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NOTICE.

THE CANADIAN SPECTATOR has made, and promises well to keep, its place as a high-class journal, conducted in an able, bold and entirely impartial manner. All sides of all questions of public importance have been discussed, and the influence of its criticisms has been widely felt. But the people of this Dominion are necessarily much interested in all matters of trade and commerce, and many subscribers to the paper have often expressed a desire that the SPECTATOR should be made of more interest and help to the commercial community, discussing our actual trade and prospects as fully as it does questions of religion, politics and literature. The Editor has decided to comply with that request and so add to the value and usefulness of the paper. Some attention has already been paid to this department, for the most complete statement of Canadian railway traffic is to be found in its columns; but it is proposed to do more. A competent writer has been employed to investigate and report upon, in a series of articles, the trade and commerce of the Dominion. He is instructed to give a fair and full statement, so that we may know what is our actual condition and what our prospects. It will readily be seen that this must involve much labour and expense, and an appeal is herewith made to the friends of the journal to help it in every possible way.

THE TIMES.

Her Majesty's birthday gave to the toilers a holiday. The city poured its thousands into the country. Quebec gleamed with amateur soldiery; Montreal was as tame as a deserted Gypsy camp. "God save the Queen"—England's Queen—and Nature's noble woman—found a response in every heart—with the masses, whose struggle for bread is too earnest to permit the luxury of temporary relaxation from labour, as well as with the intent pursuers of the finny tribe, the idlers by the lake, or those that seek the genial shade begotten of our magnificent foliage. The trains redoubled carried the teeming crowds to distant lake and river; the steamers thronged with pale faces, courting the balmy air and bronzed countenances. The earnest angler intently scanned the dipping cork, and laughed anon when luck vouchsafed him favour. Perchance he—but let not one ripple disturb the universal contentment. Contentment it is—contentment it seems. But is it? Yes; but not complete. Heaven's sun and Heaven's shades are propitious. The sandwich eaten by the river side or in the rocking boat, seasoned with Nature's appetite, is sweet. The soft words—words of the heart, words of truth and promise, words of love—spoken under many a roof and tree, and on the silvery stream—all betoken gladness and joy—dear harbingers of happiness to come. And yet, is all contentment? Would that it were so!

The lingering twilight melts into the night. The moon, out-
vying the splendours of the sun, reigns with unsurpassed grandeur.
The dial advances—home brings thoughts of the morrow—partings

bring sorrow, and life itself pain, as well as joy. The low lamp burns in yonder window; dishonour cankers the broken heart; hopes—alas! hopes unrealized dim the future and mar the past; drunkenness saps our sweetest joy, and lovely, true and earnest women kneel to pray for erring son or husband. What so sad as the constant vigil of the female heart—waiting—waiting—for him who swore to protect her whose pale cheek now betokens the deepest pangs of sorrow. He comes not; no relief but the fast succeeding tear; no comfort but the silent living faith in God. Here is duty and there is sacrilege. All is not contentment; happiness there is, and God and man be thanked for it. God and man—for God meant no one to be unhappy—and man has much to do with human woe. But God be thanked, happiness there is, though "sorrow mixes her memorials with the purest remembrances of pleasure."

The dial points to twelve, and one day more is numbered with the past. Who can tell how many aching hearts in vain seek rest in the dead silence of the night? Such is life in the world, an admixture of contradictions, sorrow and joy going ever hand in hand. Brave man and loving faithful woman, gird yourselves anew for life's great battle. If your lot is happy, forget not the misery that surrounds you. You all have God's commission to comfort those that mourn, and to bind up the breaking heart. Await no higher authority. Hasten now to succour the grieving, to support the falling, to regain the lost.

"Leave no tender word unsaid,
Lose no happy day,
Time will never bring you back
Chances swept away."

Such is your duty to God and man. Arise, arise then to the labour, add another ray to life's joys, and in the words of Tiny Tim: "God bless us—every one."

What are we coming to in the Province of Quebec? For the time being we have eased off a little by the new loan of four millions, over which some politicians are as jubilant as if we had actually paid off four millions of our indebtedness. The Dominion subsidy has been pledged, it is said, and a first mortgage given on the Provincial Railways. What this may be ultimately worth to the mortgagee it is not necessary to discuss now. Suffice it to say, that no capitalist in Canada would lend money on the same terms; but the end of this extravagance bolstered up by perpetual borrowing cannot be far off. As I said last week, there will be an appeal for direct taxation, over which much political fighting will doubtless be done, but that will hardly prove an infallible and unfailing resource. The majority in the Province cannot bear much taxation, and the minority will not. What then? The destruction of our Provincial autonomy, or—why should anyone be afraid to say the truth?—annexation.

The first would be opposed by a very considerable majority in all the Provinces. The main body of the people of Quebec—that is to say, the French Canadians—are violently opposed to the very idea of Legislative Union; for they imagine, rightly or wrongly, that if such a thing were to happen their nationality and form of religion would inevitably suffer. The people of Ontario are just as strongly opposed to it, for they decline to be hampered and hindered by heavy and slow-moving Quebec. The Provinces east of ourselves and west of Ontario have nothing to gain, but very much to lose, by an identification of interest with us. The truth is, that large numbers of our French Canadians look to annexation to the United States as the ultimate solution of the difficulty. They imagine that this