

# THE WEEK:

A Canadian Journal of Politics, Literature, Science and Arts.

Seventh Year  
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TORONTO, FRIDAY, JULY 4th, 1890.

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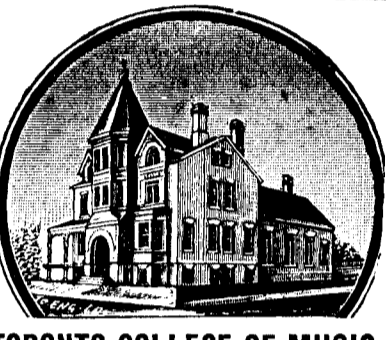
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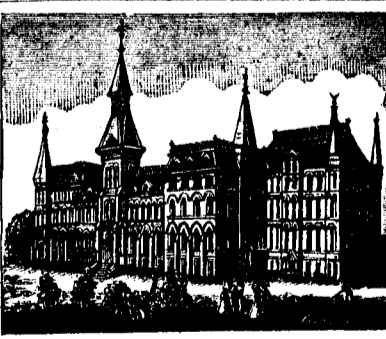
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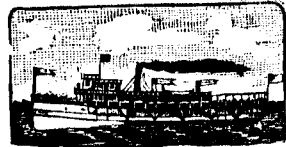
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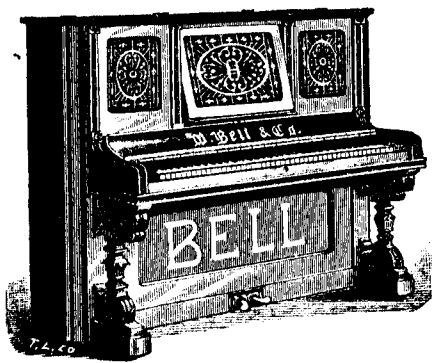


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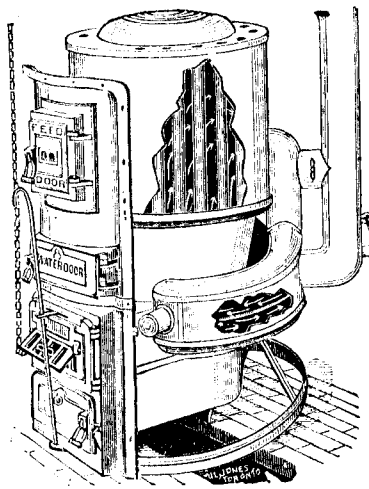
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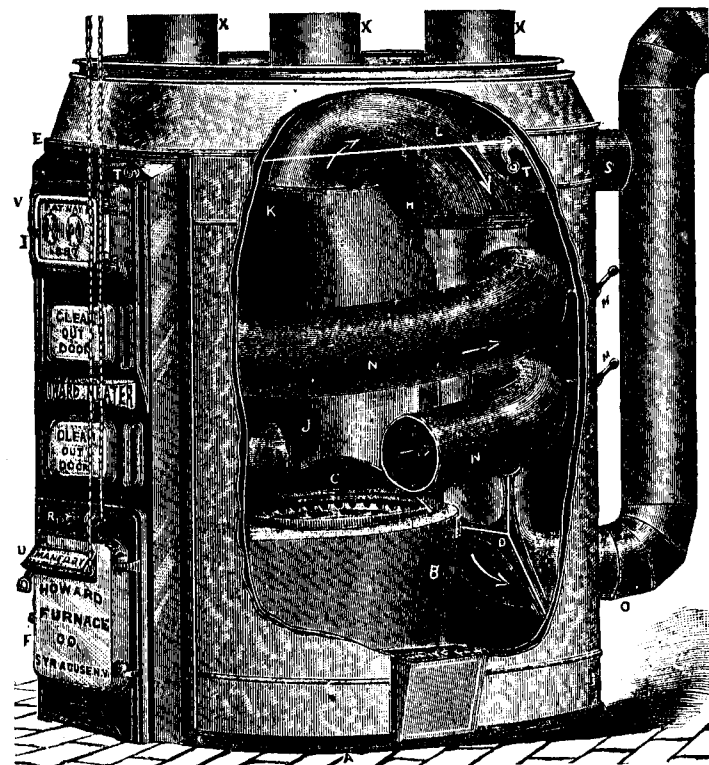
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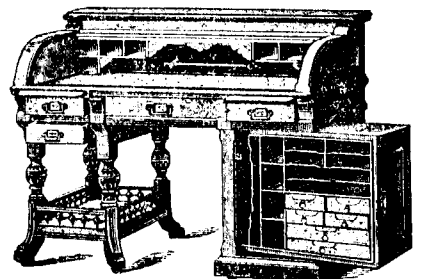
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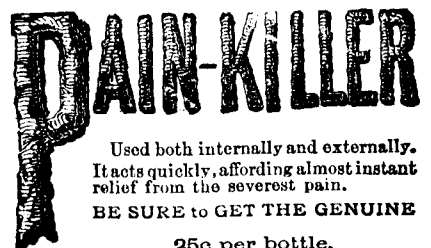
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

IF truth lies between extremes, the truth as to the success or failure of the Confederation of the Canadian Provinces should certainly be found somewhere between the *Globe's* and *Empire's* Dominion-Day articles. We cannot add that this truth is far to seek, for the space intervening is immense. Were we in need of a striking illustration of the power of party views and purposes to distort the vision we should feel that our search was ended when we had come upon the two articles in question. The fact is, we suppose, that the truth in this case lies about midway between the two. The union has neither been a grand success nor a disastrous failure. So far as the two Provinces of old Canada, at whose instance and in whose interests it was brought about, are concerned, it accomplished the main purpose sought. It opened a way out of the pit of political despair into which sectional strife had brought them. To the Upper Province it brought the representation by population for which it had been so long struggling. To the Lower Province it continued, though under changed conditions, the power of controlling legislation by means of the "solid vote," which had been the source of its previous power. Whether that power has been hitherto, or is likely to be hereafter, greatly abused, we do not now undertake to say. To the Maritime Provinces the Confederation, so reluctantly entered into, has brought some material advantages. Whether these are counterbalanced, or more than counterbalanced by the injury which the high tariff has done them, is a question upon which there is room for and is much difference of opinion. Confederation has succeeded in making possible the construction of great public works whose usefulness will probably be much greater in the future than in the past. It has led to the establishment of manufactures on a much larger scale than could have been anticipated at the date of union. Above all it has opened up the great Northwest, destined to become the abode of prosperous millions. But if the chief end of Confederation was to bind together in a common national feeling the British subjects in the different Provinces, it

has lamentably failed. The people of the Maritime Provinces are scarcely more Canadians in sentiment than they were twenty years ago. We speak of this, not in a pessimistic spirit, but as an evil which should be recognized and if possible removed. We despair of its removal so long as we retain our Colonial status, causing those Provinces, by reason of the disproportionate size of Ontario and Quebec, to feel like colonies of a colony. Probably the mistake of retaining the name previously belonging to one part of the original territory helps to perpetuate this feeling. When the time comes for us to ask and receive the status of an independent nation we may hope to see the sentiments of nationality and patriotism developed to whatever extent they may be capable of development.

THE Dominion Government still adheres to its purpose of subsidizing a line of fast mail steamers between certain specified ports in Canada and others on the European side of the Atlantic. If the service can be obtained at any expense reasonably within the resources of the Dominion there can be no doubt that the arrangement is a very desirable one. A direct weekly mail line will doubtless, if properly managed, have considerable effect in promoting trade and intercourse with the Mother Country. On two or three points, however, there is room for difference of opinion in commercial quarters, as to the best means of accomplishing the end in view. In the first place it seems nearly axiomatic that the benefits of such a service will depend very largely upon the provision made for direct and rapid transmission of merchandise. The absence of any stipulations in regard to freight-carrying capacity cannot surely mean, as some are interpreting it, that the vessels in question are not to be required to carry freight, as well as passengers. The saving of time in the transmission of mails and passengers will be discounted to the half of its value to the business men who will be the line's best patrons, if they have to wait for the arrival of their merchandise, at either side of the Ocean, by the old routes. It surely must be possible in these days to combine an average speed of eighteen or nineteen miles an hour with a moderate capacity for freight. If not, we have little doubt that the voice of the great majority of those interested would be in favour of a reduction of the rate of speed to the necessary extent. Another point of great importance is the choice of route and termini. Quebec in summer and Halifax, or Halifax and St. John in winter are of course the correct points on this side of the Ocean, but if business, not sentiment, is to be the controlling principle, as the people have a right to demand, it seems impossible to defend the proposal to make a port in France the terminus on the other side and Southampton or Plymouth merely a port of call. At least if there is any reason based on commercial facts and figures for extending the trip to France, it has not yet been given to the public. THE WEEK, as our readers know, has taken no part in the race discussions which have been, unhappily, all too rife during the last few years. We have no anti-French prejudices and are unable to see why our French fellow-citizens should not be permitted to cherish a little harmless nationalism, so long as it consists with thorough loyalty to British institutions. But we must join most heartily in a protest, which should gain irresistible force, against any proposal to allow simple business considerations in such an enterprise as this, to be sacrificed in any measure to mere racial sentiments. We are glad to see that some influential papers which usually support the Government are not afraid to express their disapproval of an arrangement which threatens to increase very largely and quite unnecessarily the expense of the new service, while not materially increasing and perhaps positively lessening its commercial value. Unless some strong reasons can be brought forth, of which no one seems as yet to have heard, people and press all over the country should unite, before it is too late, in such a protest as the Government could not disregard.

IT is now announced, on what seems to be good authority, that the Ottawa Government has decided to give such aid to the Hudson Bay Railway project as will ensure, with the aid the Province may be able to give, the construction of at least a large part of the road at an early day.

We have long been of opinion that the opening of railway connection with Hudson Bay should be the next great Canadian enterprise. It is true that many still doubt the feasibility of maintaining Ocean intercourse between that bay and Europe with sufficient regularity and for a sufficiently lengthy period of the year to make the route reliable for Ocean traffic. But the weight of evidence in favour of the more hopeful view is certainly great, and the magnitude of the benefits which would accrue to Manitoba and the Territories from the establishment of such a means of direct traffic with the Mother Country is enough to warrant risking a good deal on the venture. In any event the construction of the road to the Saskatchewan cannot be very unsafe, as a commercial investment, in view of the resources both agricultural and mineral that will be opened up. We hope to hear at an early day that all monetary arrangements have been successfully made by the enterprising men who have the matter in hand, and that the work is being vigorously pushed. Meanwhile, were we resident in Manitoba, we should not cease to keep an ambitious and expectant eye turned ever in the direction of the great northern inlet, and to cherish dreams of a vast and ever increasing volume of traffic pouring, at some day not very far distant, along the new route opened up by that short cut to England and Europe. And what so greatly interests our fellow-citizens on the prairies should interest all Canadians.

THE death of the Hon. A. W. McLelan, Lieutenant Governor of Nova Scotia, has removed from Canadian public life, if, indeed, the quiet but responsible and honourable retirement of the gubernatorial office can be so considered, another of those who have taken a prominent part in shaping the course of events in the Dominion since Confederation. As is well known by those who have followed attentively the history of the Dominion since its formation, the deceased gentleman was one of the many leading men in Nova Scotia who were at the outset strongly opposed to Confederation. He took a prominent part in the negotiations which led to the "better terms" arrangement by which the determined hostility of that Province was partially quelled. He had been elected to the Legislature of his native Province in 1858, and had continued to represent one of the Colchester ridings in that Legislature until the union. In 1869 he was called to the Senate by Sir John A. Macdonald, and about the same date was appointed one of the Commissioners for the construction of the Intercolonial Railway. The deceased first became a member of the Dominion Cabinet in 1881, a position which he retained until his appointment to the Lieutenant-Governorship of Nova Scotia about two years ago. During his seven years of service as a Cabinet Minister he held successively the position of President of the Council, and the offices of Minister of Marine and Fisheries, Minister of Finance and Postmaster-General. Though the announcement of his death came suddenly to the public who had had no previous notice of his illness, it was, we believe, not unexpected by his friends, who had noted indications of failing health for some months past. Mr. McLelan was a man of good native abilities, and was diligent and faithful in the discharge of the duties of the various offices with which he was entrusted.

THE announcement that General Middleton has resigned the command of the Canadian militia puts an end to a situation that was becoming painful. It was bad enough, in the first instance, that one occupying so high a position in a profession which prides itself on cherishing the most scrupulous sense of honour, should have been betrayed into the act that finally drew upon him the censure of Parliament. But when the officer thus censured went on, week after week, coolly attending to the duties of his office, as if nothing had happened, or as if resolved to treat with disdain the opinions of the people whose servant he was, even when these opinions had been expressed through Parliament, it was inevitable that public indignation should be aroused such as would have compelled stern action as soon as Parliament again met. The fact that General Middleton has at length made a virtue of necessity brings, therefore, a sense of relief to the country. It certainly

has done so to the independent press, which, while shrinking from following up so distasteful a subject with a persistency that might seem vindictive, yet could not permit the affair to drop without proving recreant to its trust. The Government can have now no alternative but acceptance, though, had the resignation been prompt, and atonement to the injured parties ample and spontaneous, there might well have been hesitation in the matter. Still, even in that case, it would have been impossible to forget that the wrong which is being tardily redressed was actually committed years ago, and that the accusation has again and again been made in a manner which no man, with a proper sense of what was due to his own reputation and to the service, could have disregarded. The question now suggests itself, What about those who advised the act which has brought this disgrace to the commander and who were to have been sharers in the spoil? Can they be permitted to retain important public offices, while the chief actor suffers the penalty? That would hardly be justice, British or Canadian; and it would greatly lessen the moral impression which it is desirable to make. As to the choice of a successor, it is evident that the occasion is opportune for making the change which many have long advocated, by the appointment of a Canadian officer to command the Canadian militia. It can hardly be that there are not now Canadians well qualified by military training and knowledge for the position. Admitting a degree of inferiority in the best Canadian officers in certain qualities which can be imparted only by long drill and active service in the regular army, it is still believed by many that any such deficiency would be more than offset, should any occasion arise requiring active service, (*Detestabile omen avertat Jupiter*) by the greater flexibility and power of adaptation to the genius and habits of Canadians, which a commander to the manner born would possess.

IF the circumstantial story told by the Washington correspondents may be relied on, the Behring Sea difficulty is likely to be permanently disposed of at an early day. The statement is that the *modus vivendi*, which had been proposed and at least tacitly agreed to by Mr. Blaine and Sir Julian Pauncefote, was peremptorily set aside by the President, at the demand of the new lessees of the United States' sealing privileges in those regions, and that the revenue cutters were ordered to Behring sea with instructions to seize as heretofore all vessels found catching seals in the disputed waters. The further statement that these orders were suddenly suspended before the cruisers had reached their destination, in consequence of the announcement that the British Government had at last resolved to protect British fishermen in the pursuit of their calling in neutral waters, accords with the fact, as we believe it to be, of the detention of these cruisers at Puget Sound to await further orders. The conduct of negotiations is said to have now been once more put into Mr. Blaine's hands, with the result that a temporary arrangement will be shortly reached, and a permanent settlement sought by arbitration at an early day. There is a verisimilitude about this story that leads us to believe that it will be found to contain at least a large admixture of truth. Though the United States' lack of jurisdiction in the disputed waters had been distinctly admitted, the expectation in sending the revenue cutters was that England would content herself with a mere protest as heretofore. This is without doubt, as we have always contended, precisely the assumption on which the American policy has been hitherto based. The statement that that assumption was ruthlessly upset by an intimation from Lord Salisbury agrees well with the decided tone suddenly assumed by the *Times* and other English papers, which are supposed to get their cues in such matters from high quarters. The result has been just what we have always maintained it would be. There was never the slightest danger that the American people would go to war or allow their Government to do so in defence of a claim which they know to be untenable and absurd, and which their best journals and publicists have frankly admitted to be so. Our neighbours have too much conscience as well as too much discretion to do that. They might look on and say little while their Government was playing a game of bluff. Many of them, no doubt, have been rather pleased with the success of that game in the past, and ready to applaud the cleverness of their Washington players. The British protests they could afford to smile at, so long as they believed, as they and we have had too much reason to do, that Great Britain would not assume any serious risks in the defence of colonial rights.

We may now earnestly hope that the by-play is ended and that the representatives of both nations will set themselves seriously and honestly to the task of finding a peaceful, friendly, and mutually honourable solution, not only of this but of all outstanding difficulties.

THE movements of the United States Congress in connection with the McKinley Tariff Bill are not without interest for Canadians. The recent intervention of Mr. Blaine, with a view to the furtherance of his scheme for Pan-American reciprocity, has given a new and unexpected turn to the discussions. The whole business is not a little complicated. The Bill itself, as the world knows, proposes on the one hand to raise the protective wall to an almost unprecedented and virtually prohibitory height against all foreign commodities which may be supposed to come into competition with the products of American labour. On the other hand, with a view probably rather to the diminution of the surplus than the cheapening of the article for American consumers, the Bill proposes to put sugar on the free list. This is, after all, we suppose, the only consistent protective policy. But Mr. Blaine intervenes with a message in which he uses all his influence to have the sugar tax re-imposed; for what purpose? Simply that he may remove it again as a concession to the South American States with which he desires to make treaties of reciprocity. "If sugar," he exclaims, "is placed upon the free list, the greatest results sought for and expected from the International Conference will fail." This is probably correct, sugar and wool being the only South American imports on which duties are now levied in the United States. Will Congress, then, modify the free sugar clause, in order to make possible a reciprocity treaty with South America? That remains to be seen, but is thought rather unlikely, as many of the tariff reformers will probably vote with the high protectionists against Mr. Blaine's proposal. And yet it must, one would think, be deemed a very desirable thing to obtain the South American market for all the varied products of the United States, in return for a concession which must tend to make sugar cheaper to all her consumers. Of course Canada, not being able to pose as an American nation, is not included in Mr. Blaine's proposal, and has only an indirect interest in the matter. It is not even easy to determine on which side our interests lie. The establishment of Pan-American free trade would, no doubt, be a deathblow to any hopes we may cherish of working up a profitable South American trade. But, on the other hand, it is plausibly argued by some of the advocates of revenue reform among our neighbours, that the Pan-American treaty would really be a first step toward freer trade, and that it would almost surely be followed by others, since the people finding themselves benefited thereby, would soon begin to ask, "If reciprocity is good with the Latin races to the South, why should it not be also good with the Anglo-Saxons to the North?" The whole campaign must be educating the people. Though the McKinley Bill seems to indicate that the progress is backward, there is yet a good deal of reason for thinking, as many do, that it is but a desperate attempt to stave off the inevitable, and that its very ultraism will cause a recoil which will carry the country a long way in the opposite direction.

A GOOD deal of interest has been awakened in educational circles in the United States by the recent announcement of certain changes contemplated by two of the leading institutions, Harvard University and Columbia College, with a view to reducing the length of the combined collegiate and professional courses of students entering those institutions. The Harvard authorities, instead of requiring, as heretofore, a regular four years' course as the only mode of proceeding to a degree will henceforth make its degrees dependent on the result of examinations, without reference to the length of time spent in preparing for them. Thus if one student is capable of doing in three years the work which another can barely accomplish in four, the first will no longer be compelled to regulate his pace by the slower movements of his fellow-student, but may save the fourth year, or half-year, as the case may be, for his purely professional studies. The same result will follow where the faster pace is the result of better preparatory training prior to entrance. Columbia proposes to reach the same end by a somewhat different route, viz., by adopting the system of options so far as to enable the senior to take in his fourth year professional studies, thus reducing by one year the length of his subsequent professional course. The latter more nearly resembles the

English, the former the German practice. Both resemble, it will be observed, the methods which have long been in use, to a certain extent, in the University of Toronto. In the latter University, as is well known, there are several courses. Harvard will, we suppose, be able to offer a much larger variety of courses. The options in Toronto are available on certain conditions at the end of the second, rather than the third year. There is, moreover, this further difference. The successful Toronto student, no matter what option he takes, whether, say, the classical, the philosophical, the modern language, or the mathematical, receives, on passing the prescribed examination, the degree of B.A.; while, on the Harvard plan, if we rightly understand, he will be accorded a degree corresponding to and indicating his speciality. We have said that our own Provincial University combines with this system of options, which permits and encourages the student to adjust his course with reference to his expected professional career, also to some extent the German plan, by enabling him to enter at any stage of the course on condition of passing the regular examinations for students at that stage, with, if we remember aright, additional examinations in a few specified subjects belonging to an earlier part of the course. We have the impression, however, that this latter mode of proceeding to a degree has been of late years taken advantage of by few. If this impression is correct—and if not we shall be glad to be set right—we do not know whether the plan of entering at advanced stages is simply falling into desuetude, in consequence of the lack of institutions corresponding to the German gymnasias, in which the requisite training can be had, or whether it has been discouraged and virtually discontinued by means of regulations requiring attendance at a certain minimum number of lectures during each year of the course.

TOUCHING this question of higher education, Mr. Andrew Carnegie has raised an interesting discussion by a sweeping assertion to the effect that, as a rule, a collegiate or university course is detrimental rather than otherwise to success in business. The American newspapers, with that readiness for appeal to practical tests which has become an instinct with them, have been sending out their reporters to collect the views of successful business employers on the point. The verdict of these men, speaking from years of actual observation and experience, is strongly opposed to Mr. Carnegie's statement. Some of them go so far as to say that, other things being equal, the young man who takes a four years' course at college before entering into business will soon overtake the one who, with untrained mind, has spent that four years in a business office. This is just what reason and common sense would lead us to expect if the college course is a course of genuine mind-training. Much, it is clear, depends on what is meant by business success. It is quite possible that it is just at this point the divergence in the opinions of the business men in question begins. Is the man who succeeds in making an income of one hundred thousand dollars a year necessarily more successful than his neighbour who, while doing an equally extensive business in the same line, clears but ten thousand dollars a year? Our readers will, we are sure, agree with us that if the chief value of a collegiate course to a business man were to make him more successful as a mere money-getter, irrespective of his discharge of his duties to employees, to society and to the State, it would be a thing of very questionable value. On the other hand it would be incredible that a young man could have spent four years in an institution which was anything like what a college should be—a gymnasium for thorough training of the intellectual faculties, and at the same time a school for the discussion of literary, philosophical and moral themes—without being vastly better fitted for any pursuit, requiring not only developed brain-power, but all the other qualities which mark the highest and truest manhood.

WE referred to the matters dealt with in the two foregoing paragraphs, mainly for the purpose of making one or two observations, which must now be put within the briefest compass. Perhaps this can best be done by putting them in the form of questions. Is there any good reason why the college or university course should be fixed at four or three or any other arbitrary number of years, irrespective of the means, abilities or inclinations of the student? A correlative query would be whether there should not be a complete divorce between a course of training which is purely educational, and one which is in part professional, but that we need not now propound. Should not the aim

of at least State-supported colleges, be to give the best possible mind-training to the largest possible number of young men and young women, irrespective of future professional pursuits? If the object of State education is to raise as high as possible the level of the intelligence, character and capacity of its citizens, could not this end be better effected by preferring the interests of the many to those of the few—sacrificing, if necessary, height and depth to length and breadth of culture? We are aware that such a suggestion is rank educational heresy, that it is in direct opposition to the orthodox view, which is that quality is everything, quantity comparatively nothing in university training, that everything should be subordinated to what is called "thoroughness," and that there would be something disgraceful and dangerous in a so-called university course which should fall short of a certain fixed and arbitrary standard. Nevertheless, being in a reckless mood, we venture to put our sceptical cogitations in print. Suppose, for the sake of illustration, that instead of carrying one thousand young men and women through a four-years' course at Toronto University, it were possible to carry ten thousand through a two-years' course, carefully prepared with reference strictly and simply to its educational value; or better still, to carry twenty thousand through a one-year's course, devoted mainly to the reading of (not about) the English classics, with a view to forming tastes and habits which would dominate the whole future life, would not the State be the gainer thereby? Of course the shorter courses need not exclude or be in any way antagonistic to the longer ones, save in the matter of expense. If it be said that what we suggest is, in effect, already provided for in the earlier years of the University courses, we answer, Not so. The work of those years is all arranged with reference to the full course and lacks symmetry, adaptation, and completeness for the purposes we have in view. It assumes and requires a preparatory training which would be wanting in most of the twenty thousand. And it ends nowhere, while the one and two-years' courses should be complete in themselves, and receive their proper acknowledgment in the shape of a certificate or diploma indicating their true character and value, just as the B.A. or M.A. degree is now supposed to indicate the character and value of the courses leading up to it.

THE political sky in Great Britain is just now beclouded in different quarters. The series of virtual defeats which the Government has sustained in the Commons must, unquestionably, have gone far to destroy its prestige, and made its overthrow in the approaching struggle, if not before, a foregone conclusion. That this state of affairs is partly the result of a succession of mistakes on the part of different members of the Cabinet in the Commons is pretty clear. The two or three really able men who are among its representatives in the Lower House seem to have failed from over-confidence. They have attempted too much, and moved too rashly. Others are sadly over-matched by their clever and ever-watchful opponents. One's views of the extent of the disaster involved in an approaching change of Government will depend mainly upon his dread or otherwise of the results of local self-government in Ireland. But a consideration which gives the weakening of the Ministry at the present juncture an ominous significance is the unsatisfactory state of relations with France. It is to be hoped that the situation is less "strained," if we must use that much abused but expressive word, than some of the despatches of uncertain value would lead us to suspect. But it cannot be denied that known circumstances do not allay the dread. The Newfoundland difficulty is probably but the proverbial straw showing the direction of the wind. The Egyptian occupancy has long been a serious grievance, and the unfriendly feeling to which it has given rise has just now beyond question been deeply aggravated by the announcement of the Zanzibar Protectorate, the cession of Heligoland, and other evidences of good understanding between Germany and England. France, single-handed, with Germany in the rear, will not be likely to press the quarrel with England to open rupture. But will she be single-handed? That depends upon Russia. Probably Russia will still consider discretion the better part of valour, and European peace be maintained a while longer.

HOWEVER desirable it may be that such sciences as political economy and sociology, which have a direct bearing upon the comfort and progress of mankind, should be brought rigidly down to real, every-day life, and be tried by practical standards, we have never been able to reconcile ourselves to the modern realistic methods in art and fiction.

We are still heretical enough to believe that to idealize and spiritualize the face of a primitive apostle or holy virgin is both a nobler and a more elevating task for the painter's brush than to shadow forth the most truthful representation of the most ragged of urchins sitting in the doorway of the most wretched of huts. So, too, we have a decided preference for the old-fashioned novel in which the hero is noble and brave and the heroine beautiful and clever and pure, ineffably beyond any to be found in the world in these degenerate days, rather than for the modern realistic story in which people are made to talk and act just as they do in everyday life, and all deeds and adventures are rigidly toned down to the level of the possible and actual and commonplace. For this reason it is, perhaps, that we have been interested in the "Modern Mystic" described by Mr. Davin in our pages a few weeks since, and so prepared to turn with a feeling that was not wholly curiosity to the pamphlets which have since been kindly sent us by the Mystic himself, Mr. Henry Wentworth Monk, of Ottawa. These little treatises are three in number. Their suggestive titles are "World-Life," "How to do It," and "'A Noise' and 'a Shaking'." We fear we have not yet placed ourselves sufficiently *en rapport* with the spirit of the author to be able to comply very effectively with his request in our last number to do our share in bringing the subjects treated of in these writings to the attention of the world. Perhaps such ideas as that there is a "world-life" as well as a human life, and an "aggregate human mind" as well as an individual human mind, and that "the aggregate human mind may hereafter become intimately associated with the earth itself (much as the individual human mind is now intimately associated with the individual human body)," and even that the aggregate human mind in its progressive career "may hereafter be individualized and localized by the earth itself, and may then re-create the various animal and vegetable organisms in their regular order and gradation," etc., appear mystical to us only for the reason suggested by Mr. Monk, viz., that we are not yet sufficiently advanced to appreciate them. Who can tell? We do not suppose that even Plato's theory of "Ideas," which, by the way, the "aggregate-mind" theory somehow suggests, was appreciated by more than a chosen few even of the philosophic Greeks. Nor are we at all sure that the idea of a "world-life" may not yet be developed into a system which will afford a better explanation of the mysterious power its atomic particles possess of influencing the particles of other worlds at the most remote points in the solar system than the vague "attraction" of which our modern science makes so much, but which explains nothing. Is it more difficult to conceive of an *animate* world, exerting its mind-force over these vast reaches of space, than of its inanimate particles performing the same wonderful feat? We do not know, however, that such a conception as this forms any part of Mr. Monk's system, which, indeed, we make no attempt to expound. As to the contents of the other pamphlets we have only space to say that the dream of a "supreme international tribunal," whether located in Palestine, or elsewhere, which Mr. Monk dreams in common with great poets and Christian philosophers is a noble one, and that if by any process of noise-making or shaking the members of the Christian churches in Christendom could be made to bring their aggregated and united influence to bear upon governments and statesmen for peace-making purposes, the dream would, in a very few years, be much nearer realization than it now is.

#### OVERTASKED.

HE loved her, and she held  
Him captive at her feet;  
A wish, a glance, compelled  
His service full and fleet.

She thought she could not ask  
The thing he would not give,  
That naught could overtask  
One born her slave to live.

But, like each earthly thing,  
Love must its limit know,  
When, with o'erworn wing,  
It can no further go.

She asked too much, and lost  
All that she might have won;  
She set too high her boast  
Of love—and love is gone.

Benton, N.B.

MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

#### PARIS LETTER.

THE times are as hard for turf-prophets as for crowned heads. At the English Derby, the favourite was next to nowhere; at the race for the Grand-Prix, on a recent Sunday, the favourite was last. The spice of a great race largely resides in the winner being as difficult to predict, say as a solution of the Eastern question. It was the twenty-seventh year of the running for the great prize; the weather was all that could be desired, veiled sunshine, a balmy and spring atmosphere; no dust; nothing apoplectic in the whole day. The ladies were all smiles, because their new toilettes did not require the protection of water-proofs, or Sally Gamp umbrellas. The gentlemen were as contented as an Indian fakir; they had made their "books" confident to win. "I wish," observed Lord Melbourne, "to be as cock sure of anything as Tom Macaulay is of everything." All the prophets, all the straight tips, were unanimous, that Baron de Rothschild's Le Nord would win the blue ribbon; he was only second best among the worst, and had not even the honour of securing a place. Imagine the weeping and the gnashing of teeth.

The mechanical betting boxes received no less than 275,000,000 frs. of hard money—30 per cent. more than last year; this means nearly 55,000 frs. for the poor of Paris, as for this object 2 per cent. is struck on the total bets registered. The gate and stand receipts amounted nearly to half a million of francs, which implies the presence of a vast sea of spectators. After each race, the multitude opened like great sluices, to go to receive its winnings, or to make fresh stakes. President Carnot and his lady were present, with nearly all the ministers. The Prussian Ambassador, Comte de Munster, was among the official elect; he is a Lutheran. Will the coming Sunday rest-law for Germany enable that diplomatist, who has a craze for horses and mail coaches, to abstain from Grand Stands on the Sabbath? The English and United States ambassadors never put in an appearance. But their fellow countrymen make up for their absence.

Amidst the din of the Grand-Prix horse-race at Longchamps—of the conflicts between the protectionists and free-traders; of the chuckles over England being cornered in Newfoundland, and kept at bay in Africa by Germany—an event has taken place on a recent Sunday, that has a far-reaching influence, and which is full of profound significance. Quiet, easy-going people laid the flattering unction to their souls that the Labour manifestation of May Day last turned out a *fiasco*. It was so, in the sense that Mother Carey's chickens were put to flight, by the iron resolution of Minister Constans. But the serious working classes held aloof; their manifestation was an unobtrusive, observant, and reflective negation.

On a recent Sunday a banquet was held in the suburbs of the city, by the *chefs* of all the guilds and groups of the workmen of France. It was calm, business-like, and resolute. It was presided over by Deputy Ferroul. Each guest wore at his button-hole the triangle of equality and a mottoed ribbon, "Eight hours per day." The chairman, in a most cool and matter-of-fact speech, laid down that the working classes were at war with capital—it was a struggle between the Haves and Have-nots. He condemned, in advance, the proposed laws on mines; against accidents in industries; the old crust pension of one franc a day for age-debilitated labour; and the plan of profit-sharing.

There are not at present in France one hundred families whose genealogy is so clearly established as that of the well-known journalist, Henri Rochefort, or, in peerage language, the Marquis de Rochefort-Lucay. It is the more curious to draw attention to this fact when the desire is so universal with many to sport titles, whether true or false; when the humblest banker, with nothing in his cash-box, styles himself a baron. Rochefort affords the unusual spectacle of a seigneur of the old race, putting his Comte de Rochefort and Marquisate of Lucay in the waste-paper basket to become simply Henri Rochefort, as an ordinary French attorney or grocer.

Rochefort declares that he is perfectly happy in his golden exile at London. In private life, he ceases to be journalist; then he speaks very little, if at all, on political subjects; his conversation is gay and brilliant; on the fine arts he indulges in bold criticisms; he is eloquent and enthusiastic over horse-racing. He will tell you that his friend, the Russo-Polish Comtesse Potocka, wealthy as a dozen Nabobs, could not assist at the Congress of Versailles on account of the horse races at Tronville. Rochefort ever remains the aristocrat at bottom. The cradle of his family is in Franche-Comté. Be assured that the ex-government clerk, the journalist, the ancient political felon, and New Caledonia convict, often thinks of his ancestors.

Admiral Jean de Vienne had under him a squire, one Guy de Rochefort, who lived near Doubs, in Burgundy, whose son, Jean, in 1391, was appointed a Counsellor to Philip, the Good Duke of Burgundy. Jacques, the son of this Jean, acquired estates, but having committed a forgery in title deeds, the public prosecutor of Dijon had his lands confiscated. The Duke of Burgundy restored part of the property. The wife of Jacques believed that their misfortune was a direct visitation from heaven, so left when dying the half of her fortune to a local church to appease the Divine wrath.

The "Marquisate" was only created in the seventeenth century. François, the third Marquis, was a page to Louis XV., and by his uncle, the Duc d'Aumont, claimed descent from the royal Dukes of Bretagne. On the eve

of the Revolution, the Marquis Armand, grandson of François, sold the estates, and which at present are the property of the Talleyrand-Perigord family. This is a curious coincidence, as it is M. de Talleyrand-Perigord and Henry Rochefort who to-day supply the famous Louise Michel with the means of living. The sale of the estate having been paid in assignats, the Marquis Armand de Rochefort was ruined. He followed the Bourbons into exile, and became a member of the suite of the Comte de Provence, later Louis XVIII.

His young wife remained in Paris, with her infant son, Claude. Naturally, she was suspected as being a royalist, and was imprisoned in the Conciergerie, along with her child. Here her constant companion was Madame du Barry, mistress of Louis XV., whose tears, fears, and imprecations nearly frightened the child to death. One day Du Barry's name was called out in the prison hall; she was wanted for—the guillotine. In her departure, the courtesan forgot a cap, that curio the Marquise de Rochefort picked up; her grandson, Henri, possesses it to-day—the only tangible relic, he asserts, of his ancestors and of the French monarchy. On the liberation of the Marchioness—Thermidor 7—she had a hard struggle to live; in 1807 she obtained a situation for her boy in a bookseller's shop, but after the Restoration he was appointed secretary-general to the governor of the Isle de Bourbon. He next embarked in literature; became editor of a royalist journal, and wrote farces for the minor theatres. He married a Mademoiselle Morel, whose family in the good old times were serfs or peasants on the Rochefort estates.

From this union were born three daughters, and one son—Victor Henri, Marquis de Rochefort-Lucay, the journalist of to-day. He was born January 31, 1831, in an humble apartment in the Rue de Grenelle, Paris. He had one daughter and two sons by his cook whom he married. The ceremony took place in the hospital of Versailles; the bride's mother was on her death-bed, and Rochefort was in prison costume *en route* for New Caledonia. The wedding was intended to legitimize the children. Rochefort's eldest son committed suicide a twelvemonth ago in Algeria; his second son is interested in a farm and vineyard property in Tunisia, in the military district where General Boulanger's wife resides, and where his son-in-law, Captain Driant, commands. Rochefort's income is 75,000 frs. a year; it was double that figure before the collapse of Boulangism. He ought to make a fortune in London buying pictures and curios independent of his newspaper.

Z.

#### QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.

"Foremost among other aged men properly exempt from service, whom the emergency had impelled to seize their arms again was Lieut.-Col. Ralfe Clench, once an officer in Butler's Rangers, and at that time the District judge, who had retired from command of the 1st Lincoln Battalion a few years before owing to infirmity."—*The Battle of Queenston Heights—a Lecture by Ernest Cruikshank.*

Oh, but his heart was there!

"Could he sit still  
When Brock had fallen—Brock the high hero,  
When he had fallen, and on the fatal hill  
The foe still stood, entrenched and full of pride?  
Could he sit still when Britain's arms were dulled.  
When Canada was in the scales, and touched  
The inexorable beam? No! no! not he!  
Old was he and infirm, but he had fought;  
Could fight again, and would. Who says that age  
Is cold? Not so! his heart was full of fire—  
Would burst if outlet failed. Why, see that road  
Knee deep with mud, cut up with heavy guns,  
Climbing with no slight grade the steep'ning hill—  
But breathed him. There where younger men more  
spent

Than he. Not let him go! What? Sheaffe object!  
Why Sheaffe would say "Come on, old Clench! Come  
on!

We'll rout the lubbers! We'll avenge our Brock!  
Come on, old Clench, and let your musket sing,  
The musket that has sung in stirring tones  
In many a fight before; Come on, old Clench!  
Why yes, old Ralfe can fight; of course he can.  
Come on and see."

S. A. C.

#### CANADIAN LITERATURE.

IN responding to the toast of "Canadian Literature" at the banquet held last week of the Employing Printers' Association, of Toronto, Mr G. Mercer Adam, after acknowledging the compliment paid him in associating his name with the toast, spoke as follows:—

In an assembly such as this, the toast you have just honoured is not, I am sure, a conventional one. You really desire prosperity for the native literature. You are not among its contemners, nor do you doubtfully or superciliously enquire if there is such a thing as Canadian literature. You no more think of asking this question than you think of asking if there is such a thing as Canadian politics. Of course I do not put the two competing interests on the same plane. In Canada, literature has not dared to be more than the humble handmaid—sometimes, indeed, only the mere scullion—of politics. The same, I believe, is true of literature in the other British colonies. In Australia, politics, I am told, is the dominant force, and intellectual activity is chiefly shown in forming the colonial mind only on its political side. Of late, I understand, an effort has been made by better and broadly cultured minds to assert a higher place for literature and to advance

its more beneficent and liberalizing interests. But there, as here, its advocates have had to encounter indifference, if not positive hostility. It is not so long since one of the most gifted of Australian poets blew his brains out just after the publication of his "Bush Ballads" in Melbourne. Of the literary fraternity in the Colonies, the wonder is that he alone has sought to put a speedy and tragic close to the burden of life. In Canada, you are aware, the road to preferment for a literary man is only through politics. Here, politics presents itself as highborn and honoured, and, despite the stains on its escutcheon, it floats ever on the top wave of social success. Literature, on the contrary, goes friendless, and, with many who ought to be its patrons, is without esteem. Its shortcomings are never covered up, and because it has not prematurely shot up into the empyrean it has numberless detractors, while the native author has to maintain a constant struggle to keep the wolf from the door. Yet of the poor outcast—Lazarus at the gate of Dives—you have been good enough to say kind things, and to give Canadian literature the pledge of your honour and regard. From you it naturally seeks a friendly recognition, and, to-night, more than a friendly recognition you have given it. The toast, you practically say, at all events, is becoming to a gathering of men whose industry is set in motion and kept at work not only by the literary forces of the age, but, in no little degree, by the activities of the native intellect, whatever may be their worth. But this is not, I am sure, the sole motive which impels you to honour it. It is as Canadians you pledge it—Canadians who are proud alike of their country and of the intellectual status which it has happily reached. Though the growth of the literary plant in our soil is slow, you, I know, are not deriders of the achievement of the native intellect, nor are you impatient because the plant does not spontaneously burst into flower and fruit. You remember what the material conditions are under which the native author must work, and you recognize the fact that the genius of our people must find its first and chief activity in the toil for daily bread. Nor do you forget how limited in scope, as well as circumscribed by race, is our literary market, and to what extent it is overrun by contraband wares and handicapped by foreign competition.

In defending the native literature from attack, I am sometimes amused at the arguments, either of misrepresentation or of prejudice, I have frequently to meet. At times, too, questions are put to me on this subject which reveal an appalling ignorance. These arguments even find their way into print. Not long ago, you may remember, a city journal opened its columns to a series of letters discussing the question whether Canada had a literature of its own. One of the parties to the controversy, a young Englishman, who took the negative side, expressed surprise that though Canadian annals extend farther back than do those of the great nation to the south of us, yet we have not attained to anything like the literary development of which the American people can boast. In literary matters, as well as in everything else, he said, we had been outstripped in the race. I readily and frankly own that the indictment is true. But the critic, in his historical retrospect, and in his haste to discredit Canadian letters, forgot a number of important things. He forgot that though Canada is the older country of the two, it was the later, by a hundred and fifty years, to be settled as an English-speaking colony. The landing of the Pilgrim Fathers precedes the expatriation of the U. E. Loyalists by fully a century and a half. Even if we date the beginning of the English colonization of Canada with the fall of Quebec, the disparity in numbers between the seaboard colonies and that of New France at the period was great. At that era, the population of the English-speaking colonies on the Atlantic was three million souls. In Canada, including Acadia, it was not more than 80,000, the whole of which was French. But not only were the English Colonies strong in numbers; they had a social, industrial, and intellectual life which was soon to sunder the colonial tie and blossom into nationhood. Already their literature, though not a little of it had the smell of "theological sulphur" and was devoid of literary art and grace, had passed the puling stage of infancy and become a fair and lusty child.

But there was still another thing the critic forgot. At the conquest the Atlantic Colonies, isolated though they were and without much in common between them, had many intellectual centres, including at least six colleges, which exercised even at that date a considerable influence on literary culture. Boston had a newspaper as far back as 1690; while by the year 1763 over forty newspapers had been founded in the Atlantic communities from Massachusetts to the Carolinas. In Canada at this time, it is doubtful whether there was even a single printing-press! The status of the American colleges of the period was also surprisingly high; for they turned out men whose scholarship was fully abreast of the learning of the old world. The start which our neighbours thus had of us they not only kept but have wonderfully increased. Its fruit, to-day, is a literature of which any nation may be proud.

I need hardly say to you that I recall these facts in justice to Canadian progress generally, and not with the object of apologizing for the state of Canadian literature. On the latter score, considering all the circumstances, there is no need to be apologetic. In literary matters we have done well, and we are doing well. We must of course build up the material fabric before we can build up the intellectual fabric. Were the conditions of Canadian life more favourable to letters, the intellectual fabric would no

doubt rise more rapidly than it does, and literature in our midst would be more widely recognized, exercised, and rewarded as a profession. In spite of all drawbacks, however, the infancy of letters in Canada has been passed and even the stage of its callow youth. Manifestly, it does not lie in the mouth of any of us to speak extravagantly of what Canada has done in literature; but she has done something; and the day, I trust, is near when what she has done and what she may yet do will not be hidden lights, but beacon-fires, to fling across the sea the golden rays of Canadian merit and renown.

In speaking to the toast, I have no wish to introduce topics of a controversial character, alien to the spirit of harmony which it is proper should prevail at such a gathering as this. Did I feel free to speak my mind, however, I should say that the literature of a dependency cannot have the qualities of strength or of flavour which characterize that of a nation. The history of colonies, it has been said, is seldom written and never read. The same, it is to be feared, is true of their literature. This is one of the disadvantages of our present position. Another arises from the circumstances that our prime interests and engrossments are, in the main, still material, not intellectual. In all new communities, it takes time for the rays of the intellect to pierce the gloom of the forests and to take on the inspiration of scenes and outlooks on the frontier of what but yesterday was a wilderness. This is to be remembered in any fair review of the situation. What literary life we have, as I have already attempted to say in our defence, is ever menaced and repressed by the political. Consequently, its aims and aspirations do not spread "like widening circles in the water." But we must not despond, for "the mountain-side is ever rough to him who is climbing it;" and our achievement may be the greater since our toil is in the night. Meanwhile, in literature, as in national matters generally, let us not aimlessly drift, or lose faith in the promise of the future. We have had, so far, a rich and fruitful historical development; and we should show ourselves little worthy of our origin, and be far from true to the name and traditions of the race from which we have sprung, if we did not carry out to fulfilment the tasks we have undertaken, or failed to work out, with honour and credit, the destiny that lies before us. The making of that destiny, let us remember, is in our own hands. What we desire it to be the native poets have foretold. The spirit of their song is not Colonialism, but Nationhood. Without Nationhood we must continue to struggle as a people, and our literary pathway will be but an intellectual Sahara.

#### A MODERN CITY.

IT is said there are ten thousand Canadians in Denver. As to the verity of this statement I am not prepared to say, but I am prepared to admit the justice of the pride Denverites exhibit in their city. It would appear that the presence of that large army of Canadians is not a retarding factor in the growth of this modern city. The question naturally arises, In what occupations do all these people engage? They are found in all occupations and positions; from the capitalist to the wage-earner, perchance the street sweeper. There is nothing in the fact that he is a Canadian which will give his American competitor an advantage, unless he bears the questionable recommendation or suspicion of being a Canadian ex-bank cashier. Now, however, this disability has been removed by the new extradition treaty; and, let me say here, that that treaty has lifted a burden from the thousands of honest young Canadians in Uncle Sam's dominions, and the Canadian will not now be so frequently embarrassed by the question: "What did they call you in Canada?" nor will he be surrounded by such a large circle of admiring, if undesirable, friends who entertain a suspicion that he is one of those clever individuals loaded with stuff which makes his presence so much needed in financial circles in Canada. No, the Canadian enjoys the same advantages as the native born American; and I need only give one or two instances to show the success which has followed them in the city of Denver. Donald Fletcher, from Cobourg, Ont., is an ex-president of the Denver Chamber of Commerce, a real estate man and millionaire. He is one of its most prominent citizens, and has done perhaps as much as anyone else to make Denver what it is to-day. Canada is ably represented in the pulpits of the city in the person of Rev. A. A. Cameron, Baptist clergyman, late of Winnipeg. So we find the aggressive Canadian making his power felt at the foot of the Rockies in this modern ambitious city. They can be found also with the "pick and spade," earning an honest living; you will find a "Canuck" down at the bottom of the mine; you will find him eking out a solitary existence herding cattle or sheep on the mountain slope, or you will find him the owner himself of a large ranch. It is a rather noteworthy fact that the Rio Grande Railway was built largely by Canadian labour. One of the largest contractors on that road was a Canadian. His contract included the building of the road over the Marshall Pass, the summit of the divide between the eastern and western slopes of the Rockies, and a most remarkable piece of railroad construction. This gentleman has been absent from Canada some twenty years, and on my asking him what he thought of Canada now, replied in true western style: "D—n Canada. There's too much shabby aristocracy there. I believe in living in a county where every man is a king." Of course, as a loyal Canadian, I retorted that "I found the aristocratical bump as fully developed in the average

American as the Canadian. True, we have a few peerless Canadians who object to marrying their daughters to the 'horny handed,' but the vast majority of thinking Canadians are now coming to think pretty much as Uncle Sam does, and now prefer to marry their daughters to the almighty dollar rather than to an empty title." This little burst of eloquence seemed to have its effect.

It would seem that part of Henry George's prophecy, that in a few years the outlet for the surplus population of the United States would be barred by the Rockies, is about to be fulfilled. Here right at the foot of the rocky barrier the stream has spent itself. Horace Greeley's advice, "Go west, young man," would seem to have had its day, and the young man can no longer grow up with the country, for the country has already grown up. There is no West. The young man can no longer escape the disabilities of civilization. He must now accept civilization; he can no longer make it. His "westward ho!" ambition has not been gratified, it has been curbed, and we may expect soon the beginning of that conflict between the civilizations of the east and the west which Henry George predicted would result from the pent-up population.

Denver dates its existence from the year 1858, when a band of rough miners and adventurers built their shanties around that of General Larimer at the junction of Cherry Creek and Platte River. It is scarcely probable that those miners, as they panned the sands of the river for the gold they contained, ventured to predict that in the short space of a quarter of a century there would rise on that spot one of the handsomest, richest and busiest cities in the Union; that in a few years other factors, labour and commerce, would bring to that same spot more wealth than the lavish hand of nature had concealed in the sands. In 1860 the town was christened "Denver" in honour of Gen. J. W. Denver, at that time Governor of the State of Kansas. It was, however, in the Leadville excitement, which began in 1879, that the town commenced to make wonderful strides. The last five years have certainly shown a rapid and solid growth. The Denverites now claim a population of 150,000. I wish, however, to say just here, for the benefit of conservative easterners, that these eastern boom towns (Denver, of course, does not claim to be a boom town) through a patriotic regard for their own town, or perhaps through jealousy of their competitors, generally add a large percentage to the figures of the census enumerator, especially if the political proclivities of that individual are more in accord with the party than the city. To illustrate this percentage business, I was handed by an official of a certain western city a pamphlet supposed to be a description of that city, he informing me, however, that the pamphlet was not altogether correct, inasmuch as the city had outgrown it. On investigation it was found that certain of the large buildings, described as fixed and imposing realities, had as yet but vaguely appeared above the ground. It is a good deal the same with the population of these towns—it has but vaguely appeared above the dust. These western people deal on pretty fair margins. I can say this without fear, as a certain humorist would say, having paid full railroad fare and without a prospective subsidy from any of these towns. It may also be mentioned that travellers have considerable amusement in looking for these boom towns; sometimes they are disappointed, however, in not finding any. For instance, we talked an hour or more about a town by the name of "Barnes" before we came to it. When the train slackened up and the brakeman shouted out "Barnes," the eager crowd got out to take in the sights, the result being there was no town to be seen. Returning to our seats disappointed, one smart individual shouted out "There it is, over there," pointing to a solitary barn half a mile distant. The town was well named, except that it should have been "Barn" instead of "Barns."

But to return to our subject; perhaps the most striking characteristic of Denver is its universally modern appearance. There is an entire absence of poor districts. There is no part of the city "old." Everything is new. The small house of the labourer is on a par with that of the millionaire in beauty and architectural design. It is built of brick with red sandstone facing, of which material Denver enjoys an unlimited and ready supply. In the outlying districts in place of the tumble-down corner grocery or blacksmith's shop there is a neat building of brick or red sandstone serving for either of those purposes.

Among the noteworthy buildings of the city may be mentioned the post office, an imposing structure of grey sandstone, now nearing completion. Work on the State Capitol has commenced. It is being built of Colorado granite, and will cost over a million dollars. Its dimensions are 383 by 313 feet at centre. Arapahoe County Court House is one of the finest structures in the city. It stands in the centre of spacious green lawns, and if the visitor will ascend to the top of the tower, 160 feet from the bottom, where he can view the whole city and surrounding landscape, he will be exactly one mile above the sea. He will probably exclaim as he stands there: "I don't expect to be so high in this world again." "Nor in the world to come," his exasperating companion will inform him. The city hall is another fine edifice, costing \$150,000. The Chamber of Commerce, an organization dating back to 1884, has a building worthy of the city. The church and educational buildings are in keeping with the city's generally modern appearance. The city is well supplied with beautiful churches of all denominations. Specially worthy of mention is Trinity M. E. Church, a building costing a quarter of a million dollars, with a

grand organ which alone cost thirty thousand dollars, the gift of one of the members of the church. The High School building is a large and magnificent structure, in one wing of which is a public library and reading-room of no mean order. Among the large assortment of newspapers, magazines, etc., in this reading-room may be found the representative Toronto journals. A Y.M.C.A. building, to cost \$200,000, is already projected.

Statistics prepared by the Chamber of Commerce show that in 1889 there were 497 manufacturing establishments, employing 11,352 people, wages paid \$7,869,630, and value of product \$40,453,269. The largest employers of labour were, in the order of their importance, the railroad shops, smelting and refining works, brick makers, marble and stone works, foundry and machine works. The bank clearances for the year 1889 show a grand total of \$194,759,467, an increase of 45½ per cent. over the previous year. The value of buildings erected during 1889 reached the sum of \$12,000,000, showing quite a building boom. The real estate transfers, according to the same authority for the same year, reached the phenomenal amount of \$61,000,000. It is not said, however, whether these transfers were all genuine. You know it is a common practice in these boom towns (but Denver is not a boom town) for the real estate men to resort to the fictitious practice of transferring property to one another in order to show a large real estate business. However that may be, Denver has certainly had a building and real estate prosperity which few cities east or west have enjoyed. The increase in population during the year 1889 is said to have been 25,000.

What factors have contributed to this remarkable growth in the face of the fact that the city is built on what is known as the arid region, or what used to be termed the Great American Desert, is a question unique in the histories of the American cities. The farmer has not been the pioneer. If we must look to the resources or products of the State for an answer to this question we must place first in the list the product of the mines. The value of the precious ores, gold, silver, copper and lead, mined in Colorado in 1889 exceeded \$30,000,000, the silver output alone being about twenty millions, earning for Colorado the title of the "Silver" State. The output of coal for the same year was valued at about five millions. As to the iron fields of Colorado, which are said to be second in extent only to those of the precious minerals, they are as yet comparatively undeveloped. The agricultural resources of the State are an insignificant factor. These are dependent upon irrigation. Already thousands of acres have been reclaimed, and where once a blade of grass wouldn't grow there are now fruitful fields. There are some four or five million acres reclaimable by irrigation, and already some 34,000 miles of irrigating ditches, including canals and laterals, have been constructed. Thus, in this electric age, the tall, dumb, snow-capped mountains are being enlisted in the industrial service. They are sending streams of glistening water down their slopes, scattering fertility over the bleak and uninviting plains, while old King Boreas sits on his lofty throne inviting the hungry millions to come and make happy homes under the shadow of his arms, assuring them that he will cause their flowers to bloom and their fields to yield forth their increase.

J. DRYDEN.

#### NOW TENDER LIGHTS PROCLAIM THE BIRTH OF MORN.

Now tender lights proclaim the birth of morn,  
And lend a richness to the sombre East,  
That until now has had a look forlorn;  
But, like a bride arrayed for bridal feast,  
Dawn comes to meet her waiting bridegroom, Day!  
Far in the West, where gracious light is least,  
Some loitering star still lingers on the way,  
As loath to leave the close embrace of Night;  
Till each flecked cloud, pierced with a slender ray  
Of coming splendour, flashes on the sight;  
And through the arch that spans eternal space  
There flows a wealth of glory manifold,  
Which throws effulgence o'er the heavens' face,  
And floods the earth with streams of shimmering gold.

B. F. D. DUNN.

#### THE RAMBLER.

JUNE passes and July comes. To the hurried paragraphist July is no gate to summer, but rather a portal to the autumn. Still, for some, it is possible to squeeze into the six weeks of summer holiday such abundant episodes of happiness and adventure, fun and frolic—and disappointment and discomfort as well—that the first of July seems ever to such fortunate souls the red-letter day of all the year. For the rest,

Toronto, est tout en fête,  
Car c'est le Carnaval,

and those of us who have been to Nice and Florence and Naples and New Orleans, and even to Montreal, look askance for a moment and then chime in right heartily. Nothing will ever make Toronto picturesque, but we need not say so. The great point about such affairs is the vast concourse of intelligent, well-dressed, respectable people presented to the eyes of stranger guests, it may be from the neighbouring Republic, or it may be from sister colonies or the Mother-Country. No. Let us be truly loyal and patriotic, and say—Toronto is better than picturesque. She is, for the most part, clean and well ordered, healthy,

swept and garnished, intensely prosperous and self-respecting. So *Vive le Carnaval!*

We are inclined at times, I think, to fancy Izaak Walton the greatest angler who ever lived. But make room this warm July day, as you pack up for Muskoka or Parry Sound, make room, I say, for a few thoughts of dear old Christopher North, lying on his last resting place, save one, and absorbed in contemplation of fly and fishing tackle. It is an affecting reminiscence. His biographer says: "How neatly he picked out each elegantly dressed fly from its little bunch, drawing it out with trembling hand along the white coverlet, and then, replacing it in his pocket-book, he would tell ever and anon of the streams he used to fish in of old, and of the deeds he had performed in his childhood and youth."

The ruling passion was strong in death this time, and Mrs. Gordon also describes the old man's enthusiasm just before this, which actually led him on to wade knee-deep in the cold Scotch waters, catching trout and putting them in his pockets, and laughing at the horror depicted upon the faces of his affectionate daughters. A pretty picture this!

Christopher North had all the holidays he wanted, I should think, unlike poor Charles Lamb. For six-and-thirty years he sat, or one like him, at his desk in Mincing Lane, forgetting there were such things as holidays, or remembering them only as the prerogative of childhood. Besides Sundays he had a day at Easter, another day at Christmas, and a full week in the summer. Of the last he says: "Before I had a taste of it it was vanished. I was at the desk again counting upon the fifty-one tedious weeks that must intervene before another such snatch would come." Find this in the essay upon "The Superannuated Man," and read it all over again; it is one of the most touching and frankly charming of all the Elia essays.

I hope nobody that reads these pages will be so unfortunate as to select Dullborough for a country session. You know where Dullborough is, do not you, in the pages of the Uncommercial Traveller? Dullborough disguised only faintly in the likeness of a small Canadian village, inland, where the house-fly makes merry and the green paper blinds are down all day, where the nearest "woods" are a pleasure-ground for the mosquito and the black fly, and the food consists of plate pies filled with sour gooseberries and seedy raspberries, village steak and general store bacon. Well—the fresh air no doubt is the thing, and this point gained, one commonly swallows the flies and mosquitoes, bacon and gooseberries. But one can so easily make a mistake. The camping place may be by the side of a silvery lake or some meandering river, or it may be two or three miles inland. Then the camping outfit may so easily get out of gear.

A pan too few, or an egg too strong,  
And ah! how easily things go wrong.

#### KESO'S CRIME.

AN ADVENTURE IN NIPISSING.

THE oldest and longest highway in Ontario is that which the early French *voyageurs* trod, or rather rowed, for many years during the early history of Canada. It was and still is paved with water; and the only vehicles used thereon were *batteaux* or *cheamawn*, in the Iroquois language—large boats propelled by oarsmen, which carried immense quantities of merchandise for the fur traders, or lighter canoes carrying solitary travellers through the forest fastnesses by a silvery liquid path. Its course may still be traced from Montreal up the Ottawa River to its head waters, across Lake Nipissing, down the French River into the Georgian Bay and thence by way of Sault Ste. Marie and the north shore of Lake Superior to old Fort William. Onward it may be traced by many portages until Lake Winnipeg is reached, and thence up the Saskatchewan River across the rolling prairies, until the great chain of the Rocky Mountains bars its way.

To-day this natural highway is unchanged. Its course is the same that it was when Jacques Cartier first entered the St. Lawrence River in 1534. It is the same path by which Sir Alexander Mackenzie journeyed in 1792, when he pressed northward on his voyage of discovery and crossed this continent for the first time in the history of man. It is the same pathway by which civilization penetrated into the Dominion of Canada before the era of steam navigation or railways. This highway of commerce and civilization is still there, unchanged, but the travellers who journeyed upon it are no more. It has served its great purpose, and no longer echoes to the boatman's song or the sweep of his tireless oar. Along its course, however, the country is changing year by year. Towns are springing up where the pine, and birch, and hemlock once grew in luxuriant beauty, railways cross and recross it, and the bordering fields reward the husbandman with rich fields of golden grain.

It is only a comparatively few years since this ancient highway has fallen into disuse. Since railways have tapped the fertile plains of Manitoba and the Northwest, and made it possible to reach them in three days, where it once required as many months, the old and hardy *voyageur* has found his occupation gone, and himself but a memory.

Many are the stirring stories of adventure and endurance which have been told, connected with this route of travel,

but still there are many which have never yet been recited to the public. Rich and prolific is the field for him who accords it the attention which its fascination justifies.

The following marvellous case of suffering and endurance was related to me by a brother of the young men who figure in the narrative:—

Thirteen years ago the country bordering on Lake Nipissing had but recently been surveyed and opened up to settlement. It was a stock of hardy pioneers which first entered these northern solitudes to seek what proved in many instances to be a very precarious livelihood for the first few years of occupation. They found themselves surrounded by Indians and halfbreeds—descendants, no doubt, of the *coureurs de bois* of earlier days, who had settled along the course of this once trans-continental highway. In many instances these neighbours proved to be kindly disposed toward the white settlers. There were, however, exceptions—selfish individuals who looked with displeasure upon the encroachments of civilization. Such was an Indian named Keso, who occupied a shanty five miles below Lake Nipissing on the French River. This Indian gained his livelihood by hunting, fishing and trapping, and occasionally assisting those who desired his services in navigating the treacherous waters of the river. He was taciturn and of a vicious disposition, as the sequel will show. Quick-tempered, greedy and overbearing, he was shunned even by his own people.

Two young men, named respectively Alfred and Wesley Wright, had at this time pushed their way into this new country and opened up a small general store at a point twelve miles south of Lake Nipissing, in what was then the nucleus of the present town of Commanda. All their stores and supplies had to be transported by canoe up the French River and across Lake Nipissing, thence by waggon trail twelve miles into the interior.

A building was erected wherein to transact business, and the window-sash and other supplies for this purpose had also to be brought in from the outside world. In the carrying of this material up the river, it was found necessary to leave a portion of the load behind, until such time as another voyage could be made. Accordingly the window-sash was unloaded and stowed away in Keso's cabin, with his consent, to await another voyage. Here it remained for several weeks.

It was a beautiful morning in the latter part of June when the two brothers arrived at Keso's cabin to claim their goods. The waters sparkled on their course in the early morning sunshine; the birds were making merry music, and nature was clothed in her most beautiful garb. Nothing spoke of pending catastrophe, and the brothers experienced an intoxication of spirits from imbibing the ethereal nectar of nature's brewing. Their canoe was a large one, capable of carrying a heavy cargo, and required their united efforts to portage it around the rapids.

Upon arrival at the shanty it was found to be deserted; at least no sign of its occupants could be seen, and the Wrights took their sash and loaded the canoe.

Pushing on up stream about four miles the last portage was reached, where the river debouches from Lake Nipissing by a long rapid. A landing was made upon a huge flat rock at the lower end of the portage. The work of unloading had but just commenced when an Indian, paddling a small canoe, was seen approaching; he came swiftly up the river, and was very soon recognized as Keso. Malignant anger shone in his dark eyes. Jumping out upon the rock, with gun in hand, he demanded:—

"Why you take dose sash? You pay me tirty dollar rent for keeping him!"

Alfred Wright, the elder brother, calmly replied that thirty dollars was an exorbitant price to pay for storage, but that they were willing to do what was right in the matter.

Quick as a flash, and without any more words, the Indian raised his gun and pointed it directly at Alfred's head. Wesley Wright, divining that murder was intended, jumped quickly forward and knocked the gun downward, but not in time to save his brother, for in the same instant a loud report rang out and Alfred fell groaning upon the rock. The charge had taken effect in his right leg about four inches below the hip joint, shattering the bone into fragments. Wesley immediately grappled with the infuriated Keso and endeavoured to discharge the second barrel of his gun so that no further damage might be done, at the same time shouting to his wounded brother to shoot the rascal with his revolver. This the wily Indian prevented by holding Wesley between himself and the wounded man. Being a muscular person he was able to accomplish this with something of ease. In keeping Wesley in this position, however, he was not able to protect the gun, and the heroic young man succeeded in getting the second barrel discharged. The struggle had reached its end. Keso tore himself away and vanished like a shadow among the undergrowth, leaving behind his gun, powder-flask and canoe.

Wesley now turned his attention to his wounded brother and found him to be suffering intense pain. They were thirty-five miles from the nearest settlement of white people, and in order to convey the wounded man to that point a long portage must be made, and a trip of thirty miles across Lake Nipissing endured, and only one pair of shoulders to bear all this. Truly it was a terrible situation for the young men to be placed in. The large canoe could not be moved by one man, therefore Wesley decided to take the Indian's smaller boat and convey his brother to where he would receive the attention required to save the life which had so narrowly escaped instant destruction. The canoe was carried across. The wounded

man was carefully laid in it and Wesley took his place at the oars, when the horrifying discovery was made that the vessel was too small to hold both men. Here was what appeared to be an insurmountable difficulty. The day which had broken so full of promise was now dark with clouds of adversity. The sky of the young men's bright prospects was overcast with a cloud of sorrow from which they could discover no silver lining. Wesley's great fear was that his brother might die of exposure ere he could be taken to those who would care for him. What could he do under the circumstances? was the enigma that presented itself, and this is the manner in which it was finally solved:—

Thinking that possibly the Indian might still be lurking in the neighbourhood the brothers decided as a last resort to appeal to him for assistance if he could be found. Wesley shouted for their foe to come out of the woods and assist them, promising at the same time that he would not be harmed and that his property would be returned to him. To the great astonishment of the distressed men Keso walked boldly forth from among the trees, and with no apparent distrust offered his services in assisting to carry over the large canoe and the goods. This work was accomplished with little delay and the young men were shortly on their journey toward assistance.

Speaking of the matter in after years Wesley has declared that he was never so sorely tempted to cast honour to the winds as he was when Keso, the would-be murderer, walked before him carrying goods across that portage. Strange to say the Indian appeared to place implicit trust in the promise which had been given, and exhibited no fear that the young men's word of honour would be betrayed.

It was a long and weary row ere the settlement on the south shore of Nipissing was reached, but it came to an end at last and the wounded man was safely placed in the care of friends.

The next important step was to secure a physician, and this could only be accomplished by sending a messenger 32 miles to the nearest point where medical aid could be procured. Upon the doctor's arrival and examination of the wound it was deemed advisable to procure a second physician for consultation and assistance. This entailed a further trip of sixty miles. For four long painful days Alfred Wright lay upon his bed without the lacerated limb receiving necessary attention. Fortunately the weather was pleasantly cool, otherwise mortification must surely have set in. But the shattered bone was finally set, and although the young man lay for months unable to move himself, still a wonderfully strong constitution and vigorous young manhood carried him through, and without the loss of a limb. The Indian's family were assiduous in their attentions upon the invalid, bringing him delicacies of the chase, such as fish, pheasants, and venison, and expressed much concern at his condition. Keso himself was arrested for the crime and died in Kingston penitentiary a few years ago while serving a life sentence for the attempted murder.

The Wright brothers disposed of their property at Commanda, and are at present carrying on a lucrative wholesale business in New York city.

W. H. THURSTON.

#### HENRY BURTON.\*

AS a novel, judged by the ordinary demands on the part of readers of light literature, this venture cannot be pronounced a success. The primary thought with the majority of readers in perusing such books is the story, and they expect to become intensely interested in the hero or heroine introduced to their notice ere reading an eighth part of its pages. But in reading this novel one must expect to draw on his patience until at least half the book is perused before anything like a desire to finish is realized, so far as the history of the characters is concerned.

Again the conversations introduced compose such veritable moral and literary essays as to forbid the thought that they ever were permitted to be delivered in social intercourse or pleasure gatherings, and so make it impossible for the average reader to be cheated into even a momentary fancy that what he reads ever might, could or would take place.

But whilst the author has not succeeded in entertaining his readers, he certainly has succeeded in presenting his religious or moral belief in a much more readable form than if following the usual course of the simple essayist. And as this, on his own showing, is his real aim, his success in this modified direction is fair and will probably induce imitators even as he himself seems to be an imitator of the author of "Robert Elsmere."

The main object of the author evidently is to introduce the outlines of what is known as Christian Science to the reading public in object form and under circumstances less startling and less abstruse than in the writings of the high priestess of that faith. The two thoughts here made prominent are founded on the truism of the superiority of our spiritual to our material nature, and it is thence inferred that, if we really subordinate our grosser part to the higher, God as love will be recognized and realized and we become partakers of His nature, that is, become as one with Him, and so enjoy the real Heaven of which God is the King; and further this adjustment or at-one-ment of the spirit with the great

\* A novel. By Henry Wood, author of "Natural Law in the Business World."

Universal Spirit will at once begin to act on the lower nature so as to eliminate pain and unsoundness of every kind, tending rapidly to complete health of body and mind.

Now if the author had contented himself with stating these general principles and not hazarded their testing in actual life, the weaknesses of his personal views or rather, we should say, of the creed he advocates, would not become so apparent. But alas for his plans, he has attempted to apply them to real practical life, and their ethereal, unsubstantial character can easily be discovered.

For example he takes us through a revival in a country town, and after portraying the work of a severe but energetic evangelist, carried on through several days of intense religious excitement, he makes his hero come on the scene and in a few nights not only undo all the work of previous weeks, but succeed in making this present highest type of spiritual religion acceptable amongst all classes, including austere saints, and open infidel sinners, a feat no apostle or evangelist of Christ ever succeeded in performing and which the Christ himself neither attempted nor encouraged His followers to look for as possible.

The hero then starts a magazine as the exponent of these views, which also at once meets with great public favour. The inference from all of which is that he has accomplished the task which neither Christ nor any of his hitherto followers could accomplish, that is, he has at last succeeded in taking the offence of the cross out of the world, and so completely renovated Christianity that had the first preachers of it but made this discovery they would have christianized the Roman world without encountering any opposition whatever, let alone having to endure bitter persecution. We certainly consider the spiritualistic speculations and idealistic teachings of the author more suited to the Utopian realms of More than the hard matter-of-fact world which crucified Christ, and which only permits itself to be conquered after ages of fiercest struggle.

The parts of the volume which treat of the healing of diseases are exactly similar in their teaching to the well-known doctrines of Christian Science and need not be enlarged on. But whilst thus discounting its teachings we are glad to be able to recommend the book to our readers for attentive perusal. Scattered throughout there are many real gems of thought and sage criticisms of current literature, for although the principal aim of the author is evident, nevertheless he frequently turns aside to the discussion of other topics, whilst his descriptive powers, although by no means first-class, are sufficiently good to rob the passing hour of its *ennui* and cause some pleasing pictures to be retained by the memory for future use.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### THE DEARTH OF WIT.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—One of the most remarkable features of the speeches delivered by Canadian orators of the present day is the great lack of wit which they manifest. If a speech be read through and closely scrutinized, this sterility of imagination and lively play of fancy is most conspicuous. On the one hand, twaddlesome and wishy-washy stories constitute the humour, and vituperative abuse the wit. On the other hand, ponderous facts are heaped upon one another like Pelion on Ossa, while the unhappy hearer sits and groans under the turgid weight. The speeches are regarded as great efforts, because of their incomprehensibility; as solid, because they are heavy; as profound, because they are obscure.

Perhaps the absence of wit is due to the undoubted fact that we are apt to regard the witty man as a dangerous fellow, who may be poking fun at us whilst we are peacefully and unconsciously pursuing the "even tenor" of our way. The effervescence of wit is considered as froth, and epigrammatic diction as gloss, denoting the veneered nature of the ideas. The brilliant, witty speaker is spoken of as being "Very good in his way;" "Funny, but not solid;" "Good for nothing, but making little jokes."

The Boeotian stupidity of the prosy, narrow, and dull utilitarians weighs upon those who have a keen sense of wit, and compels them to acquiesce in the verdict against humour, or else submit to be placed among the feather-heads, the unstable and the Bohemians. The people at heart have a deep sense of humour, as can be perceived by the shouts of laughter and applause with which a touch of real humour, or flash of keen wit is greeted. The success which *Grip* has gained shows that people are ready to welcome the man who can make them laugh a genuine, hearty, wholesome laugh—that honest, healthy wit is regarded with approbation by all classes—cultured and uncultured.

The American style of wit, which consists of vulgar exaggeration, is about the most degraded that can be imagined. The greater the falsehood, the more it is expected to amuse; it rises from an elevation of vulgarity to another, until at last there are no more heights of coarseness left to climb, no more worlds of barbarity to conquer. We are fortunate in having escaped adopting this inferior style of wit, even though we are deeply mired in the bog of prose.

Is there no happy mean that we can strike? Must we be wrecked on the one rock while endeavouring to avoid the other? There must be some middle course between dullness and vulgarity, and we should adopt that course. There can be no question that a school of wit is arising among us, which aims to follow the standard of true humour, and which is doing so successfully, but, as yet, our



orators seem to have caught no bright ray, and are not lit up with the lambent spark. There are no McGees now, and but one Macdonald, while the dull and uninteresting are counted by the hundreds in the college, the forum and the Legislature. G.

## GLADSTONE AND THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—The discussion recently raised by our talented fellow-citizen, Mr. Goldwin Smith, in the *North American Review*, has called forth observations from representative Americans upon the supposed ill-will of Americans to England, arising out of questions connected with the Civil War. In my letter, appearing in THE WEEK for June 27, I showed that in 1870-71 I found in New York and New England that the real Americans, at that time, were free from any such feeling. After the lapse of 20 years of uninterrupted peace it is absurd to suppose that the real American feeling on that subject has risen from temperate to boiling point.

I referred to Gladstone as the only British statesman who wished to depart from the very strictest neutrality. In justice to him it must be stated that he only advocated the recognition of Southern independence but not the slightest active interference. But on both sides of the Atlantic all felt that simply acknowledging the independence of the South—without the slightest act of hostility—would have practically decided the struggle. As Napoleon I. continually asserted with respect to warfare—moral force (in the sense in which he understood it) to physical force is as three to one. The recognition of independence by Europe, without any nation actively interfering, would practically have meant an increase of power of the South by one-third, and a corresponding diminution of that of the North. Besides this special trouble it was clear that Napoleon (who was strongly urging Great Britain to join with him and his satellites in taking the dreaded step) would have been happy to achieve a little cheap military glory, to have dazzled the eyes of the French, who so dearly love political theatricalism. He had a great liking for limited-liability wars—a maximum of glory with a minimum of risk. His ruling passion was to perpetuate his dynasty on the throne. A successful and triumphant Republic was an eyesore to a man who had strangled one on the banks of the Seine. It would have been easy for him—there was no one in that dread hour to practically say him nay—to have sent 20,000 French soldiers to swell the forces of Lee. The French, as military co-partners, excel in making people believe that “Codlin is the” man—and not Short.” So that while the Southerners would have done nine-tenths of the fighting, the ignorant small farmers of France, who mainly upheld his throne, would have believed that France had done nine-tenths of the fighting and the Confederates the remaining one-tenth. Or he might have figured as a mediator, and, borrowing from Lafayette’s tin-selling, been hailed by his adherents as the “Hero of Two Worlds.” From his restless intriguing nature it is certain that after the recognition of the South he would not have looked on with folded arms.

In time to come when third-rate American politicians and Irish-American editors will have ceased grinding their axes at the expense of their dupes, the neutrality of Great Britain, under great temptations and provocation, will be looked upon as one of the grandest historical actions of this century. No other great power would have done the like. While I was in the States, in 1870-71, I repeatedly read accounts in the daily papers of projected warlike invasions of Cuba, the territory of a nation with whom the United States was at peace, and against whom they had not the slightest cause of quarrel. The particulars of the ships, commanders, etc., were fully given, but only occasionally were any steps taken to prevent these acts of open piracy. They caused great loss of life and treasure, and the commission of many crimes. The Cubans never had in arms more than two or three guerilla bands, so that as against the power of Spain the struggle was a hopeless one.

## What Gladstone Actually Did Do.

In “Ireland Under Coercion” (Houghton, Mifflin and Company), W. H. Hurlbert, one of the ablest and most judicial-minded of American authors, refers (p. 7 and note A) to Gladstone’s celebrated speech at Newcastle, on October 7, 1862. Gladstone, as a Cabinet Minister, stated that “Jefferson Davis had created an army, navy, and a nation”—and that it was “as certain as anything in the future could be, that the “South must separate itself from the Union.” This rash statement, without regard to consequences, was evidently a bid for popularity among unthinking people. At that time (see “Chambers’ Encyclopedia—Cotton Famine”) a million of men, women, and children in Great Britain were suffering through the cotton famine—and Napoleon was bringing all the influence he could to bear upon the British Government to get it to recognize the independence of the South. Lord Palmerston, the Premier, and the other ministers were naturally indignant at Gladstone’s conduct—and Sir G. C. Lewis, “the scholar statesman,” one of his colleagues—who was looked upon as Palmerston’s future successor—although then suffering from an illness which ultimately ended his life—repudiated Gladstone’s utterance at Hereford, on the 17th of October. Milner Gibson, a second cabinet minister, also publicly did the like. It is noteworthy that, except Gladstone not a single statesman, either among the Liberals or Conservatives, advocated the recognition of the South—

and, so far as actual force was concerned, there was not a single instance known of any one advocating it.

## Why Did Gladstone Act Thus?

Probably from several motives. First, from a reason which has never before been pointed out. He was, from family antecedents, predisposed to look leniently upon slavery—for his father had been a slave owner, and part of his own fortune was derived from that source. His maiden speech was an excuse for slavery—“honourably and legally acquired property.” But by what will be known in future ages as the verb, “To Gladstonize,” he characteristically worded his speech so that, when desired, a portion of it might be quoted to show that he was opposed to slavery—while his father and all other slave-owners would be impressed by his vigorous defence of their real or supposed rights, and exultingly quote him as a great champion on their side. There was a celebrated barrister in England, Sir Charles Wetherell, whose handwriting was a miserable scrawl. When solicitors tried to read his written opinions they were often sorely puzzled to decipher them. There was a saying in the legal profession that he had three sorts of handwriting—one that his clerk and no one else could read, a second that he could read but no one else, and a third that neither he, nor his clerk, nor any one else could read. This applies to some of Gladstone’s speeches—but the simple key when one is puzzled is from Dickens—“Codlin’s the friend—not Short.”

Gladstone spoke his maiden speech on the 17th of May, 1833. It was on a question of slavery. Gladstone senior owned many slaves on his estate in Demerara. Lord Howick—a Liberal—had, in the House of Commons, charged that owing to severity in working the slaves on the Gladstone estate there had been a loss of 71 lives. Gladstone, in reply, stated (see Cassell’s Life of Gladstone, p. 78) that when the estate of Vreedom Hoop came into his father’s possession “it was so weak owing to the great number of Africans upon it, that he was obliged to add 200 people to the gang.” (This, of course, proved that Gladstone, Senior, bought 200 slaves.) He then added that the loss of life was caused by changing the cultivation from cotton and coffee to that of sugar. He was ready to admit that this cultivation (sugar) was of a more severe character than others. But what should we say of a system of management which caused the deaths of 71 people on one estate? The truth really was as a correspondent of the London *Spectator* stated—the father was a man capable of great hardness to others. Evidently he was bound to have his pound of flesh, and his slaves suffered accordingly.

There was something very rich in Gladstone’s speech. It has often been stated that he evidently lacks the sense of the ridiculous. It recalls to mind Squeers’ pathetic description of the imaginary happiness of his unfortunate and deeply-wronged pupils at Dotheboys Hall. Mr. Gladstone stated that he held in his hand two letters from the agent (the practical overseer of his father’s estate) in which that gentleman spoke in the kindest terms of the people under his charge—described their state of happiness, content and healthiness, etc., etc. Under such circumstances, as the Irish comic song runs, “Oh, why did you die?” Could Squeers, when morally riding his highest horse, have beaten this? This slip is a striking corroboration of what Mr. Goldwin Smith has written of Gladstone—that he often appears to be unable to understand the consequences resulting from what he does or says.

On the debate being resumed, Gladstone observed that he “deprecated slavery,” but he asked, “Were not Englishmen to retain a right to their own honestly and legally acquired property?” He thought there was excessive wickedness in any “violent interference (i.e. freeing the slaves without compensating the owners) under the present circumstances.”

Gladstone’s father was one of the leading Liverpool merchants. Until the slave trade was abolished, early in the century, that town was the headquarters of those engaged in that most iniquitous traffic. Gladstone in his early life must in his father’s house have met numbers of those who believed it to be an honest trade—consequently he was in sympathy with his father and other slave owners, and not with the slaves. It is reasonably certain that these facts greatly influenced his opinions on the American Civil War. We should especially note his opinion as to “the excessive wickedness of violent interference.”

## Another of Gladstone’s Reasons.

Unfortunately for the general welfare, the real history of Gladstone’s conduct while he was a member of Palmerston’s Cabinet has been unwisely withheld from the public. A few facts, however, are well known. Palmerston complained that Gladstone never behaved as a loyal colleague. In plain English he subterfugally intrigued. Palmerston said he had a drawer full of Gladstone’s letters of resignation. Was one of those anent the public repudiation of his Secession Speech? Doubtless when he found that he could affect nothing by such devices, he suffered friends to persuade him to withdraw them. It should also be borne in mind that it was only so late as 1858—he then being forty-nine—that he definitively joined the Liberal party. The late Earl Derby asked him to join his Conservative Cabinet in 1858, which he was willing to do if he had the leadership of the House of Commons. But Disraeli would not vacate that position in favour of a man whom he regarded as a rival. Therefore Gladstone finally broke with the Conservatives.

## A Third Reason.

One of the leading features of Gladstone’s character is his excessive love of approbation. It is his ruling passion. Bearing this in mind, and also what Palmerston said of his behaviour as a colleague, the inference naturally is that his famous Secession Speech was an attempt to force Palmerston’s hand; an effort to make himself the leading man in the Cabinet; a bid for popularity among unthinking people; to figure as “the observed of all observers,” and this without the slightest regard to the disasters that would have been caused by such reckless conduct. But providentially it was otherwise ordered. Yours, etc.

June 28, 1890.

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

## THE NYMPHS’ GROTTTO.\*

Sic niger, in ripis errat quum forte Caystri,  
Inter Ledaos ridetur corvus olores.—*Martial*.

BESIDE the Euxine sea, beneath a hill,  
There is a dell: here grows a laurel staid;  
And, clinging to its boughs, a laughing maid  
With timid foot plays with the waters chill.  
Her comrades gay, at conchal trumpet’s sound,  
Dive ’neath the dancing wave; the foamy brim  
Shows here a body white, and there a limb,  
Here shining hair, there rose of bosom round.

A gleesomeness divine fills all the wood—  
But see! two eyes through sombre shadows gleam;  
The Satyr’s laugh breaks in upon their play.  
The nymphs, they flee!—So when, of sinister brood,  
A raven swart croaks o’er the snowy stream  
Of Caystros, he frights the swans away.

ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

## A SHORT DEFENCE OF VILLAINS.

**A**MID the universal grayness that has settled mistily down upon English fiction, amid the delicate drab-coloured shadings and half-lights which require, we are told, so fine a skill in handling, the old-fashioned reader misses, now and then, the vivid colouring of his youth. He misses the slow unfolding of quite impossible plots, the thrilling incidents that were wont pleasantly to arouse his apprehension, and, most of all, two characters once deemed essential to every novel,—the hero and the villain. The heroine is left us still, and her functions are far more complicated than in the simple days of yore, when little was required of her save to be beautiful as the stars. She faces now the most intricate problems of life; and she faces them with conscious self-importance, a dismal power of analysis, and a robust candour in discussing their equivocal aspects that would have sent her buried sister blushing to the wall. There was sometimes a lamentable lack of solid virtue in this fair dead sister, a pitiful human weakness that led to her undoing; but she never talked so glibly about sin. As for the hero, he owes his banishment to the riotous manner in which his masters handled him. Bulwer strained our endurance and our credulity to the utmost; Disraeli took a step further, and Lothair, the last of his race, perished amid the cruel laughter of mankind.

But the villain! Remember what we owe to him in the past. Think how dear he has become to every rightly constituted mind. And now we are told, soberly and coldly, by the thin-blooded novelists of the day, that his absence is one of the crowning triumphs of modern genius, that we have all grown too discriminating to tolerate in fiction a character whom we feel does not exist in life. Man, we are reminded, is complex, subtle, unfathomable, made up of good and evil so dexterously intermingled that no one element predominates coarsely over the rest. He is to be studied warily and with misgivings, not classified with brutal ease into the virtuous and bad. It is useless to explain to these analysts that the pleasure we take in meeting a character in a book does not always depend on our having known him in the family circle, or encountered him in our morning paper; though, judged even by this stringent law, the villain holds his own. Accept Balzac’s rule, and exclude from fiction not only all which might not really happen, but all which has not really happened in truth, and we would still have studied enough in total depravity to darken all the novels in Christendom. I have before me now two newspaper cuttings, briefly narrating two recent crimes, which display in one case an ingenuity, and in the other a stolidity of wickedness quite unparalleled in the regions of romance. The first—which I would like to commend to the consideration of Frances Power Cobbe, who thinks that jealousy is an obsolete vice—is an account of a young Cuban, who revenged himself on a successful rival by mixing the dried virus from a smallpox patient with some tobacco, which he proffered him for cigarettes; the result being the death, not of the victim only, but of his entire household. The other is a history of a poor German farm hand who, seeing his mistress attacked by a rabid dog, went bravely to her rescue, and throttled the animal, after having been bitten several times in the hands. His employer ascertained that the dog was really mad, and that hydrophobia might possibly ensue, and then promptly and coolly turned out-of-doors the man who had saved his wife. Alone, friendless, penniless, unable even to speak a word of English, the young fellow was carried to the almshouse, there to have his wounds dressed and to take

\* Translated from M. José-Maria de Heredia’s “Sonnet Antique,” in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of May 15th, 1890.

his chance of recovery. Now, surely, in these two short records we have the extreme expression of two opposite types of cruelty,—the cruelty of malice and of selfishness. Neither villain would have been tempted to the other's sin. The farmer would probably have recoiled in horror from the Cuban's devilry; the Cuban would have scorned the farmer's black ingratitude. The men are as sharply contrasted in their wickedness as Glossin and Dirk Hatteraick, whom Sir Walter Scott, with the easy prodigality of genius, has revealed to us, hating and despising one another, in the matchless pages of Guy Mannering.

Again, what murder of romance was ever so wanton, so tragic, and so sombre as that which gave to the Edinburgh highway the name of Gabriel's Road? There, in the sweet summer afternoon, fresh with the breath of primroses and cowslips, the young tutor cut the throats of his two little pupils, in a mad, inexplicable revenge for their childish tale-bearing. Taken red-handed in the deed, he met with swift retribution from the furious populace; and the same hour which witnessed the crime saw his pinioned corpse dangling from the nearest tree, with the bloody knife hung in awful mockery around its neck. Thus the murder and its punishment conspired to make the lonely road a haunted path, ghost-ridden, terrible, where women shivered and hurried on, and little boys, creepy with fear, scampered by, breathless in the dusk; seeing before them always, on the ragged turf, two small, piteous, blood-smear'd bodies and hearing ever, overhead, the rattle of the rusty knife against the felon's bones. The highway, with its unholy associations, discreetly perpetuated in this name, became an education to the good people of Edinburgh, and taught them the value of emotions. They must have indistinctly felt what Mr. Louis Stevenson has so well described, the subtle harmony that unites an evil deed to its location. "Some places," he says, "speak distinctly. Certain dark gardens cry aloud for a murder; certain old houses demand to be haunted; certain coasts are set apart for shipwreck. Other spots, again, seem to abide their destiny, suggestive and impenetrable." And is all this fine and delicate sentiment, all this skilful playing with horror and fear, to be lost to fiction, merely because, as De Quincey reluctantly admits, "the majority of murderers are incorrect characters"? May we not forgive their general incorrectness for the sake of their literary and artistic value? Shall Charles Lamb's testimony count for nothing, when we remember his comfortable allusion to "kind, light-hearted Wainwright"? And what shall we think of Edward Fitzgerald, the gentlest and least hurtful of Englishmen, abandoning himself, in the clear and genial weather, to the delights of Tacitus, "full of pleasant atrocity"?

I was awakened recently to the modern exclusiveness in vice by having a friend complain pettishly to me, in the theatre, where we were watching the snake-like uncoiling of Iago's treachery, that she hated the "heavy villain." I knew the remark to be born of a tremulous discomfort she was susceptible of feeling, but not of appreciating at its value, and that she merely used a current phrase, which, by long handling, has come to have little meaning in our ears,—a term of reproach we fling unheedingly at any mark. But surely it is unmerited by Iago, the lightest of all villains, when we except that true, "laughing devil," Mephistopheles. If Mephistopheles is responsible for all the tragedy of Faust, he gives us, by way of compensation, those fire-flashes of wit which lift our souls momentarily out of the gloom. Something evil within us responds with a shuddering laugh to each wicked, piercing jest. If to Iago is due all the concentrated suffering of two noble souls, it is to him also we owe that flavour of bitter pleasantry which makes bearable the slow approach of a horror forecast from the bright dawning of a nuptial joy. How subtle, how discriminating, how fine, the touch with which he handles his different victims! How absolute, yet half kindly, is his scorn for the poor fool Roderigo! "If thou must needs damn thyself," he urges in friendly protest, "do it in a more delicate way than drowning." Even when the exigencies of the hour impel him to stab his dupe in a midnight brawl, there is no absolute ill feeling in the deed. It is a mere matter of business. The dark vials of his hatred he reserves for other and nobler game. When Cassio, seven times in four short lines, groans out a lament for his lost reputation, what candid contempt in Iago's relieved rejoinder! "As I am an honest man, I thought you had received a bodily wound. There is more offence in that than in reputation." With what positive glee he lays an emphatic stress, on all occasions, upon his one cherished virtue, honesty!

Take note, take note, O world!  
To be direct and honest is not safe,

he cries upbraidingly, when the furious Moor has nearly strangled his last lie in his throat. Even in that sore strait, choked, gasping, and terrified, he can perceive and enjoy the irony of the situation. Christopher North, it will be remembered, pronounced the character of Iago unnatural and unintelligible, because it illustrates the utmost wickedness without the cover of self-deception, and without a strong impelling motive. It is malice for malice's sake. But if anything can give this prince of villains a claim to our common humanity, it is, first and foremost, that one moment of scornful dignity, that merited rebuke of the disarmed prisoner to his assailant,—

"I bleed, sir; but not kill'd;"

and next, that touch of humour which lightens without softening his baseness,—"*La malignité naturelle aux hommes est le principe de la comédie;*" and the malignity of Iago affords the faint tinge of comedy as well as the dark and pitiful tragedy of the play. Had he given us nothing

but his definition of virtuous womanhood, the smiling generations who listen to its "lame and impotent conclusion" might afford to forgive him many sins.

I have sometimes thought that Rossetti's Sister Helen would have gained in artistic beauty if, after those three days of awful watching were over, after the glowing fragment of wax had melted in the flames, and her lover's soul had passed her, sighing, on the wind, there had come to the stricken girl a pang of supreme regret, an impulse of mad desire to undo the horror she had wrought. The conscience of a sinner, to use a striking phrase of Mr. Brownell's, "is doubtless readjusted rather than repudiated altogether," and there is an absolute truthfulness in these sudden relapses into grace.

For this reason, doubtless, I find Mr. Blackmore's villains, with all their fascination and power, a shade too heavily, or at least too monotonously darkened. Parson Chowne is a veritable devil, and it is only his occasional humour—manifested grimly in deeds, not words—which enables us to bear the weight of his insupportable wickedness. The introduction of the naked savages as an outrage to village propriety; the summons to church, when he has a mind to fire the ricks of his parishioners,—these are the life-giving touches which mellow down this overwrought figure, this black and scowling thunderbolt of humanity. Perhaps, too, Mr. Blackmore, in his laudable desire for picturesqueness, lays too much stress on the malignant aspect, the appropriate physical condition of his sinners. From Parson Chowne's "wondrous unfathomable face," which chills every heart with terror, to the "red glare" in Donovan Bulrag's eyes, there is always something exceptional about these worthies, to indicate to all beholders what manner of men they are. One is reminded of Charles II. protesting, not unnaturally, against the perpetual swarthy-ness of stage villains. "We never see a rogue in a play but we clap on him a black periwig," complained the dark-skinned monarch, with a sense of personal grievance in this forced association between complexion and crime. It was the same subtle inspiration which prompted Kean to play Shylock in a red wig that suggested to Wilkie Collins Count Fosco's admirable fat. The passion for embroidered waistcoats and fruit tarts, the petted white mice, the sympathetic gift of pastry to the organ-grinder's monkey, all the little touches which go to build up this colossal, tender-hearted, remorseless, irresistible scoundrel, are of interest and value to the portrait, but his fat is as essential as his knavery. It is one of those master strokes of genius which breaks away from all accepted traditions to build up a new type, perfect and unapproachable. We can no more imagine a thin Fosco than a melancholy Dick Swiveller or a lighthearted Ravenswood.

The final disposition of a mere earthly villain should likewise be a matter of artistic necessity, not a harsh tramping of arrogant virtue upon prostrate vice. There is no mistake so fatal as that of injustice to the evil element of a novel or a play. We all know how, when Portia pushes her triumphant casuistry a step too far, our sympathies veer obstinately around to Shylock's side, and refuse to be readjusted before the curtain falls. Perhaps Shakespeare intended this,—who knows?—and threw in Gratiano's last jeers to madden, not the usurer, but the audience. Or perhaps in Elizabeth's day, as in King John's, people had not grown so finical about the feelings of a Jew, and it is only the chilly tolerance of our enlightened age which prevents our enjoying as we should the devout prejudices of our ancestors. But when, in a modern novel, guiltless of all this picturesque superstition, we see the sinner treated with a narrow, nagging sort of severity, our unregenerate nature rebels stoutly against such a manifest lack of balance. Not long ago, I chanced to read a story which actually dared to have a villain for a hero, and I promised myself much pleasure from so original and venturesome a step. But how did the very popular authoress treat her own creation? In the first place, when rescued from a truly feminine haze of hints, and dark whispers, and unsubstantiated innuendoes, the hapless man is proven guilty of but three offences: he takes opium, he ejects his tenants, and he tries, not very successfully, to mesmerise his wife. Now opium-eating is a vice, the punishment for which is borne by the offender, and which merits as much pity as contempt; rack-renting is an unpardonable but not at all a thrilling misdemeanour; and, in these days of psychological research, there are many excellent men who would not shrink from making hypnotic experiments on their grandmothers. In consequence, however, of such feeble atrocities, the hero-villain is subjected to a species of outlawry at the hands of all the good people in the book. His virtuous cousin makes open and highly honourable love to his virtuous wife, who responds with hearty alacrity. His virtuous cousin's still more virtuous brother comes within an ace of murdering him in cold blood, through motives of the purest philanthropy. Finally, one of these virtuous young men lets loose on him his family ghost, deliberately unsealing the spectral abiding-place; and, while the virtuous wife clings around the virtuous cousin's neck, and forbids him tenderly to go to the rescue, the accommodating spirit—who seems to have no sort of loyalty to the connection—slays the villain at his own doorstep, and leaves the coast free for a second marriage service. Practically, the device is an admirable one, because, when the ghost retires once more to his seclusion, nobody can well be convicted of manslaughter, and a great deal of scandal is saved. But, artistically there is something repellent in this open and shameless persecution, in three persons and a hobgoblin conspiring against one poor man. Our sentiment is diverted from its proper channel, our emotions are manifestly incorrect.

"How are you to get up the sympathies of the audience in a legitimate manner," asks Mr. Vincent Crummies, "if there isn't a little man contending against a big one?—unless there's at least five to one, and we haven't hands enough for that business in our company." What would the noble-hearted Mr. Crummies have thought of reversing this natural order of things, and declaring victory for the multitude? How would human nature in the provinces have supported so novel and hazardous an innovation? Why should human nature out of the provinces be assumed to have outgrown its simple, chivalrous instincts? A good, strong, designing, despicable villain, or even villainess, a fair start, a stout fight, an artistic overthrow, and triumphant Virtue smiling modestly beneath her orange blossoms,—shall we ever be too old and world-worn to love these old and world-worn things?—*Agnès Repplier.*

#### "THE BYSTANDER" ON CURRENT EVENTS.

ON both sides of the Line we have been doing our best to "get rid of the timber," which has been treated as if it cumbered the ground. What has not been used for building or for fuel has been burned where it stood, while the waste has been enormous. The result now is, not only a decline in the quality of marketable timber, but the prospect of a dearth in the near future; for timber, unlike grain, does not grow again in a year or even in a generation. In Canada, we have hitherto supposed that our forest-wealth was inexhaustible. The same mistake was made by the fur-traders in regard to the peltry trade. We have gone on for years selling, often far under value, or, with an easy morality, making grants to politicians of extensive timber limits, and we are to-day only awaking to the consequences of our folly. Even the railways which we have lavishly bonused have been active agents in denuding the land of its treasure. A protest addressed the other day by Mr. William Little to the Montreal Board of Trade contains some startling proofs of the waste. The annual conversion into sawn lumber of the forest areas of the United States has been so enormous that it appears that in the once heavily-wooded districts of Maine and Michigan there is now left standing not more than a year or two's yield. Mr. Little states "that the forests of the vast territory extending from the confines of New Brunswick to the head waters of the Mississippi are almost on the verge of immediate exhaustion." What has been cut for shingles, added to the amount sawn into lumber, has made great inroads, chiefly on the rapidly disappearing stock of spruce and white pine. The same writer observes, that so frightful has been the forest slaughter that the twenty-nine billion feet reported as standing ten years ago in Lower Michigan have dwindled to three billion feet, or one-tenth the amount standing in that year. The same reckless consumption has been going on in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont; the spruce in the Adirondack region of New York, which was estimated ten years ago at five billion feet, with a limited amount in the mountain districts of Pennsylvania, has now, it appears, been pretty well harvested. "To-day," adds Mr. Little, "for every mill-owner who has five years' stock remaining, there are ten who have not one. The mills are being dismantled, burnt stump lands are being again cut over, all floatable timber of every kind is being taken to the mills to be converted into lumber, and mill-owners are now making onslaught on our Canadian pine to keep their otherwise useless saw mills in operation." The result of American recklessness is beginning to come home to our neighbours, and it will be well for us to profit by their experience. By forest destruction a hundred industries connected with lumber will suffer, as well as the lumber trade itself; railway and shipping interests will be affected; and even our climate will undergo, indeed it is already undergoing, a serious change.

Considering that this continent is the world of reason and industry, our militarism is curious. In England, an old war power, military distinction alone has never raised a man to high civil office. The Duke of Wellington was not a mere soldier; he was a great European statesman and the real political head of his party. But in the United States a whole series of mere soldiers has been elected to the Presidency or nominated for it. Civil services are neglected and an ex-President is turned out on the street, while pensions to the amount of a hundred millions a year are given to soldiers, a great many of whom were as mere mercenaries as ever sold their blood. The reception of the victors of Waterloo, of Sobraon, of Inkerman, was nothing to our reception of the victors of Fish Creek, Batoche, the march to Battleford, and its sequel, Cut Knife Hill. Evidently, democratic as we are, the old Adam of military feudalism is not quite dead in us. Yet it is surely time that we who flatter ourselves that we are not as those sabre-swayed and sabre-worshipping populations of the benighted Old World should bring our practical standard of merit a little more into harmony with our ethical creed, and remember that equal honour is due to every man, be he a soldier, or physician, or a brakesman, who meets death in the path of duty. These remarks will not be out of place at a moment when a pulse of Jingoism seems to be again running through our veins, while the blatant voice of the "tail-twister" is again, though feebly, raised at Washington.

The condition of the British Legislature and of British politics generally is, as Lord Russell said that of the

the army in the Crimea was, horrible and heart-rending. Parliamentary government cannot be carried on unless the minority will let the majority govern. But the present Opposition will not let the majority govern. Hurried on not only by the violence of faction but by the violence of the disaffection with which faction has allied itself, and led by a man who is burning to avenge his own defeat and make his way back to power at any expense to the nation and the national institutions, it blocks all legislation and has reduced the House of Commons to helplessness and confusion, while the dignity of what was once the first political assembly in the world is disgraced night after night by low brawls which the Speaker is unable to control. The hope of the Opposition is that by stopping the wheels of legislation and government it will force on a dissolution which, guided by the rather deceptive evidence of the bye-elections, it has persuaded itself will go in its own favour. In the meantime it does its utmost to inflame the worst passions of the people and to stir up Provincial hatred, not in Ireland only, but in Scotland and Wales, against the Union. The very idea of Parliament as a deliberative assembly has ceased to exist. In fact this state of things may be described morally as a civil war; people are beginning to say in their despair that civil war itself would hardly be a greater evil; it would at all events make genuine force and courage, instead of mob oratory and cowardly incendiarism, the arbiters of the national destiny. It has long appeared to us indeed that the nation could hardly be delivered from its peril except by a man who was willing to brave extremities, though it is in the last degree unlikely that he would have to encounter them, since the Continental and Revolutionary party, unless it can get hold of the Government, has not a particle of military force. The Government ought by this time to be aware that there is little use in attempting legislation while the legislative machinery is totally out of gear. Measures must first be taken to re-organize the Legislature and make it capable of performing its functions. Strong measures they will need to be and strong measures are always objectionable, but they cannot be avoided in extremity. Lord Salisbury is rather too much of a grandee to fill the present bill. What is needed is a patriotic leader unencumbered by acres or by buckram, who would be willing to take his political life in his hand and try, before it is too late, to save the nation from Dismemberment and Socialistic Revolution.

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We are told that a broad line is to be drawn between public and private character; rightly, if it is meant that private character should be respected in public discussion; rightly, if it is meant that certain private vices have not been found incompatible with public virtues and great services to the State. But it is idle to say that a man does not carry into public life the character which he has formed in private. Among the political biographies, of which a stream is being poured upon us, two of the latest are those of Fox and Lord Derby. Fox's character was formed at the gambling table, and in public life, with all his generous impulse and personal charm, he was the gambler still. His political career is *rouge et noir*. He begins as a headstrong advocate of prerogative, outrunning Lord North; then he lays his stakes on the other colour, furiously opposed to war with the Colonies, wearing the Revolutionary uniform, and exulting over the reverses of his country at Saratoga and Yorktown. He swears eternal enmity to North. The next moment he is trying to sweep away the stakes by a profligate coalition with the object of his denunciations. The same recklessness marks his course to the end, and his unmeasured avowals of sympathy with the French Revolutionists can hardly have failed to inflame the panic and frustrate the efforts of Pitt to calm the passions of his party and keep out of war. Lord Derby's character was formed on the turf, so much so that his political nickname was the "Jockey." We have him in Greville's Memoirs, when he was leader of the Conservative, and not only of the Conservative, but of the Church party, at Newmarket "in the midst of a crowd of blacklegs, betting-men and loose characters of every description, in uproarious spirits, chaffing, roaring and shouting with laughter and joking." The "coarse merriment" of this highest of aristocrats draws a whole crowd round him. In public life he comes out first as a violent Reformer, getting on the table at Brookes' and threatening to send the King to Hanover if he will not pass the Reform Bill. Then he flies into extreme Toryism and rides that horse just as hard as he had ridden Reform. With the help of Disraeli, he jockeys Peel by a coalition with the Whigs against the third reading of the Coercion Bill when the party had voted in favour of the second reading. He jockeys Palmerston in the same way by a coalition with the Radicals against the third reading of the Conspiracy Bill after supporting the second reading. He carries a sweeping extension of the Franchise, against all Conservative principles, and regardless of what may happen to the country, exults in having "dished the Whigs." To the recklessness of principle with which he handled the Conservative party or permitted it to be handled, and to its consequent degradation, is largely due the dangerous condition in which the country now finds itself. Let us not say, then, that in choosing public leaders private character is of no account. Brilliancy, facility, versatility, almost miraculous, Lord Derby undoubtedly possessed; he may have graced society and adorned debate, but to the State no greater disaster has happened in modern times than that which befell it when Derby supplanted Peel.

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Presbyterianism seems inclined to Revision. Revision, with criticism so actively at work on all sides and Scotch professors on their trial for heresy, will be found an arduous undertaking. Still more difficult will be what Dr. McCosh and others propose, the construction of a simple creed for all Christians. But there is one thing which the Presbyterians may do, without the slightest disturbance of their practical religion on their organization. They may simply strike out the chapter of the Westminster Confession of Faith on "God's Eternal Decree." No moral being can accept the third article of the chapter and believe that God is good, while no rational being can believe that God has foreordained everything and yet is not the author of that which he has foreordained. By tracing the history of these articles and showing how, with the extreme doctrine of Justification by Faith, they had their origin in antagonism to the Papal doctrine which had led to Indulgences; you may clear the religious character of their framers; but now they are, like the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed, a scandal in Christendom, and the scandal ought to be removed.

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Some people were rather startled by seeing that the Methodist Church was going to have Sisterhoods. The principle of Rowland Hill's saying that "the Devil ought not to be allowed to have all the best tunes" applies, we presume, to other powerful agencies as well as music. Nor does the abuse of a thing do away with its use. So, we presume, thought Dr. Johnson, who advocated the measure. Vows and asceticism would be foreign to the spirit of Methodism, or of any Protestant Church, though Methodism was cradled in something very like asceticism. But devotion to good work and sisterly co-operation in it cannot be foreign to the spirit of any Church. Associations and openings for beneficent activity of this kind may lend a new and happy interest to lives now lonely and vacant. As to the question of dress, which seemed to disturb some minds, it may be presumed that these ladies will have too much good sense to emulate the inverted vanity, which by a shroud-like costume parades self-mortification in the public eye, and is the counterpart of the Pharisee's habit of standing to pray in the synagogues and at the corners of the streets. Church architecture, anthems, flowers, and now Sisterhoods! Methodism is evidently putting off its primitive austerity, and it is easy to understand that there may be searchings of hearts among the more austere.

ART NOTES.

THE Ontario Society of Artists held its last meeting for business before the summer vacation on Tuesday, when it was decided that each member should be requested to donate pictures of the value of two hundred dollars towards a collection which will be sold for the benefit of the building fund; these pictures will be exhibited at the Industrial Exhibition in September. At the same meeting Mr. Ahrens was elected a painter member, and Mr. Hynes a designer.

WE have to record the death of H. Perré, a well-known landscape painter, for many years resident in Toronto, and a member of both the Royal Canadian Academy and the Ontario Society of Artists. Mr. Perré was a native of Alsace-Lorraine. After living for a number of years in the Southern states he settled in Canada, at first in Montreal, but latterly in Toronto; he was best known by his water-colours, his work from nature being very fine and full of spirit. A large number of the resident artists of Toronto attended his funeral.

IT is stated that the good pictures in this year's Exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists may be counted on the fingers of a single hand, and that the society is sinking back into the mediocrity of ten years ago. J. M. Bromley, Frank Brangwyn, Yeend King and John Reid seem to be the only names worthy of kindly notice according to the *Art Magazine*.

A SOCIETY has been formed in Paris that we should be glad to see imitated in Canada. It is a "Collectors' Society," formed for the purpose of purchasing works of art for the country, and also for lending a helping hand to unfortunate artists. It is expected that this society will be the means of keeping some valuable paintings in France that would otherwise be bought by rich English or American collectors.

APROPOS of the revived interest taken in pen-and-ink drawings, we learn that a new illustrated weekly journal entitled *Black and White* is to be published in London, England, in the ensuing autumn. It will devote unprecedented attention to its artistic quality. The price will be sixpence, which is a high figure for an illustrated weekly journal of a specialized interest only.

A FRENCH artist, M. Chéret, has been admitted to the Legion of Honour for his skill in designing "posters." After receiving several medals for his "application of Art to Commerce and Industry;" all artists and persons of artistic taste will rejoice that encouragement is shown at least in one country to an artist who subdues to his skill and taste those hideous placards that disfigure so many public places. This at least is making art practical and as such the knighting of M. Chéret will commend itself to our worthy Minister of Education.

IT is not often that we hear such plain speaking on matters connected with the national ability in art work in France as we are treated to by M. Aynard, President of

the Lyons Chamber of Commerce. He says: "It is now no longer possible in our day to claim any superiority for the pretended masterpieces of Sévres and Gobelins. Our national manufactures have become in truth national superstitions, bad in their influence and without soul, besides being as a rule conceived against every law of decorative art." No wonder that among his thin-skinned countrymen he is accused of a want of patriotism. It is time however that the facts he speaks of should be known or France would fall farther behind than she now is in the race for supremacy.

By the courtesy of Mr. Carl Ahrens, whose picture "The Day is Done," received such favourable notice at the late exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists, we were recently permitted to examine at his studio two other pictures, "Toil and Storm" and "Nearing Home." "Toil and Storm" affords a strong contrast to Mr. Ahrens' usually restful style, being full of strong, breezy action. A girl has been gathering firewood on the shore and is facing homeward in the teeth of a gale. Mr. Ahrens is at his best, however, both as regards tone and treatment in subjects suggestive of repose and peace. "Nearing Home" is an old woman resting by the pike side, her basket beside her and the farmhouse in the distance. The painter's meaning is, of course, double; the bent figure and evident feebleness suggesting the end of life's journey as well as of that of the day. The colouring is perhaps a trifle too dull, serving to deepen the gloom of the picture somewhat unnecessarily, and the picture as a whole somewhat depressing, but that may be a matter of intent. We believe Mr. Ahrens has sold "The Day is Done" at a fair figure. TEMPLAR.

THE sculptor, Ward, has completed the plaster model of the statue of Horace Greeley, which is to be cast in bronze this summer and placed on a pedestal at the entrance of the *Tribune* counting-room in Printing House Square, New York. The model is an accurate reproduction of Mr. Greeley in a thoughtful mood.

THE amount realized from the Seilliere art sale in Paris last week was 1,543,122 francs, or over \$300,000. It is said to have been the most important sale that has taken place in the gay capital in a dozen years, and had it not been for the objects withheld on account of the suit brought by the Princesse de Sagan against her brother, the Baron Seilliere, it is believed the receipts would have exceeded 2,000,000 francs.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

AMONG recent school closings that of Morvyn House, Jarvis Street, long conducted by Miss Haight, while non-sectarian, yet largely supported by Presbyterian families of distinction, deserves a word of mention. The programme included some good essays and recitations and several classical piano numbers carefully executed by pupils of Miss C. G. Lay, who, by the resignation of her aunt, Miss Haight, becomes Principal for session 1890-91. The retiring Lady Principal was presented with a handsome purse and testimonial by past and present pupils and teachers, and speeches were made by Principal Caven, Dr. Kellogg, Mr. Henry Darling, Mr. J. S. Blaikie and others. Altogether the occasion was an extremely interesting one, and it is hoped that Miss Haight may see fit to continue residing in Toronto where her influence in church and missionary work has long been recognized.

TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

ON Friday evening of last week the advanced pupils of the above institution gave a very excellent concert before a large audience. The concert was the closing one of the season and was more than usually attractive on account of its showing to some extent the progress made by different pupils during the past year as well as the character of the work done by the Conservatory. It was the universal remark in the hall that the progress made as evidenced in the playing of the pupils was most commendable. The selections rendered embraced not only the older classical school but the more modern and in some respects the more difficult work of the romantic school. While a little allowance must be made for nervousness and the want of finish in some cases, these are faults which future years, as the pupils mature, will entirely disappear, nor do we wish in the present instance to infer that these were so predominant as to interfere with the successful rendition of the programme. They simply suggested to the more critically inclined points, where had they been lacking, the expression and meaning of the music would have been better brought out. When we have said this we have said all we mean which may be construed as the unfavourable part of our criticism; beyond this we have only words of praise. The closing series of concerts have been a great success throughout; indeed the ease and freedom displayed by some of the pupils in getting over difficult passages, and the expression infused by them into their readings of the music, showed not only wonderful technical ability but, what is of more importance, the deep-seated feeling and soul of the true artist. The concerted pieces showed good work of an advanced nature and were very well played. At the Friday evening concert the President of the Conservatory, the Hon. G. W. Allan, was present in person and distributed to the students diplomas of merit in the piano department. The work of the past year has been of a very satisfactory and progressive nature and we have every reason to believe that the institution will continue to grow in public favour and to achieve greater

success in future years than it has yet done in the past. The system adopted is good, the standard is high, but the teachers are good and thoroughly equal to the requirements of their respective departments. This being so we have no fear but that the Conservatory will strengthen its position considerably in the immediate future.

WILLIAM J. FLORENCE will sail in a few days to join Miss Florence in Europe.

SARAH BERNHARDT has postponed her London engagement two weeks, as she is suffering from rheumatism.

"A CONNECTICUT YANKEE at the court of King Arthur," Mark Twain's latest book, is being dramatized by Howard P. Taylor by arrangement with the author.

LAST week Robert Mantell took out papers declaring his intention of becoming a citizen of the United States. Mr. Mantell was born in Irvine, in Ayrshire, Scotland.

ONE of the funny things in "Cerise and Co.," the new London farce, is the introduction of a woman's hat exchange, an institution where society women may, upon paying a small subscription, change their hats and bonnets *ad infinitum*, and thus paralyze their women friends with envy.

THE French Government supports music and the drama by the following appropriations for 1891: Grand Opera, \$160,000; Theatre Francais, \$48,000; Opera Comique, \$60,000; Odéon, \$20,000; Concerts Lamoureux, \$2,000; Colonne, \$2,000; popular concerts \$2,000, and besides these sums \$2,000 additional for the general encouragement of musical and dramatic enterprises.

W. S. GILBERT has signed a partnership with Alfred Cellier, and they will begin at once to write a comic opera with which Horace Sedger will commence his management of the Lyric Theatre. Gilbert swears that he will never allow any of the operas produced by the new firm to be played in America, and D'Oyley Carte says he will never handle any of Gilbert and Cellier's works. Sullivan will probably collaborate with George R. Sims.

It is reported that Sembrich is coming back here next year. Sembrich has the same curious quality of personal magnetism which Mme. Patti possesses in such an extreme degree, besides a fair share of good looks and a voice of great richness and power. It was said that the Czar of Russia had made up his mind last year to keep Mme. Sembrich in St. Petersburg forever, and it looks as though he may have his way, for the *diva* is extremely fond of the Russians.

MARGARET MATHER, whose manager has purchased all the rights to Jules Barbier's "Jeanne d'Arc," in which Bernhardt made such a hit, is now in Europe studying the part with the French actress, who was to appear in it in London, June 16. The New York production will be very elaborate, and Gounod's music composed for it will be one of its features. In costumes and spectacular effects it will be identical with the Porte St. Martin production.

MARY ANDERSON, who may fairly be considered America's leading actress at the present time, was married on Tuesday fortnight to young Mr. Navarro. It is stated that she will never appear on the stage again; but this may be taken with a grain of salt. Miss Anderson is only thirty-one, and there are few cases on record where women who have tasted the sweets of fame have been willing to relinquish those confections for the bread and cheese and kisses of domesticity.

A WRITER in *Nuova Italia* has interviewed Verdi, who has been passing some months in the Doria Palace at Genoa. The interviewer describes him as in excellent health, his eyes full of fire, his beard white and flowing. Being asked whether the world was to consider his "Otello" as his last work, as the song of the swan, he replied: "I do not know. At present I feel tired. But who can tell what I may do yet—if the inspiration comes to me." His interviewer gathered the idea that Verdi's days of composition are not yet over.

EDWARD STRAUSS has been so provoked by harsh criticism in the Pittsburg papers, that he has written a letter denying that he has any American musicians in his orchestra. The nationality of his musicians has little to do with the case. Audiences would not care whether the orchestra was made up of Viennese or Esquimaux, if it were in any way a remarkable body of instrumentalists. Perhaps the Strauss aggregation would be the better for the introduction of a few American musicians such as compose the Thomas forces.

LAWRENCE BARRETT has brought from England a tragedy, "Thomas à Becket," the central figure of which is that great prelate, who was one of the master-spirits of his age, and whose career was full of dramatic incident. At the close of the Booth-Barrett season next spring Mr. Barrett will add "Thomas à Becket" to the long list of poetic plays which this representative American actor has had the courage and enterprise to bring forward. The author is an English gentleman, who—*mirabile dictu*!—does not wish to be known.

THE amphitheatre of the new Madison Square Garden is completed and the claim is made for it that it is the largest hall of public entertainment in the world. There may be some doubt of the correctness of this claim but the hall is certainly an immense one. It will seat 9,000 persons and will provide standing room for 5,000 more. It can be

used for circus performances, for conventions and great public assemblies and for concerts. New York has long needed such a place as this. The old Madison Square Garden, though covering the same plot of ground, was not constructed as this has been—to give the largest amount of available space.

GREAT musical festivals are capable of being made financially successful in this country. The recent Handel and Haydn festival in Boston, with four concerts by local performers, about paid expenses. Cincinnati's festival, which included seven concerts, was made expensive by the taking to that city of a hundred instrumentalists from New York, but the expenses footed up only \$39,000 while the receipts were \$47,000, leaving a good margin of profit, enough at least to encourage similar undertakings. The chief essential to success is a very large hall in which concerts of the highest class can be given with moderate charges of admission.

#### LIBRARY TABLE.

BY ORDER OF THE CZAR. A Novel. By Joseph Hatton. Montreal: John Lovell and Son.

Mr. Hatton has founded his story on an incident related in the *Brooklyn Times*, and by the aid of local colour and topographical study has worked out a sufficiently pitiful and exasperating story. Dick Chetwynd and the Klossstocks are well drawn and one cannot but sympathize with those who became Nihilists under such provocation. The knowledge that such conditions exist lends attractiveness to the tale.

EVOLUTION, ANTIQUITY OF MAN, BACTERIA, ETC. By William Durham. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black; Toronto: Williamson's.

This volume, which is to be followed by another on Astronomy and Physics, contains a series of papers originally contributed to the *Scotsman*, and intended to present in concise yet complete form the general results of scientific investigation for the benefit of those who do not possess sufficient leisure to read at length. Taken as a whole the book is really a continued illustration of the evolutionary principle put in a popular and attractive form. The present volume and its successor come under the general title of "Science in Plain Language," and the one before us fully justifies the title. The papers are full of information given in an easy and pleasantly unpedantic way, and totally free from all the tedium of scientific detail.

HISTORY OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA. By William P. Greswell, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press; London: Frowde.

The author announces this short study of the "History of the Dominion" as the first of "a series designed to illustrate the progress of our three great self-governing groups of Colonies." Primarily, of course, it is an educational book but it will doubtless prove useful to the general reader. Although Mr. Greswell takes his readers back to the times of Columbus and the Cabots the history of Canada proper can hardly be said to begin with him till the year 1783. Future historians will probably regard Confederation as the initial stage of Dominion history. However it seems necessary, in order to thoroughly understand Canadian records, to trace *seriatim* the development of the different provinces, including Newfoundland. This of course was impossible in a work of limited compass, but the author has noted in a fairly comprehensive way the chief points of interest. Bancroft and Parkman have been drawn upon considerably while Kingsford and Bryce have been consulted. The maps are good, having been specially prepared.

ARTICLES AND DISCUSSIONS ON THE LABOUR QUESTION. By Wheelbarrow. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company.

"Wheelbarrow" is not a philosopher pure and simple, but a man of the people—one who, to use his own expression, "has never had time to study the principles of political economy or social science, but upon whom the facts of both have fallen heavily as with a hammer," to which cause we may attribute the pith and pregnancy of this series of vivid and interesting presentations of the various sides of the labour problem. We are glad to trace in the different essays which make up the volume an entire absence of a dogmatic spirit; while the tone is bright, fair, and eminently sympathetic, it is yet the tone of one who has felt the burdens and experienced the ills which afflict the masses, and which he acknowledges, much to his credit, are not altogether due to the classes. In "Signing the Document" Wheelbarrow condemns the tyranny once exercised by employers in compelling their employees to bind themselves not to form unions, while he likewise shows the consequences of acceptance or refusal. The following essay grasps the reverse side and depicts the folly and greed of unions in closing the avenues of labour to those who do not belong to their particular combination. "Live and let live" is an exposition of the highest fraternal principle in labour, but one which on grounds of commercial interest alone will not, we fear, obtain this side of the millennium. The competition problem engages the author's attention and with it the kindred subject of convict labour, the solution of which we lately saw attempted over the border, and, still nearer home, in Toronto itself.

Wheelbarrow does not offer a moral solution of the question, or show the deteriorating influences of idleness or of useless labour, such as carrying sand from C to D and thence back to C. He simply points out that unless such moral deterioration is faced the convict competition must fall on some one branch, and had therefore better be divided over the many. To which, we think, he might have added the fact that had all these convicts been citizens in good standing the competition would be no greater in the aggregate than it is when these citizens are convicts in jail. Therefore the real sum of competition is not affected, though prices are. The remedying of the scale of prices seems therefore the true solution. The subject of metallic standards does not escape, and the one hard fact that at bottom it is the actual value of the metal which determines the real value of the coin, and not the legal tender, which is temporary and fictitious, is insisted on. The gold and silver dollar is the example cited and perhaps the most telling one available. There are various other essays, the arguments in which are not always conclusive and perhaps not intended to be, for the author writes rather in the spirit of enquiry than in that of the special pleader. The volume closes with a controversy with Hugh O. Pentecost and others on the "Single tax movement," the fallacy of which in some of its bearings, notably that of the assumed difference between land value and product of labour, is deftly exposed. The book is on the whole a very readable and useful contribution to the discussion of the labour problem.

WE have received from William Bryce No. 75 of his "Library" series, "Forging the Fetters," by Mrs. Alexander.

CASSELL'S *Family Magazine* for July is to hand, full as ever of good and varied reading. "Aerial Photography" is an attractive and well-illustrated article.

WE have received Nos. VII.-VIII.-IX., of the Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science. This is a supplement to "The Negro in Maryland," and concerns itself about the progress of the coloured population of that State since the war. It is by Jeffrey R. Brackett, Ph.D., and is chatty and interesting, being rather in the nature of an essay than a scientific study.

THE *Overland Monthly* for June has a clever paper, unsigned, on Spencer's Utopian idea of co-operation. Edward Berwick writes on "Farming in 2000 A.D.," and "Looking Backward in Peru" is a borrowed idea interestingly worked out. "Social Transformation" is a thoughtful article and so is the "Future of Industrialism" though the author's conclusions will bear criticism. Numerous other papers make up a good number.

La *Revue Francaise* for June contains fresh instalments of Henri de Bornier's poetic drama "Mahomet" and Jules Simon's "Libert." The Marquis de Pedrosso talks about "Les Americains chez eux," but we fancy it is a field in which Max O'Rell has culled all the best flowers. Leon Seche has a Chouan tale, "Le Roman d'une Vendéenne," and there are some fair literary portraits of contemporary authors.

JEFFERSON DAVIS is the subject of a sonnet by Henry Stockard in *Belford's* for July. "The form is faulty but the thought is fine." The articles are far too numerous to mention. But we might select out of the abundance of good reading the papers on "Mormonism in Idaho," "The Gardeners of Kentucky" and M. M. Trumbull's article on "The Chartist Movement in England." *Belford's* is so full and bright in every department that one can dip at random and be satisfied.

THE *Quiver* for July is as varied as usual, containing descriptive papers, short stories, poetry, music, and articles of a theological nature. The serials are continued, one of them to its closing chapter, and the frontispiece is an idealistic embodiment of "A Summer Thought." The "Upper Class Salvation Army" is described by F. M. Holmes, under the title of "A Day with the Church Army," and Sidney Paget has a good story in three chapters, entitled "A Broken Will."

OSCAR WILDE occupies the place of honour in the July *Lippincott's* with a strong and tragic story entitled "Dorian Gray." An interesting article is that by Edward Heron Allen, called "The Cheiromancy of To-day," in which is given a short account of how to derive knowledge of character from the lines and general formation of the human hand. Mrs. Bloomfield Moore has a thoughtful article on "Keeley's Contributions to Science." To the second instalment of "Round Robin Talks," Julian Hawthorne, Col. Ochiltree, Moses P. Handy, and others contribute their quota of interesting and amusing matter, and there is an eloquent sketch of Senator Ingalls. The poetry is by Mrs. Stoddard and Rose Lathrop.

MISS FANNY MURFREE, sister to "Charles Egbert Craddock," begins her serial "Felicia" in the July *Atlantic*, but it does not promise great things. Frank Gaylord Cook reverts to the infancy of the enlightened Republic in his paper on Richard Henry Lee and "Science and the African Problem," affords to N. S. Shaler a basis for a short historical, anthropological and social enquiry into the negro race. The instalment of Mrs. Deland's "Sidney" is rather a melancholy one. Other articles are by Albert Hart on "The Status of Athletics in American Colleges," a short story by Sarah Orne Jewett, a pleasant talk about Odysseus and Nausicaa, by W. C. Lawton, and No. VIII. of "Over the Teacups," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, to

which most people will turn on opening the number. The instalment ends with two charming little verses, "Too young for love." Various articles, with poetry by J. Russell Lowell, and the usual departments, complete the issue.

THE July *Century* opens with a richly illustrated paper entitled, "A Provençal Pilgrimage"—that region so rich in Roman remains and traditions of the Romance age. "A Taste of Kentucky Blue Grass" is an appreciative article, by John Burroughs, on the home of horse-breeding in America, but the paper itself is of general descriptive interest and does not concern itself so much with the wealth of good horses, as with the scarcity of great men "Kintuck" has produced. Viola Roseboro' sends a short story, half amusing, half sad, and Amelia Mason contributes the third instalment of her interesting *excursus* on "The Women of the French Salons." "Little Venice" is another short story with a tragic end, by Grace Denio Litchfield, and is followed by a controversy between Edward Atkinson and Henry George turning upon the definition of the term "Single Tax" and the pros and cons thereof. "The Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson" still maintains its vivacity, and the new serial, "The Anglo-maniacs," grows interesting. "Friend Olivia," Mrs. Barr's serial, and other papers with some average poetry bring up the rear.

THE *Nineteenth Century* for June, issued in this country under authority of the English publishers in the original English form by the Leonard Scott Publication Co., opens with an important paper on the "Sweating System," by Miss Beatrice Potter. Miss Potter has long made a special study of the conditions of the working people, and the present article dealing with the most atrocious phase of the labour problem and the chances for amelioration will be read with great interest. J. Henniker Heaton discusses the practicability of a "Penny Post for the British Empire" which is not without bearings on the lowering of the rate of postage in this country. A map showing the present mail routes around the world accompanies the article. The present position of the British Turf and its prospects for the coming and present year are reviewed in a careful and discriminating essay on "Racing in 1890" by G. Herbert Stutfield. Lieut. J. A. Campbell contributes some additional information on "A Battle Described from the Ranks," supplementing an article in the March number on the same subject. Wilfred Ward has a thoughtful paper on the present state of theological controversy entitled "New Wine in Old Bottles." Rev. Dr. Jessopp writes in his usual bright and entertaining way on "Village Almshouses." W. S. Lilly takes M. Paul Bourget's new novel, "Le Disciple," as the theme for a notice of a remarkable book by one of the greatest, if not the greatest, novelists of the present day. S. B. Boulton, Chairman of the Conciliation Committee of the London Chamber of Commerce, writes on the settlement of labour disputes and the influence of outside bodies and individuals. The Duke of Argyll concludes his study of the life and actions of Wolfe Tone, one of the most striking figures in French Irish History. Frederic Harrison writes on "Lord Rosebery and the London Common Council," describing the results of the year's work of this body, which has exercised a great influence on London municipal life. The number concludes with a symposium on "Actor-Managers," by Bram Stoker, Henry Irving and Charles Wyndham, all of whom have much to say that is fresh and valuable on this particular subject.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

M. RENAN is recovering from his long and painful attack of the gout.

LIVES of Robert Browning and Lord Byron have just been added to the "Great Writers" Series.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL is steadily regaining his health, but he is not likely to go to England this year.

THE title of W. E. Norris' new novel, which may be expected shortly, is "The Baffled Conspirators."

SIR CHARLES WILSON'S "Clive" is to be the next volume of the "English Men of Action" Series.

THE Carnival programme, designed we believe by Alderman King Dodds, was a marvel of taste and fitness.

"THE RED FAIRY BOOK" is being edited by Mr. Andrew Lang, as a companion volume to his successful volume, "The Blue Fairy Book."

THE autobiography of Sir Henry Parkes, Premier of New South Wales, has been placed for publication in the hands of Kegan Paul and Co.

"TRAVELS IN AFRICA," by Dr. William Junker, translated by Professor Keane, will be issued immediately by Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

BURNS' manuscript of "Scots Wha Hae wi' Wallace Bled" was sold in London at auction recently for £70. The buyer is an American.

MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER AND Co. have in the press "The Nether World," by Mr. George Gissing; and "The Country: a Story of Social Life."

BESIDES the late Bishop Lightfoot's volume of "Durham Sermons," just ready, another volume is promised under the title, "Auckland Sermons."

A VOLUME is in the press in England (W. Andrews, Hull), with the title "Obsolete Punishments," dealing with the ducking-stool, brands, stocks, etc.

WILLIAM R. JENKINS, the well-known New York publisher, died recently, aged 43. He made specialties of French works and books on veterinary subjects.

AMONG the sculptures at the old Paris Salon which *L'Art* says "ought to be examined" is a bronze figure of a baseball player, by Douglas Tilden of Chico, Cal.

MR. RIPLEY HITCHCOCK, for some time art critic of the New York *Tribune*, has resigned that position to become the literary adviser of the Messrs. Appleton.

"NORTHERN STUDIES," by Edmund Gosse, is the new volume in the "Camelot" Series. Among the contents are essays on Henrik Ibsen's poems and social dramas.

"THE TRAGIC MUSE," by Mr. Henry James, and "A South Sea Lover," by Mr. Alfred H. Johnston, are on Messrs. Macmillan and Co.'s list for the present month.

A HISTORY of the Boston Public Library is to be written by William W. Greenough, who was for many years president of the board of trustees of that institution.

THE "complete novel" in *Lippincott's Magazine* for July is contributed by Oscar Wilde, and is spoken of as his first work of this sort. Its title is "The Picture of Dorian Gray."

A FORTHCOMING issue of *Temple Bar* will contain a striking poem by a well-known contributor to THE WEEK, Mrs. S. F. Harrison. The poem is entitled "Why we love a Man-of-War."

THE July number of *Harper's Magazine* contains an illustrated article on "Social Life in Oxford," written by Ethel M. Arnold, a sister of the author of "Robert Elsmere," and niece of Matthew Arnold.

*Poet Lore* for June has leading articles on "Marston's Shakespearianisms," by L. M. Griffiths; "Browning's Form," by Francis Howard Williams, besides a variety of readable departmental matter and literary news.

A WORK is about to be published in London by Mr. Claremont Daniell, called "The Industrial Competition of Asia," meaning especially the currency, trade, and finances of India, and their relations to British interests.

THE memoirs of ex-Empress Eugenie will not be published in the immediate future as has been stated, but only after her death. The record extends from the year 1859. The ex-Empress works at the book industriously whenever her health permits the exertion.

ON the 22nd of June the four hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the invention of the art of printing was celebrated at Mayence. On the 24th, the natal day of Gutenberg, the Gutenberg Platz and the monument erected in his honour were brilliantly illuminated.

SENATOR EVARTS, Chairman of the Committee on Library, has reported to the Senate from that Committee a bill appropriating \$20,000 to purchase for the Government the papers and correspondence of Thomas Jefferson, now in the possession of his descendants.

THE first number of the *Annals of the American Academy of Social and Political Science*—a new review of politics and economics—will shortly appear in Philadelphia. The *Annals* is the organ of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, and will appear quarterly.

THE *Writer* for June contains articles by C. Everett Warren, M.D.; Tarpley Starr; Robert Grimshaw; Belle C. Green and others. Ella B. Carter writes sympathetically on "Secrets of the Literary Craft," and the "Sons of Editors" is amusing, though perhaps overdrawn.

THE July *Popular Science Monthly* contains an article by August Weismann on "The Musical Sense in Animals and Men," in which he argues that, "as man possessed musical hearing organs before he made music, those organs did not reach their present high development through practice in music."

COUNT TOLSTOI has contributed to the *Universal Review* a reply to the criticisms made upon his book, "The Kreutzer Sonata," defending the morality of the book, and reaffirming the views of marriage therein set forth, with allied opinions upon what he considers the true Christian life.

THE story to the effect that a number of wealthy French Jews wish to buy the Vatican copy of the Hebrew Bible from the Pope, the *London Publishers' Circular* thinks, is quite accurate. The sum offered is £40,000. It is considered doubtful whether the Pope could legally dispose of the treasure.

MRS. LEE O. HARBY, who contributes to *Harper's Magazine* for July an interesting article on "Texan Types and Contrasts," is a native of Charleston, S. C., and has spent several years in Texas. She was for a long time a contributor to the newspapers of Galveston, from which she began to write for Northern magazines and papers.

ST. GEORGE MIVART has in press a "Monograph on the Canidæ." It will be issued to a limited number of subscribers illustrated with woodcuts and nearly fifty coloured plates drawn from nature and hand painted by J. G. Keulemans. In the part that relates to dogs, jackals, wolves, and foxes, the domestic dog is not overlooked. The question of his origin is considered.

ESTES and Lauriat announce "the most superb and unique style of gift-book ever attempted in the history of American publishing,"—"The Eve of St. Agnes Illuminated Missal." The claim made is an extensive one in view of various things which other publishers have done. Rather more moderation may perhaps be found to have been desirable.

AN article on the South of France,—Avignon, Nîmes, Arles, etc.—entitled "A Provençal Pilgrimage," begins the July *Century*. The writer is Miss Harriet W. Preston, translator of "Mirèio," the Provençal poem by Mistral, and a close student of the interesting life and literature of that region. The text is accompanied by a number of Pennell's sketches.

A SETTLEMENT has been arrived at between Mr. Stanley and his late lieutenant, Mr. Troup, regarding the latter's book, "With Stanley's Rear Column." Mr. Troup it will be remembered, was under covenant not to publish any book on the subject of the expedition until after his chief had had an opportunity of bringing one out. The terms agreed on are that Mr. Troup must wait till October 15th before publishing.

WE are informed (by a circular) that "there has hitherto been no periodical professing absolutely sound views on all the topics of the day, in Politics, History, Religion, Art, Literature, Philosophy and the Ethics of Society." A penny weekly, to be called *The Whirlwind*, is, therefore, about to appear "as the organ of the Hon. Stuart Erskine and Mr. Herbert Vivian." The inference is obvious.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD'S "Light of Asia" has had such a remarkable success in this country, and has so stimulated public interest in the wisdom and philosophy of the far East that Roberts Brothers have been induced to prepare an edition of it which shall bring to the eye some of the striking characteristics which it impresses upon the mind. This will be done by pictures emblematic of the Buddhist religion, views of temples, idols, statues, etc. The book is in press.

MR. T. B. ALDRICH, who is engaged on a volume of poems to be published in the autumn, intends to pass part of the summer in England, where he will arrange for the London edition of the book. His striking poem, "Batuschka," written in an unusual kind of verse, which was published not long ago in *Harper's Monthly*, does not seem to be appreciated by the Russian literary censor, who obliterates it from every number of the magazine admitted into the land of the Tsar.

"AFTER all," says Mr. Edmund Yates, "the persuasive Pond has succeeded in inducing Sir Morell Mackenzie to lecture next October in some of the principal cities in America. Col. Pond offered £100 a lecture for as many lectures as Sir Morell liked to give up to thirty, but the eminent specialist, as generally described in the newspapers, only consented to give fifteen lectures, and these are to be at the rate of £130 a lecture, or, in other words, he will receive about £2,000 for fifteen lectures."

MR. A. C. WHEELER (Nym Crinkle) has just sold the right to publish his new novel, "The Toltec Cup," to the Low Vanderpoole Publishing Company, for \$10,000—the largest sum paid for any recent work of fiction. All of the action and incidents of this story are laid in and about New York City, it having been Mr. Wheeler's purpose to ascertain whether an intensely dramatic and thrilling romance could not be made out of material more closely adjacent to the average reader than the solar system or the heart of Africa.

WE note the withdrawal of Mr. Henry W. Darling from the Presidency of the Bank of Commerce, which it has been his task to pilot over a somewhat dangerous sea. The breadth of his commercial view and his power of handling great commercial questions, with his general ability and energy, have been very valuable not only to the Board of Trade, which signally recognized his services to it, but to the commercial community at large, and it is to be hoped that opportunities of rendering similar services will not be wanting to him in the future.

MESSRS. HART AND COMPANY, Toronto, have in press and will have ready early in the autumn a volume of verse by Mrs. S. Frances Harrison—Seranus—author of "Crowded Out," and compiler of the "Canadian Birthday Book," etc. Mrs. Harrison's efforts on behalf of Canadian literature generally should entitle her book to an enthusiastic reception. The book will be issued in the best possible style, bound in vellum cloth, gilt top, printed in handsome new type on fine book paper especially made. The binding will be unique, novel and very attractive.

THE *Montreal Gazette* has stated confidently that the articles on the Jesuits' Estates question, which appeared in the *Toronto Mail* and aroused the attention of the Province to the subject, were written by Mr. Edward Farrer, who has since transferred his pen to the other camp. The style of that singularly able writer is well-known, and literary men at Toronto are much mistaken if the articles which most attracted attention were by his hand. Moreover, it is understood that at the time of their appearance Mr. Farrer was seriously ill and on sick leave. The question is not one merely of literary curiosity, since the *Montreal Gazette* draws from its assumed fact an inference damaging to the origin of the Equal Rights' movement and Association.

THE *London St. James' Gazette* says that a complete set of the proofs of Mr. Henry M. Stanley's forthcoming work, "The Darkest Africa," were obtained in a mysterious manner by some person who offered copies to one English paper and to two papers published in the Colonies. The copies were accepted by the papers, but the publication of the matter was thwarted by the issue of a circular by the house which is to publish the book warning any person against publishing the work, and notifying any one who did so that he would be held responsible.

## READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

## THE PORTRAITS OF DEAD LADIES.

I LOVE you in your settings quaint,  
Faces of ladies lovely and dead;  
The flowers in your hands are faded and faint;  
'Tis a hundred years since their bloom was shed.

The empire of beauty has passed away;  
The Pompadour and Parabère  
Would find no lovers to rule to-day;  
They sleep in the tomb, and love's buried there.

But you, sweet faces that men forget,  
You rest o'er the tombs where your beauty's fled,  
And sadly you smile—who are smiling yet  
At the thought of your lovers so long time dead.  
—Theophile Gautier.

## A PROBLEM IN ASTRONOMY SOLVED.

MR. S. E. PEAL, in proving that Greenland is covered by a large ice-cap, may have solved a problem in astronomy. The polar caps of Mars are not diametrically opposite; the southern one is not centrally over the axis of rotation. A like anomaly may exist on our earth. Flat-topped icebergs 2,000 feet high and several miles long are seen in Antarctic waters. These are apparently fragments of the permanent ice-cap over the South Pole. Thin ice prevails in the Arctic region. This may prove the theory that the North Pole is covered by a deep sea having no islands and free from permanent ice. Nansen's recent expedition may prove that one of the polar ice-caps covers the continent of Greenland.—*Iron, London.*

## THE GIRL OF THE FUTURE.

THE *Universal Review* contains an article, by Mr. Grant Allen, on "The Girl of the Future," which is likely somewhat to shock the susceptibilities of the average reader. While many of the observations contain undoubted truths, the new theory he advocates with regard to social relationships is scarcely likely to prove acceptable. The theory in question is summed up in the following paragraph: "Instead of yielding up her freedom irrevocably to any one man, she would jealously guard it as in trust for the community, and would use her maternity as a precious gift to be sparingly employed for public purposes, though always in accordance with instinctive promptings, to the best advantage of future offspring. If conscious of failure in any important maternal quality—be it in physique, in constitution, in mind, or in character—she would resolve, while freely using all her functions as a woman, never to employ her functions of a mother—never to impose upon the State undesirable citizens, or upon her children the burden of a feeble heredity. If conscious, on the other hand, of possessing valuable and desirable maternal qualities, she would employ them to the best advantage of the State and for her own offspring by freely commingling them in various directions with the noblest paternal qualities of the men who most attracted her higher nature." The adoption of the limitations laid down in the first part of this sentence would perhaps benefit the world at large; but the second is utterly impracticable, and any attempt to bring about its realisation would shake the whole social fabric to its foundations. The author does not underestimate the difficulty of discussing the subject in public, although he succeeds in treating it in as delicate a way as is possible under the circumstances. We may admire the style, which is at all times forcible, while dissenting from the main theory.

## EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

WRITERS have for many years regarded the publisher as a sort of necessary evil, a sordid person, who, if he fulfilled his full duty, would confine himself strictly to "downstairs" affairs, furnish money as required, and obliterate himself as much as possible except on salary day. It has been the fashion to accord to the brilliant editor all the credit, and saddle upon the publisher all the blame. If the paper was a success, the editor was glorified; if it was a failure, it was "bad business management." From the writer's standpoint, this position was perfectly logical. It is the duty of the publisher to sell the paper, secure advertising, and pay salaries. If he failed to do these things, he was plainly at fault. The fact that the editor was manufacturing for the publisher an unsaleable article never occurred to the dignity of the pastepot and quill. If, on the other hand, the publisher sold the papers, gathered advertising, and consequently paid expenses, he was, in the opinion of the editor, deserving of no special credit; he was merely acting as an intermediary between the editor and an appreciative public, who demanded the editor's brilliant articles and pleaded that their business announcements might be placed "top of column" next to the editor's fascinating reading matter. A good deal of this prejudice has already disappeared among the more enlightened newspaper men, but it is still cherished by a large class of young—and old—impractical writers. The publisher is looked upon as a money grabber, but little, if any better than a person "in trade." The tendency of the age is steadily working against this notion, just as it is working against the old-fashioned idea that a man must of necessity pass through the preliminary training of the composing-room and reporter's note book before he is competent to occupy an editorial position. The vast majority of the newspaper workers of to-day realize that a large amount of first-class brains are required in the business office as well

as in the editorial room. The success of the really great newspapers is proving that the editor and publisher must work in perfect harmony and each second the efforts of the other in his own peculiar line. But still the publisher is far from receiving his fair amount of credit. So far as reputation is concerned, to the editor belongs the spoils. It is the editor who responds to the toast of "The Press" at public dinners. It is the editor who is regarded with admiration and awe by the outside public. It is the editor who is sent to Congress, on foreign missions, or is given the postmastership. And it is becoming more and more frequently the case that it is the publisher who makes the paper, and the editor along with it. We are in a commercial age; we have had our era of great editors, and now the great publishers are coming to the fore. The publisher who can write an editorial and make a contract with equal facility is daily becoming more frequent, while the editor who can buy ink at less than the list price, or who really knows anything except the theoretical difference between a one dollar and a ten dollar bill is a very rare bird indeed. The best newspaper men combine the two qualities in a marked degree. The fact is that in most cases in the leading newspapers of to-day the publisher could get along quite comfortably were he suddenly obliged to take the editor's desk, while the chances are that the editor would get into no end of a muss if he attempted to perform the manifold and perplexing duties of the publisher.—*The Journalist.*

## MY LADY SLEEPS.

STARS of the summer night,  
Far in yon azure deeps,  
Hide, hide your golden light,  
She sleeps, my lady sleeps!

Moon of the summer night,  
Far down yon western steeps,  
Sink, sink in silver light,  
She sleeps, my lady sleeps!

Wind of the summer night,  
Where yonder woodbine creeps,  
Fold, fold thy pinions light,  
She sleeps, my lady sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night,  
Tell her her lover keeps  
Watch, while in slumbers light  
She sleeps, my lady sleeps!

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

## COMMUNISTIC JUSTICE.

FROM one who knows him, I learn that Prince Kraptkin blames the English socialists because they do not propose to act out the rule popularly worded as "share and share alike." In a recent periodical, M. de Laveleye summed up the communistic principle as being "that the individual works for the profit of the State, to which he hands over the produce of his labour for equal division among all." In the communistic Utopia described in Mr. Bellamy's "Looking Backward," it is held that each "shall make the same effort," and that if by the same efforts, bodily or mental, one produces twice as much as another, he is not to be advantaged by the difference. At the same time the intellectually or physically feeble are to be quite as well off as others: the assertion being that the existing régime is one of "robbing the incapable class of their plain right in leaving them unprovided for." The principle of inequality is thus denied absolutely. It is assumed to be unjust that superiority of nature shall bring superiority of results, or, at any rate, superiority of material results; and as no distinction appears to be made in respect either of physical qualities or intellectual qualities or moral qualities, the implication is not only that strong and weak shall fare alike, but that foolish and wise, worthy and unworthy, mean and noble, shall do the same. For if, according to this conception of justice, defects of nature, physical or intellectual, ought not to count, neither ought moral defects, since they are one and all primarily inherited.—*Herbert Spencer in the Popular Science Monthly for June.*

## THE COST OF NEWSPAPERS.

FROM a suggestive article on newspapers, by Eugene M. Camp, in the *June Century*, we quote as follows: "What is the total annual cost to the wholesale purchasers of news—namely, the publishers—of the entire newspaper product of the United States? An answer to this question would be of interest, but it has never been answered. For several years I have been gathering information upon which to base an estimate. Publishers have uniformly extended me every courtesy; nevertheless I find it an exceedingly difficult quantity to arrive at, and for my figures I do not claim absolute accuracy. Publishers in this country annually expend something near the following sums for news:

For press despatches.....	\$1,820,000
" special .....	2,250,000
" local news .....	12,500,000
	\$16,570,000

"The business of the Associated Press, a mutual concern which pays nothing for its news and which serves its patrons at approximate cost, amounts to \$1,250,000 per annum; and that of the United Press, a stock corporation, is \$450,000 per annum. The former aims to provide news about all important events, in which work \$120,000 in telegraph tolls is expended; while the latter endeavours, above all else, to provide accounts of events occurring in the vicinity of the respective papers served."

## MODERN BIG GUNS.

Now that the U. S. is going into the business of building a National navy it is well to study what other nations are doing. The two crack ships of the British navy are the *Trafalgar* and the *Nile*. These are supposed to be the very last and best thing in battle ships. Clark Russell in his *Life of Nelson*, just published, says that the *Trafalgar* could have sunk the entire British and Danish fleets at Copenhagen with little or no damage to herself. She is a turret ship with 20-inch armour on the turrets; her displacement is nearly 12,000 tons; her motive power equal to 12,000 horse-power; she carries, besides eight 2-ton guns, four guns of 67 tons each, throwing a missile weighing 1,250 pounds. This monster has just had a trial trip, on which her guns were tested. The big guns were first fired with small charges of powder, which did no damage to speak of beyond knocking a few wheels off the capstan and blowing some odds and ends overboard. But when a 67-ton gun was loaded with a full service charge of 630 pounds and fired at an elevation of three degrees the deck was depressed two full inches, the deck beams were bent and one mess-deck stanchion was broken short off. The gunners declared that a second shot with the same charge would have depressed the deck four inches, would have broken more beams and opened the seams below so as to admit the water, and that half a dozen shots would have disabled the ship so that she would have had to steam out of action. In other words, while these crack new ships can inflict terrible injury on an enemy, and their turrets are practically impregnable, they are certain to do themselves up after an engagement of a quarter of an hour. What is the good of war-ships like that? There is a limit to the volume of powder which can be used in a gun, and to the size of the bore. The force exerted by the explosive power of powder in expanding the air is so vast that beyond a certain point it is as fatal to the surroundings of the gun as to the object at which its shot is aimed. Very few objects could stand the impact of a shot weighing nearly five-eighths of a ton and driven through space by 600 pounds of powder, but if the power which impels the shot is distributed laterally and vertically from the gun's muzzle with such force as to depress a gun-deck two inches and to break steel stanchions like pipe-stems the gun will evidently do as much damage to the battery in which it stands as it can inflict on the enemy.—*Public Opinion.*

WELL hath he done who hath seized happiness!  
For little do the all-containing hours,  
Though opulent, freely give.

—Matthew Arnold.

THE Mechanical and Scientific Society of London, England, have on exhibition articles illustrating the progress made in mechanics. There are two instruments used in gun-making, one that accurately measures thickness down to the one-thousandth part of an inch, and another that grades thicknesses in millionth parts. A delicate scale made by Oertling will carry 3,000 grains and turn distinctly with the one-thousandth part of a grain. An engine made by a watch-maker, consisting of 122 pieces, with 33 screws and bolts additional, is so small that it can be packed inside a lady's thimble.

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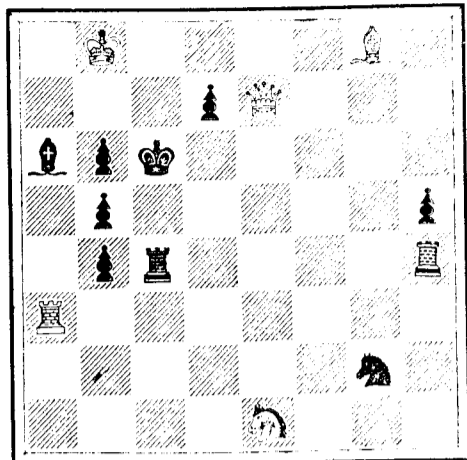
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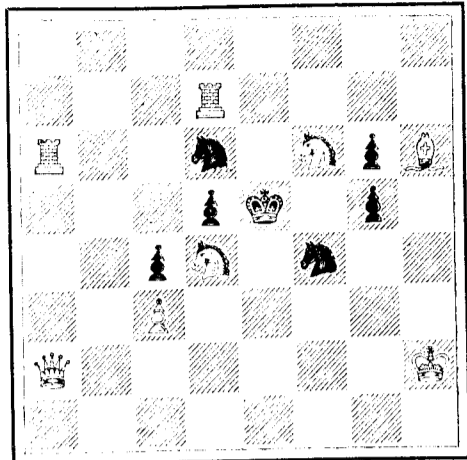
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- White. 1. B-B8, 2. Q-Kt4, 3. Q-Q6 mate. Black. 1. K-Q4, 2. KxKt. If 1. P-Q7, 2. KxKt.

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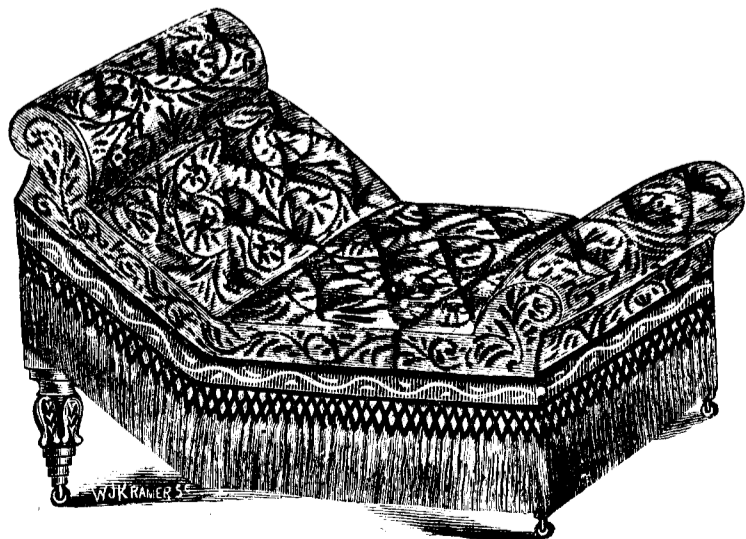
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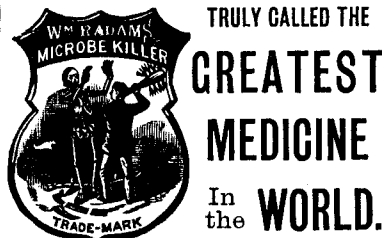
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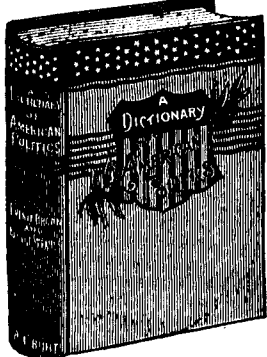
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