thinner, clearer, further going," till all melt and blend in the "universal music of the spheres."

And as Else's bell had rung, she listened and watched, but no response or sign was vouchsafed to her appeal. And then she asked the king to have her wish proclaimed that she offered herself and all her possessions fully and forever to any knight who would assert her cause in battle against the Count of Telramund.

And Else rang again her bell, and the whole assembly heard, and seemed to watch the wandering notes, but there was no response. Then Else's silver bell rang out a third time, and its echoes had not quite died away when another silvery, sweeter sound was heard to fill the air, and all men looked around in silence and wonder, and the rushing river seemed to flow to the music, and the notes came nearer and nearer down the stream, and presently a great white swan, with a golden crown on its neck, was seen from the bank, guiding a little shallop, like a large and beautiful shell, and in the shallop there reclined a knight in royal armour, and stopping by the marge, the knight arose and stepped out, sword in hand, into the middle of the lists. And Else recognized in him the hero of her dream, and bowed herself at his feet, and told him her case and besought his aid. And he said it was his life and mission to redress and help the wronged; but on one condition only could he engage in strife or accept a challenge, and it was, that if he were successful he should not be questioned, nor should she ever ask him about his ancestry or family or home; for the nature of his order and his mission compelled him to return at once when his origin was known, and Else gladly promised this slight request. And the swan-knight was touched by Else's beauty as well as by her wrongs, and he offered his love as well as his sword to the maiden who had already

loved him unseen and in her dreams. And then the knights advanced to single combat, and Frederick, Count of Telramund, was overthrown, and the people shouted praise to the victor, who now generously spared the life of the fallen perjurer at his feet. Then the Knight of the Swan and Else followed King Henry and court to Antwerp to prepare for the Hungarian Wars.

But the wounded Telramund recovered; Ortrude, his Frisian spouse, a descendant of Radbod, the famous Frisian king, bethought herself of vengeance on the happy Duchess Else. And Ortrude went as a dissembling applicant to Else's halls, and sued humbly for forgiveness for the former wrongs, and ingratiated herself cleverly into the confidence of the unsuspecting Else; talked to her of her wondrous deliverer and lord; asked of his name and origin, and made some strong suggestions and insinuations, which Else could not answer or clear up. And thus she sowed the seeds of suspicion and inquiry in her breast.

Now all the ladies of the court and the country grew envious of Else's fortune, for in nothing could their lords match or rival hers; and they began to talk gossip and scandal about him. And Ortrude fanned the flame. He might be a brave and clever champion, but there was something queer about him, something they could not understand nor quite make out; polite and gallant he was but in a peculiar way. How, they asked each other, had he been brought up? Where did he come from? Who was he, and what was his father or his grandfather? Whom did he know? What were his family's connections? He talked as an equal to the King—a piece of unwarrantable presumption! But this was the common way of treating strangers in feudal ages, and wherever the feudal spirit lingers still. After all they *could* know and *would* know nothing about his antecedents, moreover, they said that he must have employed the "black art," or be in league with the powers of evil to have overcome such a knight as Telramund. And then Else, hearing all this, and being constantly driven to sob by herself on account of it, and knowing, too, that her husband was noble, perhaps of a kingly race, she asked him of his coming and of his real name. But he earnestly reminded her of her oath. But the feminine desire for mastery over her rivals and for worming out the secret had taken such root, and she so wished to vindicate her husband's nobility before them, that it grew daily stronger and stronger. And she said, "Tell me. I am then married to a fugitive who fears pursuit? or to a thunderbolt, fallen from heaven? I must know." And the recovered Count of Telramund now gained her ear, justifying her course. And he made a public accusation of the Knight for magic and forbidden influences; and Else's husband was commanded by the King to justify himself, and to declare his own and father's name and race, and the source and secret of his power.

Then the victorious and gallant knight, before the whole open Court and the assembled people, made this declaration:

"Far away in distant climes, which your feet can never tread, there lies a fair and happy land, where covering forests crown the sun-bathed hills, and silver streams flow fresh and pure through every vale, and toil and care and want and fear are there unknown, for undiluted joy and crowning plenty reign; a land where every wish is hushed, because fulfilled; where every hope is lost in perfect realization; where sorrow, death, and sin can never enter more. And therein a glorious city stands, whose walls and whose foundations are of amethyst and crystal, and whose streets are beaten gold, and from its midst a glittering temple rises, more gorgeous than aught else upon the earth; and a radiant vessel of the purest, costliest ruby and of exhaustless virtues is therein preserved as the most precious relic of the Christian faith. It was long kept by holy angels in regions far above the earth, till they found among mankind some one as pure in life as they, and to his keeping it was given. It is endowed with inexhaustible resources for dispensing every blessing; those who behold its glory can never die while its memory remains; and disease and plague and pain, and sorrows, woes, and cares are hushed and soothed at its sight. 'Tis called the HOLY GRAIL; and to its serving knights is lent a sovereign, superhuman power, unknown to worldly men, so long as they preserve unsullied and secure their secret source of strength; but when the faithless mind of worldly men begins to doubt and question and examine its cause and reason and working, then its unction is gone; and when a knight has revealed his mission and order, to be true and faithful to his trust, he must at once return to a renewed contact with the GRAIL. Hence the reward of your forbidden questions and of your broken oath. From that terrestrial Paradise, from that abode of the blest, from the land of the GRAIL was I sent; Parzival, my father, is its king; its heir am I; my name is Lohengrin."

And then the same strange celestial music that had filled the air before in the tournament on the Rhine was now re-heard again; and the same snowy swan came gliding to the marge, with the golden crown and the tiny shallop in its tow; and Lohengrin bade them all adieu, with a last and sorrowful farewell to Else; and he stepped into the little boat, and the great full-breasted swan, with swarthy webs and cold-white plumes, to its own last pensive music gently moved down the mighty river which hurries ever to the main, and the receding music died away in the distance as it had come—and Lohengrin returned no more.

And Else, when she realized what she had done, fell, and fainted, and faded away; and after looking, and waiting, and wailing for her lord, whom she never found in this world of privation and gloom, she at last set out to seek him in the world of light.

Such is the famous legend of "Lohengrin"; first written in the 13th century, and for long attributed to the greatest of the German mediæval poets—Wolfram von Eschenbach: a legend which Richard Wagner has again revived and put as opera upon the stage, and with a music which surpasses the ancient poet's dream.

But this legend has taken many forms, like all such, and is of great antiquity; and the Knight of the Swan, a sort of Proteus, was already a legendary character among the earliest Angles and Danes and Guelphs; and a monument to the Lohengrin of our story, with his helmet bearing the wings and neck of a swan, is to be seen to-day in the Market Place at Cleves, that fine old city on the Rhine.

H. R.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

A MORNING THOUGHT.

WHAT if some morning, when the stars were paling,
And the dawn whitened, and the East was clear,
Strange peace and rest fell on me from the presence
Of a benignant Spirit standing near.

And I should tell him, as he stood beside me,
"This is our Earth—most friendly Earth, and fair;
Daily its sea and shore through sun and shadow
Faithful it turns, robed in its azure air.

"There is blest living here, loving and serving,
And quest of truth, and serene friendships dear;
But stay not Spirit! Earth has one destroyer—
His name is Death: flee, lest he find thee here!"

And what if then, while the still morning brightened,
And freshened in the elm the Summer's breath,
Should gravely smile on me the gentle angel
And take my hand and say, "My name is Death."

—Edward R. Sill.

THE HANGING OF PICTURES.

THOSE who have had some experience of the difficulties which attend the arrangement of a private collection will best appreciate the care and attention required in executing the same task for a public gallery containing about 1,200 works, many being of exceptionally large size. It is generally admitted that a symmetrical disposition of pictures, when practicable, is more agreeable to the eye than when they are hung in a haphazard fashion, and if mathematical uniformity of grouping were the only object in view, that object, in dealing with a miscellaneous collection, might easily be secured. But when ever pictures are classified under "Schools," the possibility of ranging them according to size is at once greatly restricted. Nor is this all. When two or more of similar dimensions have been selected for a group, it not unfrequently happens that the nature of the subjects treated, the chromatic quality of the works, or the style of their execution, is such as to render their juxtaposition incongruous. A brilliant and gaily-coloured picture hung near one which is painted in a sober key will sometimes take all life out of the latter, and reduce it to the level of a work in monochrome. On the other hand, to group together a series of sombre-toned pictures is apt to produce a gloomy effect, and the hanger has therefore to steer between two extremes. Again, for the purpose of study, it is no doubt convenient that the works of a particular master should hang side by side. But the varying scale of such works, their dissimilarity of shape—horizontal, upright, square, circular, oblong, or arch-headed, for instance—will often present obstacles to such a plan. And even where conditions of size, colour, and subject are favourable to the close association of certain pictures, it may happen that while some of them deserve the best place that can be found on the walls, one at least is of inferior quality, and cannot be allowed to occupy space which may justly be claimed for a work of higher merit though less consonant in style.—*Nineteenth Century*.

MISTLETOE.

Of the many Norse legends none is more beautiful than that of the "Death of Balder," which is associated with the mystic plant, the mistletoe. "Edda," our first mother, tells how Frigga, wife of Odin, frightened by a dream of her son Balder, the Sun-God, takes an oath "from everything that springs from fire, air, and water," not to hurt Balder. But all is unavailing against the malice of Loki, who, though beautiful in form, is the Spirit of Evil. Loki, disguised as a lovely woman, questions Frigga as to the means she has used to guard her son. "Have you sworn all things?" asked Loki. "All things," replied the fond mother, "except one little shrub that grows on the eastern side of Valhalla, and is called mistletoe, and which I thought too young and feeble to crave an oath from." Knowing Frigga's secret, Loki makes an arrow of mistletoe, and by deceit persuades the blind God Hodür to shoot the loved Balder, who dies, and thus Loki, the mischief-maker, the adversary of the Anses (Gods of the country), the thief of Brisney's girdle, the wolf that stole Towyne, kills Balder, the Sun God, the son of Odin, the husband of Nand. The triumph of evil is short-lived, the beautiful Nand implores the Anses to restore her husband to life, her prayer is granted, and the "baleful" mistletoe that Tamora dreaded is given to the care of Freyja, the Goddess of Love, who is aided in her charge by her brother Frey, the God of Sunshine, Rain, and Harvest, and from being emblematic of death, and "baleful" in women, the mistletoe has become the symbol of love, resurrection, and life. Under the white berries lovers vow a love pure and

fond as that of Nand and Balder, and ask of Freyja her kindly aid. So it was in that long distant past when all the harvest being gathered, and the twelfth moon was six days old, the Druids in white robes and armed with golden sickle, with many ceremonies and sacrificial offerings, brought the sacred plant to the keeping of Freyja, lest the ever-watchful Loki should find any unguarded stem. So carefully did they search that the ac-mistle (oak mistletoe) had almost disappeared from England. And had not the Pontiff Gregory had a keen desire to Christianize England, and therefore seized on the opportunity of Æthelberht's marriage with Bercta, the daughter of King Charibert, of Paris, to send Augustine, who landed in 597, the lovely parasite which finds a place in every home at Christmas would probably have been exterminated. But the ecclesiastic invaders were bound to stamp out heathenism, and the eloquence of Augustine had a powerful ally in the beauty of Bercta. Æthelberht became a Christian, and the oak ceased to be despoiled, and religious rites that had been carried on amidst Roman, Dane, and Saxon were now forbidden. But the love of the beautiful outlived the censure of the priest, and, as a symbol of immortality, the mistletoe is entwined round the Gothic arches of the cruciform churches of Christendom; wreathed on the pulpit and reading desk, it reminds both priests and laymen that love has triumphed over sin, and that man is heir to immortality.—*Medical Press*.

A RED SUNSET AT SEA.

THE effect of a red sunset upon a ship sailing quietly along is a study full of sweetness. The rigging shines like wires of brass, the sails like cloth of gold; there are crimson stars wherever there are windows. Against the soft evening blue she glides glorious as a fabric richly gilt. Sometimes the slow withdrawal of the western splendour from her may be watched; then her hull will be dark with evening shadow, whilst the light, like a golden veil lifted off her by an invisible hand, slides upwards from one rounded stretch of canvas to another, till, burning for a breath like a streak of fire in the dogvane at the lofty masthead, it vanishes, and the structure floats gray as the ash of tobacco. In this withdrawal of the sun, and in the gathering of the shadows of night at sea, there is a certain melancholy; but I do not think it can be compared with the spirit of desolation you find in the breaking of the dawn over the ocean. The passage from sunlight to darkness even in the tropics is not so swift but that the mind, so to speak, has time to accept the change; but there is something in the cold, spiritless gray dawn of that always did and still does affect my spirits at sea. The froth of the running billows steals out ghastly to the faint, cheerless, and forbidding light. Chilly as the night may have been, a new edge of cold seems to have come into the air with the sifting of the melancholy spectral tinge of gray into the east. The light puts a hollow look into the face of the seaman. The aspect of his ship is full of bleakness; the stars are gone, the skies are cold, and the voices of the wind aloft are like a frosty whistling through clenched teeth. A mere fancy of course which is instantly dissolved by the first level sparkling beam of the rising sun; but then it is fancy that makes up the life of the sea, for without it what is the vocation but a dull routine of setting and furling sail, of masticating hard beef and pork, of slushing masts, washing decks, and polishing the brassworks? The spacious liquid arena is prodigal of inspiration and of delight to any one who shall carry imagination away with him on a voyage. There may be twenty different things to look at at once, and every one richer, sweeter, and more ennobling than the greatest of human poems to the heart that knows how to watch and receive. The shadow of a dark cloud over a ship, with the sunshine streaming white in clear blue foaming seas around; the vision of the iceberg at night, colouring the black atmosphere with a radiance of its own; the tropical blue of the horizon lifting into brassy brightness to the central dazzle of the sun; the airy dyes of the evening over a ship in the far loneliness of the mid-ocean—scores of such sights there are, but what magic is there in human pen to express them? The majesty of the Creator is nowhere so apparent; the Spirit of the Universe is nowhere else so present. Those who know most dare least in their desire to reproduce. What other response is there for the heart to make to the full recognition of the eye but the silence of adoration!—*Macmillan*.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE.

IT follows, if I have placed before you even the faintest image of Sir Stafford Northcote, that he lacked one quality of the great Dr. Johnson; he was but a poor hater. I do believe that, either by original creation or in answer to his prayers, God had delivered him from envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. For this reason, though he led his party, as it seems to one not belonging to it, with singular skill and wisdom, he was not perhaps a very good party man. Ben Jonson says that in his day the times were "so wholly partial or malicious, that if a man be a friend all sits well about him, his very vices shall be virtues; if an enemy or of the contrary faction, nothing is good or tolerable in him; inasmuch that we care not to discredit and shame our judgments to soothe our passions." Nothing in this vigorous passage found an echo in Sir Stafford's nature. He thought the best he could of every one; he declined to ascribe bad motives to those at whose hands he had experienced slights and injuries, which many men, which perhaps most men, would have bitterly resented. He felt these things keenly, but with a rare magnanimity he uttered no complaint, he held his peace. I believe he forgave those who did them; he certainly made excuses for them, and that with no double sense of irony or sarcasm, but honestly, truly, simply. Well, they have their reward, and he has his!—*Lord Coleridge, in Macmillan*.

MUSIC.

THE god of music dwelleth out of doors.
 All seasons through his minstrelsy we meet,
 Breathing by field and covert haunting-sweet :
 From organ lofts in forests old he pours
 A solemn harmony ; on leafy floors
 To smooth autumnal pipes he moves his feet,
 Or with the tingling plectrum of the sleet
 In winter keen beats out his thrilling scores.
 Leave me the reed unplucked beside the stream,
 And he will stoop and fill it with the breeze ;
 Leave me the viol's frame in secret trees,
 Unwrought, and it shall wake a druid theme ;
 Leave me the whispering shell on nereid shores :
 The god of music dwelleth out of doors.

—Edith M. Thomas.

DIVINATION.

It is astonishing into what trivial detail astrologers were prepared to go (says a writer on the subject in the *Leisure Hour*). There is something, for instance, delightfully rich in interrogating the planets as to the whereabouts of a lost dog. And yet this was done, as related by William Lilly, who gives full particulars as to his method and success. His account is worth quotation. After drawing the usual plan of the state of the heavens, he continues :—"The Quere unto me was, what part of the City they should search ; next, if he should ever recover him. The sign of Gemini is west and by south, the quarter of heaven is west ; Mercury, the significator of the Dog, is in Libra, a western sign, but southern quarter of heaven, tending to the west. The moon is in Virgo, a south-west sign, and verging to the western angle ; the strength of the testimonies examined I found the plurality to signify the west, and therefore I judged that the Dog ought to be westward from the place where the owner lived, which was at Temple Barre ; wherefore I judged that the Dog was about Long Acre or upper part of Drury Lane. In regard that Mercury, significator of the beast, was in a sign of the same triplicity that Gemini his ascendant is, which signifies London, and did apply to a Trine aspect of the cusp of the sixth house, I judged the Dog was not out of the lines of communication, but in the same quarter ; of which I was more confirmed by the Sun and Saturn, their Trine aspect. The signe wherein Mercury is in is Libra, an aery signe. I judged the Dog was in some chamber or upper room kept privately or in great secrecy ; because the moon was under the Beames of the sun, and Mercury, Moon, and Sun were in the eighth house, but because the Sun on Monday following did apply by Trine dexter to Saturn, Lord of the ascendant, and Moon to Sextile of Mars ; having exaltation in the ascendant, I intimated that in my opinion he should have his Dog againe, or newes of his Dog upon Monday following, or neer that time ; which was true ; for a gentleman of the quereum's acquaintance sent him the Dog the very same day about ten in the morning, who by accident coming to see a friend in Long Acre, found the Dog chained up under a table and sent him home as above said, to my very great credit." This astonishing success will form a fitting conclusion. Some of our readers may perhaps consider it belongs to that method of divination known as the Romany.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS. By Mary Morgan (Gowan Lea). Montreal : J. Theo. Robinson.

Miss Morgan has been known for some years as a contributor of graceful verse to Canadian periodicals, and we gladly welcome this little collection of her poems and translations. The book is neatly printed and tastefully bound ; but we think it was a mistake to include in the volume prose translations, however admirably rendered. If, however, they had to be included, a much better arrangement of the matter might certainly have been made. It would be easy, perhaps, to find defects in Miss Morgan's work ; but it is also easy to find merits and beauties. In the collection there are a number of sonnets, of varying merit ; but it is almost always safe to look among the sonnets for a poet's best work, and almost at random we select one on George Eliot :

As when the Siren voices held in thrall,
 In days of old, the wanderers by sea,
 Enchanting them with wondrous melody,
 So did thy spirit to our spirits call,
 And keep them spell-bound in new realms of thought :
 And even as the song, divinely sweet,
 With undertone of sadness still is fraught,
 So, in thy voice did joy with woe compete.
 Thyself, a shining light, thou knew'st the shade ;
 But, from the silence of the soul's recess,
 The lamp of thy great genius shone afar ;
 The weary worker in his loneliness
 Descried the ray and deemed it could not fade.
 To him thou art as an immortal star !

THE REVOLUTION IN TANNER'S LANE. By Mark Rutherford. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto : Williamson and Company.

Why this book is so called is not very obvious, even after reading it to the end. Tanner's Lane is not even mentioned until long past the middle of the book, and the revolution, if there is anything at all that can be called a revolution, is described in the very last chapter. There are really two stories in one : the first which the chapter entitled the "end of the beginning" concludes is the best ; but the whole book, notwithstanding its peculiarities of plot, or want of plot, gives a very graphic account of some phases of English life forty or fifty years ago.

A HOUSE OF TEARS. By Edmund Downey. Toronto : William Bryce.

It is a pity that Mr. Downey should have employed his abilities on a story which, though cleverly written, is badly conceived, and cannot fail from the very nature of the plot to produce, instead of pleasure, sensations akin to horror and loathing. All the characters—Dr. Emanuel, who tells the story, the good old Ashcroft, Brabazon's devoted attendant, the villain Viacava—are clearly and skilfully drawn ; but it is in the delineation of Ralph Brabazon—the unfortunate young man who was so frightfully cursed before his birth by a wicked father—that the author displays his greatest skill. But it is vain to endeavour to create any wholesome interest in a being so monstrously constituted ; and the reader closes the book with a certain feeling of relief as if for a few moments he had been face to face with a horror.

AMERICAN AUTHORS FOR YOUNG FOLKS. By Amanda B. Harris. Boston : D. Lothrop Company.

Miss Harris has produced what ought to be a very popular little book. Most of the authors about whom she writes are more or less familiar to young Canadian readers. Those who have read Irving, Cooper, Prescott, Emerson, Hawthorne, and others, will naturally wish to know more of their lives, habits, and personal characteristics. Those who have not yet read any of them will be stimulated to begin by the interesting biography and judicious criticism in this little volume. Besides those we have mentioned—all writers of note, some of whom have left a permanent impress on English letters and modern thought—there are sketches of Harriet Beecher Stowe, the Cary sisters, Bayard Taylor, Thoreau, Parkman, Lowell, and several others. There are portraits of nearly all the writers whose lives and works are described.

THE TWIN SOUL. By Charles Mackay. Toronto : William Bryce.

This is not inaccurately called "a psychological and realistic romance." It is cleverly written, and in spite of some absurdities interesting and not without instruction. The first part of the story is told by Mr. Godfrey De Vere, a wealthy gentleman, fifty years of age, devoted to books, well informed respecting the mythology, manners, and history of Egypt and other ancient nations, and familiar with the writings of the old Alchemists and Rosicrucians. He is a widower, and Laura, sole daughter of his house, young, beautiful and accomplished, the reader is inclined at first to assume is to be the heroine of the story. A Parisian friend introduces to Mr. De Vere Rameses, a young man of part English and part Asiatic extraction, of fine presence, enormous wealth, and who "looked as if he might have sat for the model of an old Assyrian statue." "He was neither Christian, Jew, Mahomedan, Buddhist, nor Atheist, but appeared to be as far as anybody could make out, a fire worshipper—an ancient Druid, or possibly a Rosicrucian." Mr. De Vere's narrative is sprightly, and displays a good deal of humour and genial satire. At times the reader, hardly knows whether he is serious or satirical as where he gravely says of himself, "I have not the slightest tendency to baldness, having all my life avoided the use of tobacco." Rameses visits De Vere, and we have many conversations on many interesting topics between the mysterious Asiatic and the philosophic Englishman. Rameses believes he has had a previous existence. "I am an ancient Egyptian myself," he said, "I have been initiated into their mysteries. I have been admitted to the Inner Circle, and I know that Greece and Rome were but the great-grandchildren of Egypt and Phœnicia." But his belief in the twin soul, of whom he was in daily search, and whom he was compelled to seek all over the world, under the heavy penalty of daily misery, was his special and absorbing craze. The narrative of Mr. De Vere comes abruptly to an end in the sixteenth chapter, and the story is continued by another historian, who seems somewhat less in sympathy with the peculiar theories and notions of Rameses. New characters and new scenes are introduced. The quest of the twin soul is successfully pursued. Rameses finds what he has so long sought in Niona, the lovely Hindoo, sojourning in Scotland with her sister, who is married to a Scottish baronet. Although the story closes somewhat sadly with the death of Niona a few weeks after her marriage, when about to re-celebrate her nuptials before the sun-kindled fire on the site of the temple of Isis, yet it does not seem an unfitting ending to a somewhat curious book.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE'S new work, *The English in the West Indies* will shortly be published by the Scribners, simultaneous with its appearance in London.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY boasts of some of the oldest papers in the world. On the 1st of January the *Pressburger Zeitung* was announced to commemorate the 125th anniversary of its foundation. A copy of the first issue is preserved at the National Museum in Buda-Pesth. There is, however, a more ancient newspaper in Vienna—namely, the *Wiener Zeitung*, which is the official gazette, and was founded in the year 1700.

PROF. BONAMY PRICE is dead, in his eighty-first year. He was born on May 22, 1807, in the Island of Guernsey. In 1829 he was educated at Worcester College, Oxford, and graduated, with "double first-class" honours—that is, with first-class honours in classics and mathematics, a very uncommon distinction. In the following year he was appointed assistant master in Rugby School. He had filled the chair of Political Economy at Oxford for twenty years. Among his best-known writings were *The Anglo-Catholic Theory*, *The Principles of Currency*, *Of Currency and Banking*, and *Practical Political Economy*. He visited the United States in 1874, and delivered addresses in New York and other cities in support of hard-money principles.

THE TORONTO PRESS CLUB.

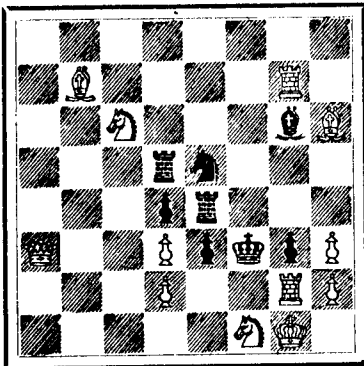
AMONG the indications of progress in the field of Canadian journalism must be reckoned the recent acquirement of a Club-house by the Toronto Press Club, an organization, which after a good many vicissitudes, is now on a substantial and assured footing, and bids fair to have no unimportant influence on journalism while advancing its social dignity and public repute. On Saturday evening last the Club gave its first formal reception to its members, and to a number of invited guests, identified with the press, either as contributors or correspondents, and to gentlemen connected with art, music, and the drama. The President, Mr. John Ross Robertson, did the honours on the occasion, assisted by the House Committee and by an energetic and efficient management. The Club-house—No. 148 Bay Street—is a centrally-situated and commodious residence, the property of the President, and has by that gentleman been handsomely and artistically fitted up for the purposes of the Club. It has already a membership numbering between eighty and ninety of the pressmen of the city, including many connected with special journalistic interests, and those pursuing the literary calling. An organization of this kind, it is apparent, must be very helpful in raising the status of the journalist, and in leading him to take more pride in his profession. While contributing to his occasional recreation and amusement, the Club can also be helpful in aiding him in his work. The well-appointed rooms will soon, no doubt, have a well-equipped reference library, in addition to the attraction of the reading-tables, on which are to be found the leading native and foreign magazines, and literary and political journals. The Toronto pressman will also be apt to meet in the Club-rooms distinguished strangers passing through the city, conversation with whom will tend to broaden his mind as well as to enlarge his stores of information. Meeting daily with his fellow pressmen will also have the effect of increasing journalistic amenities and of abating political rancour. Altogether, the inauguration of a Toronto Press Club is an occasion for sincere gratification, and we cordially wish it prosperity and a long reign of usefulness and practical benefit to the journalistic profession.

DRAMATIC RECITALS.

MR. GEORGE BELFORD, the eminent elocutionist and dramatic reciter, who, in his former tour in Canada, made such a favourable impression on all who heard him, is advertised to give a series of readings here on Monday and Tuesday evenings, the 30th and 31st inst. Of Mr. Belford the *Reciter and Speaker* says:—He has what few [reciters] possess, a combination of fire, force, and feeling. He has a good presence, an unaffected and manly bearing, a well modulated resonant voice, and gestures, which, if occasionally rather florid, are so good and graceful as never to seem out of place.

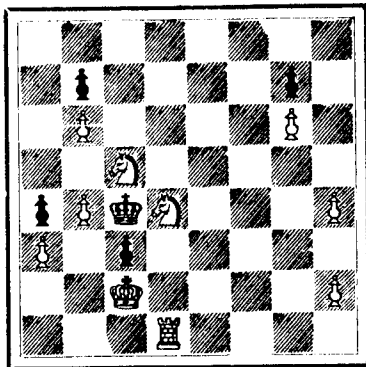
CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 223.



White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 224.



White to play and mate in four moves.

Solution to Problem No. 220.—Key R—R 4, then B x P and B—K 6 mate.

The *Daily American* has published the portraits of twenty-seven Nashvillians.

Deacon Howard owns a royal chessboard: being made for a King of Spain.

Capt. Mackenzie lost a game to Senor Vasquez of the Havana Chess Circle in Cuba.

Col. Rockwell was presented with a valuable set of chessmen and board on his late visit.

Mr. Moses, of the Cincinnati Club, remembers having seen Napoleon Bonaparte, when a prisoner in full uniform, looking composedly at crowds of eager spectators.

Mr. Brown, the winner of Indiana championship, never competed in any prior tourney.

J. E. Narraway, of Ottawa, is leading for "Lansdowne Trophy" at Quebec; N. MacLeod, second.

The *Critic*, of Halifax, N.S., contains a first class column, though recently started.

Mr. Bouchard was defeated for correspondence prize, as follows:—

M. E. Bouchard.	Max Kann.	M. E. Bouchard.	Max Kann.
1. P—Q B 4	P—K 4	20. Q—K 2	S—Q 2
2. P—K 3	S—K B 3	21. P—Q S 4	K—K B 2 (good)
3. S—K B 3 (bad)	P—K 5	22. B—Q B 3	Q R—K S 1
4. S—Q 4	P—Q B 3	23. S—Q 3	P—K S 5
5. B—K 2	P—Q 4	24. S—K 1	R—K S 3
6. Castles	B—Q B 4 (bad)	25. P—Q R 4	K R—K S 1
7. S—Q S 3	B—Q S 3	26. R—Q R 2	S—K B 3
8. P—Q 4	P—K R 4	27. P—Q S 5	P x K B P
9. Q S—Q 2	S—K S 5 (best)	28. Q x P	Q—K S 5
10. P—K B 3	S x K P	29. Q x Q	R x Q
11. Q—K 1	S x R	30. S—Q 3	S—K 5
12. B x S	P—K B 4	31. B—Q S 4	S—K B 7
13. P—Q B 5	P—Q B 2	32. S—K 1	P—K R 5
14. B—K 2	P—K 6	33. R x S	P x R ch
15. S—K B 1	P—K B 5	34. K x P	P—K B 6
16. B—Q 3	Q—K B 3	35. S x P	R x P ch
17. B—Q 2	P—K S 4	36. K—K 1	R—Q S 7
18. S—Q B 1	B—K B 4	37. B—Q 2	R—K S 7
19. B x B	Q x B	38. S—K 3	R—Q S 8 ch.

An invitation is extended to chess players who wish to participate with composition and exchanges. Address the CHESS EDITOR. Solutions next week.

OUR CONFESSION OF FAITH.

BY WHICH IT IS HOPED ANY INJUSTICE MAY BE CORRECTED.

To the readers of *The Week*:

In common with many publishers and editors, we have been accustomed to look upon certain statements which we have seen in our columns as merely adroit advertising.

Consequently we feel justified in taking the liberty of printing a few points from a private letter recently received from one of our largest patrons, as a sort of confession of faith to our readers. We quote:

"We have convinced ourselves that by telling what we know to be true, we have produced at last a permanent conviction in the public mind. Nine years ago we stated what the national disease of this country was, and that it was rapidly increasing. Five years ago we stated that a marked check had been given it.

"The statistics of one of the largest life insurance companies of this country shows that in 1883 and 1884, the mortality of kidney disorders did not increase over the previous years: other companies stated the same thing. It is not presumptuous for us to claim credit for checking these ravages.

"Seven years ago we stated that the condition of the kidneys was the key to the condition of health: within the past five years all careful life insurance companies have conceded the truth of this statement, for, whereas, ten years ago, chemical analysis to determine the condition of the kidneys was not required, to-day millions of dollars in risks are refused, because chemical examination discovers unsuspected disease of the kidneys.

"Nine years ago we stated that the ravages of Bright's Disease were insignificant compared with other unsuspected disorders of the kidneys of many misleading names; that ninety-three per cent. of human ailments are attributed to deranged kidneys, which fills the blood with uric acid, or kidney poison, which causes these many fatal diseases.

"The uric acid, or kidney poison, is the real cause of the majority of cases of paralysis, apoplexy, heart disease, convulsions, pneumonia, consumption and insanity; over half the victims of consumption are first the victims of diseased kidneys.

"When the recent death of an honoured ex-official of the United States was announced, his physician said that although he was suffering from Bright's Disease, that was not the cause of his death. He was not frank enough to admit that the apoplexy which overtook him in his bed, was the fatal effect of the kidney poison in the blood, which had eaten away the substance of the arteries and brain; nor was Logan's physician honest enough to state that his fatal rheumatism was caused by kidney acid in the blood.

"If the doctors would state in official reports the original cause of death, the people of this country would be alarmed, yea nearly panic stricken, at the fearful mortality from kidney disorders."

The writers of the above letter give these facts to the public simply to justify the claims that they have made, that, "if the kidneys and liver are kept in a healthy condition by the use of Warner's safe cure, which hundreds of thousands have proved to be a specific, when all others failed, and that has received the endorsement of the highest medical talent in Europe, Australia, and America, many a life would be prolonged and the happiness of the people preserved. It is successful with so many different cases because it, and it alone, can remove uric acid from the blood through the kidneys."

Our readers are familiar with the preparation named.

Commendation thereof has often appeared in our columns.

We believe it to be one of the best, if not the best ever manufactured.

We know the proprietors are men of character and influence.

We are certain they have awakened a widespread interest in the public mind concerning the importance of the kidneys. We believe with them that they are the key to health, and that for their restoration from disease and maintenance in health, there is nothing equal to this great remedy.

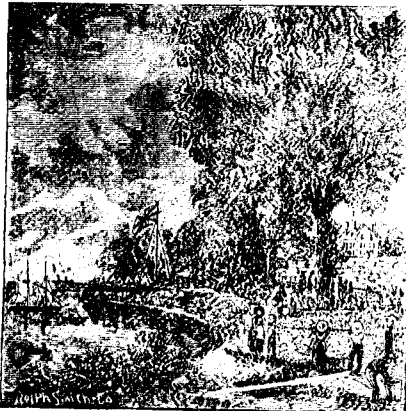
The proprietors say they "do not glory in this universal prevalence of disease, but having started out with the purpose of spreading the merits of Warner's safe cure before the world because it cured our senior proprietor, who was given up by doctors as incurable, we feel it our duty to state the facts and leave the public to its own inferences. We point to our claims, and to their public and universal verification with pride, and if the public does not believe what we say, we tell them to ask their friends and neighbours what they think about our preparations."

As stated above, we most cordially commend the perusal of this correspondence by our readers, believing that in so doing, we are fulfilling a simple public obligation.

A COMING EVENT.—The very welcome announcement is made that the popular Duff Comic Opera Company of seventy people—artists, chorus, ballet and grand orchestra, together with the original scenery—three magnificent sets—and Mr. Duff's original "Dorothy" company from the New York Standard, will appear at the Grand Opera House the week beginning Monday, February 20th, producing the latest comic opera, "Dorothy." In the cast are Miss Lillian Russell, the greatest of all the comic opera prima donnas; Miss Agnes Stone, Miss Marie Halton, Miss Rose Leighton, Mr. Eugene Oudin, Mr. John Brand, Mr. Wm. Hamilton, Mr. John Nash, Mr. Frank Boudinot, and the famous English comedian, Mr. Harry Paulton. There will be a chorus of fifty, and for the first time in comic opera a ballet and a pack of genuine fox hounds as a realistic background to a fox hunt. The music of "Dorothy," by Alfred Cellier, is, according to the New York papers, melodious, tuneful and easily acquired by the audience. It will be placed upon the stage of the Grand in Mr. Duff's usual elaborate manner.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—Madame Janaschek will appear at the Grand on Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings, Feb. 2, 3 and 4. She brings with her the same excellent company which supported her recently in New York, Boston and Philadelphia. At the early age of sixteen years, a young Bohemian actress had won a place of renown upon the stage of her native country. Appreciating the fact that the field for fame was limited in Bohemia; she learned the German language, and from leading lady in Bohemia, became soon a widely known star upon the stage.

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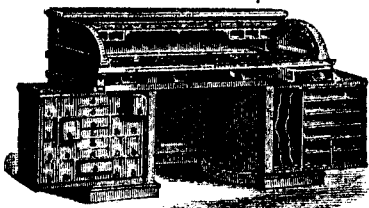
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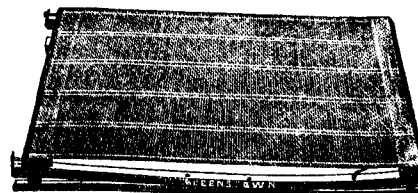
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