

# THE WEEK.

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## The Week.

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

### TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

It is necessary, in discussing the advisability of encouraging a liberal immigration of young women from the old country—a course which is being strongly advocated by sections of the Canadian press—to ascertain the class of persons invited out. Lord Shaftesbury spoke within the mark when he said there were thousands of unemployed women in England; but it is not so certain that it would be wise to encourage their being sent to this country in large numbers, and without judicious pruning. The *Telegram* says "there are always homes ready in Canada for domestic servants who are willing to work." So there are in England. One of the most embarrassing social problems in that country at this moment is how to get good servants. The average English housewife has had bitter experience of the difficulty of this task. Country girls, who used to be delighted to go into domestic service, now flock into towns and cities to take situations in factories, warehouses, and shops, where they are "more their own mistresses," can be "more independent," and have fixed hours of work, after which they may spend their time as they please. The advertisement columns of any prominent daily will show hundreds of applications for domestic servants, and at salaries that would have been thought princely two or three decades ago. For one response to an advertisement of this class, there would be twenty applicants for the position of sewing-machine girl, bar-maid, or paper-box maker. A lady must exercise the greatest patience, and make many pilgrimages to the "registry," before she can engage a suitable chambermaid or kitchen help; but her husband, if he should be a cotton-spinner, need not wait a day for a female "piecer" or "minder." The conditions are very much the same in the two countries, and if the *Telegram* writer had substituted the word "England" for "Canada," in the following sentence, he would have exactly hit off the situation in the older country:—"In Canada there is always a demand for domestic servants, so many of the young women of this country, preferring to earn their living in factories to going out to service. There are always homes ready in Canada for domestic servants who are willing to work. The newspapers contain applications innumerable for servant girls." There is considerable danger that a large influx of unemployed females would include many who might be useless, or worse. It behoves those who are inclined to encourage female immigration to avoid committing themselves

to an undigested scheme of philanthropy, and so exposing those whom they would assist to a much worse fate than being unemployed near home.

It is being urged, by the zealous advocates of compulsory teetotalism, that because we have compulsory vaccination and compulsory sanitation we must have compulsory teetotalism. As this argument savours more of logical conviction on the part of those who advance it than many of the intemperate statements made by prohibitionists, it may be well to point out the prime fact that whereas the two first named forms of compulsion apply equally to all classes of the community, compulsory teetotalism would saddle the poor man with a vexatious hardship, and at the same time scarcely affect the capitalist or man of even limited means. It is very much to be regretted that well-meaning enthusiasts should perforce drive the friends and advocates of moderate drinking into the enemy's camp, or make them seem to take sides with intemperance. Excessive drinking does lead to disease, pauperism and crime; but is that a reason why moderate drinking should be prohibited? It is not as if the evil were on the increase. Drunkenness has long since gone out of fashion with the gentry, and is gradually becoming less common amongst the labouring classes. "We are as distinctly in favour of a temperance propaganda, pointing out the evils of excessive indulgence in strong drink, as we are opposed to legislation which would punish respectable citizens for the faults of their disreputable neighbours." If it were known for a fact that the world would come to an end at a certain date, there might be an excuse for improvising a hurried Utopia. An electro-plated golden age might pass muster if it were not intended to wear, but only to look smart for a short time. It happens, however, that as the future of the world is not limited in duration, we should be extremely foolish to repeat the worst mistake of Puritanism.

If there is anything that impresses itself upon the mind of a journalist familiar with his profession on both sides the Atlantic it is the utter unreliability of the cabled reports on European politics which appear in the average American newspaper. To a considerable extent this applies to the Canadian journals, because their Old World news is obtained *via* New York. Hence the absurd contradictions that constantly appear regarding the position of England and the British Government on the Egyptian Question. One day we are told Mr. Gladstone is about to resign, the next he is said to be more "solid" than ever. Now we read the whole of England rings with reproaches of his "desertion" of General Gordon; then we are assured that the Premier and the soldier are entirely of one mind. The fact is, the London representatives of New York papers do not understand England, Englishmen, or British politics, and they further telegraph only such rumours as they think most palatable to the average American reader, even though they have to stultify themselves by announcing their falsity the next day. Of such a nature was the *Sun's* report that "everybody, including the Ministers, was last week convinced that defeat and dissolution were only a few weeks off." It would scarcely be rash to say that no such report was ever afloat in influential English circles, though it might have obtained amongst a few short-sighted and bitterly hostile opponents of the Government. The Jingoes have strained every nerve to discredit Mr. Gladstone's foreign policy, but their tin and tinsel programme causes only derision. It required all the adroitness that Mr. Disraeli commanded to foist such a policy upon the *residuum* and music-hall elements of England, but the savage recklessness of Lord Salisbury or the blatant impertinence of Lord Churchill will not deceive to anything like the same extent. This is borne out by a paper in the current *Fortnightly* entitled "The Bursting of the Bubble," in which Lord Churchill receives a smart castigation. The writer, a conservative M.P., pronounces anametha maranatha upon the "mouth-piece of quacks and empirics who are aiding a crude and novel Toryism in the Provincial press." No doubt Lord Randolph could lead the hybrids well. "His attacks on the Whig landlords of London, his appeals for the restitution of an 'exiled Arabi,' and his rapid conversion on the extension of the franchise to Ireland, savour enough of the Merry Andrew to satisfy the requirements of the post. Moreover, among the qualities which unfit him for ordinary political preferment are some which are absolutely priceless to a party whose first principle it is to be unprincipled."

## CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS.

If we were to judge by the language of the Republican journals, especially in the Eastern States, we should say that the bolt caused by the nomination of Blaine was very large, and that the party was doomed to defeat. But much of this may be merely the expression of disgust, not a settled determination to bolt. Under the party system names and organizations are more powerful than principles and convictions. We have already seen these two sections of the Republican party, the Reformers and the Stalwarts, which differ from each other almost as widely as it is possible for any two bodies of politicians to differ, after fighting desperately on the questions of substance, turn round, when the hour of battle with the Democrats arrived, and combine their forces as strongly as ever on the name. The same thing will very likely happen again. When the Democrats have nominated, it will be discovered that, bad as Blaine is, the Democratic candidate is worse; upon that point the necessary evolution will be performed, and the whole Republican party, except a few perverse and stubborn consciences, will once more be in line. Something, however, will depend upon the conduct of the Democrats, both with regard to their platform and with regard to their nomination. *Harper's Weekly* reproaches the Democrats with having no distinctive principle except "general cussedness." Barring the hostile phrase, the impeachment so far has been true. The Democrats have hitherto had no good reason to offer to the country for the transfer of power from the hands of the Republicans to their own. But they would have an excellent reason if they would boldly embrace Tariff Reform. That policy would involve the immediate loss of the Pennsylvanians, and possibly of one or two of the new manufacturing States of the South; but unless the nation is in its dotage ultimate success could not be doubtful. With regard to their choice of a candidate, the Democrats have been delivered from the danger of suicide by the positive renunciation of Mr. Tilden. The nomination of a political corpse, which seemed to be impending, would only have thrown into stronger relief, and rendered more popular than ever, the dashing Jingoism and the personal magnetism of Mr. Blaine. Mr. Cleveland would be a very strong candidate, though perhaps the deserved reputation for force of character and integrity which, as Governor of New York, he has established, may be better known in the East than among the Western Democrats, who do not much read the Eastern papers. The best man of all is Mr. Bayard, whose name is again mentioned, and whose character could hardly fail to secure the votes of the Independent bolters from the Republican ticket. But it seems that in 1861 Mr. Bayard made a speech in favour of peace, which constitutes an inexpiable offence in the eyes of an enlightened nation. It is a singular ground, certainly, for ostracizing the man best qualified to serve the country that twenty-three years ago he was opposed to civil war. For such an offence there might surely be a Statute of Limitation.

THE announcement that Mr. Gladstone has promised not to oppose a Bill which is to be brought in by a Welsh Nonconformist for the disestablishment of the Church in Wales, though it comes not in a very authentic form, is in itself perfectly credible. Mr. Gladstone's mind has for some time been evidently moving in the direction of disestablishment, though he retains his High Church sympathies and shows them in the appointment of Bishops. The position of the Anglican Church and its claim to the support of the State are almost as weak in Wales as they were in Ireland. The gentry are Anglicans; but the mass of the people are Calvinistic Methodists. The division is, to a great extent, one of race as well as of religion, and the religion is determined by the temperament of the race. To the fervid and impulsive Celt the extreme sobriety of the Anglican system and ritual has always been uncongenial. In Ireland the Celt is an enthusiastic Catholic; in the Highlands of Scotland he is an enthusiastic Presbyterian of the Free Church type; in Wales he is an enthusiastic Methodist. The congregation which listens to the Rector in Wales is sometimes as scandalously small as it was in Ireland, while that which listens to the Calvinistic preacher in the Nonconformist chapel is as large as that which in Ireland attends the mass. Disestablishment appears to be approaching in Scotland also. In England the cause has of late not advanced, but rather fallen back. The spread of scepticism has told most upon the strength of the Nonconformist Churches, which have nothing to subsist on but conviction. Agnostics, especially of the wealthier class, are rather inclined to support the establishment, both as a Conservative institution, and because they believe, rightly enough, that an endowed clergy and a legal system are the surest antidotes to religious enthusiasm. The State Church has, in fact, received of late years no small accession of strength from this somewhat equivocal source. Instances might even be named of Agnostics or Positivists who have built and endowed churches on sordid and political

grounds. A less questionable pillar of the establishment is found in the hold retained on the feelings of the nation, especially on those of its cultivated classes, by the grandeur, beauty and antiquity of the cathedrals and the parish churches. Architecture in fact has had full as great a share as religious thought in producing the singular reaction towards the faith and worship of the middle ages, which at first bore the name of Tractarianism, and now bears the name of Ritualism. Still an ecclesiastical polity cannot very long outlive belief in the religion. The Ritualists who, Evangelicism being almost dead, and Liberalism being very weak, are now the only active party in the Church, find themselves in perpetual and scandalous conflict with the ecclesiastical law. They would fain be disestablished and set free to legislate for themselves without being disendowed. But the extremely secular Parliament, which is the arbiter of that question, would as easily be persuaded to turn loose twenty thousand cobras with their fangs in as to grant the clergy disestablishment without disendowment.

MR. HENRY GEORGE has received a fatal wound in the house of his Irish friends. The announcement that nationalization of the land had been adopted in New Zealand is positively contradicted by a New Zealand statesman, who observes with obvious truth that such a policy would be utterly ruinous to the colony, inasmuch as the possession of freehold is the one great attraction to the settler. Nowhere had a step been taken in the direction of nationalization, for the Irish Land Act and its supplements, though half socialistic, point entirely the opposite way. Their tendency is, by multiplying the number of private proprietors, to give the system of private proprietorship deeper roots than ever. Still agrarian theories fill the air, and as no rational distinction can be drawn between property in land and property in anything else, a general uneasiness and a sense of coming disturbance pervade the economical world. In England and in every country where Feudal laws or customs linger and the land is kept in the hands of a few great proprietors, there is a serious grievance, and the reason for apprehension is far greater than it is here. Among us, proposals of nationalization or re-division would receive a summary answer. But the way to remove whatever danger of agrarian communism there may be, and to place society on a perfectly sound footing in this respect, is to redress the only real grievance, that is to say: the difficulty and cost of purchasing land which arise out of the irrational requirements of title. When it shall be in the power of every man who chooses, to buy a piece of land as freely as he can buy a loaf of bread, there will be nothing left to assail except the principle of property itself, which in communities in which wealth is tolerably distributed will always have overwhelming numbers as well as morality on its side. The only practicable nationalization of the land and the best security at the same time against Agrarian Socialism is the reform sought by the advocates of the Torrens System. Nor would the benefit of the change be confined to the purchasers of agricultural land. The mechanic who buys a building lot suffers just as much as the purchaser of a farm from the oppressive requirements and liabilities entailed by the present system. If he buys of a land company and takes a conveyance from it without further inquiry, there is nothing to secure him against a subsequent discovery that the land has been encumbered in the company's hands. The only possible losers by reform would be practitioners under the existing system; and the present generation even of these would be compensated by the special work in the ascertainment of titles, to be guaranteed by the Government, which the transition to the new system would necessarily involve.

A BYSTANDER.

## HERE AND THERE.

THE "parson in politics" has commonly been sneered at as a fish out of water, though it is difficult to see why. An educated Christian is a desirable unit in any political body, however bad a politician he may be. Christianity and the partizan spirit which dubs opponents, as such, mendacious and dishonest cannot dwell together; there can be no hesitation amongst good citizens which must "go." And so it is a healthy sign that the ministry is awakening to the evils of party politics—which, it was very truly said at the recent Presbyterian Assembly, are "striking at the root of our young nation." Not one moment too soon have ethical teachers made public protest against this crying evil. No good work, no noble purpose, can be attained at the expense of truth and honour; no pure-minded man is forward to attribute base motives to all who think differently from him; no true patriot will put party before the welfare of the state, or even justify the use of questionable means to attain what may seem a good end. Justice must be done, though the heavens fall.

"Noble souls  
Still find the base is hurtful, and the good is full of glory."

It is impossible to dispute the truth of the overture presented to the Assembly: "By engendering and fostering a spirit of strife and bitterness in connection with political issues it seriously disturbs the exercise of the love and good-will that ought to prevail in a Christian land." Our public prints are daily witnesses to the justice of this statement. Without the excuse of the man who, in the heat of a discussion, expresses himself too strongly, these would-be guides do not hesitate to attribute the basest of motives, couched in the language of the pot-house, to their political opponents. That the creatures of either party are occasionally guilty of practices which deserve hearty condemnation is one of the inevitable results of the extremity to which partizanship has degraded politics. Until an era of public morality is inaugurated, the best men of the nation will naturally refuse to take part or parcel in its councils, and unscrupulous bidders for place and power will continue to engage vile tools to do their dirty work. This is not an evil that belongs exclusively to one party, though at the present moment the party in power is beyond all doubt the most guilty—because it is in power, and is led by a man who makes all things subordinate to the retention of place. But it is unreasonable to suppose that section of the community which calls itself Tory—though heaven knows why—is swayed by baser moral motives than those who are for some occult reason known as Liberals. Neither party can hope to do credit to itself until it is prepared to do justice to its opponents, and though Mr. McDonnell showed in his opening remarks to the Assembly that he is not so free as he supposes from the reproach of partizanship, he struck the right chord when he said: "They wanted to see a patriotic spirit, one which looked to the interests of the country, and not simply to the interests of party, a charitable spirit, which he supposed meant a spirit that would permit a man to be decently fair in his estimate of what his opponent said, and not almost invariably colour and misrepresent him whatever side he was on."

TORONTO if not absolutely gay, has, during the past few days, presented more than an average share of attractions to visitors and residents. The boulevard thoroughfares, the tasteful gardens, the charming suburbs, have looked their very best in their new summer suits of verdure and variegated floral colour. Lawn-tennis grounds have been got into good working order, to the delight of the white-apparelled players, fair and otherwise. The boating season has been fairly opened, and the number of white-winged and long-limbed craft that daily dot the surface of the noble bay give promise of good sport in future regattas. The Island gets more and more popular, and is becoming the location of many picturesque chalets. Daily trips are made by ferry-boats to the Humber, Victoria Park, and more distant places. And Saturday last was a veritable field-day for lovers of out-door sport. Over three hundred officers and men of the Fifth Royal Scots came up from Montreal, were fêted, promenaded the city, and took part in Highland games on the Jarvis street lacrosse grounds. Squads of the Queen's Own, the Grenadiers, and the city police assisted, there being over three thousand spectators present. Simultaneously the annual sport of the Toronto Bankers' Athletic Association took place on the Rosedale grounds, and attracted a large assemblage. The same afternoon many spectators were present at a good cricket match between the Toronto C.C. and East Toronto C.C., and the baseball championship of Canada was being contested about the same hour by the St. Michael's College students and the Torontos.

It is very creditable to the ladies of the Churchwoman's Mission Aid Society of the Diocese of Toronto that they have, in face of a falling revenue, kept their expenditures within their receipts. "We have never yet owed more than we could pay," writes the secretary. There is a too common tendency amongst charities to run into debt in hope that "something will turn up" in the future. One cannot but imagine there is a half-reproachful strain about the pathetic sentence from the annual report, "We might have done much more, and also what we have done might have been more satisfactory if we had received more pecuniary assistance." It is sincerely to be hoped next year's report will not show the gross receipts to be "much less than last year," as we find was the case in 1883-4. We may be permitted to commend the following to the attention of our readers: "We hope that this year our members and friends generally will show more forethought for us, and by working during the summer enable us to make a fair start in September, when we begin to send off our boxes to the more distant places. A few minutes' work every day will produce something considerable in a short time, which has been proved by our Twenty Minutes branch having sent us in goods to the value of \$138.99."

THE Island of Anticosti is likely ere long to be knocked down to the highest bidder. The magnificent domain, "in its own ring fence of spark-

ling sea," is practically for unreserved sale, and the mere enumeration of its advantages fills the mind with wonder. This seagirt "lot" measures one hundred and forty miles between its most remote capes; in breadth it is no less than thirty miles, and within these points lie nearly two million acres and a-half of good firm soil. It possesses all the resources of a free state in itself. Its timber is famous all along the fertile shores of the St. Lawrence Gulf; its mineral wealth has made some fortunes already, and is capable of making others; while in regard to fisheries it goes hand-in-hand with Newfoundland, and shares the unlimited harvests of the deep-sea banks. Says the *London Telegraph*: "Such minor matters as rocky peaks in the Italian seas, carrying titles of nobility to their purchaser, whoever he may be, and forests and moors in our own northern counties, impinging perhaps on a score of parishes, pass occasionally under the hammer of the auctioneer; but all these transfers of land pale before the sale of Anticosti." Such a princely bargain has not been offered since Didius Julianus bought Rome and her colonies of the Prætorians.

It was the punishment of Sisyphus, who was an original seller of strawberries, that he had to forever roll a huge round stone up an impossible hill. The modern strawberry dealer's punishment is somewhat similar, says the *Philadelphia Record*. He is doomed to the perpetual attempt to put a quart of berries in a pint box. He always fails, but he keeps at it with a pluck that deserves commendation.

OUR cousins across the line are terribly exercised by the misdeeds of the English sparrow. This feathered scavenger and worm destroyer emigrated—by an "assisted passage" to America some ten years ago, but its rapid multiplication have made its bad habits all too familiar both in town and country, and residents in both unite in denouncing it as a "pest." The *Springfield Republican*, in an editorial wail on the Anglo-American sparrow says:—"He stands confessed a nuisance; his habits are base and disgusting; his temper pugnacious and ugly; a bully, joining with himself other bullies of his own kind, and the whole posse spitefully attacking a solitary bluebird or the nest of a robin, killing the one and spoiling the eggs of the other. In some localities robins, bluebirds and greenlets, those gentle and careful protectors of the garden and the foliage, have disappeared, driven out by this foreign invader. Instead of the beautiful notes of these aboriginal birds are heard the tiresome and continuous screechings of a bird to whom a musical note is entirely wanting. To the dweller on the quiet streets of the city, if he prefers a musical sound to that of a creaking wheelbarrow, life is becoming a burden. As Mary Howitt has written:—

Chirping, scuffling, screaming, fighting,  
Flying and fluttering up and down  
From peep of day to evening brown,  
You may be sleeping, sick or writing  
And needing silence—there's the sparrow  
Just at your window—and enough to harrow  
The soul of Job in its severest season.

A LADY whose pretty rose gardens near London are well-known to friends by the *déjeûners* she so often gives in "the season of roses" (which owing to her talented gardener, and the many varieties now known, is not as in days gone by, confined to the "month of roses") has found a new use for the flowers other than the making of *potpourri* from their faded but still scented leaves. Taking the idea from the Empress Josephine, whose boudoir was so impregnated with the perfume of the violets she always had in such lavish profusion, that to this day the odour is perceptible, this lady has the fallen rose petals used in sweeping out her special apartments, instead of "tea-leaves," and indulges—indeed in a luxury of luxuries.

ANOTHER story is being added to the many Mrs. Oliphant produced in her "Madam," which is appearing in *Longman's Magazine*, which she is editing. She gave herself up for a time to the supernatural. Her "Little Pilgrim" was one of the results, and an eminent member of parliament reading it with wet eyes in a club the other day said: "It's the first bit of real comfort I've had since I lost my son." Then "The Wizard's Son" was well done. In "Madam" Mrs. Oliphant returns to this sublunary earth, and she again shows her command of the higher passion. Her lack of humour is still obvious, but it is the only lack in this story.

THE London correspondent of the *Liverpool Mercury* writes: "Still the cry is 'Who is 'G.?' Mr. Gladstone has told his secretary to deny that he is 'G.' Lord Granville has not taken the trouble to deny it, and the world is seeking 'G.' as though its future depended upon the discovery. The latest idea is that 'G.' stands for Gorst, and that the article in the *Fortnightly* betokens a grand new departure in the tactics of the Fourth

Party, and a new basis for Democratic Toryism. The whole situation is ridiculous. One is reminded of the speech of Clarence in the first scene of 'Richard III.' He is asked what is the matter by the Duke of Gloucester, and he replies that he does not know, but that, as he can learn, the King

Hearkens after prophecies and dreams,  
And from the cross-row plucks the letter 'G.'  
And says a wizard told him that by G  
His issue disinherited should be :

(That is of course that France is to have Egypt.)

And for my name of George begins with G,  
It follows in his thoughts that I am he.

Substitute the editor of the *Times* for the King, and Mr. Gladstone might use this very language. In time to come, this week will be known as the Gee-gee week. By the way, why has nobody thought of the Duke of Cambridge? His name is George."

THERE is more truth than poetry in the Philadelphia *Progress'* comments upon the London dynamite outrage. Here they are:—"If Great Britain could catch and hang some of these infamous dynamite scoundrels, I have no doubt there would be the usual howls of sympathy for the fiends from republican America. Just now, of all times, we cannot afford, or we think we cannot, to be just in this matter. We are on the eve of a Presidential election, and both parties must do nothing to offend the Irish vote. In the meanwhile, women and children may be blown up all over England, and we dare not enter our protest against this useless savagery. There are fair minds in the United States, however, who do not hesitate to affirm that Great Britain would be justified in any course, no matter how severe, to put a stop to these damnable outrages. They are crimes not against Great Britain alone. They are crimes against civilization. Their perpetrators deserve no mercy."

THE Fortescue-Garmoye case is finally off. Lord Garmoye went on his travels believing that the action would never come into court; and now the lawyers have arranged a settlement. Miss Finney goes on her way, it may be with a bruised heart, but certainly with a heavy purse.

It is becoming more than ever clear that the so-called reconciliation between Lord Randolph Churchill and his titular leaders was no reconciliation at all. Already we may note the symptoms of another outbreak, and if no such event happens it will only be because neither party will think it worth while to have another trial of strength before the decisive and inevitable conflict. No Liberal can doubt that the member for Woodstock understands the tendencies of the time better than the Marquis of Salisbury, or that at least, he sees and knows better the utter futility of obstinate and dogged resistance to those tendencies. Lord Salisbury and those who think with him abhor the extension of the franchise, and believe it, sincerely, no doubt, to be only the precursor of a coming deluge which is to sweep away all the great institutions of the country. Lord Randolph Churchill, on the other hand, thinks that with judicious manipulation the new electors are quite as likely to be enlisted on the side of Toryism as any other, and his aim is to conciliate the masses and not to turn them into enemies. The member for Woodstock hopes, in fact, to popularise Toryism, and sees that if that is to be done at all it can only be by breaking into fossil tradition and casting aside aristocratic prejudice. The differences which exist between Whigs and Radicals are small compared with those which divide the two sections of the Tory party. How the two will settle those differences is one of the most interesting, and certainly not the least important, questions of contemporary politics.

#### SPECULATION BY BANK OFFICIALS.

FROM time to time, the world is startled by the story of the ruin wrought through bank officials indulging in forbidden speculation. New York furnishes the latest instances. Except in the form of the fraud, there is nothing to distinguish the case of Seney or Fish from thousands that have gone before, and thousands more that will in all probability follow. The desire to obtain wealth without the slow and painful processes of industry, the opportunity of using other people's money without leave and without check, an intense belief in his own good fortune, have proved the ruin of many a trusted bank officer. From 1815 to the present day, the history of American banking could tell of wrecks and disasters innumerable, arising from this cause. Usually, pains are taken to conceal the operations as well as the source whence means are obtained to carry them on. Fictitious names are used and the real actors try to conceal themselves behind the curtain, not always successfully.

If Canada has not been startled by any explosion similar to that which

recently took place in New York, we are not authorized to conclude that there is no dangerous speculation going on here among bank officials. In 1875, Canadian banks were forbidden by law to buy their own stocks except when it is necessary to realize a security. The object was to prevent a bank speculating in its own stock. The necessity and inefficiency of this inhibition were soon illustrated in a remarkable manner. Within a little more than four years after the law was passed, the President, Vice-President and two directors of the Metropolitan Bank, helped themselves to nearly two millions and a half (\$2,405,403) of the money entrusted to their care, for the purpose of speculating in the stock of the bank. The president explained that the principal object of these speculations was to make money for the bank; but the loss incurred from the vice-president's share in the transactions was nearly seventy thousand dollars (\$69,286). This is a typical case, and well illustrates what has since been done in other quarters, on a large scale. When a bank speculates or allows its officers to speculate in its own stock, it substitutes stock-jobbing for legitimate business, and relies on the hope of irregular gains. It tries to rig the market by fictitious purchases, by one member of the ring from another, and by making real purchases from outsiders. But the juggle is sure to be discovered; and these operations, if continued long enough, are almost certain to end in heavy losses. The stock most largely dealt in, by a ring organized for the purpose of forcing it up, is the one which, within the last two years, has suffered the greatest decline. The losses to the operators must have been enormous. What proportion of the operators on whom the loss has fallen were inside and what outside, can only be a matter of conjecture.

Irregularities and abuses in putting stock on the market, though of old date, still survive. The commonest of these is to pay in a promise, to give a note to the bank in payment of the stock, an operation by which, it is needless to say, no real capital is added. A few years ago, there were two millions of Canadian bank stock which represented nothing, which had been created without the addition of a single dollar of real capital. What the amount of fictitious bank capital there may be to day is a secret known only to those who are interested in concealing the fact. Sometimes fictitious capital is made to do double duty; for it is the nature of financial fictions to beget their like. Take an example: M. Maurice Cuviller, vice-president of the Metropolitan Bank, subscribed for 800 shares of the stock of the bank, paying the first call in cash, and giving a demand note for the remaining calls. The stock passed to his credit, the note was not paid, and no security was given. Advances were made to him, from time to time, for speculative purposes—to buy the stock of the bank—to the amount of over one hundred and ninety thousand dollars (\$191,480); and the only security the bank had was a lien on his stock, a large part of the payment on which had been made out of money advanced by the bank. Irregularities of this kind only declare themselves when a catastrophe occurs. But when a large amount of new bank stock is reported to be all taken, as soon as offered, and at the proper time to be all paid up, the reality of the transactions must be judged by the accompanying circumstances. If there is inordinate speculation in the stock, and if there be an organized ring of speculators inside, there is room for irregularities: purchases of stock by the bank may be suspected; notes given in payment of stock are among the probabilities.

In spite of the elaborate monthly returns made by the banks to the Government, the public is left in the dark as to the real meaning of many of the figures. A bank which, in the extremity of weakness, obtains a loan to tide it over a time of trial, will probably put down the loan as a deposit. The Consolidated Bank so treated a loan which it obtained and though one court found the president guilty of malfeasance for signing false returns to the Government, another court, on appeal, quashed the judgment. The amounts owing by Canadian banks to one another never agree with the amounts owing to Canadian banks by one another. The amount receivable is always made to appear larger than the amount payable. The difference probably represents the amount owing by weak banks to strong, but it is impossible to tell of what it consists. In cases of the greatest gravity there is no machinery for ascertaining the real facts, through an official inspection. The directors of a bank may borrow all the bank's capital, and no enquiry of any kind be made into facts. If such a thing were to happen in New York, there would be an inspection by a public officer, as soon as the fact became known. When a bank fails, the directors should at once be displaced. If ever the directors of a bank consisted of an honourable body of men, most of them wealthy enough to be beyond temptation, the directors of the Exchange Bank would have been thought to answer this description; yet their administration, after the bank failed was such as to show that it was not prudent to continue them in office.

For years past there have been bank officials in Canada, who have been openly and notoriously engaged in speculations in the stocks of the banks with which they were connected. Even if they had means of their own to carry on these speculations, they ought not to have been allowed to do so. They could do nothing to vary the price of the stocks, without injuring or deceiving their constituents and employers. If they used information which came to them officially, for their own private ends, they were guilty of a grave breach of trust, and no longer deserved the confidence of the stockholders. All experience shows that officials who commence speculating with their own money are liable, before they stop, to use the money of the bank to carry on their operations. Against this danger, the only safeguard is rigorously to put a stop to the practice, on its first discovery.

A regular official inspection of banks could not fail to discover much that is now covered with a mantle of secrecy, and which it is not desirable should be hid. An inspection will not prevent frauds such as have recently come to light, in New York; but it would prevent many improper things which might otherwise be done. It is not so much as a security against positive fraud that bank inspection is desirable as against irregularities which lead to bad results and breaches of law which cannot be made with impunity, the law violated having been made for the protection of shareholders and the public.

C. L.

### BOARDING-SCHOOLS V. DAY-SCHOOLS.

THE increasing demand for boarding-school accommodation for boys in the Province marks a minor social change of some interest. It is probably due to two causes; the growing number of persons of means residing in the rural parts, and the development of the belief in the minds of many people living in our towns that their sons will be better brought up away from home. To the first of these classes boarding-schools are a necessity, if they wish their children to know anything beyond the elementary school course; and it is pleasing to reflect that the increase of this class means the diffusion of certain elements of culture which will tend to redeem Canadian country life from the unattractiveness which has hitherto characterized it.

The steady growth of the opinion that boys can be better educated away from home is a very noteworthy phenomenon. Nearly every town and considerable village in Ontario is provided with a high school which affords the means of acquiring the rudiments of a liberal education. Nothing can be clearer than that when there is a fairly good high school and the other influences to which a boy is exposed are good, the best place for him to study is at home. No boarding-school master, however great his influence may be, can foster the higher, and keep in check the baser tendencies of a lad's nature so successfully as judicious parents. Yet the sentiment in favour of a boarding-school training has grown and is growing.

The reason is to be found partly in the relaxation of parental authority, which is one of the significant characteristics of this age, and in the increasing number of men whose business requires them to be much away from home. But the tendency is more largely due to the desire of parents to expose their sons as little as possible to the contaminating influences of Canadian town life. All the world over, residence in the country is found to be the best for the moral as it is for the physical development of the young. Perhaps our Canadian towns are not worse than towns in other lands; but there is in every one of them much that tends to vitiate the moral atmosphere for both men and boys. During a considerable part of the year, our climate compels us to live largely in-doors, and at these seasons the attractions of the June novel, the saloon, and the public billiard-table are hardly counteracted by any others. In many places you may add to these evil influences those of gambling and betting duly enforced by the example of the most prominent men.

Whatever be the causes, the results are patent. A very large proportion of the boys brought up in our towns and villages turn out badly. To this all who have followed the history of any of them for twenty years can bear the fullest testimony. And it seems to be the case that the smaller places are the worst. In our cities there are great aggregations of evil, but the good-influences are also stronger, and the line of demarcation between those who lead reputable and those who lead disreputable lives is firmly drawn. In them too, there are more books, more numerous and effective athletic organizations, more harmless attractions of every kind. The city parent who wishes to secure for his sons playmates who are free from serious evil tendencies can generally find them; and as boys in large places segregate themselves into sets, outside of which they have no intimacies, he may feel certain that, after his have fairly joined a certain good set, they will run little risk of contamination. But the

careful father residing in a small town or village is in a different position. There all the boys, whether well or ill brought up, constitute practically one set. A large number of them will have received a very small amount of paternal attention. It would be but a slight exaggeration to say that the average boy in a small town or village is not trained, but simply grows. His father sends him for several years to the Public and Sunday-school, but seems to imagine that his duty ends there. He grows up without manners, without character. To gratify his social instincts he idles about the streets during the large parts of the year when he can neither skate nor play baseball. He drops into the saloon and the billiard-room, at first for a lark, afterwards because he is certain to find company there. Though perhaps without any exceptionally strong bent towards evil, he learns a great deal, because he is neglected, and there is an absence of counter attractions. His father, who seldom spends an hour at home that is not passed in eating or sleeping, knows nothing of what is going on. The result is that at eighteen his son probably has learned to drink and gamble, and joins the manners of a tramp to the morality of a bar-tender and the ideals of a dime novel.

With some such neglected boys, in such places, the well trained lad must more or less associate, or else be without playmates and friends. From this dilemma a well managed boarding-school affords an escape. There he will lead an ordered life, and as friends whom he will make will be under the same discipline, the chances are much greater that he will not form undesirable and injurious associations.

B.

### A SKETCH OF THE GENERAL ASPECT OF MONTREAL LIFE.

THERE is perhaps no city on the continent, certainly not in Canada, exhibiting so strange a commingling of the French and English languages and people as in this, the metropolis of the Dominion. Here are met the descendants of those who spoke the language of Racine, Voltaire and Rousseau, side by side with men sprung from the three greatest races of the British nation.

Between these two great classes there exists a strong line of demarcation. The English people, for the most part, live in the western portion of the city, the French in the eastern, and though dwelling in such close proximity yet they form two distinct societies, each having its three grades of low, middle, and high class. The French character is light and emotional, fond of the pleasures of the moment, careless of the sorrows that time may bring. A French Canadian of high society speaks with finer accent than even a Parisian, and charms one with the brilliant wit and ready flow of language always at his command. Although in profoundness of research and in the wide grasp of a subject he is scarcely equal to the English speaker, yet in eloquence and figure of expression, he far excels him. It would scarcely be true to say that the French lady of Lower Canada is more beautiful than her English sister, still there is a certain grace and ease, a tastefulness in dress, and a piquancy of manner peculiar to herself that renders her especially charming. She has almost invariably dark hair and eyes, as evidences of her Celtic extraction. As a consequence of the care which the Catholic Church bestows upon the musical part of its service, from earliest youth the love of this grand and beautiful art is implanted in the French Canadian mind, and develops as age advances.

Let us now turn to the English-speaking, business man of Montreal. He is active, energetic, and works incessantly. Commercial prosperity is the one end and ambition of his life, and to this object he devotes all his powers. To his energy and business sagacity is due, in a large measure, the prosperity of the city both in the past and present time. One race in particular stands forth prominently—the Scotch; their shrewd and economical nature has placed them almost universally in the foremost rank of the city merchants. The most beautiful residences of Sherbrook Street are occupied by Scotchmen who have risen from the ranks by dint of hard toil and saving.

It is a curious fact that, go where you will among French society, you will always be addressed in your own tongue, and often with perfection of grammatical construction and accent. It seems to be one of their ambitions to be able to speak and write English. On the other hand, it is the exception to find an English person who can speak French even tolerably well.

Although, numerically, the French element far exceeds the English, yet the latter, by its great energy and business ability, almost exclusively controls the commerce and wealth of the city. The great banking institutions, trading houses and steamship lines are either entirely English or are under English management and supported by English capital. By reason of their majority, the civic government is virtually in the hands

of the French, and they are exceedingly jealous of any official position being given to an English-speaking person. Indeed, in the mayoralty and civic contests the French candidate, no matter how incompetent he may be, has only to raise the nationality cry to insure his election. It is unfortunate that this state of affairs should exist, for, as a consequence, men altogether unsuitable are intrusted with the government of the city, and those who are really capable become disgusted and refuse to run for office. Moreover, it is unfortunate in another way, for, through their distrust of one another, the two races can seldom be got to unite in combined effort to force the governing body to pass needed reforms.

The city's commercial wealth has three great sources, the first being the immense systems of the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific Railways, having their eastern termini in Montreal. By these lines, much of the enormous products of the provinces and territories west of us are brought down to Montreal for shipment. The second source is her ocean trade. No less than twelve regular steamship lines make this the port for embarking and discharging their cargoes. The third is, of course, the produce of the surrounding country for hundreds of miles. All these mighty influences tend to broaden the minds of the people and enlarge their sympathies and ideas. In this respect the difference between Toronto and Montreal might be expressed in two words: the former is local, the latter universal. It is, however, scarcely fair to compare the two cities: the position of Toronto and many other things are against her, while Montreal has everything in her favour. Yet it may be asserted with almost a certainty that if the Queen City keeps increasing in wealth and commercial prosperity as she has in the past she will, in a comparatively short time, outstrip her former rival. Between the business men of the two cities there is also a strong contrast. The Toronto merchant, after he has made a sufficient fortune, retires, and spends the remainder of his life in looking after what he has acquired. The Montreal merchant, on the other hand, very seldom indeed leaves active work until compelled either by sickness or old age. It becomes, in fact, as age advances, the one pleasure of life.

Although, however, he is thus eager in the pursuit of wealth, yet he is always found willing to contribute liberally to any work tending to the advancement of the public welfare. As one evidence of their appreciation of the good work done in connection with McGill University, the private citizens of Montreal have given, this year, three hundred thousand dollars for the purpose of improving its faculties. Moreover, during the past three years, four magnificent structures, built for the most part by the subscriptions of Montreal people, have arisen on the University grounds—the Redpath Museum, the Morrice Hall, and the Wesleyan and Congregational Colleges. On the Mountain Park, the citizens through their representatives have expended a vast amount of money, and for grandeur and natural scenery no city on the continent is its equal. Broad carriage roads, shaded by tall maples and constructed in rising terraces, encircle the mountain, while from its summit, clothed with a carpet of flowers and grassy verdure, a scene of surpassing beauty presents itself to the eye. Before us the mighty St. Lawrence winds through the valley in a silver line, and beyond it, here and there, solitary mountain peaks rise from the level surface of the plain. Behind us lie the picturesque and beautiful shades of the two cities of the dead, Côte de Neigis and Mount Royal, with the white marble of the tombstones glistening through the foliage of the avenues.

Montreal has sometimes been accused of apathy in intellectual matters, but the interest taken by the citizens in support of McGill, combined with the fact that there are four largely attended universities in the city, give strong evidence to the contrary. The influence of this spirit is spreading widely, and is shown in the numerous movements now on foot to place opportunities for self-improvement within the reach of all. Throughout every class of society, the tendency towards practical knowledge is on the increase, and the Science Faculty of McGill, though but recently organized, is now one of the most important departments of the university work. Formerly the culture of the city was confined almost entirely to the English-speaking portion, but commercial and social advancement have created in the French mind a strong desire for knowledge and enlightenment, and have brought out the natural genius and free spirit of the race, so long smothered by ignorance.

The division of the people, consequent upon the two different languages and societies, has hindered any great enterprises in the way of musical and theatrical entertainment, and in strange contrast to other Canadian and American cities, the theatre is not popular here. However, among a small community, music is eagerly cultivated, and several high class concerts are, every season, given by societies formed from its numbers. It may seem strange that this, the soul of amusement among other people, is so little sought after here. The reason for it must be looked for in the facts which

I have already mentioned. In forming a judgment of Montreal, it is always fairest to look upon it as two distinct towns, one of English people, numbering about 65,000, the other of French, numbering over 90,000.

The pleasure-loving spirit of the young people finds its vent in the exhilarating sports of tobogganing, snow-shoeing and skating in winter, and of lacrosse and football in summer. A young man now-a-days is not thought a young man unless he possesses an enormous toboggan wherewith to take other fellows' sisters and cousins—but very seldom their aunts—out sliding. If the city be compared to others in a moral sense, everything shows in its favour. In no seaport town of its size is the Sabbath better kept, crime less prevalent, and, one might almost add, society more honest. From a religious point of view, the two languages again form an important feature. As a result of these, and on account of the diversity of denominations, the number of places of worship has been multiplied in such a degree that the city has been familiarly called "The city of churches." Montreal is in reality the great centre of the Catholic religion in Canada, for, from here, principally, is its wealth and support derived. One of the largest and most important of the Presbyterian colleges is here located, and here again is situated the headquarters of the French work of the different denominations.

It has been stated by someone that there are only two newspapers in Canada, and that they belong to Ontario. To contrast Toronto and Montreal from a journalistic standpoint would I fear, result very unfavourably for the latter city. The Toronto paper is handsome in appearance, contains all the news of the day, and the editorials are numerous and fairly well written. On the other hand, that of Montreal is badly printed and poorly gotten up, amounting, in the main, to a mass of advertisements with a small amount of news and editorial matter mixed in. As for literary journals, there is not one that, with any show of reason, can claim a right to the name. It is curious that although Frenchmen are so noted for their ready wit and brilliancy of speech, yet their newspapers are much inferior to the English in every respect.

Taking into account the many drawbacks under which she labours, such as the miserably corrupt government of the Province of Quebec, the heavy taxes on her commercial institutions, imposed by the same body, the jealousy and determined opposition of Quebec city to her commercial advancement, I think the conclusion of all impartial observers will be that Montreal deserves great praise for the large share of prosperity which she has managed to obtain.

H. M. PATON.

#### HUNTING REMINISCENCES.

We live in a world of change, but in nothing is the radical element more conspicuous than in the arena of fox-hunting. The animal pursued is alone the same; horses, hounds, and the very class of men who indulge in the glorious pursuit, differ very widely from those of half-a-century ago; the very sport itself is altered, and it may well be questioned if the change has in every way been beneficial. The hunting of the present generation, as compared with the past, is as summer to winter. In the days of our forefathers, fox-hunters were up at daybreak, would think nothing of a ten or twelve mile ride to the meet, and consistently hunted in their own district, looking upon the hunting field as a county club, from which radiated a pleasant social intercourse, which was by no means confined to class or clique. But all is changed. Fox-hunting is now more like steeple-chasing, and the brilliant burst of some ten or fifteen minutes, with hounds running almost mute,—for "Silence you know 's the criterion of pace,"—is regarded with much greater favour by the majority of fox-hunters than were the good old-fashioned runs of an hour or more, with the whole pack opening with heavenly music, that cheered the heart of both horse and rider. The old social element, that made the hunting field so powerful and united a factor for much that was good, entirely independent of the sport, has in a great measure disappeared. We are now wheeled off to some distant meet, hunting over a country, heaven only knows where, and riding with men, heaven only knows who, while in general, except by a very select few, hounds are entirely lost sight of. It is then with a kind of pleasurable regret we love to hark back to the days of old John Warde and Assheton Smith, personal recollections of whom now suggest these "Hunting Reminiscences."

John Warde was known as the Father of Fox-hunting. He lived at a fine old mansion in the County of Kent, called Squerryes, near to Westerham. On the terrace of the house stands a monument commemorating the fact that on that spot Wolfe received his first commission. Though possessing so many attractions, the house received but little care at the hands of its fox-hunting owner, as, for twenty years, a fire was hardly ever lighted in it. So long as the country was good, and there was sufficient accommodation for his horses and hounds, John Warde cared very little about the

comforts of himself or his family. When his wife remonstrated at the badness of his lodgings, he told her that any room was large enough if you could put on your stockings without opening the door. The only character he ever wanted of his friends or servants was satisfactory evidence of their ability to ride and manage a horse; consequently he was surrounded by some pretty rough fellows as grooms or whips, to the great vexation of his wife, a quiet religious woman. One day, looking out of the window at Hatchett's Hotel, in Piccadilly, to which men of his stamp used to resort in those times, he saw a boy drive a mail cart with four horses up to the door in particularly good style. He at once went down and took the lad into his service. He turned out a young barbarian, and Mrs. Warde undertook to civilize and Christianize him, for which end he had to say his Collect to her every Sunday. One evening when the party were sitting in the drawing-room at Squerryes, the footman came in and announced that the boy was waiting in the next room to say his Collect. Mrs. Warde, who happened to be very deaf, at once went to him and left the door ajar. The lad was asked to repeat his lesson, but the young savage, trusting to her infirmity, with great glibness and unctiousness gave out the nursery rhyme: "Dickery, dickery dock, the mouse ran up the clock," and at the conclusion received from the old lady high commendations and a shilling for having said his Collect so well. On her return to the drawing-room she was received by the Squire with a hunting-field salutation.

John Warde was a great *gourmand*, and he at last grew too fat to ride to hounds, and had to content himself with keeping to the lanes. But he never had been a steeple-chaser; he was a fox-hunter of the old school, now nearly extinct, whose chief delight was to see his hounds work, and he knew the voice of each member of his pack. He had the reputation of saying good things as well as eating them. Many of his *bon mots*, fathered at his favourite hour of the day, that is, over his port wine, as soon as the servants had left the dining-room, are constantly related wherever fox-hunters meet together. The Squire had a nephew who was looked upon as one likely to prove a worthy wearer of his uncle's mantle, but he was unfortunately disabled by a strange accident. Hunting in a country which he did not know, and taking a blind fence, he landed in a deep chalk-pit. A quantity of loose, wet chalk, into which he fell, saved his life, but he was never able to ride with hounds again. The horse, though apparently uninjured, fell down dead in the stable as soon as it got home.

If old John Warde was the Father of Fox-hunting, Assheton Smith, the mightiest of all the sons of Nimrod, was the King of it. He always hunted his own hounds, and continued to do so till he was past seventy. The first of sportsmen, he was always a most daring, though not a reckless rider. Some of his jumps are historical. He once cleared a canal by leaping on and off a barge, and he alone got the right side. On another occasion he rode up-hill at a stiff post and rail, and though he carried away the top bar, no one dared to follow him. It was said that his horses knew him so well, and were so used to going straight, that when he once chanced to come to a pond, while he was looking back after a lagging hound, and not seeing what was in front, the horse without hesitation took the pond and leaping as far as he could, soused with his rider into the middle of it. Assheton Smith once went to hunt with John Warde. The day after his arrival was a hard frost. To console him, the Squire of Squerryes proposed taking the hounds out for exercise, though there could be no hunting. They accordingly got on their horses. Assheton Smith begged Warde just to let the hounds find a fox, to which Warde consented, only stipulating that they should be whipped off before they broke cover. Smith gave a look which signified he did not intend they should be, though. "If that is what you mean," said Warde, "You had better get on 'Blue Ruin,'" Warde's famous horse. A fox was soon found, and Smith had a hard run of twenty minutes over a frozen country, and killed.

There is perhaps no healthier or more thorough relaxation than fox-hunting. It is the most effectual of brain-workers. Horace says that care never leaves us, and mounts ever behind the horseman; but care would find it hard to keep her seat over a stiff country in a straight run with fox-hounds. For a man of sedentary and intellectual pursuits especially, this sport has the greatest charms. But the drawing for a fox, and the uncertainty of his course, with the incidental adventures presented by an unknown line of country, are essential parts of the pleasure, for which drag-hunting, or turning out a bagged fox, as practised on this continent, offers but a weak apology. As a refreshment from business or study, fox-hunting has no rival; but when it is made the sole occupation of life, its effects are like those of other sports, which become too engrossing, and it is apt to lead to a vacant, gloomy and morose old age. Even within living memory there have been English fox-hunters who had in them a good deal of the Squire Western. The late master of a well known hunt was such. The country he hunted was very large, and during the season

he was in the saddle all day, and almost every day, getting home late to his beef and port wine. In the non-hunting months he bought and trained horses and dogs. His heart was good, but his manner was coarse; he swore constantly, and it is said that when he met a gentleman who had been guilty of the unexpiable offence of trapping a fox he began to swear at him two fields off. He lived entirely alone in a large house, without family or companions. Before his death he became paralyzed, and as he had no interest or pursuit but fox-hunting, his only solace was sitting on the terrace when the meet was at his place. At last he was fain to have the huntsman to call over the hounds by his bedside, and his heart was almost broken when the nominal mastership was at last taken from him.

Another man who had been famous at Melton, being also paralyzed, and without family or companions, solaced his dreary old age by preserving rabbits, which eat up no small portion of the produce of his estate, and going out to shoot them in a cart, seated on a music-stool which enabled him to turn his paralyzed frame.

Associated with the time-honoured sportsmen of the past is a small class of men, of whom in their profession we have but few successors—the hunting parson. With the death, last year, of the Rev. "Jack" Russell, the race lost its finest and its brightest representative. How fond we foxhunters are of reminiscences of the grand old Devonshire divine! Amongst the many distinguished men so nearly associated with fox-hunting annals there are three names so pre-eminently conspicuous that "age cannot wither nor custom stale their infinite variety," and to find analogues for John Warde, Assheton Smith, and "Jack" Russell, would be impossible. Others there have been, or are, who will deserve to be honourably recorded by the Thucydides of fox-hunting, whenever that prodigy shall arise, but beyond all doubt the three most representative names connected with horse and hound in the past half-century are those above mentioned. Yet, of all fox-hunters we must presume the sporting parson to be the most devoted to the sport, otherwise he would not venture to run counter to the censure of the world, especially of the bishop and the old ladies, who regard the hunting parson as an apostate from his vows and as false to his profession. Yet it is the most innocent amusement going. Hunting is done by a crowd, but men who meet together to do wicked things meet in small parties. Men cannot gamble in the hunting field, and drinking there is more difficult than in almost any other scene of life. The vice of extravagance can alone be urged against it, but to that, if a man be that way inclined, every pursuit will equally lead him. Judged thus harshly, the hunting parson seems to ride more or less under a cloud. Mind you, he always rides straight, still he scarcely feels comfortable. In the genial halo of the hunting field you may talk confidentially to the banker of his banking, to the brewer of his brewing, to the farmer about his barley, but to the hunting parson you must not say a word about his church or his parish. Though when the hounds are first dashing out of covert, and when the sputtering is beginning and the eager impetuosity of the young is driving them, three at a time, into the same gap; when that wild excitement of a fox just away is at its height, and ordinary sportsmen are rushing for places—though at moments like these the hunting parson may be able to restrain himself and declare by his momentary tranquillity that he is only there to see the hounds, he will ever be found seeing the hounds also, when many of that eager crowd have lagged behind, altogether out of sight of the last tail of them. He will drop into the running as it were out of the clouds, when the select few have settled down steadily to their steady work, and the select few will never look upon him as one that is likely to fall out of their number. He goes on certainly to the kill, and then retires a little out of the circle, as though he had trotted in at that spot from his ordinary parochial occupation—just to see the hounds. "I hear that you hunt, Sir," said the bishop of the diocese to Mr. Russell, when a young man. "My Lord," answered the divine, "as you know, my parish is large, and to do my work I keep a couple of hacks, and amongst their natural gifts they happen to be good fencers, and sometimes I find the hounds going the same way as I go." Another clerical fox-hunter, by the love of the sport, was brought into contact with his bishop. Being a very courtly man, his Lordship was profuse in his assurances that he had no fault to find with the parson's general character or conduct. "But," he added, "this is an uncharitable world, and I think it right to mention to you that you are accused of taking part in fox-hunts." "It is indeed, my Lord," replied the deacon, "an uncharitable world; even your Lordship's character is not spared; you are accused of attending Court balls." "It is true," said the bishop, "that I attend them because I do not think it proper to decline my Sovereign's invitation; but I am never in the same room with the dancers." "Just my case, my Lord," was the parson's rejoinder, "I have only a very old horse, and I am never in the same field with the hounds."

TALLY HO!

## GASTRONOMICAL CHITCHAT.

Our friends across the border are indulging just now in what they are pleased to term a "cookery craze." If a woman has a practical knowledge of cookery in all its branches, and the knack of imparting that knowledge in a taking way, she not only makes a handsome income, but gains a certain sort of fame not to be despised. It is a craze that has not yet struck Canada, but nearly every large city in the United States has its artiste in that line, who is styled a "professional cook." Miss Parloa and Miss Juliet Corson have a national, and Mrs. Ewing of Chicago, and Mrs. Congdon, of Detroit, a metropolitan fame. They are striving, as French cooks before them have done, to elevate cookery to the dignity of an art, and they seem to be succeeding. Whether they will succeed in impressing upon women the importance of providing a variety of well-cooked, sensible and attractive-looking food remains to be seen. Miss Parloa thinks it is not a good sign that when she is announced to lecture and give demonstrative lessons on plain, every-day food, that the attendance is small, but just the reverse when expensive and unusual dishes are on the tapis—dishes that the majority of us can only indulge in on fête days and during the holiday season. The press is doing its share towards furthering the good work by furnishing minute accounts of their methods of working, besides giving copious extracts from the cook-books which these ladies have compiled and have for sale. Miss Parloa, who is at present giving demonstrative lectures on cookery in Detroit, seems to have made a most favourable impression upon reporters of the culinary art in that city. They talk of the "graceful, serene-faced woman," of her "bewitching smile," her "soft musical voice," her "sweet serenity," and her "graceful ambidextrous hands," which Charles Reade would have admired and approved of. They note also the "blue gingham gown and the sensible white apron." It is to be hoped housekeepers will take a hint from this last, and show better taste than many do at present in performing their kitchen work in the ruins of a church or street dress. I can hardly believe these descriptive accounts of Miss Parloa's personal appearance. I fear she must have been currying favour with sips and tastes. For if it be true that the road to a man's heart lies through his stomach, such a handsome, attractive woman and a capital cook would have been snapped up long ago by some gourmand of a bachelor, and not be, as she is, Marié Parloa, spinster.

I have no doubt many think that professional cooks are cooks only in theory. But such is not the case. They have all served an apprenticeship to cooking in one way or another. Miss Parloa, it is said, was for three years head cook in one of the largest and best conducted hotels in Florida—a pleasure and health-seeking resort for wealthy people from all parts of the Union. They all give practical proof of their powers by preparing and cooking before their audience whatever they are lecturing upon and giving each pupil "just one sip and one taste." Mrs. Ewing, of Chicago, when lecturing in Buffalo, said the art of cooking was in its infancy. The intelligent practice of it may be by the world at large, but the art or theory is not when such men as Ude, Francatelli, Carence, Soyer, Hayward and Savarin have written learnedly, captivately and exhaustively upon gastronomy, and some of them gained a world-wide fame as practical cooks. A French epicurean writer of eminence asserts that ten solid volumes would not contain the receipts for soups alone, invented in those grand schools of cookery—the kitchens of Paris. The truth is, one of the strongest weaknesses of the Americans as a nation, is ignoring the glories of the past of other nations. I verily believe that they would not allow that an Irishman could boil a potato better than an American, with or without its jacket.

Miss Parloa and her co-labourers wish cookery not only to be reduced to a science, but also elevated to the dignity of a profession, and they think that can be accomplished by making cooking one of the branches of the higher education of women. It is a curious fact that though women prepare most of the food eaten by the human race, men only have made themselves famous as epicurean writers and gastronomical artists. It is a curious fact also that men are more exacting than women in demanding deference, not to themselves, but to their work and the manner in which it is done. Women, on the contrary, as a general thing, demand deference to themselves for what they are as women—not as workers. Louis Gustache Ude, who had been cook to two French kings, and who emigrated to England to teach that beef-eating nation how to cook and how to dine, never forgave them for not permitting him to call himself an artiste—nor for slighting him when decorations were being conferred. "Scrapers of catgut" he said, "call themselves artistes, and fellows who jump like kangaroos claim the same title; yet the man who had under his sole direction the great feasts given by the nobility of England to the allied sovereigns, and who superintended the grand banquet at Crockford's on the occasion of the coronation of our amiable and beloved sovereign, Vic-

toria, was denied the title prodigally showered on singers, dancers and comedians, "whose only quality," said the indignant chef, "not requiring the aid of a microscope to discover, is pride." The old gentleman seems to have had his fair share of what he considered so offensive in others—pride.

MARY MELVILLE.

## A DESTINY.

"CROSS THE GIPSY'S HAND WITH SILVER, LADY!"—*Old English Hedgerow Saying.*

You will have love, soft kisses on soft eyes,  
And live your little day in lover wise:  
With children at your knee to make life dear,  
And twenty smiles to every passing tear.  
And not for you shall come that awful voice,  
Which will not be denied (whereat rejoice),  
The voice decreeing that to you belong  
The gifts of gods too kind, of music, song,  
And art, to make life restless, bitter sweet,  
And shut the home-light from your wistful feet.  
You will be happy, good, and pure, that so  
All those who touch your garment's hem may go  
Their several ways, the better for the touch.  
You will have wealth too, but not over much;  
Enough for modest pleasures, simple state,  
Enough to feed the hungry at your gate,  
Till, at life's end, upon your coffin lid,  
From those rememb'ring what you were and did,  
Shall fall such loving tears as wash away  
All naughtiness that soils a human day.

FREDERICK A. DIXON.

## A PORTRAIT.

TRIPPING lightly,  
Smiling brightly,  
Joyous happy, little fay—  
Ne'er repining,  
Ever shining  
Radiant as a summer day.

Hair of gold  
Deftly roll'd,  
In the sunlight how it flashes!  
Eyes of blue  
Laugh at you  
From beneath their sweeping lashes.

O'er her cheek  
At hide-and-seek  
Sportive little dimples play;  
Now they slip  
O'er ruby lip,  
Stealing kisses. Happy they!

\* \* \* \* \*  
Stray, wander  
Hither, yonder  
Errant beam of purest day—  
Here, there,  
Everywhere,  
Shed abroad thy golden ray!

E. DOUGLAS ARMOUR.

## THE WHITE DOGS.

"WE shall find poor quarters in Alexis Bay," said Charlie Sweetapple, as he bounded off the comitique, and cracked his fifteen-foot whip with a report like a pistol shot.

I knew Alexis Bay as being inhabited by a scattered population, consisting of the scum of Newfoundland. All who sold the fish they should have taken home from Labrador to pay for the supplies advanced for the summer, and didn't care to face the merchants of St. Johns, or Harbour Grace, found a cave of Adullam in Alexis Bay.

"Yes, if we had anything worth taking they might take it from us if they wanted it," I answered rather to my own thoughts than to his words. "Wasn't it Clarke's schooner from Halifax, they boarded as soon as he anchored, and threatened to sink her if he didn't give them flour, and pork? But that was in the spring. I expect that they are not half through their supplies yet." But Charlie was out of hearing, heading off the dogs from the track of a deer he had fallen upon.

It was the month of February, on the coast of Labrador—not the Labrador of the straits, but that part of it that faces the Atlantic. Is there a drearier spot upon earth? The whole coast is barren, treeless, rocky, and only in winter puts on a chilling smile in its robe of snow and ice. I was clerk to a London firm, whose "room" or station was some hundred miles to the north of Cape Charles. I had been collecting furs



from the different trappers in our employ. The comitique, or Indian sled, I sat upon, was piled up with skins, marten, mink, and fox. Our eyes had glistened at the black and silver foxskins that by good luck had come into our hands this season, and we were hurrying home in good sprits with our prizes.

It was a bitter day. We had left Mike Toomer's tilt ten miles away, and the dogs were fresh and wild. Our room was justly proud of its team. They were not pure Eskimo, but a cross between the large breed of English mastiff, introduced by the well-known Captain Cartwright, and the Indian wolf-dog. The dog in Labrador is not a domestic animal, and the team we were driving consisted of animals the fiercest and most powerful. In winter they live on raw seal's flesh, a most stimulating and exciting food. These dogs will fawn and bound upon a stranger as if in play, but if they throw him down the whole pack will be upon him, and he is likely to share the fate of the American skipper who began throwing stones into the water for the dogs to run after, till he was surrounded by some fifty barking, yelping creatures, one of whom, apparently in play, knocked him down, and in a moment the whole pack sprang on him and tore him to pieces.

We had started early, but it was now a few minutes before sunrise. A deep crimson suffused the lower edge of the eastern sky. Nothing could be more beautiful than the delicate pink that tinted every rift and hillock of the snowy waste; nothing more brilliant than the blue of every shadow. No artist dare venture to paint the scenery of those sub-arctic regions in such pure and pearly hues. It was exhilarating, in spite of the cold and solitude, to dash along at the speed we were going, our whale-bone runners leaving behind two glossy streaks, and the snow rising like dust from the broad feet of the dogs. The voices of the dogs sounded through the still frosty air, strong and deep as of a pack of hounds in full cry. There were fifteen of them, and the leader was a slut of remarkable grace and swiftness, with a trace that kept her five feet ahead of the rest. So swift was she that she seemed to saunter along while the rest were almost at full speed. Her colour was light brown, while the team were of different shades of black and brown. She curvetted in front of them, and tossed her head like a showy tandem leader, and every now and then looked back as if to receive directions from her driver.

The load on the "cart" (as the sled is called) was not very great. Besides the skins, there were my rackets, part of a seal's carcase, frozen, and an axe to cut it up for the dogs; then there was Charlie's gun, and a small package of provisions which we had not as yet opened. Charlie Sweetapple, as the Indian driver was called, did not sit on the "cart" with me all the time. He could outrun the team even on his rackets, and was all the time guiding them by voice or whip, or by darting to the front of them and leading them. He had been brought up at the English Mission, lived for some years with the Moravians at Nain, was intelligent, could read and write, play the violin and mend a watch.

About noon we crossed the neck that would bring us to Alexis. Slowly and laboriously the dogs mounted the ridge. I put on my rackets, and walked behind, for the snow had drifted in the hollow between the scrubby forest that lay on either side of the path, and the dogs sank to their bellies in the sand-like mass. Once on the top we went down the other side like a small avalanche. We soon reached the end of the fall that led from the shore of Alexis Bay to a tilt. The tilt is a winter shanty, built in the roughest style, and roofed with birch bark. The fissures in the walls are compensated for by the fire in the double Canadian stove kept constantly at a red heat. We noticed as we approached the door that a huge pile of mussel shells lay on one side of the path. The Indian glanced at them, and turned with a significant gesture to me. I knew what he meant. The occupants of the tilt had been and probably were being driven to keep themselves alive by eating the mussels which lie in beds under the ice, close in-shore. The two men who came out from the tilt were gaunt with famine. They wore, moreover, a sinister and forbidding expression of face. One was old and gray, and greeted us with a mean and shifty smile.

"Good day to you, men. Come in and warm yourselves. Have you any biscuit and tea with you? We can give you a kettle and water, but nothing else. Come in, men, come in." We shook hands all round and untackled the dogs.

Tea was quickly made; a cup of the leaf from my bag was dropped into a kettle of water, as much molasses added, and the whole boiled on the stove. How those famished men enjoyed our Hamburg bread, our fat pork, and the steaming infusion from the black kettle!

"Done well in furs, sir?" asked the old man Davis, as we left the table and lit our pipes. His three sons looked up as I paused before replying.

"Pretty fair—black and silver foxes—" Before I could finish my remark Charlie interrupted me.

"We'd better go and knock up some swoile (seal) for the dogs, and get off while we have a chance for a daylight journey."

I saw his move in preventing any disclosures of mine respecting our load, and I followed him out.

"Good heavens, Mr. Osborne," he whispered, as we took the carcase from the roof where we had put it out of reach of the dogs, "Sam Davis and his precious boys would think nothing of knocking us down and putting us through a hole in the ice for these skins; and see how hard up the poor fellows are. I never seed anything so hard as this before." And he began chopping the seal's carcase. The whole team stood round, eying it greedily, only deterred by fear of a blow of the axe from snatching it from under his quick and deft strokes.

"Going gunning, boys?" He addressed two young Davises, who had

come out of the tilt and were going off, each with a gun on his shoulder.

"There's a deer track that me and Tim Snyder's boys have agreed to follow. We can't shoot flour and pork: but by gosh, venison is better than mussels anyway."

Charlie flung the food to the dogs, and stood over them with his whip as they struggled and snapped over the feast in spite of his attempts to keep order.

"If the way them fellows treated Charlie wasn't something like shooting or being willing to shoot for pork and flour—I'm a nigger," he muttered. "We'll get off as soon as the dogs have quit eating. Brandy (the name of the leader) had better be loose going home. She'll lead further off, and they'll likely go the quieter for it. I want to get away from this infernal place as soon as possible. We shall have snow before an hour is gone."

The sky had changed with the rapidity so characteristic of the climate of the American coast, and before we had travelled five miles the wind was rising and the flakes of snow were driven into our faces.

"St. Michael's Bay is a nasty place in a storm," remarked Sweetapple, as we laboured thro' the snow on a neck of land between that Bay and Alexis, "then there's the Narrows. They do say its unlucky to pass the Narrows in a storm. And if we meet Mary Lowell, it's certain death to one of us."

The driver had taken his seat close to me, and his whip was laid by in the lashings of the cart.

"Mary Lowell?" I enquired.

"She was stifled in the snow hereabouts; she and her team. Her husband had been killed by the falling of a tree when he was out alone chopping. She found him, and was taking his corpse home when just such a storm as this is likely to be caught her. She was found dead, lying on his body, and before the man who found them could bring them help to take and bury them, the bay broke up and they was carried off to sea. It was spring, you see sir!"

Brandy was meantime keeping well ahead of the team, who strained every nerve to get up with her. We were some hours from our destination, which we hoped to reach at night-fall. As we were in the open bay the drift swept clean across our path, and the cold increased in intensity. I turned my back to the wind, and looked into the lee of the storm, a white heaving waste of snow in earth and air.

We had now entered the Narrows. This place was a narrow strait in the frozen bay formed by two basaltic islands. The storm roared as through a funnel between the perpendicular cliffs on either side of our path, and the snow seemed to be swept off from the shore, sheer as the side of a house, and to fall in blinding volumes upon our team. The dogs set up a wild cry, and the cart spun rapidly along the path which was kept by the roaring wind hard and smooth as a curling rink.

"Did you hear that?" shouted Sweetapple, with his lips close to my ear. "By thunder it must be she!"

Was it the echo of our own team, or was it the baying of another pack that came swelling upon the breeze? As a gust of more than ordinary violence swept through the defile, now growing grey in the twilight, the storm seemed to reach a climax, and the sound of the strange dogs to grow nearer. In a whirlwind of snow which eddied round and well nigh suffocated us, and threatened to blow the cart off the ground, Charlie seized my arms convulsively—

"Look! look! Mr. Osborne. It's all up with us now!"

I turned my face to the blinding gale, fending the snow from my eyes with my sleeve. I strained my sight as well as the tempest permitted in the direction he pointed. I gave a glance of only a few seconds, but it was enough. Approaching on a driving squall of snow that was flashing towards us like a huge white foaming wave, I saw the tossing tails and burning eyes of a large team of snow-white dogs. In the cart they drew I thought I made out the wan features and piercing black eyes of a woman, her hand extended towards the dogs as if encouraging their speed. They swept by us with a howl of the storm. It seemed as if their cries were taken up by our animals and redoubled by the echoing cliffs. Yet through the turmoil of noise, wind, snow and barking packs there rose, never to be forgotten by all who heard, a human shriek. It caused my heart to stop for a moment, and to feel a pang of pity for the agony of suffering which it seemed to express in one note. Charlie tightened his grasp on my arm, as if he heard it, but said nothing.

We passed through the Narrows in safety, though trembling, breathless, and half frozen. Though the elements still raged on the open bay, it seemed almost to be calm here after the half suffocating simoom of snow through which our powerful team had just taken us. Indeed, the snow was not falling so heavily as hitherto, and we drew up the team and under the lee of the cart set up on edge took a pull at our rum flasks. But Sweetapple had sunk into a gloomy silence, and even deeper depression had fallen upon me. We did not speak, for we knew that the dangers of the journey were by no means past. The glass must have fallen rapidly since noon, and would still be falling. It was no uncommon fate to perish in a snow-storm on the Labrador. I had been shocked and startled by many things I had seen that day, and a thousand dreadful anticipations passed through my mind. I never seriously expected to get safe to our destination. Yet how vivid, almost to the degree of actual vision, were the recollections of sweet, social scenes in England. They would be lighting the lamps in the Rectory at home, and gathering round the fire; how, safe, happy and pleasant it all seemed, while I was exposed to a horrible fate in a lonely, wintry desert. I had become quite imbued with a belief in the portent which Charlie had spoken of, and was half benumbed with frost, so that the dangerous drowsiness of deadly cold began to oppress me, making my dreamy reveries more wild, hopeless, and incoherent every moment.

We had scarcely set off again when we were startled by the report of a gun, and the cart came to a dead stop. Charlie sprang from his seat, and rushed to the head of the team. He came back in a moment, and seized his gun.

"They have shot the slut through the neck, and she is bleeding to death; but two can play at that game!" he cried fiercely. He then proceeded to load the weapon.

"Come, rouse yourself, Mr. Osborne, or you'll be murdered before you know it. I thought them Davis boys didn't take the mountain path for St. Michael's Bay without a meaning!"

I leapt to my feet. We had been waylaid, and were to be robbed, and perhaps murdered. The portent was to be fulfilled. "There are no caps," cried Sweetapple showing the cap-box quite empty. We shall be shot down like deer, without a struggle," and he threw the useless gun into the snow.

"Sweetapple!" a voice hailed from the side of the path.

"What do you want with me, you murdering villain?" growled the Indian.

"Cast off your load from your cart, or we'll shoot you."

The Indian made no answer. The team stood up with bristling tail and cocked ear. I knew that a squirrel, a crow, or the sight of a deer was enough to excite them; perhaps one was in sight through the quieting, falling tempest. Charlie was standing among them, and he patted the backs of those near him, and spoke to them in guttural tones.

"Now dogs!" I heard him say suddenly in a high voice. The animals uttered a loud concerted yell, and burst off in a gallop from the path. At the same time I saw in the lull of wind two men dimly through the mist-like air. The dogs made straight for them. It would almost seem as if they would avenge their dead leader. One of the men dropped his gun and turned in flight, for he knew that even two men are scarcely a match for an infuriated pack of dogs. Before we could interpose, the other was down with the whole team at his throat.

My blood ran cold to see the wretched man struggling, and to hear his heart-rending cries under the fangs of the dogs. Charlie had rushed after them, but it was some time before he could scatter them by blows heavy enough to kill any dogs but those he was handling. They lay down with lolling tongues and bloody fangs on the crimsoned snow, spent with excitement.

We raised Elias Davis. He was bleeding from every part of his body, and his clothes hung in tatters. He expired without a word. We put the three guns on the cart and tied the corpse on the back part of it, covering it with a black bear-skin. He should be buried on shore.

As he untwisted the traces of the dogs which had become entangled the Indian heaved a sigh of relief.

"The sign is out," he observed. "It was for him, and not for us, that Mary Lowell teamed it to-day. We'll have a queer tale to tell when we get home, and I hope neither you nor me, Mr. Osborne, will ever again see the White Dogs of St. Michael's Bay." W. E. WILSON.

### THE SCRAP BOOK.

BY THE WAY.

"YES," said Irving, "I, too, have made a few notes of things to be remembered, as we passed together some of the last proofs of these chronicles and impressions. For instance, here is a memorandum, 'Politics,' and it refers to General Horace Porter's anecdotal illustration of ward politics, and to Mr. Millett's letter on 'Art and Tariffs.'"

"Let us take the story first," I suggested. We both remembered it, so, likewise, will several American friends of that excellent raconteur, Horace Porter, one of New York's brightest post-prandial orators.

Irving had been making enquiries about the City Government of New York, and remarking upon the curious wooden houses away up at the further end of New York city.

"Oh," said Porter, "those places belong to the last of the Manhattan squatters. Most of them are occupied by families who, as a rule, pay little or no rent at all. They are on the outskirts of progress. As the city extends into their district they disappear, seeking fresh woods and pastures new. Nevertheless some of them become quite firmly established there. They are included, for voting purposes, in the twenty-fourth ward of the city. The houses, as you have observed, are not architecturally beautiful. All the inhabitants keep fowls and animals in their basements or cellars. As a rule, nobody repairs or attends to their abodes. Occasionally in wet weather they could bathe in their cellars. Recently one of the most important men in the district was a Mr. Mulldoon, whose very practical views of city politics will be gathered by the story I am going to tell you, which also illustrates the local troubles from a sanitary point of view. Mulldoon's premises were flooded. He was advised to apply to the Commissioner of Public Works on the subject, and to use his political influence in the matter, and he did. Entering the office of the commissioner, he said:

"My name is Mulldoon, I live in the Twenty-fourth Ward; I control forty votes there; I kape hens; the wather has inundated my cellar, and I want it pumped out at the public expinse."

"We have no machinery to do that kind of work; it does not belong to our department," said the officer.

"And be jabers if I don't get that wather removed it will go hard wid the party, I'll cast thim forty votes for a Dutchman."

"You had better go to the fire department."

"Divil a bit; it's the wather department I'm after."

"The fire department have appliances for pumping, we have not; I recommend you to see the fire department."

He does so.

Arrived at the proper officer's desk, he says, "My name is Mulldoon; I live in the Twenty-fourth Ward; I control forty votes there; I kape hens; the water has inundated my cellar, and I want it pumped out at the public expinse."

"The water does not belong to this department, Mr. Mulldoon; we put out fires, not water, Sir."

"Indade; said Mulldoon, calmly; "thin let the party look to it, for I'll rather cast thim forty votes for a nigger than Tammany Hall shall get wan o' theirs."

"I was going to say, when you interrupted me, that you had better see the mayor, and get an appropriation for the sum necessary to be expended, and then you'll have the business done right away."

"An appropriation is it? Thank ye; I've niver gone agin my party; but I object to having my hens drowned under my very roof."

Going straight for the mayor, he said "Mr. Mayor, sorr, my name is Mulldoon; I live in the Twenty-fourth Ward; I control forty votes there; I kape hens; the wather has inundated my cellar, and I want it pumped out at the public expinse."

"I am sorry I cannot help you Mr. Mulldoon, but"—

"Not help me," exclaimed the chief of the little caucus in the Twenty-fourth Ward; then, by my soul, I'll cast them forty votes for a hathen Chinese."

"If you had not interrupted me, I was going to say that"—

"Oh, then, I beg your Honour's pardon; it is only just my bare rights that I am saking."

"If you go to the Board of Aldermen and get an appropriation, and bring it to me, I will see that the work you claim shall be done."

"Very well, then, and thank your Honor," said Mulldoon, who in due course presented himself before the principal officer of the board, an Irishman like himself, and having considerable power.

"My name is Mulldoon; I live in Twenty-fourth Ward; I control forty votes there, I kape hens, my cellar is inundated, and I want it pumped out at the public expinse. The Mayor's sent me to you for an appropriation, and, by St. Patrick, if you refuse it, divil a wan o' them votes will ye ever get; I'll cast them for a native American first."

"I don't see how I can get you an appropriation, Mr. Mulldoon."

"You don't. Well, then, the party may go to the divil, and Tammany Hall wid it; I'm ag'in the lot o' ye."

"Don't lose your temper, Mr. Mulldoon, I'll see what can be done for you; but, in the meantime, will you allow me to suggest that it would be less dangerous for the party, considering the situation of your residence, if, in the future, you would arrange to keep ducks."—*From Impressions of America, by Henry Irving.*

### BIRDS AS ORNAMENTS.

THE use of feathers for ornaments is of immense antiquity and has prevailed in all parts of the world. Nor can this be wondered at, as nothing procured so easily can be found equal to them in beauty and durability. In some cases ornamental feathers are important articles of commerce, and their adoption is to be justified. But there are cases in which serious objections may be made. When, as we are aware, modern fashion dictates, the most reckless disregard is shown to prudence, humanity, and other considerations. Foreign and native birds are slaughtered wholesale, and if ladies are foolish enough to encourage this wanton destruction, not a few of the most beautiful and attractive species will soon be extinguished. Humming birds and many others remarkable for their graceful forms and lovely plumage will ere long be almost annihilated. And here at home our fields and woods are being denuded of birds which charm us by their song and beauty, and which are really valuable for the service they render in various ways. Robins and various finches, and in fact all sorts of wild birds, are sought for; and if their natural colours are not bright enough, they are dyed in all the tints of the rainbow. Sometimes the birds are used whole and sometimes in portions, and the most inconsistent combinations are made of them. The thoughtless multitude, with no refined taste, follow in the wake of the elegant and fashionable, and thus a demand is created for feather adornments at all prices, from a few pence upwards. Hence the general destruction which ensues. Under such circumstances it behoves ladies, who know better and can afford costly ornaments, to hesitate before their example has resulted in the destruction of nearly all our wild birds. Let them be prudent and humane, and if they discard the fashion the demand will fall off and the birds will be spared. The appeals which have been and are made to such ought to influence them and lead to another and a less harmful fashion.—*Queen.*

### A CANADIAN ON ENGLISH WEATHER.

It is said that nine persons out of every ten when they meet a friend open the conversation by some remark upon the weather. This is not only true but natural. Whom does not the climate and the state of the weather concern? It affects the pleasure of monarchs, it is everything to the beggar. I cannot, therefore, escape the universal law; I must speak of the weather. And let me frankly say that I cannot like the English climate; the eternal rain disconcerts me. The English winter presses hard on all alike; it presses on the rich, for they do not know how to make their houses comfortable as we do in Canada with hot air or steam or hall stoves, to the absence of which, in my judgment, is to be largely attributed the prevalence of consumption in the British Islands. It is harder still on the poor, for

they cannot guard against the cold damp atmosphere of their dwelling if they would. A bright clear sky, with the snow crisp and dry as we have it in Canada, and this for weeks continuously, even although the temperature is much below that of an English winter, is infinitely preferable to dark gloomy skies and an unceasing downfall of rain. How under such depressing skies the Anglo-Saxon energy of character has survived, and led Englishmen into every land, from the Tropics to the Poles, and covered the face of the earth with busy and flourishing communities, is still to me one of those mysteries of which the solution lies deep below the surface. Any other race of men would have become as weak and colourless as the washed-out tints which æsthetically-disposed young men and women now profess to admire, and would never have strayed beyond the borders of the British Isles.—*Hon. P. Cartaret Hill, in Cassell's Magazine.*

CHARLES READE.—AN EPITAPH.

HERE rests in peace—if rest he can—  
A crooked-brained, straight-hearted man,  
A Quixote full of fire misplaced,  
A social saviour run to waste.  
Of plenteous zeal but wisdom scant,  
Perverse, perfervid, petulant,  
He took his every fad to be a  
Divinely-sanctioned panacea,  
And warped his powers from higher uses  
Abusively to right abuses.  
Unskilled to reach the root of things,  
He spent his strength on tinkering,  
In controversies small and great  
Would dogmatize and fulminate,  
Till "Hold—enough!" the public cried,  
Converted—to the other side.  
Thus sympathetic zeal intense,  
And industry and eloquence  
Have left upon the roll of fame  
No record but a fading name;  
For, gauge his merit as you will,  
'Tis "manner makes the classic" still,  
And he who rests in silence here  
Was but a copious pamphleteer.

GAMBLING WOMEN IN AMERICA.

THERE may be as many gambling women in Europe, but there are, to our knowledge, as yet, no gambling-houses exclusively instituted for women. In that respect America has the advantage, or the disadvantage of Europe, if we may believe an American newspaper, which publishes a description of a so-called ladies' club in New York, a palatial edifice to which only women are admitted, and in which, like in any other gambling-house, fortunes are daily won and lost. The proprietress of this "club" is thoroughly proficient for her post as superintendent, having for many years lived with the proprietor of one of the most famous gambling-houses of New York. After quarrelling with him she hired the house where at present she rules supreme over a staff of female servants and assistants. No outsider is admitted who cannot show a card from the proprietress or an introduction from a frequenter. Only once has the bank been very low, but at the last moment a Creole gamestress appeared, lost a fortune at one sitting, and since then business has been flourishing, and the handsome proprietress no longer thinks of closing. This is a kind of female enterprise which, it is to be hoped, will remain on the other side of the Atlantic.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

CREMATION IN SPAIN.

LIGHT is spreading even in Spain. It is a little humiliating for Englishmen, fresh from the perusal of Sir W. Harcourt's diatribe against cremation, to hear that at the last meeting of the Council of Health at Madrid it was unanimously agreed to memorialize the Government in favour of permitting cremation at the request of individuals in all cases where the relatives of the deceased are not opposed to it, and to make cremation compulsory in times of great epidemics. Of course, a Council of Health is naturally more advanced than a Home Secretary; but surely an English Home Secretary might at least be as liberal as a Spanish Council of Health.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF CHURCH MUSIC.

WITH slow and uncertain steps music, the youngest sister of the arts, timidly groped her way during the long period of ten centuries, that is, from about the time of St. Ambrose (at the close of the fourth), to the latter part of the fourteenth century. During this long period the different nations of Europe had contributed about equally to the slow development of the art of music. But now we see the Netherlanders taking the lead, and impressing their individuality upon the musical art forms. After the destruction of the old Roman Empire, a new civilization arose from its ruins. Feudalism united the citizens in powerful corporations. Wealth and liberty gave to literature, art and science, a new impulse. Bologna, Pisa, Padua, Parma, Naples and other cities, established universities and schools of learning. To these institutions flocked students from

all countries, to listen to the teaching of the great masters who were assembled within their walls. Advanced in literature, art and science, as was the favoured land of Italy, and though *contra* to the uninformed idea, it remains a fact that to the inhabitants of the Dutch Republic belongs the credit of having made the first real advancement in the science of music. During the period of Italian literary and scientific brilliancy referred to, foreign musicians filled all the principal posts, and stood at the head of her schools of music, chapels, and church choirs, for more than a century; and of those, the larger number were from the Netherlands. The greater freedom which came with the new religion and feudalism did not long remain in its original state. Power was misused in many cases, but too successfully, to crush out the liberty of the people.

During the period of the middle ages, to the Church belongs the credit of having protected the infant arts and literature and, with these, the first crude attempts at music founded upon a scientific basis. The oldest masses known, written in contrapuntal style, are to be found in the archives of the Pope's chapel in Rome. William Dufay, who is said to have been born at Chimay in Hainault, is their author. This composer, it is generally admitted, was the first to write masses of any artistic merit, and although he took for contrapuntal treatment his *canti firmi* usually from the Gregorian chants or "tones," he not infrequently made use of secular melodies for the same purpose, and without the slightest intention *contra* to the dignity of the church. Not only Dufay, but every composer from his time to that of Palestrina, composed masses founded upon profane subjects, as "*Canti firmi*." Thus we find, "*Adieu, Mes Amours*," "*Malheur me bat*," "*Des rouges nez*," etc. The masses thus composed took their titles from the secular airs upon which they were founded. It certainly sounds curious to read "The mass of the red nose," etc. Masses which were not composed over such subjects were simply termed masses *sine nomine*. The impropriety of such a practice was by many condemned, and by others defended. Through the gradual development, richer invention and greater experience and practice, in the art of counterpoint, composers began to rely more upon themselves, and in course of time this method of composing disappeared. The composer whose works still possess artistic merit and who, as did most of the composers of those times, devoted himself to composing for the Church, was a Netherlander named Josquin des Prés (about 1445, died 1521). This justly celebrated musician, who has left a large number of works for the Church, motets, masses, etc., was the first composer bold enough to break through the earlier artificial construction of contrapuntal phrases, and to seek, with all his art, to give a fuller significance to the meaning of the words. Josquin des Prés was much admired by his contemporaries, and the historians seem to agree in placing him high above the heads of the composers of his own time, and a great many who succeeded him. Certain it is that his motets are such master works that, well performed, they will be listened to through all time as real jewels among sacred compositions. Josquin des Prés was followed by Adrian Willaert, born at Bruges 1490. In 1527 he was appointed chapel master in the church of St. Marc, Venice. This composer wrote much for the church, and his influence as a teacher of musical science and art was great and beneficial. He was the inventor of the double chorus in the antiphonal form in church music.

From these three composers, who were representative men of the schools of the Netherlands, and who, as we have seen, exerted their influence upon the Italians, as chapel masters and heads of schools of music, and in various parts of Italy, sprang a race of Italian composers for the Church. Of these one of the earliest, and perhaps greatest of his time, was Palestrina (1524, 1594). But before proceeding to speak of Palestrina, mention should be made of those English musicians who, contemporaneously with the Netherlanders, had given to the Church many a fine motet and anthem. Among the most famous of these were Tallis, Bird, Morley, John Bull, and Orlando Gibbons. The Italians, under the guidance of such excellent composers and teachers as the Netherlanders, gradually made themselves masters of the difficult art of counterpoint; and Palestrina was the first Italian who, formed in the great school of the Netherlanders, applied his profound knowledge of counterpoint, coupled with a remarkable genius, to that noble school of church music which was named after him, the Palestrina style. This composer studied deeply the Gregorian chant, and remained true all his life to the traditions of the systems of the ecclesiastical modes. In Palestrina's works Catholic Church music found its culminating point, and formed the close of a great unique epoch in our musical art. To the genius of Palestrina the credit is due of having saved figured or contrapuntal music from banishment from the Catholic Church for all time. The reverend fathers, angered at the treatment of profane subjects for church purposes, and the contrapuntal artificialities, with which the words were so overloaded as to render them unintelligible, had petitioned the Pope on the subject. Pius IV. was about to take sweeping measures, but before doing so, appointed a committee of cardinals and singers of his chapel, to examine the subject and to recommend the means for a reform. Palestrina wrote three masses, of which, one in six parts pleased throughout. This mass, said to be a wonderful work, is built upon a canon, and treated in artificial contrapuntal form from first to last. It is known as the "*Missa Papae Marcelli*," and is dedicated in grateful remembrance to his former protector, Pope Marcellus II. The victory of this work, gained for Palestrina the title of "Saviour of Church Music."

J. DAVENPORT KERRISON.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"THE TILLEY MISSION."—The author omitted to send his name and address.  
JACK PLANE did not enclose his name and address.  
DEMOS.—Your letter shall appear next week.

## BOOK NOTICES.

HENRY IRVING'S IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA. By Joseph Hatton. Boston: James R. Osgood and Company. 1884.

Mr. Hatton has added little to his fame as a *litterateur* in this book, and has offended not a few admirers by the somewhat fulsome spirit which pervades it. Mr. Irving's repute as an actor is probably as well merited as it is world-wide; but it must always be remembered that he is *facile princeps*—not amongst giants, but amongst histrionic pigmies. A well-informed actor he unquestionably is, and successful—he is ever conscientious and painstaking, according to his own lights—but he could never by any stretch of imagination be called great. The absurd rage for hero-worship elevated him beyond his sphere, and has spoilt him—that being more the fault of his too-gushing admirers than his own. For all this, Mr. Hatton's book contains some very good reading, most of which, however, has already been given piecemeal in extracts by the press. The following excerpt, "From Toronto to Boston," is more or less apropos of these columns, and also interesting:

The blizzard was in full possession of Toronto, but the air was dry, the sky blue and sunny. There was a brief interval for a snow-storm. But it came in a bright, frosty fashion. The sidewalks were hard, sleighs dashed along the leading thoroughfares. Lake Ontario was a vast plain, upon which disported skaters, walkers, riders, drivers, and that most fairy-like of "white-wings," the ice-boat. Did you ever fly across the silvery ice on runners, with sails bending before the wind? It is an experience; you may spin along at sixty miles an hour, or more. If you are not wrapped to the eyes in fur you may also freeze to death. The sensation of wild, unchecked motion is intensely exhilarating; but, if you are a novice, want of care or lack of grip may send you flying into space, or scudding over the ice on your own account. A secure seat is only obtained by accommodating yourself all the time to the motion of your most frail, but elegant arrangement of timbers and skating-irons.

The leading characteristic winter sport of Canada is Tobogganing. The word "Toboggan" is Indian for "sled." The French call it *Traine sauvage*. Two or three light boards deftly fastened together, a mattress laid upon them, a sort of hollow prow in front, into which a lady thrusts her feet,—that is a toboggan. It is like a toy canoe or boat, with a flat bottom and no sides. The lady passenger sits in front; the gentleman behind. He trails his legs upon the ice slide, and thus guides the machine. It is not necessary, of course, that there should be two passengers; nor, being two, that one of them should be a lady. The contrivance was invented by the North American Indians. They used it for the transportation of burdens. The squaws sometimes made it available for hauling along their children. The pioneer troops of Courcelles, Tracy, and Montcalm, made a kit carriage of it.

There is a famous Tobogganing Club at Toronto. It has a slide of half a mile in length, down the side of a hill in a picturesque suburban valley. The slide starts at an angle of about forty-five degrees, then it runs along a short flat; then it drops, as if going over a frozen Niagara, to shoot out along a great incline, that might be the frozen rapids. To stand at the summit and watch the gay tobogganers slip away, and then disappear down the Niagara-like precipice, to shoot out as a bolt from a gun along the remainder of the pass, is to realize the possible terrors of a first trip.

Miss Terry watched the wild looking business with amazement, and built up her courage on the experiences of the ladies who took the flying leap with delight. They were dressed in pretty flannel costumes, and their faces glowed with healthful excitement. But they were practised tobogganers. Some of them could not remember when they took their first slide. A sturdy officer of the club explained the simplicity of the sport to the famous actress, and offered to let her try half the slide, beginning at the section below Niagara.

"I ought to have made my will first, but you can give my diamond ring to your wife," she exclaimed, waving her hand to me, as she drew her cloak about her shoulders and stepped into the frail looking sled.

As she and her stalwart cavalier, in his Canadian flannels, flew safely along the slide, her young English friend and admirer followed. They had not been upon the wintry scene ten minutes, in fact, before both of them were to be seen skimming the mountain-slide at the speed of the flying Dutchman of the Midland Railway; and on one point, much faster, I expect.

"Oh, it was awful, wonderful, magnificent," Miss Terry exclaimed, when she had mounted the hill again, ready for a second flight. "I have never experienced anything so surprising. It is like flying; for a moment you cannot breathe.

And away she went again, followed at respectful distance, to avoid collision, by other excursionists, the slide fairly flashing with the bright flannels and gay head-dresses of the merry tobogganers.

"Yes," she said, on her return, "it is a splendid pastime. The Canadians are quite right, it beats skating, ice-boating, trotting, everything in the way of locomotion. What matters the cold, with such exercise as tobogganing?"

AN AVERAGE MAN.—By Robert Grant. Boston: James R. Osgood and Company.

Mr. Grant's charming story has won golden opinions during its issue in the *Century*, and its publication in volume form will be welcomed by all. It is an essentially American novel of the period, the characters painted being such as are met in every-day life—some of them very unlovely, others being quite up to the "average." The author attempts no defence or palliation of the pettinesses of his more superficial characters, and succeeds in his attempt to show that despite the artificiality and hollowness of the majority of the units of which New York and Newport societies are composed, it is possible to live a noble life in those places. In the course of his story Mr. Grant takes us into the immoralities of the social world, the unsavoury political arena, the exciting fashionable whirl, and the feverish centre of Wall street, and though in doing this he has necessarily to write of some unpleasant things, the undercurrent of serious purpose and reverence for lofty motive more than remove the depressing effects of the exposures.

BOUND TOGETHER: a Sheaf of Papers. By Donald G. Mitchell. New York: Messrs. Scribner.

The second half of the title given to this book ought to have been put first. If it had been made to read "A Sheaf of the Papers Bound Together" it would have explained itself at sight. The author of "Reveries of a Bachelor" has collated, as might have been expected, some excellent reading and miscellaneous. The volume includes, amongst others, essays on "Titian and his Times," "The Procession of the Months,"

"In-Doors and Out-of-Doors," "College Talk," etc. The informal, almost Bohemian, style of Ik Marvel is too well known to require eulogy. It is enough to say that his hand has not lost its cunning nor his pen its dash and fire in the editing of this charming agglomeration.

LIFE OF THE QUEEN. By Sarah Tytler. Edited by Lord Ronald Gower. Toronto: George Virtue, Adelaide-street, East.

Parts V. and VI. of this fine work are to hand, and contain splendid full-page engravings of "The Royal Yacht off Mount St. Michael." H. M. after coronation, and engravings of statues of the Prince of Wales and Princess Royal. Chapter X recounts the first attempt upon the Queen's life, by Edward Oxenford. In chapter XI. "The first christening" is described, and the following chapter treats of the "Birth of the Prince of Wales," "The Afghan Disasters," "Visit of the King of Prussia," etc. John Francis' attempt to assassinate the Queen, and Bean's absurd fiasco are also described at length. Chapter XIV. is devoted to an account of Her Majesty's first visit to Scotland, whilst Part VI. concludes with an interesting chapter on the birth of the Princess Alice.

LIFE OF LISZT. By Louis Noel. Translated from the German by George P. Upton. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg, and Co.

In his preface the translator gives a synopsis of the work, which is rather an essay upon the personal and musical characteristics of Liszt than a biography of him. Dr. Noel was a strong admirer of Liszt, and this is distinctly traceable throughout the volume. In an appendix Mr. Upton gives much interesting matter that serves to explain, and sometimes to illustrate, the contents. This book forms the fifth of Messrs. Jansen's "Biographies of Musicians," the previous volumes being the lives of Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn, and Wagner, respectively, but will probably be of more present interest to Torontonians than the last-named, as the splendid portrait of Liszt at Mason & Risch's music-rooms has attracted a great deal of attention of late.

OUR JOSHUA AS A REPORTER. By "Brother Jonathan." Frederickton, N.B.: Herman H. Pitts.

A book lately published by the author of the "Bro. Jonathan Sketches." It graphically describes the trials of "Our Joshua" as the devil in a printing office, and his experiences as a reporter on a weekly and daily paper. It is brimful of anecdotes and sketches of newspaper life, and will be particularly interesting to those who have been at some time connected with journalism. Joshua's many scrapes in the printing office in company with his friend Spuds are dwelt on at length; his trials as a reporter; his falling in love and leaving home on account of a difficulty with the "boss;" and finally his triumphant return, all form the basis of an interesting story.

## THE PERIODICALS.

THE June number of the *Andover Review* is the best that has yet appeared. It contains noteworthy articles on "Transition Periods in Religious Thought," "The English Pre-Raphaelite and Poetical School of Painters," "Frederick Maurice in Present Thought," and "Mechanical Evolution."

"OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN" is now far and away ahead of its outdoor sport rivals in the magazine world. The reading matter in the June number is especially interesting, whilst the illustrations would do credit to any publication. The yachting pictures make one long for the cool breezes one can almost imagine blow off them, and the bicycle sketches are sufficient to "enthuse" the most phlegmatic. Some reproductions of outdoor life from the National Academy Exhibition are also worthy special notice.

THE *Art Union* for May—this journal is published at the end of each month, and the May number is only just to hand—has for a frontispiece an engraving by James D. Smillie, of Gilbert Gaul's "Silenced." The picture represents a recently-deserted battle-field on a moonlight night in winter. A soldier wounded and left for dead has recovered consciousness, but there is no one near to help him. The subject is a wierd, yet fascinating one. Another illustration, "Chianti," is a reproduction of a charcoal sketch; "Humble Life," and "Evening on the French Coast," are pictures by J. H. Dolph and Harry Chase, respectively.

WITH the June issue *The Overland Monthly* finishes vol. III. Henry S. Brooks has in this number a well-digested paper on "The Pot-Boiler in Art." This class of work, he says, is usually done in the studio, has a conventional composition, with a foreground, distance and middle distance strictly according to rule. Marine subjects are, he observes,

"frequently found among the pot-boilers, for although nothing is more difficult to paint well than water in movement, it is astonishing how much canvas can be covered by an expanse of green or blue waves, by means of certain tricks well known to the marine painter, supplemented by an economical perspective. The gaily painted barge, too, is a most tempting subject, both as regards colour and drawing, taking a great deal of the former to very little of the latter. It is rarely that an artist has even a sketch before him when he is painting work of this character, for the class of men most given to the painting of pot-boilers have generally sold their sketches."

"A Story of Browning," by Caroline le Conte, is also excellent reading; and the other principal papers are "Market and Fairs," "A Country Garden," "The Literature of Mr. Justice Shallow," "Some Southern Mesos," "Heligoland and a Romance," Chile, Bolivia, Peru," "Not a Marrying Man," Yuka Legends," "The Haunted House at Ossipee," etc.

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

MR. J. W. L. FORSTER, of Toronto, has been commissioned to paint a presentation portrait of ex-mayor Lowrie, of Sarnia.

SIMS REEVES, the great tenor, is contemplating a tour in the States if his health will permit, and he can make arrangements with Mr. Abbey.

ESTES AND LAURIAT have in preparation an edition of Moore's "Lalla Rookh," to be illustrated by nearly two hundred coloured photogravures.

THE *Springfield Republican* has commenced a series of stories by American authors. They will run several months, Mr. James having contributed the first.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER has been forbidden by his physicians to undertake his contemplated voyage to Australia, and his expected destination is now some sunny spot in the Riviera.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS have issued a new edition of Colonel Brackenbury's "Frederick the Great," in which the twenty-two maps and battle-plans omitted from the first edition have been inserted.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE and his publishers are receiving a large number of letters from readers in England and America, asking whether "Archibald Malmaison," the book lately published in Funk & Wagnalls' Standard Library is a true history.

"CARDINAL NEWMAN," "The Mad Czar," "Courts of Three Presidents—Thiers, MacMahon, and Grevy," "John Bull et Son Ile," "The Juggernaut," and "Irish Love and Laughter," are the principal selections in the current number of *Littell's Living Age*.

AN order has been issued forbidding the members of the orchestra at the Grand Opera, Paris, from bringing opera glasses with them. It seems these gentlemen have been using the said glasses rather too freely in examining the beauties in front of the house.

A FIDDLE which Washington played is offered by Col. J. Washington for \$1,500, and an effort is being made to buy it for Miss Custis's music room at Mount Vernon, which already has the harpsichord the general gave Miss Custis, and the flute upon which he used to accompany her.

MRS. SPURGEON, the wife of the famous London preacher, has established a "book fund" for the supply of books to poor ministers. Last year she gave away more than 7,000 books, and during the past six years over 40,000, and by making frames for photographs she has earned £50, which she has devoted to this work.

"CHOICE LITERATURE" is a monthly magazine not sufficiently well-known in Canada. As its name implies, it is eclectic, and the June number contains, amongst other selections, articles by the Duke of Argyle, Robert Griffin, LL.D., Principal Dawson, Herbert Spencer, Octavia Hill, Col. Fred. Burnaby, Matthew Arnold, and by the editors of *The Fortnightly*, *The Spectator*, and *The Academy*.

MISS SAFFRONHUE is an aesthete, and when someone quoted one of Oscar Wilde's imbecile verses the other night, she raised her hands in admiration and murmured, "Continue, oh, do continue. I just dote on Wilde." "My child," said her father, who overheard the remark, "when I was your age I had sown my Wilde dotes." It required five smelling bottles to restore Miss Saffronhue's equilibrium.

THE last novel written by Charles Reade, entitled "A Perilous Secret," will be published by Messrs. Bentley early in July. Mr. Reade finished the novel two or three months before his death, and told his godson, Mr. Charles Liston, "This will be my last novel; put at the end, 'The curtain drops.'" Mr. Bentley published his first novel, "Peg Woffington," and the last will now appear from the same house.

A PRINTER'S amusing error deserves to be recorded. A very expensive and elaborate missal was published some time ago by a Paris firm. Among the directions for the celebration of mass is one which should be "Ici le pretre ote sa calotte," but by the unfortunate change of a letter it was found when most of the edition had been bound, to the publisher's horror, to read "Ici le pretre ote sa culotte."

A BIOGRAPHY of Henry Irving, by Frederick Daly, has just been issued in London. It gives more facts about Mr. Irving than had before been made known, an analysis of American criticism of his acting, and a variety of miscellaneous matter. "Frederick Daly" is the pseudonym of a person who has been for years in intimate communication with Irving, and who has written this book, so to speak, with the collaboration of the actor.

A NUMBER of ladies held a meeting at Bedford-park the other day, and discussed the great question, "Is man inferior to woman?" They excluded man from the meeting, and decided unanimously that he was inferior. To refuse to give the masculine animal a chance of asserting his superiority to, or, at any rate, equality with, woman, and then to decide the issue against him, is not a very logical proceeding. At Bedford-park the ladies are particularly demonstrative.

AN interesting connecting link with the past is severed by the death of the venerable Lady Dukinfield. She was at the celebrated ball at Brussels the night before Waterloo, immortalised in verse by Byron. She saw the officers called away, witnessed the subsequent departure of the troops, and the next day saw the Duke of Wellington ride out from the city followed by his aide-de-camp. Lady Dukinfield was on the ramparts throughout the day of battle, and saw the wounded brought in. Her eldest brother was killed at the head of his company.

SHAKSPEREAN students will be glad to learn that the church of Stratford-on-Avon is no longer in danger from those who have been agitating lately for a very reckless restoration. The fabric has been for some years out of repair, and at the suggestion of Mr. C. E. Flower the services of the Society for Protecting Ancient buildings have been called into requisition. The society's architect last week examined the building with the local authorities, and his report is awaited in many quarters with much interest.

MR. W. R. HAIGHT, of Toronto, one day accidentally came across a bundle of old pamphlets entitled "The Poor Man's Preservative Against Popery," printed by G. P. Ball, *Courier* office, Market House, Toronto, and which he purchased. This work, he claims, is "The First Book Printed in Toronto," and he has bound each copy in an illuminated cover bearing that legend, offering it to the public as a semi-centennial souvenir. As there is none but negative evidence of the pamphlet being actually "the first book" printed in the city, it will be interesting to observe if the merit claimed for it will be contested.

A LITERARY work which in its double form of novel and drama has yielded its author nearly \$60,000 in a couple of years, is one to awaken both curiosity and interest. Such has been the pecuniary result of Mr. Georges Ohnet's "Le Maitre de Forges," which is shortly to be presented to English readers in one-volume form. In England the play has been adapted on two occasions by Mr. Robert Buchanan, under the title of "Lady Clare," and more recently by Mr. A. W. Pinero, as "The Iron-master," and up to the present date no fewer than 120,000 copies of "Le Maitre de Forges" in its form as a novel have already been sold in France.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, the English naturalist, the student and biographer of ants, has a dog whose intelligence he is testing by means of cards printed with various words expressive of his wants. When hungry, the story goes, the dog will pick up the card bearing the word "Food," and carry it in his mouth to his master. Similarly the card "Water," when his drinking bowl is dry; and when his beloved master grows so absorbed over his books and papers of a morning as to pay his favourite no attention, the dog will select a card printed "Pet me," and carrying it, lay it beseechingly in his master's lap. We should think it might be easy to experiment on a dog's sense for colour, and we recommend Sir John's methods with his faithful animal to other investigators.

SPEAKING of Mrs. Langtry, reminds us that inconsistency is one of the chief characteristics of society. After all that has been said and done to keep Mrs. Langtry out of society in America, it certainly looks now as if she would soon get into it, and at no distant day either. The other day she gave a lunch at her house in Thirteenth street to twelve women. Eight of the guests move in good society, and besides attending this lunch of Mrs. Langtry's, visit her frequently. Mrs. Langtry is certainly one of the most charming and fascinating women off the stage, she has a lovely house, and understands thoroughly the art of entertaining. Crowds go to see her as *Galatea* and come away apparently delighted. It is hard to tell what draws people to see Mrs. Langtry, but that she does draw there can be no doubt.

ONE day M. Pasteur, the great French scientist who has just discovered that hydrophobia can be cured by inoculation, received a letter from a distant French province. A man in humble circumstances wrote to him that on such a date he had been bitten by a mad dog. In spite of speedy cauterization, the symptoms of rage had shown themselves, and this unknown would-be martyr offered himself simply and without heroic phrase to Pasteur for his experiments. "I will come," he said, "to Paris, and place myself in a hospital at your orders; there you may study me at your will." M. Pasteur at once telegraphed this worthy man that the malady with which he believed himself infected was purely imaginary; that, according to the dates given in his letter, the period of incubation of the virus had long ago passed by, and that he should not worry concerning hydrophobia which was practically impossible. The event proved that M. Pasteur was absolutely correct.

## THE HOUSEKEEPER'S MOAN.

Oh! many a time I am sad at heart,  
And I haven't a word to say;  
When I hear folks sigh for the simple joys  
That come in the month of May.  
They talk of the beauties fair Nature displays,  
Of her leafy glades so green;  
I think of the housekeeping worries involved  
In the annual Spring time "clean."  
And I tell them they need not come talking to me,  
Till my work is done, and my hands are free,—  
For how can I picture a world so fair,  
While my curtains are down and my floors are bare.

They rave about sunshine, its brilliance and power,  
And prate of its health-giving rays;  
I glance at my time-worn belongings, and think  
They looked better in dark, dingy days.  
The bright, garish sunlight reveals the defects  
The winter so tenderly veiled;  
Oh! who would imagine the labour and thought  
Those dreadful old patches entailed?  
But the work once accomplished, my mind is at rest,  
And revels in sunshine as well as the best;  
Dame Nature seems lovelier than ever in June,  
For my house is in order, my thoughts are in tune.

Ramsay.

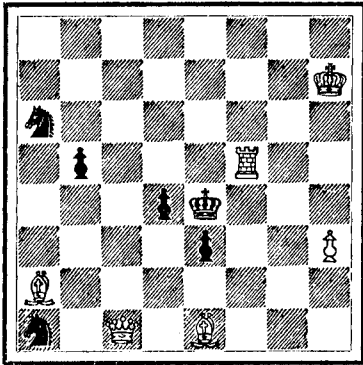
A MANX NORTHSIDE LASSIE.

CHESS.

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

PROBLEM No. 20.

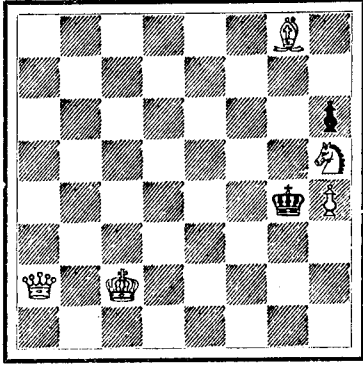
Composed for THE WEEK by J. Parkinson, Toronto Chess Club.



White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 21.

Composed for THE WEEK by J. McGregor, Toronto Chess Club.



White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 12.

1. Q Kt 8. Correct solution received from E. B. G., Montreal; H. J. C., London; W. B. M., Detroit; G. S. C., Toronto; W. A., Montreal.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 13.

1. Kt Q R 4 if K takes Kt, 2 P Kt 4, 3 B B 4, 4 R mates, if 1 any other 2 P Kt 4 ch., etc. Correct solution received from W. A., Montreal; H. J. C., London.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. B., Unionville.—Thanks, come often. W. A., Montreal.—1. B B 6 is not the author's solution. It is a cook. Your demonstration is good. H. J. C., London.—Welcome to the ranks—hope to hear from you regularly. J. W. M., Cincinnati.—Will do what I can for you in the matter. Editor La Stratagie—Some of the numbers are out of print. Will send most of the columns.

GAME No. 13.

From the Morning Chronicle.

Game played May 10th, in the Tournament now being held at the City Chess Club, Montreal.

Table with 4 columns: WHITE (Mr. Wildman), BLACK (Mr. Ascher), WHITE (Mr. Wildman), BLACK (Mr. Ascher). Lists chess moves for both sides.

NOTES.

- (a) The only good move at this juncture.
(b) We prefer 8 B Q Kt 2 to prepare for castling Q side as soon as possible.
(c) Weak.
(d) Kt takes P was much preferable.
(e) The ending has been played in excellent style by Mr. Ascher.

AN INTERESTING POSITION.

The April number of La Stratagie contains a remarkable proof of the liability of even the greatest players and analysts to overlook a winning line of play, notwithstanding the importance of the contest. In a game played in the Handicap Tournament of the Parisian Cercle des Echecs, on the 26th January, 1884, between Messrs. Clerc and Chamier, two of the strongest players in France, the following position occurred after Whites 14th move. White (M. Clerc) K K R 1 Q K B 3 R s Q R 1, K B 1, K t s Q B 3, K 2, B s Q 3, Q 2, P s Q R 2, Q K t 2, Q B 2, K 4, K B 2, K K t 2, K R 2, Black (M. Chamier) K K K t 1, Q Q 1, R s Q R 1, K 1, K t s K K t 3, K R 4, B s Q B 1, Q B 4, P s Q R 2, Q K t 2, Q B 2, Q 3, K R 2, K K t 2, K R 3. At this point Black having the move played Q K R 5, and the game resulted in a draw. M. Rosenthal, the French champion, who annotates the game, declares this move to be a premature attack, and suggests R K 4 as the stronger play.

Now we have carefully examined the position, and with all due deference to the opinions of such eminent players, we are confident that had M. Chamier played Kt K 4 he would have won easily, e.g., 14 Kt K 4 15 Q takes Kt 15 B K Kt 5 and Black wins the Q for two minor pieces.

GAME No. 14.

From La Stratagie.

A very interesting game reproduced some time since by The Times Democrat. King's, Bishop's, Gambit.

Table with 4 columns: WHITE (Harrwitz), BLACK (Anderson), WHITE (Harrwitz), BLACK (Anderson). Lists chess moves for both sides.

NEWS ITEMS.

MR. HERBERT JACOBS has won the championship of the County of Surrey, England. STERNITZ says if the match with Zukertort does not take place in America now it will never take place.

DURING Zukertort's visit to Chicago he was beaten in two Allgaier Gambits by Mr. Adair, a Chicago lawyer, who, playing the champion single handed and with even forces, sacrificed the Kt and won in great style.

THE Commercial Gazette states that "while in New Orleans, Dr. Zukertort met Paul Morphy on Canal Street, and Mr. Morphy, who had known Dr. Z. in Paris years ago, came up and saluted him in French. Mr. Morphy said that urgent business had compelled his retirement from chess. The two met again on the same street, and Mr. Morphy spoke of imagined personal grievances, that showed plainly the condition of his mind. Dr. Zukertort is not hopeful that Mr. Morphy can be restored to mental health."

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FOR PRICES and CONDITIONS OF SALE and all information with respect to the purchase of Lands, apply to JOHN H. McTAVISH, Land Commissioner, Winnipeg. By order of the Board.

Montreal January, 1884.

CHARLES DRINKWATER, Secretary.

WHAT IS CATARRH ?

From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15.

Catarrh is a muco-purulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite amœba in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favourable circumstances, and these are:—Morbid state of the blood, as the blighted corpuscle of uerucle, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxo-mœa, 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 mucus tissue. So ne 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,

Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King St. West, Toronto, Canada,

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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.

Messrs. A. H. Dixon & Son: DEAR SIRS.—Yours of the 13th instant to hand. It seems almost too good to be true that I am cured of Catarrh, but I know that I am. I have had no return of the disease, and never felt better in my life. I have tried so many things for Catarrh, suffered so much and for so many years, that is hard for me to realize that I am really better.

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You are at liberty to use this letter stating that I have been cured at two treatments, and I shall gladly recommend your remedy to some of my friends who are sufferers.

Yours, with many thanks, REV. E. B. STEVENSON.

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With my sincerest regards I desire to send you my portrait. It has been painted for you by Baron Joukovsky, son of the renowned Russian author, and personal friend and instructor of the Emperor Alexander II. But now this Liszt portrait has turned out to be so remarkably successful that the people here wished to have a second similar one from Joukovsky for the Museum. The painter kindly complied with the request, by which a delay of two or three months is necessitated in my forwarding the first portrait to Toronto. Baron Joukovsky made the original sketches for the "Parsifal" scenes at Bayreuth, which were so successfully carried out.

Excuse, very honoured gentlemen, the delay, and accept the assurance of my highest regard.

F. LISZT.

It is no slight distinction that among the great Pianos of the world, it has been reserved for a Canadian instrument to win, not only the recognition, but the enthusiastic admiration of so profound a musician, artist, and composer as Dr. Franz Liszt, whose influence, moreover, is and has been, in the realm of art, one of the greatest forces of the nineteenth century.

Personally Messrs. Mason & Risch cannot but feel a just pride in being the recipients of so graceful a compliment; at the same time they, as Canadians, feel proud that the honour almost partakes of the character of a national compliment, as without doubt, this Liszt portrait will be the authentic historical portrait of THE GREAT MAN, and as such will become more celebrated in all art circles each succeeding year.

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THE MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

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CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1884.

THE SHARPLESS PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON. In steel. Frontispiece. DEFENCES OF NARRAGANSET BAY, RHODE ISLAND. Historical Sketch. Brevet Major-General George W. Cullum, U.S.A. Illustrations.—The Dumping Tower—Map of Narraganset Bay, R.I.—The Five Batteries: I. American Battery; II. Fort Green; III. Fort Chastellux; IV. Battery on the Bonnet; V. Battery on Conanicut Island. May of Military Operations in 1777-78 in Rhode Island—Fort Adams—Dumplings Tower—Conanicut Island—Fort Hamilton—Fort Wolcott. DISCOVERY OF THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK. P. Koch. THE SHARPLESS PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON. Walton W. Evans. THE RISE OF A MECHANICAL IDEAL. Illustrated. Charles H. Fitch. A DINNER WITH GENERAL SCOTT, IN 1861. Lieut.-General Charles P. Stone, late Chief of the General Staff of the Khedive in Egypt. ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS. Sir Henry Clinton's Original Secret Record of Private Daily Intelligence. Contributed by Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet. Edited by Edward F. De Lancey. Chapter IX. (Begun in October.) TWO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS FROM LAFAYETTE TO WILLIAM CONSTABLE, Esq., OF NEW YORK (1785, 1799). Contributed by Henry E. Pierrepont. The five admirably edited departments—Notes, Queries, Replies, Historical Societies, and Book Notices—occupy some thirteen of the handsome closing pages of the work.

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The Canadian Farm Journal which contains the largest amount of Property for Sale in Ontario of any list published, will be furnished to applicants by the London Office, 37 Royal Exchange, E.C., on receipt of 1d. postage, or by the Head Office in Toronto, on receipt of 3 cent stamp. Besides a large number of Farms and other property in all parts of the Province, they have amongst others the following beautiful residences:— 2502. Cobourg. Desirable residence, with extensive lawn and 8 acres of ground, beautifully laid out. The house and rooms are large, particularly the drawing-room. Price, \$8,000, which is a great bargain. 2079. Valuable small farm and residence, 28 acres, good loam soil, well watered, 2 storey brick residence, 10 rooms, kitchen and cellar, frame barn, carriage house, etc. Very fine orchard of choice fruit trees. Price, \$4,500; \$2,000 down, balance to suit at 6 per cent. 2500. Delightful residence in Port Burwell, comprising 23 acres fronting on Lake Erie. Large frame house, nearly new, 13 rooms, with bath, hot and cold water, etc. Also 2 frame dwellings, frame barn and numerous out-buildings. About 3 acres orchard of old and young trees. Price, \$6,000; \$2,000 down, balance on easy terms. J. R. ADAMSON, Manager. 14 ADELAIDE ST. EAST, TORONTO, ONT. HAMILTON MERRITT, ASSOCIATE ROYAL SCHOOL OF MINES, ETC., MINING ENGINEER & METALLURGIST, 15 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.

Grand Trunk Railway. NOTICE. Commencing on Monday, June 30th, and until further notice, a Pullman Car will leave Toronto by the 7.50 p.m. train daily for Kingston wharf, for the accommodation of parties wishing to take the steamer at that point. JOSEPH HICKSON, General Manager. MONTREAL, June 2nd, 1884.

Notice to Contractors. SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for a Breakwater. Port Arthur," will be received until MONDAY, the 30th day of June next, inclusively, for the construction of a BREAKWATER AT Port Arthur, Thunder Bay, according to a plan and specification to be seen on application to John Niblock, Esq., Superintendent Canada Pacific Railway, Port Arthur, and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, where printed forms of tender can be obtained. Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied and signed with their actual signatures. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned. The department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender. By order, F. H. ENNIS, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 22nd May, 1884.



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CIGARS. 476-350 JUST RECEIVED. LA SABINA, R.V. LA ROSA, R.F.F. FLOR DE MARLANTO, R.V. BEN FRANKLIN, R.V. GALELEN EGAL, R.V. FLOR DE PARLAGAS, R.V. LA ROSA, C.R. LA MIEL, C.R. LA BELLEZA, Con. LA ANGELITA, C.F. LA AMERICANA, C.R. ROSA ANGELINA, C.F. LA ELVIRA, O.F. LA SIRENA, Con. LA FLOR CABANA, Con.

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AMUSEMENTS. HORTICULTURAL GARDENS. Semi-Centennial. FRIDAY, JULY 4TH, MENDELSSOHN QUARTETTE CLUB of Boston, Assisted by Miss Fanny Kellogg and other artists. Reserved seats at the piano warehouses of Messrs. I. Suckling & Son. HORTICULTURAL GARDENS TUESDAY EVENING JUNE 24, CLAXTON'S ORCHESTRA Tickets at Nordheimer's. GRANITE RINK. Grand Military Promenade Concert. JUNE 30TH, JULY 1ST. SIGNOR ALIESANDRO LIBERATI. Tickets at Suckling's. HANLAN'S POINT FERRY. YORK STREET steamers run from 7.30 a.m. until 9.30 p.m.—last trip from Island 10 p.m. YONGE STREET steamers, 8 a.m. until 8 p.m. BROCK STREET steamer 10 a.m. until 9.30 p.m. Steamer Chicora. Daily, leaving Toronto at 7 a.m. and 2 p.m. for Niagara and Lewiston. Steamer Empress of India. Daily between Port Dalhousie and Toronto, in connection with G.T.R. and Welland division. Leaving Port Dalhousie at 10.5 a.m.; returning leave Toronto at 3.40 p.m.

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