

unfits it for use. Better refuse to give anything at the door, or if your servants have discrimination and can be trusted, allow them to give a decent slice of bread and butter, or bread, and meat and let it be handed from a clean plate. Even beggars must have some feelings, and by treating them with some respect we may do them good, we may make one dreary day seem less sad, by a decent offering and a kind word, while we must surely add to their hopeless degradation by allowing our servants to throw them old scraps as they would do to a dog. Indeed a well fed dog would not eat the stuff that is often handed to beggars from the doors of our best houses; and yet this very stuff might all have been utilized, by proper management, while the beggar might have a decent lunch given to her of far less value than the dishes which might be made from the scraps.

But we all know how difficult how almost impossible it is to teach our servants economy, even when that economy is more convenient for themselves, and this is where our great need of the training schools comes in. What a girl is taught in a school she will believe is for her own good, but what her mistress attempts to teach her she will think is merely for the good of her mistress. We feel assured that no enterprise could be entered into which would lead to so much profit as these training schools. The saving of good food and the money expended on it would be immense and if we could extend the work by inducing philanthropic ladies to give free instruction to poor children, we might not only save food and money but also precious lives by teaching these poor children how to make the most of the scanty materials their homes may afford.

We all read and know of what is being done by the ladies in the large cities of the States—how they gather little children into what they call Kitchen Gardens and teach them how to do all sorts of housework and how to cook cheap wholesome dishes, which the children afterwards reproduce at home to the great delight of their parents, and the increased comfort of their homes.

Montreal must not remain any longer behind hand in this good work. No ambition can be more admirable than that which adds to the comfort of our homes, and no charity can be so commendable as that which endeavours to bring health and happiness to comfortless homes by teaching people how to help themselves. Our poor classes could supply themselves with good nourishing food at far less cost than they now expend on cheap, unwholesome tea and coffee, nasty fat bacon, and common bakers bread, if they only knew what to buy and how to cook. We are happy to say that many of our leading ladies are taking an interest in this subject and we trust that next autumn will see a beginning made. Letter containing suggestions on this subject will be gladly received.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Letters should be brief, and written on one side of the paper only. Those intended for insertion should be addressed to the Editor, 162 St. James Street, Montreal; those on matters of business to the Manager, at the same address.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—It is with fear and trembling that I venture to put my pen to paper, for the reason that I am accused by "F. H. T." of "fallacious nonsense" and by "Saxon" of grammatical blunders. To the former, I cannot, of course, be expected to reply; he has put it out of my power to teach him, as he evidently thinks his own intellect superior to that of others; he is surely "wasting his sweetness on the desert air," attempting to criticize others.

"Saxon" accuses me of "getting off" blunders, but he does not specify any; no one is infallible, so it is quite possible I "got them off." *Et tu quoque*, as I find "*journeys* by land and *by sea*," we *journey* by land and we *voyage* by sea; we form the plural of journey by adding *s*, "*journeys*." "*Citizens in our midst*," says Saxon:—

Where, oh where else could they be,
Perhaps in London, U. C.,
Surely not *there* could they be,
There's room only for "F. H. T."

"F. H. T." says he is not an Irishman; this is "fallacious nonsense"; he must have a good knowledge of Ireland when he says it is "a *country* abounding with fish"; there are no fish, according to "F. H. T.," in the rivers and seas, but they abound in the country—yes, four-legged ones, Irish bulls. Perhaps on the contrary, "F. H. T." is "antiquated," and fished over Ireland at the time of the deluge; he thinks fish is good for the brain, so "F. H. T." go a-whaling for a century or two, 'tis your only salvation. H. B. S.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—"*Si quid novisti rectius istis, candidus imperti, si non, his utere mecum.*"

My advocacy of the claims of the possessive singular has been unceremoniously shelved. For the maintenance of my integrity I lift up my indignant protest against the obstinacy of innovators and retire from the scene. It is not my purpose, however, to brood in silence over the overt acts of incorrigibles, but to struggle for a status in a small way amid a host of giants intellectual. My scrap-book to-day does not furnish me with many

materials for a lengthened critique. I am compelled in consequence to condescend upon what is little better than trifles.

"In primis" adverbs ought not to be used instead of nouns. "Up to then the track had been in use."—*Star*.

"From where?" "To where?"—Hon. E. Blake, as reported in *Toronto Mail*.

"The grim Protector made his reign felt as palpably as Harry's or Elizabeth's." Better as Harry or Elizabeth, who are entitled to be put on a footing of equality with the canting usurper.—*SPECTATOR*, April 17th. (*Q. Re-divivus*.)

"His (Ingersoll's) purpose was to revamp old assaults on *principals* and doctrines." Read principles.—*Globe*, April, 1880.

"Many village communities are straightened for food"; 'gh' here can be dispensed with.—*Star*, April 20.

A barrister in your city of some standing or otherwise being nettled at the disappearance of some portion of his toggery, exclaims "Pon my soul, I believe they would steal anything in that Court House."—*Star*, April 20. On this occasion the man bereft of his garment brought a false accusation against the thieving fraternity, for on the following day the *Star* reported that the barrister's 'soul' had been relieved by the discovery of the lost garment.

Here was a chance for a newly fledged and briefless barrister to secure a case by defending a variety of clients accused of a crime of which they were guiltless.

"At this juncture Mr. Maclaren for the defence objected to any evidence being taken with a view of shewing that Joe Beef and Charles McKiernan were one and the same person." Objection overruled. Why, his Honour ought not to have allowed it to be brought forward. How contemptible the effort to embarrass for no other purpose than to inspire his client with the conviction that he was giving a "quid pro quo" for his retainer. I trust that there were at least a few in the Court who would not be taken at surprise had they heard the exclamation "'Pon my soul, it is too bad."

So Lord Beaconsfield is dethroned, and the P-e-o-p-l-e's William is put in his place—"Facilis descensus Averni." Rejoice ye admirers of Ingersoll and Hammond converts! rejoice Nihilists, Communists, Socialists, Free-thinkers and Home Rulers!—"et hoc genus omne"—that a formidable barrier to your revolutionary designs has been removed and a pathway opened up whereby for a short season you can prosecute your unhallowed efforts in the removal of ancient landmarks. "This is an age of alternating political catastrophes," when democratic power will struggle for the ascendancy. Submission meanwhile is the only alternative, and that can be borne with exemplary patience by the well-conditioned, knowing that the fickleness of democracies points to instability and a short and feverish existence.

Though not in the habit of drawing theories from hazardous materials, I feel disposed to indulge in conjecture now, and to this effect, that the recently elected Parliament in Great Britain will not exist so long as its predecessor, and ere its final dissolution there will be abundant evidence of its growing degeneracy and decline, when a wholesome reaction will put a period to the career of the men of progress. Hugh Niven.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—In your issue of the 10th instant, in a discourse in reply to Colonel Ingersoll, I find the following:—

"The lecturer, who seemed to imagine that he understood everything else, was compelled to acknowledge that he did not understand why there should be so much hunger and pain and misery. Why, the world over, life should live upon life. When he has cast Jehovah out of the universe, he is pained and puzzled to account for the presence of wrong and sorrow. With God he cannot account for it; without God he cannot account for it. . . . If Col. Ingersoll, or any other of that school, can give me an intelligent theory of life, and satisfactory solution of the problem of the presence of evil and pain without God, I am prepared to consider it."

Now, Sir, having the honour (or dishonour, as the case may be) to belong to that school, I venture to take up the gauntlet thus thrown down. From our standpoint we are able, we think, to give an intelligent theory of these things; and although it may not be wholly devoid of mystery, we claim that it is less mysterious than the Christian theory. We claim that the materialistic explanation of the universe and its phenomena is more reasonable and less mysterious than the theistic; and this is why we find ourselves compelled to adopt it and become Atheists. On the materialistic hypothesis of development and evolution we certainly are not "puzzled to account for the presence of wrong and sorrow," however much we may be pained at their fearful prevalence. It is only on the hypothesis of being under the governance of an omnipotent and infinitely *benevolent* being that we are utterly unable to account for such a state of things. Although the ultimate tendency of the forces of the universe seems to be towards a higher and higher and more perfect condition, not only for man, but all animals and even plants, yet these forces are, as Science abundantly proves, utterly without mercy—without pity for man or any other animal. Therefore, on the evolution philosophy of things, we can