

THE WEEK:

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CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK—	PAGE—
Reciprocity with Jamaica	449
Canal Tolls	449
The Fate of Big Bear	449
The Rescue of Mesdames Delaney and Gowanlock	450
Alliance of Religion with Politics	450
The Scott Act Tried and Found Wanting	450
Repressive Legislation under the Stuarts	450
Baron Bramwell on Liquor Legislation	451
Foreign Interference in Canadian Politics	451
Decrease in the Church of England's Revenue	451
Mr. Gladstone's late Defeat	451
Parnellite Ingratitude	451
Lord Salisbury as a Statesman	451
CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES—	
Imperial Federation	Hon. J. W. Longley. 452
A Canadian Poet	Howard J. Duncan. 453
Mr. Cleveland's First Quarter	B. 454
Art Notes	Delta. 454
HERE AND THERE	455
CORRESPONDENCE	456
POETRY—	
The Mission Chapel	C. F. B. 457
A Cry from an Indian Wife	E. Pauline Johnson. 457
A HALF-FORGOTTEN CHAPTER IN CANADIAN HISTORY.—II.	G. Mercer Adam. 457
SCRAP BOOK	458
MUSIC	459
PERIODICALS	459
LITERARY GOSSIP	460
CHESS	460

The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY AND LITERATURE.

Edited by W. PHILIP ROBINSON.

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

WHEN the annexation of Jamaica was proposed, we pointed out that, while the political objections were insuperable, annexation would accomplish nothing which could not be attained by the simple and unembarrassing process of a commercial arrangement. Jamaica, it now appears, is also of this opinion. She has sent to Canada delegates whose mission is to prepare the way for a reciprocal commercial arrangement. The delegates contend that Canada has more to gain by commercial reciprocity with Jamaica than with the rest of the West Indies. This may possibly be true if the comparison be confined to an equal number of customers; but it is clearly the interest of Canada to include as much of the West Indies as possible in any arrangement that may be made. To enter into an agreement that would practically compel her to buy her raw sugar from Jamaica, would, by restricting the choice to the produce of one of the least prolific of the sugar colonies, be a doubtful benefit. Competition among the producers of raw sugar would, so far as Canada is concerned, be reduced to the narrowest circle; its action would at best be feeble, and might be altogether suspended by a little judicious combination. But the overtures of Jamaica ought not, on this account, to be rejected; though in making any arrangement with the island it will be necessary to bear in mind that Canada's interest will best be served by an extension of the same terms to the rest of the West Indies. Under any relations into which it would be possible to enter, Canada could not hope to sell much to a population of six hundred thousand souls, a large majority of whom are negroes subsisting on the meagerest of fare. The removal of the heavy tax of eight shillings a barrel on Canadian flour might have the effect of placing within the reach of the negro a better description of food than he now gets, and if so the first step towards a fuller development of his energies would have been taken. His physical power of production would be

increased, and if he exerted that power only in the same degree as at present, he would have made a distinct advance in the improvement of his condition. There would still be several more steps to take, but they might if the climate did not forbid be taken one after another, before he was physically as good a man as the negro of the Southern States. In this way the consuming power of the Jamaica negro might be largely increased; but it would still remain true that the best thing for Canada, both as buyer and seller, would be to have the markets of the whole of the West Indies open to her on equal terms, which she would reciprocate in a way best suited to their general interests.

A YEAR ago the Dominion Government was induced to reduce the tolls on the canals, on the assurance that the reduction would act as a lure to increase the traffic of the route. This hope, if it was really entertained, was not realized; and this year, when the Government did not seem disposed to repeat the experiment, it was asked not merely to reduce the tolls one half, as before, but to abolish them altogether. The deputation from the Montreal Board of Trade which went to Ottawa to make this request, took the ground that it is now a question of preserving part of the traffic which we already possess. But Mr. Pope cannot be induced to believe that the traffic, the increase of which the late Mr. John Young spent his life in assuring the public canal enlargement would bring, now depends upon the removal of the tolls. He told the deputation, apparently with some truth, that the possibilities of the route hang upon the cheapening of the cost of forwarding freight between Kingston and Montreal, which is greater, ton for ton, than on the entire distance of the Erie canal with its shallow water and little boats. The minister here put his finger on the weak spot of the carrying system of the St. Lawrence. If, in elevating apparatus, Kingston had been made another Buffalo, there would have been a different tale to tell. Many millions have been spent on elevators in Buffalo, while Kingston is no farther advanced in this respect than an obscure grain shipping port in Russia. The conditions of successful competition have been strangely neglected by the forwarding interest of the St. Lawrence. The country has spent enormous sums in successive enlargements of the canals, and now it is asked practically to write off all the capital expended in these works by the entire abolition of the tolls. Freedom from tolls on the Erie canal is more than balanced by the superior facilities offered by the St. Lawrence route, with its fine river navigation and its large canals, by which obstructions in the natural water-course are overcome. Last year the Government yielded to the demands of the forwarders so far as to reduce the tolls by one-half, without really believing in the efficacy of the remedy; this year after hesitating to try on a larger scale, or even to repeat, an experiment which failed to realize the expectations held out, and which, in its opinion, offers no substantial grounds of hope for the future, it compromised by repeating the half reduction of last year.

For the present, Big Bear has found safety in flight, favouring quagmires having compelled his pursuers to give up the chase. Escaped captives say that he has with him only a hundred forest and thirty-three prairie Crees. But General Middleton, instead of giving up the chase altogether, is now trying to effect a junction with the forces of General Strange, on Beaver River. Should Big Bear succeed in escaping northward, the northern frontier of settlement would have to be guarded against possible Indian depredations. It will be well if this did not prove to be the beginning of a state of things which may last for a long time. On two sides Indians who may commit outrages on settlements may fly for shelter; they may hide themselves in the shadows of the Rocky Mountains, or take up their abode in the forests of the north. In the latter direction they are most likely to go. Poundmaker had set his eyes in that direction and thither Big Bear may go. Now that the Buffalo is practically extinct, food will not be less plentiful in the northern woods than on the plains which settlers have begun to dot over with grain fields. But any large addition to the usual numbers of Indians in the north will cause a pressure on food supplies, the more severe since the vast herds of their deer which were once found over the whole country

as far as the Arctic Ocean are fast following the buffalo to extinction. Indians on the north may be expected to look for extraordinary sources of supply by raiding southern settlements. This is a danger of the future against which it will be necessary to guard. Big Bear's band and his allies are the first on whom it may be necessary to set a watch; and no one can say when the vigilance which it is now a matter of safety to observe can safely be relaxed. The greatest causes for regret in this delay are that white prisoners, including women, are still in the hands of Big Bear, and that the Indians guilty of outrage and murder must, for the present, go unpunished. But Big Bear cannot safely count on a long career of immunity. Some means of surprising him in the fastnesses in which he finds momentary safety may before long be found, even if he should not fall into a trap by going after the provisions which General Strange has captured. Meanwhile his force has been reduced by defections of Chipewayans who have surrendered.

JOHN PRITCHARD and Pierre Blondin are names to be added to the bead-roll of honour. To these two Half-breeds, one with an English and the other with a French name, Mrs. Delaney and Mrs. Gowanlock owe their lives. Their purchase from the savages by whom their husbands had been murdered and themselves made prisoners, appears to have been prompted altogether by motives of humanity. Some fitting recognition of this service is now in order. A woman proposes that every one of her sex who is able to do so should contribute twenty-five cents with which to form a fund to reward the men by whom the liberty of the captives was purchased. Should the sisterhood act upon the suggestion, John Pritchard and Pierre Blondin will not go unrewarded.

AN attempt to persuade the Anglican Synod to commit itself to the Scott Act movement was summarily extinguished amidst cries of "No politics." This was the conclusive answer to the proposal. The Church is the organ of our spiritual life, and with an organ of spiritual life politics can have nothing to do. Their intrusion can only contaminate and degrade it. To pretend that Prohibitionism is not politics would be futile. It has actually run its candidate for the Presidency of the United States; it takes just as active a part in elections as any political organization; it applies political pressure to members of the Legislature; it forms the stalking-horse for a crowd of adventurers whose aim is political advancement. It is showing signs of a tendency to set up in Canada, as well as in the United States, a political party of its own. Rightly and wisely, then, does the Anglican Church refuse to make herself an organ of Prohibitionism, and resolve to confine herself to her proper function of preaching and propagating Temperance as a part of the religious character. Her places of worship, at all events, will not be made the scene of angry appeals to party passions; nor will her pulpits ring with fierce invectives and uncharitable denunciations. The thirst of political influence is unfortunately not confined to a single priesthood. Protestantism also has its Jesuits, though they play not the courtier but the demagogue, and instead of spinning the webs of their intrigue around the hearts and consciences of kings, become the organizers and leaders of agitations among the people. It would not be wonderful if in the sequel a considerable number of not unimportant adherents should be added to the one Church which steadfastly keeps herself clear of politics, and devotes herself solely to religion.

PEOPLE talk of giving the Scott Act a trial. They might almost as well talk of giving suicide a trial. If the Scott Act is adopted, all the mischief which it can do will be at once and irrevocably done. The licensed and regulated trade will be destroyed, and the contraband trade will be called into existence in its place, while all the property invested in the licensed trade will perish, and the persons employed in it, including numbers of perfectly guiltless artisans, will be thrown upon the street. What is more, the moral influences which are now acting with so much effect will be suspended, and the voluntary Temperance Associations will be broken up. But the Scott Act has already been tried, and tried with a vengeance. It is identical in principle with the Prohibition laws of Maine and Vermont. In both of these States every expedient of legislative coercion has been employed by the Prohibitionists who, as a compact body, have been able to hold the balance between the parties, and have been allowed to pile up penalties and inquisitorial enactments to the full measure of their tyrannical will. And what is the result? In Maine, the State Prison Report says: "Intoxication is on the increase; some new legislation must be made if it is to be lessened. In many of our counties prohibition does not seem to affect or to prevent it. The drunkard in the gaol will tell you that, when out, he can get all the intoxicating liquors he wants when he has money to buy with." The politicians may be terrified

into prohibitive legislation, but the conscience and habits of the people remain unchanged. Elsewhere, and notably in Canada, intoxication is decreasing under the operation of the moral influences; but in Maine, where coercive legislation has ousted the moral influences, it increases. The statistics of crime of every kind are at the same time just as high in Maine as in any other Northern State, and the promise that prohibition would close the gaols has been totally belied. Curiously enough, matrimony, the troubles of which have been all ascribed to drink, so far from having its happiness restored by Prohibition, seems to be peculiarly unhappy, the proportion of divorces to marriages in Maine being rather more than one to ten. But then, it is said, Portland is a great seaport, and the bad habits of the seafaring population spoil the effect of the law: as though it were not precisely populations whose habits are bad that the framers of the law had undertaken to reform. But in Vermont there is no great seaport, and the population of that State, if of any, is law-abiding, religious, and a favourable subject for the trial of a sumptuary law. What, then, is the result in Vermont? According to Mr. Edward Johnson, whose statements in the *Popular Science Monthly* nobody, so far as we have seen, has traversed, in Vermont also drinking-places swarm, drinking is on the increase, and the law, in spite of spasmodic attempts to execute it, is practically a dead letter. It is worse than a dead letter, since the habit of evading it must demoralize the people, while the liquor drunk in unlicensed drinking-shops is sure to be the vilest, and secret tipping is, of all kinds of indulgence, the most likely to lead to excess. Yes; tried the Scott Act has been, and there is no doubt about the result.

NAY, the Scott Act was tried long ago. It was tried in the time of the Stuarts. "In the short space of twenty-four years," said Mr. Harrop in a lecture at Cambridge, "no fewer than seven distinct Acts of Parliament were passed, each intensifying and strengthening the penalties of its predecessor, and all directed to one object, the forcible repression of drunkenness. People were not permitted to make use of taverns except under the stringent provisions I have stated. Fines, degrading exposure in the public stocks, flogging and imprisonment in the common gaols, were the punishments inflicted; an army of spies and informers was called into being; something very like inducements to perjury and malicious prosecution were held out; the king and the Parliament were of one determination in the matter; and the whole population to be dealt with was not equal to the present population of London." It is justly said that, under the Stuarts, the means of repression were much greater than they are now. Yet the policy, as Mr. Harrop avers, proved a total failure, the only effects being increase of drunkenness, multiplication of illegal ale-houses, the degradation of the national character by evasion of the law, and, lastly, the abandonment of tavern-keeping to worthless characters, because respectable men would not submit to the risk of degrading penalties. The last fact is proved by the Act 1 Charles I, chap. 3, which prescribes the flogging of inn-keepers because they were too poor to bear fines. Mr. Pike in his *History of Crime* agrees with Mr. Harrop in his account of the Stuart legislation against liquor and its failure. He adds the important remark, that better success attended the attempts to divert the people from drinking by the encouragement of innocent amusements. But the promoters of the Scott Act among us are generally speaking the same persons who want to deprive the people of their excursions on Sunday afternoon.

WE are indebted for the citation of Mr. Harrop to Baron Bramwell, who replies to Archdeacon Farrar in the *Fortnightly*. The Baron, himself an experienced and eminent judge, says that laws in restraint of drink have existed for nearly three centuries, have been broken more than others, and have caused more offences than any others, and that he has himself tried more cases of perjury arising from them than from any other cause. Evidence to the same effect was given with regard to prosecutions under the Scott Act by Mr. Idrington, Q.C., in a very able speech which he made at the Liberal Temperance Meeting at Stratford, and in which he also exposed the untrustworthiness of the statistics by which it is attempted to connect almost all crime with drink, offenders, as Mr. Idrington affirmed, being constantly in the habit of alleging drink as their excuse. Baron Bramwell makes another strong point against the Archdeacon with reference to the increasing amount of voluntary abstinence. The Archdeacon boasts that there are now in England three or four millions of total abstainers. This, indicating an immense growth of voluntary abstinence within the last fifty years, proves, as the Baron points out, not that coercive legislation is needed, but that it is needless, and that we have only to allow the moral influences, whose strength is thus attested, to continue their good work. The Baron, a shrewd and sagacious man of the world, meets effectively with light railery the somewhat sulphureous

rhetoric and ostentatious erudition of his assailant. The Archdeacon had said that drinking was the "one curse of humanity the entail of which we might absolutely cut off." "Alas," replied the Baron, "the Archdeacon tempts an old lawyer to say, we should then be seized in fee simple of our sin, and have the largest possible estate in it."

THE Hon. John B. Finch, of Nebraska, announces that the Canadian Prohibitionists "will receive in the battle for their homes both the personal and financial aid of the American Templars." In plain words, American money is to be used in Scott Act elections. To use it in Parliamentary elections for the support of a Prohibitionist candidate will perhaps be the next step. Mr. Finch says that he was elected head of the Good Templars partly by Canadian votes, and that this is his warrant for meddling with Canadian legislation, vilifying a class of Canadian citizens, and inciting to the confiscation of their property. We should hope that the Good Templars themselves have too much sense to believe that the vote of a private society can set any man free from the plain rules of international right. There are societies less respectable than the Good Templars which have Canadian affiliations, and, according to this theory, any political tramp in the United States who found his occupation dull or his name too well known at home might obtain credentials which would empower him to come over here and earn a living as an agitator by meddling in our affairs. American lecturers, once more, are entirely welcome, and are always cordially received here, as is every American who comes in amity and respects our national independence. But the interference of a foreigner with the political affairs of a country in which he is a guest is an outrage upon propriety which every right-minded American will condemn. We observe that Mr. Finch, in a speech delivered in a Methodist church, raised a cheer by praising Mr. Gladstone. But it is notorious that Mr. Gladstone takes wine daily with his meal. Of course he thereby helps to support the wine-merchant, that monster who, according to Mr. Finch, "steeps his arms up to the elbow in the blood of the best interests of society." Nay, he even legislated, as Finance Minister, in favour of the admission of light wines.

THE Church of England in Synod assembled has to deplore a marked falling off in her revenues, which seems to betoken a corresponding failure of zeal. She probably always finds it more difficult than do other churches to collect voluntary contributions, because her people, if they are emigrants from England, have been always accustomed to a Church paid by the State. But this will not account for the present decrease. Intestine divisions most likely are, in part at least, the cause. Most of the Bishops and a great part of the clergy are High Church, and are daily moving in that direction, while the laity, who hold the purse, are for the most part Low Church, or at all events opposed to anything which in their opinion tends to the revival of priestly rule. The laity being unorganized, having no very definite views and being powerless in the Synod, where they are outvoted by the compact body of clergy in combination with a few High Church laymen, fall into a state of passive disaffection and withhold subscriptions which they think, not without reason, may be applied to the propagation of sentiments at variance with their own, and to the aggrandizement of a power which they regard with mistrust. Nor is it easy to see how an end can be put to this conflict, which, under cover of what Chatham called the "Catholic Prayer Book and Calvinistic Articles," has been going on through the whole course of Anglican history. It is attachment to the Prayer Book that mainly holds the Church of England together, and probably this will continue to hold her together, if her clergy will be moderate in their pretensions and not force upon the laity issues which an educated layman, if they are forced upon him, can decide only in one way. Besides the Prayer Book, however, the Church of England has her venerable antiquity, her dignity, and with them a large measure of spiritual freedom. She is practically the home of men, numerous in these times, who desire to sustain their spiritual life and to enjoy the comforts of a social religion without having irrational and immoral dogmas pressed upon their consciences or being forced to play a part in any organized hypocrisies. Liberty and immunity of the laity from ecclesiastical interference with conscience are perhaps not characteristics of which clergymen of any church are inclined specially to prize; yet, in the present state of the theological world, they are practically of no small value. They may be combined with any amount of activity on the part of the clergy in religious ministrations and good works. At all events, we are met by the hard economic fact: the reactionary movement among the clergy has been attended by a falling off in the revenues of the Church. To talk about a return to the system of tithes is utterly hopeless.

No one who has more generosity in his heart than Lord Randolph Churchill or an Irish member would wish to see a long and illustrious career close in darkness. But of such a termination Mr. Gladstone's career has been more than once in danger. Retirement would have been the most dignified and the most satisfactory end, and to retirement Mr. Gladstone's thoughts have evidently more than once turned. There is little doubt indeed that, at the time, he destined the reorganization of the House of Commons, by means of the new rules, to be the crowning act of his public life. But we cannot blame one who determines to labour while strength is left him in the service of the State, and Mr. Gladstone's disposition to end his days in repose has been met, as often as it was manifested, by the most earnest entreaties on the part of many of those around him that he would remain at his post. Fortune has at last been kind to him. He falls, instead of withdrawing; but falls in such a way that not the slightest stain is left upon his fame, while infamy is the assured meed of all concerned in the conspiracy of Tories with Fenians and spirit-dealers by which he has been overthrown. During his last Administration he has held together by his personal ascendancy the Liberal and Radical sections of his party, and has moderated the Radical movement, especially by averting or postponing the conflict between the nation and the Lords. The extent of his tempering influence will be recognized by Conservatives now that he is gone. By the Court, which has always hated him, his resignation is accepted with an eagerness which reminds us of the suicidal conduct of the French Court to Neckar. But his defeat by an unprincipled combination has evidently raised his popularity again to its full height among the people. His enemies will find that they have not stripped him of power.

SELDOM has a moral been more decisively pointed than that which is conveyed in the conduct of the Parnellites towards Mr. Gladstone. That Mr. Gladstone's agrarian legislation for Ireland was sound, we at all events do not maintain. But it is not for the Parnellites who wish or affect to wish to go farther in the same direction to tax it with unsoundness. Certain it is that no other British statesman, not even the author of Catholic Emancipation, has done so much or so risked his reputation for the sake of Ireland. If at the same time he has been compelled to strengthen the law for the prevention of wholesale murder and outrage, every sane man, even among the Parnellites, must know that as the head of the Government, bound in duty and honour to protect life and property, he could not possibly have evaded the necessity. Were not those whom he was called upon to save from murder Irish as well as the murderers? Towards the Irish members in the House of Commons, though they have habitually treated him with the most ruffianly brutality, the attitude and language of Mr. Gladstone has been invariably courteous; he has made as sparing use as possible of his power of putting down their obstruction, and has evidently clung in spite of all disappointments and all warnings to the hope that he might yet win them over by a policy of persistent conciliation. Such conduct would at least have secured respectful treatment at the hands of any men in whose hearts generosity or even decency resided. What is the return made for it by the Parnellites? Not only do they league with the Tories, the hereditary enemies of Ireland, to turn out Mr. Gladstone's Government, but they howl with exultation over his fall and pursue him with the foulest personal insults, such insults as no gentleman would permit himself to offer even to a political enemy, above all to an aged and illustrious man, worn with life-long labour in the service of the State. The inference drawn will be that in the case of Ireland, kindness and remedial measures avail nothing, and that there is nothing for it but the iron heel. This inference would be wrong. Towards the Irish people statesmen ought not to be weary of well-doing. They ought not to stop before they have given Ireland improved local institutions, a thoroughly reformed Land Law, with the Torrens System, increased facilities for emigration, her share of whatever respect is implied in the presence of Royalty, and everything else which legislation can do to promote her prosperity or gratify her feelings consistently with the firm maintenance of the Legislative Union. But as to the best and the only way of dealing with Irish conspiracy, the behaviour of the Parnellites towards the great conciliator can have left no doubt in the mind of any human being.

LORD SALISBURY is true to the impetuous indecision which is his leading characteristic as a statesman, and which has caused it to be said of him that he *saut pour mieux reculer*. He has been striving with all his might, and without any false delicacy in his choice of means, to upset Mr. Gladstone's government, and open for himself the road to power. Not only has he been incessantly assailing the Prime Minister on the stump and through the press, but he has done his utmost to embarrass the

Executive in its struggle with Irish rebellion, to aggravate the complications in Egypt and, latterly, to bring about a miscarriage of the perilous negotiations with Russia. If he has not himself conspired, he—a British nobleman always prating about his honour—has allowed others to conspire for him with the declared enemies of the realm. His end is gained in the only way possible; for it was obvious that his minority could be converted into a majority only by a coalition with the Parnellites or with the discontented Radicals. But no sooner is he confronted by the consequence of his own machinations than his resolution fails him, and he wants Mr. Gladstone to resume the Government; as though Mr. Gladstone or any other high-spirited statesman would hold office by his sufferance. It is not improbable that he would have declined the adventure altogether if he had not been thrust on it by Lord Randolph Churchill, in whom he will soon find the avenger of the Gladstone administration. At the moment when he received the Queen's summons, it must have been borne in upon his soul that Tory Democracy, with which he has been dallying, would be rather an alarming game for a marquis. He was described by Beaconsfield as "a master of flouts, gibes and jeers." In this line he has hardly a rival, and there are few more telling speakers so long as he is the assailant. Here his statesmanship begins and ends. The prevarications, not to say falsehoods, of which he was guilty in the affair of the Schouvaloff agreement, and again in that of Tunis, are proofs not only of a hollowness in the direction of sterling integrity beneath all his lofty professions, but of want of presence of mind and sense, for the first of them, at all events, was perfectly gratuitous. He might just as well have admitted that he had an informal understanding with Count Schouvaloff for the purpose of averting a great disagreement and a war. That the Marquis of Salisbury is a man of essentially infirm character as well as of unstatesmanlike mind, that he has been truly designated as a reed painted to look like iron, is the conviction of some who know him well, and who have no objection to a reasonable and patriotic Conservatism. If he gets a majority at the next election and continues in power, it will be seen whether this opinion is well founded. Before the election he can do nothing but adopt the foreign policy he has been denouncing. This he will do. He will apologize to Russia and accept her terms; and, in spite of all his bluster and that of his partisans, he will evacuate the Soudan.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

I was among those asked to take part in the formation of a Canadian branch of the Imperial Federation League of London, England. I was somewhat taken aback by the invitation, as it was a question upon which no definite opinions had been formed either by myself or by those with whom I am surrounded. Indeed it has been and still is in the clouds, and has so far neither enlisted the sympathies nor even engaged the attention of any considerable number of the Canadian people.

Replying off-hand to the invitation, I expressed my appreciation of the compliment which had been paid me in asking me to confer with a number of distinguished men on such a grave question, but avowed that I was not ready for a definite solution of the problem of the future of this great country. If I was able to attend, I would be very glad to talk over the future of the Dominion, and listen to any plans which might be presented. I was told in reply by the secretary of the Committee that this was satisfactory.

Having some public business at Ottawa, it happened that the time for the meeting of the proposed Convention at Montreal exactly corresponded with the date of my departure from Ottawa for Halifax, and, of course, I could not think of missing the opportunity of attending such a gathering. I am not one of those who regard the question of the future with indifference. The people of Canada are too little concerned in regard to these vast problems which sooner or later, and perhaps sooner than most expect, will come up for solution. I believe firmly it is the duty of intelligent men to look these matters fairly in the face now. The existing relations between Canada and the Empire cannot always continue. Colonists we cannot always be. This is the axiom with which we may start. If not colonists—what are we to be? What is our political future? These are profound questions which cannot be burked, and will not be much longer postponed. He is not a wise man who will meet them or dismiss them with a sneer.

Animated, then, with only one thought—a profound interest in hearing the subject intelligently and impartially discussed, I took my seat in the Ladies' Ordinary at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, on the 9th day of May last, at three o'clock in the afternoon. Soon after the proceedings commenced. In a very few minutes, I discovered beyond all question that I was in a gathering of men who had settled the whole question completely and irrevocably; who had made up their minds definitely that our true and only

destiny was Imperial Federation in the abstract, whatever that may mean. This was equivalent to ruling me out of the Convention. A feeling of profound lonesomeness came over me, for I realized that I was surrounded by a body of gentlemen completely devoted to British interests, and bound up in the idea of closer political relations with the British Islands. My mind had not reached this stage, and therefore I was alone—left out in the cold, a doubting Thomas in the midst of an enthusiastic band of loyalists. I had been set down to move one of the resolutions of the Provisional Committee, and did not like to disturb the harmony of the proceedings by declining, but in doing so I made bold to say that I did not consider myself committed to any definite scheme, but I was ready to accept at any time whatever future promised the greatest advantage to this country. Even these few moderate remarks met with a cold reception. They fell like a wet blanket upon the Convention, and I saw I was ruled out.

I mention these personal details, because I wish to be free to deal with this question on its merits freely and without restraint. As my name has appeared in print as one of those in attendance, and in several journals as a mover of one of the resolutions, it seems to be necessary for me to explain frankly and fully my whole connection with the business. I was appointed one of the Executive Committee of the League, but from the moment I made my few remarks, I was no longer recognized in any way with the movement, and with a due sense of the responsibility of the step, I hereby in the most solemn manner read myself out of all connection with the League and relieve all parties whomsoever from all further obligation to consult me or notify me to attend meetings.

Having thus put myself right in the matter, I desire to make some observations on the general subject of the future of this great Dominion. I am profoundly impressed with the idea that matters are going to develop faster than most of our public men are aware. The regnant idea now in this country is to sneer at any change whatsoever. Nearly every newspaper in Canada has either passed over in silence or treated with ridicule the recent Imperial Federation Convention. Probably if another Convention should meet at the same place to consider the propriety of linking our political destinies with the United States it would receive about equal treatment from the average newspaper writer. These people, and they reflect the general sentiment, seem to have the idea that things will go on forever in their present shape, that Canada will everlastingly be a colony of Great Britain, and consequently that there is nothing worth thinking about in connection with the future of this country. Depend upon it, this is a grave fallacy. Canada may continue to be a colony for ten, twenty, thirty, perhaps forty years, but certainly not longer. The probabilities are that the problem will be settled at a much earlier date. The Imperial Federation movement of Great Britain is an index of the growth of thought on this question in the British Isles. It means, as plainly as anything can mean, that British statesmen have come to recognize the fact that colonies assuming national proportions must either become part and parcel of the Empire, under a new, closer, and more dignified relationship, or else become separate from the Empire. The crucial resolutions of the first important meeting of the League asserted in distinct terms that Federation was absolutely essential to the integrity of the Empire. These words were, at the suggestion of Sir Charles Tupper, struck out. This was a very delicate method of insinuating the devotion of the colonies to the Empire; but it would have been more accurate to have kept them in. It may not be absolutely true of this present moment, but it must represent the inevitable course of the future. It is merely uttering a truism to affirm that forty years from to-day Canada must be either an integral part of the Empire, or no part of it.

If this idea is thoroughly absorbed by every enlightened Canadian, it banishes indifference and brings every man to consider thoughtfully, seriously and patriotically the all-important question: What is to be the political destiny of Canada? What is to be the solution of the British Colonial problem? These great questions are ripening every day and may lead to revolution. Let them not be ignored or postponed. They are fit to be meditated upon and manfully discussed by the public men of Canada to day.

How far Imperial Federation is adapted to the interests and necessities of the Canadian people, I should like to have the privilege of discussing in another article.

J. W. LONGLEY.

THERE are sixteen species of trees in America whose perfectly dry wood will sink in water. The heaviest of these is the black ironwood (*confalialia ferica*) of Southern Florida, which is more than thirty per cent. heavier than water. Of the others the best known are the lignum vitæ (*gualacum sanctum*), and mangrove (*rhizophora mangle*). Another is a small oak (*quercus grisea*) found in the mountains of Texas, Southern New Mexico and Arizona, and westward to the Colorado desert, at an elevation of 5,000 to 10,000 feet.

A CANADIAN POET.

A FEW years ago Mr. John Reade published a small volume of verses.* Long before this, however, he was well known and highly appreciated by an admiring few, and when his poems were placed before the public in book-form the press greeted them with many words of welcome. For there is a vein of charity and kindness in his poems united to a beauty and simplicity of expression which make them decidedly popular. They awaken tender thoughts and pleasant memories, recalling familiar scenes of life and beauty, flavoured with deep yet quiet passion and sweet sadness. A name hallowed to memory from early childhood; a field-flower lifting its tiny head of beauty to cheer the tearful eye; a snow-bird filling the air with life and gladness when all nature lies robbed of its glory, are inspiring themes to one who feels alike their beauty and their power.

Mr. Reade's longest poem, "The Prophecy of Merlin," is the following out in thought and measure of "The Idylls of the King." "The old Welsh bards believed that King Arthur was not dead, but carried awaie by the fairies into some pleasant place, where he sholde remaine for a time, and returne againe and reigne in as great authority as ever." The legend is familiar to nearly everyone; yet it is interesting to note that Mr. Reade has treated it in an altogether novel and picturesque manner. He has blended decade with decade, century with century, in charming historical narrative, and although the prophecy is gossamer, yet the interest is sustained and the distinctive features of each age are presented with clearness. When the last surviving knight is told that all his hopes lie buried with the dead before him his grief becomes the more painful from a consciousness that he is the author of so much ruin. He knows full well his own dread fate and faces it with the trembling fear of a traitor. His disloyalty brought annihilation to his comrades and their cause, and now the wreck of his own most wretched life takes a final survey of its dishonour. Filled with remorse he begs in tears for one word of hopeful cheer, but the sage is unyielding, giving him poor consolation in the promise that an Arthur shall rule the world when it is purged of crimes like his. For it was the aim of the good king's life to lead his subjects to a purer and happier state, and the prophet thus relates the mission:

This was the purpose that his soul had formed:
Alas! how unaccomplished!—and he hoped
That gentle peace would be the meed of war—
That 'neath the laurel far and wide would bloom
The flowers of wisdom, charity and truth,
That holy men and sages, ladies fair
And famous knights, and those that from earth's lap
Gather God's bounties, and the men whose hands
Have skilful touch, and those who tell or sing
Of nature and her marvels,

Should work, each in the place that he had found,
With one pure impulse in the heart of all,
That Britain should be called of all the world
A blameless people round a Blameless King.

With unerring force he directs the shaft of reproof at the knight who desired to supplant the king instead of working "in the place that he had found," and it is at this that Sir Bedivere reveals a character in which it is difficult to determine whether grief or cowardice is the ruling spirit. The prophet inclines to the latter, although feigning deep sympathy. Before the vision of the knight he draws pictures of ages unborn in which honour and truth grow in beauty and strength, in the doing of which assists the knight to a comparison with his own unholy life. His action is, in short, the reading of the treacherous lines of the knight's inglorious career. Tears are of no avail, and a saddened and embittered life is crowned with despair in the last sad chapter of falsehood and death.

The fulfilment of the prophecy is wrought out in tracing the history of Arthur's land to the present day, when a scion of regal birth shall be named Arthur,

Like the king
For whom thy heart is sad, Sir Bedivere,
He shall be true and brave and generous
In speech and act to all of all degrees,
And win the unsought guerdon of men's love.

From this we may learn that the prophecies of a seer are not instructive as historical truths, yet from its very shred-like character it is fair to assume that no force was intended, much less endeavoured, to make the fulfilment of the prophecy anything but subservient to its hidden meaning. Sir Bedivere is the embodiment of "the evil in man's life," while the realm of Arthur is that blissful region to which all the world, it is said, is fast tending. But the chief burden of its teaching is this: there are duties for every one, and he who faces life manfully with no other object than to act

aright has surmounted the enchantment of hope and dread of fear. No vague yearning nor lofty ambitions swerve him from his clearly-defined path.

In "In Memoriam" and "Per Noctem Plurima Volvens" Mr. Reade has paid feeling tributes to a dear dead one. As expressions of a beautiful sorrow, they have a manly and pathetic force, vigorous in their sadness, tearful in their melody. They spring from a heart full of tenderness and love for the loss of one whose brief life was a guiding star to generous thought. The following lines are taken from a threnody on the death of Thomas D'Arcy McGee:

Hardly strange doth it seem that Springtime refuseth this morn to be gay,
And covers her eyes with a veil, and putteth her garlands away,
For she feels that the heart of a prophet of man and of nature is still,
And she hideth her flowers in her bosom and cannot be gay, if she will!

O Canada, weep, 'twas for thee that he spoke the last words of his life!
Weep, Erin, his blood has been shed in the healing of wounds of thy strife!
Weep, Scotia, no son of thy soil ever held thy mountains and valleys more dear!
Weep, England, thy brave, honest eyes never glistened with worthier tear!

As instances of sprightly verse full of music and lyric beauty we turn with pleasure to the coyness of "Natalie"; the playful philandering of "The Naughty Boy"; the tender enjoinder in "Apollo Dropt a Seed of Song," *et omnis hoc*. These show Mr. Reade's verse in an altogether different light. Their simplicity and directness of thought united to resonant expression lead one unconsciously into a full enjoyment of their litheness and singing. Not inferior in beauty, yet tuned to a wild-wood note, are portions of the poem "Dominion Day"; while the address "To a Snow-bird" brings with it a gladsomeness in the very title. Its brevity is my excuse for quoting it.

TO A SNOW-BIRD.

I.

O gentle little comer
In wintry days,
Far more than songs of summer
I love thy lays.
They come when flowers are sweetest,
And leaves are green;
But thou thy song repeatest
In sterner scene.

II.

In joyous days are many
The friends we find;
In dark ones scarcely any,
To soothe the mind.
But friends in hours of sorrow
Far more we prize
Than those that go to-morrow
If storms arise.

That able and judicious critic, M. Lesperance, has dwelt at length on the excellence of Mr. Reade's sonnets.† It is unfortunate that we have only a few, and these not the best examples, of his efforts as a sonneteer in the book before us. They are the results of his later years, and his fame as a poet will rest largely upon them. We could conceive no more generous and noble estimate of a *confrère* than he has bequeathed to the public in a monody on the death of Mr. Charles Heavyside,‡ a sonnet of high order crowding within its fourteen lines a history of his dead friend's genius. We again ask the indulgence of the reader in giving it in entirety:

A quiet drama was thine outer life,
Moving from primal scene to curtain fall
With modest grace, obedient to the call
Of the clear prompter, Duty. Noisy strife
For place or power had no part in thee. Self,
Thrusting his mate aside for lust of pelf,
Awoke thy scorn. No vulgar pettiness
Of spirit made thy heaven-born genius less.
But on what stage thine inner life was passed!
O'er what a realm thy potent mind was king!
All worlds that are were at thy marshalling,
And a creator of new worlds thou wast.
Now thou art one of that immortal throng
In which thy chosen chief § was King of Song.

We cannot more fitly conclude this necessarily brief paper than by appealing to the Canadian public to encourage the growth of its literature, awarding to its countrymen a true and suitable position when their productions are meritorious and genuine, and exercising a fostering care over their modest ventures. That Mr. Reade is a gentle and tender poet few will gainsay; yet the poet, like all mankind, may suffer more from indifference than from sturdy criticism. The object of this humble effort will therefore be attained if it reveals the beauty of his song to an appreciative people and exerts an influence among those who are ever ready to assist in bringing forth names of men of genius who have long suffered an undeserved neglect.

HOWARD J. DUNCAN.

* "American and Canadian Sonnets," by John Lesperance, *Canadian Monthly*, vol. iii., fol. 453.
† *Ibid.*
‡ *Vide Canadian Monthly*, March, 1879.
§ Shakespeare.

* "The Prophecy of Merlin and other Poems," by John Reade. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

MR. CLEVELAND'S FIRST QUARTER.

WASHINGTON, June, 1885.

THERE is nothing especially symbolic or significant in a period of three months, but the press of the United States has seized upon it for the purpose of "taking stock" of the new administration. Doubtless, in this age of rapid ideas and appliances, three months is long enough in which to form a tentative judgment as to whether a new administration has proved a good, bad, or indifferent bargain.

President Cleveland has no reason to complain of the quarterly audit made of the affairs of his trust. The balance sheet shows a good surplus to carry forward. To drop metaphor, he has been true to his inauguration promises, and he is the first President since Abraham Lincoln who has been. Other Presidents have been sincere, but they have been found lacking in will or conscience.

The change in the tone of political life since Mr. Cleveland's inauguration is marvellous. Office-broking Congressmen and pullers of party wires have not purified their minds nor their aims, but they are obliged to carry on their selfish and demoralizing work under a guise of decency, and to glide about with mouths filled with plausible and humble arguments where formerly they were wont to stride brazenly and give their orders in arrogant tones. For the present, it is Mr. Cleveland's fidelity and pugnacity that makes this wholesome reform possible; but by-and-bye the American people will not be beholden to any one man for a sound and wholesome administration of their national affairs, and their gratitude to their now President will be unmingled with solicitude lest he or his immediate successors should fail in point of stability. Physically, Mr. Cleveland is showing some marks of the strain he has undergone since he turned from the pageantry of the inauguration to the hard, uncheered work of his office, and if the most generous and unselfish of his supporters should find their hearts anxious lest degeneracy should extend to his nobler parts, is it any wonder? If President Lincoln, single and pure-minded patriot as we now know him to have been, would or could not stand against a swine-like rush for the public offices and emoluments with such a buckler upon his arm as the impending war and disruption, why should we not mingle our approbation of what his latest successor has done with anxious admonitions touching the future? However the case may be with Canada, here the redemption of the administrative services from a desolating alliance with partisan politics is the most urgent and probably the most vital question of the hour. Questions of high politics are not pressing, since we have reasonable assurance that the tariff and the silver dollar will be dealt with in that spirit of moderation which statesmen revere, and only sciolists condemn; and, in any event, legislative reformations are of little account till a pure and efficient administration is provided and established for their execution.

As a study in politics, Mr. Cleveland's administration presents an example, at this moment, of the best working of party government. The sordid and unscrupulous elements of the rival parties are combined against the national executive; one set of malcontents indirectly seeking its destruction by turning it from the straight path of duty in order that they may have some immediate personal benefit, and the other set seeking to discredit it with the people, in order to supplant it for their personal benefit some years hence. Between them they succeed in imposing upon the administration a discipline that is salutary, even if severe, compelling those at the head of affairs to forearm themselves against criticism in the only effective way, and out of the interplay of conflicting or chaotic motives evolving solid benefits for the country.

B.

ART NOTES.

THE May examinations of the Ontario School of Art, the second held by the Government, gave a satisfactory showing. Over sixty Art Schools and Mechanics' Institutes sent up pupils and work. There were 1,100 candidates for examination, and 4,400 examination papers were issued. The students included artisans of all trades likely to be benefited by training in art work, and success was rewarded by certificates of proficiency in various subjects. The Government offered a gold medal for the best work in drawing from the antique and original ornamental designs. This was carried off by Miss Ida N. Banting, of the Ontario School of Art, Toronto. Bronze medals for elementary work were taken by Miss Nellie Nixon, of Alma College, St. Thomas; Miss B. Campbell, of the Ladies' College, Whitby; and Mr. Wilson Taylor, of the Ingersoll Mechanics' Institute.

THE London art world is, of course, hot over the event of the year, the Royal Academy Exhibition. The big show has produced, it is said, not much of great, and a rather more than ordinary amount of inferior work. Notably is there a feeling that an unfortunate rule of the Academy which allows members of its body to have eight pictures hung "on the end" has been allowed to grow into a gross abuse, and that the public is insulted and other artists injured this year rather beyond the average degree.

THE President, Sir Frederick Leighton, sends a companion study, "Music," to keep company with his "Dancing" of two years back. It is intended for frieze decoration, and is spoken of as graceful and harmonious. Mr. Poynter sends a nude figure of a Greek girl at the bath, "Diadumené;" it is a study of pure form, no emotion being expressed in the statuesque shape which stands out against an elaborate Mosaic background. Herkomer's portrait of a young lady seated and wearing long gloves is said to be one of his best efforts. Orchardson sends one of the most attractive pictures

of the season, "The Salon of Mdme. Recamier," a scene of about the year 1800, representing the brilliant beauty dressed in pure white, the centre of a circle of wits and statesmen and the French great of the day, including Talleyrand, Fouché, Prince Lucien Bonaparte, Bernadotti, the Duc de Montmorency and Madame de Stael. The bright tones of an Aubusson carpet and the glitter of gilding and chandeliers set off a picture which is quite as much a study of colour as of history. Millais has again been trying to solve the conundrum how to construct out of an every-day family party an artistic delight for the eye of the stranger. His "The Ruling Passion," an invalid naturalist in his studio showing his treasures to a group of girls and boys and a young lady, is more self-evidently a subject for the family dining-room than was his clever and pretty conceit of the "Wolf's Den," shown some years ago: a party of his own graceful children playing "Wolf" under the grand piano. Mr. Armitage has produced a monster canvas of 150 square feet called "After the Arena," representing the body of a young Christian girl martyr, torn and bruised in the arena, being let down by ropes to the hands of her friends below. Mr. Fildes follows up his Venetian studies of last year, and Mr. Woods still remains faithful to the canals and piazzas of the "Bride of the Sea." Two rising young artists, Mr. Skipworth and Mr. Walter Hunt, are well represented, the first, with his "Kittens," a girl in a pink dress in a lounging chair with a kitten in her lap; and the other with a study of animals, calves in a stable, which is spoken of as wonderfully good. Mr. Colin Hunter has "done Niagara," but would seem to have produced a representation of solid glass rather than liquid water. A host of other painters should be named if space permitted. The sculpture of the year is of but little moment. Mention of the Grosvenor Gallery exhibit must be reserved for a future day.

APROPOS of the present exhibition of the Royal Academy comes energetic remonstrance against the prevalent taste for the female nude figure in English art. In a strongly written letter to the *Times* an indignant "British Matron" protests in the name of her sex "against the indecent pictures that disgrace our exhibitions," and the "insult to modesty" conveyed in the representation of female nakedness. Back flies the shuttlecock of argument from the artist tribe, its main points seeming to be that we visit picture galleries "to derive enjoyment and refinement from seeing what is most beautiful in art. The human form is the most beautiful and perfect shape known." The rest follows Q. E. D., supplemented by the cruel slight on the sex, that "nude studies are always ideals" and that "not one woman in a thousand is the equal of the meanest ideal," together with a hit at the bare shoulders of our drawing room belles. The logical sequence of the argument is not very clear, but the subject is interesting. The question receives a curious illustration in Armitage's picture "After the Arena." Why should the body of the young martyr be that of a girl? and why semi-nude? It is undeniable that had the victim been a young male the artistic effect simply as such would have been precisely the same. It is equally undeniable that the emotional results produced would have been vastly less. The kernel of the question lies here, and the answer that sympathy is more easily and strongly evoked for suffering woman than for tortured man, and that therefore the needs of dramatic composition pointed to the sex will not suffice.

THE Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, London, have given a costume ball as a "housewarming" for their new galleries, the main feature of which was the "masque of painters," a series of tableaux with appropriate scenery illustrating the history of art from the time of Phidias to that of Sir Joshua Reynolds, explanatory verses written by Mr. Edmund Gosse being recited by Mr. Forbes Robinson, who personated Virgil. From a street in Athens representing Pericles consulting with Phidias as to the details of the Parthenon, the dioramic story passed to a triptych arrangement of scene showing Florence, Rome and Venice with appropriate groupings. A studio interior introduced Dürer and Holbein, and following that came a terrace in the grounds of Fontainebleau, where Francis I. receives Benvenuto Cellini and his pupils. Spanish art found pourtrayal in a studio in Madrid where its master Valesquez did its honours to King Philip IV. and his Queen. An old Dutch house and garden in Haarlem served as background to a glorious group, Rembrandt drinking healths with Cuyp and Ostade, and Teniers watching a game of bowls. The whole closed with an elaborate tableaux gathering in one grand hemicycle the art life of England for the hundred years dating back from Sir Joshua. The whole affair, which was attended by the Prince and Princess of Wales and all the "notabilities," was a complete success.

DOES anyone, I wonder, realize the enormous strides made by Prussia within the past few years in the accumulation of things artistic. It would take volumes to give the catalogue of her recent acquisitions. Late as was the day when she entered into the field, by dint of systematized perseverance and large expenditure she has gathered from all sides. Spoils from excavated Pergamus, results of the government work of 1878 and 1881, and such treasures from buried Olympia as the "victory" of Paionios, found in the temple of Zeus, and the "Hermes" ascribed to Praxiteles, from the Temple of Hera. Dr. Schliemann's busy years in Troy were all gain for Prussia. Bertholdi, her consul general in Rome, gleaned from the old palaces of the city, and Dr. Waagen sifted the towns of Italy with great success, all to the same end. England has found her a formidable rival in the saleroom, and the transfer to Prussian soil of some of England's best has been, time after time, recorded of late. At the present day the great collection of pictures in Berlin comprises about 1,500 "old masters" of all schools, including five Raphaels and an exceptional gathering of Rembrandts. No one can now appraise the art treasures of Europe without a visit to Berlin. All Prussia's art acquisitions centre there.

THE word "Berlin" is the key to this marvellous development. Berlin, according to the plan of the great nation's great guiding minds, is to be the rival of Paris; and to this end tends the present system of art-centralization. In city growth, art growth is a powerful factor, and to the quiet energy and persistency of the past few years in this direction may largely be ascribed the fact that the 250,000 who, forty years ago represented the population of Berlin, have now grown to upwards of a million.

At the recent Royal Academy annual dinner, the President stated that the "absolutely unprecedented" number of 900 new works were submitted to the Council as claimants for the honour of exhibition. Recent additions to the accommodation enabled the Council to accept 278 extra pictures, representing 140 new artists! But the Academy, like all the many other subsidiary exhibitions now existent, is overwhelmed with pictures for which no room can be found. The question arises, what about purchasers? The best of training is now so general and easy to be procured that the days of fancy prices are over. Good work in art, as in anything else, will always find sale at reasonable but not at extravagant rates; but it is to be feared, in the interest of the incompetent, that work of a low standard will not bring bread to its producers. So much of the work submitted at these exhibitions, but rejected for absolute want of space, is of so good quality that it would seem to be an excellent opportunity for municipalities to commence the formation of art galleries.

THE select committee of the House of Commons, England, upon the subject of the restoration of Westminster Hall, have reported, practically recommending the adoption of the design of Mr. Pearson. The decision of the committee, in effect, is the adoption of the principle that the buildings which formed part of the structure in the time of Richard II. and those added in the reign of Henry III., all of which have disappeared, are to be restored, the existing Norman walls, now exposed by the demolition of the law courts, including the buttresses of the great hall, being so far as possible left open to view.

DELTA.

HERE AND THERE.

THE dinner of the graduating class of Toronto University was materially, as well as socially, a signal success. The tables were most tastefully set out, and charmed the eye with the freshness of appearance in which the tables at a public dinner are usually deficient. The *menu* was well chosen, and the dinner was admirably cooked and served. In the arrangement of the list of toasts an excellent example was set, the standing toasts, with the exception of "The Queen," being omitted, and the list confined to the toasts of the evening. The graduating class at all events know how to get up a dinner.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH lectures upon "British Rule in India" during his annual visit to Cornell University, N.Y., this week.

THERE are persons in society who, in the formula of a burlesque writer, "have no capacity whatever" for graver matters, but whose *bonhomie* is so infectious that they are usually most welcome guests. A similar diversity of capacity characterizes journals, and though no judicious editor would dare impugn the ability with which the *Montreal Gossip* is conducted, our contemporary is probably hailed chiefly on the score of its vivacity. Close upon a page of the *Gossip* was last week devoted to demonstrating how utterly and hopelessly mistaken THE WEEK is upon some important public matters; but however discouraging that may be to the conductors of this journal, criticism is an amenity not to be avoided, and so far as the *Gossip* fought us with its own weapons it was clearly within professional bounds. But—and here an explanation would be in order—a remarkable fact presents itself. The last paragraph—contesting THE WEEK's assertion, now repeated, that the London papers do not voice English opinion—is, if we remember rightly, word for word the same as one which appeared in a small country sheet published in Ontario some days before *Gossip*. We are the less inclined to think that this is a mere coincidence for the reason that the criticism in question is not couched in the same courteous language as characterizes the remaining portion of the attack. These things, brethren, ought not so to be.

THERE is no earthly use in burking a public question simply because it is unpleasant. Political matters so treated have a habit of obtruding themselves at most inconvenient intervals, and forcing a conclusion by default. It is not to the point to say that those who discuss the manifest weaknesses of Confederation, for instance, are disloyal. There is loyalty and loyalty. There is the loyalty of the Tory and of the Liberal—each to his party; and there is the loyalty of the patriot—which is something altogether different. The number of those who foresee danger to Canadian Confederation is daily increasing, nor is he who indicates this danger less a friend to his country than what might aptly be called the ostrich or *laissez faire* politician. The *Bobcaygeon Independent*, usually outspoken and always able, points out some of the difficulties lying in the way of Confederation, and which make the task of creating a Canadian nation physically impossible. This is what our contemporary has to say about the matter: "Let us enquire what are the prospects of the people of the Dominion becoming 'united.' There are about 1,500,000 of English and Scotch descent; of French descent, 1,300,000; Irish, 950,000; German, 400,000. The Irish and German element could easily be assimilated into a British population, but there remains more than one fourth of the whole population

whom it is absolutely impossible to assimilate, their race, language, traditions, and religion being essentially different, and if not absolutely antagonistic, at least so devoid of sympathy as to be unmixable as oil and water. . . . After eight hundred years of mixing the difference between the Frenchman and Briton is still perceptible! And Canadian politicians talk about the 1,500,000 Britons and the 1,300,000 French mixing and assimilating, and becoming a 'united' people, by virtue of an Act of a colonial parliament, and as a result of a high scale of taxation which has been ludicrously designated a 'National Policy.' Could anything be more ridiculous? But it is in the nature of man in his present incomplete condition of development to be subject to spasms of the intellect. . . . It was in one of these spasms that Ontario joined Quebec, and the two embraced, and vowed they would mix, and declared they would ever after be united. The spasm is now nearly over, and the two are looking at each other with the disgust which is the marked feature of recovery from moral stomachache. . . . From such a Confederation Ontario may properly wish to secede, and when politicians talk about a 'united' people, these politicians must be either deeply and profoundly ignorant or otherwise they are artfully endeavouring to delude the people."

THE London correspondent of a Liverpool daily writes as follows:—"Considering how much Imperial Federation is coming to the front, it is surprising more ex-members of colonial Legislatures do not try to win a seat in the House of Commons. That there are constituencies willing to welcome politicians already used to such parliamentary duties, the careers of my Lord Sherbrooke, whose 'poems' have just proved to be far below the standard of his statesmanship, and the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, bear testimony. For it will be remembered that Mr. Robert Lowe gained a reputation for incisive speech in the Parliament of New South Wales, and that Mr. Childers was in office as Commissioner of Trade in the Parliament of Victoria before he entered upon Ministerial responsibilities, as a Lord of the Admiralty, in the Legislature of the United Kingdom. Mr. A. McArthur, too, who now sits for Leicester, graduated in politics in the Council of New South Wales. It is just possible that Mr. Childers and Mr. McArthur may in the next Parliament be able to welcome an addition to the colonial party in the person of the Hon. Howard Spensley, who has accepted an invitation to address the Two Hundred of Central Finsbury. Mr. Spensley for a time represented Portland in the Parliament of Victoria, and has had experience of official life as Solicitor-General of that colony."

WE have read of certain people who "compound the sins they have a mind to by damning those they're not inclined to." No thoughtful person would make a wholesale application of the old saw to all those who desire to prohibit the sale of liquor or to prevent Sunday recreation. But that some of those too conservative souls are open to challenge, as protesting against practices which possess no attraction to them whilst indulging in others of even less questionable morality, there is much reason to fear. The use of opium, morphine, chloral, and the like, is more widespread than is suspected; the abuse of green tea and gluttony in food are alarmingly common; and all these excesses are as reprehensible as even the abuse of alcoholic beverages—besides which, the former are suspected of entering into the daily life of many who can find no extenuation for those who advocate the moderate use of the latter. Nor is it easy for the unbiassed to distinguish between the morality of the man who drives from his suburban villa to church on Sunday, and that of another who rides or sails out of the hot city to a fresher atmosphere on the same day. The power which has been patiently "knocking at the doors of intolerance and prejudice" is becoming too well-informed to submit much longer to such restrictions, and it might be well to remove them gracefully ere they are thrown down in anger.

THE manhood and conscience of the country are gradually being aroused to the iniquity and impracticability of the Scott Act, with the result that a glad welcome is given on every hand to the proposals of the Liberal Temperance Union. There are indications that the domination of Prohibitionists is perceived to redound little to the credit of an apathetic majority, and that the latter are awakening to the absurdity of permitting their privileges to be voted away by agitators with whom they have no sympathy.

A PERTINENT question: What are prohibition philanthropists doing in the way of providing substitutes for the hotels and places of recreation which they have succeeded in closing or hope to destroy?

DOMINION DAY has very appropriately been selected for the opening of the New York Canadian Club, which promises to become a successful, as it may be a useful, association.

THERE were seventeen failures in Canada reported to Bradstreet's during the past week, against twenty-five in the preceding week, and fifteen, twenty-three, and sixteen in the corresponding weeks of 1884, 1883 and 1882, respectively. In the United States there were one hundred and ninety-seven failures reported during the week as compared with one hundred and sixty-two in the preceding week, and with one hundred and eighty-four, one hundred and sixty-five, and one hundred and four, respectively, in the corresponding weeks of 1884, 1883 and 1882. About eighty-five per cent. were those of small traders whose capital was less than \$5,000.

THE Boston *Index* has no manner of sympathy with the "purveyor of slander," who is, we are told, "no more entitled to the respect of honourable men than is a thief." Commenting upon THE WEEK's position on this question, however, the *Index* says: "If society were what it should be, it would be less ready to listen to unsupported attacks upon character by irresponsible persons. The fact is, such attacks are often encouraged in the supposed interests of religion and of political parties by men whose standing is good in Church and State. It is not strange, therefore, that so many unscrupulous journalists take advantage of their position to traduce those who have offended them."

THE enthusiastic if not brilliant journalists who have hailed Mr. Gladstone's resignation with effusion as a check to democracy in England are, profanely speaking, somewhat "too previous." A slight and unprejudiced acquaintance with British politics would have taught these gentlemen that nothing could have a greater tendency to ensure a Radical victory at the next election than a period of Tory rule, which generally has the perplexing effect of meddling and muddling domestic affairs, and of throwing foreign politics into inextricable confusion.

It is really amusing, moreover, to find some Canadian papers assuring us, in spite of our senses, that England has been made contemptible in the eyes of Continental nations by her recent foreign policy. This is an opinion which can only be honestly held by writers who do not read more of European politics than is dished up in party organs. Disappointment there is amongst foreign statesmen who would see England humbled, and who saw in a possible war with Russia about a shadow an opportunity to strike a rival of whom they are jealous. The best proof that Mr. Gladstone's policy in this matter was right is to be found in the fact that the verdict of those who speak the mother tongue the world over has been on England's side, and she stands better with them to-day and enjoys a surer meed of glory than has happened to her on some occasions when Englishmen were more vainglorious. Let foreign journalists and disappointed Tories rave as they may, the British Government, on the Russian incident at any rate, carried with it the conscience of the civilized world. It is only an obsolete and discredited policy which made the two countries enemies, nor can any unprejudiced Briton look back with aught but shame upon the Berlin episode when Disraeli went into conference with the great powers having a secret treaty in his pocket, and then had the effrontery to call his underhand barter "Peace with Honour."

"BETWEEN the devil and the deep sea"—that, says the London *Spectator*, is the position of the English Tories, and facts would seem to indicate the truth of the assertion. To retain office they must do the bidding of their hereditary foes: to refuse governmental portfolios would be to confess themselves timid and factious. Neither in Tory nor in Radical rule can there be stable and statesmanlike government in England at present. The only solution of the difficulty, judged at this distance, would appear to be a coalition of the moderate Conservatives and Liberals.

DAYLIGHT balls, which have already become popular in Paris, are, we understand, to be introduced at several great houses during the coming London season. The Baroness Adolphe de Rothschild and several members of the foreign nobility have particularly interested themselves during the past month or so in this idea, which has all the charm of novelty, and has, partly in consequence no doubt, enjoyed not a little success. But we do not share the opinion of some of its enthusiasts that day balls will ever eclipse or even rival in popularity those held at an hour more convenient, if not more natural.

It will probably be a surprise to most people who know Mr. Sala, to hear that his lectures have not met with unqualified success in Australia. Indeed, a Melbourne writer declares the five lectures, or at least two or three of them, delivered in that town to have been anything but inspiring affairs. "Echoes of the Week," says this discontented scribe, "are all very well in the pages of the *Illustrated London News*, but two mortal hours of *viva voce* paragraphs after the same fashion is a quite too heavy form of evening's entertainment." It is very hard to believe that "G. A. S." could be dull if he tried, and we are strongly inclined to believe that the failure of the lectures, if failure it was, should be attributed to some extent to want of appreciation on the part of his Melbourne audience rather than to any deficiency on the part of the world-renowned "special" of the *Daily Telegraph*.

Few Englishmen, probably, have seen Mr. John O'Leary's little pamphlet given before the "Young Ireland Society," and just published, in regard to the dynamite outrages. Few Englishmen know Mr. John O'Leary. He is only an old-fashioned Fenian. He edited the *Irish People* from 1865 to 1867, took the side of revolution very strongly, was sent to fifteen years' penal servitude for his action, and was released on condition of his returning to England only after the expiration of his sentence. He went home full of horror and indignation at the depths to which the cause for which he risked his liberty has fallen. He is angry at dynamite. Still a revolutionist, he is not afraid to tell his people their faults, and to lay the full scourge on the backs of those who, by miserable violence, do such harm to the Irish name. He now preaches more self-control, a better education, and more persistency, as a means towards the revolution. Mr. John O'Leary has, however, no following in Ireland. Nobody there wants to fight. Few people there are really horrified at dynamite. Mr. Parnell is the real leader of the people, and the one thing

he discourages is anything like a rising. The one thing he cannot be got to discourage is assassination, dynamite explosions, the houghing of cattle, and other such methods of agitation.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed: EDITOR OF THE WEEK, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto.

Contributors who desire their MS. returned, if not accepted, must enclose stamp for that purpose.

T. J. DARCY, Montreal.—The sentiments and statements objected to are those of a contributor, "Carlos," and THE WEEK cannot be held responsible for them. These columns are equally open to a refutation, should our correspondent desire that opportunity.

THE PROHIBITION QUESTION.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—May it not be possible, by a little analysis, to get rid of some of the mists which have gathered about this vexed but momentous question, and lay bare the real issues involved?

The word "sumptuary" has of late been frequently applied to the prohibitory legislation. The aim of the Prohibitionists, however mistaken or unwise, surely differs *toto caelo* from that which gave rise to the ancient sumptuary laws. No sane Prohibitionist would attempt or wish to regulate any one's personal or household expenses, or to interfere with luxury *per se*. Any effort of this kind which may be the outcome of Prohibition is merely incidental to a movement whose one single aim is to reduce the frightful volume of vice, crime and misery which afflicts modern society by cutting off its most prolific source. Is it not then both illogical and unfair to create prejudice against a cause which is purely philanthropic in its origin, by the use of an epithet which insinuates a design totally different from that which all know to be the real one?

The parallel which some have attempted to draw between drunkenness and intemperance in the use of other articles of food or drink, fails so palpably that one cannot but question whether those who use it are really serious. When over-indulgence in tea, or beef or pastry, begins to transform sensible men into gibbering idiots, wife-beating brutes, or quarrelsome and savage maniacs; when it causes hundreds of thousands of once respectable citizens to give up useful industry, to neglect or abuse their families, to pawn their household goods and clothe themselves in filth and rags, and to bring their wives and children to indescribable misery, the parallel will begin to have force, and it may be time for patriots, philanthropists and statesmen to unite in seeking to devise a remedy. Till then, I submit, the resort to such modes of argument but weakens the cause it is intended to serve.

Much stress is laid by some clergymen and others upon what may be called the Scripture argument as against not only Prohibition but total abstinence. Admit, if you please, on the one hand, that Christ and his disciples countenanced the wine-drinking usages of their day, or on the other that the figment of an unfermented, non-intoxicating juice of the grape represents a reality. What follows? That would surely be a shallow and unworthy view of the New Testament which supposed its aim to be to lay down cast-iron rules and usages for all time to come, irrespective of ever-changing social conditions. Such an interpretation would enslave us in the bondage of the letter indeed. The real question and the only one worth discussion for its practical bearing surely is not what Christ and his apostles may have said and done in Judæa or Galilee in the first century, but what they would say and do now and here, in full view of all existing conditions, tendencies, adulterations and abominations of the nineteenth. The incidents of the New Testament were local and temporary. They could not in the nature of things be otherwise. The principles it teaches and the spirit it inculcates are for all time and of universal application. Can any candid man read the Sermon on the Mount, or the eighth chapter of Paul's first Letter to the Corinthians, and conceive of the author of either as discouraging or opposing the total abstinence men in these days?

The hackneyed aphorism that you can't make men moral by Act of Parliament is surely untruthful as well as stale. What is the object of any and all criminal law but to make men moral? If these laws do not diminish crime they are useless. If they do by just so much do they promote morality? Any law or agency which removes a temptation to wrongdoing out of the way of a man too weak to resist it makes him a more moral, or what is the same thing, a less immoral man. This surely is too transparent to need serious argument.

What matters it whether alcohol is slightly nutritive or slightly poisonous? No one but a fanatic would ask to have whiskey or wine prohibited simply because he believed it to be injurious to the health of the user, and no one but a fanatic would argue that either is a necessary article of diet. The testimony of facts would be overwhelmingly against both. On the one hand the tens of thousands of healthy, long-lived men who have always used liquors freely; on the other the tens of thousands of equally healthy, long-lived men who have never used them at all—to say nothing of such evidence as that of the two North-West Military Expeditions, or the recent one to the Soudan—are trumpet-tongued against all such extremist dogmas.

The politico-economical questions are not so easily disposed of. We Anglo-Saxons may well cherish the constitutional freedom which coast our ancestors, and some ancestors not very remote, so dear. There is nothing more difficult than to draw the line which limits the sphere of constitutional legislation, and to cross which is to infringe upon the liberty of the subject and be guilty of tyranny. In reality there can be no such hard and fast boundary. Mathematical lines cannot be drawn in moral planes. Statesmanship is a practical business, and its true sphere is continually shifting with changing conditions. But it is needless to discuss this point. Both THE WEEK and the Liberal Temperance Union consent to, if they do not advocate, the prohibition of the more fiery liquors. In so doing they concede the principle of the prohibitionists, and put themselves upon the same constitutional platform. If no law of abstract right is violated by prohibiting the poor man's whiskey, the way is clear to cut off the rich man's wine, if logic or the public interest demands.

Does Prohibition prohibit, or rather can it be made to do so? That is the crucial question. It cannot be decided on abstract or general principles. The frequent assertion that the Scott Act cannot be enforced, and will simply drive men to evasion and clandestine drinking, surely needs proof. No law ever has been or ever will be absolutely enforced. But who are going to violate a Canadian Prohibitory Act when it is made the law of the land? Not the thousands of total abstainers who have no use for the forbidden liquors. Not the respectable, law-abiding moderate drinkers, for however strongly they may disapprove the law, however earnestly agitate for its appeal, they will honourably observe

its provisions while it is on the statute book. Not the large class of inebriates who feel and deplore their degradation and long for freedom. Many of them are of the number who would most gladly welcome the law which puts every temptation from before their eyes. Not the thousands of respectable young men who have not yet formed the drinking habit, or who occasionally take a glass for friendship's sake. Such men would scorn to steal in at back doors, or visit low dives, in search of either wine or whiskey. Not the honest tavern or saloon-keeper, whose occupation may be gone, but whose sense of honour and right cannot be taken away by legislation. The question then is, if all these and all other classes of high-minded citizens may be relied on to observe the law, shall it be said that the dishonest, law-breaking remnant of drinkers and dealers shall baulk the will of the people and control or condemn the legislation of the country?

If the force of these observations be admitted, the real practical question is narrowed down to this: Can the end in view, to minimize the poverty, crime, degradation and misery which are the outcome of the liquor traffic, be promoted by prohibitory legislation? If so, is such legislation more likely to be made successful by including or excluding wines and beers from the list of the prohibited beverages? This latter is a question to be settled partly by evidence. Surely the facts with reference to the amount and effects of drunkenness in wine and beer-drinking countries can be ascertained and proved. That would be a great step gained. The practical question of the possibility of observing the distinction and enforcing partial prohibition in a country where both kinds of liquors are freely used would still be behind. But a great gain would surely be made if the discussion could be brought down to these distinct and comparatively narrow issues. J. E. WELLS.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—I take the liberty of sending you herewith a number of clippings from the local papers relating to the inauguration of the Scott Act here. Your remarks in the last number of *THE WEEK* were based on a single telegram to the daily papers. Surely you know that very little credence should be given to such statements, which are likely to be purposely coloured, as those of the telegram certainly were. That some should attempt to defy the Act is scarcely a matter of surprise. A liquor dealer, late of Walkerton, has removed just without the confines of Bruce, and advertises that he "will deliver to all leaving orders, except those lying in prison." He may be less bold a few months hence. Of course the most is made of cases of drunkenness and other incidents that tend to prove the ineffectiveness of the Act; but the editor of the local German paper, through some experience he has had with "hemlock tea," has been forced to admit that "It is scarcely advisable at present to visit a hotel for any purpose whatever, since one immediately runs the danger of being summoned as a witness." The conclusions of Mr. Moody, though those of an ardent Scott Act supporter, are as nearly correct as I can make out from personal observation. (1) Liquor is still being sold in nearly every village. (2) The amount sold is very limited in comparison with that disposed of before the first of May. (3) A considerable quantity is being imported from adjoining counties, especially into those parts of Bruce which border on Wellington and Grey. (4) That drunkenness has greatly decreased since the first of May, considering the excitement caused by the calling out of the volunteers. I am told by one whose business necessitates his being much about hotels that in some of them it is impossible to get intoxicants, in others the trade is conducted in a sly and underhand manner, and that this is very much lessened since the recent convictions. Though I dislike the Scott Act for several reasons, in the discussion of its working, especially in your columns, I would like to see
FAIR PLAY.

Walkerton, May, 1885.

[Our correspondent is not entirely correct in supposing that the remarks in *THE WEEK* were solely based upon the telegram alluded to. There were other newspaper reports and comments which appeared to confirm the despatch. It is difficult, of course, without being on the spot, to ascertain the exact truth in such matters.—ED.]

ENGLISH AND FRENCH IN QUEBEC.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—The divergencies of feeling and opinion between the English and French races in Canada are sometimes referred to in *THE WEEK*'s editorial notices as forming a serious menace in connection with the future integrity of the Dominion. As a resident of Quebec Province I must confess these arguments do not greatly impress my mind. The two races have their distinctive fields of thought and action, but they both study the useful art of harmonizing and differentiating their social relations—seeing in what things they can agree, and where they must agree to differ. The question of nationality is raised more often at a distance. Each race is known to be useful to the other. The French have many amiable and useful qualities; and the Anglos have much push, an element sometimes needed in a hard world, but also sometimes requiring to be softened. On an excursion of the young men of business of Quebec to some miles beyond Raymond, on the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, under the control of M. Beaudet, director, at which, with a few other seniors, your correspondent was present by invitation, the greatest good feeling and harmony prevailed. The admirable French choruses, trolled forth by practised voices, were characteristic and interesting; and "God Save the Queen" was not forgotten, many head-coverings of French-Canadians being removed to do honour to the name, the State, and the character of the Royal Lady.
Yours,
RESIDENT.
Quebec, June, 1885.

THE MISSION CHAPEL.

"A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters."—Sol. iv. 15.

Like as in desert wells, some tiny spring;
Like new-lit candle, struggling through thick gloom;
Like seed in stony fallows, seeking room,
Action and influence slowly broadening:
Like such the gifts and graces here we bring—
A lamp divine, of sinful night the doom,
A living branch to yield eternal bloom,
A crystal fount, forever murmuring.
Lord! smite the rocks that bar the spreading stream;
Breathe round the flame a quickening atmosphere;
Rain fruitful showers upon the parched ground.
So shall the living waters e'er abound,
The dove-brought spirit shine with glory clear,
And souls be filled with bread beyond esteem.

C. F. B.

A CRY FROM AN INDIAN WIFE.

My Forest Brave, my Red-skin love—farewell;
We may not meet to-morrow—who can tell
What mighty ills befall our little band,
Or what you'll suffer from the white man's hand?
Here is your knife. I thought 'twas sheathed for aye.
No roaming bison calls for it to-day;
No hide of prairie cattle will it maim—
The plains are bare—it seeks a nobler game;
'Twill drink the life-blood of a soldier host.
Go—rise and strike—no matter what the cost.
Yet stay. Revolt not at the Union Jack,
Nor take revenge upon this stripling pack
Of white-faced warriors, marching west to quell
Our fallen tribe that rises to rebel.
They all are young, and beautiful, and good;
Curse to the war that spills their harmless blood.
Curse to the fate that brought them from the east
To be our chiefs—to make our nation least
That breathes the air of this vast continent.
Still, their new rule and council is well meant.
They but forget we Indians owned the land
From ocean unto ocean; that they stand
Upon a soil that centuries ago
Was our sole kingdom, and our right alone.
They never think how they would feel to-day,
If some great nation came from far away,
Wresting their country from their hapless braves,
Giving what they gave us—but wars, and graves.
Then go, and strike for liberty and life,
And bring back honour to your Indian wife.
Your wife? Ah, what of that—who cares for me?
Who pities my poor love and agony?
What white-robed priest prays for your safety here
As prayer is said for every volunteer
That swells the ranks that Canada sends out?
Who prays for vict'ry for the Indian scout?
Who prays for our poor nation lying low?
None—therefore take your tomahawk and go.
My heart may break and burn unto its core,
Yet I am strong to bid you go to war.
But stay. My heart is not the only one
That grieves the loss of husband and of son:
Think of the mothers o'er the inland seas;
Think of the pale-faced maiden on her knees;
One pleads her God to guard some sweet-faced child
That marches on toward the North-West wild.
The other prays to shield her youth from harm,
To strengthen his young, proud uplifted arm.
Ah, how her white face quivers thus to think
Your tomahawk his life's best blood will drink.
She never thinks of my wild, aching breast,
Nor dreams of your dark face and eagle crest
Endangered by a thousand rifle balls.
My heart the target, if my warrior falls.
O! coward self—I hesitate no more.
Go forth—and win the glories of the war.

O! heart o'erfraught—O! nation lying low—
God, and fair Canada have willed it so.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

A HALF-FORGOTTEN CHAPTER IN CANADIAN HISTORY.—II.

LEAVING Lord Selkirk for a while at Montreal, let us see how it fared with the partially restored colony. With the return of the contingent that had gone to Jack River there had come from Scotland an infusion of new blood. With the recruits to the colony, and the returned emigrants, was a Mr. Colin Robertson, a Hudson's Bay Company officer, who was able to render great service in re-establishing the settlement. Encouraged by this official, it fast regained its old spirit and strength. Once again, however, in this western paradise, was seen the trail of the serpent. Our quondam friends, Duncan Cameron and Alexander McDonell, were back in the region. The former re-occupied Fort Gibraltar; while the latter proceeded to his late post on the Qu'Appelle River. Cameron was not long in resuming his old tactics. But Robertson, who had assumed charge of the colony, determined to act not alone on the defensive. On the first occasion of trouble emanating from Fort Gibraltar, out he and his force sallied from Fort Douglas, took the garrison by surprise, captured Cameron, and recovered the field-pieces and stands of arms that had been previously carried from the settlement. Fortunately no blood was shed. Cameron was released on a promise of good behaviour and reinstated in his command of the Fort. When spring arrived Cameron was again caught plotting against the colony, and was once more laid by the heels and taken to Hudson Bay. This precipitated events, and brings us to a crisis in the history of the settlement. It also brings on the scene an ill-fated Hudson's Bay Governor.

This officer was Governor Robert Semple, who had been appointed to the chief control of all the factories in the territory. Just after his arrival, the storm clouds gathered fast over the doomed colony. The news of its reconstruction had reached distant Canada, and there was a pressing forward of partners to strangle the new birth. In the east, an expedition was fitting out at Fort William: in the west, Alexander McDonell was marshalling the Half-breeds. Northward, on the Qu'Appelle, French Canadian banditti were engaging in all sorts of lawlessness; and all around there was ferment and trouble. On the 12th of May, as a Hudson Bay party was coming down the Qu'Appelle river, it was set upon by a number of Canadians and Half-breeds, in the employ of the North-West Company. In the command of the attacking party was a man named Cuthbert Grant. The Hudson Bay employes were taken prisoners; their furs and food-supplies were confiscated; and another post of the Company was captured and wrecked. A junction of Cuthbert Grant's rabble was now formed with the Nor'-Westers under Alexander McDonell, and all proceeded to Portage des Prairies. From here, on the 18th of June, McDonell despatched Grant, with seventy Ishmaels of the plains, to attack the colony on the Red River. On the 20th a messenger brought report of an affray which had occurred at Seven Oaks, or as it is otherwise known, Frog Plain, in front of Fort Douglas. Here is the language in which McDonell announces the result of the engagement to his ruffian crew: "*Sacre nom de Dieu! Bonnes nouvelles! Vingt-deux Anglais de tués!*"

We have no space to record the incidents of the engagement. Suffice it to say, that the colony had no chance of making a fight for itself, for before it could sally out to support its chiefs, the scuffle had ended in wholesale murder. Inflamed with passion, and intoxicated with success, the Half-breeds demanded the instant surrender of Fort Douglas, prefacing their demand by threats of indiscriminate slaughter if it was not complied with. Each male inmate of the Fort now nerved himself for the crisis. The desire was to defend the stockade, and to trust to relief arriving from some heaven-directed quarter. But relief there could be none. On the contrary, other besiegers were pressing forward, under McDonell from Portage des Prairie, and under McLeod from Fort William. Meanwhile a message arrived from Grant, stating that "an attack would that night be made upon the Fort, and that, if a single shot was fired in defence of the place, a general massacre would ensue." A Mr. Pritchard, who had been taken prisoner, endeavoured to make terms with Grant for the safety of the colony; but no terms would satisfy him, save unconditional surrender. After a long and anxious parley, a surrender was decided upon; and the settlers once more accepted the inevitable—banishment from the homes they had endeavoured to rear in the wilderness. Two days later saw the embarkment of the Red River colony for Hudson Bay, and the razing, from the desolate wastes of Rupert's Land, of the foundations of its first civilized community. On the way to Lake Winnipeg, the colony met the incoming bands of the North-West traders, under Norman McLeod, the Fort William partner, accompanied by other influential agents and shareholders of that powerful company. To this partner, high in authority, the poor persecuted colonists might naturally have looked for succour and sympathy in this the hour of their dire distress. This was not their fate. The first accost of McLeod was "whether that rascal and scoundrel Robertson was in the boats?" and if Governor Semple was with them, if not, what was his fate? The whole party was disembarked, and for days was subjected to the closest and most insulting examination. Not a few of the colonists were deprived of their liberty, and prevented from going off with their departing kinsmen.

While the remainder of the again exiled settlers were being permitted to make good their escape to the bleak shores of Hudson Bay, let us see what Lord Selkirk was about in Canada. To resent the intrusion of settlers seemed to Lord Selkirk the most fatuous policy, as it was the most cruel attitude for a body of wealthy Scotchmen to assume towards their poor, but deserving countrymen. But back of the Half-breeds was ever the implacable enmity of the Nor'-Westers. Against this enmity Lord Selkirk could make no headway, either with the chiefs of the Company or with the leaders of the Government. The administration of a country was never more thoroughly identified with the concerns of a private enterprise, and never more careful not to interfere with its interests or offend its officers, than was the Canadian executive of the period in its relations with the North-West Fur-traders. Failing in all attempts to procure from the Government an armed force for the protection of the colony, or even to get an official representative, with the requisite authority and essential impartiality, to go to the settlement as its resident guardian, Lord Selkirk looked in other quarters for the aid he was in need of. Though at heavy cost to himself, he was fortunate in being able to obtain this. The close of the struggle with France, and the termination of the War of 1812-14, had released from active service two Swiss regiments, then in Canada, that had borne a good reputation for efficiency and discipline. A number of the men of these disbanded corps Lord Selkirk was able to engage for the defence of his colony and to take a share in its settlement. He made a bargain with eighty of the DeMueron, and twenty of the Watteville, regiments. These he clothed and armed at his own expense, and with thirty canoe-men started off to Red River. All that the Government furnished him was a personal body-guard of one sergeant and six soldiers.

Before leaving Canada Lord Selkirk had taken care to get himself officially appointed and sworn in as a magistrate. On his way westward, looking to the contingency of having to take civil proceedings against those who had been, or were likely yet to be, troublesome to the colony, he endeavoured at Sault Ste. Marie to induce two magistrates of the place to accompany him. In this, however, he was not successful. Crossing Lake Superior, his party fell in with Miles Macdonnell, who, having again been driven from Red River, was on his way to Canada with the news of the further destruction of the colony. From the Governor Lord Selkirk

heard with dismay of the butchery on Frog Plain, and the murder of Semple and his party.

On the 12th of August Selkirk and his armed contingent arrived at Fort William. Here was the western headquarters of the North-West traders, and here were imprisoned some of the prominent men of the Selkirk settlement. Their release was instantly called for, an order which the partners, in presence of such a force as accompanied Lord Selkirk, were not slow to obey. Selkirk now took the depositions of the released prisoners, and found out the enormity of the crimes either perpetrated or instigated by the servants of the North-West Company. He arrested a number of the leading partners of the Company, and sent them under escort to York for trial. The military expedition spent the winter at Fort William, and in the spring proceeded to Red River.

It was the end of June before Lord Selkirk himself reached the colony, and for the first time set eyes upon the scene of its troubles. The settlers who had sought refuge at Norway House, on Lake Winnipeg, were again recalled, and the despoiled homesteads once more put in habitable condition. A general muster of the resurrected colony being now made, the settlement was formally inaugurated and received its designation of Kildonan. The land, the title of which had been further secured by treaty with the Indians, was now ordered to be fully surveyed, and roads and bridges were commissioned to be built. Under these favourable conditions, the colony took a new start. Passing southward to the Mississippi, thence eastward to Washington, its founder made a wide detour on his return to Canada. There he was wanted to confound the machinations of his inveterate enemies, the fur-traders, and there he desired to bring them to justice.

Justice, at the period, had either departed from the country, or had become afflicted with a serious moral and physical squint. Not in Lower, not in Upper Canada, could Selkirk receive fair hearing or decent treatment. With subservient juries, a besmirched judiciary, and a partisan government, honour and good faith hid their heads. Men of good standing and large stake in the country, men otherwise humane and reputable, vied with each other to defeat justice and to shield crime. Nor did the clerical office hasten to extend its comfort, or even refrain from persecution. A certain redoubtable Rector of York, whom we otherwise love to recall as one of the sturdy founders of the Province, and whose soul in later days, we believe was right before God, was among the most noisy of Selkirk's defamers, and the most influential withholder from him of justice. Never was man more persecuted than was Lord Selkirk, during the year of the State trials in Canada, and never in the history of the older Provinces has there been so flagrant and prolonged a violation of law. In sadness of spirit the would-be founder of the Selkirk Settlement betook himself from the country, and in broken health returned to the Old World to die.

G. MERCER ADAM.

THE SCRAP BOOK.

REMINISCENCES OF VICTOR HUGO.

IN one sense the death of Victor Hugo was like a stormy sunset. His faith and fortitude were unshaken, and the mind, unless in fits of delirium, retained its vigour. His sweetness of disposition was also unsoured, and his last look and words, "Adieu, Jeanne," showed that his heart remained strong and warm to the last. A less powerfully constituted man could not have resisted for so long a time the dissolving forces that were at work. He was eighty-three, had led a life of hard work from the time he was adolescent, had been afflicted as few persons in real life are, disappointed, long menaced with ruin, and never enjoyed fully the fruits of his labours until he was a very old man and well-nigh alone in the world. He had strong family affections, which were then concentrated in two cradles, three of his children having died and the fourth being in a madhouse, and he feared because he had too long delayed an amnesty which his heart prompted him to grant soon after he had broken with her. As he could not live without his grandchildren, and wished their mother and stepfather to remain under the same roof, it was hard to find a house that would suit him. The one in the Avenue d'Eylau was one of twin villas. As they were first seen in hot, dry weather, the capacity of the walls to suck up damp was not noticed; and as they were at the foot of a slope there was nearly always water under the foundations. Victor Hugo's passion for sumptuous wall-hangings, carpets and curtains rendered the villa that he appropriated for himself more unhealthy. All the mural draperies, floor and ceiling cloths retained damp. As there was a greenhouse behind the sitting rooms, and as a breath of air could not come in through the padded and curtained doors, the ventilation was very incomplete. In the height of summer fires were necessary to keep the ground-floor apartments from feeling like a vault. M^{me}. Drouet was Victor Hugo's literary secretary for thirty years, and copied with her own hand all the manuscripts of his works as he wrote them. This was done by her to guard against the danger of the originals being lost, or mangled by printers. He very seldom re-wrote. But the erasures, interlineations, and marginal additions were numerous and involved, and if she had not taken the trouble she did the corrections of proofs must have been so numerous as to cause much heavier printing bills than were run up. Victor Hugo's manuscripts will be most interesting as showing how he worked. He wrote *tout d'un jet*, but most carefully looked over each composition when he had thrown the thoughts that were on the point of his pen on paper. The goose quill was the channel through which they flowed. Being a mechanic by nature, as well as an artist and poet, he made and mended his pens. The nib was broad and the slit long. He wrote a big hand and went ahead in writing. The tails and curls of the

d's and the crosses of the t's showed impetuosity, or perhaps rather "go." What he effaced was so covered with ink, applied in a horizontal direction, that nobody will ever be able to make it out. The spaces between the lines and margins were very wide. When he wanted to get a subject well into his mind's eye he drew it sometimes with great finish of detail on the margin. Victor Hugo will be revealed in an astonishing way in his MSS., of which M^{me}. Drouet was the custodian. The true history of the poet's descent is this: His grandfather was a carpenter at Nancy, and the son of a carpenter; all his relations and connections practised handicrafts, and the family emigrated to Lorraine, not to become French, when Louis Quatorze seized upon the Franche Comté. Victor Hugo occupied the room looking on the garden in which he died. The window of his chamber is framed with ivy, and opens on an ivy-clad balcony. A vast old-fashioned four-post bed, with a flat, short drapery of antique brocade round the roof, stands in an alcove. A dressing-room is at the head, and a small closet used as a wardrobe at the foot. The desk is massive, and made with shelves, on which precious books are placed. There is also a tall desk in Victor Hugo's bedroom. It was the one that he most used. He was up every morning at six, when he washed in cold water, and then took a cup of black coffee and a raw egg. If ideas did not come rapidly he went to the window, which was all day open, winter and summer, sought inspiration by gazing thence, returned to the desk, sketched, and then wrote. If his "go" slackened, he walked about, and again looked out and drew. At eleven he breakfasted. His Pegasus, he used to say, was the knifeboard (imperial) of an omnibus, and he generally mounted it early in the afternoon. Once a week he went to St. Mandé to see his daughter Adèle. His pockets were stuffed with bonbons and little articles of finery which it gave Adèle pleasure to receive. Her madness was gentle and childish. She knew Victor Hugo, but did not understand why he did not take her to live with him. Victor Hugo was also fond of walking about Paris and revisiting sites familiar to him long ago. The changes operated by Haussmann gave him a violent shock on his return from exile. He was also fond of standing on the Pont des Arts and looking before him east or west or down into the water. In the winter of 1879-80 a friend saw him leaning on the parapet gazing at skaters. The thermometer was as low as in Russia. "Master," said the friend, "is it not imprudent for you to expose yourself to this cutting blast?" Victor Hugo said that he had not felt it, so absorbed was he in the scene before his eyes, on which a winter sunset was casting a pink glow. But he was so used to exposure to cold that he did not apprehend evil effects. "Although you wear no great coat?" "Nor flannel either," answered the poet. "Pas possible." "See for yourself." Suiting the action to the word the hardy old poet opened his shirt breast, between which and his chest there was nothing. Victor Hugo boasted that he never got in a rage except when provoked by *bêtise* or triumphant iniquity. The cause of the meritorious vanquished was not half so dear to Cato as to him, and he detested with a grandiose detestation unworthy victors. He never hesitated to obey the promptings of the "inner light"—or, to speak as the Greeks, his demon—and his obedience to them brought him in the long run glory, honour, praise, and moral power, as well as a large fortune.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

THAN Mr. Parnell, eviction has had few more vehement or unreserved denouncers. He has, over and over again, spoken of it as "fiendish work," and indignantly condemned it generally without any reservation whatever. He was, moreover, an approving listener to Mr. John Dillon, when on a memorable occasion in the House of Commons that gentleman protested that if he was "an Irish farmer, and that a body of men came to turn him out of his house and land he would most decidedly shoot as many of them as he could manage to do." Well, Mr. Parnell himself is an evicting landlord. In the paper recently we read that he had evicted some of his "poorer tenants," and about a year ago he appeared personally in the Dublin Courts as plaintiff in a suit against another, a respectable widow lady, and obtained an order for her eviction. Yet this evicting landowner has been presented with £40,000, which was mainly subscribed by Irish tenants. And, furthermore, he has had the uncontrolled expenditure of the vast funds subscribed in America and elsewhere for the Land and National League, aggregating, it has been computed, to nearly half a million of money, of which no account whatever has, or probably ever will be, rendered to the donors. All that is known of the expenditure for certain is, that the people for whom it was principally intended—that is, the evicted tenants—have received only an almost infinitesimal portion of it, amounting to not a quarter per cent. of the receipts as published in the papers. But the rhetorical artifices of the League mercenaries will, no doubt, continue for some time longer to be successful in concealing these serious facts. They cannot afford to let the country be at peace—they must live. Their trade is to delude and exasperate the people by false and inflammatory representations, by creating imaginary grievances, and pretending that the agitation is the spontaneous effect of the intolerable character of fancied oppression. They have succeeded in exciting the cupidity of the farmers by taking credit to themselves for the recent reductions made under the provisions of the Land Act, and have in consequence found in them their best supporters. But it is likely that this class of the Irish population will soon come to see that not much more value can be expected for their money, and stop the supplies. And above and before all, when it is made apparent to the Irish people generally that their "patriots" seriously contemplate, in collusion with the British Government, to betray their country's cause by further centralizing the administration of its affairs, there is little doubt that their influence for evil will come to an end.—*Richard Pigott, Irish Home Ruler, in Fortnightly Review*.

MUSIC.

ONE of the most important musical works recently produced is the symphonic poem, by Moskowski, "Johanna d'Arc," at the closing concert of the Philharmonic Society of London. This fine composition, though belonging to the class of what is known as "programme music," possesses great merit and beauty as absolute music, and is worked to a great extent in classic form. Its only shortcoming is due to the fact that the composer has not been bold enough to discard "form" to the extent that many of the modern schools do, and yet has so far broken through convention as to make his poetic idea the chief object. The finest portions of the work are said to be those where the composer has allowed himself to make his music the chief point of interest, forgetting, for the time, the events he is trying to embody. The opening allegro depicts Joan's rustic life and visions of the future, and contains phrases not only beautiful in themselves, but admirably characteristic of the feelings to be represented. The andante represents "inner-consciousness and former memories." The third movement represents the triumphant entry into Rheims and the finale Joan in prison, Triumph, Death, and Apotheosis. Herr Moskowski is best known in England and here by his piano compositions, some of which are of a very high order, and even those which are merely intended as concert room *tours de force* are all marked by originality and musicianly treatment. His Spanish Dances, for four hands on one piano, are most delightful compositions, full of local colour, Spanish warmth, and suggestive of the castanets and tambourine, and at the same time original and pleasing to the musician as well as the amateur. Herr Moskowski was born in Berlin in 1854, and is therefore a young man to have had so important a work brought out in England by a society like the Philharmonic. He is already hailed by some musicians as one of the future great ones, and certainly appears to have a high career before him.

ANOTHER character at present commanding public attention is Señor Sarasate, the Spanish violinist, whose popularity in England appears to be increasing with every public appearance. Expression, purity and sweetness of tone and perfect intonation are said to be this artist's characteristics, whilst he shows a deficiency in breadth and vigour. His execution is immense and perfectly accurate, two terms which are by no means synonymous. He rouses the greatest enthusiasm in his audiences. His greatest success is gained in pieces suiting his own peculiar playing, notably, pieces in the Spanish style, but he also includes the more classical compositions in his repertoire.

AN interesting announcement appears in the *Musical Times* to the effect that Messrs. Novello and Ewer will again take up the work formerly done by them in the field of oratorio by giving a set of oratorio concerts of a similar character to those started by them in 1860 and given successively in St. James's Hall, Exeter-Hall, and the Albert Hall. A special choir is to be at once founded for the rendering of the choral portions, and will consist of about 250 voices. The whole will be under the conductorship of Mr. A. C. Mackenzie, composer of the "Rose of Sharon," and the following works will be included in the repertoire: Gounod's "Mors et Vita" and "Redemption," Dvorak's "Stabat Mater" and "Spectre's Bride," Mackenzie's "Rose of Sharon," etc.

ANOTHER interesting enterprise is the "United Richard Wagner Society," the London branch of which has for president the Earl of Dysart, and a committee composed of prominent musicians. This Society, founded in 1883, the year of the master's death, has for its object the "combining of his scattered adherents in one organization for effective action." The arrangements for the season of the London Branch include lectures on "Parsifal," with musical illustrations "Richard Wagner as a Moralist," "Tristan and Isolde," and a dramatic reading. The subscriptions to the Society form a reserve fund to be devoted to the representation of his music dramas at Bayreuth.

THE music of "Welcome Home, Brave Volunteers," by Mr. F. H. Torrington, is so pretty that one cannot help regretting the words were not revised before publication. The song is dedicated to the volunteers of Canada, and is published by Imrie and Graham, Toronto.

THE PERIODICALS.

THE thirteen papers which form the *menu* of the May *Nineteenth Century* (Leonard Scott Reprints) include subjects suited to almost all tastes. Sir Henry Rodes Green, than whom few living persons are more competent to speak upon the matter, declares his firm opinion that if either England or Russia should take Afghanistan the conqueror would become possessor of a white elephant, and he agrees with Mr. Archibald Forbes that India can best be defended from her own borders. Archdeacon Farrar's reply to Baron Bramwell's drink article is rather favourable to the anti-Prohibitionists than otherwise, whilst in Sir Henry Thompson's paper entitled "Diet in Relation to Age and Activity" there is much that requires attention from the intemperate eater: "I have for some years been compelled by facts which are constantly coming before me to accept the conclusion that more mischief in the form of actual disease, of impaired vigour, and of shortened life accrues to civilized man from erroneous habits in eating than from the habitual use of alcoholic drink." There are also the following papers: "Egypt and the Soudan," "The Coming War," "Variations in the Punishment of Crime," "Shakespeare and Stage Costume," "The Red Man," "Death," "Our System of Infantry Tactics," "A Farm that Really Pays," "Lunacy Law Reform," and "Why I Left Russia."

THE opening article of *Harper's* for July is about the Mohammedans in India, is from the pen of F. Marion Crawford, and is illustrated by representations of some of the most remarkable specimens of Moslem architecture. A profusely illustrated paper on Buffalo will command the attention of Canadians not less than their neighbours. Silk

culture and manufacture in the States is ably treated under the title "A Silk Dress." General Butler fights the *America's* battles o'er again in an interesting paper about the champion yacht. R. F. Zogbaum paints—with pen and pencil—his impressions of the Montana cow-boys. Some Adirondack beauties are indicated in a contribution headed "Amperсанд." There are several stories and poems of varying merit; but those whose inclinations are in this direction will immediately turn to Mr. Howell's "Indian Summer," the opening chapters of which appear in this number. The editorial department includes comment upon international copyright, the Afghan question, Abraham Lincoln, etc.

In the July *Outing* is a paper somewhat brusquely, but on the whole truthfully, complaining that "there are no theatrical managers now-a-days," that "travelling shows" are the curse of the stage, and that if managers do not adopt some new system dime museums and skating rinks will monopolize the greater part of amusement-seekers. From another pen comes a claim for the usefulness of athletics in colleges, with some hints on the proper means of conducting gymnastic clubs *apropos* of "Athletics at Amherst." This is followed by a paper, "Physical Education and Athletic Sports at Yale," which, on the whole, have been declared to be very beneficial. The very excellent number has also several other papers, stories, poems, editorial paragraphs, with many beautiful illustrations, all breathing the invigorating spirit of the magazine.

THE six hundred and sixty-first appearance of *Gody's Lady's Book* is that made by the July issue of the popular family magazine. It contains two coloured plates of fashions in costumes, a coloured design for tidy in painting or embroidery, several pages of fashion cuts, a full-size paper pattern to one of the latter, and two handsome full-page pictures—"Lady Marguerite" and "Mr. Raymond's Reason." There is all the descriptive letter-press necessary to explain the "latest," a quantity of hints of value to the housekeeper, including cooking recipes, stories, poetry, etc.

THE very practical question, "What shall be done with our Sewage?" is ably discussed in the current *Sanitarian*. The writer indicates the weakness of those systems most commonly adopted, and the crass ignorance or worse which is partly to blame for this state of things. There are also papers on "Sewerage v. Surface Draining and Combustion" and "Sanitary Care of Privies," which might with profit be read in connection with the first-named. The whole three are worth the attention of the various sanitary associations of the Dominion, particularly those of Toronto. Besides these there are contributions on "Warming and Ventilation," "Relations of Literary to Medical Colleges," "Summer Health Resorts," and several others.

THE London (Eng.) *Wheel World* has a paper on "Women and Cycling," wherein the writer makes a very poor attempt to show that women may "wheel" and still retain their dignity. He is much more successful in indicating how unsuitable most of the associations in connection with cycling are for women. Some "Hill Sections in London" are given as a guide to riders, showing the grades of various hills on popular routes. "A Rollicking Ride" is an enlivening story well told. The *Wheel World* has illustrations of Thomas Stevens and two country bicycling scenes.

THE numbers of *The Living Age* for June 6th and 13th contain selections from the *Quarterly*, the *London Quarterly*, the *British Quarterly*, the *National*, *Macmillan*, *Blackwood*, *Temple Bar*, the *Spectator*, the *Saturday Review*, *All the Year Round*, *Chambers's*, the *Telegraph*, the *Field*, the *Pottery Gazette*, etc.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS have sold upwards of 100,000 copies of their short "Stories by American Authors."

PROF. RAY LANKESTER is said to be preparing a review of Dr. Temple's Bampton Lectures (The Relations between Religion and Science) for the *Fortnightly Review*.

THE publishing house of J. R. Osgood and Company, which recently failed, has been reorganized by the retirement of Mr. Osgood, whose partners will continue the business under the familiar firm-name of Ticknor and Company.

"FIFTY Years in the Church of Rome," by the Rev. C. Chiniquy—a book which is said to contain "facts of thrilling interest to all lovers of liberty,"—will be issued by subscription on July 1st, by Craig and Barlow, of Chicago.

A NUMBER of criticisms of the Scott Act, and of the whole Prohibition movement, which have from time appeared in the editorial columns of THE WEEK, have been collated and published in pamphlet form, with the caption "Free Temperance versus Forced Abstinence."

FRANK R. STOCKTON has written a continuation of "The Lady, or the Tiger?" It is called "The Discourager of Hesitancy," and it will appear in the July *Century*. Another of the "Ivory Black" stories will be printed in this number. Mr. Howell's hero resists a great temptation in the July instalment of "The Rise of Silas Lapham."

MR. JOHN B. ALDEN, of New York, has just published a popular edition of that charming little book "Obiter Dicta." The London (Eng.) *Academy* says of the essays collated under that title: "This is a brilliant and thought-compelling little book. Apart from their intellectual grip, which we think really notable, the great charm of these essays lies in the fine urbanity of their satirical humour."

THE new Connecticut law against "flash" literature, which has just gone into effect, imposes a fine of \$50 or less, and imprisonment for three months or less, or both at the discretion of the court, upon every person who shall sell, lend, give or offer, or have in his possession with intent to sell, lend, give or offer, any book, magazine, pamphlet or paper devoted wholly or principally to the publication of criminal news, or pictures and stories of deeds of bloodshed, lust or crime.

ACCORDING to Mr. Rideing's forthcoming book on "Thackeray's London," which Cupples, Upham and Company have in press, the house in Young Street, Kensington, where "Vanity Fair," "Esmond," and "Pendennis" were written, is occupied by a gentleman upon whom the literary associations of the building are not lost. He has placed an ornamental window in the study which Thackeray occupied, and commemorated the work done there by an appropriate inscription.

VICTOR HUGO, according to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, has left a considerable fortune. It is said that he has £120,000 deposited with Rothschilds, besides a greater sum in the Bank of Belgium, and his freehold properties in Paris and Guernsey. A special clause is reserved in his will—made in 1875—disposing of the copyrights of his works. The theatrical copyrights are left to M. Paul Meurice; the rest to M. Vacquerie. Besides the money bequeathed to his family, £40,000 is set aside for an object which is not very clearly defined. The will, it is said, is a mystery, and seems to be a document setting forth his political, philosophical, and social views.

CHESS.

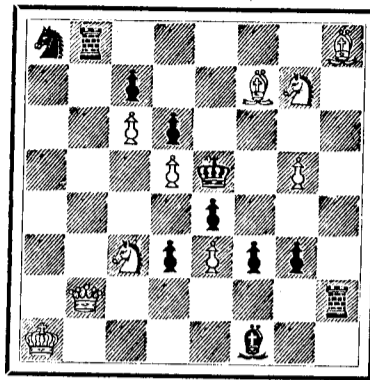
All communications intended for this department should be addressed "Chess Editor," office of THE WEEK, Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 106.

By Lieut. H. V. Duben, Landskrone, Sweden.

From the *Mirror*.

BLACK.



WHITE.

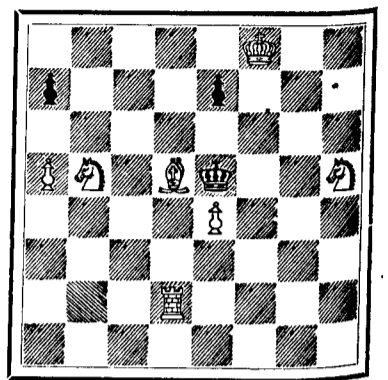
White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 107.

Composed for THE WEEK

By E. H. E. Eddis, Toronto Chess Club.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in four moves.

BISHOP'S GAMBIT.

Played in 1880 at Simpson's Divan, London.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
W. Dennisthorpe.	Dr. Ballard.	W. Dennisthorpe.	Dr. Ballard.
1. P K 4	P K 4	10. K Kt 1	P Kt 5
2. P K B 4	P x P	11. Kt K 1 (a)	Q Kt B 3 (b)
3. B B 4	P Q 4	12. Kt Kt 5 (c)	P B 6 (d)
4. B x P	Q R 5 ch	13. P K Kt 3 (e)	Castles.
5. K B 1	P K Kt 4	14. Q Kt x B P (f)	Kt x P
6. Kt Q B 3	B Kt 2	15. Kt x R (g)	Kt K 7 ch (h)
7. P Q 4	Kt K 2	16. K R 2 (i)	Q x P ch (l)
8. Kt B 3	Q R 4	17. P x Q	B K 4 ch
9. P K R 4	P K R 3	18. Resigns.	

NOTES.

- (a) Kt K 5 is sometimes played.
- (b) Best.
- (c) Best.
- (d) 12 Castles is the usual continuation.
- (e) Not satisfactory. 13 Kt x P would lose a piece however. 13 B K 3 is best.
- (f) Disastrous; 14 P B 3 much better.
- (g) Only precipitating matters.
- (h) 15 Kt x B would be quicker.
- (i) Offering his opponent the chance for a pretty finish. 16 K B 2 would be the best move.

A NEW CHESS PICTURE.

Now that the chess editorial picture has been successfully launched, we are prepared to undertake a project which has already been broached, viz.: The collection and arrangement of a larger group, comprising portraits of as many leading chess problemists, solvers, players, analysts, and writers as can be obtained. Our recent experience enables us to promise a picture that will be free from any of the features which some have deemed objectionable in the editorial group. The terms upon which we can undertake this picture are as follows: Each person represented to contribute his cabinet photograph and also \$1.50, which will entitle him to one copy of the picture when completed. Any number of additional copies will be furnished at \$1 each, the increased price to contributors being necessary to cover the cost of preparing the group and making the original plate.

The picture will not be confined to Americans, but it is desired and expected that many of the leading foreign chess-players, composers and writers will be represented. As soon as we can be advised that a sufficient number of representative chessists are willing to participate to render the success of the picture assured, we will call for photographs and subscriptions and push the work to completion without delay.

We have a cabinet photograph of Dr. Zukertort, also one of Mr. Steinitz, different from that in the editorial picture, which we will contribute as a nucleus for the proposed collection. The assistance of our exchanges, at home and abroad, will of course be invaluable in helping forward this undertaking. The terms offered will barely cover the expenses attending the preparation of the picture and we trust are sufficiently low to insure a prompt and hearty concurrence from all who have become conspicuous for pre-eminence and ability in any branch of chess.—*Chicago Mirror*.

CHESS ITEMS.

MR. JACOB G. ASCHER, of Montreal, has accepted Mr. C. W. Phillips challenge for a match. Date and value of meeting to be arranged hereafter.

MISS MAUDE SWEENEY—the lady problemist was married to Mr. C. C. Halstead on the 24th May, last.

THE Grand Handicap Tournament of the Circle des Echecs, Paris, has resulted as follows: First prize, a gold medal, Dr. Porte; Second, a magnificent chess-board and men Chas. Mismar.

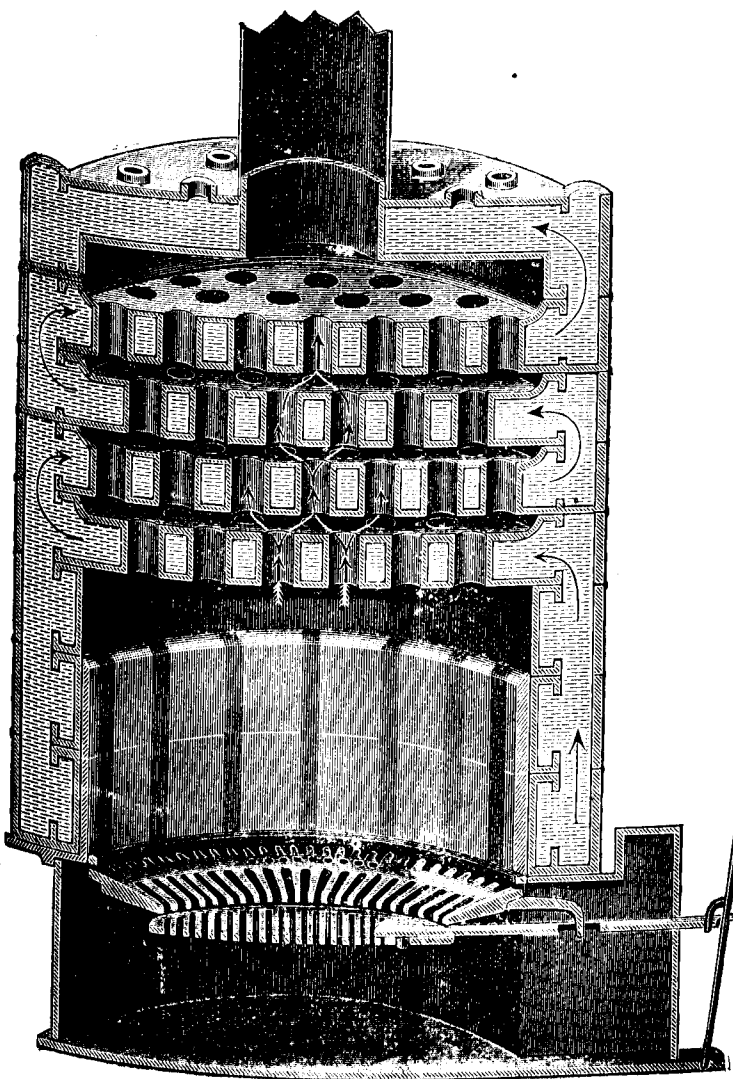
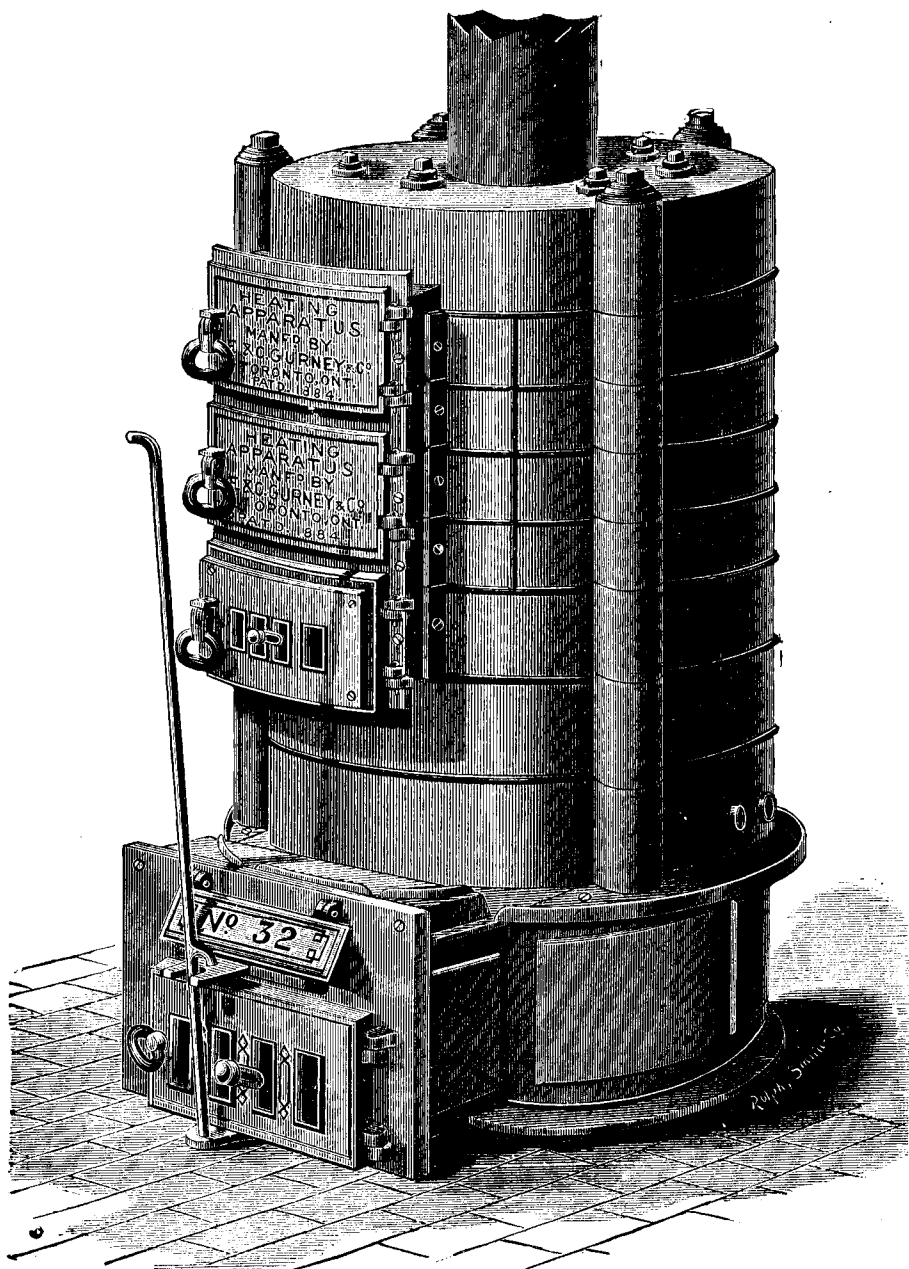
In the Tournament held at the Cafe de la Regence M. Tanbenhaus takes first prize, M. Macaulay, second.

THE second prize in the Toronto Chess Club Tournament is still awaiting a claimant owing to an unfortunate hitch over one of the games. The question at issue simply stated is this. A, B, and C are players in a Tournament. A finishes all his games, and can only be tied for second in any event, by B, who has yet to play with C. The latter leaves the city to go to the North-West and supposing that he will not be back before the Tournament concludes sends an informal message forfeiting his game. Unexpectedly he returns. B claims the game with C. without playing it. A claims that they must play it. Who is right?

THE *Newton Graphic* administers a well-deserved rebuke to some of the members of the Boston Chess Club for contemptuous and undignified criticism of its Chess Column. It has become only too fashionable for Chess Clubs in large cities to discourage Chess Editors in their efforts to promote the welfare of the game, by belittling and ignoring their problems. For this reason the publication of games has become a secondary feature of the leading Chess Journals, the editors wisely preferring to Court the problem-loving branch of their readers whose constant interest in these departments is a better indication of their usefulness than worlds of argument.—*Chicago Mirror*.—Hear!! Hear!!

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"The *Index* threatens to be a serious rival of *The Nation*, or rather to supersede it altogether, now that the latter paper is only the annex of the *Post*. It has had a life of four years already, and measures are now being taken to secure for it the larger circulation of which it is well worthy."—*The Examiner*, New York.

"I am very much pleased with the *Index*. You have struck a note of dignity, earnestness, fairness, and cleanness, that places your paper above all American educational journals known to me. The sobriety of your style, and your unvarying freedom from sensationalism are very refreshing to one who wanders somewhat weary in the weed-grown fields of school literature."—*Principal Samuel Thurber, A.M.*, Boston.

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