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December 1st, 1880.

THE TIMES.

It is said that when Dr. Cummings was declaring the near approach of a general dissolution of the world he took a house upon a lease which was to expire some years after the Dr. imagined houses of that description would be required. Canon Baldwin is telling us that in a few weeks we shall be called upon to attend the burial of poor old Father Time, but the Canon is making arrangements in the Cathedral for new stalls and other things with the idea of a prolonged period of service in the church. So I fancy that the Canon is not much troubled by his readings of prophecy.

The Manager of the Academy of Music announced that the "free list" would be positively suspended during the sojourn of the much accidented Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt. It must have been a cruel blow to the great army of "dead heads." I have no doubt that many of them feel that a personal and public wrong has been done, but it would be a right and just thing to burn that free list. Dead headism has got to be an institution, not only as to places of amusement, but with regard to all kinds of public entertainment. The railways and steamboats have generally abolished it, but for plays, lectures, concerts, &c., it is in full force. A convenient thing, no doubt, for the said "dead heads," and not always an inconvenient thing for managers, for it gives them a chance to serve their friends at no expense to themselves; but it is not exactly the same thing to artists.

Unquestionably it is a good and inspiring thing to lecture sing or play to a full house, but butchers and hotel-keepers and other such matter-of-fact people are not disposed to take inspiration, or newspaper

reports, in payment of their bills. Lecturers and all kinds of artists have to go through the common-place duties of eating and drinking, and the appreciative cheers of "dead heads" do no part toward providing a joint. It may be very kind of the "d. h.'s" to wish to honour the artists by sitting down at their table of entertainment, but at best it is a cold comfort when the net return is *nil*. I am opposed to this "free list" business; it is not only a nuisance, but an utter unfairness to those who get their living by giving public entertainments. They have spent time and money to get an education; their natural ability, or acquired skill, or both, must find them a living; what they do in public is their actual daily labour, and why should any one expect to have it for nothing? Will the "d. h.'s" return the compliment to the artists? I have not heard of a case. They have no idea of trade reciprocity.

I was going to say that the newspaper "d. h." is the worst of his kind, but on second consideration I am disposed to say that there is a still lower degree in the race—the ecclesiastical "d. h." He is a liberal minded man—a cosmopolite theologian—fond of sermons and music which can be enjoyed; and so he is a wanderer, although not a prodigal. He appreciates every part of the service; the sermon cannot be too intelligent, and it must be eloquent; good music charms him; he is semi-reverent during prayer, and smiles benignantly as he nods to the passing plate, as one who should say: Really, my friend, I do so much of this sort of thing that I must curb my generosity just for once.

The Ecclesiastical "d. h." is often the escort of ladies. He knows all about the popular preachers, and having roused the curiosity of some lady friends during the week by relating some anecdotes of one of them, he offers to take them to church on the Sunday. He calls for them, and at the church door speaks intimately with the verger to get good seats; cushioned and where good hearing can be got, they must be: the collection is taken up and our good "d. h." puts a shining five cent piece for himself and companions, while a sense of satisfaction breaks all over his face as if he would say, "I always like to support these institutions liberally; you see, they must be kept up and encouraged, and really, 'it is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

I thought that they had succeeded in abolishing the iniquity in England, but evidently they have not, for I have come across the following from *Truth*:

"I see in the newspapers doleful wailings because those who enter a theatre with a free pass are required to give fees to attendants. The non-fee system is undoubtedly the fairest one to all, but I have no sort of sympathy with these complainants, who constitute a class of theatre-goers, and who come forward with very little grace to protest against extortion. Owing to managers objecting to their theatres looking empty, most of them are in the habit of distributing "free-passes." When once a person has been "blooded" with one of these passes, he never pays to cross the portals of a theatre. He teases managers and managers' friends to get him a pass, and there is no meanness for which he is not ready in order to attain his end. If he be accustomed to go into the stalls or the dress circle, he regards a "pit order" as an insult, and from his gratis reserved seat he looks down with contempt upon those who have paid for humbler places. Generally, he is the severest critic of a performance, and nothing pleases him better than to have an occasion to express his disapproval of it. What is the difference between this man and a shabby beggar who asks for broken victuals, and then objects to them if they be not cooked to his taste? As for his protests against having to give sixpence to an attendant, he ought to have the decency to hold his tongue, and to recognise that, however objectionable the demand may be, he at least is not in a position to denounce it."

Next to the dead-heads come those who insist upon calling *encore* whenever they have heard anything at a concert that pleases them. Montreal audiences may be considered as remarkable for that. When the Jubilee Singers were at the Queen's Hall almost every piece was encored. It is much the same at all other concerts. That is to say, people pay a certain price to hear a certain number of pieces executed; but they insist upon having double the amount they bargained for. At an amateur concert, where the singers are content with the honour and glory of the thing, that may do very well, but when it is given by professionals I fail to see wherein the justice of it lies. A song represents so much ability, practice and actual labour, and why should the whole be repeated for nothing? If those demanding the *encore* would pay for it, the thing would be reasonable. But that never enters into the calculations of the delighted cheerists. I remember that the great English tenor, Sims Reeves, used to refuse to respond to an *encore* unless paid for it, and I think he was right. If one should go to a restaurant and demand a second plate of soup because he liked the first, should he get it for nothing? If one should relish a steak from the butcher's, should he be entitled to insist upon having another for the same money? No one will say, yes. Then let us be honest and take what we have bargained for. If we demand an extended bill of fare, let us pay for the extras.

Those writers who have been exercised in their mind over the question whether to write M.P.'s or M.'sP. for members of Parliament, will, perhaps, be glad to have so eminent an authority as the Earl of Beaconsfield for writing M.P.'s.

Some writers of letters to the *Star*, who are supposed to reflect "Public Opinion," are suggesting that our members of Parliament be paid by the day instead of \$1,000 for the session, as now. But I do hope that they won't press the matter, nor get up any enthusiasm about it, for the change would involve more expense than this poor afflicted country could bear. The session would last all the year round, if that were done. When would the Quebec Parliament close? Not even for summer fishing and Christmas Pudding.

Toronto is fast achieving an unenviable notoriety for general immorality and civic mismanagement. A little while ago public attention was called to Sunday doings at the central prison where need for reform seemed necessary. Archbishop Lynch is bitterly complaining of the impurities of the city, some of which he is compelled to witness, but it was left for the police to reach the climax of atrocities by doing to death and disgrace a poor woman called Casey. Mrs. Casey was the honest industrious wife of an honest industrious man. The room in which she and her two children slept became filled with poisonous gas in the night. She awoke half stupified with a congested brain to find her two children dead. The police put her under arrest and hurried her off to jail; she was flung into an underground cell where but meagre bed clothes were furnished. The police said she was drunk; they refused to allow a priest to see her and even her own husband was denied admission to the cell although he could hear her calls for him. The woman died of the gas poison in her brain, and the Toronto police are doubtless sorry that they did not suspect it possible for a poor woman to be in a dazed condition without being drunk—but with whom does the responsibility for these things lie?

In Montreal, too, we have had an exhibition of police brutality disclosed before the Court of Sessions. At the time of the Exhibition one of the sight-seers on the ground was clubbed by a policeman, struck on the arms, chest and head for simply being in the crowd on the grounds, and I presume he had paid to be there, while the policeman would be paid for his presence. A curious part of the drama—it might have been a tragedy—was that one of the witnesses for the defence stated that he was a policeman off duty, and swore that the policeman charged with striking the prosecutor on the head did not do so, but struck him elsewhere, but that he (the witness) did the striking on the head. Twenty dollars fine was imposed on the policeman on duty, but on the generous comrade who swore to that which made him the

worst offender of the two, no punishment was inflicted. I presume if the man had retaliated with a stick and broken the head of the policeman "off duty" some severe imprisonment would have been awarded.

If people who go out on gala occasions are to be clubbed about the head by the men who are supposed to be guardians of the people, simply because they happen to be inoffensive sight-seers in a crowd, some severe reprisals may occur at the first opportunity. Has Chief Paradis got these two men still in his force? If so, I think our Police Committee would do well to make two vacancies as an example to other members of the force how to treat orderly crowds—even if it was on an occasion when a Governor-General had to have a way made for him.

The *Globe* says the Canada Pacific Railway might probably have been constructed by the Canadian Government on the country's account, either for working or leasing, but for the circumstance of Sir Charles Tupper being Minister of Railways. No party considerations, nor even the conduct of a Minister, should obscure the light of a public journal on the future and permanent interests of the Dominion. To secure that future we need at least an option of purchase of the line, and reversion of unsettled and unimproved lands in the interest of the people. The completion of the through communication in advance of the action of the Northern Pacific would, at any rate, add greatly to the prestige of Canada among the nations, and it may be safely asserted that colonization enterprises from Europe can hardly be carried on without such prestige. Great material constructions successfully brought through are exactly the thing that the European peoples, including both capitalists and men of action, respect in a new country. The risk in any event is much less than those quite unfamiliar with financial considerations will generally understand.

In a recent paper published in London called the *Railway Sheet and Official Gazette* there is an article headed "Education of Railway Employés" in which it is stated that "the Canadian Employés have been furnished with a reading-room at Cleveland, Ohio." English people have generally had to have a war, an earthquake, or a revolution occur in a foreign country to teach them a little geography but the Editor of a newspaper which circulates amongst the intelligent Railway Employés of England should not be so ignorant of places as to make Cleveland, one of the foremost cities in the State of Ohio, "Canadian." It shows a great want of information about Canada and the United States. Schoolboys in England learn the names of the different countries on the continent of Europe, and it would be as well when they are taught the names of the English towns and counties if they were instructed in those of the Canadian Provinces and of the States, territories and principal cities of the American Union. What would the English people think of a statement in an American paper such as "English Railway Employés have been furnished with a reading-room at Antwerp"? But no American or Canadian could make such an absurd blunder.

The *American* says: "We think Secretary Thompson showed but little judgment in his treatment of H. B. M. ship, the 'Sandringham.' It was quite right to extend to a British vessel in distress, though injured at sea, the courtesies of the Norfolk Navy Yard, and to give her, by courtesy, a precedence over our own vessels. But it was a blunder to withdraw these courtesies and to order her out of the yard, because her captain indulged in profane abuse of the country whose kindness he was accepting. It was not to the captain of the 'Sandringham,' it was to the British nation that we were rendering these services. And the authorities of that nation might have been trusted to take proper cognizance of the captain's gratuitous insults. There has been, certainly, of late years, no want of readiness in that quarter, to consult our sensibilities and preferences. The attitude of the British admiralty towards our insignificant navy is very different from what it was in the opening decades of the century. The act of the Secretary of the Navy seems to indicate a want of confidence in our

power to secure redress to our honour by diplomatic means. And it inaugurates an era of mutual discourtesy, from which both countries may suffer, while neither will gain anything."

To know who are the men best calculated to deal with Ireland in the present crises—the English Liberals or Conservatives—let any one read the speeches recently delivered by Lord Salisbury and John Bright. The noble Earl is very cynical of course, and has a great many uncomplimentary things to say of his political opponents, but he speaks first of all and always as a landlord. He has a fellow feeling with the Irish landlords, but has no word of sympathy for the poor people: the landlord's rights must be protected—he must be maintained in authority—in his power to raise rent and his power to evict, while the tenant is to have no right but to be content in his miserable lot or emigrate at his own expense. The Earl is furious at the Government because it has not been more violent in its opposition to the Land League agitation. The Earl would suspend the Habeas Corpus Act and put Ireland under military terrorism, doubtless, for he is a landlord and bound to protect the interests of his class. An attack upon the landlords in Ireland may raise some ugly questions as to land laws in England, and the Earl is anxious to impress upon the English mind the sacredness of belief in the first born son and great possessions.

To turn from the speech by the Earl of Salisbury to that by Mr. John Bright is to change the angry plea of a landlord for the calm and powerful reasoning of a statesman and patriot. He acknowledges that there is a great deal of excited discontent in Ireland, and he points out the causes of it, and then suggests prudent and practical legislation. Lord Salisbury would once more trample them into submission; Mr. Bright would create around them an atmosphere of content. Lord Salisbury would treat them as dogs to be whipped into silence; Mr. Bright would treat them as human beings having a claim to justice. Lord Salisbury's speech is a savage demand that the Government stand indicted for its continued hesitation to place Ireland under military rule, while Mr. Bright asked that the voice of reason be heard and the just claims of the tenants be admitted. It is well for Ireland and justice that Mr. Gladstone and not Earl Beaconsfield is at the head of the Government.

The Montreal *Gazette*—labouring under the stupid delusion, which it shares with the Conservative press of the Dominion, that it must identify itself with the English Conservative party—in a remarkably halting article on Monday last, adopted the views of the Earl of Salisbury. With profound ignorance of the real origin of the causes of Irish discontent and the tenure of land in Ireland, it says that Lord Salisbury is to be applauded "for his condemnation of the inaction which permits crime and violence to prevail unchecked and unpunished in Ireland." Now, will the *Gazette* make its knowledge of the subject manifest by pointing out how, when, and where the Government has been distinctly chargeable with this guilty inaction? As a matter of fact it has been sternly preserving the peace; it has refused to be frightened into extreme and uncalled-for measures; it has shown that the situation can be commanded without an appeal to war measures. Anybody—even a Conservative—could rule Ireland by placing it in a state of siege, but it requires firmness and wisdom to govern it by the ordinary means.

But the *Gazette* is not sure of itself, and makes it evident that the writer of the article is engaged in a hazy attempt to think the matter out; for it says: "But in considering whether legislation ameliorating the condition of the tenantry is demanded by considerations of prudence and justice, the Government is required to disregard altogether mere superficial evidence, whether in the form of a widespread agitation, possibly dictated by self-interest, or apparent satisfaction forced by the iron hand of power. It has to sift down to the real facts of the case, and weighing them in the light of all the attendant circumstances of the past and present condition of landlord and tenant, evolve a solu-

tion just to both the parties." The language is very grandiloquent, and would become the most approved tutors in "penny-a-lining," but it may be taken to express exactly what the Government is doing. It is trying to "sift down to the real facts of the case," an example the *Gazette* would do well to follow.

If it shall come to pass that the Government decide upon buying farms from all who are willing to sell at a fair valuation there will be no great harm in it. The Irish question might be settled with less money than it cost to settle the Afghanistan matter, which brought no return whatever—with less money than it cost to beat Cetewayo—with less than it took to storm Magdala and surely the money would be better spent. No harm would be done to anyone and good would be done to a great many.

Will Mr. Gladstone venture to bring forward an Irish Land Bill which will radically change the state of things in Ireland? is the one question now. The answer is plain—he must. Mr. Forster, Mr. Bright and Mr. Chamberlain have publicly pledged themselves to some such measure, and the loss of them to the Cabinet would mean the break up of the Government. Even Irish landlords allow that something must be done to put an end to the depreciation of property now going on because of Irish discontent. On the whole, we have a good prospect of a sweeping reform of the system of land tenure.

There is clearly no need for suspending the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland, but the Government might very well adopt a policy of disarmament. There is nothing coercive in taking away arms from those who have proved themselves totally unworthy to be trusted with them. And this would remove a great source of danger and terror. All parties would agree to it, for it is only a needful and common-sense thing.

The London *World* says:—

"Stephens, the ex-Fenian head centre, is watching Irish events from Paris. He is only watching them, in spite of the report of the *Gaulois* that a new conspiracy is being prepared in the French capital. It is only the vanity of the *Gaulois*, which does not like to see France left out of any good thing; but, in truth, Stephens is powerless, and has been heard to say as much. There is plenty of sympathy between the French and the Irish, but no knowledge of each other, and therefore no chance of identity of aim. A French conspirator would insist on covering the priest with his rifle before he aimed at the landlord; and this very literal difference of aim between him and his Irish colleague would probably end in their making targets of each other."

One of the best bills presented to the French Legislature for some time past was that by M. See for promoting the higher education of women. The object is to give every advantage to the girls which the Government high schools now afford to the boys. The course laid down is, moral instruction, French, and at least one other modern tongue, ancient and modern literature, geography, natural history and a glance at universal history, mathematics, physical and natural sciences, hygienics, domestic economy, needlework, notions in *droit usuel*, law, drawing and modelling, music and gymnastics. Religious instruction is to be given, if the parents wish, in the lecture-room of the Lyceum, by the ministers of their respective churches, authorized to teach by the Minister of Public Instruction. The good and sensible intention is to bring a good education within the reach of girls who have often to live by handicrafts, and to strengthen the sentiment of nationality in France by the withdrawing of the country from Ultramontanist direction.

The inhabitants of Brazil are somewhat exercised in discussing the question, whether after the death of Dom Pedro the Imperial form of government shall be continued. That it has been maintained by the personal popularity of the present Emperor is asserted by many, and it is a current belief that with his death it will also expire. If such should occur, there will be another Republic to engage in the frequent South American wars.

EDITOR.

TRADE—FINANCE—STATISTICS.

In what it calls the "Capitalist Controversy," the *Globe* entirely overlooks that capitalists are not producers; that they do not accompany their trading by creation of national value, leaving that to the borrowers; and it also overlooks the much greater ease with which capital, as compared with manufactures, can be transferred from one point to another, on account of its small bulk, and still more through the credit system. If all were capitalists, acting exactly on these principles, the world would perish by starvation, whereas if there were no monied capitalists, but only holders of goods, it might certainly be a cumbersome process to adjust exchanges of these goods, but the thing could nevertheless be done, by the exertion of distributors—and the goods could be added to as required, by the exertions of manufacturers—and the peoples still get richer and better sustained by their continuous industry. And yet the *Globe* can bring itself to say, while advancing some just views about a "glut of capital," to the confusion apparently of the *Hamilton Spectator*:—"So far not a single argument has been adduced which is sufficient to show that there is the slightest difference in the position of home capitalists, and the position of the followers of other industries." The italics are ours, and here the *Globe* has two good arguments, and if he is not satisfied with them he can be accommodated with others.

The merchants of Montreal are fortunate in having such a competent and indefatigable person as Mr. Patterson occupying the position of Secretary of the Board of Trade and Corn Exchange Association. He is always on the *qui vive* when and where the commercial interests of Canada in general and of Montreal in particular are concerned. He has lately issued a pamphlet entitled Commercial Relations between Brazil and Canada with a supplement relating to the West Indian Trade. Steamship communication has been assisted by a subsidy of \$50,000 each from the Canadian and Brazilian Governments: the terminal Canadian port in summer is Montreal and in winter Halifax, alternating perhaps with St. John N. B. The West Indian port will be St. Thomas where connections will be made with other lines to the different islands and after the completion of the Panama canal with trans-atlantic steamships for Aspinwall. Another "port of call" will be Pernambuco.

In 1878 a very large quantity of Brazilian goods were imported into Canada of which *not one pound came direct*; this is, though not a novel, yet a very expensive way of importing and as Canada requires the products of Brazil and *vice versa*, every effort should be made to have direct and reciprocal trade relations; it will also be "advantageous to trade between Canada and Brazil, to have direct banking relations, instead of the existing round-about way of drawing on London at 60 or 90 days. The new mail and freight service by steamships will make it unnecessary for exchange either way to be drawn at long dates. Some of the larger Banks in Canada, may doubtless find out whether a portion of their capital might not get profitable employment in the enlarged trade that is looked forward to.

The articles which can be exported are: *Dried Codfish, Fish, Flour*, of which the following particulars were given by the West India Commissioners.

"The greatest care should be taken to send none but the best quality our products to Brazil. This remark applies specially to wheat flour. The consumers are the wealthy classes and the population of the cities. If, on the one hand, they are fastidious in their tastes, on the other they are always ready to pay high prices for a superior article.

"It is a pleasing fact that a considerable quantity of Montreal flour has for the last three years been sent to Pernambuco, by way of England, and has given great satisfaction. It is certain that much of the flour shipped southward from New York is made in that city in imitation of Southern Ohio, both as to barrels and as to the flour itself, and is found to answer. It is worthy the attention of the trade, whether it would not be desirable to establish a special brand for flour manufactured for tropical consumption, since, with care and honesty in the shipments of the article, Canada flour would, in time, attain a high character."

Potatoes can also be exported, *Lumber* and *Coal* in certain quantities, as well as *manufactured goods* of all kinds.

The trade deserves the earnest and careful effort and can be very easily increased. It is a curious fact, that coals were sent from Canada about two centuries ago to the West Indies for the use of sugar refiners, and now we can after the lapse of such a long period renew the trade in other articles.

The election of a new President is given as the reason for the recent rise in values of railroad securities, grain, provision, cotton and cotton goods. It is said a new era of prosperity is dawning upon the country greater and grander than was ever experienced in all its former history. The Stock Exchange, the Cotton Exchange and the Produce markets are full of such bright forecastings. The rosy hue imparted by manipulators of stocks, bonds, cotton, pork, wheat and provisions, as well as dry goods, is attracting the outside public, and men, women and even those not of adult age, are catching the fever of speculation and are buying for a rise. Some take ventures in mining stocks, others in railroad securities; a multitude dabble in grain and provisions, and dealings at

the Cotton Exchange also are of enormous proportions. It is a new era in one respect, and that relates to women forgetting the hitherto seclusion of family and home and daily found at the Exchanges as eager speculators. Some of them are large holders of grain, lard, pork and flour, and others, the larger class, prefer dealing in stocks and cotton futures. They buy on margins as glibly as the oldest veterans in Wall street, and use all the terms of "selling short and long" with as much ease and satisfaction as though the business was a familiar occupation. Merchants, manufacturers, tradesmen, and those in the various professions, as well as a large number who have small savings laid up, are rushing into Wall street buying securities on margins. In five working days of last week the sales at the Stock Exchange amounted to \$185,889,000 in market values. In the same time the transactions in wheat were over 10,300,000 bushels and the sales of cotton amounted to 1,515,300 bales of about \$87,433,800 in market value. For the same five days the exchanges through the Clearing House was the largest ever known in its history, exceeding the hitherto unequalled changes of "Black Friday" week, which were \$989,274,472 for six days. Where is all this to end? In a great commercial disaster, unless soon checked. Had the boom of last year continued 30 days longer the history of the panic of 1873 would have been repeated. Fortunately for the country the bubble burst before the financial interests of the country were seriously involved. The only salvation then, however, was the large shipments to our shores of foreign gold. Is it safe to trust to this support again?

The drain upon France and England is becoming so large that the export of gold will be checked by a high rate of interest. It is true large sums are now coming over, but no such quantity will be received as in 1879. It must be borne in mind that our imports are heavy, far in excess of the corresponding period of last year. The balance of trade is not running so largely in our favour as hitherto. Luxury, extravagance and ostentatious display are abounding on every side. The mass are forgetting their habits of economy and beginning to indulge in an increased style of living. Money seems to be made easy and quickly spent. The desire to grow rich suddenly by fortunate strokes is taking the place of method, economy and system. A wild mania of speculation is possessing the minds of the people. It is true the commercial and industrial interests of the country appear in a healthy condition. The railroads are taxed beyond their facilities in moving freight. Forges, furnaces and looms are driven to their full capacity, the general distributing trade in all commodities is active, money is in free circulation and business failures are few. The danger that threatens is not from an active and growing trade pushed to its extreme legitimate limits, but from a wild inflation of values through speculative control. It is high time for prudent business men, like careful seamen, to take in sail before the storm arrives, as come it will if conservative ways are given over to the hazards of speculation.—*U. S. Economist.*

BANKS.

BANK.	Shares per value.	Capital Subscribed.	Capital Paid up	Rest.	Price per \$100 Dec. 8, 1880.	Price per \$100 Dec. 5, 1879.	Last Half-yearly Dividend.	Per cent. per annum of last div. on present price.
Montreal.....	\$200	\$12,000,000	\$11,999,200	\$5,000,000	\$166 1/4	\$143	4	4.80
Ontario.....	40	3,000,000	2,996,756	100,000	99 1/2	72 1/2	3	6.03
Molsons.....	50	2,000,000	1,999,095	100,000	105 1/4	75 1/2	3	5.70
Toronto.....	100	2,000,000	2,000,000	500,000	142 1/2	115	3 1/2	4.91
Jacques Cartier.....	25	500,000	500,000	55,000	97 1/2	59 1/4	2 1/2	5.13
Merchants.....	100	5,798,267	5,518,933	475,000	117 1/2	90	3	5.10
Eastern Townships.....	50	1,460,000	1,382,037	200,000	115 1/4	101	3 1/2	6.07
Quebec.....	100	2,500,000	2,500,000	425,000	100 1/4	..	3	5.99
Commerce.....	50	6,000,000	6,000,000	1,400,000	142	118 3/4	4	5.63
Exchange.....	100	1,000,000	1,000,000	65	30
MISCELLANEOUS.								
Montreal Telegraph Co.....	40	2,000,000	2,000,000	171,432	137 1/4	96 1/4	4	5.83
R. & O. N. Co.....	100	1,565,000	1,565,000	63 1/4	42
City Passenger Railway.....	50	600,000	163,000	118 1/4	..	16	5.05
New City Gas Co.....	40	2,000,000	1,880,000	151	119 1/4	5	6.49

*Contingent Fund. †Reconstruction Reserve Fund. ‡Per annum.

RAILWAY TRAFFIC RECEIPTS.

COMPANY.	Period.	1880.			1879.		Week's Traffic.		Aggregate.		
		Pass. Mails & Express	Freight and L. Stock	Total.	Total.	Incr'se	Decr'se	Period.	Incr'se	Decr'se	
*Grand Trunk.....	Week Dec. 4	\$ 51,342	\$ 163,857	\$ 215,199	\$ 190,381	\$ 24,818	23 w'ks	\$ 722,264	
Great Western.....	Nov. 26	31,660	72,020	103,680	100,751	2,929	22 "	308,851	
Northern & H. & N.W.	" 22	6,591	17,688	24,279	21,930	2,349	21 "	73,949	
Toronto & Nipissing..	" 30	1,701	3,469	5,170	4,077	1,093	22 "	7,566	
Midland.....	" 30	2,891	2,184	5,075	4,545	530	22 "	36,602	
St. Lawrence & Ottawa	" 27	1,460	1,368	2,828	2,697	131	22 "	30,600	2,218	
Whitby, Pt Perry & Lindsay.....	" 30	671	1,066	1,737	1,463	274	22 "	6,918	
Canada Central.....	" 30	3,959	6,672	10,631	8,187	2,444	22 "	45,702	
Toronto, Grey & Bruce	Dec. 4	2,103	2,992	5,095	7,319	2,224	23 "	7,000	4,416	
†Q., M., O. & O.....	" 30	8,731	4,968	13,699	5,471	8,228	30 "	187,822	
Intercolonial.....	Month Oct. 31	52,352	103,817	156,169	129,390	26,779	4 m'nth	119,796	

*NOTE TO GRAND TRUNK.—The Riviere du Loup receipts are included for seven weeks in 1879, not in 1880; omitting them the aggregate increase for 23 weeks is \$750,466.

†NOTE TO Q., M., O. & O. RY.—Eastern Division receipts not included in returns for 1879.

IS IT POSSIBLE TO DO BUSINESS HONESTLY?

A LAY SERMON ON TRADE.

It is just possible that of the fifteen or twenty thousand merchants and traders in this Dominion, some fifteen or twenty individuals may be asking themselves the question "is it possible to do business honestly?" Probably about fourteen thousand of the residue are quite sure that they do business honestly enough, quite as honestly as anybody else, in this, or any other country. The others don't do *business* at all. They only "do" their customers; and suffer not one solitary qualm of conscience, because that is what they have been trained to consider as the ideal standard of genuine and successful business.

It is only to the forlorn and lonely fifteen or twenty individuals that one dare convey such scraps of cold comfort as the actual circumstances of trade warrant. Perhaps it may be best to strike an average and call this unknown, but real, quantity "the $17\frac{1}{2}$ " (or in order to be more business-like, and more learned, denominate our " $17\frac{1}{2}$ " the "catatysic quantity in trade." This term makes the idea so much clearer). It is quite easy to do business honestly in the eye of the law. In fact it is policy to do so, and most impolite to do otherwise. No intelligent trade-rascal ever defies law. He aspires rather wisely to use it as his tool. Never yet has there been in this fair world of ours a government so wise that it could frame trade laws through which it was impossible to drive a coach and four, if the reins were skilfully handled. To do business honestly thus far, is plain sailing to a self-trained pilot.

If in trade a man sets out to be as considerate of his neighbours' interests as his own—if he is to think, before he sells his customer goods, whether the transaction is likely to be as advantageous in every sense to the buyer as to the seller, if therefore he is to use no blandishments to blind the judgment of the buyer, no artifices to conceal or amplify the quality of what he offers him, all but our chosen audience of " $17\frac{1}{2}$ " will at once admit not only the possibility, but the absolute certainty, of the seller's bankruptcy in the near future. It is sufficient, say the other fourteen thousand, that the goods sold are the usual quality known to the trade as the article "so and so." There is not the slightest tincture of fraud in refraining to explain to the ignorant all the secrets of trade in your own profession; for knowledge, one's own hardly earned experience, is as much a part of your business capital as either your goods or your credit. And moreover, says each of the fourteen thousand, it is my business to attend only to my own business. I can't be expected to find brains, experience, and judgment, for my hundred customers to work upon. "Am I my brother's keeper?" Certainly not. If he needs one he is fit for a lunatic asylum, but hardly fit for business. Therefore I would be quite as idiotic as he were I to ticket the goods in my window "costume-cloth, not all wool, cotton wrap with angola web and therefore very cheap and showy," or "gros-grain silk, not pure, but largely weighed with sugar in the dyeing;" or "imitation Canadian cotton made in Manchester sized and finished to weigh and feel like heavy Canadian." Nor would I be any less foolish to mention the bucket of water which I put into each barrel of sugar to make it weigh more, or to call the "Sultana raisins" I sell, by their real name of "currants" swollen out by par-boiling in sweetened water, to the required dimensions. Why multiply instances? In short why should I let every one know those secrets of trade in which I have been carefully trained, and some of which probably are my own invention in which I hold a just proprietary right? These, and many others, are things sanctioned by trade usage. I could not compete with my neighbours without their aid. I am not like the scum of the trade. I don't swindle. I descend to no tricks such as the four or five thousand dishonest traders indulge in. I don't show one sugar, and then, after selling it, begin to water or sand it before sending it home. I send them what they buy, but I praise it all I know how, and descant as eloquently as I can on its merits. It is costume-cloth, marked "all wool" and shown in my window, which I keep on my shelves. I don't send them an inferior quality even though it isn't, any of it, all wool really. No, I am honest; but I know my business. I take some little interest in my creditors; and for their sakes I don't do business like a fool.

But somehow or other this unknown quantity, these " $17\frac{1}{2}$," are not yet wholly satisfied, neither fully convinced. Forced to admit that the platform adopted is fully sustained by legal honesty, still their benighted intellects wander off it into new directions and take higher flights. They soar in thought into the realms of finance and speculation, and marvel hugely to find that the same principles of honesty(?) prevail even there. A great financier's knowledge of the actual condition, or prospective dividend, of the company or companies in which he is a director is, though clearly a trust, not in any sense a trust for the public who trust him, but rather a part of that knowledge and experience which may be considered part of his capital. He is thus simply acting on finance usage in prudently and honestly availing himself of it to "rig" the share market—to sell "short," or "long," as may best suit his private ends. It is his business also to attend to his own business, and not to find brains, experience or position for the thousands who follow his lead, and value the shares they hold because he holds them also. He is not his brother's keeper any more than the trader. Any shareholder who supposes he is not likely to

look after himself more than others, is eminently unlikely long to hold shares in any "company" other than that of his fellow imbeciles. Did he not work and plan long and earnestly to attain the position he now holds? Can any sane man suppose he is not going to make use of it for himself now that he has gained it? He is no adventurer, no swindler—not even a reckless speculator. He backs his venture by his solid wealth, and, win or lose, he can still pay all his indebtedness every cent. He wrongs no one. He only attends strictly to his own business, runs his own risk, and—leaves others to run theirs.

"Still that "catatysic quantity," those $17\frac{1}{2}$, are not happy. Arguments like these are thrown away upon them. If this be all that "to do business honestly" means, they dare not imitate it. And just here, after this train of reflection has been thus matured, occurs the peculiar temptation, the besetting sin of the " $17\frac{1}{2}$." It is this. Convinced of the evil which underlies disregard of the interests of the neighbour, they are not yet wholly able to discard all the influence which use and wont in trade has impressed upon them. They are probably, if not certainly, conscious of the great and real use of credit, and all modern facilities. They set out to use these "honestly" in business—that is, as they see it, to use these with full and due regard to the interests of their customers. They say, we will buy on credit, run all the business we can, only we will ticket our goods as what they actually are. We will not in the slightest degree mis-represent or over-praise them; and as honesty is the best policy we will trust to it to pull us through. We may not make much money. We don't care for that. But we will do a large and useful trade. Our theory is so absolutely truthful and practical it justifies us in taking credit. We are so sure our principle is mathematically correct, and spiritually pure, it must be in accordance alike with law both spiritual and natural. This resolve and practice are speedily and inevitably followed by insolvency; and the " $17\frac{1}{2}$ " get discouraged. Why should they? The defect is not in the principle, but in its incomplete application. Nobody who credits them supposes for one moment they are going to do the honest business they propose as their aim. They credit them on the usual basis, supposing their plans to be only a deeper "game," a more subtle external appearance, underlying which there is the ordinary appreciation of the established rules of business. They probably think the ruse, cleverly carried out and well advertised, an extremely promising one—but only a promising one, never intended to be fulfilled. If then creditors thought they really meant to carry out their principles not a cent of credit could be obtained from them. Thus the " $17\frac{1}{2}$ " are merely experimenting with other peoples' money, without their consent. The risk is their creditors, not their own. They are robbing Peter to pay Paul. Earn your capital by the sweat of your brow, and then proceed to trade on the capital so earned. Trade strictly within its limits. Allow no man to run any risk on you or your experiments. Thus only can you carry out honestly your longing to serve your neighbour. You can then buy for cash from the man who makes the most serviceable articles and sell them exactly for what they are. The process by which you have earned your capital has more than probably taught you where and how to select the articles you propose to sell; and you will sell them. Men are not such fools but that they will come to recognize value, serviceableness, usefulness when they see it; and you will neither starve nor fail. On the contrary, you will never lack the needed increase of capital to carry on and increase your usefulness. This is as fixed a law of the universe as gravitation itself, if you allow its attractive force to influence alike all sides of your rounded sphere of usefulness, and thus render yourself alike useful to seller and buyer, injuring none and benefiting all.

It is possible then "to do business honestly," even although, before you learn how to do it, it may be—possibly will be—part of your training to occupy that most miserable of all positions in this nineteenth century, the position of

"An Insolvent."

SCOTCH BOROUGH POLITICS.

While that inconsiderable portion of the earth's surface known as the United States of America was occupied in electing its President, we, the town of Stirling (the pivot of Creation), were electing Bailies. Specially bitter was the contest at this time, for all-important issues were at stake. No mere paltry question of Free Trade *versus* Protection, or Hard *versus* Soft Money had to be decided. It was the great question of the Hole-in-the-wall that was to be settled. You unlucky Canadians may be in densest ignorance as to what the question Hole-in-the-wall is. Stirling, up to the middle of last century, was a walled town, and stood a short but ignominious siege from the army of the young Pretender after the battle of Falkirk. Not the quarter of the wall can now with any pretence be said to be standing. A goodly portion of the wall has been re-built, and doors have been put through it at all points, and even gaps have been made in it. The present fragment of the old town wall winds along the face of the hill on which the old portion of the town is built, and a walk has been for long in existence along the hill-side at the foot of it. As the hill-side is always kept well wooded, and the view one gets through breaks in the trees is wide and varied, bounded on the north by the Grampians, with Ben Lomond and Ben Ledi gracefully prominent, the "Back Walk" is a

favourite one with natives and visitors. Moved by some evil genius the majority in the Town Council, as then constituted, determined to knock the whole wall down and build a terrace of dwelling-houses in its stead. Some people hinted that as some of the Town Councillors were also possessors of property on the hill, it was to their advantage. They were led by the Provost, a man of considerable wealth and few scruples, but the Bank failure ruined him not only in purse, but as he attempted to cheat his creditors he ruined himself in character as well. The party that wished the wall preserved got up their spirits and were preparing to fight. At this point an ironmonger got permission to make a hole in the wall to cut away the rubbish of some building operations he was carrying on. The wall-preservation party held an indignation meeting where speeches were made full of "Bannockburn and glory;" a meeting was held by the other party, at which a Town Councillor, a born eccentric, turned the tables on the preserving party by showing that the parts of the wall which have now disappeared had been taken down by the parties on the platform at the previous meeting or by their fathers. This Councillor (John Thompson) is a man that so delights in contradiction that he has contradicted himself more frequently than any one can count. On one occasion, on being challenged for voting one way at one Council and the directly opposite the next, he answered: "Man, a' couldna resist the deevilment it wad mak." He lives on the rents of his property, and poses as the workingman's candidate. He denies the existence of beauty, yet visited most of the Cathedrals in England and not a few in France, and when the School of Design here was going to the wall, spent both time and money to get it resuscitated. He is an enthusiast in the antiquities of Stirling, and yet would pull down what remains of the old town wall. He admits that love of contradiction is a besetting sin, and that the most dangerous position for his moral character would be the society of "good folk," but adds, "I'm in nae danger in the Town Council."

The wall-preservation party made a desperate fight at the election a year ago to seat one of their party in the Provost's chair. Their representative was an excellent "Free Kirk" man, accused by the humour of the town with being an atheist. In vain did he multiply his attendance at prayer meetings and religious conferences and pathetically record his confession of faith in the local newspaper; still the people would have it that he was an atheist. Against him the destructionists set up a burly M. P., a staunch teetotaler, who owns or has fitted up more public houses than any other man in the town. The preservationists sustained a heavy defeat. They accused their opponents of all manner of unfair dodges; the Provost elect, who had posed as a representative disestablishmentarian, was declared to have promised all manner of monetary advantages to the "auld kirk folk," and Councillor John Thomson, uncompromising Protestant as he had been in the past, was said to have frequented midnight mass in order to gain the Roman Catholic vote. However, as the year wore on it was found that a number of the destructionists were weak-kneed and were converted into preservationists, so that by a majority the Council ordered the ironmonger to build up the "hole in the wall." Being a man of resource, the ironmonger quietly waited and held on to what he had got, expecting that this new election would permit him to take complete possession of the wall.

The fight has been a furious one. The ex-Provost, notwithstanding his discreditable performance in the City of Glasgow Bank's business, armed with the money of a relative, was fighting for a seat in the Council again. The ward in which he is eligible is somewhat rough, so the ward meetings had a striking resemblance to Billingsgate with an occasional liability to resemble Donnybrook. The actual leader of the preservationists is an able-bodied tanner, who is an elector in this same Cowan Street Ward. With sturdy lungs and a ready command of racy English, flavoured with Scotch, he is an awkward customer to meet. His friends call him "the Rupert of debate," his opponents call him "Baron Munchausen." The only justification of the latter title is his habit of making use of the rhetorical figure *hyperbole*. He had actually said that it would take half the National Debt to carry out some project of the Council, whereas it would only take about ten times the worth of the thing when done, not the hundred thousandth part of the aforesaid debt. So the scene at the meetings were always exciting and generally amusing to outsiders. One meeting there was in which the various speakers informed their audience that the rest were all blackguards. For aught I know, or care, it might be all true, but the lawyers promised themselves a nice harvest over the matter; the clergy came in and spoiled that hope.

We may not be very religious in this good town. Indeed, could one believe the account each gives of his neighbours, we are a very irreligious class of people—but we are very ecclesiastical. Every one belongs to some one or other of the ecclesiastical divisions into which Scotland is split up. Of course, most of the Magistrates are elders in one or other of the Presbyterian sects. The ex-Provost honours the Establishment with his support; true his ideas of commercial honesty are somewhat peculiar, and in other matters, though I never saw him drunk, report does not credit him with asceticism. Once when presiding at a prayer-meeting, in his ecclesiastical capacity of elder, he actually repeated the Lord's Prayer without stumbling; the observants noted that the Bible was open at the sixth chapter of Matthew. Hence the ecclesiastical

connection of any man is important. I was pathetically informed that had one congregation not split its votes they would have seated two of its three members in the Council.

Meantime I learn the result of the contest has been to the honour of Stirling, the return of that worthy, the ex-Provost, and maintenance of the majority for preserving the town wall. So *gaudeamus*.

A Scottish Student.

QUEEN'S COUNSEL.

No. II.

In order to understand fully the present uncertainty respecting the proper *fons* of this honor, it is necessary to go back to the year 1871. During that year the attention of the Government of Canada was directed to the expediency of appointing Queen's Counsel for Nova Scotia, the Government of that Province being of opinion, that of itself it had no authority to grant such honours. Under these circumstances, it was deemed advisable by the Dominion Government to submit the matter to Her Majesty for the opinion of the Law officers of the Crown, and this was accordingly done by Lord Lisgar, then Governor-General, in a despatch dated the 4th January, 1872. This despatch we reproduce below, together with the report made to the Privy Council by Sir John A. Macdonald, Minister of Justice, a copy of which was transmitted with the communication of Lord Lisgar:—

OTTAWA, 3rd January, 1872.

"The undersigned has the honour to report to your Excellency that the question has been raised by the Government of the Province of Nova Scotia as to whether they have the power of appointing Queen's Counsel for the Province, their opinion being that they have no such power. The undersigned is of opinion that as a matter of course, Her Majesty has directly as well as through her representative the Governor-General the power of selecting from the bars of the several Provinces her own Counsel, and as *fons honoris* of giving them such precedence and pre-audience in her courts as she thinks proper.

"It is held by some that Lieutenant-Governors of the Provinces, as they are now not appointed directly by Her Majesty, but by the Governor-General, under 'The British North American Act, 1867,' clause 58, do not represent her sufficiently to exercise the Royal prerogative without positive statutory enactment.

"This seems to have been the view of Her Majesty's Government in 1854, when they refused to confer the pardoning power on the Lieutenant-Governor.

"On the other hand, it is contended that the 64th and 63th clauses continue to the Lieutenant-Governor the powers of appointing Queen's Counsel which they exercised while hold commissions under the great seal of England.

"Reference is also made to the 63rd section, by which the Lieutenant-Governors of Ontario and Quebec appoint Attorney-Generals, and the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec also a Solicitor-General. However this may be, it will be seen that by the 92nd clause of the Act, it is provided that 'The Legislature of each Province may make laws in relation to the administration of justice in the Province, including the constitution, maintenance and organisation of Provincial Courts, both civil and criminal jurisdiction, and including procedure in civil matters in those Courts.'

Under this power the undersigned is of opinion that the Legislature of a Province, being charged with the administration of justice and the organization of the Courts may by statute provide for the general conduct of business before these Courts, and may make such provisions with respect to the bar, the management of criminal prosecutions of counsel, and the right of pre-audience, as it sees fit. Such enactment must, however, in the opinion of the undersigned, be subject to the exercise of the Royal prerogative, which is paramount, and in no way diminished by the terms of the Act of Confederation.

"As the matter affects Her Majesty's prerogative the undersigned would respectively recommend that it be submitted to the Right Honorable the Secretary of State for the Colonies, for the opinion of the Law Officers of the Crown and for Her Majesty's decision thereon. The questions for opinion would seem to be:—1. Has the Governor-General (since 1st July, 1867) power, as Her Majesty's representative, to appoint Queen's Counsel? 2. Has a Lieutenant-General, appointed since that date, the power of appointment? 3. Can the Legislature of a Province confer by statute on its Lieutenant-Governor the power of appointing Queen's Counsel? 4. If these questions are answered in the affirmative, how is the question of precedence or pre-audience to be settled?

"All which is respectfully submitted.

(Signed)

John A. Macdonald.

To this the Earl of Kimberley, Secretary for the Colonies, replied as follows:—

February 1st, 1872.

"In compliance with the request contained in despatch of the 4th January, I have taken the opinion of the Law Officers of the Crown on the questions raised therein, with regard to the power of appointing Queen's Counsel in the Provinces forming the Dominion.

"I am advised that the Governor-General has now power, as Her Majesty's representative, to appoint Queen's Counsel, but that a Lieutenant-Governor, appointed since the Union came into effect, has no such power of appointment.

"I am further advised that the Legislature of a Province can confer by statute on its Lieutenant-Governor the power of appointing Queen's Counsel; and with respect to precedence or pre-audience in the Courts of the Province the Legislature of the Province has power to decide as between Queen's Counsel appointed by the Governor-General and the Lieutenant-General as above explained.

Kimberley.

On the 16th of March following the *Official Gazette* of Ontario contained a list of Queen's Counsel appointed by the Lieutenant Governor. Upon this, and by the recommendation of Sir John A. Macdonald, an Order of the Privy Council of Canada was passed setting forth:—

That in view of the despatch of Lord Kimberley great doubts must exist as to the validity of Commissions issued by the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario; that by the law of

Ontario, Queen's Counsel can in certain cases, at the request of a judge of the Superior Courts, perform certain judicial duties, such as the trial of civil and criminal cases; that their authority to act by virtue of a patent issued by the Lieutenant-Governor might be disputed, and that if it were eventually decided to be illegal, a failure of justice would be the consequence; that under these circumstances, as the gentlemen appointed by the Government of Ontario, according to the *Official Gazette*, were fully qualified to perform the duties of Her Majesty's Counsel, Commissions be issued by the Government of Canada to those gentlemen, or such of them as might desire to receive the same. This decision was communicated to the several gentlemen interested, with a statement of the reasons therefor, upon which the Executive Council of Ontario drew a Minute on the subject, which received the approval of the Lieutenant-Governor, and by him was communicated to the Secretary of State for the Provinces on the 26th October. In this minute, regret was expressed that the Dominion Government had not thought fit to transmit a copy of the opinion of the Law Officers for the information of the Ontario Government; that while of opinion that the Lieutenant-Governor has the right to appoint Queen's Counsel without any such step, yet in view of the decision of the Law Officers they would have removed all possible doubts upon so important a matter by legislation. They further expressed their intention of proposing such legislation at the then forthcoming session of the Legislature, and hoped that the Federal Government would, for the time, abstain from issuing the proposed Commissions, or at least before doing so, that a joint case on behalf of the respective governments should be argued before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

To this the Privy Council replied:—

That their object in proposing to issue patents to the gentlemen made Queen's Counsel by the Provincial Government was to prevent a possible failure of justice, as all proceedings before a Q. C. sitting by request of a Superior Court judge at the Assizes would be *coram non judice*. No objection was offered to the Provincial legislation suggested, but it was asserted that the prerogative of Her Majesty, through her representative, could in no way be affected by it. As to the proposal that a joint case be presented to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, it was held that the Courts of Ontario should first deal with the subject.—(*Morgan's Annual Register*, 1879, pp. 26-30.)

Since then the Governments of Ontario, Quebec, and Nova Scotia have created Queen's Counsel from time to time; so also has the Government of the Dominion under Sir John A. Macdonald; no patents were issued under Mr. Mackenzie's regime, the Hon. Mr. Blake and the Hon. Mr. Laflamme, Ministers of Justice during that time, favouring the pretensions of the local government.—*Ibid.*

The last stage to be noticed in connection with this question is the case of Lenoir *vs.* Ritchie argued before the Supreme Court of Canada on the 4th November, 1879. In this case the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia had held that the Provincial Acts of Nova Scotia, 37 Vic., c. 20 (1874), affirming the right of the Lieutenant-Governor to appoint Queen's Counsel, and to decide with respect of precedence and pre-audience were not *ultra vires*, but that the Acts were not retrospective, and must be so construed as not to take away or disturb the precedence given to J. N. Ritchie by the Letters Patent already issued to him under the Seal of the Dominion. An appeal from this judgment was made to the Supreme Court of Canada, but was on the 4th November, 1879, dismissed by the majority of the Court. In this case the question was simply one of *precedence and pre-audience*. Some of the judges, however, (Henry, Taschereau, and Gwynne) went on to say:

That the Acts of the Legislature of Nova Scotia in question are *ultra vires* and void, in so far as they invest the Lieutenant-Governor with the authority of appointing to the rank or dignity of Queen's Counsel, which Her Majesty by herself or His Excellency the Governor General, alone has the right to confer, and that no Act of any such Legislatures can in any manner impair or affect Her Majesty's right to the exclusive exercise of all her prerogative powers. They further held that the Act of the Nova Scotian Legislature simply authorized the Lieutenant-Governor to appoint provincial officers under the name of "Her Majesty's Counsel learned in the Law," but that it did not and could not make them of the rank and dignity of that name granted by Her Majesty.—(2 *Legal News*, p. 373.)

These dicta it will be observed are merely opinions. The only effect of the decision actually given by the Court is to declare—

That the rank claimed by Mr. Ritchie must be maintained, and the contrary claim set up by the Q. C. of N. S. be disallowed; but the Q. C. appointed by the several Provincial Parliaments are undisturbed by this decision and retain their rank among themselves. The validity of their appointment may be judicially presented on some future occasion, but it has not thus far been submitted or pronounced upon with judicial authority.—(*Doutre's Const. of Can.*, p. 63.)

PARIS MODELS.

Does anyone ever speculate how Parisian models and costumes find their way to English shops and show-rooms? Who chooses them? At the mercy of whose taste is the feminine public of a great part of England? Whence comes those complicated wonders of silk and plush, those mysteries of drapery, which bear a *cachet* unknown even to the ordinary visitor to Paris, who is acquainted only with the monster shops—the Louvre, Bon Marché and Petit St. Thomas; or, even if by introduction able to go to the Rue de la Paix, may there be easily put of with a *rossignols* of last year. Not so the practised *buyer*, who, a quiet-looking and subservient shopwoman at home, in the Parisian export warehouses becomes a cynical and suspicious customer, not to be put off with anything but the newest and best. Must she not compete with a thousand other shops at home, all eager to outdo her? And then, on the other hand, what triumph if she secure a really original model—something out of the ordinary run, and which will compel from the lucky wearer's acquaintance the unwilling, grudging question, "Where *did* you get that sweet thing?" To find these

hidden paradises of fashion requires a business education, and, I believe, the presence of an agent, who notes down purchases made, deducts discount, and arranges for the sending and safe arrival of the goods. A morning thus passed is an education to the eye, and, alas! rather calculated to discontent the humble owners of a winter gown, and a Sunday one to change, and no more! It is a revelation in the way of shopping, to penetrate in Paris one of her dingiest streets; to enter a *porte cochère* of humble aspect, laden with the brass plates of the various occupants; to hunt out the particular name you want, and find you must ascend the not too clean stone stairs to the *troisième* perhaps the *quatrième*; to stand a moment on the landing, having tinkled a poorly sounding bell, dubiously considering a door whose physiognomy (I protest all inanimate things have one), promises but small things in any branch of trade, unless it be an approaching job for a carpenter; and then suddenly to see the despised door fall back, and in its place the tall and elegant figure of one of that most well-mannered race, a French shopwoman, and, to your astonished eyes, a background of handsome carved wardrobes and heavy curtains, all in irreproachable taste. If your party happens, as ours was, to be a large one, you file in, preceded by your agent, who the while whispers confidentially to *Madame*, who of course happens to be a particular friend of his: "These ladies are from a *magasin du premier goût* in London; show them your best." We then file into an inner *salon*, more *cosu* if possible than the first, and, sinking into delightful sofas with our backs to the light, we await the storm. "We commence with one costume," says charming *Madame*, with an inimitable wave of the hand, as the curtains are lifted, and a tall and stylish young woman walks composedly in, attired in the latest novelty. What it was would be treason to say; but, without committing myself, I may hint that it partook of a conventual character. And I may venture to say that any belle possessed of that triumph of severe taste would relinquish, if ever she had any, all ideas of retiring from a world which could not fail to fall down in admiration of this brown and amber *nonnette*. The young woman paces to and fro, observing our comments, and, secure in the knowledge that she is displaying a "good article," does not quail even before the eagle glance of our English *buyer*! The *nonnette* is put on one side, the young lady divesting herself of it at a side sofa, and displaying underneath a neat little indoor costume, which, though far from worn out as a whole, is completely in rags about the armholes from the constant friction of taking dresses off on. That was the *jam*—now comes the *powder*; another and equally handsome woman walks sedately in. How well they do it! a sweeping measured thread, absolute self-possession, and nature, aided by the best art, in their general make-up. This time, however, our Juno meets with scant success. It is a *Rossignol*! a model of positively three months back! We are not to be taken in by such mockeries, and our valuable time wasted! We wish to do *une affaire sérieuse*. A laconic "Pas ça" dismisses this, our second live lay figure. And now they pass in quick succession; after costumes come evening dresses, in which we admire every tissue known to millinery art, and are inclined to think in some cases—for the trains, for instance—that, not content with their enormous range of material, they have borrowed his choicest wares from the upholsterer. Brocades stiff as those proverbial ones which stand of themselves, shaded by lace which might shame a cobweb, on a foundation of softest richest satin or imperial velvet, all dazzle our charmed eyes. Forty, sixty, eighty guineas are paid for these "millinery dreams." Will they not serve as models?

Paris models! *et tout est dit*. Such an one as this last, for instance, is, in our opinion, much more a work of high art than the "Reveries in drab" or "Nocturnes in old gold" displayed in a fashionable gallery. On an atmospheric ground—for colour it has none—float clouds of white lace, caught here and there with blush roses and sprays of delicate forget-me-not. This is the brocade. The whole of the rest of the costume is of flesh-coloured and grey satin, so cunningly twisted and draped that it might be a reversible material. Such a costume is fit for an empress, and its cost is too great even for an ambitious *buyer's* views. It is reluctantly laid on one side. Enough costumes having been selected of the cream of the stock, we wend our way to another remote street, mount this time *au quatrième*, and in hushed expectation await the advance of the owner of the establishment. Is he not a cutter of Worth—therefore a great man, a man to cultivate, whose sympathies to enlist? Here we see only mantles. Of them I may say that one and all are long and plush-lined; all having falling sleeves, many jelly-bag shaped, and finished off by a tassel, so heavy and massive as to remind one rather comically of the termination of the bell-rope of our youth. In the many places we subsequently visit we see nothing at all to equal these mantles in cut or style.

But now we have abandoned back streets and back stairs. Behold us in full Rue de la Paix, at Viot's on positively the *first* floor. Bonnets and hats of every form and hue. Quiet ones for the Parisians—not that many come here; still, there are the bonnets, if the fitting customer present herself. Hats to attract, alas! the English, eccentric in shape, adorned with bird's claws, and, dare we say it? glaring colours. Bonnets neither too plain nor too *prononcé* for the discriminating American—best of all customers at this world-renowned mart of fashion. None are too old or too young, too fastidious or too exacting, to find something to set off the unattractive or to embellish beauty itself. Only

the economical must turn from the threshold ; for them is written " Abandon all hope (of bonnets) all ye who enter here."

It would be tedious to lead the reader through all the shops and *établissements* visited by us during this amusing day. How, in a fit of virtuous economy, our *buyer* thinks she must penetrate to some less extravagant exporter's, there to cater for her humbler customers ; there to find that, having cultivated our taste by admiring all that Paris can show of most *recherché* in millinery art for hours, we cannot descend to second-best, and we all tail out, rather ashamed of ourselves for having bought nothing ; whereupon our *buyer* says she must have a day to herself in these unattractive purlieus, unbiassed by people of such excessively good taste as ourselves.

This is certainly a pleasant and well-earned holiday for the hard-working and ever-complaisant " head of a department," and the good of such a holiday reflects upon the whole *clientèle* of the employers. Thus a woman with good taste, and the adaptive faculty to make use of what she procures, is well deserving of such an *outing*, and will secure to her department an ample return for the large outlay necessary for the procuring of first-class *Paris Modes*.—*The Queen*.

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN SCOTLAND.

IV.—THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND: "SCOTCH SERMONS, 1880."

So far the rationalistic movement in the Scotch churches has appeared as incipient only—as an attack upon some one particular doctrine. The case is altogether different with the Established Church. Here the liberal movement has been most marked ; appearing not as an attack upon any particular doctrine of the creed, but as the growth of a new system of ideas within the old. Beneath the surface there has been long observable within the Church of Scotland a broad, deep intellectual current. Gradually absorbed, the new thought has been silently at work leavening the old. It has at last come to the surface, and found formal and authoritative expression within the church itself. The publication of a recent volume of Scotch sermons must be regarded in the light of a public manifesto by the Broad Church party, which has found a home in the Established Church. The volume itself is a fair criterion of the state of religious thought and feeling existing in that church, and demands attention as one of the most remarkable productions ever emanating from a church in Scotland.

Originating, according to the preface by the editor, Professor Knight, of St. Andrew's University, in " the wish to gather together a few specimens of a style of teaching which increasingly prevails amongst the clergy of the Scottish Church, 'Scotch Sermons, 1880,' may serve to indicate a growing tendency, and to show the direction in which thought is moving." And by the purely scientific method and unrestrained freedom, the severe logic and unflinching boldness with which its discussions are carried on and its conclusions stated, the volume amply redeems its promise.

Starting with the implied assumption that truth destined to become universal is at first wrapped up in and identified with purely local and temporary forms, the writers' attitude towards Church Creeds and Confessions is historical and philosophical. They recognise the existence of the letter as well as of the spirit of truth, and claim that " Creeds are but the reflection of the thought of the ages which gave them birth." They must follow, they maintain, the stern, beautiful law which raises the world, and by which the faith of to-day becomes the superstition of to-morrow.

With such a standpoint, a conciliatory rather than hostile attitude is assumed towards physical science and the conclusions it has reached. A readiness is shown to accept whatever truths it may have to teach, and to reconstruct old theories in harmony with them. Hitherto physical science has been regarded as hostile to religion, because it has been directly hostile to the supernatural, which it would eliminate from it. Miracles, in the ordinary sense of the term, it regards as so improbable as to be practically impossible, or at least it claims that no evidence can be produced to prove that they are historical. While, by the application of its highest thought category of *evolution* to the phenomena of history, all the various forms in which religion has appeared among men are regarded as an evolution from the mind itself. This attempt to explain away the supernatural origin of religion, by tracing its development and detecting its presence even in the most rudimentary ideas and practices of the world, is, however, regarded without alarm by the authors of " Scotch Sermons." On the contrary, Professor Knight maintains that the validity of any belief is independent of the process by which it may have arisen. If, he argues, the human mind has grown at all, its religious ideas must have grown along with it, becoming ever more rational and spiritual. And religion can never die, he holds, because it is the outcome of a permanent tendency and the satisfaction of an ineradicable want of human nature. It may seem to disappear in the individual or tribe : it survives for ever in the general heart of the race. The various forms, idolatrous, intellectual, or ecclesiastical—in which it may be clothed for a time, must change ; but the *intuition* which underlies and gives life to them, lives on as an essential constituent of human nature itself. No claim to a specially supernatural origin on the part of one religion more than

another is admissible on such a theory. Prof. Knight, therefore, argues that the history of religion, from its earliest and rudest, to its highest manifestations, is that of a progressive development and continually unfolding life, Christianity itself being only the continuation of that revelation " which primitive worshippers enjoyed in humbler manner and in lower form." Taking a broad and comprehensive view, sufficient to satisfy the most exacting scientist, of religious phenomena, as they have appeared in history, Professor Knight therefore concludes that " the human race has lived in the light of a never ceasing apocalypse, growing clearer through the ages, but never absent from the world since the first age began ;" the fetich worshipper being thus as real, although not so articulate a prophet of religious ideas as the founder of maturer faiths.

Corresponding, however, to this subjective tendency of human nature, " a real element in human consciousness," from which all religious phenomena have sprung, there is, Professor Knight maintains, an objective side equally significant. Religion involves " the intellectual recognition and moral discernment of an object," the clouds and darkness surrounding which religious thought is ever endeavouring to penetrate. One conception after another as to the nature of the Divine may require to be modified or given up altogether, as utterly inadequate ; even present modes of thought must soon be superseded as the light keeps breaking. But, Professor Knight concludes, " no illusion of tradition will ever disenchant the mind of the belief that the Infinite is for ever revealing Himself, that ' God's great completeness flows around our incompleteness, round our restlessness, His rest ' ; that God is within us as well as without, the soul of our souls, the life of our lives, the substantial Self that underlies the surface evanescent self." This central dogma of religion, however, he frankly concedes, is surrounded with obscurity, and even an ultimate mystery. Due in part to a defect in the beholder's eye, partly to the shadow projected by the moral and social state of man, he traces it also to the very nature of the case. The finite organ can never comprehend the infinite in which it lives and moves and has its being. Professor Knight also insists that if it were all light, if religious truths were as obvious as the truths of science, moral life would be reduced to a process of mere mechanical development. The discipline produced by the mingling of light and shade would be impossible. Knowledge of every kind, of course, recedes at last into the " unknowable," and the " theistic " explanation of the facts of life and of the universe, as Professor Knight himself confesses, is no exception to the rule. He contends however, that it gives a key which partially unlocks the mystery, and provides a working theory of life.

The same conciliatory attitude towards physical science is seen in the discussion of " Law and Miracles," although the attitude is undecided. The doctrine of Miracles, we are told, has now fallen into the background and lost its apologetic value. Christianity being a revelation of spiritual truth, seeks to quicken spiritual perceptions ; and to argue " that the possession of power over nature is the constant index of spiritual truth and wisdom is to take for granted an assumption demanded by no necessity of thought, and contradicted by every-day experience of men's actions." The reign of law is admitted. Any interruption of nature's uniform course, any breach of continuity, it is held, would be a blemish in the picture, a positive pain to thought ; and, instead of disposing the mind to reverence, would fill it with doubt and confusion. Yet the writer does not argue that miracles are impossible, or even unhistorical. Although not basing our faith in Christ on miracles, we may, he holds, base acceptance of the miracles upon our faith in Christ ; a seeming contradiction of his own principle. For if power over the material world be no guarantee of the possession of spiritual truth, the converse is also true : possession of spiritual truth is no guarantee of power to work a miracle. The author is tolerant, however, even at the expense of his logic. For he adds that it cannot be said belief in the revelation necessitates belief in miracles. And, therefore, he concludes that " to insist that no one who rejects the miracles of the New Testament may claim to be a Christian, is intolerance which ought to be resisted."

The whole tone of the volume is philosophical rather than critical. Yet the results of the " Higher Criticism " are not ignored. They are tacitly accepted, or they are arrived at by a different method, as *e. g.*, in the discussion of the question of authority. The fallacy underlying the Protestant doctrine on the subject—the objective infallible authority of the Bible as a final standard of belief, is fearlessly exposed in a sermon on *Authority*, the expressed purpose of which is to vindicate the claims of the individual reason to supreme authority over individual belief. It is maintained that there is a *human* as well as a *divine* element in the Bible, and that to simple, pious souls who love it in their hearts, their favourite books or portions of books alone are divine revelations. Enlightened Christians, it is held, claim the right to judge each utterance of the Scriptures " in the light of their own Christian consciousness, and to deny Divine authority to any of them which fall beneath the ethical standards which, as men illuminated by the spirit of Christ, they have set up for their own guidance. They deny all Divine authority to those portions of Scripture which treat of matters which belong more properly to science and history than to religion." The only authority, therefore, this writer logically maintains, which can be attributed to any utterance of Scripture is that of its " inherent reasonableness " ; and he concludes that the Scriptures are not true because authorita-

tive, but authoritative because true, and only in so far as they commend themselves to the enlightened Christian consciousness.

Such an attitude towards the Bible is, however, incompatible with any dogmatic system professing to be based upon it. It destroys the foundation on which alone that is rendered possible. And the whole system of theology hitherto accepted by evangelical Protestants must therefore necessarily fall to pieces with such a change of front. This is clearly recognised and as fearlessly admitted. The old dogmas regarding the descent of man from Adam, his fall and the imputation of his guilt to all his posterity, with their consequent death in sin, their redemption in Christ, the new birth, and the eternal punishment and perdition of the wicked, it is asserted "no longer press on the minds and spirits of men like an incubus." "The whole of that latest development of theological scholasticism, the Dutch covenant theology, with its solemn bargaining between God and Adam, between God the Father and God the Son, they regard as a fashion as quaint and artificial as the Dutch landscape-gardening which along with it came into vogue in the British Islands."

Nor are the writers content with this general inference. Special doctrines, hitherto accepted as among "the things most surely believed" by evangelical Christians of all denominations, are handled with the same surprising freedom. A brief notice of the more important is however reserved.

BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS.

(By the Author of "Phyllis," "Molly Bacon," "Airy Fairy Lilian," etc.)

CHAPTER V.

Seven long days have dawned and waned; August is a week older. Visions of yellow September, of partridges, and of good red setters haunt the brain. The last faint remembrance of summer has indeed departed, but mid-*autumn* asserts itself in all its glory: "*Le roi est mort; vive le roi!*"

In the library at the Towers both the clocks have carefully chimed four strokes each. As one begins precisely as the other finishes, the listener may be excused for wondering if it can be really eight o'clock. The day is drowsy and full of a calm serenity. All nature seems at rest; only the soft but hasty wind rustling through the distant firs—making them creak and groan as though they are tender spirits in mortal pain—makes itself heard.

The sunbeams are throwing flickering shadows through the trees; little touches of light, yellow as golden corn, are dashing madly here and there in very gayety of youth and joy, dancing on Flora's pale pink gown, enriching Kitty's hair, and, lingering softly in Gretchen's eyes, making those sweet homes of love blue as the skies above her.

There is a sense of languor and unspeakable rest in the whole air; every one feels inclined to smile and believe without asseveration in the amiability of his or her neighbour. The flowers lift up their heads; the grasses bend and rustle; above in the topmost branches of the trees even the "small fowle maken merrie."

Upon a lounge, close to the library window, the sash of which is lifted high as it can go, lies Kenneth Dugdale; while outside the younger members of the Tremaine family, with two or three guests sit upon garden chairs, and upon grass when chairs fail them.

Kitty, with delicately flushed cheeks and half-veiled eyes, is making a pretty pretence at work, with Sir John Blunden stretched at her feet; but I think she is netting more of his love into the tender mesh of her heart than gold beads into her embroidery.

Gretchen is not working at all: work and Gretchen are deadly foes; she lies in a little graceful attitude of utter *abandon* upon the sward, with daisies plucked in idle mood all round her, drinking in the beauties of the day; and near her, very near her, is a young man,—one of the Scarletts of Scarlett Mere, a devoted adherent of her majesty and Miss Gretchen's slave. Dugdale, watching in the open window near, marks how his eyes brighten, and his color deepens, and his whole face gains life and warmth when she smiles upon him, or when her hand by chance comes close to his, or when some kind little word meant exclusively for him reaches his ears.

Every now and then the group outside address a word or two to the invalid, "poor Dugdale," who, sitting apart from them, still amuses himself listening to the wise and silly and merry remarks that fall from them as time goes by. He had accepted the invitation to spend some weeks at the Towers, given by Mrs. Tremaine in person, with an alacrity, a willingness, that amazed himself, and now knows he has been happier during these past few days than he has been for months.

He is Gretchen's special charge. With her whole heart—the tenderest that ever felt for mortals—she pities him, and all day long devises little secret plans whereby he shall reap such comfort as may be gained from the knowledge that those around him are eager to do him good service. To be maimed, or miserable, or poverty-stricken, despised by the world, is the surest way to gain Gretchen's sweetest smiles and tenderest glances and most honeyed words. And already Dugdale has learned to listen impatiently for her coming, to distinguish her step among a thousand, to read with unerring accuracy each change in her expressive countenance. To him the pleasantest hours in all the twenty-four are those in which she brings her books and her gentle presence to his side, and, drawing a chair to his couch, reads to him in her low sweet voice, that most "excellent thing in woman."

Just now she raises her head and sends to him a smile soft and frank and full of good fellowship, that raises envy in the breast of Scarlett, who would have all her smiles and every thought of her heart his own.

"How good you are to that fellow Dugdale!" he says, begrudgingly; and Gretchen answers with mild reproach,—

"Remember how sad it is for him; how different he is from you and me,

who can go about, enjoying the sun, and the flowers, and all there is of the best."

"Well, of course it is hard on him," says Scarlett, growing repentant, "not to be able to walk, you know, and that. I certainly shouldn't like to be a cripple, you know; should you?"

Which answer vexes Gretchen more than she would like to acknowledge.

"He is not a cripple," she says, coldly, in the tone that usually reduces Scarlett to despair. He is not in his happiest mood to-day. And Flora, without knowing it, is doing her utmost to aggravate him to madness by persistently keeping as close to Gretchen as circumstances will permit.

It is, indeed, with rapture he hails the approach of Brandy, who comes leisurely towards them across the lawn. He is not alone; the past week has given to the towers two new guests, Kenneth Dugdale and Mr. Dinmont, a friend of Brandy's, and indeed, from old associations' sake, a friend of all the Tremaines.

He is young—disgracefully young, he tells himself,—though not so boyish in appearance as Brandy. Indeed, he might be any age within the twenties, though only twenty-two. There is a solemnity about Mr. Dinmont, an amount of carefulness both in manner and in speech, that does honour to his "head and heart," considering he is rich and well-born, and without that "creeping horror," a guardian.

History declares he might have been even more endowed with worldly goods but for a fatal tendency towards practical joking, that, being put into practice in his fifteenth year, lost him many thousands. The thousands were his aunt's, the practical joke was quite his own.

Miss Jemima Dinmont was an elderly spinster of severe morals and small wit. Nowadays they say it is impossible to swear positively to any one's morals; but that Miss Jemima's common sense was of a low order I think there be little doubt, when she expressed a desire to escort George Dinmont—then a lad—home from Eton.

Miss Jemima seldom made mistakes, but this was a mistake difficult to cap, as I believe few people knowing George Dinmont at that time would have elected to go on a journey with him. But Jemima probably thought herself beyond fear. Afterwards all the Dinmonts were glad to remember that it was she herself who had proposed the journey, that no one had incited her to it or painted the expedition in glowing colours.

Miss Jemima met young George at the station, and, having saluted him and bought his ticket, they started on their ill-fated way towards home. At first Miss Jemima was genial and George—who was nothing if not facetious—presently broke into a strain of reminiscences amusing, if not of a highly spiritual nature, that let her into a thing or two about school-boy life.

Perhaps these recollections were of a lively rather than an edifying description, because after a while Miss Jemima froze palpably; whereon young George found himself, as he afterwards expressed it, "in the wrong box." Silence ensued, and both turned their attention upon the flying landscape.

So far things had gone unusually well, and might have ended with a mere reprimand on one side and some disgust on the other, had not Miss Jemima chosen this moment of all others to commit her crowning act of folly: she fell asleep!

When the Dinmonts heard this latter on, they shook their heads dismally and asked each other solemnly, "What could she have expected?"

Yes, she fell asleep, and time began to hang heavy on young George's hands. He yawned, he fidgeted; he cut a large hole in the new cloth cushions of the carriage; he scratched his name upon the door; he worried the tassel off the end of the piece of leather that helps to open the windows, and, in fact, did all that could possibly be expected of him in the course of ten short minutes.

Then he looked at Miss Jemima. She was sweetly sleeping. Her lips were apart; her head was thrown slightly backwards. A gentle snore proclaimed her in the arms of Morpheus. Her nephew sat for some time lost in admiration of this enchanting picture, and then—and then—he caught sight of the down upon her upper lip!

It was enough. Quick as lightning he drew from his pocket a piece of twine, three penknives, several apples, a few nails, a little box of matches, and a cork.

Cautiously he lit a match and applied it to the cork; the latter, as though in rich enjoyment of the situation, burned bravely and soon was black as could be desired. Then came the last act in the drama: George rose on tiptoe and applied the cork generously to Miss Jemima's lip. The down took it kindly, and soon developed as fine a mustache as any young *attaché* might be proud of.

George, gazing at her in silent ecstasy, laid his hands upon his knees and bent almost in two in his violent efforts to restrain his unholy joy; whilst Miss Jemima slumbered on in blissful unconsciousness.

"And you never," said young George to an admiring audience later on, "saw such an upper lip for the purpose!"

Not yet altogether content with his work, this dutiful nephew next ornamented his sleepy aunt with bushy whiskers, and, as a delicate compliment to the present government, made her a present of a charming "imperial." He might, perhaps, have added a touch or two to her brows or the tip of her nose, but that just then a shrill whistle warned him his time was short; and Aunt Jemima, waking, with a final snort, declared "she never could sleep in those shaky trains," and told him his journey was almost at an end.

Then they steamed into the station, and George, bidding her a hasty farewell—without trusting himself to look at her again,—sprang to the ground and fought his way through idlers and passengers, out of sight.

Miss Jemima descended slowly to the platform and summoned a porter to see to her luggage. The man came, saw, and was conquered. He put his hand to his mouth, and, with a choking sound fled! Several men did the same; until at length Miss Jemima found herself marching across the station through a delighted crowd nearly divided into two rows, who gave her as she reached the place of exit a parting cheer.

Her own footman, as he opened her carriage-door, grew first pale with fright, and then subsided into agonies of suppressed laughter, whilst the coachman on the box declared afterwards he was never so near apoplexy in his life.

Miss Jemima, all unconscious, though somewhat perplexed at the strangeness of things in general, stepped into her brougham and asked herself calmly what was the matter. Instinctively she raised the little mirror attached to the carriage, bent forward, and—saw!—

She never again spoke to that branch of the Dinmonts; and when some months later she died, George was not so much as mentioned in her will.

"But what's the odds," said young Dinmont, very philosophically, on the occasion, "as long as we're 'appy?"

Just now he does not look particularly happy as he walks through the grass beside Brandy Tremaine, but is evidently protesting anxiously against injustice done, whilst the latter is exploding with laughter.

"What's the joke, Brandy?" asks Jack Blunden, lazily raising himself on his elbow. "You will be ill if you conceal it much longer. Don't be selfish, dear boy: let us be partakers of your joy."

"It's only Dandy's last," says Brandy, still full of enjoyment (Mr. Dinmont is a "gallant plunger" and a Christian gentleman, but because his name happens to be Dinmont, and his garments irreproachable, it goes without telling that to all who know him his Christian appellation is simply "Dandy").

"It is only Dandy's last," says Brandy, whilst Dandy in the background glowers painfully. "He is so sentimental and so full of poetry!"

"I wouldn't make an ass of myself, if I were you," interposes Mr. Dinmont, wrathfully.

"I like that," says Brandy, with a fresh accession of mirth. "Just wait till I tell my tale. We were walking along by the sea-shore, when some curlew flew over our heads, and Dandy said—"

"Don't believe him, Miss Tremaine," interrupts Dandy, angrily.

"Dandy said, in his most poetic tone, 'The curlew tolls the knell of parting day.' Ha-ha," says Brandy, laying down his head in a passion of laughter upon the window-sill inside which Dugdale sits, also openly amused.

"Well, any one might make a mistake," says Gretchen, holding out a friendly hand to Dinmont, who grasps it thankfully, "and all the world knows the difference between 'curlew' and 'curfew.' What a goose you are, Brandy! Sometimes I think you would laugh at a straw."

But Gretchen's kind defence rather falls to the ground, as all around her are giving way to open merriment.

"Oh! shade of Thomas Gray!" says Blunden. "I'd give up spouting if I were you, Dany: it evidently doesn't agree with you. Try something else."

"Oh, I dare say," says Mr. Dinmont, justly incensed. "You're all very funny, of course, aren't you? No one doubts that; and any fellow, you know, can invent a story of another fellow, you know; that's simple; but I think I could invent a good story if I went about it all."

"Do go about it," says Scarlett, the most generous encouragement in his tone. "Do, there's a good fellow. If you engage to make it half as amusing as Brandy's, we'll come in a body to hear it. There's a noble offer!"

"Shall we go for a walk?" asks Kitty, rising suddenly, in answer to a glance from Gretchen. "It is only half-past four, and tea will not be in the library until five. If you all wish it, we shall just have time to take a peep at the gardens."

"Will you come?" says Scarlett, in an undertone, turning to Gretchen.

She shakes her pretty head, and then says, gently, "I think not. I am a little tired, and—I always read to Mr. Dugdale for a short time about this hour. Go with the rest, and come in with them when tea is ready."

"I almost begin to envy Dugdale," says the young man, discontentedly, yet with an assumption of playfulness. He has been so long her friend that now he finds it difficult to realize the fact that he is indeed her love. As for Gretchen, the idea has never once occurred to her. To tell her that "little Tom Scarlett"—with whom she has gone nutting scores of times when they were boy and girl together—is madly in love with her, would be to cause her the most intense amusement.

"If you were an invalid, unable to go about, I would read to you too," she says, sweetly. Whereupon the young man tells her she is "an angel,"—foolishly, perhaps, but with the deepest sincerity.

Gretchen laughs, taps him lightly on the arm with her fan, and warns him he must not flatter, after which she accompanies him on his way to the gardens with the others, until she reaches the hall-door, where—having committed Dandy and Flora and Brandy to his special care, with a view to preventing bloodshed—she parts from him and goes in-doors.

Dugdale, having seen her pass with Scarlett, and believing her gone for the walk proposed by Kitty, has turned, with an impatient sigh, upon his weary couch, and is preparing to count the minutes that must elapse before the arrival of the welcome tea summons them to the house again, when the library door opens, and Gretchen comes in.

"Shall I read to you for a little?" she says, brightly, drawing near to him. "The others have all gone for a walk, so I have nothing to do."

"Oh, thank you! How very good of you!" said Dugdale, flushing. "But you must not, indeed. See how lovely the evening is. You really must not make yourself a prisoner for my sake."

"I am glad to stay," replies she, simply, sinking into a little cosy wicker chair beside him. "The evening is just a degree too lovely for me. I can't bear much heat; and August is evidently trying to atone for the miserable summer we have had. Besides, my mind is now at rest. Brandy and Flora cannot come to much grief while Tom Scarlett is with them. I told him to walk between them."

"A wise precaution."

"What shall I read?" asks Gretchen, glancing idly at the well-filled shelves around her.

"May I ask you to talk to me a little instead?" says Dugdale, with hesitation. "I have a slight headache, and I like to hear your voice."

"Now, I told you not to sit in the sun, did I not?" says Gretchen, with concern. "I knew it would make you feel ill; and this room is always so warm. Shall I put some eau de Cologne on your forehead? It will refresh you, and give you a little cold, shivery feel."

"I should like it so much," says Dugdale, gratefully, who would have said just the same about assafoetida, had she proposed laying it on his forehead

with her own soft little hand. Opening a bottle that lies upon one of the tables, she applies the remedy carefully, barely touching him, so delicately her fingers move. Once they stray a little to brush back the hair that interferes with her gentle task, and the unwonted tenderness of the action, though slight, and born of the mere womanliness of her disposition, stirs his heart to its depths and creates in him a longing, to let her know how sweet she is in his sight,—a longing, however, which he restrains. Of what avail to speak? How can the admiration of such as he is (however honest)—the admiration of an inert and useless mass—please her? Nay, might it not rather raise a feeling of repugnance even in that gentle breast, a shrinking from one doomed to spend the short time allowed him upon earth in forced inaction?

"Now are you better?" asks Gretchen, presently, in so hopeful and so anxious a tone that any man would have protested by all his gods he was well, rather than chagrin or disappoint her. Dugdale, of course, declares on the spot that even the last faint lingering throb has disappeared, and that never was there so wonderful a cure as she has effected in five minutes. Whereupon Miss Tremaine sits down, the scent-bottle still in her hands, and commences conversation.

"You heard that ridiculous story of Brandy's," she says. "I think it was all too bad for poor Dandy. But he will quote poetry, however wrongly. Do you like him? Is he not a nice boy?"

"Charming. He is very much attached to you, is he not?"

Gretchen laughs.

"He could hardly exist unless he believed himself in love with some one," she says. "It is part of his life; and I am his *corps de r serve*. He only returns to his allegiance to me when he has no one else to love. He has known me so long that he is perforce fond of me. Don't you think mere association creates liking? I do."

"I dare say. Has Scarlett known you a long time?"

"Oh, yes. Ever so long—years and years. Tom and I are great friends."

"I should have thought him something nearer than a friend."

"Should you?" says Gretchen opening her eyes. "Oh, no. We have known him all our lives. I am sure he will always be 'little Tom Scarlett' to us, in spite of his six feet and the fact that he is five years older than Kitty. What a foolish thought to enter your head! He is rather handsome, is he not?"

"Very handsome. No one could dispute it; and a good fellow, too. I was rather intimate with him for some months after Maudie married his cousin, Major Scarlett, and before—before—"

"Yes, we all like him very much," says Gretchen, with nervous haste.

"What was he saying to you when you laughed and tapped his arm with your fan?"

"When?"

"A few minutes ago. Before you all went away from the window."

"Then? No doubt some wretched nonsense," says Gretchen, evasively.

"Tell me what it was."

"But it was silly."

"Never mind; tell me. I don't believe it was so silly as you say."

"Well, then, if only to prove your wrong, I will tell you. He said I was an angel," says Miss Gretchen, with a blush and a gay laugh. "Now confess yourself in fault."

"But Dugdale does not so confess himself. He is, on the contrary, silent, and gazes at her curiously for a moment or two. Gretchen's blush dies away, and, with a slight but evident effort, she says,—

"He came over to-day to ask us to go to a picnic with his people and some others next Thursday."

"How very rash of him! He must know those infallible Americans have predicted storms and all sorts of awful things for the beginning of September."

"Nevertheless we are bent on defying them. They must be wrong sometimes," says Gretchen. Then, after a little pause, she goes on: "My only regret about it is that I fear you will be very lonely all that day."

"I shall certainly miss you, if you mean that. But you must not worry about me. No doubt I shall pull through until you return. And, remember, one day without companionship is little for one who has been accustomed for months past to live entirely alone."

"Still I wish you could have some one to amuse you."

"I shall amuse myself looking forward to the evening, when I shall expect you all to tell me everything that happened and all that was said worth hearing."

"I don't think you will have much to hear, at that rate," says Gretchen, with a smile.

"Promise to tell me all Scarlett says to you, for instance," says Dugdale, jestingly, yet with his eyes intently fixed upon her face.

"Would you call that 'worth hearing'?"

"I should."

"Then—with an irrepressible laugh—"you have a higher opinion of Tom Scarlett's powers than I have. However, if it will interest you, you certainly shall hear all I can remember."

"That is a promise?"

"Of course a promise," replies she, some faint wonder in her tone. Then the tea is brought, and all the others come straggling in, still intent upon the coming picnic.

"I adore picnics," says Brandy, who is feeling satirical. "They are the only opportunities one gets of eating unlimited flies. There are few things so nice as flies."

"Well, that's the worst of picnics," says Mr. Scarlett, gloomily who is still consumed by jealousy. "They are so uncomfortable, and one never gets anything to eat."

"Oh, you forget," says Brandy. "Don't be ungrateful. How can one be hungry at a picnic? Why, if the worst comes to the worst one always has one's knees in one's mouth."

"Another of Brandy's clever remarks," says Miss Flora, with a sneer, turning up her small nose even higher than Nature, who has been liberal in that respect, ever intended. "But it didn't come off, did it? You should say, 'Here you all laugh;' or, 'This is the point;'—or something."

"Where shall we have our picnic?—that is the point, I think," says Scarlett, with a view to preventing further discussion.

"Why not Uplands? It is a charming place, with such a pretty view."

"Yes, when one gets up to it. The last time I ventured there and reached the summit I was so depressed I longed for nothing but—"

"Death," says Brandy. "I remember it. I was with you."

"Then it is not to be wondered at," puts in Flora, viciously, if softly.

"Is not Uplands rather far away?" says Gretchen, gently; "and it certainly is mountainous. Why not try that wood near Myross?"

"That is almost as hilly a road, and not so pretty, I think."

"But nearer home; and one hates a long drive back when tired."

"Better to bear the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of," quotes Brandy. "Why didn't you say that, Dandy? It was quite in your line, and a splendid chance absolutely thrown away."

"What about the evening?" asks Scarlett, addressing Gretchen in a low one, who is still sitting on the wicker chair near Dugdale. "Would you come to our place and have tea? We might afterwards, you know, get up a small dance in the hall."

"Oh, thank you, no: do not mention that," Gretchen replies, earnestly. "We must be home early: must we not Kitty? There are many reasons."

Her eyes for an instant rest on Dugdale. How long the day will be for him, poor fellow, when they are all away!

"Tell you what," exclaims Sir John, with sudden and unlooked-for animation: "you all come and have your dinner in my grounds. They are near enough, and no hills to speak of. You shall have tea in gypsy fashion towards evening, and get home as early as ever you like. And—and I'll go home with you." With a faint laugh, and a glance at Kitty, who is busy tracing a pattern on the back of Trimmer, her fox terrier.

"That will be quite too charming," says Gretchen, with a quick smile; and then they all say the same in different language, except Scarlett, who would have liked to drive her home to his mother's house through the cool night-air and to have danced with her afterwards in a gay informal fashion in the old hall.

(To be continued.)

Musical.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The first concert for the present season took place in the Queen's Hall on Thursday evening. In addition to the members of the Society and the Société des Symphonistes, the members of the "Carreno" troupe took part in the performance, Madame Carreno contributing the most enjoyable piece of the evening, Mendelssohn's Capriccio in B. minor. The Choir sang Gounod's Messe Solennelle very creditably, and Solos were contributed by Miss Beere, Mr. Toedt and Mr. Adolph Fischer.

THE CHOIRMASTER.

To the Musical Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—I read with interest your article on "Church Music" in the paper of 20th ultimo, concurring in the views expressed, with one exception. The total exclusion of the clergyman from all "interference" with what you style "a most important accessory to religious worship," (I should style it a most important part of religious worship,) and the investiture of the choir-master with "absolute control," including even "the selection of the hymns," I cannot but regard as highly objectionable. It is the clergyman's function and prerogative to lead the worship of the congregation, and the choir-master is, in point of fact, his assistant and deputy, so far as conducting the "service of praise" is concerned. If there is to be due harmony of topic between what is preached and what is sung, the clergyman must either choose the hymns himself or inform the choir-master of the train of thought to be pursued in the sermon (simply naming the text would not suffice), otherwise there may be great incongruities. I should not care to have the hymn "Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound" follow the sermon. After discoursing on the act of faith, the hymn "Just as I am without one plea" would be appropriate, while "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand" would be most inappropriate. I have read of a parish-clerk in England who had this "absolute control." After a sermon he considered heretical, he gave out the stanza:

"The men who keep Thy law with care,
And meditate Thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord."

You say that "no clergyman who knows anything of music would be guilty of anything so presumptuous" as to interfere in these matters. On the contrary, I believe that the more a clergyman knows about music, the more anxious he will be to have a finger in the pie. The music has many a time made or marred the entire service for me. It has given me a delightful sense of liberty, or occasioned a painful restraint all through the sermon. As an illustration of this, I may state that, many years since, I supplied the pulpit of the late Dr. Budington, of Clinton Avenue Church, Brooklyn, N.Y., on a certain Sunday. I felt somewhat nervous at the idea of appearing before so large a congregation, and was relieved in this wise:—The organist, who was also choir-master (a foreigner, by the way,) came to the minister's vestry just before service began, and enquired if I had any directions to give about the music. I replied, "only to request a very soft, soothing opening voluntary." He said, "I shall play you von." And he did. The effect of it was magical. It put me wholly at ease, and completely charmed away all nervous embarrassment. I could give many instances, amusing enough now, but painful at the time, of incongruities arising out of something else than the clergyman having "absolute control" of "the service of song in the house of the Lord."

I can do little more in this letter than put in a respectable protest against the sole supremacy of the choir-master for which you contend. I would as soon think of permitting some one else to select the Scripture lessons, or write out a prayer for me, as relegate the selection of hymns to another. I also claim the right to say something about the class of tunes to be sung. It would tear my nerves to pieces, if my choir-master insisted on singing some of the old fugue tunes that were so popular 30 or 40 years ago. Of course it will be said there are some clergymen who have no musical ear, taste, or knowledge. The more's the pity. I subscribe to Shakespeare's assertion:

"The man who hath no music in his soul,
And is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils,"

but he isn't fit for the pulpit.

The objections to putting church music absolutely under the control of the choir-master are less serious in cities than in small towns, villages, and rural neighbourhoods, but I believe the principle a wrong one anywhere and every where. Choirs are proverbially quarrelsome and rebellious. In my view, the difficulties in connection with their management largely

arise out of their supposed independence of both church and minister. They form in their own estimation, an "imperium in imperio," and when their high-mightinesses are not treated as they think they ought to be, there is trouble in the the camp. The choir-master often becomes the leader of discord instead of harmony; and, not infrequently, ministerial settlements that might have been prolonged and prosperous, are brought to an untimely end by discussions arising out of musical matters. Let it be understood that the minister has the direction of public worship, that the choir-master is his assistant, and that, consequently, there should be respectful consultation at the very least, and such deplorable circumstance^s will be brought about far less frequently. At anyrate so thinks

A Country Parson.

[The remarks of "A Country Parson" about unity of ideas contained in the sermon and closing hymn bear only on a single item in the programme of music, and even this we hold will be better selected by a competent choir-master (who has been notified of the style of sermon) than by a clergyman who is ignorant of music. In most churches the interposition of a showy organ voluntary cuts off whatever connection there might be between the sermon and the closing hymn, frequently nullifying the effect of an impressive homily. Our correspondent mentions a foreigner who "charmed away all nervous embarrassment" with a voluntary; will he not admit that men of that kind may be trusted to select music in keeping with the character of the service? We remember once having in an English Cathedral after a particularly prosy sermon, the Anthem "Sleepers Wake!" thundered forth by the organist and choir. It was selected by the Dean, and can hardly be said to have been inappropriate; yet we do not think any choir-master could have perpetrated such a practical piece of sarcasm.]

As regards the management of choirs we think that when an organist provides a choir, he ought certainly to have "absolute control" of his forces without interference from anyone.—Mus. Ed.]

Chess.

Montreal, December 11th, 1880.

CHESS INTELLIGENCE.

50-MOVE LIMIT LAW.

To the Chess Editor CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

DEAR SIR,—Now that Dr. Ryall has plainly stated his position and his reasons for assuming it, it may be in order to expose the fallacy of his arguments. I will be as brief as possible, and, to be so, pass over some personal points. Dr. Ryall and his referee do not appear to be in accord on all points, and, as regards the latter, when a contestant is driven to deliberate falsification of his opponent's statements, it may be fairly assumed that he must be conscious of having a very poor case. As to the fact that all end-games are subject to the law, and the question of the *Globe* Editor as to how this is to be disposed of, the reply appears very simple. It will hardly be disputed that each member of a community is liable to its laws, and that they apply to him, but the penalty imposed is only inflicted on transgressors. In this case, the penalty (*i.e.*, the 50-move limit) has been applied to an innocent party, for even if the *Globe* Editor's absurd assumption that the position is an end-game be granted, he has done nothing to show his incapacity to win it, and no one yet has claimed that it is likely to be drawn. The clause on which Dr. Ryall relies, says:—"That when one player thinks one side can force the game, or that neither can win it, he may appeal to the umpire to decide if he can call for the action of the law." Now this does not say, as is argued by Dr. Ryall, that if one side can win, that the limit is to be enforced. If it did, what becomes of the statement that it is impossible to define the exact conditions which call for the limit? Besides the cases specified in the law, it would only be requisite to add, "and all positions where the umpire considers one player has preponderance of force enough to win, or that the game should be drawn." The fact that the umpire has to decide whether any specified case of preponderance of force is subject to the enforcement of the limit, clearly shows that all cases are *not*, and Dr. Ryall's whole case collapses. We have then to find out what cases call for the limit, and where should we do so but in the references to the law made by the maker himself?

I think I have said enough to prove the soundness of my own position, which is not only reasonable, logical, and consistent with all Staunton writes on the subject, but is also in accord with the practice of all players up to the present. I proceed to show the flimsiness of the other opposing arguments. Dr. Ryall's assertion that the position can be won in 50 moves, and that the force to do it is there, is a remarkably bold one. I differ from him, and venture to say he would find it impossible to prove himself correct; if he could, he would probably be the greatest analyst living. His confession that he had never even heard of Staunton's Notes and Observations, while it may partly account for his remarkable ruling, will hardly be considered to increase his influence as a Chess authority, or as an expounder of Chess laws. The *Globe* Editor appears to consider that he confounds his adversaries by asking them to reconcile the statements that all end-games are subject to the law, and that the law is simply intended to force drawn games to an end. I have already shown that the contradiction is only an apparent one. I think the term "fatuous" might be used justly here for what he prove in his own favour? Reverse the questions and ask him to dispose of the drawn game part. Another remark of Staunton, which he would have to explain, is that the clause is so seldom enforced. Now, if all end-games and cases of preponderance of force call for it, how many games would be played without it?

The Editor gave great praise to Staunton, yet he makes him out a fool. The Dr. states that the Notes and Observations are contradictory, which they are, as applied by his reasoning. Now this case resolves itself into just this, that rather than admit having made an error, they make out that instead of Mr. Staunton being a great authority on the game and perfectly qualified to deal with law-making thereon, he must have been little better than an idiot, incapable of understanding the subject or even the meaning of his words, and also that none of the great players since his day have been able to detect his inconsistency and stupidity. No, sir, it has been reserved for Dr. Ryall and the luminary of the *Globe* to enlighten a generation of "fatuous" chess players.

New York, 3rd December, 1880.
Yours truly,
A. P. Barnes.

With this letter we close our Column to any further discussion of this matter. The absurdity of the position taken up by Dr. Ryall, Mr. Kittson and the *Globe* Chess Editor has been everywhere made apparent, and has called down the deserved contempt of every chess writer or player who has ventured into print. These three gentlemen are the only ones we can hear of who support Dr. Ryall's position, a position made still more ridiculous by his own confession that he had never read the Praxis Rules when he gave his decision, and was not aware of "the Notes and Observations" which are among the most important features of Staunton's Code of Laws. Except from the pen of one or other of this trio the *Globe* Chess Editor has not favoured the public with the views or opinion of any player in support of their case, though Dr. Ryall intimates that he has the support of men of superior judgment. Who and where are they? We cannot think that any higher authority can be found anywhere than the *Chess Monthly*, and that journal superciliously dismissed the matter with the words, "simply preposterous." The Cincinnati *Commercial* poured contempt on such a silly interpretation of the Law. We can only believe that, as applied to certain parties of the opposite sex, "when they went, they won't, so there's an end on't." The truth is, the Law was invoked and supported as a bit of spleen out of disappointment at the loss of the Queen, for never before, we venture to assert, has either Mr. Kittson or Dr. Ryall used the Law or heard of its application in such cases, though probably they have more than once lost their Queen for an inferior piece in similar positions.

NOTE.—Since the above was put in type we have received a letter from a valued correspondent and English Chess authority in England, and shall insert it in our next issue. While it deals with the question above referred to, it touches on some other matters connected with the Chess Laws.

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HISTORY

CENTENNIAL AWARD.

WEBER PIANO

AND HOW IT WAS OBTAINED.

Four years ago the great contest of the leading piano makers of the world took place at Philadelphia. At all previous exhibitions Broadwood, Erard, Steinway and Chickering divided all honours and awards between them. For the first time in its history the Weber Piano was brought prominently before the public, face to face with its great rivals, though for several years previous it had been known and almost exclusively used by the leading musical people.

This sympathetic and rich quality of tone which has made the Weber Piano the favourite of the public, and it is this quality, combined with purity and great power, in a voice, which makes the greatest singer. In an interview with Geo. F. Bristow, the eminent Composer and Musician, and one of the Judges on Musical Instruments published in the leading newspapers in the United States, we have an account of the way in which the award was made. He says:- "In order to establish a clear and critical test, all the pianos were brought into 'Judges Hall' for examination, and the Judges there agreed to mark in figures, their opinion, and write out the report in full subsequently. Each piano was judged as to Tone, Quality, Equality and Touch, the highest figure in each being 6, the lowest 1. Each judge made his figures on those points, and these figures were really the fundamental basis of all the awards, the corner stone on which they all rest. All makers who reached in each point figure 3 and upwards received an award, and all below received nothing. Thus it will be seen the highest possible figure, adding up the numbers of each judge (there being four) on each of the points, would be 24 or if all the judges agreed the highest possible number for any instrument to reach would be 96, while those reaching 48, and upward, would receive a medal."

Here, then, are the original figures on the Weber Piano

Table titled 'WEBER.' with columns: Tone, Equality, Quality, Touch. Judges: Bristow, Kupka, Oliver, Schindmayer.

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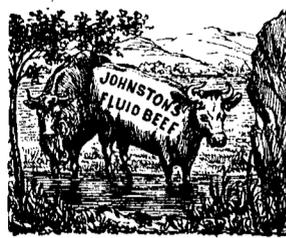
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"Were it possible to furnish the market at a reasonable price with a preparation of meat combining in itself the albuminous together with the extractive principles, such a preparation would have to be preferred to the 'Extractum Carnis,' for it would contain ALL the nutritive constituents of meat." Again:- "I have before stated that in preparing the Extract of Meat the albuminous principles remain in the residue, they are lost to nutrition; and this is certainly a great disadvantage."

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF contains the entire albuminous principles and is the only perfect nutritious stimulant known.

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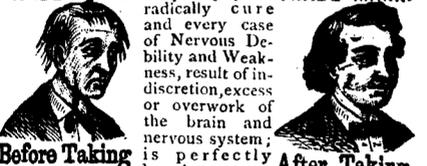
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