

THE WEEK.

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The Week.

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THERE can be little doubt but the accusation of forgery brought against Mr. McKim, a principal witness in the notorious bribery case, was a retaliatory measure inspired by those he had testified against. And though the charge was dismissed, it was in such manner, and so evident was it that there was a serious division of opinion on the bench as to the judgment, that the defendant may consider himself fortunate in the result. The effect of this cannot but be damaging to the case of the Government against the conspirators. No honest man now doubts that there was an attempt made by wire-pullers of the Conservative party in Ontario to buy probably six or seven votes in order to oust the Mowat Government from power. But the public is not blind to the fact that the manner of Mr. McKim's discharge was not calculated to impress his reliability as a witness. Already the *quidnuncs* are saying that no more will be heard of the Bribery Case in the Courts, though it must be apparent that to permit it to drop will not be in the interests of public morals. It is easy to understand that both sides are disgusted with the venality exposed, with the amount of party malignity developed, and fear further disclosures. But Canadians who would not have their country's name made a byword and a reproach amongst nations ought to insist upon the fullest enquiry, not only to establish the guilt or innocence of the accused, but to discover what other members were tampered with or committed themselves. If this scandal is permitted to be stifled, then indeed may Ontario be accused of giving the *coup de grace* to political purity—already so great a sufferer under the corrupt *regime* of Sir John A. Macdonald.

THE legal profession is by no means satisfied that the Federal Government have exceeded their powers in granting Dominion liquor licenses to Ontario hotel-keepers who were refused by the Provincial authorities. Under advice, more than one Toronto hotel-keeper has taken out a license under each Government; whilst others—on the Island and in Quebec—under each Government; whilst others—on the Island and in Quebec—are selling under a Dominion license alone. Of course a test case will be submitted to the Privy Council, as was done in "The Queen v. Hodge," but as it is suspected policy as well as law is taken into consideration by that tribunal, it is by no means a foregone conclusion that the Local

Government will be confirmed in their powers, confident though they declare themselves of that result.

OUR Quebec neighbours might note with profit the following extract from the *Chicago Current*: "There is a very vigorous movement in the Dominion Province of Quebec to secure an act of the legislature legalizing lotteries after the fashion of Louisiana and Kentucky, but the resistance of the best elements of society is determined, and it is to be hoped our neighbours will not permit the legalization of a curse which blights at least two of the States of this Union. The worst feature of a legalized lottery system is its debauching effect upon the poorer classes—the wage earners."

THE proposal of Lord Randolph Churchill to form a new "Democratic-Conservative Party" in England is causing much amusement in the United States. The puerile bickerings of that ill-regulated young nobleman with the National Conservative Association have resulted in his discomfiture, and he has had to promise proper submission to his natural chiefs. The ferment in the Tory camp, however, is indicative of more than the vagaries of a few restless spirits craving for notoriety. These perturbed souls are searching about for the foundations of a New and Popular Toryism—the dream of Lord Beaconsfield and Lord John Manners. The more thoughtful Tories are, without directly identifying themselves with the movement, hopefully watching for the solution of the problem, though as yet they are without any idea in what direction to look for it, or how it will reveal itself. It has neither principles nor policies yet, its apostles are without a gospel, and are tentatively sounding those whom the new Reform Bill will enfranchise, for doctrines likely to be supported by votes.

"COWARDLY, caitiff crew." This is the language which Mr. Henry Chaplin, a Tory obstructionist member of the British House of Commons, has thought it good taste to apply to Her Majesty's Government because it hesitates to precipitate further slaughter of British and Egyptian troops. This is the same gentleman who has worked might and main for the exclusion of Canadian and American cattle from the English market, and who was a prime mover in the cattle bill on which the Government was the other day defeated by a "flake." It does not seem to strike gentlemen of this class that the cheap bravery which consists in sending men out to fight, whilst the fire-eating Jingoese who originate this policy stay at home at ease, is not of a sort to command universal admiration. If Mr. Chaplin had a few weeks' experience of the Egyptian climate at this season, and knew what the soldier has to endure in order that he may kill men who have righteously risen against the grinding tyranny of the "unspeakable Turk," his public-hall and drawing-room valour might be moderated. He would make a good companion to the

"Swaggering, staggering sort of chap
Who takes his whiskey straight"

of pious memory. For of such is the kingdom of Jingoese.

ADVOCATES of cremation in England are by no means discouraged by the defeat of their Bill for the establishment of a crematory. Sir Henry Thompson thinks the time has come when dead bodies ought to be burnt. Two Home Secretaries in succession have been against him, and he feared that the law was against him; but Sir James Stephen has declared the law to be tolerant of "the safest way to dispose of dead bodies." Why anybody should wish the dead to be dangerous to the living—why slow dissolution in the clay should be regarded as more Christian than rapid cremation—why bishops should be afraid that the application of earthly fire to human remains will be a difficulty to Omnipotence at the day of Resurrection—why, in short, there should be any sentimental objection to cremation at all—is a mystery. The only sound reason is that cremation destroys the traces of poison; and that objection was provided for by those who advocated a public crematory.

THERE were twenty failures in Canada reported to Bradstreets during the past week, as compared with twenty, nineteen, and eleven in the corresponding weeks of 1883, 1882, and 1881. In the United States there were reported 132 failures in the past week, against 149, 118, and eighty-four respectively, in the corresponding week of 1883, 1882 and 1881

CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS.

THE party press is providing curious materials for history. Generally in the conflicting testimony of contemporaries respecting any character or action, there is some element of agreement on which the historian fixes as presumably solid fact; but the future Hallam or Ranke will not easily discern such an element in the conflicting testimony of contemporaries respecting the character and actions of Sir Charles Tupper. In the two valedictory biographies there is hardly any point of identity but the name. That the man has made his way to prominence plainly appears, but in one account his rise is ascribed to a genius which nothing could equal except his purity: in the other to the qualities of a sturdy and daring felon. Once only we find something like concurrence. The Grit organ having called Sir Charles a bull-dog, its adversary accepts the metaphor and improves it by adding that he is a bull-dog who has often torn the pants of the Reform party. As the bull-dog who has often torn the pants of the Reform party Sir Charles may with indisputable accuracy be described, whatever be our estimate of his statesmanship or his virtue; and if he is presented for an honorary degree at one of the English universities the public orator will be safe in adopting that delineation, though to give it a classic turn may somewhat test his Latinity. We are reminded by the same event that the pants of the Tory party, if they have not been torn by any bull-dog with fangs so tenacious as those of Sir Charles, are being rapidly fretted by the tooth of time. Sir John Macdonald himself will soon be the only part of the garment left, while some of the new pieces which are being put into it are not unlikely to illustrate by their effects the truth of the Scripture warning to the menders of raiment. Evidently the life of the politician is trying; he is now called upon to worry and be worried, not only on the floor of Parliament but on a hundred platforms, and one after another of the class breaks down. Yet not one of them, once enlisted, is afterwards ever weaned from the pursuits of a generous ambition; they all die with their teeth in the pants.

It seems that we are in danger of receiving further consignments of the Irish pauperism which gave birth to the miserable colony of Conway street. The agents of the Steam Ship Companies too are at work, no doubt after their usual fashion. It is Toronto that is chiefly threatened, because it is the head, so to speak, of importation, the point to which all the immigrants come and from which the more energetic of them push out westward or into the country, leaving the less energetic and the incapable in the city, to throw themselves on public charity. The Irish in their own island display a passionate desire for the land; but this is only because the land is there their only means of subsistence; they are not farmers, and when they come to this Continent they cling to the purlieus of the cities where, settling clannishly together, they form Irish quarters with the result too familiar to all who know anything of the municipal history of New York. The tramps, so much execrated and dreaded, are comparatively an innocuous tribe; their number, apart from cases of merely casual distribution, is not large; and as they are essentially wanderers, they cannot infect the population or form the nucleus of a bad element in any locality. It is otherwise with Irish pauperism, which, if we do not take care, will inoculate the community with its habits, particularly with systematic mendicancy, a thing hitherto almost unknown in Canada. It is time that Toronto should bestir herself. Representations have been made both by the Combined City Charities and by individuals who foresaw what was coming; but they have hardly been regarded as serious by the Home Authorities, in whose ears the sweet periods of Lord Lorne and others who talk in the same flattering strain have never ceased to sound. There is a foolish notion that the country is injured in its commercial standing by deprecating indiscriminate immigration. On the part of Toronto, at all events, a firm protest should be entered, and the protest can hardly take a better form than that of an address of the City Council to the Governor General, who would no doubt forward it to the Colonial Office. It is the City Council that must act; the Ottawa Government probably is not racked with anxiety about the special interests of anybody in Ontario since the Province has remained in the hands of the Grits; while the city members, as Conservatives, will avoid above all things giving any trouble to the Government. If an effort is not made in time to make it clear to the Home Authorities and to all concerned, that a dumping ground for pauperism Canada cannot, and will not any longer be, we may have, amongst other bad consequences, a dispute with the authorities of the Mother Country and a disturbance of those kindly relations which everybody, especially at a crisis of Imperial fortunes like the present, desires to see undisturbed. If the Mother Country has ever done the Colonies a wrong it has been through ignorance, and ignorance produced in great measure by

the false representations of Colonial courtiers to whose flatteries Downing street has too readily given ear.

AT Washington the bill for the reduction of the tariff has met the fate which, after seeing the ground, the "Bystander" found himself constrained mournfully to predict. Even such of its friends as were sanguine enough to hope that it could pass the House, where the Democrats have a large majority, by a few votes, anticipated its defeat in the Senate. With the Presidential Election impending, everybody is afraid of provoking the wrath of the Protectionist Ring, which has a disciplined force at its command, and arousing the alarm of the artisans, a great many of whom were still possessed with the belief that their livelihood depends upon Protection. Yet the closeness of the division shows plainly that the impatience of unjust and unnecessary taxation is gaining ground, and the minds of the people are so far opened to the truth that any event which brings it home, such as a serious depression of wages, may turn the wavering balance. In the meantime a curious spectacle is before us. A hundred years ago the fathers of these people flew to arms, broke a connection to which most of them had been deeply attached, and faced the calamities of civil war rather than pay a paltry tea-tax which they believed to be unjustly imposed by a single tyrant. They are now bowing their servile backs beneath an enormous load of taxation imposed by a many-headed oppressor, whose objects are at least as selfish as those of any despot. They fancy that in the present case they impose the tax on themselves, but this is an illusion, and one of many of the same kind, which under the democratic system, as it at present exists, haunt the mind of the citizen, who imagines that he is acting freely, and exercising political power, when in fact his wires are pulled by the manager, or he is coerced by some dominant organization. However, the people of the United States are prodigiously rich; they can afford, if their fancy leads them, to lay a hundred millions a year, besides a large portion of the earnings which their industry, if free, would produce, on the altar of native production, and to make away with vast sums in gorging pension agents, building cruisers to protect a mercantile marine which Protection keeps out of existence, and educating the young negroes, or washing them white. But Canada is not prodigiously rich, and her indebtedness will soon be, in proportion to her population, double that of the United States, though she has had no civil war. Yet her Protectionists have made it perfectly clear by the pæan of exultation which they have been chanting through their organs on this occasion that they are ready to play the same game here which is played by their brethren in the United States. Nor are they without a good excuse, since the Government has induced them to overinvest in their special industries by its promises of Protection. They approve a lavish expenditure to keep up the necessity for taxation. They have already inaugurated this policy on a grand scale at Ottawa, and it is evident that they and the railway men, combined with Quebec, which receives a large share of the money, are now able to control the Government. Salvation will come from the North-West, where the Ottawa Government, with the most beneficent intentions, has succeeded in making itself known only as a remote power of evil, and where such a tax as that on agricultural implements, levied not even for the benefit of native manufactures but of manufactures in a country a thousand miles away, and employing not a single Manitoban artisan, must stir, if anything in the way of fiscal oppression can stir, the blood of the taxpayer, who is not only mulcted of his cash but crippled in his one great industry at the same time.

THE two party conventions for the nomination of a President will soon meet, and the quadrennial carnival of intrigue, corruption and slander will begin. To the memory of the framers of the American constitution it is due on these occasions always to proclaim anew the fact that they never intended to establish that which, if they had intended to establish it, would have been the most pestilent institution ever deliberately adopted by man. Nothing was further from their minds than a popular election. They meant that a college of electors should choose in calm conclave the fittest man in the Commonwealth. Their only fault consisted in failing to perceive that when the college itself was to be elected only for the turn, the result must inevitably be a mandate, and that thus the election of the President would be practically given to the people at large. For this fatal oversight they are no doubt undergoing a thousand years of Purgatory. They may perhaps, plead as a further extenuation, that they did not anticipate a reign of organized party, though, both in their own country and in England, they had before their eyes that which ought to have awakened their misgivings on that head. Unsearchable are the riches of evil in the system of an elective Presidency: the least of them is the cost of the election to the country, which must greatly exceed the annual expense of any royal court

in the world, irrespective of the mischief done to commerce by the agitation and suspense. The Persians once decided the election of a king by the neighing of a horse. The method was cheap, and Darius was at least as good as Harrison, Polk, or Buchanan. Besides exciting the worst passions, opening the floodgates of calumny, and bringing all dangerous issues to a crisis which once produced, and has since threatened to produce, civil war, this contest suspends for the time all useful legislation, and narrows the views of American statesmen so that they have no thought for anything, however vital, at home or abroad, which is not likely to turn a vote. It is alleged that the interest of the people is excited in the great issues of the time; so in a certain way it is, but only as the issues are cards in the hand of the political gamblers. No serious thought or worthy aspiration has ever been engendered in any person's breast by such a political prize fight. And for what is the object to be attained? Does it really signify who is President? If you ask ten Americans that question, five of them will tell you that it does signify, but the other five will tell you that the President is too closely hedged about by system, precedents and circumstances to have really much will of his own. That which does too manifestly depend on the result of the election is an enormous mass of patronage, the fell source of place-hunting vermin which infest the body politic in ever-increasing swarms. A single head for a free state is altogether an imaginary necessity; the idea is a survival of the monarchical system; nothing is needed at most except a President of the Executive Council to represent the Commonwealth on occasions of state. To attempt to forecast the result of this election is hopeless. In a Presidential election all the dark manoeuvres of a Papal election are reproduced on a national arena, and there is wheel within wheel of intrigue. The prominent men on the Republican side at present are Arthur, Blaine and Edmunds. Blaine is the most brilliant of the three, but his ambitious foreign policy may alarm commerce, which has begun to exercise a sort of veto for the protection of her interest like that which was exercised in a Papal election by the ambassadors of the three great Catholic powers; as was seen in the case of Hancock, who might have been elected but for an unfortunate betrayal of sympathy, or apparent sympathy, with the Greenbackers. Edmunds is the favourite of the Reform and Anti-Machine wing of the party, which our warmest sympathies must attend. Arthur, though originally a Machinist, has managed, as President, to steer a middle course, and has improved his position in general esteem. If personal appearance and bearing were the things of most importance President Arthur would certainly be a good head of the State. But it is more than likely that the prominent men will kill each other, and that their partisans, weary with the bootless conflict, and perhaps wanting to get to dinner, will again acquiesce at last in the nomination of some obscure man. Robert Lincoln, the Secretary for War, has personal recommendations besides his father's name, and might have been a likely man if he had not been "boomed" too soon. General Grant hovers, a spectral form, on the horizon, but his pretensions seem not to be serious. On the Democratic side all, as yet, is darkness, and the split in the party on the tariff question will render agreement on a candidate very difficult. The Democrats have the best man of all in Mr. Bayard, but unfortunately he is upright and honourable to a degree which renders him wholly unavailable.

At election time the stereotyped homily is always read to recusant citizens who fail to take an active part in the nominations, and thus let the cause of the community go by default. They are told that they must attend the Primaries and make their influence felt, or else cease to complain of the men nominated as not to their mind. In the same way the Cincinnati riot is ascribed to the neglect of civic duty on the part of the best people, who it is said, leave the municipal elections to the ward politicians with their train; and eloquent invectives are delivered against such criminal apathy. This is all very fine, but it is very futile. Let an independent citizen attend a primary or a party convention of any kind, he will find that everything has been settled beforehand by the wirepullers behind the scenes, and if he attempts to interfere, he will be quietly, or, if he is obstreperous, roughly set aside. The unorganized has no chance against the organized; nor has the man whose time is given to an honest calling any chance against the professional politician who gives his time to the craft by which he makes his bread. While the party system lasts the nominations will be in the hands of the wirepullers, and the attempts of patriotic individuals to take them out of those hands will end in nothing but disappointment and humiliation. All that the independent citizen can do for the country is to keep himself independent, and out of the nominees whom the two parties put before him always to vote for the best or the least bad man. This, if the number of the independents is not contemptibly small, will be a salutary restraint upon the recklessness of

party nominations. It is the best feature in the Presidential election that there is evidently felt to be now a large body of electors beyond the reach of either of the Machines, to the sentiment of which some deference must be paid. It is not unlikely that the disintegration of Party itself may be destined to commence in this way.

LORD ROSEBERY has been visiting the Australian Colonies, and has evidently come back, as all persons of quality when they visit colonies do come back, with the pleasing conviction that the people are passionately devoted to the present system, and burn to shed their blood for it. Only they want "sympathy." But how is "sympathy" to be supplied? What is it, in plain English, that Lord Rosebery wishes to see done? Can the toiling millions of Great Britain be made to take away their eyes and minds from the work before them, and waft daily salutations to their brethren on the other side of the globe? Is there to be a muezzin at the top of each church tower in England to call the population morning and night to acts of reciprocal affection with the Antipodes? If increase of sympathy means multiplication of knightships or more frequent investments of British capital in colonial companies, the demand is intelligible and feasible. Perfect equality is another thing often insisted on as essential to the continuance of the political connection; but political science will succeed in combining equality with dependence, and with the moral and social character of dependencies, when geometry has found a circle with the properties of a square. If tenacity of life in any fallacy could surprise, we might be surprised to find Lord Rosebery once more repeating that trade and emigration follow the flag. Trade, if anything, avoids the flag, inasmuch as exchange usually takes place between those nations which differ most widely in their productions, natural or industrial, and these are generally found under different governments. So long as England controlled the tariffs of the colonies, of course she reaped a commercial advantage from the political connection, as she still does in the case of India; but the colonies have now asserted their commercial autonomy, and they treat British, just as they treat foreign, goods. That emigration follows the flag is a notion to which Lord Rosebery could not possibly adhere after a visit to this continent, at least, if he went out of Government House. Another of his arguments for persisting in the present policy tells directly against himself. He points to the long continuance of enmity between Great Britain and the American colonies after the Revolution as a proof that half a century of bad feeling is sure to follow separation; but the practical inference from the example cited is that we ought to avert the possibility of a hostile rupture by taking care to part betimes and in peace. Lord Rosebery, in opposition to the Imperial Federationists, strenuously advocates a large measure of colonial self-government; but if a large measure would increase amity it is difficult to see why a complete measure should beget hatred. "England is the parent of many colonies, one of which is now among the greatest and most flourishing empires in the world; by that and others we have carried our language, our free institutions and our system of laws to the most remote corners of the globe. What we have thus planted is now taking root, and what we now foster as colonies will be no doubt, one day or other, themselves free nations, the communicators of freedom to other countries. If I am told that for this we have made great sacrifices I say let it be so, for in spite of these sacrifices England remains, for its extent, still the most powerful and the most happy nation that exists, or ever has existed. I say, moreover, that we should be well paid for all the sacrifices we may yet be called upon to make, if we are to add to the rich harvest of glory we have already reaped by being the parent of countries in which the same happiness and prosperity that have distinguished this country will, I trust, for many ages to come, be enjoyed. That will be our reward for establishing our superfluous population, not only in America, but in other quarters of the world. What can be a grander feeling for Englishmen than that England has done its duty to the world by attempting, and successfully too, to improve it? Whether Canada is to remain for ever dependent on England, or is to become an independent state—not, I trust, by hostile separation, but by amicable arrangement—it is still the duty and interest of this country to imbue it with English feeling, and benefit it by means of English laws and institutions." So spoke Mr. Huskisson, a leading member of the Duke of Wellington's administration, in a debate on the Canadian question. Men of all opinions, in those days at least, saw facts in their natural light, and talked sense: they sought for England a substantial and attainable greatness. Now comes the imaginative and rhetorical school, with its Expansion of England and Imperial Confederation, grasping at the moon and letting the union with Ireland go.

It would appear that the Tory leaders in England have been falling out among themselves, and that between Lord Salisbury and Lord Ran-

dolph Churchill a correspondence has taken place which has brought those two personages to the verge of a rupture. Sir Stafford Northcote, we may be sure, has counselled moderation; Lord Randolph Churchill, we may be still more sure, has counselled violence; and Lord Salisbury, perhaps, for refusing to support "Randy's" aspirations has received a volley of his impertinence. If the tactics of the party on the Egyptian question have been, in any measure, the subject of the dispute, the voice of the more pugnacious section has prevailed. The opportunity was tempting to the combative. The heart of the nation is stirred by the perilous situation of General Gordon and the appearance of his being betrayed. So it is: the mass of mankind are far more touched by anything personal than they are by public questions or principles. The chief hold which Royalty retains is due, not to any part that it plays in the machine of government, but to the purely personal interest excited by royal births, deaths and marriages, in which all men, and still more all women, see glorified counterparts of the principal events of their own lives. Few Englishmen, probably, have followed the diplomatic windings of the Egyptian question; not many, perhaps, at any rate before the battles, had ever taken the trouble to look for the scenes of action on the map. But the romantic figure of General Gordon, and the idea that he is being deserted in his hour of need by the Government, at once set public feeling in a blaze. Before the vote on the motion of censure has been taken this paper will have been sent to press; but the result can hardly be doubtful. It is the evident policy of the Opposition to stave off, by obstruction and by bringing on battles upon extraneous issues, the passing of the Franchise Bill, which, after the crushing majority obtained by the Government on the second reading, even the imperious Lord Salisbury can hardly hope to defeat. But to pass the Franchise Bill is equally the policy of all the different sections of which the majority was composed, and notably of the Parnellites, in whose secession from the Government ranks lies the only hope of a victory for the Opposition. Speeches will no doubt be made against the Government from the Liberal benches; perhaps a few Liberals may even indulge themselves in voting on that which, for the moment, is the popular side, as they may with impunity do, the party majority being so large; but the division will almost certainly sustain the Government, and the dreaded Franchise Bill will resume its march. The energy of Mr. Gladstone's speech seems to show that a good deal of vitality is still left in him, and that his public life, on the continuance of which the course of events mainly depends, has not yet reached its close.

A BYSTANDER.

HERE AND THERE.

As is usual, columns of rubbish anent the recent terrible catastrophe in mid-ocean have been dished up for a sensation-loving public. The people who step in where angels fear to tread have been telling how inhuman it was for the *City of Rome* not to "speak as she passed by" the *Louisa*—the ship which carried part of the unfortunate *State of Florida's* crew and passengers. These scribes have attempted to "point a moral and adorn a tale" at the expense of shipmasters generally, and accused them of indifference to human suffering and life. In the case in point, there is no pretence that the *Louisa* was flying a flag of distress. Indeed, she had no need to; and she merely signalled the fact that she had picked up some passengers of the wrecked steamer, presumably in order that the *Rome* might convey that information ashore, for the benefit of the survivors' relatives and friends and the ship-owners. Captains, we are told, care only for making quick passages, and go "full-speed ahead" in all weathers, indifferent to any unfortunates they may pass, and running hourly risk of collision. The writers of such taradiddles seem oblivious of the fact that ships' officers have souls to save, and property which it is their interest to bring to shore uninjured. They are probably unaware that it is the custom for owners to add a bonus to the salaries of the captains and officers who make their "trips" without accident. They ignore the fact that the mortality amongst officers of wrecked passenger ships is almost always exceedingly high; and how common an occurrence it is to read, as in this case, that the captain "went down with his ship." And certainly no person who has sailed much, or knows anything about the able and hardy men who command Atlantic and Pacific liners, could accuse them of indifference to the sufferings of those who go down to the sea in ships. A braver and more humane body of men does not exist, the diatribes of 'long-shore sailors to the contrary notwithstanding. That some one blundered on board the *State of Florida* or the barque *Ponema* goes without saying, or both those ill-fated vessels would now have been afloat. It is probable that the look-out was bad on one or the other. It ought to be made compulsory for steamers to carry electric

lights, when collisions at sea would be almost impossible. That powerful illuminating agent is already in use on some lines, and its universal adoption would be in the interests of life and property.

It is a remarkable fact that no mention is made of the use of life-belts, nor is it stated in any report of the wreck whether such articles were in abundance and easy of access. Surely had the colliding vessels been so supplied—as is required by the Board of Trade—more lives might have been saved, more especially as the sea was perfectly calm at the time of collision, and until help came.

VERY *apropos* of the calamity just referred to are the musings of the *Philadelphia Record*: "What poor human creatures we are! When a passenger on an ocean steamer sees at sea the lights of another vessel, or in the distance the flash of the lamp in a lighthouse on the coast, his heart throbs with a feeling of safety. But in reality at such times there is greater danger than when his vessel is the only moving thing on the waste of waters. On nearing shore or in meeting a ship at sea the master of a vessel first begins to feel the full weight of his responsibility, and the lights that give the anxious passenger assurance of the nearness of a journey's end are only beacons to warn the commander of greater perils than those through which the vessel has passed."

THE Toronto Island Bath Company seeks incorporation chiefly for the building and operation of baths at Toronto Island and elsewhere in the city of Toronto or county of York, including the acquiring of lands, wharves, vessels, boats, ferries and houses. This may be regarded as a good health movement, especially if the class most in need of washing—the "great unwashed"—could be induced to take kindly to it and in a practical way.

A "CANADIAN-AMERICAN," in the course of a paper on a trip through Canada, says:—

Few places that it has been my good fortune to see look more beautiful at this season of the year than Old Ontario. The whole country had a thrifty, prosperous appearance. After a delightful trip through the Thousand Islands and the Rapids I arrived at Montreal early in June, when summer is at its best and brightest. I was more than delighted with Montreal. It seems to have the soul of an American city, with a rush and bustle that would do little discredit to Chicago—as cosmopolitan as New York, as public-spirited as Philadelphia, as literary as Boston. But poor old Quebec was as dismal a sight as a live man could well conceive! Ichabod! Thy glory is indeed departed! Gone are the military that gave the old city so gay an aspect and made the names of England's proudest aristocracy as familiar in our mouths as household words! In their place is a shoddy, shabby, insignificant local government. As an intelligent Canadian remarked: "A Government as contemptible as it is pretentious, whose ignorance is only equalled by its rapacity."

But after all, the rocks are still there, the streets are still as steep, and crooked, and dirty, the terrace and citadel are still as beautiful, and the grand old river flows on forever, as restless and as magnificent as when Jacques Cartier first anchored on its broad bosom.

In the country I found very little change. Very few of the great inventions of the past twenty-five years have found their way to the back counties of Lower Canada. But the men are just as sturdy and independent as ever; the women just as intelligent and just as handsome. Old friends are just as kindly, new ones just as friendly. The dearest country in the world to us Canadian-Americans is Old Canada, the firmest friends are Canadian friends, the best ways are Canadian ways, the finest people are Canadians.

To wooden nutmegs, manufactured eggs, pig butter, turnip jam, and such abominations, Uncle Sam has now added "tobacco-paper!" The adulteration consists of paper manufactured in exact imitation of the tobacco leaf, and so well flavoured as to defy detection. An American journal says, "Cigars made of this tobacco-paper have a good flavour, burn well, and hold a white ash firmly." *O tempora, O mores!* That the nicotian herb should have put upon it this form of flattery! And if, as we are told, the small quantity of paper used in the cigarette is deleterious, what is to be expected from the vile fraud referred to? Those of us who have found pleasure in burning tobacco have of late been inclined to take heart of grace from the dicta of the philanthropist and scientist, Dr. Richardson—that "tobacco is in no sense worse than tea, and by the side of high living contrasts most favourably." But if the fountain of enjoyment is to be poisoned at its source by dollar-hunting vandals, smokers will have to apply to the Raleighian weed the same gospel as Dr. Richardson preaches regarding alcohol: touch not, taste not, handle not lest—it be tobacco-paper!

"THE gondola of the streets," as Mr. Disraeli named the English hansom cab, is becoming popular in the States. Last week we recorded that Chicagoans are about to adopt this convenient vehicle. We are now reminded that Washington, New York and Philadelphia have had them in use for some time, and that they are just creeping into general favour. There is nothing remarkable about this except the fact that our cousins did not utilize the idea long since. In course of time it may be expected the hansom will become naturalized even in Canada. It is of all "hirable" conveyances far the best for one or two persons, is speedy and comfortable, is within the draught-power of one light horse, and is easily and safely driven.

LAWN-TENNIS players—and who is not a lawn-tennis player in these days?—will be glad to hear that a seamless ball has been brought into use which holds ten grains less moisture than the ordinary covered ball. The inventors have given it the modest name of the "Perfect," so that they challenge criticism. The ball goes admirably, even on wet turf, and is likely to come into general use this season, as it outlasts three of the usual kind.

THE *Sanitary Journal* gives some "Seasonable Hints" which are worthy attention. In view of the near approach of the bathing season our contemporary advises: "Be not too ready to get into cold water out of doors. Better to bathe at home until the weather and water get decidedly warm. Go not into cold water when overheated, nor when cooling off, nor when cold, nor remain in too long at first. Fatal cramps are caused by such indiscretions. Dry off quickly, and dress as soon as possible, on leaving the water." Referring to the too common habit of leaving off under-flannels on the first warm day, the *Journal* says that indiscretion "has been the prime cause of many a death. Better to be uncomfortably warm than fatally cold. It is a good plan to wear lighter flannels for a few weeks before leaving off altogether, although many do not. They might be left off at night, if so worn, at almost anytime."

THE English Prime Minister is to be asked to grant a small pension out of the Civil List to the widow and family of the late Mr. Blanchard Jerrold. Far be it from any person to say a needlessly unkind word on the subject, but one would have thought the late Mr. Jerrold, a prosperous literary man nearly all his days, would hardly have left his family in need of assistance. The amount that can be annually given out of the Queen's Bounty Fund is only \$6,000, and therefore it should be distributed with the utmost discrimination for real necessities. Unfortunately, this is very far from being the case generally, as witness, for instance, the pension of \$1,500 a year bestowed upon Mr. Matthew Arnold, who, in addition to the profits of his literary work, is understood to hold a post worth \$4,500 per annum in the Education Department, and therefore hardly seems a proper recipient of a pension from this fund.

THE RECENTLY DISCOVERED "TEACHING OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES."*

ABOUT nine years ago a manuscript was found by Philotheos Bryennios in the library of the Most Holy Sepulchre in Fanar of Constantinople, containing copies of various works of the most remote Christian antiquity. Among the contents of the manuscript was a complete copy of the two so-called Epistles of St. Clement of Rome, which, although long well-known in parts, and published in 1633, had remained in a fragmentary state. To the delight and astonishment of the students of Christian antiquity, these precious documents were now recovered in their entirety, six chapters being added to the former, and eight sections to the latter. The MS. was a good one, confirming some doubtful readings and some of the suggested emendations in the text, discrediting others, and in one very remarkable passage supporting a reading which some previous editors had regarded as corrupt. Among other things it gave confirmation to the opinion held by some of the most judicious editors of the Apostolic Fathers that only the first of the two treatises could be considered an epistle of St. Clement, while the last must be regarded as a homily of a somewhat later date.

It is important to draw attention to these facts, because they will influence the judgment which we shall form on the little book which is now before us. No subsequent editor of the Apostolic Fathers has discredited and neglected this MS. Bishop Lightfoot has published an appendix to his edition of St. Clement, giving the newly discovered portions of the two treatises, and modifying some of his readings, on the authority of the MS., which not only gave the endings but supplied some gaps in the portions already published. New texts have also been published by Funk, by Gebhardt & Harnack, and by Hilgenfeld, all of whom treat the MS. as a document of authority.

The MS. is an octavo volume, written on parchment in cursive characters, and consists of 120 leaves, and bears the signature of "Leon, notary and sinner," who declared that he completed the transcription in the month of June, 6564, which corresponds to A.D., 1056. The contents of the MS. are as follows: (1) Chrysostom's Synopsis of the Books of the Old and New Testament; (2) The Epistle of Barnabas; (3) The two Epistles of

Clement; (4) The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles; (5) The Epistle of Mary of Cassobela to Ignatius; (6) Twelve Epistles of Ignatius, namely the seven regarded as genuine and five others.

If the "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles" were a work of which no mention was made by early Christian writers, we might have some doubt as to its date; although even so, the style and contents could hardly be regarded as compatible with a late origin. But this is not the case. It is referred to by Clement of Alexandria (Strom. i.); Eusebius (Hist. Eccl. iii. 25) speaks of a book entitled the "Teachings (plural) of the Apostles," and Athanasius, in his 39th Festal Epistle speaks of the "Teaching (singular) of the Apostles" as one of the books which are suitable for the instruction of catechumens. Nicephorus, Patriarch of Constantinople in the beginning of the ninth century, says that the number of lines in the manuscript is 200; the exact number in the MS. now published by Bryennios being 203. We should add that Clement of Alexandria actually quotes a portion of the treatise which is found in the copy now published.

No serious doubt seems to exist as to the genuineness of this document, and so far there seems to be a general agreement that it belongs to the first half of the second century. It would hardly be possible to imagine such a work as being produced at a later period, and the notion of its being fabricated to counterfeit an earlier document is still less credible. It would have answered no end, for it can hardly be said to add anything, certainly it adds nothing of value, to what we know of the Christianity of the second century.

Of the sixteen chapters into which the treatise is divided, the first six offer very little that calls for comment. "Two ways there are," the book begins, "one of life and one of death, but there is a great difference between the two ways." And then we are told of the necessity of loving God and man, and a number of precepts are added which are simply echoes of those contained in the Sermon on the Mount. It is very probable that this portion was a common form of instruction in the early church, as it occurs substantially in the so-called "Epistle of Barnabas." In the fourth chapter the reader is admonished to respect the clergy: "My child, him that speaks to thee the word of God remember night and day, and thou shalt honour him as the Lord, for when that which pertaineth to the Lord is spoken, there the Lord is." It will be remarked that the distinction of the clergy noted in this place is their speaking the word of the Lord, not "offering the sacrifice" or absolving the sinner.

On the subject of baptism there are some statements of interest. First it is commanded that baptism shall be in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; and, although some doubt has been raised as to the meaning of baptism "in the Name of Jesus Christ" (Acts ii. 38), there can be no serious question but that this has been the formula from the beginning. Next, running (living) water is recommended to be used; but if this cannot be had, cold water may be employed, or even warm. And if water sufficient for immersion cannot be had, then we read: "Pour water upon the head thrice, unto the Name of Father and Son and Holy Spirit." This, we know from other sources, was the general Syrian method of administering the Sacrament.

One other thing we note here. It is constantly asserted that in the earliest days of the Christian Church the Holy Communion was received fasting. To this there were certainly exceptions; but for the most part such was the custom. We are reminded by the document before us that it was the same with baptism. "But before the baptism let the baptizer and the baptized fast, and whatever others can; but the baptized thou shalt command to fast for one or two days before."

In regard to the other sacrament it is remarkable that the cup is first mentioned. "Now, concerning the Eucharist, thus give thanks; first, concerning the cup," etc. Readers of St. Paul's first Epistle to the Corinthians will remember that he speaks of the "Cup of Blessing" before the "Bread which we break." In St. Luke too there is a cup handed round before the solemn blessing of the bread and of the cup. It would be interesting to know if there are other examples of this inversion of the usual order, in other early documents. In the brief prayer here reported we have the foundation of the liturgy, commonly known as the Clementine, which is given in the so-called "Apostolic Constitutions." The changes, however, are very significant of the "development" which had taken place in two hundred years.

We have further evidence as to the weekly administration of the Eucharist, and of its being spoken of as the Breaking of Bread. Some have contended for a daily celebration, although there seems to be no question that this usage as mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles was exceptional. It has again been doubted whether the scriptural phrase, "Breaking of Bread," refers to the Eucharist. The inference to that effect from the words of this document seems quite clear. "But on the Lord's Day

* Teaching of the Twelve Apostles [in Greek]: Recently discovered by Philotheos Bryennios, Metropolitan of Nicomedia. With Translations and Notes. By R. D. Hitchcock and F. Brown. New York: Scribner, 1884.

assemble and break bread, and give thanks, after confessing your transgressions, in order that your sacrifice may be pure."

The early date of the treatise may be inferred from the manner in which reference is made to the election of the clergy. "Now appoint for yourselves bishops and deacons worthy of the Lord, men meek and not avaricious, and upright and proved; for they, too, render you the service of the prophets and teachers." By the middle of the second century the episcopal office had become almost universal in the Church, yet it is here ignored. Moreover the prophetic office seems to be regarded as the rule and not the exception, which also points to a very early date.

At the close there is a reference, indistinct indeed, yet tolerably conclusive, to the doctrine of a double resurrection of the dead, which was certainly the ordinary belief in the first three centuries: "And then shall appear the signs of the truth; first, the sign of an opening in heaven, then the sign of the trumpet's sound, and thirdly, the resurrection of the dead; yet not of all, but as it hath been said: The Lord will come and all the saints with Him. Then shall the world see the Lord coming upon the clouds of heaven." One phrase occurs which might suggest a later origin or an interpolation:—"If thou hast anything, by thy hands thou shalt give a ransom for thy sins." We must not, however, assume that these words meant the same as they would have done in the middle ages, or that they are not susceptible of an orthodox meaning, and similar language occurs in very early Christian documents.

There is nothing in this little book that will interfere with the beliefs of any of the existing Christian communions. It is perhaps too much to hope that any of them will think the less of the mere trifles by which they are separated. At least they may learn that the first Christians were not even conscious of most of the questions by which the Church of Christ is now rent in pieces.

C.

WITHROW'S HISTORY OF CANADA.*

SOME conscientious and painstaking work has been done by a few writers in the field of Canadian history. To produce a hundred pages of the history of the French colony, Professor Dussieu went through the heavy labour of reading all the documents relating to his subject to be found in the archives of the Marine and War departments, in Paris. To him, more than to any one else, we owe the scathing exposure of the system of plundering, carried on by Bigot and his guilty associates, in the last days of the agony which ended in the colony ceasing to be French. The Abbé Ferland, another professor of history, has given us two volumes which, on the whole, present a fair and honest view of the same period—a work largely founded on original sources of information. Its fault is that the method is that of the annalist; the little rills are not carefully gathered into one unbroken stream. We get glimpses of the little colony struggling for existence, on the banks of the St. Lawrence; but we get them through opening vistas as we pass along the edge of the forest. Among musty documents relating to the history of Canada, the Abbe Faillon spent a life of loving labour. The amount of work he did, and did well, on Canadian biography and history, is enormous. Garneau takes us over the whole course of the history, down to the union of 1840; and under his guidance we are never permitted to forget that we are under the direction of an intensified sentiment of French Canadian nationality. Whatever the merits of these writers, their standpoint is not ours; and after all they had done, the want of a good English history of Canada was felt.

Of the long list of writers who have been pleased to adorn the pages of their books with the title *The History of Canada*, from 1609 to 1884, Mr. Withrow has the distinction of being the latest, and of covering the longest period of time. Living in Toronto, where there was no great public library, and where private collections are few and the best of them defective, Mr. Withrow has worked under disadvantages. He draws most of his materials from secondary sources; he copies McMullen with a fidelity which is proved by his re-producing that writer's errors; and he very often errs, in points of fact, on his own account. The assertion that Hudson penetrated to the depths of the great Mediterranean Sea which bears his name (page 48), and at which, in truth, he barely got a glimpse, might pass for a stroke of rhetoric; to describe as a "leading capitalist" (p. 434) a man who was hopelessly bankrupt is an indication of carelessness such as we too often find in this work; the repetition of McMullen's blunder, after the specific refutation it had received, which carries up to thirty-six the number of insurgents killed and wounded in the fight at Gallows Hill, shows that the loosest state-

ments of other writers were copied without any attempt to test their accuracy. The site of the battle is in the outskirts of Toronto; and in an hour half-a-dozen surviving, eye-witnesses, cognizant of the facts, could be consulted.

But these are trivial errors, and are only noticed here to give the author an opportunity to correct them when occasion offers. There remain to be noticed errors which are not trivial but fundamental; statements which, if true, would have had a decided effect on the current of Canadian history, for several years. We are told (p. 391) that when the British Government determined to unite the Canadas, in 1840, it decided to embody in the new constitution the principle of Responsible Government, and that, by the Union Act, the government "must command the support of a majority in the Legislature." If Mr. Withrow will read the Union Act, he will find in it no warrant for the statement that the government "must command the support of a majority in the Legislature." Such a provision, if happily it had been contained in the new constitution, would have established parliamentary government so securely that it would, from the day the Union Act went into force, have been able to resist assault, from whatever quarter; the responsible government resolutions afterwards passed by both Houses, and of which Mr. Withrow makes no mention, would have been unnecessary; the agitation over the question of responsible government, which convulsed the country, under the administration of Lord Metcalfe, would have been avoided. The Union Act vested in the Governor-General all the legal prerogatives that previous governors had possessed. The theory had previously been that the general policy of the colonial governments was determined in Downing Street, and that the governors were to see it carried out. Even Lord Sydenham, who came in the transition period, aimed to dictate the general policy of the government.

The statement that the French Canadians had a better government than any of their race enjoyed elsewhere may or may not be true; but it was a government which Lord Sydenham frankly avowed he would not have fought to sustain. The revolution which was evolved out of the rebellion is the most important event in the history of Canada, since the conquest. Papineau, the leader of the rebellion in Lower Canada could hardly have been painted in blacker colours if he had been the worst of ruffians. Yet, Papineau was a seigneur, a man of culture, and, in his way, a patriot. For a rebellion which failed in the field no one offers justification; but the beneficent revolution which it brought about we can all welcome. The situation was, indeed, full of difficulty; for not only did the official mind, in England, distrust responsible government in a colony, as the expression of independence; but the British minority, in Lower Canada, had a real dread of being placed at the mercy of a majority between whom and themselves there was an icy barrier of social isolation, which seventy years had done nothing to melt. These fears were, however, exaggerated. Responsible Government meant emancipation from Downing Street direction, in the details of colonial administration, and that the colonies in which it got sway would become virtually independent. All this was foreseen, and more than this was feared; but the error lay in supposing that colonies could be perpetually kept in leading strings and the local policy of Canada dictated from a distance of three thousand miles. An experiment of such perilous import as that of submitting the British inhabitants to the control of a French majority was happily avoided; but the escaping of this danger did not make the irritating mockery of elective institutions, with which Canada was then amused, the less galling. An elective Chamber there was, it is true; but this Chamber was constantly prevented passing any measure that was distasteful to the nominated Legislative Council. From the repeated application of this check, nothing but irritation and exasperation could ensue; and in the expression of that exasperation, foolish things were said and done.

If Papineau refused, and no doubt unwisely refused, to accept the revolution, which was to a large extent the work of his own hands, he did so because he believed it be incomplete. The nominated chamber might still remain master of the situation. Papineau was haunted by this fear, and several years later M. Morin, a political pupil of his, now become a member of the Government, prevailed on his colleagues to procure the passing of an act for making the Legislative Council elective.

Mr. Withrow says the French Canadians, after the Union, held the balance of power, and were able for a long series of years, by their compact vote, to turn the scale in favour of whatever party could best promote French interests. To the interests of their race and religion the French were keenly alive; but there is no warrant for the reproach that, for a long series of years, they acted as an oscillating balance between the two parties, for purely selfish ends. As a rule they

* A Popular History of the Dominion of Canada, from the discovery of America to the present time. By the Rev. William H. Withrow, M.A., D.D.

voted with the Reform party, till the coalition of 1854 broke up the old parties; and then they drifted into an alliance with the Conservatives. Nor is it correct, as Mr. Withrow asserts, that it was to check this oscillating balance of power that the double majority was invented. The double majority was born of the inter-provincial inequality of representation, which had gradually grown up with the growth of population, and its object was to prevent any law affecting either province being passed, in the united Legislature, in opposition to the voice of a majority of its own representatives.

There is no warrant whatever for the statement that if the Rebellion Losses Bill of 1849 had not become law, the French "would have been driven into disaffection and probably into revolt." Nothing was farther from their minds, at that time, than revolt; nor was the Annexation Manifesto published in Montreal about the same time, "a mere outburst of partizan feeling." A more passionless document was never written. Political it was not, in a party sense. Annexation was advocated on purely commercial grounds.

Mr. Withrow forgets to state that the differential duties, the abolition of which he mentions, implied and were intended to imply, a system of equivalents, English manufacturers having a preference in Canada, and the Canadian timber having a preference in England. Canada, relieved of the burthen, lost the compensating privilege. The change meant that the swaddling clothes of a young colony had ceased to be suitable to the stature which Canada had then reached, and that England had discovered that her true policy lay in free trade with all the world. With the fall of the differential duties, which formed a reciprocal obstruction, the last pillar of the old colonial system crumbled away.

Mr. Withrow is not fairly chargeable with wilful perversion. His mistakes arise from inattention, from a habit of taking for granted statements that require corroboration, from following unsafe guides, and transcribing without criticizing. It is when he becomes an apologist, that he is liable to get off the balance. In noticing some charges against Sir Francis Hincks, he throws the blame, if blame there were, on some of his colleagues. He says that if some of Sir Francis' colleagues acquired public property, Sir Francis left public life poor. From this statement the reader would not learn that Sir Francis was one of the purchasers; the truth being that, whether the act were innocent or culpable, he probably acquired more public property than any of his colleagues. C. L.

WEAK POINTS IN THE ENTERTAINMENTS OF SOCIETY.

THE business of life attended to, men and women seek amusement according to their tastes, and as circumstances allow. Indeed, perhaps in a certain sense the object of all work is to satisfy the craving for pleasure, or to gain the means for that happiness which the human heart is always seeking for. Among the most prosperous class, where the necessaries of life have not to be struggled for, there is often almost as unending a struggle for amusement as in the poorer ones for the wherewithal to live, so that we find many people making a "study" of their amusements, frequently with very unsatisfactory results. Some one has said something to the effect that "life would be tolerable if it was not for its amusements," a sentiment calculated, one would imagine, to damp the ardour of pleasure seekers. One would ask is the author of such a *blasé* remark an individual with Dundreary proclivities, or does he *merely exaggerate* the unexpressed sentiments of a number of the devotees of society?

In Canada we rather pride ourselves that our social gatherings are full of life; and if in the Old World an air of boredom, assumed or real, is much in vogue, it cannot be said to be the fashionable craze in this Dominion; yet there is, except with our young people, a perceptible lack of enjoyment to those attending our private parties. Now, as with the best directed energies it is impossible to retain, for any great length of time, a youthfulness that leaves the most of us all too soon, this is an unsatisfactory state of affairs, particularly as even with the first flush of youth gone, there remains with us immense capabilities for enjoyment. Entertainers, however, find no difficulty in getting their invitations accepted, which seems a contradiction to the statement that there is a lack of enjoyment to the participants of their gaieties, which, if people will grumble about, they still also will go to. If parents go to look after their fledglings, *passée* girls, to try and prove they are not *passée*, others because the So-and-So's have a fine house, are swells, and *everyone* who is *anyone* is going, there is a hope, however remote with *all*, of extracting a little enjoyment out of the evening, a hope very frequently unfulfilled. The fault sometimes lies in the guests, oftener with the hosts, who having provided a great supper

and thrown open their beautiful rooms feel that they have done their duty, and leave their guests to find their own amusement. Now-a-days every one with means and taste expends both, in getting together objects of art, a friendly rivalry existing as to who has the choicest pictures or bric-a-brac, while the one who at some party can provide a surprise in the way of a new floral decoration scores the triumph. But though we may have a keen eye for beautiful objects, some of us have occasionally wished something else had been provided for our entertainment. Dancing parties are given more frequently than any others, and to those who at one time desire to pay off all social debts, are decidedly the most successful. Provide dancers with music, and a good floor, and they will find no other entertainment half so delightful. The customary engagement cards, with all their facilities for retaining good dancers, securing pleasant *tête-à-têtes*, and getting rid of undesirable partners, leave little to be wished for, but to those who cannot "trip it on the light fantastic toe," to *chaperons* and wall-flowers, "looking-on" becomes decidedly wearisome. As to the *chaperons*, well, no one expects them to enjoy themselves, or receive any attention except it is to be led into the supper-room first; the wall-flowers are sometimes a source of anxiety, for they "are young," or supposed to be, and ought to enjoy themselves. The gentlemen who support the walls and door-ways are generally considered able to look after themselves, but to all who do not dance there is a terrible want of something to do; the men grow moody, and look it, the ladies who feel the eyes of the world are upon them, wretched—a wretchedness they endeavour to hide under smiles and fluttering fans. As it is a general supposition that no two persons of the same sex can enjoy conversing together at a party, most women prefer to be seen in company with a man, be he never so uninteresting, to that of their pleasantest feminine friend, as the absence of an escort at the side of a lady gives the general impression that she is being neglected—an impression the average woman would do anything to avoid. One other great reason that the middle-aged and those not in the ranks of the young do not enjoy our assemblies is the manner in which the old and young separate at our gatherings, and a growing want of courtesy on the part of the latter to their elders. What young lady will be bothered talking to a gentleman with grey hair, or where is the young man who would think it worth while to make himself agreeable for half an hour to the matron to whom he is perhaps indebted for much hospitality? How little care do our youthful society-goers take to hide that they think "Mr. A. an old fogey," and Mrs. B. "on the shady side of forty." Now Mr. A. may consider yonder Miss "an insignificant chit of a girl," while Mrs. B. regards the young man merely as "a friend of the girls," yet their indifferent attention, the intangible slight, may annoy each of them, and be a reminder that youth has left them: a fact they might otherwise forget for a happy hour or two. Then again, how speedily do the married join the ranks of the "uninteresting." A pretty, young, married woman may enjoy herself for a season or so, but a man finds his prestige vanishes with his young lady acquaintances as soon as he has placed the golden circlet on the finger of one of them, and usually comes to the conclusion that "dances are a bore," and were it not for his wife's wishes would probably give them up altogether, for woman does not get tired of parties anything like as soon as man: it is her one way of seeing the world, and she naturally clings to it, and the love of seeing and displaying elegant toilets is a thing of joy to her forever. But if dancing-parties are dull to a few, musical ones are so to the majority. Although music is voted as one of the most fascinating of the arts, and is yearly being cultivated to a greater extent among us, no parties are so universally voted failures as "musicals," and as some people object to dancing, even if possessed of all the means for entertaining, there seems to be no chance of their giving any large entertainments but those that do not entertain. The reasons for these failures are various. It is not customary and scarcely practicable in our Canadian cities to obtain (except bands) the services of professional musicians, while amateur performances do not always repay the listeners. At a large party it is impossible to give everyone a seat, and walking about is generally the only occupation for the majority who, unless some one is "singing," are generally seemingly oblivious to any music that may be going on. In this "walking-about," one of the chief draw-backs to the amusement of the evening occurs. For instance, an acquaintance meets a lady, asks her to take a walk, or to go and look at the conservatory; she consents, and they get on charmingly for a quarter of an hour or so; then, having exhausted the flowers and conversation on subjects of mutual interest, one or other or both think it would be pleasant to talk to some one else, but neither like to say so; so they probably wander around (if the crush permits) for another quarter of an hour, each wondering how on earth they are going to get rid of the other, and when at last the suggestion is made, unless great tact is used, the suggestor finds he or she has wounded the *amour propre* of the

companion. When they do start on a search for the lady's friends, they are sure to be scattered in different places, and a good deal of time is consumed in the search, very likely to pounce at last on a solitary couple, who though possibly equally bored with themselves, it looks somewhat of an intrusion to leave a third person with.

Then there is something to be said in regard to the way in which the musical part of the entertainment is arranged. The lady of the house usually asks some of her musical friends beforehand if they will play and sing for her, so that they can come provided with music; but as there is no programme, the performers are left in doubt as to when they will be called on, which is a fruitful source of disquietude to a nervous person. Then it is a great trial for a singer to be obliged by a loud commencement of his song to announce to the talking, laughing multitude that he is going to sing, while scarcely less reassuring are the "hushes" of well-meaning friends who are desirous of obtaining silence. The moment it dawns on the walking, standing, chatting crowd that some one is singing, politeness requires an instantaneous quiet. No matter if you are at the telling point of your best story or making the wittiest remark, at the first pipe of a shrill voice, the check-rein of politeness pulls you up, and demands a sudden halt, for your reluctant ears to be, perhaps, assailed with a jargon of foreign words, or wonderful shakes or trills of a voice pitched half an octave higher than nature arranged the vocal words for. Then how difficult it is for a number of persons to stand perfectly still! The best of shoes will occasionally creak, and silk dresses rustle with the faintest movement, frequently just as the singer is at the most pathetic part of the song. The softest tones are lost by these inadvertent noises, and the effect of the whole is spoiled. As to the players, in one way they have an advantage over the singers, for as no one listens to their efforts any mistakes pass unnoticed. They have for their consolation the fact that their performance is useful at least in filling up the chinks in the conversation of the assemblage, and leaving no gaps in the general buzz. For this purpose bands are sometimes engaged, and do even more, almost drowning the voices of the guests *in toto*, or making them yell till their throats are hoarse. Sufficiently remote, a string band is an agreeable accessory to a party, but the hostess who engages one will do well to taboo the playing of waltzes lest she would set her young guests to wishing to clear the rooms for a dance. Musical parties, to be really successful, should be small and for lovers of music only. But where large ones are given, one room provided with seats at least should be set apart for lovers of sweet sounds, while if some sort of engagement cards were provided, they would obviate the difficulty above mentioned in changing partners during the evening. Dinner-parties are becoming more and more popular, and are growing in favour with young people as well as older ones. Their chief drawback is that they are costly and only entertain a few. When the guests are chosen with tact and skill, the *cuisine* good, and the table appointments well arranged, they often prove delightful. The hostess knows who to expect, and having an equal number of ladies and gentlemen no one is left out in the cold. One cannot complain of "having nothing to do" at a dinner-party; the danger is rather, in view of the number of courses provided, of having too much. They certainly give opportunities of displaying conversational talents. The hosts do well who remember it is a greater charm in them, as entertainers, to make *their guests talk* than to do over much in that line themselves. One great advantage in the dinner-party is that it does not upset the usual routine of life. The city man dines at or near his usual hour, and gets to bed at a reasonable time—a great essential for the gentlemen of this work-a-day Canada of ours. He has not an extra meal (as in the case of suppers) thrown in to tax the endurance of his digestive powers, and as the number of guests is limited to a few, there is more chance of congeniality among them. If the custom of wearing gloves before dinner could be dispensed with, some of the "red hands" that are so frequently a disfigurement to beautiful toilets would be done away with. The literary entertainments that have sprung up of late seem to be more suited to country places than cities. In cities people have so many opportunities for attending good concerts, the theatre and opera, that amateur performances partaking of their nature suffer from the contrast, and though they offer us opportunities for displaying the talents we have, and occasionally those we have not, there is great danger of our boring our acquaintances without improving ourselves, or what is worse, fostering those habits of mutual admiration which only require our backs to be turned to meet with often well-deserved ridicule. If, however, these literary evenings further a love of books and prove entertaining nothing can be said against them, while they certainly have the virtue of providing the guests with something to do. If people learned to play games, as chess, back-gammon, cards, etc., and they were provided for those who liked them at our social gatherings, amusement might be found for all, instead of a portion of the guests, and

time that is now dragged out wearily by many a good-natured *chaperon* might be passed pleasantly enough; for even the greatest talkers find three or four hours, many evenings in the week, a severe tax on their conversational powers, when "the season" has had many predecessors.

J. M. LOES.

THE CHURCHES.

DR. STUBBS, formerly Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, was recently consecrated to the bishopric of Chester. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of York.

A WEALTHY member of the Episcopal Church in Chicago has given a valuable site on Washington boulevard for a theological college. He is also to pay for the erection of the building.

THE endowment of Knox College, Toronto, will in all likelihood soon be accomplished. The amount required for the purpose is \$200,000: of this sum \$154,000 has already been subscribed.

THE Bishop of Worcester announces that a gentleman who wishes to be known only as a "land-owner" has given \$50,000 for the purpose of making better provision for the spiritual wants of the town of Birmingham.

THE new oratory dedicated to the Blessed Virgin at South Kensington, London, was recently opened by Cardinal Manning and several Bishops. The new church occupies a fine site at the corner of Brompton and Cromwell Roads. It cost about \$400,000.

A RELIGIOUS contemporary gives the church connections of the present Senators of the United States as follows:—Presbyterians, 27; Episcopalians, 16; Methodists, 12; Congregational, 7; Unitarians, 5; Baptists, 4; Roman Catholics, 4; Jew, 1. Total, 76.

THE Methodist centenary celebration will be held in the City Road Chapel, London, the mother-church of Methodism, during the month of June. The same month will also see the consummation of the union between the various Methodist Churches in Canada.

THE Rev. Paxton Hood a short time since preached on "The Gospel Notes to be found in Tennyson." Soon afterwards one of his hearers at a prayer-meeting solicited intercession for his minister that he "might preach the Gospel according to Christ and not according to Tennyson."

DR. BICKERSTETH, Bishop of Ripon, died recently. The deceased prelate, a distinguished member of the evangelical section of the Church of England, was highly respected by all parties. He was large-hearted, charitable, and tolerant. Dr. Hellmuth, late Bishop of Huron, for some time assisted him in the discharge of his Episcopal duties.

THE statue erected in honour of Martin Luther at the Memorial Church, Washington, will be unveiled next week with imposing ceremonies. The Hon. Chief Justice Waite is to preside. The Hon. O. D. Conger, of the United States Senate, and the Rev. Dr. J. D. Morris are to be the orators, while President Arthur will unveil the statue of the great Reformer.

As an amendment to Mr. Dick Peddie's annual motion for the disestablishment of the Church of Scotland, Sir Alexander Gordon is to move the appointment of a commission to inquire into the causes of disunion between the Presbyterian Churches in Scotland with a view to such settlement of ecclesiastical affairs in that country as may be most agreeable to the inclinations of the people.

AT a meeting of the Ottawa Presbytery last week the Rev. W. D. Armstrong submitted an overture on the evils resulting from the intense party politics of the country. In support of his overture he showed that political partyism was injurious to mutual good-will, public confidence, and loyalty to truth. The overture was transmitted to the General Assembly where the subject will come up for discussion.

AMONG the many distinguished men on whom honorary degrees were conferred during the ter-centenary celebration of Edinburgh University were Professor Green, of Princeton, and Professor Briggs, of the Union Seminary, New York. Both are eminent in the department of Old Testament exegesis. The University of Glasgow also bestowed the honorary degree of D.D. on Professor Mowat, of Kingston.

THE establishment of a great Mahommedan university at Hyderabad is contemplated. The suggestion was made by an Englishman, Mr. Wilfred Blunt, that a university for the dissemination of Mahommedan learning and the propagation of Islamism should be founded in Central India. The young Nizam has favourably received Mr. Blunt's proposal, made all the more attractive since he offers to endow the first professorship.

THE Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States is by far the most influential section of the denomination that owes its origin to the labours of the Wesleys and Whitfield. The General Conference of that body has just been held at Philadelphia. The meetings this year were of more than ordinary interest, since that Church in the United States has completed the first century of its history. Not a little excitement was occasioned in connection with an election of bishops. Four were required. Various candidates were named. It was openly asserted that canvassing and wire-pulling were freely resorted to, if not by the candidates themselves, certainly by their friends. The suspicion is not by any means agreeable that partisan tactics have entered within the sacred precincts of the temple.

ASTERISK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE MORALITY OF AIDING TO COMMIT CRIME.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—A few words by way of rejoinder may perhaps be allowed. In the first place, the wording of the above heading is inaccurate, if not misleading, as applied to the case in question. The morality of securing the detection of crime and preventing its repetition is the question really at issue. As to the means adopted that this "good" end might come; what "evil" was done? Without, of course, prejudging the case, but merely assuming the facts to be as shown by the published evidence, the crime had, to all intents and purposes, been committed and completed before any inciting or enticing to it took place. The very nature of the case afforded no opportunity for intercepting or deterring the offenders from the commission of the offence or preventing its commission. The offer to bribe is in itself a complete offence. The course taken by those to whom the offer was made was not an aiding or enticing to commit an offence. This had already been consummated. It was taken merely as a means of making the evidence indisputable. The crime having been completed *ipso facto* by the offer, the receiving of the money without any intention of keeping or appropriating it, but only as a piece of additional evidence, was not in itself either evil or immoral. Viewed as a means used in order to bring the offenders to punishment, offenders who, to borrow Mr. Armour's language, had consummated their guilty intentions, it was not only expedient, but morally justifiable. Punishment, as Mr. Armour truly observes, is not inflicted for the satisfaction of revenge, but in order to amend the offender, and to deter others from offending in the same way. For the purposes of the present argument, it is fair to assume that the actuating motive in regard to the punishment was in accordance with the object contemplated by the law, and not the mere desire of revenge, as has been somewhat gratuitously suggested. The condemnation of those who do evil that good may come is, therefore, not applicable to the present case, and the homily which has been read to us upon that text is quite irrelevant.

There was no intention, whatever, on the part of the writer in his former article to import politics into the question, still less to assert, or even suggest, that a Party Government should be maintained at all hazards. The argument intended was this: that the Ministry being justified in assuming, as from their point of view they undoubtedly were justified in assuming (the correctness of the assumption being entirely foreign to the question), that their maintenance in power is for the benefit of the community, they were amply warranted in adopting any proper measures for defeating their adversaries and strengthening their own position. In regard to the comparative value of honour, it seems obvious that one sort of honour is, or may be, according to circumstances, more or less precious than another; or rather that the honour of one person may be of greater value than that of another, having a just regard to their respective rank, position, age, profession, sex, relations in life and other surrounding circumstances. A moment's reflection manifests the truth of this position. Is not the honour of a judge of greater value to himself and to the public than that of a chimney-sweep? Is not the loss of honour consequent upon a daughter's yielding to the wiles of a seducer more grievous than that resulting from a loafer selling his vote at an election? Moreover, there is this manifest difference between the consummation of the act of seduction and the receiving of money (by way of a bribe, real or supposed), that in the one case, the act itself constitutes the harm done, and *ipso facto* occasions the loss of honour; in the other the intent is of the essence of the offence, and if no evil intent is entertained, *a fortiori*, if the purpose is a justifiable one, the act of receiving involves no crime, and not necessarily any loss of honour. This has been well pointed out in the able letter of "Outsider" in the Week of April 24th. The fact that in the eye of the law the ownership of the money is considered to be in Mr. McKim does not affect the moral question. Many a man involuntarily has a dry legal estate vested in him in regard to which his only duty is to let those who are beneficially entitled have the benefit of it.

"Outsider's" letter above referred to contains in advance a sufficient answer to the question lastly proposed in the article of the 8th inst. The writer says: "If Mr. McKim had taken those hundred dollar bills with the sole object and intent of receiving payment for a quantity of grain, sold in the ordinary course of commerce, that would have been right. Was it less right to receive the bills when his sole object and intent was to detect crime?"

It is, it is hoped, almost superfluous to say that this and a former communication were written solely in regard to the abstract question of morals which had previously been suggested for discussion as arising out of the "Bribery Case," and without the slightest intention of prejudging the case itself. S. G. Wood.

COMPENSATION AND PROHIBITION.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—It is said that "the money which goes into the till of the liquor shop would go to buy other goods." What money is here referred to? There are just so many employees in this city now, and so much money paid weekly; less will be paid per capita when enforced competition comes in, and unless rents and the necessaries of life are to become cheaper at once, the suffering will all come upon poor people as usual—the temporary suffering as it is facetiously called. How long does "temporary" mean in this case? Such retrogressive ideas tend to go back to absolute necessities, to eventually "become the ancient Briton" again, with yellow ochre and sheepskins. The expansive, progressive and modern idea is to separate all manufactures into distinct branches, so that each product may be made better and cheaper, keeping people employed all the time. The same individual dollar that buys bread, buys beef and beer, and clothing, and pays rent, and it is one of the laws of successful commerce that the oftener that dollar travels round so will trade, and comforts abound and work be plenty. It remains in no one till, barring the profit which goes to keep the family of the dealer, and which profit again goes out in investments, enabling others to carry on business. If half-a-dozen new trades could be invented for the comfort and luxury, even, of society there would be fewer dull times, as it is also one of the laws of labour that labour brings its own reward—account for the fact economically as one may. The more trade there is, the indefatigable little dollar travels round them all

a little faster—the free circulation of money as it is called; and if there were one dozen or one hundred people, each due the other one dollar, one dollar would do the whole business by rapidly passing round, relieving them of their debts and coming back to the original capitalist. More than this, it would enable them, being free of debt to renew their obligations for another dollar's worth. All this tends to a greater demand for labour, which, talking of necessaries, has become one of the necessaries in this our artificial life—a life imperative the moment we depart from primitiveness. And with more labour and more enjoyment of the comforts of life comes the sense to enjoy these in a rational manner, and not as now to snatch a passing joy in the midst of miserable houses with miserable food and cooking. A more comfortable home and better food and cooking would act as a temperance agent more effectively than any doctrines, however desirable, but impossible of accomplishment. BREWER.

May 10th, 1884.

PULPIT ELOCUTION.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—Last Sunday the lessons in one of our city churches were read in such a manner that, had I not known the chapters almost by heart, I could scarcely have gathered their meaning, although they contained the wonderful description of the bewildered Balaam's journey from Mesopotamia down to Moab. There were also the stories of Peter's disloyalty, and of the calm, dignified Saviour in the midst of the taunting rabble and before the angry Council. But the grandeur and beauty therein portrayed for our instruction were utterly lost to view. If such reading were the exception, it would have been let pass without remark; but bad reading is the rule. I have regularly attended churches in every diocese in Ontario and in many in England, yet rarely, indeed but twice, have I heard really good readers. In the meeting between Moses and Pharaoh, where Pharaoh says, "Get thee from me, take heed to thyself, see my face no more; for in the day thou seest my face thou shalt surely die. And Moses said, 'Thou hast spoken well, I will see thy face no more.'"—Dean Saunders, of Peterborough Cathedral, showed more plainly than a painting could have done the angry despot on his throne, holding in his hand the power of life and death, and in striking contrast, the unmoved Moses quietly replying to the excited autocrat. It was a picture; but always before and since, the wrathful tyrant and the meekest of men appear to speak in exactly the same tone. Irving, Terry and Modjeska would declaim to empty houses were they half as neglectful of training and as careless in delivery. The fact that there is such an art as voice culture, by which a bad voice may be made good and a good one be made vastly better, seems wholly ignored. The other day a man told a teacher of elocution, to whom he applied for lessons, that he "didn't want no more than one quarter," for his former teacher had brought him as far as "Emphas." It would appear that the clergy are not brought as far as "Emphas," or we should not hear "Pour upon us the healthful spirit of Thy grace."

In a church possessing such a rich treasury of Holy Scripture in her services, and such wealth of beauty in the uninspired portions as well, it is a shame that lack of power to bring out their grand lessons should be the almost invariable rule.

Toronto, May 6th, 1884.

E. G. J.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—In my article of last week on "The morality of aiding to commit crime," your proofreader makes me say in parenthesis, "we question if the right to coerce the speaker, &c." It should read, "The question of the right, &c."

Yours,

E. DOUGLAS ARMOUR.

THE LOSS OF THE S. S. "STATE OF FLORIDA."

ALAS! 'tis true; the dismal tidings ring
Within our ears, the gurgling throes of souls
O'erwhelmed by ocean, smiling treacherous:
The heart-wrung shriek of hope o'ercome ascends
To smite the star-lit heavens that seem to laugh
Ironical at fate, whose callous sweep
Enforces life to join the life beyond.
At sunset, when the golden rays shot forth
From twilight's diadem, all then was peace:
No rage was in Atlantic's breath; the sea
Itself was mirror to the traveller's hope
Of haven-rest assured; and round such hope
Perchance in one fond heart* there warmly gleamed
Anticipations ever of friendships won
And oft renewed in Scotia's dear-loved realm.
No cloud of ill presaged the midnight woe:
With heedless, tensioned pride, the great ship throbb'd
To kiss the coy horizon's crowning line,
Disdainful of the jealous swell which deemed
The embrace its own; and men and women slept
Confiding in the wanton strength which dares
The crested storm and flouts the staying calm.
Fate holds, howe'er, no counsel with the skill
Which man can boast; its unrelenting grasp
Reveals no law which he can tame his own;
The pride of all his toil is but the sphere
Whose soapy film breaks at a moment's breath,
To pass within the yeast of chaos, God-controlled.

J. M. H.

A LOVE-STORY by H. C. Bunner, entitled "The Red Silk Handkerchief," will appear in the June *Century*.

*The writer's friend, Mr Walter King, of Toronto, was among those who were lost in this catastrophe.

TO "BAY MI."

LACKING a good three years of seven,
Sunny haired boy with eyes of heaven,
With everlasting ripple of laughter;
As yet, no touch of worldly leaven
In thy frank soul. Oh! how you capture
All hearts, and drown in present joy
The cares which come from before and after,
Sunny haired, blue-eyed, happy boy!

Running, jumping, never at rest,
Now using one toy, now abusing another,
Caning your dearest friends in jest,
Ruling father and sister and mother,
And bowing all wills to your high behest,
I could watch your movements all day long,
Whether you laugh or whether you cry,
Like a bird or a rill you enchain the eye,
And you fill the heart like a burst of song.

As pageants held in ruined towers
Will make the sad place glad once more,
As laughing waves on wreck-strewn shore,
As summer sunshine after showers,
You brighten up the weary heart,
And charm with sweet unconscious wiles,
So that the tears which still will start,
Before they fall are lost in smiles,
And you are folded to my breast,
And patted and caressed;
My hand runs through your golden hair,
The world is seen in hues of love,
There's not a cloud in heaven above.
And all the earth is fair;
Scorn and hate—each evil passion flies
Before the beauty of your sinless eyes.

You—best of preachers I have seen!
You steal into the heart, bid flow
The dried-up streams of long ago,
The farthest shores of memory glow
With fragrant flowers and tempering green,
So that this truth I more discern,
If moral beauty we would wed,
We must, as the Great Master said,
Of little children learn.

Ottawa, April 17th, 1884.

N. F. D.

COMPETITIVE CRAM.

I COULD not tell the cutler's name
Who sold the blade that murdered Caesar,
Or fix the hour when Egypt's queen
First thought that Antony might please her.

I could not say how many teeth
King Rufus had when Tyrrell shot him;
Or, after hapless Wolsey's death,
How soon, or late, King Hal forgot him.

I could not tell how many miles,
Within a score, rolled Thames or Tiber;
Or count the centuries of a tree
By close inspection of its fibre.

So I was plucked, and lost my chance,
And plodding Cram passed proudly o'er me.
Who cares for Cram? I've common sense,
And health, and all the world before me?

CHARLES MACKAY.

THE ADVENTURES OF A WIDOW.

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

XII.

PAULINE was surprised, during the several ensuing days, to find how greatly her indignation toward Miss Cragge had diminished. The new happiness which had come to her was, in a way, resultant, as she reflected upon it, from that most trying and oppressive interview.

"I could almost find it in my heart to forgive her completely," she told Kindelon, with a beaming look.

"I wish that my forgiveness were to be secured as easily," replied Kindelon.

"Your forgiveness from whom?" asked Pauline, with a pretty start of amazement.

"Oh, you know. From your aunt, the vastly conservative Mrs. Poughkeepsie, and her equally conservative daughter."

Pauline gave a laugh of mock irritation. She could not be really irritated; she was too drenched with the wholesome sunshine of good spirits. "It is so ridiculous, Ralph," she said, "for you to speak of my relations as if they were my custodians or my patrons. I am completely removed from them as regards all responsibility, all independence. I wish to keep friends with them, of course; we are of the same blood, and quarrels between kinspeople are always in odious taste. But any very insolent opposition would make me break with them to-morrow."

"And also with your cousin, Courtlandt Beekman?" asked Kindelon, smiling, though not very mirthfully.

Pauline put her head on one side. "I draw a sharp line between him and the Poughkeepsies," she said, either seeming to deliberate or else doing so in good earnest. "We were friends since children, Court and I," she proceeded. "I should hate not to keep friends with Court always."

"You must make up your mind to break with him," said Kindelon, with undoubted gravity.

"And why?" she quickly questioned.

"He abominates me."

"Oh, nonsense! And even if he does, he will change in time.... I thought of writing to him to-day," Pauline slowly proceeded. "But I did not. I have put off all that sort of thing shamefully."

"All that sort of thing?"

"Yes—writing to people that I am engaged, you know. That is the invariable custom. You must announce your intended matrimonial step in due form."

He looked at her with a pitying smile which she thought became him most charmingly. "And you have procrastinated from sheer dread, my poor Pauline!" he murmured, lifting her hand to his lips and letting it rest against them. "Dread of an explosion—of a distressing nervous ordeal. How I read your adroit little deceits!"

She withdrew her hand, momentarily counterfeiting annoyance. "You absurd would-be seer!" she exclaimed. "No, I'll call you a raven. But you can't depress me by your ominous wing-flapping! I thought Aunt Cynthia would drop in yesterday; I thought most *certainly* that she would drop in to-day. That is my reason for not making our engagement transpire through letter."

"I see," said Kindelon, with a comic, quizzical sombreness. "You didn't want to open your guns on the enemy; you were waiting for at least a show of offensive attack...."

But, as it chanced, Mrs. Poughkeepsie did drop in upon Pauline at about two o'clock the next day. She came unattended by Sallie, but she had important and indeed momentous news to impart concerning Sallie. As regarded Pauline's engagement, she was, of course, in total ignorance of it. But she chose to deliver her own supreme tidings with no suggestion of impulsive haste.

"You are looking very well," she said to Pauline, as they sat on a yielding cachemire lounge together, in the little daintily-decked lower reception-room. "And my dear niece," she continued, "You must let me tell you that I am full of congratulations at your not being made ill by what happened here the other evening. Sallie and I felt for you deeply. It was so apparent to us that you would never have done it if you had known how dreadfully it would turn out. But there is no use of raking up old by-gones. You have seen the folly of the whole thing, of course. My dear, it has naturally got abroad. The Hackensacks know it, and the Tremaines, and those irrepressible gossips, the Desbrosses girls. But Sallie and I have silenced all stupid scandal as best we could, and merely represented the affair as a capricious little pleasantry on your part. You haven't lost caste a particle by it—don't fancy that you have. You were a Van Corlear, and you're now Mrs. Varick, with a great fortune; and such a whim is to be pardoned accordingly."

Pauline was biting her lips, now. "I don't want it to be pardoned, Aunt Cynthia," she said, "and I don't hold it either as a capricious pleasantry or a whim. It was very serious with me. I told you that before."

"Truly you did, my dear," said Mrs. Poughkeepsie. She laughed a mellow laugh of amusement, and laid one gloved hand upon Pauline's arm. "But you saw those horrible people in your drawing-rooms, and I am sure that this must have satisfied you that the whole project was impossible... *en l'air*, my dear, as it unquestionably was. Why, I assure you that Sallie and I laughed together for a whole hour after we got home. They were nearly all such droll creatures! It was like a fancy-ball without the masks, you know. Upon my word, I enjoyed it, after a fashion, Pauline; so did Sallie. One woman always addressed me as 'ma'am.' Another asked me if I 'resided on the Fifth Avenue.' Still another... (no, by the way, that wasn't a woman; it was a man)... inquired of Sallie whether she danced The Lancers much in fashionable circles. Oh, how funny it all was! And they didn't talk of books in the least. I supposed that we were to be pelted with quotations from living and dead authors, and asked all kinds of radical questions as to what we had read. But they simply talked to us of the most ordinary matters, and in a *very* extraordinary way. However, let us not concern ourselves with them any more, my dear. They were horrid, and you know they were horrid, and it goes without saying that you will have no more to do with them."

"I thought some of them horrid," said Pauline, with an ambiguous coolness, "though perhaps I found them so in a different way from yourself."

Mrs. Poughkeepsie repeated her mellow laugh, and majestically nodded once or twice as she did so.

"Well, well, my dear," she re-commenced, "let us dismiss them and forget them. I hope you are going out again. You have only to signify a wish, you know. There will not be the slightest feeling in society—not the slightest."

"Really?" said Pauline, with an involuntary sarcasm which she could not repress.

But her aunt received the sarcasm in impervious good-faith. "Oh, not the slightest feeling," she repeated. "And I do hope, Pauline," she went on, with a certain distinct yet unexplained alteration of manner, "that you will make your *rentrée* as it were, at a little dinner I shall give Sallie next Thursday. It celebrates an event." Here Mrs. Poughkeepsie paused and looked full at her niece. "I mean Sallie's engagement."

"Sallie's engagement?" quickly murmured Pauline. The latter word had carried an instant personal force of reminder.

"Yes—to Lord Glenartney. You met him once or twice, I believe."

"Lord Glenartney!" softly iterated Pauline. She was thinking what a gulf of difference lay, for the august social intelligence of her aunt, between the separate bits of tidings which she and Mrs. Poughkeepsie had been waiting to impart, each to each.

"Yes, Glenartney has proposed to dear Sallie," began the lady, waxing promptly and magnificently confidential. "Of course it is a great match, even for Sallie. There can be no doubt of that. I don't deny it; I don't for an instant shut my eyes to it; I consider that would justly subject me to ridicule if I did. Lord Glenartney was not expected to marry in this country; there was no reason why he should do so. He is immensely rich; he has three seats, in England and Scotland. He is twice a Baron, besides being once an Earl, and he is first cousin to the Duke of Devergoil. Sallie has done well; I wish everybody to clearly understand, my dear Pauline, that I think Sallie has done brilliantly and wonderfully well. A mother always has ambitious dreams for her child. . . can a mother's heart help having them. But in my very wildest dreams I never calculated upon such a marriage for my darling child as this!"

Pauline sat silent before her aunt's final outburst of maternal fervour. She was thinking of the silly caricature upon all the manly worthiness that the Scotch peer just named had seemed to her. She was thinking of her own doleful, mundane marriage in the past. She was wondering what malign power had so crooked and twisted human wisdom and human sense of fitness, that a woman dowered with brains, education, knowledge of right and wrong, should thus exult (and in the sacred name of maternity as well!) over a union of this wofully sordid nature.

"I—I hope Sallie will be happy," she said, feeling that any real doubt on the point might strike her aunt as a piece of personal envy. "Curiously enough," she continued, "I, also have to tell you of an engagement, Aunt Cynthia."

Mrs. Poughkeepsie raised her brows in surprise. "Oh, you mean poor dear Lily Schenectady. I've heard of it. It has come at last, my dear, and he is only a clerk on about two thousand a year, besides not being of the *direct* line of the Auchinclosses, as one might say, but merely a sort of obscure relation. Still, it is stated that he has fair expectations; and then you know that poor dear Lily's freckles *are* a drawback, and that she has been cruelly called a spotted lily by some witty person, and that it has really become a nickname in society, and—"

"I did not refer to Lily Schenectady," here interrupted Pauline. "I spoke of myself."

The mine had been exploded. Pauline and Mrs. Poughkeepsie looked at each other.

"Pauline!" presently came the faltered answer.

"Yes, Aunt Cynthia, I spoke of myself. I am engaged to Mr. Kindelon."

"Mr. Kindelon!"

"Yes. I am sure you know who he is."

"Oh, I know who he is." Mrs. Poughkeepsie spoke these words with a ruminative yet astonished drawl.

"Well, I am engaged to him," said Pauline, stoutly but not over-assertively. She had never looked more composed, more simply womanly than now.

Mrs. Poughkeepsie rose. It always meant something when this lady rose. It meant a flutter of raiment, a deliberation of re-adjustment, a kind of superb, massive dislocation.

"I am horrified!" exclaimed the mother of the future Countess Glenartney.

Pauline rose, then, with a dry, chill gleam in her eyes. "I think that there is nothing to horrify you," she said.

Mrs. Poughkeepsie gave a kind of sigh that in equine phrase we might call a snort. Her large body visibly trembled. She rapidly drew forth a handkerchief from some receptacle in her ample-flowing costume, and placed it at her lips. Pauline steadily watched her, with hands crossed a little below the waist.

"I do so hope that you are not going to faint, Aunt Cynthia," she said, with a satire that partook of strong belligerence.

Mrs. Poughkeepsie, with her applied handkerchief, did not look at all like fainting as she glanced above the snowy cambric folds toward her niece.

"I—I never faint, Pauline. . . it is not my way. I—I know how to bear calamities. But this is quite horrible. . . it agitates me accordingly. I—I have nothing to say, and yet I—I have a great deal to say.

"Then don't say it!" now sharply rang Pauline's retort.

"Ah! you lose your temper! It is just what I might have thought—under the circumstances!"

Pauline clenched her teeth together for a short space, to keep from any

futile disclosure of anger. And presently she said, with a shrill yet even directness:

"What, pray, *are* the circumstances? I tell you that I am to marry the man whom I choose to marry. You advised me—you nearly *forced* me, once—to marry the man whom it was an outrage to make my husband!"

"Pauline!"

"What I tell you is true! He whom I select is not of your world! And, by the way, what is your world? A little throng of mannerists, snobs and triflers! I care nothing for such a world! I want a larger and a better. You say that I have failed in my effort to break down this barrier of conservatism which hedged me about from my birth. . . Well, allow that I *have* failed in that! I have not failed in finding some true gold from all that you sneer at as tawdry gloss! . . . Tawdry! I did well to chance upon the word! What was that gentlemanly bit of vice whom you were so willing that I should marry a few years ago? You've just aired your tenets to me; I'll air a few of mine to you now. We live in New York, you and I. Do you know what New York means? It means what America means—or what America *ought* to mean, from Canada to the Gulf! And that is:—exemption from the hateful bonds of self-glorifying snobbery which have disgraced Europe for centuries! You call yourself an aristocrat. How dare you do so? You dwell in a land which was soaked with the blood, less than a century ago, of men who died to kill just what you boast of and exalt! Look more to your breeding and your brains, and less to your so-called caste! I come of your own blood and I can speak with right about it. What was it, less than four generations ago? You call it Dutch, and with a grand air. It flowed in the veins of immigrant Dutchmen, who would have opened their eyes with wonder to see the mansion you dwell in, the silver forks you eat with! *They* dwelt in wooden shanties and ate with pewter forks. . . Your objection to my marriage with Ralph Kindelon is horrible—that, and nothing more! He towers above the idiot whom you are glad to have Sallie marry! What do I care for the title 'Lord'? You bow before it; I despise it. You call my project, my dream, my desire, a failure. . . I grant that it is. But it is immeasurably above that petty worship of the Golden Calf, which *you* name respectability and which *I* denounce as only a pitiful sham! The world is growing older, but you don't grow old with it. You close your eyes to all progress. You get a modish milliner, you keep your pew in Grace Church, you drop a big coin into the plate when a millionaire hands it to you, and you are content. Your contentment is a pitiful fraud. Your purse could do untold good, and yet you keep it clasped—or, if you loose the clasp, you do it with a flourish, a vogue, an *éclat*. . . Mrs. Amsterdam has done the same for this or that asylum or hospital, and so you, with fashionable acquiescence, do likewise. And yet you—you, Cynthia Poughkeepsie, who tried to wreck my girlish life and almost succeeded—you, who read nothing of what great modern minds in their grandly helpful impulse toward humanity are trying to make humanity hear—you, who think the fit set of a patrician's gown above the big struggle of men and women to live—you, who immerse yourself in idle vanities and talk of everyone outside your paltry pale as you would talk of dogs—you dare to upbraid me because I announce to you that I will marry a man whom power of mind makes your superior, and whom natural gifts of courtesy make far more than your equal!"

As Pauline hotly finished she saw her aunt recede many steps from her. "Oh, this—this is frightful!" gasped Mrs. Poughkeepsie. "It—it is the *theatre*! You will go on the stage, I suppose. It seems to me you have done everything but go on the stage, already! That would be the crowning insult to yourself—to your family!"

"I shan't go on the stage," shot Pauline, "because I have no talent for it. If I had talent, perhaps I would go. I think it a far better life for an American woman than to prate triumphantly about marrying her daughter to a titled English fool!"

Mrs. Poughkeepsie uttered a cry, at this point. She passed from the room, and Pauline, overcome with the excess of her disclaimer, soon afterward sank upon a chair. . .

An almost hysterical fit of weeping at once followed. . . It must have been a half-hour later when she felt Kindelon's face lowered to her own. He had nearly always come, since their engagement, at more or less unexpected hours.

"Some hateful thing has happened," he said very tenderly, "whom have you seen? Why do you sob so, Pauline? Have you seen her? Has Cora Dares been here?"

Pauline almost sprang from her chair, facing him. "Cora Dares," she cried, plaintively and with passion. "Why do you mention her name now?"

Kindelon folded her in his strong arms. "Pauline," he expostulated, "be quiet! I merely thought of what you yourself had told me, and of what I myself had told *you*. . . What is it, then, since it is not she? Tell me, and I will listen as best I can."

She soon began to tell him, leaning her head upon his broad breast, falteringly and with occasional severe effort.

"I—I was wrong," she at length finished. "I should not have spoken so rashly, so madly. . . But it was all because of you, Ralph, because of my love for you!"

He pressed her more closely within the arms that held her.

"I don't blame you!" he exclaimed. "You were wrong, as you admit that you were wrong. . . but I don't blame you!"

(To be continued.)

THE SCRAP BOOK.

INSTINCTIVE LOVE OF MIMICRY BY A MOTH.

I PASS now from these exhibitions of instinct in the class of birds to one which I observed in the class of insects during the recent winter, November, 1882. It was in the beautiful Riviera, where insect life continues much more active at that season than it can be anywhere in the north of Europe. But even there, although bees are busy during the greater part of winter, and some of our own *Sylviadæ* find an abundant living throughout the season, the Order of the *Lepidoptera* are generally dormant. I was surprised, therefore, late in the month of November, to see a large insect of this order come from above the olive-trees overhead, with the wild, dashing flight of the larger moths. Attracted apparently by a sheltered and sunny recess in which scarlet geraniums and bignonias were in full flower, it darted downwards, and after a little hovering, settled suddenly on the bare ground underneath a geranium plant. I then saw that it was a very handsome species, with an elaborate pattern of light and dark chocolate browns. But the margins of the upper or anterior wings, which were deeply waved in outline, had a lustrous yellow colour, like a brilliant gleam of light. In this position the moth was a conspicuous object. After resting for a few seconds, apparently enjoying the sun, it seemed to notice some movement which gave it alarm. It then turned slightly round, gave a violent jerk to its wings, and instantly became invisible. If it had subsided into a hole in the ground, it could not have more completely disappeared. As, however, my eyes were fixed upon the spot, I soon observed that all the interstices among the little clods around were full of withered and crumpled leaves of a deep blackish brown. I then further noticed that the spot where the moth had sat was apparently occupied by one of these, and it then flashed upon me in a moment that I had before me one of the great wonders and mysteries of nature. There are some forms of mimicry which are wholly independent of any action on the part of the animals themselves, and this kind of mimicry is especially common in this class of insects. They are often made of the shape and of the colour which are most like those of the surrounding objects in their habitat. They have nothing to do except to sit still, or perhaps to crouch. But there are other forms of mimicry in which the completeness of the deception depends on some co-operation of the animal's own will. This was one of these. The splendid margins of the upper wings, with their peculiar shape and their shining colour, had to be concealed; and so, by an effort which evidently required the exertion of special muscles, these margins were somehow folded down, reverted, covered up, and thus hidden out of sight. The remainder of the wings, or the under surfaces which were now made uppermost, were coloured and so crumpled up that they imitated exactly the dried and withered leaves around.

And now I tried an experiment to test another feature in the wonderful instincts which are involved in all these operations. That feature is the implicit confidence in its success which is innate in all creatures furnished with any apparatus of concealment. I advanced in the full sunlight close up to the moth—so close that I could see the prominent "beaded eyes," with the watchful look—and the roughened outlines of the thorax, which served to complete the illusion. So perfect was the deception, that I really could not feel absolutely confident that the black spot I was examining was what I believed it to be. Only one little circumstance reassured me. There was a small hole in the outer covering through which a mere point of the inner brilliant margin could be seen shining like a star. Certain now as to the identity of the moth, I advanced still nearer, and finally I found that it was not till the point of a stick was used to touch and shake the earth on which it lay that the creature could believe that it was detected and in danger. Then in an instant by movements so rapid as to escape the power of vision, the dried and crumpled leaf became a living moth, with energies of flight defying all attempts at capture.—*From "The Unity of Nature," by the Duke of Argyll.*

BASE BALL.

The base-ball season is fairly upon us. Talk about nines and scores and errors and fouls and umpires and all the rest of it is heard upon every hand—it comes before either flies or mosquitoes, and there is not the smallest chance but that it will stay after both are gone. The very small boy has his small game in a vacant lot, and pitches and bats and runs and falls and buries his nose in the earth and gets miscellaneous bruises and wounds like a veteran—and yells like a Comanche Indian let what will happen; children of larger growths show the same zeal in this pursuit of pleasure in the same way; college boys dodge bats and ball with the delightful enthusiasm peculiar to their kind, and so on all the way through. Clerk and carpenter, gutter-snipe and granger, tinker and tailor—every man and boy must somehow get a right to risk his bones in a "nine." You may even see a pretty girl playing catch and toss with one of those terribly hard white balls in an earnest way which shows that only skirts and the proprieties keep her out of the fray. Whole stores are given up to "base-ball goods," and some merchants who sell harmless merchandise are depraved enough to offer balls and bats, and even hideous caps, as premiums to those that buy their wares.

There are amateur players and professionals. The former may be distinguished by his habit of quickly taking the ball in his left hand after catching it with his right, and shaking the latter much as a cat shakes a wet paw. The climax and zenith and final culmination of the whole base-ball system, however, is reached only when a game is played by a couple of squads of professionals in the "league." These men are hired by associations of intelligent persons in the large cities, and play for gate-money.

Their performances have, from a sporting point of view, precisely the interest that attaches to the acrobatic and other feats of the sawdust ring, and no more. The men are not intellectual giants, and they run for their supper and for that only.

But it is of no use to reason or argue. The base-ball craze is here, and it attacks all without regard to age, sex, colour or previous condition. Not all can play, to be sure, but all can talk. There need be no multiplying of words about this, for every one knows how it is. The ears of even the most inoffensive person are assailed by base-ball talk from morning until night, go where he will. In every house, in the street, in stores, shops and offices, and even in the fields if there is one human being within ear-shot, discussion and dissertation are ever present; it is impossible to find relief, and deafness is robbed of its terrors. Let us, however, not condemn the national game too harshly. Those who are young may hope to outlive the present insane rage, and those whose sands of life are fewer may at least consider that the base-ball business tends to relieve the intellectual strain of the country in electing a president.—*Springfield Republican.*

LAND NATIONALIZATION IN NEW ZEALAND.

MR. E. WAKEFIELD, Member of the New Zealand House of Representatives, writes denying that the principle of land colonization has been adopted, or would be popular in New Zealand:—"The very essence of colonization is the inextinguishable desire of freemen to be their own landlords. It is this which has established in New Zealand within forty years a British community of more than half-a-million of the most prosperous, contented, and law-abiding people in the world; and we certainly are not going to abandon at this stage an institution which has made us what we are, and which still supplies the chief inducement of the most desirable kind of immigration. You say the nationalization of the land may answer in a new country. Permit me to say, on the contrary, that it is in a new country where such a tenure would be most ruinous, for the reason that it offers no incentive to energy, perseverance, bold pecuniary enterprise, or that indomitable endurance of hardship which is inseparable from early settlement. Neither are there in a new country those terrible social anomalies connected with land ownership which, in old countries, appear at first sight, at least, to justify the proposals of Mr. Wallace, if not those of Mr. George. In New Zealand, for example, land is a chattel. It is bought and sold, and 'swopped,' just like sheep, or cattle, or furniture, or groceries. In every village there are half-a-dozen land agents lawfully qualified to convey land, and the same practitioner who prepares the deeds—merely a printed form—will survey the land, negotiate the bargain, and, if required, lend the purchase money at current rates. The whole question, I solemnly believe, lies in a nutshell. Free trade in land is the antidote for monopoly of land. We have a few great estates in this country, which were bought when land was cheap and have since been held for a speculative profit. But there is absolutely no 'landlordism' here in the Irish, Scotch, or English sense; and there never will be so long as the Land Transfer Act is in operation. There is not a large landowner in New Zealand but is only waiting for his price to 'cut up' his estate and sell it in lots to suit purchasers."

AGASSIZ'S OBJECTION TO THE DARWINIAN THEORY.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL has given us an interesting anecdote of a very celebrated man whom the world has lately lost. He tells us that he heard the great Swiss naturalist Agassiz express an almost sad surprise that the Darwinian theory should have been so extensively accepted by the best intellects of our time. And this surprise seems again in some measure to have surprised Professor Tyndall. Now it so happens that I have perhaps the means of explaining the real difficulty felt by Agassiz in accepting the modern theory of Evolution. I had not seen that distinguished man for nearly five and thirty years. But he was one of those gifted beings who stamps an indelible impression on the memory; and in 1842 he had left an enthusiastic letter on my father's table, at Inverary, on finding it largely occupied by scientific works. Across that long interval of time I ventured lately to seek a renewal of acquaintance, and during the year which proved to be the last of his life, I asked him some questions on his own views on the history and origin of Organic Forms. In his reply Agassiz sums up in the following words his objections to the theory of Natural Selection as affording any satisfying explanation of the facts for which it professes to account. "The truth is, that life has all the wealth of endowment of the most comprehensive mental manifestations, and none of the simplicity of physical phenomena."—*From "The Unity of Nature," by the Duke of Argyll.*

FASHION has seldom looked kindly upon patent leather shoes. Patent leather shoes have somehow never been thought quite the thing. And, moreover, they are not comfortable. The sun draws the leather, and then they clasp the foot unpleasantly close. But this summer they are going to make patent leather the mode if they can. Patent leathers are cheaper than they used to be. Now all grade shoes sell only about a dollar lower than patents. However, the patents do not last as well as calfskin, and they must not get wet. But they are easily cleaned. They do not have to be blackened; a rag with a little oil on it is all that is required. Patent leathers are only for gentlemen. Ladies never wear them. Why, I do not know except it is that they have too much taste. But the shoe of shoes for Summer for gentlemen is to be of seal skin. As for boots, there are hardly any made for regular wear, except for conservative old gentlemen who never change their habits. Thirty years ago it was all boots.—*Progress.*

SERVANTS' REGULARS.

To the uninitiated we may explain what "regulars" are. They are a commission or percentage, paid by tradesmen to servants for a presumed agency on the part of such servants in obtaining for those tradesmen the custom of their employers. In detail they are worked very much as follows. The cook in a large establishment expects a fee from the butcher when the latter's bill is paid. The cook likes, if possible, to be allowed to take the cash or cheque to the butcher. This simplifies the process, and enables her to press her claims in person. The grocer in like manner has to disgorge a percentage on his bill. The coachman has a variety of sources for a regulars; he expects them from the corn chandler and the hay and straw dealers, from the coachbuilder, from the harness maker when a new saddle or harness enter his domain, from the horse dealer when a horse is sold to the employer. The farm bailiff expects his dues from the iron merchants who sell fencing or feeding troughs to his master; the head gardener looks for fees when he dispenses his patronage to horticulturists and seed merchants. These fees are supposed to retain the goodwill of the employer through his servants as his agents.

THERE was a great deal of strategy about Gambetta, though he trusted to the inspiration of the moment to shape and colour the material he had in his mind. I have have often heard his friends regret that he had not made in the tribune speeches he had poured forth to them in the privacy of conversation. Even a few days before his death, excited by remarks in the papers, which he insisted on reading to the last, he raised himself up in his bed, and, to a friend who had watched him through the night, delivered one of his most impressive and comprehensive speeches on the present and future policy of his country. Driving one day with a young deputy from Paris to Versailles, he said, 'Do not speak to me: I have a long and important speech to make, which I have not even had time to think over.' The silence, therefore, remained unbroken, and on looking round his friend saw that he was not deep in thought, but fast asleep, nor did he wake till they reached Versailles; he laughed and shrugged his shoulders when reminded of the speech he had intended to prepare, and which he made that afternoon as brilliant and finished as though he had taken voluminous notes and committed them to memory.—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE "dime novel" is a very small volume, but, like nitro-glycerine in small packages, it compresses a large amount of destructive energy. It seems to have had a singularly fatal influence over small boys, since cases are constantly cited in the daily press, where boys, after saturating themselves with such literature, have been found as organized bands of plunderers, or engaged in highway robbery after the style of the James Brothers. It has recently been discovered that the greater portion of the thrilling and darkly suggestive stories of the dime novel literature have been written by a "stout, hearty young man," named Badger, residing in Kansas. He receives \$100 for a five cent story and \$200 for a ten cent story, and these productions he reels off with great celerity, acknowledging to his friends that he is "a pretty good liar." Doubtless if the young man, who leads a rather secluded life, it is said, knew what trouble he has occasioned fond mothers, and to what extent his thrilling tragedies have diverted the boys from their studies and led them in forbidden paths, he might use his powerful pen as a deterrent of youthful crookedness.

BOOK NOTICES.

REMINISCENCES OF A CANADIAN PIONEER. By Samuel Thompson. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.

The author of this interesting volume of reminiscences is one of the many who were induced to come West from the Old Country in search of fortune by reading Dr. Dunlop's "Martin Doyle"—just as "Orley Farm" has been the means of turning many a young man's thoughts, not to love, but to law. Though crossing the Atlantic in 1832 was a very different undertaking than in these days of economic and cheap travel, Mr. Thompson and his brother set out from "London town" with light hearts, each confident of making a competency in five or six years. It took the young adventurers four months to fetch "Muddy Little York," via Lake Ontario. The author's description of the Toronto of those days—and again on his visit in 1848—reads curiously to those acquainted with the prosperous city of to-day. His account of roughing it in the bush is exceedingly graphic. The chapter on "Society in the Backwoods" is evidently the work of a thoughtful observer and student of human nature. Mr. Thompson visited Toronto in 1837, and his recollections of the "rebellion," which broke out during that year embrace some incidents not hitherto made public or authenticated. Having been a printer in London, England, it was to be expected he would return to his old love, and the chapter on "Newspaper Experiences" is one of his best. Mr. Thompson occasionally finds prose inadequate to the expression of his thoughts, and breaks out into poetry with more or less success. Dr. McCaul, who in 1846-48 edited the *Maple-Leaf*—which has not been surpassed, if equalled, in combined beauty and literary merit by any work that has issued from the Canadian press—so encouraged Mr. Thompson in this direction that the latter writes, "Had I met with Dr. McCaul thirty years earlier, he would certainly have made of me a poet by profession." Which only goes to show how fortunate it was for the "pioneer" the meeting took place so late as it did. The chapters on "The British America League" and on general politics, whilst they are strongly indicative of his political bent, are not by any means marred by it. Very appropriately he concludes his book by a forecast of the future of Canada from the standpoint of a Federalist.

FRENCH POETS AND NOVELISTS. By Henry James. London and New York: Macmillan and Co.; Toronto: Rowsell and Hutchinson.

This delightful work is too well and favourably known to require lengthened notice here. The present beautiful edition is from a revised text; but it is somewhat disappointing that Mr. James has not included the paper on Sarah Bernhardt which he promised long ago.

MEXICO FROM THE MATERIAL STANDPOINT. By Alex. D. Anderson. Washington and New York: Brantano Bros.

In this book the author of "The Silver Country" gives an exhaustive review of the resources of Mexico, which country, he claims, is "one magnificent but undeveloped mine,"—the American India in commercial importance, her Italy in climate and attractions, her "sister Republic, friend and ally, in international politics." On the completion of its isthmus highway it will become "the bridge of the commerce of the world."

SILVIA DUBOIS. By C. W. Larison, M.D. Published by the Author: New Jersey.

This "Biography of the slav who whipt her mistres and gand her fredom" is printed in the phonetic spelling, and ought to have had the effect of curing the author of his vandalism. It is preceded by an explanatory chapter on the system of spelling adopted—a very necessary precaution, as the letterpress has a more forbidding appearance than Sanscrit or old German text. Even if there were sufficient ground for the addition of such an alphabet as is here used, it would be impracticable, as the cost of "fonetic" type would render its general use commercially impossible. For which lovers of English literature will be devoutly thankful.

A STUDY OF "THE PRINCESS." By S. E. Dawson. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

Mr. Dawson's essay is already so well known to cultured readers in this country that in announcing a new edition it is unnecessary to add to the many deserved eulogiums it has received. Lovers of Tennyson are indebted in no small degree to Mr. Dawson for a better comprehension of the laureate's often misunderstood work; and in elucidating some difficult passages, the critic has not only given birth to some original ideas, but is always in possession of an intelligible reason for the faith that is in him. He was unquestionably well advised in giving to the world Mr. Tennyson's letter in this edition—a letter whose contents must have been highly gratifying to Mr. Dawson, and containing a revelation of the laureate's method of construction which will be read and remembered with interest. The most diligent student of "The Princess" will discover in it new beauties after perusing Mr. Dawson's thoughtful and polished little work.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE *Art Interchange* for May 22 will be accompanied by three illustrated supplements—a coloured plate of two heads, a coloured suggestive design, and designs for half-a-dozen dessert plates.

MRS. SOPHIE B. HERRICK has prepared for the June *St. Nicholas* a paper on bee-hunting, which will open a field for sport and profit that will be new to many readers. It is entitled "Queer Game."

HENRY IRVING'S "Impressions of America" are published. The book is generally looked upon as a piece of literary flunkeyism, and surprise is everywhere expressed that Irving should have employed Joseph Hatton to be the Boswell to his Johnson.

A BOOK has just been made at the Government printing office at Washington which contains 10,000 pages and weighs 140 pounds. It is one foot and four inches in breadth, and is bound in sheepskin and Russia leather.

"LITTELL'S LIVING AGE" for May 3rd, contains "Historic London," "Christopher North," "Preachers of the Day," "King John of Abyssinia," "Indians of Guiana," "Poisonous Reptiles of India," "An ancient Manuscript," "The Italian in Life and on the Stage," etc.

IN January the Hon. Mellen Chamberlain delivered an address on "John Adams, the statesman of the American Revolution," before the Webster Historical Society. This paper has just been published in pamphlet form by the society, Boston, and is full of excellent reading.

THE current number of *Littell's Living Age* contains articles on the following subjects:—"The Monastic Knights," "An Idle Hour in my Study," "Bourgonef," "A Hampshire Trout," "Heine's Reminiscences of his Father," "The Removal of the Pope from Rome," "Hampstead Heath," "The Trade in Modern Antiquities," etc.

SOME time ago the Hon. Donald Ferguson delivered a lecture on "Agricultural Education," before the Y. M. C. A. of Charlottetown, which was so favourably received that he was induced to print it—the more so, that he was not able to deliver the lecture in various parts of the Province, as he was on several occasions invited to do.

A UNIQUE contribution to the history of the war in Egypt in 1882 will appear in the June *Century*. It is the diary of a young daughter of Gen. Stone, Chief of the Khédival staff. The family of Gen. Stone were in Cairo during the bombardment, and were in constant danger of massacre by the Arabs, from which the tact and courage of Mrs. Stone alone delivered them, her husband being on duty at Alexandria.

EDWARD BULWER, Lord Lytton, derived his name from the old Danish name Bolver or Bolverk. One of his ancestors, a Norman soldier called Bolver, settled in Norfolk, and was, according to Norman custom, named Bolver de Dalling, the latter being the name of his estate. Later, the family followed the fashion reigning in the old Danish part of England, and took up again the old Scandinavian family name.

A PAMPHLET replete with information on "The Algoma District," with particular reference to its resources, agricultural and mining capabilities, has been issued by the Ontario Government under instructions from the Commissioner of Crown Lands. It is accompanied by a map of the Province of Ontario, exhibiting the counties and districts and the unsurveyed portions of northern and north-western Ontario.

IN the June Century President Eliot, of Harvard, will attempt to answer the question, "What is a Liberal Education?" In the July number, ex-President Woolsey, of Yale, will write of "Honorary Degrees." Co-education and the study of Greek will be discussed in later articles, and Mr. Arthur Gilman, manager of the Harvard Annex for women, will conclude the series with a paper on "The Collegiate Study of Women."

MR. HARRIS'S new book, "Mingo, and Other Sketches in Black and White," to be issued by Osgood about the end of the present month, will be made up of "At Teague Poteet's," re-published from The Century, "Blue Dan," and another hitherto unprinted story, besides the sketch that gives its title to the book, and which appeared originally in Harper's Christmas. David Douglas, of Edinburgh, will print an English edition of the book.

AN antiquarian in France has found a document, dated 1644, indicating a curious survival of pagan superstition. It is an order from some ecclesiastical authority that a hole in the lower part of the altar in the Church Saint-Jean du Marillais be closed, in order to stop the practice of the peasants of putting the heads of their children into it for some fancied benefit. He connects this custom with a superstition relative to dolmens with holes.

BISMARCK is guarded as closely when he goes to the Reichstag as is the Czar when he appears in public. Police agents, in plain clothes, are posted all along the way from his house and even in the chamber itself, and no one—not even a regular government employe—is admitted to any part of the building without special permit. As soon as the Chancellor reaches his desk, attendants place before him half-a-dozen well-sharpened pencils and a large glass of Moselle wine.

HOUGHTON, MIFFIN & Co. have nearly ready the first contribution to their "American Men of Letters Series" which fixes the generic signification of the term "men," namely, 'Margaret Fuller Ossoli,' by T. W. Higginson; 'Captains of Industry,' by James Parton; 'The American Horsewoman,' by Mrs. Elizabeth Karr; 'Government Revenue, especially the American System,' by Ellis H. Roberts; and a new translation of the 'Odyssey,' by Prof. George H. Palmer, which will be awaited with great interest."

M. GOUNOD is preparing a very valuable work on the Great Wagner. It is to be divided into three parts (1) The Man, (2) The Artist, (3) The School. It will lead to much controversy, as doubtless the life, character and works of the latter will be pretty severely handled by the French master. There was never much love lost between the two composers. Wagner, in his heart of hearts, could never quite forgive Gounod for having achieved an immoral operatic masterpiece with Goethe's "Faust" for his subject.

THE "Greek Question and its Answer" are amusingly stated in a pamphlet by Assistant-Professor Dyer of Harvard College. He shows the absurdity of confronting boys of twelve or thirteen with the choice of Hercules, of forcing upon them at this tender age an unalterable determination to cultivate language or science as chosen branches; and he points out how they must all alike be grounded in the fundamental rudiments. And how, he asks pertinently enough, can men who are ignorant of both Greek and modern languages talk about the "superior training power" of the latter?

HERE follows an extract from a letter from Dr. Schliemann, dated Tiryns, April 11th, 1884: "Three cheers to Pallas Athena! In fact I have succeeded here in a wonderful way, having brought to light an immense palace with innumerable columns, which occupies the entire upper Acropolis of Tiryns, and of which the floors and all the walls are well preserved. . . . Of paramount interest are the wall paintings, which my architect and collaborator, Dr. Dörpfeld, is now copying with the same colours. Of the very highest interest are also the vase paintings with the most primitive representations of men and animals. The plan of this wonderful prehistoric palace can be made with great accuracy, and it will excite universal amazement, for nothing like this has ever turned up. . . . The capital found is of the most ancient Doric order ever discovered."

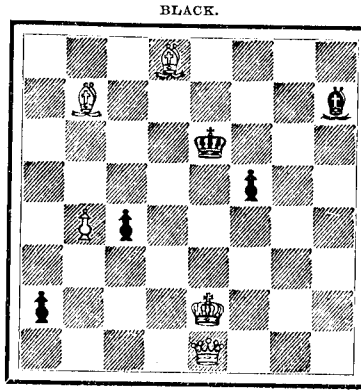
THE North-West Problem is beginning to produce its literature, and amongst the latest protests against the policy of the present Government is a pamphlet entitled "Manitoba and Confederation," in which the author, "Veritas Vincit," makes use of the following vigorous language:—

"I fearlessly assert that throughout British North America there are no more loyal people to be found than in the North-West, but their loyalty is to the head of confederation—the Crown—and not to a directorate chosen from the representatives sent to Ottawa by the confederated colonies; and while as solicitous of seeing the Dominion of Canada consolidated into a strong nation as the Eastern Provinces can be, yet the same self-interest which influences the people of those Provinces actuates those of the North-West, and while asking no special favours, no 'spoon-feeding' at the instance of the member for Cardwell, they demand that the interests of all the members of the Federal Union shall have due consideration—that those of one partner shall not be sacrificed for the advantage of the others, and that confederation exists for the common good, and not for the benefit of one or more, or for any party of politicians."

CHESS.

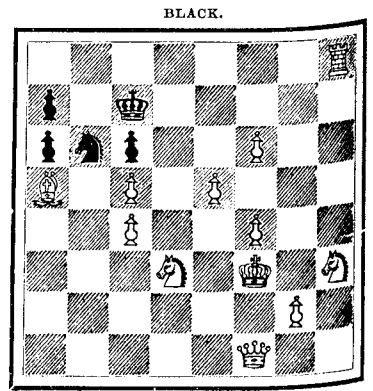
All communications intended for this department should be addressed "Chess Editor," office of THE WEEK, Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 10. By Dr. S. GOLD, Vienna.



White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 11. By FRITZ PEIPERS, San Francisco, Cal.



White to play and mate in three moves.

END GAME NO. 2.

From game played in the Cincinnati Commercial Tourney, between E. B. Greenshields of Montreal, and J. E. Narraway, St. John, N.B.

White (Mr. Greenshields), K Q Kt 1, Q K 5, R Q 1, P's Q R 3, Q Kt 2, Q Kt 3. Black (Mr. Narraway), K Q B 3, Q K B 7, R Q B 1, P's Q R 3, Q Kt 4, Q B 4, K B 2. White to play and mate in nine moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 4.

1. B takes P; if Black 1. K takes P, then 2. Q takes Kt, etc., if 1. P K 3, 2. B B 6 ch, etc. If 1. Kt Q B 2, 2. Q K 2 ch, etc. If any other move 2. Q mates. Correct solutions received from E. B. G., Montreal. "A difficult problem, though first move cuts off a strong defence for Black." F. W. M., Detroit.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 5.

1. P takes Kt ch 1. K B 2, 2. B Kt 5, 2. B takes P, 3. P K 8 becoming a Kt ch 3. B takes Kt mate. Correct solutions received from E. B. G., Montreal; A. D. F., Peterborough; F. W. M., Detroit.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. C. C., Arnprior.—Am very much obliged. Will send them copies. No. 4 is a good 3 mover. See solution above. E. B. G., Montreal.—Thanks for inclosure which we use. There is another method of proceeding at 4th move. W. G. B., Montreal.—It undoubtedly will be. T. P. B., Detroit.—Thanks. Have written you. Use two of these inclosures to-day. J. B. H., Ottawa.—Your kindness fully appreciated. E. B. G., Montreal.—Try the 5 mover again. It will solve. G. H. T., Buffalo.—Much obliged. Will use information. Proposed match would be popular here.

GAME NO. 6.

Chess in Montreal. Played during the Champion's recent visit to that city.

Table with 4 columns: WHITE, BLACK, WHITE, BLACK. Lists moves for Mr. W. G. Blyth and Dr. Zukertort.

NOTES.

- (a) The Dr. probably tried this for a change. K 2 is the only sq. for the B in this opening in almost every variation. (b) This move followed presently by P to Q 4 gives White a very strong position, so strong in fact as to render Black B to B 4 a very weak move. (c) P to Q 4 would be stronger. (d) White has played the last two or three moves very well. The Dr. threatened a fierce attack. (e) Kt K B 3 would perhaps be better. (f) Well played. (g) If Kt be captured, Black of course gains White Kt in return. (h) Winning the piece.

GAME NO. 7.

Played in the last World's Tournament in Berlin, 1881. Cochrane Gambit.

Table with 4 columns: WHITE, BLACK, WHITE, BLACK. Lists moves for Herr Tschigorin and Herr Winawer.

NOTE.

Winawer having in the first part of the tournament astonished the natives by playing a Muzio Gambit against no less a personage than Zukertort, in this game is treated to a dose of his own medicine by his fellow-countrymen.

THE TORONTO CHESS CLUB RECORD SUMMARIZED.—1870 to 1884.

Table with 2 columns: GAMES WON, GAMES WON. Lists chess club members and their records.

NEWS ITEMS.

In the 2nd class of the T. C. C. Tourney, Mr. John McGregor has won the first prize, Dr. Geo. W. Strathy coming second. In the 3rd class Mr. W. M. Klingner has won first prize, Mr. A. B. Flint being second.

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WHAT IS CATARRH?

From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15.

Catarrh is a mucous-purulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite ameba in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favourable circumstances, and these are:—Morbid state of the blood, as the blighted corpuscle of urberle, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxomosa, from the retention of the effeted matter of the skin, suppressed perspiration, badly ventilated sleeping apartments, and other poisons that are germinated in the blood. These poisons keep the internal lining membrane of the nose in a constant state of irritation, ever ready for the deposit of the seeds of these germs, which spread up the nostrils and down the fauces, or back of the throat, causing ulceration of the throat; up the eustachian tubes, causing deafness; burrowing in the vocal cords, causing hoarseness; usurping the proper structure of the bronchial tubes, ending in pulmonary consumption and death.

Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distressing disease by the use of inhalants and other ingenious devices, but none of these treatments can do a particle of good until the parasites are either destroyed or removed from the mucous tissue. Some time since a well-known physician of forty years' standing, after much experimenting, succeeded in discovering the necessary combination of ingredients which never fail in absolutely and permanently eradicating this horrible disease, whether standing for one year or forty years. Those who may be suffering from the above disease, should, without delay, communicate with the business managers,

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

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

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CHARLES DRINKWATER, Secretary.

Montreal, January, 1884.

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TORONTO REFORM ASSOCIATION.
Sir Richard Cartwright
WILL ADDRESS A
PUBLIC MEETING
AT THE
GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
ON
Tuesday Ev'g, 20th inst.

Chair to be taken at Eight o'clock.
HAMILTON MERRITT,
ASSOCIATE ROYAL SCHOOL OF MINES, ETC.,
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