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THE TIMES.

IF M. Chapleau and his friends on the Opposition side of the House would work for the Province, with only half the ardour they are now displaying in the endeavour to turn M. Joly and his colleagues out of office, they would really deserve well of the electors. But, as it is, we have to endure the moral pain and financial penalty of a scandalous party fight for power. Will M. Chapleau, and those who act with him, try and reckon up what their petty votes of "no confidence" are costing the already over-taxed inhabitants of this most unfortunate Province? They may think that a policy of worrying is worthy of men who undertake the governance of our political affairs; they may imagine that they are winning their way to public confidence; but they are mistaken, and time—perhaps only a brief period of it will be required—will interpret the true situation for them. Then they will see that in this blindness of rage they have played the fool exceedingly. M. Chapleau was perfectly right in gathering all his forces to try issues with M. Joly on a vote of no confidence, but that once settled, he should have allowed the work of Government to go on. There is neither dignity nor wisdom in the policy of obstruction they are pursuing. A snatch triumph would not help them in the least, for their majority would necessarily be less than that which the present Government commands, and an appeal to the country would be more than likely to tell against them.

It would add considerably to the strength of M. Joly's position and the peace of his mind, if he would in some way harden his skin. A politician in these degenerate days should have the hide and horns of a bull; the nerves should be all hidden away under great scollops of fat, so that light blows and stinging creatures cannot do much harm. I am speaking of the mere politician, of course—the man who has to make money enough by politics to live, or who cares only for the honour and glory of office. But M. Joly is not that. He has a conscience toward which he tries hard to maintain a friendly attitude—he has moral principles for personal guidance, and seems bent on following them—he will not sink the man to the office. He is right, and is winning the esteem of right-thinking people, but it makes his position difficult and painful. I could name gentlemen for his place who would soon have an increased majority; for there are sundry at Quebec who have not at all an extravagant idea of their own value. But M. Joly will not meet even the modest demands they make, so he must suffer while working. I hope he will not harden his heart; but he might, with advantage, be a little less sensitive.

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD is, at last, happy. He is a Privy Councillor. The *Globe*, however, is not exhilarated, for "these hands are not clean," and no member of the "great unwashed" should, in its opinion, be granted high dignity or place of honour. Can the *Globe* have forgotten that virtue is ever its own reward, and seldom gets any other in this *be-Knighted* Land?

MANY people are asking why and for what M. Fabre has been sent to Europe? Some seeming to think that he has just gone on a

picnic at the expense of the Government. Not so, however; he has real business in hand. Readers of this journal will remember that I announced the failure of Sir A. T. Galt to make arrangements with the French Government for the more advantageous importation of light wines to Canada. They intimated to our messenger that such things were done through their consuls. A second attempt is to be made, with M. Fabre as the Canadian representative. It is hoped that a Frenchman will get a hearing and a chance of success.

And I join a large number of persons in wishing M. Fabre success. Sir Leonard Tilley is a conspicuous teetotaler, but his policy threatens to turn Canada into a whiskey-drinking country. The imposition of such enormous duties on all imported light wines will make it impossible for any but the wealthy members of society to buy them. Those who are not rich will drink some kind of stimulant, and if they cannot afford to buy a comparatively good and wholesome light wine, they will be driven to the use of bad whiskey. If Sir Leonard would reduce the duty on light wines and put it on whiskey, some practical good would be accomplished.

As all our bank charters run out in 1881, it is to be hoped that the Government will take some preliminary steps during the next session of Parliament for the improvement of our banking system. Late events have made it evident that very much of the inflation and consequent disaster were due to the mode of banking in vogue. Government could very well regulate matters so as to make a host of small banks impossible, by deciding that a charter shall only be granted when sufficient capital is subscribed—say four or five millions of dollars as a minimum.

AND at the same time could not something be done towards putting an end to this miserable system by which banks issue their own notes? A person travelling with Canadian bank notes can never be sure that they will not be worthless at the time he wants to use them. Why not adopt the English system, and let us have Dominion notes only? It would be safer and pleasanter to the general community and put a stop to the practice some banks have had of making extraordinary efforts to put out and keep out their notes.

THE impending changes in the directorate and management of our leading financial institution, the Bank of Montreal, cause a good deal of discussion and some slight trepidation among the timid. It is not detracting one iota from the well-earned confidence reposed in the previous management to maintain the opinion that the positions vacated may be equally well filled. No well conducted bank is the product of *one* courageous heart and brain, but of many. Add to these an infusion of fresh energy, guided by the collective experience of all the Bank's officers, and we shall have little cause in the future to feel less justifiable pride than in the past in the success of our greatest Canadian financial undertaking.

THE United States are all ablaze with politics. The papers are full of the coming State elections, and travelling America can talk of but little else. As next year is the Presidential year, party lines will be drawn with a closeness and stringency, it is said, almost equal to that attending a Presidential election. And this close drawing of party lines so often—bringing out all the worst passions of the worst members of the community as it does—is what thoughtful, peace-loving men are getting tired of. Greenbackers, Democrats, Republicans and sundry, wage most ruthless war among themselves; personalities are indulged in with perfect freedom, until some De Young shoots a Kalloch, and then there is wilder excitement, ending, probably, in a

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP, for Children Teething, and all Infantile Diseases