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THE TIMES.

The new telephone management in Montreal is hardly giving satisfaction. Of course, the amalgamation of the Bell and the Edison gave the subscribers a larger connection, but any advantage derived from that is more than balanced by the increase of work on the wires. The telephone is a splendid institution, and a great convenience, in matters of business, when it can be got for use at almost any minute. People having the instrument in their houses or offices naturally learn to trust upon it for the conveyance of their messages—but when they have to ring and wait, and ring and wait, and perhaps after much ringing and much waiting cannot get it at all, the thing becomes a positive waste of time and temper. The new company will have to give their subscribers a much better service if they intend to increase, or even to maintain, the present popularity of the instrument.

If common and very current reports are true the Montreal hotels have not done credit to themselves during the exhibition time. The Windsor especially has come in for a good share of anathema, and Americans have gone away declaring their complete dissatisfaction with the *cuisine* and service there. It follows as a matter of course that when hotels are overcrowded, visitors cannot reasonably expect to have such good and prompt fare as in ordinary times, and a large percentage of grumblers must always be expected. But this time the percentage is larger than usual, and they are more than ordinarily certain of having good grounds for complaint. It is a pity that it should be so, for we want to make our beautiful city attractive to travellers, and the exhibition week offered a splendid opportunity for advertising the best we can do by way of accommodation.

The St. Lawrence Hall, however, should be named as an honourable exception. The praises of its management were loud and frequent. If I were to repeat all the good things I heard of the proprietor from some of the visitors to the hotel, a few of my readers at least would begin to imagine that writing, news, and advertisements are being mixed up in the SPECTATOR just as they are in the dailies of Montreal and Toronto. So I forbear.

One of the attractions at the exhibition was the occasional "going up aloft" of Mr. Grimley in a balloon, accompanied by a newspaper reporter. A crowd gathered to see the start, and greater crowds watched it loafing about over the city, and one evening when there was a remote chance of its falling into the St. Lawrence the excitement was intense. But one may well ask: what is the practical good of this ballooning to anybody but Mr. Grimley and the reporter? There is no new discovery made, or even attempted, as to the uses and control of gas, or the altitude at which men can live—or anything else. All that is known about it now was known ten years ago, and the thing has ceased to be of any interest. That it continues to attract and excite is only one more proof that the people are always attracted by anything which has a spice of danger in it. A performance upon a high trapeze always draws a crowd, but in that case there is more to be said for the popularity of it than for the balloon, for the trapeze performer keeps up the excitement by the quickness and skill

of motion, but it is very dull indeed watching Mr. Grimley sitting in his car, running not nearly so much chance of accidents as he would travelling by a fast train or an Irish jaunting car.

Mr. Peter Redpath, by his magnificent gift of money for the building of a Museum in connection with the McGill University, deserves the warm thanks not only of the people of Montreal, but of all Canada. It is the best benefaction he could have bestowed upon the public—for it will do something—much toward helping on the education of the Dominion. One of the best aspects about it is this: it is proof that there is a power of consolidation at work among us. The feeling in a mere colony is generally that people sojourn in it for awhile just to make money, and return to spend it and old age in the Mother country. That feeling is sure to engender selfishness, hardness and dissatisfaction. What we want to cultivate is a sense of permanence and homeness. When persons take up their abode in a place with the intention of abiding in it, they try to adapt themselves to existing manners and institutions and think how the condition of things can be shaped, so as to make it a good and profitable land for their children.

Nothing so helps to secure that feeling as the establishment of good educational institutions. It is easy to see what McGill College is doing for Montreal. It is at the head of our general educational movement, and gives a real energy to all the teaching power of the Province. Its Principal is a man of such varied learning, such industry and active force of character, such indomitable perseverance in working for the University that—although his theology is of the antique dogmatic, and his reading of prophecy, always strange and sometimes humorous, we have a right to be proud of him. In such men as Prof. Murray who is a profound scholar and a master in the science of Mental and Moral Philosophy; and Prof. Cornish—who by nature and by education is peculiarly fitted to teach the classics of an ancient and dead language; and Prof. Moyse—who is passionately fond of and well able to teach the use and value of the English language and Literature—and Prof. Bovey a real and enthusiastic believer in Applied Science—and others equally suited to their duty, the Principal has fellow helpers whose work must make the institution of growing importance to the country.

Can a man better, and more durably enshrine his name so that it shall be held in glad and long remembrance than by such a use of his money as Mr. Redpath has just made? If Mr. McGill had spent his money as some of our wealthy men are spending their money now, or had hoarded it as some others are hoarding it, who would care to know his name to-day? As it is, the memory of him is great; he is an active power in the world; he projected his life into future generations; he set great forces in motion which are acting for good on every succeeding generation; "being dead he yet speaketh." Mr. Peter Redpath is following in the same line, and making for himself a name worth having and leaving behind.

It is said that the editor of *Le Courier de Montreal* has entered an action for \$1,000 damages against the editor of *Le Nouveau Monde* because the latter charged the former with opposing the culture of the English language among French Canadians. I hope Mr. Duvernay will persist in his action, and that Mr. Houde will stoutly defend—for it will be refreshing and amusing to hear two prominent French gentlemen contending for their individual belief in the usefulness of the English language for French Canadians.

Montreal has been visited within the last few days by Mr. R. G. Underdown and Mr. Edward Ross, the former General Manager, and