# The Canadian Spectator.

VOL. II.—NO. 37. MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1879. $2.00 PER ANNUM.


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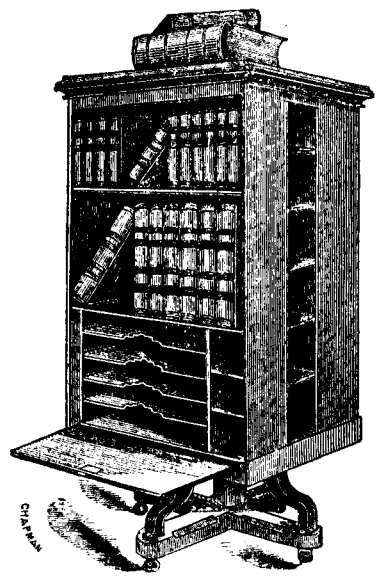


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## DUPES OR KNAVES.

Those men that have lately failed and have done bank shareholders out of so many thousands of dollars by feeing the Mercantile Agencies and getting themselves falsely rated to large capitals when they are as poor as paupers, are certainly dishonest persons, and should be treated as such. We should be sorry to insinuate that all agency subscribers are dishonest; but after what has taken place to-day we call most, if not all, of them either knaves or dupes. Dun, Wiman are now delivering their very latest revised books of rating, and actually have one agency subscriber rated to be worth $40,000 capital, and best of good credit, whilst the firm has been publicly declared insolvent a few days ago. Now, I claim that any man who will pay for such false information as is regularly published in Messrs. Dun, Wiman's books must be either a knave, a dupe, or a ——. When lady bank shareholders take criminal proceedings against bank managers or directors, it is to be hoped they will also institute proceedings against the real criminals, who make swindling so easy by rating dishonest persons to be worth large capitals when they are not worth one honestly earned dollar.

A QUESTION.

The pertinent question, which is so often asked, "How is it that agency subscribers, who manage their business so badly, spend at the rate of from $5,000 to $20,000 yearly of their creditors' or bank shareholders' money (when they are hopelessly insolvent), manage to get compromises of from 10c to 50c in the dollar?" The reason is that Canadian creditors are often Mercantile Agency subscribers themselves—members of the same ring as the insolvent, and therefore generally tarred with the same brush, and have likely more than once obtained a compromise themselves. They dare not refuse to sign for a compromise, for fear of the insolvent exposing some of their financial trickery.

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## THE TIMES.

WE need not have all our five senses actively alive to be convinced that the present deadlock at Quebec is the result of a conspiracy between Messrs. Chapleau, Ross, DeBoucherville, and others of the *Bleu* regiment. The thing is perfectly transparent. The French Conservatives of the Council said:—Do all you can to obstruct the Government, and then rely upon us for the rest. M. Chapleau obstructed, moved, or allowed to be moved, twenty-two votes of no confidence in the Ministry, and when all his resources were exhausted, fifteen imbecile Senators came to the rescue and stopped the supplies. The Senate of Quebec deliberately decided to make itself appear ridiculous, and has abundantly succeeded. How it has come to pass that several ordinarily reasonable Conservatives have managed to persuade themselves that, while at first the Council was wrong to stop the supplies, M. Joly has now shouldered the onus, and ought to resign in order that some one else may try his hand at the Premiership is what I cannot understand. If the Government, or any member of the Government, were to resign, it would be a confession that the Legislative Council has been allowed to control the Legislative Assembly; and if we admit that it may control or dismiss one government, we must surely admit that it may also control the next government, and the next after that, *ad infinitum*. Such a proceeding would amount to a declaration that the Council is not simply a check to the Assembly, but is in all essential matters its superior authority. The position forced upon M. Joly makes it impossible for him to resign office; he must submit to the Lieut.-Governor, or to the voice of his own party, but if he would maintain his own self-respect, and the interests of Constitutional Government, he cannot lay down the reins of office. If ever a public man was bound in honour to accept the gage of battle and fight the struggle out to its bitter end, M. Joly is bound to do that now.

Although many of us would have been glad to welcome a coalition government, even that is made impossible by the absurd fifteen. Had the Conservatives of the Assembly protested against the proposed action of the Senate, the leaders of both parties might have sunk their differences in the interest of good government; but, as matters now stand, it is just as unlikely that there will be a fusion of parties as that M. De Boucherville will learn to practice M. Joly's political creed, or that M. Chapleau will forgive M. Letellier the rude surprise he sprung upon the happy ring of *Bleus* now more than a year ago.

That the Council has strained to the uttermost its prerogative there can be no question. In rejecting the bill for supplies, it has done all it could do, and a great deal more than was ever imagined it would do. No parallel for it can be found in English history since the revolution in 1688. If the British House of Lords were to attempt to stop the supplies voted by the House of Commons a remedy would be found in twenty-four hours in the creation of new peers. But in Canada we are less fortunately situated. The number of Senators is limited by the statute laws of the colony, and the majority, having taken leave of common sense, are practically beyond control. It is evident enough now, that those gentlemen have powers which they are not capable of using; and the question comes, what changes can be made in our form of government which shall make it impossible for fifteen men to riot in political lunacy at the expense of the taxpayers. While the Senate is allowed to exist, the *personnel* of it cannot be altered much for many years to come, and the members forming the majority have demonstrated how far they are capable of going in the ways of folly—so that the Senate must be improved off the face of the earth or we may look for more mischief at its hands.

It is easy for the *Gazette*, and other papers of the same party, to condemn M. Joly for not meeting the emergency in some other way than by an adjournment—they do but follow their vocation—but what in the name of all reasonable polities could he have done? Except resign, of course. That was open to him, as it is alway open for a man to play into the hands of his opponents. The Hon. Mr. Starnes moved in the Council that the resolutions, and the answer of the Lieut.-Governor, be officially communicated to the Government, along with an intimation that the Council would be willing to accept a conference with the Assembly. Mr. Starnes quoted from May to the effect, that "either House may demand a conference upon matters which by the usage of Parliament are allowed to be proper occasions for such a proceeding," &c. The proper occasion had come, if it could come, and the simple question was: Shall the Council or the Assembly take the initiative? Clearly the Council should have moved in the matter first. By a series of resolutions it had thrown out the Bill of Supplies passed by the Assembly; the resolutions had been communicated to the Lieut.-Governor and an answer received; but no official communication had then, or has since, been made to the Assembly, and, by every just law of interpretation which can be applied to the Constitution, the Council was bound to take the initiative in proposing, or suggesting a conference of both Houses.

Not that any good would have resulted from such a conference. As the correspondent of a morning paper sapiently remarked: "The Government and the Council are not likely to agree under the same ceiling when they cannot now agree under the same roof." The change of locality from the general roof to the particular ceiling would certainly not have restored harmony. The fifteen Senators had made up their minds; they did not object to the amount of money voted by the Assembly for Supplies, they objected to the Joly Government, declared it should cease to be, and took the only measure possible for putting an end to business. The fact is—and we may as well look it in the face, that we have reached the beginning of the end. Legislative Union must come, and the sooner we recognise it, and go to work to bring it about, the better. Constitutional Government is impossible in the Province of Quebec. For Constitutional Government is, and always must be, an organization of compromises—a system of give and take. Were the British House of Lords, or the Queen, to insist upon the exercise of its, or her, prerogative to the full, the British Constitution would soon be broken up. Englishmen understand that system of give and take, but Frenchmen never did, and probably, never will. Frenchmen are clever, they are brilliant, they are logical, they are humourous, and have every sense under heaven but common sense—and common sense is the one qualification most needed by men who would govern constitutionally. A glance at French history will show that the French do not understand government by compromise. Each man or each body has always insisted upon the full measure of rights and privileges. So M. Letellier acted according to his French ideas. Finding that he had the power to dismiss the De Boucherville Government, he did it—straining his prerogative to the utmost. M. Chapleau found that there was no check upon the power of the Opposition to move resolutions of "no confidence," and he got twenty-two through in a few weeks. Fifteen strangely-builded Senators discovered that they could stop the Supplies, and they did it. M. Joly knew that he could adjourn the Assembly until civil servants

and others should bring the Senators to their normal state of mind, and he adjourned the Assembly. The present dead-lock has demonstrated that in the interest of the people and all good government we must abolish these miserable Provincial Parliaments and become a country by having legislative union.

When we have got over the present difficulty we shall have to face a yet greater trouble. Political knots may be untied or cut, but a financial knot is an ugly thing to dispose of. The Province of Quebec owes already nearly twelve millions of dollars, and is further committed to enormous outlays. To bear this increasing burden we have less than a million and a quarter of people; and of them three-fourths are French Canadians, who can hardly save money enough out of the hay they raise to pay for masses to be said in help of their own souls.

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SINCE writing the above I have heard that steps are being taken to form a Coalition Government; but it should be remembered that such a course must end disastrously. A coalition is a thing much to be desired, but it must not be brought about by the mandate of the Legislative Council. If the Council can compel a change in the *personnel* of the Ministry, the next step will be absolute control. Let the Council put an end to this absurd dead-lock; let them resume the grave duties of men paid to work for the people, and a coalition would not merely be possible, but easy.

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THOSE fifteen absurdities at Quebec propose to enter upon a new game—uninvited, and of their own strong will they are going to enquire into the scandals which have been floated about the Government. They will tell us, perhaps, who tried to get the nutlock contract besides Mackay, what terms were offered by the party, and why M. Chapleau ceased so suddenly to talk about the matter.

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BUT what is true of the Province of Quebec is just as true of the Province of Ontario. It is true that the people of Ontario have a better government than we have; that they are not weighted with a nonproducing French population as we are; but the City of Toronto is discounting its future prosperity at a ruinous rate. With a population numbering a little over 60,000, it has a debt already of over $6,000,000. And for that enormous outlay it has, probably, as little to show as any city on the continent. The streets are out of repair, and out of everything else but dirt of the most objectionable kind; the works for the supply of water are incomplete, and only a portion of the people accept the doubtful privilege. The "Fathers" are all very fatherly and good, I am told, but many of them have not the one thing needful—capability. Surely Toronto can find some upright business men who will undertake this work of civic administration?

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ALDERMAN HOLLAND has spoken very sensibly on the subject of the agitation, by the Public Market butchers, to abolish the private butchers' shops. If the City Market tenants do not find the Public Market stalls profitable, let them come outside; but one thing is ceriain, now that the housewives of Montreal have had the convenience of doing their marketing daily within reasonable distance of their residences, they will not submit to go long distances, to be hustled through crowds of people in dirty market places. Will some alderman ascertain what the cost of maintaining these markets is, and the revenues received (not promised) during the last few years before and since the private stalls have sprung up? Then let him give the number of private butchers, amount paid in licenses, rates, taxes, and business tax; shewing each Ward separately. The rent paid for private butchers' shops, and the rent and taxes paid by both pnblic and private butchers for residences, would assist a comparison, as in some cases the shops and residences are together. Private butchers' shops have proved to be a great convenience, and if any are a nuisance, let them be dealt with as such. Now, let us have the economic part of the question, and then the public can intelligently judge the whole subject. No class of traders can claim protection against the whole body of citizens in the way these butchers are attempting to get it. They have got a national policy of their own,—a duty on live animals coming into Canada; a duty on slaughtered meat; they have got American cattle prohibited from coming into Canada at all, or passing through it to England; and now they want the whole trade of the city in butchers' meat to be fenced in to a few (often dirty) stalls in markets at very remote distances from the residential part of the city. No; N. P. if we must, but not Municipal protection too. That would be *too* much. The City Council should abolish the special invidious tax on private butchers' stalls. It is an iniquity. Let the Council adhere to the limit regulation, as to where the stalls shall be established—from the markets and from each other—and then let their attention be given to limiting liquor saloons, which will be a much more pious work to engage in. Alderman Wilson once said: "Shut up the saloons, shut up the city." The saloons might be done without, but not the butchers, I apprehend.

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MR. HICKSON is to be congratulated upon the completion of his task of securing a line to Chicago. The intermediate link has been handed over by Mr. Vanderbilt, and the contract let for building the 29 miles into Chicago, the line to be running on the 1st December next.

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THE Grand Trunk will no longer be the "Ishmael of America," as Mr. Childers deridingly called it; and Mr. Childers has given way to public opinion and retired from the Great Western presidency and left the fusion of the business of the two lines to be a question of the near future.

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HITHERTO it has been the Grand Trunk which has been solicitous for the connection. It wanted business, and desired what it got to be economically earned. Now it can afford to stand off. It is no longer a system, commencing and terminating at intermediate points of the through route. It has important termini at both ends in the United States, and also reaches New York, Boston and Halifax by several ways, besides having its own stations at Montreal, Quebec and Portland—three Atlantic sea-going ports, with Chicago and the West to supply a trade from. "Ishmael" became the ruler of great nations, and there is no railway on the continent of America—and America is this year supplying the world with food—which has summer and winter, so many outlets to the sea commanded by itself and accessible through others as the Grand Trunk has. Mr. Childers pointed a moral and may adorn a tale, but he was not a conspicuous success in the Great Western chair. He refused to swim with the tide to prosperity, and has left others to buffet with the waves in adversity. If the shareholders of the Great Western were over here and could realise the advantages of a fusion, with a single interest, they would no longer allow their now isolated line to take only that which is left after all other through lines have been satisfied, but they would insist upon an arrangement being made on the best terms which can be got with the Grand Trunk, when both Companies would be mutually benefitted. Sir Henry Tyler realises the difference in the position his line now occupies to that which it was in when it was at the mercy of every contention. A firm hand and an assured purpose may bring the hesitating board of the Great Western to terms. Meanwhile the Grand Trunk proprietors can regard their present position with equanimity.

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"WHAT went ye out for to see," O Torontonians? The Governor-General and the Princess Louise were on show during Thursday, Friday and Saturday, and right bravely they gave themselves as food for the eyes of the curious; they attended the exhibition, lacrosse, and sundry other things of interest, but they could hardly have wished to be on show again on Sunday. On that day, at any rate, they should have been free to walk the streets, and worship God in the sanctuary without the oppressive stare of vulgar crowds. The preachers at the Episcopal Cathedral, and at St. Andrews, could hardly have rejoiced in the major portion of their congregation that day. Poor preachers! poor Governor-General and Princess Louise! and O vulgar crowd of flunkeys!

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I HOPE some paper will retort that the people of Montreal set the example, and were every bit as bad. I shall say: So they were.

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CAPTAIN GOLDSMITH and his wife—who started from Boston for Europe some months ago in a miniature vessel—have met with exactly the fate they deserved, and, it is to be hoped, have learned the lesson they needed to learn. Out of mere bravado they decided on crossing

the Atlantic in a yacht. The project, if successful, could have served no useful purpose, except to prove that sometimes foolhardiness goes unpunished. But the "Uncle Sam" had not even good luck. Mrs. Goldsmith, not being much of a sailor, was dreadfully sea-sick all the time, and the weather treated them just as it once treated Jonah. But for the good ship "Queen of Nations," which picked them up off the coast of Newfoundland, we should have heard of the daring *voyageurs* no more. But let us hope that their experience will be a warning to them and to others not to try and make courage contemptible.

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MR. BLENNERHASSETT is making a vigorous and altogether praiseworthy effort to redress a wrong under which the Nonconformist ministers of England have long suffered. As the law now stands any young Episcopal cleric, although he has had no experience, and can be relied upon for nothing but a pretty lisp, a hand at croquet, and a collar that looks like a wide white hoop may marry a couple without the presence of any civil officer—but a Nonconformist, although he may be great in character, in reputation and in public service cannot perform a marriage ceremony without the presence of a Registrar to make it legal. Roman Catholic priests are included in the ban, of course, for they too are Dissenters. But Mr. Blennerhassett proposes: That it shall be lawful for Nonconformist ministers and Roman Catholic priests, under proper restrictions, to solemnize marriages in buildings registered for marriages without the presence of the Registrar.

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THIS levelling up is better than the old inequality, but it always seemed to me as if a levelling down would be better. Marriage is a civil contract much more than a religious one, and a civil officer should be present to see that the legal and binding process is gone through. A certain form of words must be prescribed by the State, and to trust to persons who must be more or less irresponsible will be an unnecessary risk. It is not easy to say what constitutes a "minister" in some English churches, but the Registrar all can be sure of. It seems to me that it would be better to have the civil contract said and sealed before the Registrar first, and then the religious ceremony, for all who desire it.

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ENGLAND is about to add another link to her great chain of fortresses, from England to India. The acceptance of the Island of Cyprus from the Sultan of Turkey has been followed by the acquisition of Tangier upon the, presumably, easy terms of defending the Sultan of Morocco against a pretender. Egypt has fallen an easy prey to England and France, as associated creditors—which will tell most to the interest of England, as France is simply a creditor, while England is interested in opening up a new and strong way to India. Commanding Tangier and Gibraltar, the British troops can shut up the mouth of the Mediterranean at will.

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THIS purchase policy seems an easy and peaceful method for acquiring strongholds, but it is not difficult to see that it may lead to trouble. What if Germany should adopt the same policy, and begin to buy the seaports she needs so badly? Suppose Bismarck should persuade Belgium that there can be no safety from French greed, except in handing over Antwerp to Germany, accepting Germany's protection in return. Would England suffer the transaction quietly? Not likely.

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TROUBLES have again arisen in Afghanistan through the rebellion of the native troops at Cabul, and, of course, the British army in India is totally unprepared to meet them. Prompt advance upon the rebels is impossible; for 25 per cent. of the native troops on the frontier have gone on furlough; scarcely any of the Trans-Indus infantry regiments can muster 500 men each; the transport department has been broken up, and can only be organized again with great difficulty, and altogether the outlook is not cheering. It will end well for Great Britain—for the great Earl who presides over the destinies of the Empire is still on the side of those angels which are supposed to co-operate with the British Providence—and a "scientific frontier" is never complete. But many are beginning to ask whether the game we are playing in India is really worth the candle? We have incurred a vast responsibility, which involves an ever increasing anxiety on the part of those who have a sense of duty, and the return for it all is, at least, a very doubtful good. Whether Great Britain's consideration for India is in any way commensurate with its duty toward it, is a question that opens up large fields for debate.

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IT never takes long to rush an English crowd from one extreme to the other. A few weeks ago they were howling a poor Carey as if he had basely bartered the honour of his country for his own head; and now that is found that he simply did his duty, no more and no less, they are shouting his praises as if he had played the hero and rendered valuable service to the nation. This last display is no less stupid than the first.

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AND Captain Carey's letter to the *Christian* is such a bit of maudlin sentimentality as I never expected to see from the pen of an educated man and a soldier.

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THE Bishop of Rochester has laid down the following as his "platform" on the temperance question, which seems to be marked with common sense:—

"Our individual work," he says, "is plain. We will avoid dogmatism and Pharisaism. While each of us tries to take that share in the work which conscience and opportunity indicate to him, there can be no need to censure those, who seem to be doing less, or to envy those who attempt to do more. We will refuse to encroach on our brother's liberty, while we wish to help him to use it. We will also be careful not to put a stumbling-block in his way through an over-anxious desire to defend and enjoy our own. Not least, will we be careful to remember that sympathy is often more effectual than argument, patience more persuasive than rebuke; that example wins, where eloquent tracts are torn to pieces, and that though zeal may tire, charity can never fail."

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I ENTIRELY agree with the following remarks by the Editor of *Truth*:—

I should like to know whether Professors Huxley and Allman themselves derive much satisfaction and real enjoyment from the conclusion they, like a good many others of these explorers of "the unknowable," as Herbert Spencer hath it, have come to, viz., that "the basis of life is protoplasm," and that this all-leavening yeast lies at the bottom of the ocean in one vast, inexhaustible layer, described in the proper terms therefore as "Bathybius" (*i.e.* out of the depths), or in simpler language, agreeable to the vulgar, "a peculiar slimy matter." Now just think of this, ye who fancied yourselves sprung from the gods! "Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return," is nothing to it. It is one thing to be reminded at once of one's mortality and immortality by Shakespeare's

> "To what base uses we may return, Horatio!" and
> Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
> Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.
> O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
> Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!

But it is quite another thing, and a far more miserable one, to be prated at perpetually with these dissections and analyses of human matter by men so wise in their own generation.

And when they have made this discovery, as they would have it, which is really none at all, for we knew it was so, I would simply ask: "Après ça?" What signifies your "Bathybius," Professor Allman, when you are as ignorant as a born idiot of the real secret of life? What is "protoplasm," and what "Bathybius"? How is it the vehicle of thought and genius? Answer me that if you can, though I am bound to say it is a matter of uncommonly small concern to me as a thinking man, who would be more disposed to sit down comfortably under the motto of one of your own school:—"Dum Vivimus, Vivamus."

But after all this fuss about "Bathybius"—this new "elixir vitæ" of the modern Van Helmonts—is there such a thing? Is it not all fudge that this potent mud dredged up from the deep sea by the science officers of H.M.S. "Porcupine" was anything else but mud. The best of the joke is that the rival scientists of H.M.S. "Challenger, who were pretty good dredgers, could never find any of it, and they dismiss the matter with a very hard and cruel observation, that this wonderful slime was really only an inorganic precipitate due to the action of the alcohol in which the specimens were preserved. *Sic transit gloria Bathybii!*

The Presidents of the British Association for the Advancement of Science will have to find a new text for their next lay sermon. I would suggest whether the sediment at the bottom of the sea may not be the refuse meteoric dust of ages, the chips of old and worn-out worlds. EDITOR.

## PROTECTION IN ITS RELATIONS TO PROGRESS.

About half a century ago certain German physiologists advanced the theory that progress, as far as the life of plants and animals is concerned, consisted essentially of change from homogeneity into heterogeneity of structure. Two familiar instances may give a tolerably clear idea of what they meant by this. The egg is seen at first to consist of but few parts—yolk, white, and shell—the latter the mere dead covering of the living matter within. With three weeks' subjection to a certain degree of heat (whether natural or artificial does not matter) the simple yolk and white, distinguishable into these two parts only, have become a chicken, with eyes, beak, feathers, claws, bones, and a complex system of vital organs. Out of a little mass of matter, alike throughout, a living creature of many diverse parts has been developed; and this is change from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, from the condition of being all alike to the condition of having many different parts, different both in structure and in function. A grain of wheat, stripped of its dead covering, is seen to consist of a certain mixed but still homogeneous mass of starch and albumen, with some earthy salts. The bran, or outside covering, having been separated, the living seed consists of matter all alike, which we call flour when it has passed between the millstones. Let this seed be planted in the ground, under proper conditions, it becomes a plant, with roots, stalk, leaves, and finally a head containing many grains, repetitions of the original. This, again, is a change from likeness, or similarity all through, to a condition of great diversity—of composition of many and different parts. In his statement of the German theory of progress in plant and animal life, Herbert Spencer says that the series of changes gone through during the development of a seed into a tree, or of an ovum into an animal, constitutes an advance from homogeneity of structure to heterogeneity of structure. In its primary stage every germ consists of a substance that is uniform throughout, both in texture and chemical composition. The first step in its development is the appearance of a difference between two parts of this substance; or, as the phenomenon is described in physiological language—a differentiation. Each of these differentiated divisions presently begins itself to exhibit some contrast of parts, and by and by these secondary differentiations become as definite as the original one. This process is continuously repeated—is simultaneously going on in all parts of the growing embryo; and by endless multiplication of these differentiations there is ultimately produced that complex combination of tissues and organs constituting the adult animal or plant. This is the course of evolution followed by all organisms whatever. It is settled beyond dispute that organic progress consists in a change from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous.

Thus far Wolff and Von Baer, with the much-embracing intellectual reach of Goethe to sustain them, agree in the philosophy of the matter. But just a little over twenty-two years ago the great English "thinker" above mentioned announced a bold advance upon the German idea. He laid it down that the law of organic progress is the law of all progress. "Whether it be in the development of the Earth," he says, "in the development of Life upon its surface, in the development of Society, of Government, of Manufactures, of Commerce, of Language, Literature, Science, Art, this same evolution of the simple into the complex, through a process of continuous differentiation, holds throughout. From the earliest traceable cosmical changes down to the latest results of civilization, we shall find that the transformation of the homogeneous into that of the heterogeneous is that in which Progress essentially consists.

The English writer then goes on to put the sciences of astronomy, geology, and biology under contribution for proof of this universal progress. But he finds his strongest proof of all in the progress of the latest and most heterogeneous creature—man. "It is alike true," he continues, "that, during the period in which the Earth has been peopled, the human organism has become more heterogeneous among the civilized divisions of the species; and that the species, as a whole, has been growing more heterogeneous in virtue of the multiplication of races and the differentiation of these races from each other. * * * * * Even were we to admit the hypothesis that Mankind originated from several separate stocks, it would still be true that, as from each of these stocks there have sprung now widely different tribes which are proved by philological evidence to have had a common origin, the race as a whole is far less homogeneous than it was at first. Add to which that we have in the Anglo-Americans an example of a new variety arising within these few generations, and that, if we may trust to the descriptions of observers, we are likely soon to have another such example in Australia." We may here ask, Is there to be developed a Canadian variety of our own race, different in many respects, neither few nor unimportant, from both the Anglo-American and the Anglo-Australian?

But the part of Spencer's illustration of his alleged universal law which more immediately concerns us in this connection is that in which he speaks of a differentiation of a very familiar kind; that, namely, by which the mass of the community has become segregated into distinct classes and orders of workers. And this we had better have in his own words.

"While the governing part has been undergoing the complex development above described [in religion, politics, manners and fashion], the governed part has been undergoing an equally complex development, which has resulted in that minute division of labour characterizing advanced nations. It is needless to trace out this progress in its first stages, up through the caste divisions of the East and the incorporated guilds of Europe, to the elaborate producing and distributing organization existing among ourselves. Political economists have made familiar to all the evolution which, beginning with a tribe whose members severally perform the same actions each for himself, ends with a civilized community whose members severally perform different actions for each other; and they have further explained the evolution through which the solitary producer of any one commodity is transformed into a combination of producers who, united under a master, take separate parts in the manufacture of such commodity. But there are other and yet higher phases of this advance from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous in the industrial structure of the social organism. Long after considerable progress has been made in the division of labour among different classes of workers, there is still little or no division of labour among the widely separated portions of the community; the nation continues comparatively homogeneous in the respect that in each district the same occupations are pursued. But when roads and other means of transit become numerous and good, the different districts begin to assume different functions and to become mutually dependent. The calico manufacture locates itself in this county, the woollen-cloth manufacture in that; silks are produced here, lace there; stockings in one place, shoes in another; pottery, hardware, cutlery, come to have their special towns; and ultimately every locality becomes distinguished from the rest by the leading occupation carried on in it. *Nay more, this subdivision of functions shows itself not only among the different parts of the same nation, but among different nations. That exchange of commodities which free trade promises so greatly to increase will ultimately have the effect of specializing in a greater or lesser degree the industry of each people.* So that, beginning with a barbarous tribe almost if not quite homogeneous in the functions of its members, the progress has been and still is towards an economic aggregation of the whole human race, growing ever more heterogeneous in respect of *the separate functions assumed by separate nations*, the separate functions assumed by the local sections of each nation, the separate functions assumed by the many kinds of makers and traders in each town, and the separate functions assumed by the workers united in producing each commodity."

I have marked, to be printed in italics, those portions of the quotation which I intend to dispute, and against which I propose to show cause. I take Spencer's statement because it is the strongest and clearest yet made of the theory of progress upon which Free Traders must rest their case to show that their system is in alliance with progress and not in opposition thereto. I admit division of labour between individuals; in other words, differentiation, which is progress. But I venture to advance this view, that while individuals are being differentiated, separated, told off into various occupations, the nations which are foremost in civilization are actually becoming more like each other. Has the great English philosopher (he must truly so be called) missed the point that the tendency towards segregation, specialization, differentiation, is vastly greater—with permissible use of language, I may say, *infinitely* greater—in the individual than in the nation? Has his zeal for the free trade and non-interference theory carried him beyond the facts? Does it not suggest something in this connection that, while the peasantry of Normandy, Provence, Sicily, Bavaria, Pomerania, Aberdeenshire, Tipperary and Yorkshire, differ from each other to a remarkable degree in costume, habits and general manner of living, the French, Italian, German, Scotch, Irish, and English gentlemen meet on almost common ground, and exchange common ideas and sympathies. The vulgar of each county or district speak in each a different *patois* or dialect, while the educated classes of any country speak the same language alike. A Kentish hop-picker, suddenly set down amid the din of a Lancashire cotton factory, could scarce understand the "lingo" of the "natives," it would for a time be almost the same as Dutch to him. The English clown speaks the dialect of "Coomber land" or "Zummerset," as the case may be, but university scholars speak simply English. Provincial peculiarities live long among the uneducated masses, but art, science, education, culture—say civilization, to include all, is cosmopolitan, or European at least. We see education—and surely that is progress—tending in the direction of likeness and similarity of development, while non-education—the lack of progress—perpetuates great and characteristic differences. Is it unreasonable to suppose that the power of education to diffuse among the higher classes of different countries great similarity of thought and feeling, has its analogue in the power of material progress to make all civilized nations more alike in their capacities of productions and manufacture? If progress consists in differentiation, is it not therefore in harmony with Protection, which aims to create diversity of employment—in one word—progress? The German peasant eats his "schwarzbrod," and the Italian peasant his maccaroni; they seem to have little in common, but the electrician in Berlin uses the same instruments and pursues the same path of scientific inquiry as his brother of Florence. These two instances may suggest hundreds more to anybody who counts himself one of "the reading public." Is there not a "missing link" somewhere in the Spencerian theory of industrial progress, as applied to *nations?* I venture to say that there is, and on another occasion I may face the arduous task of endeavouring to supply it.

*Argus.*

## RENEWAL OF CONFIDENCE.

There are some very decided peculiarities in our Canadian methods of conducting trade. Some of these peculiarities are good, virtuous, wholesome, generous. It is useless to enlarge on these. Self-praise is not an honour. One, however, of our *best* characteristics as business men is a generous trust in each others *motives*, coupled with a reluctance to condemn a merchant as utterly useless in trade because he has failed in one branch of it. We are ready—perhaps too ready in some cases—to believe that he who has failed through ignorance or incompetence may yet succeed, in new surroundings, amid a different set of difficulties to contend with.

But, holding this lenient and kindly view of our brother trader's defects, we omit to conjoin with it sufficient clearness of perception as to *what* it is that constitutes failure, and *when* that point has been reached. Nor is the defaulting debtor himself any more clear-sighted. From this cause comes sinful waste of many an estate, and eventual attenuated dividends of five, seven, or ten cents on the dollar.

It is a pretty generally received trade maxim in all civilized countries where business has been reduced to a science, that when a merchant fails to meet his engagements the day or hour on which they mature, he has proved himself incompetent to conduct the business in which he is engaged, and should at once consult his creditors. It would be a very rash assertion to state that this course is always adopted by every trader outside of Canada. It is an extremely safe thing to say that it is seldom, if ever, acted upon by any trader in this Dominion. By long continued habit and the pernicious plethora of borrowed capital thrust upon us by too confiding capitalists in other lands, promissory notes or acceptances here have come to be looked upon as merely graceful acknowledgements of the existence of a debt. Perhaps in some cases they take a little higher rank and are really deemed promises to *pay*—some day; but the *date* of payment promised is considered practically merely a matter of form. If this be true, and many a harassed merchant is to-day painfully aware of its correctness, we would seem to have sunk far below the business status of that celebrated Irishman who hated to sign three months' notes because they were always coming due, but did'nt mind a six months' note, for that seemed as if it would *never* come due. He at least recognized in some measure the inevitableness of a due-date. We don't.

We are in a fair way however to become "educated up" to various things before many months have rolled over our heads. Not only will we be educated up to the exceeding expensiveness of eight parliaments and seven Lieutenant-Governors; the charming troublesomeness of Senates, even when elective and unobstructive; the utter unwholesomeness and *un*reliability, morally and practically, of Mercantile Agencies; but are also certain to have our education completed by a thorough acquaintance with what the due-date on a bill really means. Bank failures, and the consequent instant pressure for payment of overdue notes held by them bring the question home to many of us. It is well it should be so. There is no occasion to cease credit. There is plenty of money in the country to afford any required legitimate credit. There is not the slightest reason to alter the terms on which goods are sold. In few, if any, trades could that be done with any degree of safety. What *is* necessary is that the terms on which sales are made be rigidly adhered to.

An unpleasant process perhaps. Yes—very; but extremely salutary. It puts an end to all slip-shod methods of trading. It stops giving orders to oblige a friend who badly *needs* to sell. It causes a trader to reflect whether the goods he buys can be sold and realized into cash before they are due and payable. If a trader of limited means knows he *must* meet his bills at due date, he will arrange his purchases accordingly. If not—not. His stock will get demoralized, and his payments overdue be reflected in a stock which is out of date also.

This is the *ex*ternal aspect of the thing as it appears in material things. But there is an *in*ternal view of it also. For it is ever from the disorder prevailing in a man's mental organization that material disorder flows. Moral or mental order requires that a man keep his promises, even if these be promises to pay. The will, the intention, to perform is not enough; though it is much; for without at least the *will* to do a thing it is altogether impossible to find the *thought* to devise how to do it, or the operative energy to carry it out. But until the intention comes out into act it has no potency. All power resides in ultimates. Hence it is a fearful injury to a man's whole being to fail to perform that which he has undertaken to do; and just because it is such an injury to the individual himself, therefore it reflects injuries of various kinds on his fellows.

These principles applied to the business plan of experience carry us back to our starting point, that when a merchant finds himself in any one case, from whatever cause, unable to meet a payment, though his whole will be bent on doing so, it is then time for him to reflect deeply on his own defects, and acknowledge at once to his creditors that he has no *certainty* of ability to meet *any* of his promises; for this is the fact. If, however, he does see the special case in point to be an extremely exceptional one, decides to ask, and obtains, a renewal, he ought to treat that renewal no longer as a business debt, but as a debt of honour. It is a "renewal of confidence," not in the business or its position, but really in the man's word of honour, against which there militates all the weight of previous failure to redeem his promise.

It may be dangerous doctrine, but it is trade-truth all the same, that trade debts neither are, nor are looked upon as debts of honour. Nor should they be. Goods purchased on credit to carry on a trade, a trader is bound to use to the very best of his ability for the purposes of the special trade in which he is engaged. So long as he makes no false statements in order to obtain these, and uses them legitimately, his *honour* at least is not stained should he fail of a successful issue to his venture; but the moment he fails to carry out his expressed or implied agreements in any respect, he has ceased to use his credit honestly. Surely a written promise to pay is an expressed agreement, and its fracture ought to forfeit to him all strictly business credit. Any further credit extended to him becomes a matter of personal faith,—*i.e.*, a debt of honour.

The whole matter boils itself down to this: trade terms are, and ought to be entirely elastic. One merchant may buy goods on nine months' credit, another on three without trenching on fair dealing. That is a matter of legitimate business risk between buyer and seller. But whatever be the time asked and agreed upon, it ought to be rigidly observed to the day and hour. This is business honour and the only sure test of business ability. If a trader cannot thus work his business—be the excuse to himself or others what it may—he is *not fit to be in business*. For no man with will, thought and energy bent on doing right could desire to carry on his trade on the rotten foundation of broken promises. Yet such are "renewals." They are a "renewal of confidence" already broken. No merchant with many of these burdens on his soul can long carry that load, as well as sustain the pressure of anxiety which legitimate business entails.

Traders, who have proved to themselves even once by the logic of irresistible fact that they cannot keep a promise, must cease giving these irredeemable promises. This is the only sure road to a genuine "renewal of confidence." Enforced by any conceivable machinery of law it cannot be; but it can be acted out at once and forever, by every individual will which wills *not* to do evil to others by lowering the general standard of truthfulness to engagements in lowering that standard within himself. Individual voluntary action is life. Legal enforcement is only the skeleton of dry and withered bones which men ingeniously contrive to hide out of sight. Faith in skeletons is dying out, though very gradually. Faith in the power of a life is taking its place; and these dry bones of mere legality under that influence, shall yet stand up and live, when life shall be a law unto itself, and law shall be the law of life.

*Trade Reform.*

## EARTHLY PARADISES.

There is a strong belief in the human mind that it is possible to have life on better terms that most of us get it. We all feel that somewhere things must be better ordered than in our common, every-day experience; and that if there is no better life, it cannot be impossible to create one. The Greeks fancied this ideal was to be had in Arcadia; but I am afraid it was the Arcadia of their imaginations, not of fact. The real place may have been pretty enough; but the refined Greek would hardly have found himself at home among shepherds who lived upon acorns! Nor would it have been much to them that these shepherds claimed that their race was as old as the moon. Our ancestors had dreams of an Arcadia in that valley of Avilion to which King Arthur was carried away:—

> "Where falls nor hail, or rain, or any snow,
> Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
> Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair, with orchard lawns
> And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea."

Delightful that! But where is Avilion to be found? and if we could go there, should we enjoy it? The place is only half the battle. It would be pleasant to get away from the dull streets and the dull routine of life—from monotonous duties, tiresome people, and taxes. But this is not enough. What these dreamers want to get away from—though they don't know it—is *themselves*. They think the world is at fault; and it may be to some extent. But "'tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus," and no change of surroundings or conditions will yield that ideal happiness for which there is universal yearning.

The ideal takes two forms. Sometimes it induces a longing for solitude, and then people turn hermits. "O for a lodge in some vast wilderness, some boundless contiguity of shade!" says the poet. But then he hasn't tried it. The lodge, happily for him, is not on the nearest house-agent's list, and so he does not get the experience Alexander Selkirk did on his island, which prompted him to ask: "O, Solitude! where are the charms that sages have seen in thy face?" and to add, as his opinion: "Better dwell in the midst of alarms than live in this horrible place." It was lucky for the fame of a good many hermits that they were vowed to solitude, and dared not break their oaths. The longing for solitude induces people to go into monasteries; but I am not sure that this feeling was always at the bottom of the monastic life. There is a suggestive passage in Mr. Besant's "Rabelais" which throws a side-light on this point. Speaking of a district of France in the fourteenth century, he says: "The long wars came to an end, and the generations which

had been cooped up for a hundred years within stone walls came out, wondering; and grey-headed men learned for the first time the smell of pine-wood, or listened, bewildered, to the rustle of the birches by the shallow Loire." Life in the quarrelsome Middle Ages was, in fact, only possible within stone walls, and the monastery was simply the safe retreat for the clergy in connection with the church to which it was attached. The monks were not shut up in any more special sense than were the inmates of castles or the inhabitants of walled cities. It was not until afterwards that immuring one's self in a monastery came to be regarded as in some way or other a meritorious act. Originally it was a social necessity for personal safety, and we know from Rabelais himself, who endured it for thirty years, that it was a dead failure. He satirised it in his "Abbey of Thelema,"—a fancy retreat in which everything was the reverse of romantic, and therefore those who dwelt in it were happy.

But the more common form of the dream of happiness is that of the Arcadia, or common community; and this has led of late years to many experiments in different parts of the world, and especially in the United States. There is room enough there for all kinds of lives to be led, and some of those attempted are most interesting. Nowhere else could Mormonism have been put on its trial on such a scale, and hardly anywhere did there exist the conditions under which it was possible to give effect to what is called Christian Socialism—that is to say, life on the Apostolic basis of "all things in common." Special interest attaches just now to one of these communities—that of the Perfectionists of Oneida—which, after having existed for thirty-one years, is being denounced by the clergy of New York, and will probably be broken up. The chief ground of objection is, that the "all things in common" principle is made to include the community of wives, and the United States cannot be induced to take a view of the wife question even so liberal as that of the Medians of old, who held it a reproach to a man to have less than seven wives.

Some most interesting facts respecting the Oneida Perfectionists have just been made public. They are two hundred and seventy-five in number, and own about one thousand acres of land in a beautiful part of the country out of the beaten track. They have orchards and vineyards, and their occupation is chiefly pastoral; but they have also a printing establishment, a silk factory, and a factory for "traps," which are so well made that they enjoy a celebrity all over the States, and some are even sent to Europe. Everyone entering the community deposits a sum of money to be added to the common fund. Should he leave, this is handed back to him without interest. Everyone is expected to work in some way or other, though the severer forms of manual labour are done by hired workers. The women attend to the households and to the children; but with regard to the latter, a peculiar system is adopted. From the age of eighteen months they are placed in nurseries, and there tended by women, who have entire charge of their diet, dress, and early education. The parents may visit them, and the children may pass certain times during the day with their parents; but these have no voice in their bringing up, physical or intellectual. The children go to school from the age of four to fourteen, or thereabouts, and education is a great point; for the Socialists read much, and throughout their lives aim at acquiring knowledge; and with this view they form classes to which one of their number lectures. Every evening they assemble for conversation, reading, and music. Occasionally an opera troupe gives a performance, and once the ubiquitous "Pinafore" was played to the great delight of the community. But the great feature of all is that they live apart from the world, contemplate it only from a distance, and have no desire to have part in its interests or ambitions.

This Socialist community of Oneida is one of the most remarkable instances of the strength of the ruling passion in men to create a world out of the world—to try the experiment of life on a pattern differing from that which civilization has adopted. It is by no means a solitary example of the kind to be found in the States. There are many such, and I have no doubt that the little colony of "Tadmore," described by Wilkie Collins in his latest novel, has a real original. It is curious to recollect that in 1794, a party of young enthusiasts, including Coleridge and Southey, the poets, had a project for sailing to America to form a soci l colony on the banks of the Susquehannah; they were to live in a state of Pantisocracy—as they called it—to have a community of property, and to "regenerate the whole complexion of society, not by establishing formal laws, but by excluding all the deteriorating passions—injustice, wrath, clamour, and evil-speaking, and so set an example of human perfectibility!" It was characteristic that they never reflected they would want money, which they had not, to get to the banks of the Susquehannah, and they had only selected that locality because it sounded well. The experiment afterwards made by Robert Owen in England, and its dire failure, and Brother Prince's more recent experiment, the Agapemone, also a failure, only seem to have taught that England is not the place for such schemes, and perhaps that if any community of the sort is to be held together, it must be by religious ties. These have kept the little colony of Oneida intact for over thirty years. How much longer it would have existed, it is impossible to say, but the marriage difficulty has destroyed it. Like

> "The little rift within the lute,
> Which slowly widening makes the music mute,"

polygamy, not to say polyandry, has proved fatal, and the social philosopher will, in all probability, be deprived of the opportunity of studying the further growth of one of the most vigorous and interesting of Earthly Paradises.

*Quevedo Redivivus.*

P.S.—Since the above was written, a little bird tells us that Father Noyes, the director of the Oneida community, counsels the giving up of the "complex marriage" principle, thus meeting the requirements of the age so far as the idea is concerned, that one wife is enough for a man. With deference to my esteemed *colaborateur*, "Argus," I am inclined to believe that unfortunate printing press at Oneida was the root of this progressive step. *Q.R.*

## ARE NARCOTICS A NECESSARY EVIL?

Though doctors proverbially differ, the weight of medical testimony has for some time past decidedly preponderated against the habitual use of alcoholic drinks. Even Sir Henry Thompson, as we recently remarked, who does not frown upon the use of wines, &c., as an occasional luxury, agrees with Sir William Gall that in ordinary circumstances their *habitual* use is no benefit to persons in health, but often the reverse. Dr. B. W. Richardson now adds his most decided testimony to the same effect in discussing, in the *Contemporary Review*, the still wider question of narcotics in general, including alcoholic beverages. His article, or lecture, deals in the first instance with the growing use, or misuse, of chloral-hydrate, and then enters into the general question of narcotics and their influence on the human *physique*. Everyone has heard the argument which is used with considerable effect against repressive temperance measures,—that the very general use of narcotics shows that they meet a real need of man, and that, if restrained from using one of these agents, they will only substitute others. Dr. Richardson dismisses this question at some length, and gives it as his opinion that it is *not* necessary that because one devil is cast out of a man, another should enter that is worse than the first.

Chloral-hydrate, at first used only as an anæsthetic, is, according to Dr. Richardson, already doing much mischief among many of the literary, professional and commercial classes in England, who use it in the place of opium as a narcotic. It has already developed a new malady with distinctive symptoms, to which Dr. Richardson has given the name of *Chloralism;* and the evils produced by this and by the foreign drink known as Absinthe are so serious as to call for urgent warning.

From this warning it is natural to pass, as Dr. Richardson does, to the discussion of the question: Are narcotics *needed* by man at all? Those who maintain that they are will do well to read his thoughtful and scientific discussion of the subject. He thus puts the question as to whether the craving for their use is a normal and legitimate one or artificial and morbid: "Does the use of these agents spring from a natural desire on the part of man, and of animals lower than man, for such agents, or does it spring from a perversion or unnatural provocation acquired and transmitted in hereditary line—a toxicomania, in plain and decisive language"? That this last alternative is the true one he decidedly maintains, on the following grounds:—

First, he reminds us that though the craving for their use can easily be developed in man, and even in some of the lower animals, yet this craving arises only when the taste has been first acquired, and that life can be quite healthful and happy when they are entirely absent. That the taste is an acquired one, except when in special cases inherited, is shown by the fact that neither children nor animals, nor men educated without them, crave for them until first educated to the taste, which, says Dr. Richardson, "looks strangely like an artificial pleading for an artificial as apart from a natural thing."

Next, Dr. Richardson observes that while everything actually needful for man's healthful existence has been provided for his use, narcotics and stimulants have been discovered only by degrees, and have required to produce them "human ingenuity, skill, knowledge, science, and, in some cases, as in the case of alcohol and alcoholic beverages, a very considerable degree of skill and an enormous amount of skilled labour." The only exceptions—absinthium and opium—which, in their natural state, were within the reach of animals or savage man, seem to have been avoided by animals, and unused by man, until, by art or accident, he had discovered at last a particular mode of use. Of course the case is the same, with many benificent discoveries, but in their case there are not the injurious results arising from narcotics, nor does any one pretend that their use is the outcome of a natural craving of humanity. Dr. Richardson, at least, avers that to his mind, with the wish to be entirely open to conviction, he "fails to discern a single opening for the use of these lethal agents in the service of mankind, save in the most exceptional conditions of disease, and then only under skilled and thoughtful supervision, from hands that know the danger of infusing a false movement and life into so exquisite an organism as a living, breathing, pulsating, impressionable human form."

As may be supposed, he has little respect for the argument that "these lethal agents are necessities, instinctively selected and chosen to meet human wants. This he avers to be "all confusion, assumption, apology for human weakness, sanction of temporary and doubtful pleasure, compromise with evil and acceptance of penalties the direst for advantages the poorest and the least satisfactory." Their real effect is, he says, to induce a physical and mental aberration which they afterwards perpetrate, in other words a *toxico-mania*, or mania for *poison*. For their effect is not to maintain the uniform and natural law of life, but impart aberrations which prematurely wear out the physical powers, just as a quantity of brandy poured into a steady-going locomotive will indeed impart a temporary increase of action, but will tend to wear out its powers prematurely. The character of the craving itself differs from that of the ordinary needs of life by its very intense and insatiable nature, although it is, in the first instance, either acquired or inherited from a degenerate parent in whom the craving has already been developed. Both the intensity and the hereditary nature of the craving increase its resemblance to other constitutional

taints, while the phases of the intoxication resulting from their use find their strict counterpart in the phases of insanity, as seen in any lunatic asylum. Indeed, so strong is this analogy that Dr. Richardson only wonders, not that forty per cent. of the insanity of the country should be directly or indirectly produced by one lethal agent alone, but that so low a figure should indicate all the truth."

His final conclusion, then, is that the craving for narcotics (including alcohol, tobacco, opium, chloral, haschish, absinthe and chloral hydrate) is *not* a natural but a morbid one—that no natural law impels man to the use of these "lethal agents," but that the taste for them, or for "lethal derangement," is instituted by his own action creating a new and morbid craving. To the theory already noticed—that if the supply of one of these agents be cut off, another will speedily be found to take its place—he replies that it is just those persons who from principle abstain from one kind of intoxicant who are least likely to be ensnared by others; while, conversely, those who indulge in one are more likely to betake themselves to others. Few total abstainers do or can use tobacco, the depression it creates almost absolutely demanding the counteractive stimulant of alcohol; and Dr. Richardson himself never met with a victim to opium or chloral hydrate who did not also indulge in wine or some other alcoholic beverage. He does not, by the way, include tea and coffee in his survey of narcotics, propably because the narcotic qualities are so comparatively mild, while their excessive use is comparatively rare. We can hardly class "the cup that cheers but not inebriates" with the "lethal agents" that *intoxicate*, carrying in the very word that most commonly expresses their action —traces of the *poisonous* influence which accompanies it.

The last argument for their use which Dr. Richardson discusses is what we may call the pathological one—that although not necessary in a healthful mode of life—the artificial and high pressure conditions of our complex modern life make them a necessary evil; in short, that "these remedies, at all risk of learning to crave for them, at all risk of falling a victim to toxico-mania, must be accepted, that the work of the world may go on at its usual pace." To this he opposes the query whether those who resort to such perilous aids are doing more work and better work than they who are content to do without. He asks, "Is the man who never touches a lethal weapon—alcohol, opium, tobacco, chloral, haschish, absinthe, or arsenic—a worse man, a weaker man, a less industrious man, a less to be trusted man, than he who indulges in those choice weapons ever so moderately or ever so freely?"

If Dr. Richardson's theory be true, and he argues with much force, it is clear that the total abstainer has much the best of it, both in preserving the healthful and normal condition of his physical economy, and also in refusing to create a craving which may soon make its mastery felt, and in whose ever-tightening embrace there is disease and death. And if he is right it also follows that a necessary step towards the healthful progress of the human race must be the disuse of such "lethal agents" and the elimination from the human system of the morbid craving which has been created by their use. *Fidelis.*

## "NO HUMBUG."

It is not too much to say that the above was a very sad announcement as the heading of a lacrosse match advertisement on Saturday last. Has it come to this, that with a desire to get a few more quarters for admission to the grounds a lacrosse club has to make such a humiliating announcement? To make it worth anything it must be evident on the face of it that some matches have taken place on previous occasions to which the term "humbug" may with truth be applied. Has our great "national game" sunk so low? We have it on record that we received the game in its simplicity from the red man. Lahontan, in his "Voyages," says, "All their games are for pleasure and feasts, for, it is necessary to say, *they hate money*." Another authority, writing of the game as played by the Indians, tells us, "Any differences or quarrels over the game I cannot recall. . . I do not remember to have seen any rough treatment of each other or foul play at lacrosse among the children of the forest." Colonel Dyde, who played with the Ojibbeways sixty years since, says, "Their play was always conducted with the utmost fairness and impartiality."

Can it be that it has been left for the white man to render the game of lacrosse a thing of betting and "humbug"?

I really fear that the white man has much to answer for in his intercourse with the Indian. We invaded his "happy hunting-grounds," and debased him with the devilish stuff which for all time he has christened "fire-water." We are told in the record of the *Challenger's* voyages that ships take "trade-gear," i.e., soft iron hatchets and such worthless things, to barter with the savages. The natives of the Admiralty Islands soon learned the trick, and manufactured "trade-gear" on their side also—sham hatchets and models of canoes, to be used solely for exchange wilh the *Challenger* party. And as a crowning shame we have at length converted the red man's national game into a "humbug."

But it is not alone to the game of lacrosse that these words will apply. Have not all our sports become a matter for us to think seriously over? A rowing match seldom or never takes place but a pack of disappointed harpies yell "the race was sold!" and now we have the venerable Judge Marshall, of Halifax, protesting against the attendant ill consequences of some horse-races announced to take place in that city. "Such races," he says, "as known to all, invariably produce gambling, cheating, lying, and various other crimes and immoralities, deeply injurious to society, especially to young persons," &c. &c.; and a correspondent to the Halifax *Chronicle*, over the significant *nom de plume*, "White Feather," undertakes to defend the modern "Isthmian games," finding a sanction for them in the Epistle to the Corinthians: "Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receives the prize? So run that ye may obtain." No one is desirous of including all sports or national games in a sweeping clause of censure; what is condemned is the gambling and betting npon such events that at the present time invariably accompany them, and which render them a by-word and a reproach.

In the August number of the *Canadian Monthly*, Mr. Goldwin Smith has done a great service by calling attention to the great danger to our national character that this now universal mania for betting on "events" presents, and he points out how it hangs around almost all our sports. Mr. Smith says :—

"There seems to be considerable danger of our being invaded in force by another intruder resembling social rank only in its pedigree. For the vast and most pestilential system of gambling, miscalled 'sport,' which is the curse of England, and which the Second Empire characteristically laboured to introduce as an instrument of social corruption into France, has its origin mainly in the *ennui* of an idle aristocracy, while it is invested with a false dignity and its real character is masked to the eyes of the many by the halo of aristocratic association.

"It is very right to encourage bracing exercises and liberal amusements, not only for the pleasure they give, but because they are essential to the health of body and mind, schools in their way of a generous character, and, after duty and affection, the best antidotes to vice; and if, in practice, this truth has of late assumed a somewhat extrvagant prominence, the excess is in some measure the Nemesis of past neglect. For the same reason it is desirable to discourage everything which tends to convert a manly exercise or a liberal amusement into a trade, or, what is still worse, into an excuse for gambling. In England, things have come to such a pass that before a great horse-race, boat-race, or running match, the country becomes a vast gambling hell. Betting places are opened, not only on the scene of the race but in every tavern through the country; the public journals are filled with 'sporting intelligence' penned in the lingo of the blacklegs, and with the predictions of a set of charlatans who make money by acting as the soothsayers of this excited and credulous world of vice."

And in Canada we have seen that the same element exists in our very midst. May we hope that it is not yet too late to raise a warning against what bids fair to become a pernicious nuisance. May we accept last Saturday's advertisement as a recantation of past errors, and a pledge that there shall be "no humbug" for the future attendant at least on lacrosse matches?

## THE CHILDREN IN THE MARKET PLACE.

**A Sermon preached in Zion Church by Rev. Alfred J. Bray, Sept. 7th, 879.**

ST. MATTHEW xi., 16-20.

Jesus Christ was the divine Critic of his age. He knew what was in man, and needed not that any should tell him. He grudged no praise when speaking of human goodness; He never failed to extol the excellent, and to bless the meek and the wise; He had an eye for every single point of beauty in any character; He understood John and Peter and Nathaniel, and loved them for the actual and for the possible in their nature; but what was not good; what was working against purity and nobility of character; whatever in man was uncertain and selfish, and merely basilar, He condemned without measuring His scorn, or the words by which He uttered it. He flattered none; He undervalued none; He was divinely just in criticism, and held the mirror up that men might see themselves in all their beauty or deformity. You remember how He spoke woes upon the formal Pharisees and letter-loving Scribes of His time; how He brought out one by one the several points of their hardness and ugliness. They are so plain that we could but despise the men though we had no sense of God and eternal righteousness. But for Christ we might have thought well of the Pharisees; their ecclesiastical beards; their ecclesiastical robes; their ecclesiastical strut in the streets; their long prayers and frequent loud charities were, at least, impressing and impressive, and but for the deep searching, heavenly critic who has told us of what the soul of them was builded, we should have numbered them among the saints of the dying Jewish Church. No one else dared call them by their true name; no prophet before Him, and not one of His disciples dared take that solemn looking piece of humanity called a Pharisee, and label it *hypocrite*. But the great Critic spoke out and called things and men by their right names.

"To what shall I liken this generation," asked Christ, and in answer to His own question said, "It is like unto children." Now this is somewhat startling, for under many circumstances He had recommended child-likeness as the very beau ideal of character. He blessed children, and said, "For of such is the Kingdom of God." When His disciples wrangled for places and names of honour, He set a child up in their midst and bade them copy the shrinking modesty. And it is patent that there is a kind of child-likeness which is very beautiful and admirable. It is an early development of spirit; the bloom of Paradise is upon it, which the world has not had time to rub off; it is the period when ambition and self-assertiveness are dormant. But the next stage, when they are big enough to take care of their own limbs, and play in the

market place, and go home for their meals, often develops qualities which are neither admirable nor exemplary. They love play as opposed to all earnest work, and in their play they manifest whim, caprice, peevishness. They are changeable in their humour; easily provoked; fastidious and hard to please; playing at a marriage now and at a funeral then, but finding no enjoyment in either at the time.

The men of Christ's own time, and especially the religious people of the day—the bearded and phylactered Pharisees, who were the boastful leaders in all piety—were like children. He and John were greatly in earnest about the truths of the Kingdom. They spoke of eternal things to the souls of men; with strong crying they called the dead to life; they strove with holy might and main to promote the interests of piety in the earth: while the Pharisees were merely playing at religion, making it a thing of garments, and beards, and toy sacrifices, and toy charities, and toy prayers—all the time smiling complacently on themselves and their works. But the unpleasing childlikeness went further. They not merely played at religion, but they quarrelled while at play. They were changeable in their temper, capricious in their humour, peevish, and hard to please. One set wanted to play at marriages when the other set wanted to play at funerals, and things were always getting out of joint. John and Christ were utterly unlike in spirit, in ways of life and methods of work; if one is unpopular, surely the other will be a favourite? They represent extremes, but one must please! No; both are unpopular. John the Baptist came a very storm, thundering in upon the dull and fatal repose of the Church; a man of mind and heart and soul crying to the mind and heart and soul of men to awake to a sense of right and God and eternal judgment; with most awful earnestness he preached on the need for penitence, and pointed to the heavens gathered black with threatened woes. But the small-souled critics who had hurried down to Jordan at the tidings of the new preacher said: This is extreme; he is a monomaniac; he is possessed; he has only one fixed idea in his head; he hath a devil, and is mad, come away. The Baptist mourned to them, wailed and wept over the dead virtues of a nation, but they would not lament. They said: This is not religion; the tune of the Church is set to a gayer measure than that; life has joy in it; the Church is the home of gladness, come away, that fellow for ever crying, Repent, repent, is mad.

Then Jesus came out of Nazareth—bright as a spring morning, lovely as a thought of God—but a man, intensely a man, one of the people; not an ascetic, but conforming to the ordinary habits of society; eating and drinking wine at a marriage just like the other feasters; accepting an invitation to a dinner-party on a Sabbath afternoon; dressing like the ordinary mortals of village and city. His look upon the lily, and the bird, and the corn in the fields, and the water that gleamed in a well, and the blue deeps of heaven, caused joy to break from his eyes and his lips in unmeasured streams. And again the long-faced Pharisees were shocked. They said, Surely this man is of hard heart, for he seems to forget the sadness that is in human life, the sins and misery and death that are all around; an earnest man, a real teacher inspired of God, could never sit down and feast while men are dying. See what drunkenness there is around, and yet *he* drinks wine; behold a wine-bibber as bad as the rest. Men are gluttons, and he eats like them; behold a glutton. Look at his chosen companions, they are not the great saints of the day, they are not respectable Pharisees, they are not even members of the Church; he is rather the friend of publicans and sinners. He is not a prophet, he is a sinner, he is the emissary of Beelzebub.

Yes, friends, it may sound very strangely in your ears, and it may rudely tear some loved illusions from our eyes, but it is none the less true that, while John the Baptist was charged with madness, with being beside himself, Jesus Christ was publicly charged with drunkenness and gluttony. And this not by sneering Sadducees who gloried in all the shame of the Church, not by the hard-hearted unbelievers of the day, but by prominent members of the Church. John stood outside of society; had no mind for their ordinary life; had no sympathy with their light-hearted manners; his criticism was condemnation—and they called him mad. Jesus Christ was one of the people; ate like them; drank like them; dressed like them; companied with them—and they said, "Behold a winebibber and a glutton, a friend of publicans and sinners."

But Jesus Christ turned from the tribunal of childish men to that higher, that highest, true Wisdom. "And yet," He exclaimed, "wisdom was justified of her children." They were working in different ways, they were employing different methods; but they were sent by one God, they were animated by one spirit, they were looking for one result. John was not a reed shaken by the wind, nor a seeker of ease in kings' palaces, but a prophet,—aye, and more than a prophet. Jesus Christ was not a profligate, but man's true brother, man's lofty exemplar, man's way to truth, man's redeemer, man's sacrifice, the Son of God, with power to save unto the uttermost. The small-soul'd Pharisees, with their dry moralities and perverted visions, misjudged both; but the eternal wisdom of God was justified, was vindicated in the lives they lived and the works they did.

I want to use the teaching of this parable for criticism and instruction. The first point of interest is found in the people themselves, who had set up as judges of John and Christ, and whom Christ likened to discontented children playing in the market place. Remember that the Church had become a mere formality,—a body without a soul, a letter without the infinite inner sacredness of the spirit of truth. The divine teaching which had come by prophet and priest had crystallised into hard and dry creeds for the regulation of personal demeanour; the system had become mere rusted machinery—the fire that once burned at the centre had long ago died out. Great pressure was brought to bear upon the Church from without, for great changes were being forced upon all institutions. But the Jews clung to their traditions, and maintained the old forms of things, in the vain imagining that they were clinging to the old life which once moved so strongly in the heart of their fathers. And as it always happens with a people enslaved by the conventional as to creeds and forms of life, they were an unintellectual people. The strict Pharisee was as ignorant as he was narrow. With but few exceptions Phariseeism was separated from the intellectual life of the age. Letters, music, and philosophy were confined to Greece; Rome was developing the science of politics, but the Jews were content to stand still, and desired only to be let alone. Such men could no more understand a John or a Jesus than an Indian could comprehend an angel, or an ape could understand a Darwin. They wanted a great man, and rushed to hear John, and then to hear Jesus; but, then, they had formed their ideal, and he must answer to that, or be no great man at all to them. They wanted a great work done in the midst of them, and for them; but, then, they had decided what the work was, and how it should be done. They took no counsel of Heaven—only of their own understanding; they sought no higher wisdom than the feeble light of their own knowledge. A sound came from the desert—the voice of an original man calling on men to repent; they went down to see, and returned disappointed, saying: "A reed shaken with the wind," a madman shouting for an hour. Tidings came of a teacher from Nazareth. They saw a genial man—a man of joy and sorrow, of sympathy most tender—a man blessing children, and eating and drinking in a common way, and they said "*He* is not *the man;* he is a profligate." John mourned unto them, but they said he was mad, and would not lament. Christ piped to them, but they called Him hard names and would not dance,—a poor, peevish, small-soul'd people, whose miserable humours changed like the wind, and whom nothing could satisfy and nothing could please.

That is past and gone; but it is marvellous how history repeats itself, and how the mill of time grinds the old down to bring it forth again as new, preserving the spirit. There are people in all our churches answering exactly to this old world-picture of the children in the market place. Their religion consists in devotion to forms and creeds. Because they are theological, they think they are pious. They can only reason within certain defined limits; they allow themselves no freedom and so deny it to others; they are capricious and peevish as children—nothing will please or hold them for long together—the smallest departure from the conventional is a violent outrage to be resented at all costs; and like those old Jews they are always looking for some new man to come and work a change—for they are not satisfied even with the old traditional—but the man must work in their way, and the change must be after their mind, or he is no prophet and hero to them—a reed in the wind, or—a profligate. Some are like that by the very nature of them. They are shallow pools only, and every passing breeze stirs them to the bottom—there are no great silent deeps in them which remain calm when the surface is troubled—they have no reserves of affections which they can use when faith is shaken and constancy is tested—they are soon hot and soon cold, but never caught and held for long by a great sentiment or a great idea. And it is a fact that such men are easily brought into the Church for they are easily impressed—they do not enter by the reason but by the impulse of shallow emotions. And they never think their way out of it, or think their way through it; they simply say, "does this or that please me?" and according to their capricious temper do they love or dislike. Let a man come and beg them to mourn—let him tell them of sins and misery, of the judgments of God on earth and hell hereafter; they say, this is too lugubrious, too dismal; we want some bright colours woven into life; we want some singing and dancing—don't turn life into a funeral. But let some man come and tell them of God's mercy and love—of the joys which are sown in man's lot as flowers are sown in the garden—of the hope which shines clear from the Fatherhood of God into the great hereafter—and they say, 'Ah! but we want to hear the doctrine of original sin, and predestination, and eternal torment!' Let a man come who practices all the hardness of the ascetic—let him dress ecclesiastically, and look ecclesiastically, and talk after the manner of the old Fathers, and they say, 'Oh yes; he is good, but so unsympathetic; he doesn't understand us at all.' Let him be the other extreme—let him live a man's life amongst men—speaking his earnest strong word as he best knows how—but assuming no ecclesiastical airs, and they say he is—well, they have a variety of names for him. I know those people—some of them—great ill-tempered boys; they find nothing to please them—at home nothing is right, and they grumble—in the church everything is wrong, and they grumble there—children in the streets pipe to them, and they'll ask for a funeral—mourn to them, and they'll ask for cheerful music. They are themselves the standard of thought, the directors of work, and whatever is not tame, is not half-and-halfness, whatever is not mediocre is wrong—a thing to be condemned. Now, as in the

days of Christ, the Church is weighted down with dull-minded, custom-ridden, mechanical formalists—men who abhor originality, poetry, passion, and are incapable of making allowance for the faults, real or seeming, which spring out of these; men who look only on the surface of things, and lack the insight which can look into the heart of a man and see there the true worthy explanation of strange eccentric actions, and who still would pronounce a John the Baptist a madman, and Jesus of Nazareth a profligate.

II. The next point I would remark upon is drawn from the grand protest of Christ, to the effect that wisdom is compatible with differences as to life and work. In one respect John and Jesus were alike. Each was inspired by a holy passion for doing the divine will, and for getting others to do it for all time. This noble passion ruled their life and shaped their conduct, as it rules the life and shapes the conduct of all the great-hearted sons of wisdom. But along with this unity of passion and purpose may go great diversity in means and methods for accomplishing the common end. A man to be true to his God and his work, must be true to his own nature; and his manner of life and of action must correspond to his gifts and his opportunities, and to the time and need of the place, and not to the whims of a capricious people. Means must be adapted to ends, and men must be like their work. John and Christ had different work to do. John was a child of the old time, a Hebrew prophet, and his business was to show the people the sinfulness of their sins. His work involved rough tasks, and demanded the exercise of a stern, strong will. He had to prepare the way of the Lord; to level heights, to fill up valleys, to make rough places smooth, and crooked places straight; that is to say, he had to humble men's pride, to rouse dormant consciences, to expose special sins. And the man to do that work must be austere, so that by the very exaggerations of his self-denial he may protest against all forms of sensuality. So the man stood forth—the very incarnation of his own work. The rough garment of camel's hair, girt about him with a leathern girdle, was a grand symbol, which spoke to the eye of the people, and told them that this man was a veritable prophet, another Elijah among them, representing the Moral Law, and from the smoking peak of Sinai thundering down the stern "Thou shalt not" against the vices of the world. The people had to be shocked, aroused, frightened, and that can only be accomplished by exaggerations and extremes, by storms rushing from stormy hearts, by strong speech uttered by men who feel strongly. John was not beautiful; was not symmetrical; was not well-balanced; he was one-sided, singular, extreme, but the man for the work heaven and earth required of him; a strong, stern man; a very prophet of the prophets.

Jesus Christ had a different work to do. He had to shed abroad the genial sunshine of His Father's love; He brought the Kingdom nigh, which is righteousness, and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. God had come down from Sinai's brow, and ceased to speak in thunder; He was a gracious, loving presence; healing all and giving life. Christ was the "Son of man;" He wanted to get close to the people; to win their confidence and trust, in order that He might find His way into their hearts with His gospel of mercy and heaven. So He came eating and drinking; He accepted existing customs, those that were harmless, so as to gain for Himself the chance for doing good. He asked a drink of water from a sinful woman, and told her of the living water; He went self-invited to dine with a publican, and brought salvation to the house. He had come to preach a God of infinite love and tenderness to the poor, and the preacher to succeed must be *en rapport* with his hearers. They would have been afraid of the dark browed prophet; but that man, wearing simple garments, eating and drinking just as they did every day, wearing a sunny smile upon His face, as if He had good news to tell; they were not afraid of Him; they thronged around Him; heard Him gladly; eyes long dulled with weeping kindled with the light of a new hope which rose in the heart at His words; bent bodies straightened, as if the soul had recovered a long lost sense of manhood; faces scarred and seamed all over by sins were brightened as the light of the soul broke through them. They found in Him a *man*, a brother, and then, the Son of God, mighty to redeem. "Wisdom *was* justified of her children."

It is the same now; work of many kinds must be done. In building the temple, some must fell the tall cedars in the forests of Lebanon; some must raft them along to Joppa; some must dig stones in the quarries of Mount Moriah, and some must work in silver and gold. But the trouble is that many short-sighted mortals want that all shall work with the same tools and in the same way. They want the same man to fell trees, and quarry stones and work in silver and gold. To change the figure a moment, they demand that the poet shall lead an army; that the intellectual man shall be emotional; that the scholar shall drudge at unscholarly work; that men shall do violence to all the instincts of their true nature to suit the fancied wants of society. There is work for the pastor to do, work of quiet ministering, and there are men to do it; there is work for the preacher to do, work of rousing the conscience, and kindling the emotions, and informing the judgment—a work of true prophecy—and there are preachers to do it. There is work for the revivalist to do in and for the masses, in a rough and earnest way; most needful work, and God has sent men to do it. There is work for the orator and scholar, work that must be done if men are to be developed in all that is divine in humanity; and God has gifted men to do it. But the unthinking crowd of critics grumble at each in turn. The earnest, homely revivalist pleases but for a day; the graceful, eloquent preacher has but a short time of favour; the pastor is welcomed for awhile, but is complained of soon because he lacks the poet's gifts and preacher's grace. But—"wisdom *is* justified of her children," and the true man's work is blessed.

Now the practical and important teaching of our Lord in the matter is this: that wisdom is not a time-server, and her true-hearted, devoted children—the men who seek to do real, permanent work for God and humanity—will not accommodate themselves to the capricious humours of a changeful people. That is where the divine and heaven-born wisdom differs from the wisdom of the world. The wisdom of the world says, "Serve the time in which you live; make an effort to have things pleasant about you; study to be in the fashion; think along the lines of popular belief; speak the acceptable Shibboleth; put on appearances; suit yourself to those by whose favour you can live; don't oppose yourself to the strong current of public opinion. If you must stifle conviction to do that, then stifle conviction; if you must chill enthusiasm, then chill it; if it debars you from living a great heroic life, then let heroism go by the board. Serve the times and live in peace and favour." That is a bad spirit, you say,—a thing to be met and tolerated out in the market, or in ordinary social life, but surely not in the Church? Well, the Spirit of Divine Wisdom lives and rules in the Church, and by the inspiration of it many a great soul works the works of God under the disfavour of a grumbling age; many are true to their own nature and their heavenly calling. They are called mad or profligate; but, like their great Master, they make confident appeal to God's eternal wisdom. But not all are that. Multitudes have yielded to the people; they have suffered mental and moral deformity; they have allowed their best powers to run to waste, their deepest convictions to lie unuttered; they have consented to speak but half their thoughts, and those the least important; they have schooled their faces; they have schooled their tongues; they have bowed down to the spirit of the age until they are bent and deformed, and men of strength and beauty no more. All can hardly be as John or Jesus, and those peevish children have a terrific power upon pliant natures. There is an old saying, "Like priest, like people"; it would be ten times more correct to say "Like people, like priest." Now and then the brave heroic man is found as preacher; but only now and then. And those querulous hosts of church members have grumbled the reality, the heart, the manhood out of multitudes of those who started with enthusiastic, high resolve to be true to truth and God. But what could they?—forced out of the pale of ordinary manhood, invested with a fancied sanctity, told their work and modes of life, and charged to follow them if they would be at peace? What could they, not being heroes of the faith? I only wonder that they have maintained so much of manhood as they yet possess. After so many centuries of oppression, it is almost a miracle that you can yet find men of independent spirit in the clerical order. Constant opposition from without—the sneers of unbelievers—the tumultuous attack of Godless crowds—the onslaught of the devil upon faith and holiness—will only make a man of God more manly; they act upon his moral and spiritual nature as the storms upon the oak, welding the branches hard, and driving the roots deeper into the soil. But this grumbling, this peevishness of church members is like a worm at the root, weakening all the tree by hindering the sap from flowing up to branches and leaves. Aye, it is true: "Like people, like priest." Shall I tell you how to get a poor and flabby ministry?—be poor and flabby yourselves. Shall I tell you how to get a hard and cold ministry, from which you can draw no inspiration and no comfort?—be hard and cold and give forth no affection. You can shape life anywhere just as you like. Out in the world you will get just what you give. Be unsocial, and others will be unsocial with you: be hard, and they will be hard. Be cold and peevish at home, and you will soon drive love out at the window and bring hate in at the door. So in matters of religious life—let your face shine, and you will find a world of sunshine about you; let your heart warm toward others, and their heart will warm toward you; strike up a song, and plenty will join in the chorus; help others to heaven, and a host will help you. But,—be complaining children, demanding impossible things—each claiming all his rights and privileges—all indulging in caprices of temper, and you will find no good in church fellowships, and no inspiration in any ministry. John and Jesus withstood the evil tempers of the age. John was a brave prophet, and Jesus was divine; and John was soon murdered in prison, and Jesus was crucified after three years of ministry. Those children rose *en masse* and killed the men who would not pipe when they were in the humour for dancing, or mourn when they wished to lament. Only a few have followed those great examples. For the most part preachers are made by the people. Some of them are—the remainder of them soon will be, precisely after your own heart. I find that the ministry is a hard, almost impossible place for the most pliant and pliable of time-servers. They cannot always change in time to meet the the changing humours of the people; they cannot always guard their lips from speaking words which spring from unorthodox thoughts. Sometimes the pain at their heart will not allow them to smile just when the smile is expected; now and then they, too, get out of joint with things. Yes; for even them the

life spent in piping and mourning by turns is hard. But the conviction has been forced upon me, and is growing, that the ministry, as to-day constituted, is a place where a man of independent thought, of untrammelled reasoning, of free spirit and free speech, cannot live. Those rough old methods of punishment—the prison and the cross—are out of date: but the more refined methods known to this day are just as effectual. For myself, I am decided. I will not shape my conduct or my speech to suit the changeful tempers of children; I will not bow down and worship a dull conventionality; I will hold myself free to think and to speak out any or all of my thoughts; I shall strive to live my own man's life, in so far as it does not interfere with even the weakness of others; I shall use my energies to the best ends and in the way by which I can accomplish most. While I can do that in the ministry, while I can keep my manhood, I hope to preach; for I love the work, I love to preach Christ and Him crucified. But, when I cannot do that, when I have to put myself where I am not free to think, and speak, and be a man—then, in the name of God and my own manhood, I will turn to something else where I can get my bread and keep my self-respect. It is not needful that I should live in ease and comfort; unpopularity is not of necessity the prelude to eternal punishment; what is called heterodoxy is not always a proof of the divine displeasure, and a man's life may well be blessed when the world has accounted it a failure.

But I want to say this with all the emphasis I can command: It is for you, the laity, to determine what the ministry shall be. My brothers and my sisters, make it great. Be free yourselves; be true yourselves; be constant; be thorough; have the faith which makes men strong, the love which makes men beautiful; let your manhood be moulded after the one great Pattern and Redeemer of us all, and you will greaten the ministry and the ministry will greaten you, and God shall count us as His children in whom wisdom is justified.

## THINGS IN GENERAL.

### SALES BY AUCTION.

Under its older English names of an *outrope*, an *outery*, or a *portsale*, there are numerous allusions to the auction in our early literature. So in the "Nomenclator" of Adrian Junius, 1585, "To make open sale or *portsale*, as they sell by the crier," &c. In "Cotgrave," 1611, we read, "*Vendre a l'encant*, to sell by *portsale* or *outrope*, Proverbe, *En un encant tiens la bouche coye.* Be not hasty to overbid another." "*Enchere*, any portsale, outrope, or bargaining wherein he that bids most is to carry it." Compare also Decker's "Dead Tearme," 1608, (cited by Nares) "As at a common *outrope*, when household stuff is to be sold, they cry, Who will give more?" As regards book auctions, the kind of auction in which a large section of your readers are most interested I find no book auction catalogues earlier than the Restoration. Here is one: "Catalogus Librorum Bibliothecæ Lazari Seaman, quorum auctio habebitur Londoni, &c., cura G. Cooper, 1676." Such catalogues of the seventeenth century are all now scarce; still a good number of them are known to exist. I only possess one myself, viz., that of the library of John Lloyd, Bishop of St. David's, sold by auction at Tom's Coffee-house, by John Bullard, 1698. * * * In my copy of Raymond's "History of England," folio, 1787, page 419, it is stated, among the remarkable occurrences in the reign of William III., "1700.—The first auction in England by Elisha Yale, Governor of Fort St. George, in the East Indies, who sold the goods he brought from thence in that manner."—*Notes and Queries.*

### TAXES ON NATURE.

A Boston paper picks out a few impositions to which Americans submit, as follows:

"Niagara Falls is the grandest cataract in the world. Half of it belongs to the United States, yet it is not possible for an American citizen even to look at the falls unless he pays twenty-five cents. Watkins Glen, New York, is a wonderful chasm, wild and picturesque, but the free American citizen must pay fifty cents to enter it. It is hard to fence in Mount Washington, and it has not yet been accomplished, but as the fares are much higher than the mountains the free American citizen may think he can save money by walking to the top. He is mistaken. He will have to pay eighty cents to walk up. The Au Sable basin is gloomy and grand, but it costs the American citizen fifty cents to see it. The flume of the Fraconia notch is worth seeing—seventy cents worth. The whirlpool at Niagara is sad and sombre; at least it makes the American citizen feel so when he goes there with a party of ladies—fifty cents each. The falls of Montgomery are romantic, historical, and beautiful—twenty-five cents admission and fifty cents toll. If American speculators could only erect a wall along the sea-coast so that no one could see the ocean without paying a dollar, it is quite likely the free American citizen would go to see it without a murmur, and take his children, if they were allowed to go for half price."

### LITERARY WAGES, ITALY, 1752.

But few servants have ever been so badly paid as those who served the god in those days in Italy. Fifteen pence, English, was the price of a volume of 200 pages at Venice; Gozzi's poetical "Gazzetta" was sold for 5 sous—prices which show only too unmistakably that the authors could have received little or nothing for the manuscripts. Two-pence half-penny was the recognized price of a sonnet. And, considering the quality of the wares, the poets, even at that rate, would seem to have been better paid than the translators. Goldoni received 30s. for one of his plays *a soggetto*, (that is, those whose subject, characters and plot only were furnished to the dramatist, the dialogue being left to the actors,) and from £15 to £20 for his written dramas; from which data Gozzi calculates that each verse was worth something less than each stitch of a cobbler. Passeroni, one of Parini's earliest friends, was so poor that Sterne, when he saw him at Milan, surprised at the evidently miserable condition of his circumstances, and saying, "Why, you must have made ever so much by your 'Cicerone,'" was answered that the poem had not repaid the expenses of printing. It is true that the "Cicerone" had made its author a member of the "Transformati," of the "Arcadians," of the "Fluttuanti," of the "Agiati," of the "Infecondi," and of many more academies in different cities of the peninsula. There was abundance of praise, but no scraps of pudding.—*Belgravia.*

### ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

[Suggested by the fact that a young lady at the North London Collegiate School has recently, at the mathematical examination, obtained honours equivalent to a Senior Optime at Cambridge.]

I'm glad Reformers who arrange
Their plans t' improve the nation,
Have tried to make a thorough change
In female education.

I don't see why a girl should waste
Her time in bagatelles,—
In making toys of cards and paste,
Or quizzing other belles;

But why not like her brothers try
Her head at mathematics,
Or natural philosophy,
And dive in hydrostatics.

For if to folly she's inclined,
And clever folks despise,
In algebra she'll quickly find
The value of the Y's (wise).

Or should her back too crooked grow,
And from the straight line swerve,
She'll cure it better should she know
Th' equation of the curve.

And if, when married, her new lord
Should at her rudely swear,
She'll put her Euclid on the board,
And quickly make things square.

Should she for country town forsake,
And feed her feathery bipeds;
She with their eggs will puddings make,
In *parallelopipeds.*

Some silly girls to amuse their mind,
Will knit and make silk purses,
But she to classic joys inclined
Will scribble Latin verses;

And how delightful 'tis to write
What cunning aunts can't spell,
In Latin *billet-doux* indite,
In Greek her love-thoughts tell.

And if the workings of her heart
Too much for words should prove,
In Sappho's page her eyes may smart,
Or Ovid's art of love.

Or throwing such wild strains aside,
Geometry may tame
Her raging passion, soothe her pride,
Her wandering thoughts reclaim.

And then in *hyperbolic* praise,
Should men her great perfections quote,
She'll know, whatever hopes they raise,
She's but perfection's *asymptote.**

*T. G. Margary.*

* In mathematics, the *asymptote* to an *hyperbola* is a straight line continually approaching the curve, but which if produced for ever will never reach it.

THE humourous columns of our American exchanges are frequently very tediously wiredrawn; the following from the Syracuse Journal however is a "happy thought":—

"Summer is over and the '*embers*' of the year are about all that is left to us."

A FRIEND in England sends the following item:—

I strolled into the Dulwich Picture Gallery the other day, and enjoyed the quietude greatly. While looking at the portrait of Mrs. Moodey, by Gainsborough, a portly dame, accompanied by her equally portly husband, came up. "Well, I never!" exclaimed the lady, "if there isn't a portrait of Mrs. Moody. Who'd have thought it? But," she continued, looking suspiciously at the attendant, "*where's Mrs. Sankey?*"

# Chess.

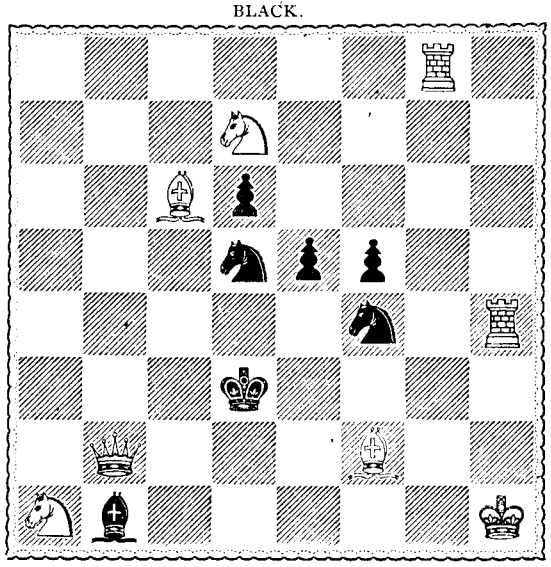
*All Correspondence intended for this Column, and Exchanges, should be directed to the* CHESS EDITOR, CANADIAN SPECTATOR *Office, 162 St. James Street, Montreal.*

Montreal, Sept. 13th, 1879.

PROBLEM NO. XXXVIII.

By W. Coates, Cheltenham, Eng. From the *Chess-players' Chronicle.*

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. XXXV.

| *White.* | *Black.* | *White.* | *Black.* | *White.* |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 B to K 6 | P to Kt 8 (a Q) (ch) | 2 Kt to Q Kt 2 (ch) | K takes Kt | 3 Kt to Q 3 mate. |
| | If K to Kt 8 | 2 Kt to Q 2 (ch) | K to B 8 | 3 Other Kt mates. |

## THE "MOVE OR NO MOVE" QUESTION.

We have much pleasure in presenting to our readers the following communication on this much-vexed question from Mr. A. P. Barnes, of New York. Though dissenting, ourselves, from his views, we will frankly admit that he argues the case very ably for the side of the "Movers."

*To the Chess Editor of the* CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

DEAR SIR,—The "Move" question is one of considerable importance to the chess community, and its liability of recurrence in all games not played over the board is a matter that should be provided for by immediate legislation. It is to be hoped that the initiative in this respect will be taken by the members of the Canadian Chess Association at the approaching meeting at Ottawa.

With your permission I will append a few remarks on the case as it presents itself to my mind. If I had been called on to arbitrate on the question, I should have felt obliged to decide that a false or illegal move had been made; at the same time I should have expressed an opinion that any player taking advantage of what was so palpably a slip of the pen in writing out the message for transmission, would be taking a very unhandsome advantage of technical law.

However, the present state of the question, so far as I have read the correspondence on it, is, Was any penalty incurred? *i.e.*, Was a false or illegal move made? My judgment is that such was the case. The opponents of this view seem to consider that because the move sent was an impossible one there is no penalty beyond the "touch and move" one, regarding this as a case coming under the law that the "touch and move" rule prevails in a telegraphic game. I think they are mistaken, and that they do not understand that the "touch and move" rule is meant to be applied in exactly the same manner as in a game over the board, and that a player in a telegraphic game would be obliged, if he touched a piece, to send off a move playing that man. In an important match by telegraph, I imagine each side would have an umpire to represent them at their opponent's end of the line, to guard against infringements of this rule.

What constitutes a move in a telegraphic game? The message handed to the operator. This style of playing permits an error like the one under discussion to occur, which could not well happen over the board. Now in the case before us, suppose the game were being played over the board, one player lifts his Rook, and presently replaces it on the square it originally occupied; he has made no move, but is obliged to move that Rook. Playing by telegraph he writes out his message and hands it to the operator; *that act completes his move, and it is irrevocable so far as he is concerned;* for any error or mistake he may have made in that message he is responsible, and must abide by the result. He might have sent Q to Q 5, meaning to move to Q 3, and one of his own men might occupy his Q's 5th square; this is an error of precisely the same nature as the one in the game under discussion, but will the "No Movers" maintain that he can only be obliged to play the Q somewhere? It would be hard to suffer for such a slip, and I hope there are few players who would enforce a penalty in such a case; but we are now discussing the actual law, and not questions of courtesy or good feeling amongst chess players. Again, supposing his K Kt remained unmoved and the message read "Castles K R," is there no penalty but moving the K or R? This would imply the "touch and move" principle; but I hold that the penalty incurred is that for a *false move.*

Supposing a difficult position arises, and a player desires to gain time for consideration, and that it happens that he knows a certain piece must move but has not fixed on the right square, he could gain all the time he wanted by making impossible moves with that piece!

If the theory of the "No Movers" be correct, it appears to me that it follows that there is no penalty but the "touch and move" for any impossible move made in a game by telegraph, which suggests to my mind another case that might arise: Suppose a move read "B takes Kt," and the player had already lost both his Bishops; the "touch and move" law could not apply here, and what would be the penalty?

The whole question, however, lies in the point, What constitutes a move in a game played by telegraph? If I am right in my conclusion that it is the message handed to the operator that is the player's move, then if, *for any reason whatever*, it is impossible to make on the board a move to correspond with that message, then the player has made a false move.

Explanations as to *why* the board cannot agree with the move do not affect the matter, and cannot be admitted. In the case in dispute I presume the player moved, *on his board*, Q R to K 7. Now does not the law expressly state that the board must be made to conform to the message sent, and does not that imply that the message is the "move"? thus showing that a move made over the board is not made in the same manner as by telegraph, and consequently an argument on what constitutes a move over the board does not touch the question at issue.

Yours very truly,

New York, August 28th, 1879. *A. P. Barnes.*

*To the Chess Editor of the* CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

DEAR SIR,—In reply to the article which appeared in your column of the 30th ult. regarding the "Move or No Move" question, I beg to remind your correspondents that the question must be settled by the Canadian Chess Association, according to the rules of that body now in force.

It seems to me endless work to show, that in accordance with those rules, *a move has been made*, and the C. C. A. cannot wriggle out of the matter, but must abide by their own rules, and not by what any individual member considers "ought to be."

The winning of a game is of minor importance to the just administration of the laws guiding our play, which I hope will be carried out in the present instance, according to the rules of the C. C. A. as they stand, and that those rules shall undergo revision so as to make them conform to the rules of chess as far as practicable as when playing over the board.

To pass over the views of your correspondents might seem like an admission that they were possible, which I deny. No "arbitrator" could, contrary to the regulations of the C. C. A., rule the "touch and move" penalty; neither could the receiver of the move, 18, Q R to Q 7, claim forfeit for not receiving a move *on time*, inasmuch as, according to the rules of the C. C. A., he did "receive a move," and there is no way of getting out of it. The rules regulating the present Correspondence Tourney are foreign to the subject.

I wil conclude by an analysis of your analogy. Writing a move on a slip of paper is analogous to touching a man on the board, but this great and insurmountable difference exists, that while you can enforce the penalty of "touch and move" over the latter, you can exercise no power over the former. If it were even possible for a player to show his written move to his opponent, the latter could not act on it, nor could he force him to send that move; all moves must go through the operator, and until that slip of paper is in the hands of the operator, it is the property of the sender, When once the move is in the hands of the operator all analogy to "touch and move" vanishes into incorporeal air! it becomes, accordingto the rules of the C. C. A., a *bona-fide* move.

It is just as well to cease further discussion in the matter. No honourable body of men, when they look into the question as it *should be* looked into, can have a doubt as to how to deal with it.

I leave it now in the hands of the C. C. A.

Yours truly,

Hamilton, September 2nd, 1879. *I. Ryall.*

[We were obliged to hold over the foregoing letters till the present week. Referring to Dr. Ryall's concluding remarks, are we to infer that he considers any body of men who may take an opposite view of the question to be the *reverse* of "honourable?" We may say with Marc Antony,

"This was the most unkindest cut of all!"

and with this slight paraphrase may we not ask:—

"Are not they all, all honourable men?"

—*Chess Ed.*]

## THE MONTREAL CHESS CLUB.

"I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me."—*Macbeth, Act IV., Sc. 3.*

Looking back into the past, we can remember the time when the Montreal Chess Club was a flourishing institution. It had a goodly roll of members, and could boast of the best chess talent of the country in its midst. Its weekly gatherings were numerously attended and its officers were active and efficient in the performance of their duties. Local tournaments, and matches with sister clubs in the Province followed each other with gratifying regularity, and everything betokened a most successful future.

What is the condition of the club at the present time?

Its list of membership does not contain one-half the array of names as at the time referred to—a decade of years ago.

No more can be witnessed the animating scene when half-a-score of tables were occupied by the devotees of the "most fascinating pastime the wisdom of antiquity has bequeathed to us."

In place of cordiality and a sentiment of *esprit de corps*, a spirit of disunion now unhappily prevails, and in consequence of *no meeting* having been held for the election of officers during a period of *twelve years*, the very *name*, even, of a club may be denied to the sparse community of individuals who visit the Montreal Gymnasium twice a week to play chess in a desultory sort of way, and to mourn over their fallen greatness.

What is the cause of this decline?

We answer—a want of proper organization. No body of men can agree to form a society for recreative purposes without the wholesome restraint of a code of laws and regulations, and officers energetic enough to see them carried out. The game of chess is no exception to the rule.

A list of rules and regulations being adopted, what conduces more than anything else to the success of a chess club? We answer emphatically—an active and zealous Secretary; he it is who is the actual worker; in comparison with him, the President, and the 1st, 2nd and 3rd Vice-Presidents are mere figure-heads. It is the Secretary who levies the contributions, who calls the meetings and gets the members together on all occasions; who arranges all matches, both in his own and with other clubs; who keeps minutes of all proceedings; who acts the part of host to visitors, and performs all and sundry actions pertaining to his office. If his duties extended also to the care of the chess materials and furniture of a club-room, he would find ample scope for the exercise of such care in the case of the Montreal Chess Club.

The chessmen are thrown higgledy-piggledy into open boxes, and as much time is occupied in finding complete sets of men as in using them for play afterwards; and as for the *chairs*—well, the Montreal players are a long-suffering race! To sit down on the ricketty structures is to incur the risk of injury to one's limbs, and it is not unusual, therefore, to see a member standing while playing a game. Some years ago one of the members, then M. P. for the Western Division of Montreal, moving uneasily in his chair while absorbed in a game, was suddenly *unseated*, not less to his own astonishment than to the dismay of those of his constituents present!

The writer has received from a New York friend a copy of the "Constitution and By-laws" of the Manhattan Chess Club. Provision is made in them for monthly, quarterly, and annual meetings, and the affairs of the club appear to be managed in a thorough business-like manner.

Again, the Croydon (Eng.) *Guardian* of a recent date contained the report of the Secretary of the Croydon Chess Club, which included a tabular statement showing the *average attendance* of the members throughout the year. How long will it be before the Montreal Chess Club possesses a similar good system of government? A torpor is benumbing its existence—when will it show signs of awakening?

# Musical.

All correspondence intended for this column should be directed to the Musical Editor, CANADIAN SPECTATOR Office, 162 St. James Street, Montreal.

## ORCHESTRAL MUSIC.

The third of the series of orchestral concerts under the direction of Dr. Maclagan will be given in the Mechanics' Hall on Monday evening. The programme is well selected, and includes Haydn's Symphony in C, which is to be performed in its entirety for the first time in Montreal; Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" is also to be given, besides a waltz by Strauss and other works of a lighter character. The vocal soloists are to be Miss Lizzie Scott, of Montreal, and Mr. W. Denyer, of the Toronto Philharmonic Society, the latter being down for "Les Rameaux," by Fause. These concerts afford our citizens an opportunity for hearing a class of musical compositions that would otherwise be unknown to them, and we hope that the audience may be even larger than at the last concert, so that the members of the orchestra may be induced to keep together and to give us during the winter season some of the master-pieces of Haydn, Beethoven and Mozart.

THE Mendelssohn Quintette Club of Boston is to give a concert here next month. It is now a long time since this excellent organization has visited us, and we rejoice to know that we are not to be passed over this season. The members of the Mendelssohn Club have done much to educate the people of our city, and the oftener they come here the better, for us at least.

AN American contemporary speaks of Mr. Frank King as the "husband and manager" of Miss Julia Rivé!

MISS EMMA THURSBY has been unanimously elected *Societaire* of the French Artists' Association.

A NEW dramatic copyright law has been passed in England, one effect of which is to permit authors publishing in America to retain their British rights.

"PINAFORE" has at last come before the French musical and literary public, thanks to a grave and exhaustive critique in *Le Temps*. "H. M. S. Pinafore"—or, as the reviewer calls it, "The Vessel of Her Majesty, the Pinafore"—is, we are informed, sung everywhere. The French will be apt to come to the conclusion that the children of perfidious Albion now-a-days, as five hundred years ago, in the time of Froissart, amuse themselves sadly and are not half such good sailors as they would like to have other people think.

# PIANOS.

## JOSEPH P. HALE.

SKETCH OF THE CAREER OF A GREAT PIANO MANUFACTURER.

INCIDENTS IN THE GROWTH OF AN IMMENSE BUSINESS.

**The Many Improvements and Rapid Success of the "Hale" Pianos.**

Mr. Joseph P. Hale—like so many of the men whose business ability and mechanical skill have made America what it is, the most progressive country in in the world—is a Yankee of the Yankees. He was born in 1819, at Bernardston, Franklin County, Mass., where the Hales had been respectable farmers for several generations. The death of his father, when the lad was in his fourth year, left a large family dependent on his widow, and the young Joseph's first efforts to make himself useful were consecrated to her assistance. Under such circumstances he received only a brief and irregular education, and at the very time when most youths of fourteen are ambitious of little else than a reputation in the base-ball field, he became the mail carrier of the district; no trifling duty, for it involved twice every week a ride of seventy-five miles. For two years he went this round among the rural post-offices, in all sorts of weather. But the post of mail carrier, while a laborious and responsible one, offered no prospects of such a career as J. P. Hale longed for. Confident, energetic and honest as he was, he set out to find his vocation in life; he tried his hand at all the small mechanical industries which he could find in the New England villages, and after some years he pitched his tent in Worcester, a town which had always been famous for its skilled mechanics.

His seven years of apprenticeship, as we may regard it, were now over, his *wanderjahre* were finished, his business life began.

With his success his ambition grew, and occasional visits to New York led him to form the wish of establishing himself where he could find a wide field for his energies. Circumstances drew his attention to the piano trade. His experience as a carpenter taught him something of the cost of both materials and labour. The delicate mechanism of the piano was soon understood by the man who had been so successful as a mechanic in Worcester, and he had a far-seeing eye. He not only saw that some of the old manufacturers were extravagant workmen or loved extravagant profits, but clearly perceived that their system was stifling the trade in its birth. He saw that, beyond the wealthy class who did not care what was paid for a piano provided it bore a fashionable name, there existed a large and constantly increasing body of our fellow-citizens who cared more for what a thing was than what it professed to be; he saw that every day music was more the subject of general attention and was becoming a part of common school education, and that a certain fortune awaited the enterprising man who first offered to the middle and industrial classes a good instrument at a cheap rate. He determined on a revolution which would make a piano as easily procured as a cooking-stove or a sewing-machine.

Mr. Hale came to New York in 1860 with a capital of $30,000, and, after a brief experience of partnership into which he was beguiled at his first arrival, established himself in a small factory on Hudson and Canal Streets. His trade constantly increased, and necessitated constant removals and additions to buildings. His factory on Tenth Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street is one of the most complete in the country. Each room is devoted to a specific part of the piano, and each workman spends his time on one part of the instrument. A new, immense factory will be erected on the river front at 146th Street. It will be eight hundred feet front, fifty feet wide, and eight stories high. Here, under one roof, all parts of the instruments will be constructed, and arrangements will be made for ten freight-cars to run in and load under the roof. When we say that a piano is sent from the factory every twenty-five minutes during the ten working hours of the day, it will be seen what necessity there is for ready handling of the goods.

The secret of Mr. J. P. Hale's success, then, is personal attention to business, strict economy, and cash purchases. A few figures will show to what an extent his trade has developed since 1860. During the first five years he made and sold 2,200 instruments; during the next five years about 5,000, giving a total for the decade of 7,200 pianos. At present Mr. Hale turns out 140 pianos per week, or over 7,200 per year.

Great as this supply is, he could dispose of a great many more per week if he had room to produce them in his present factory. He is generally five or six hundred behind orders.

During Mr. Hale's business career in New York he has never had a note discounted, nor borrowed a dollar.

## SAINT ANNE, OTTAWA RIVER.

### Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Secretary of Public Works, and endorsed "Tender for Canal and Lock at St. Anne," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails on FRIDAY, THE 10TH DAY OF OCTOBER next, for the construction of a Lock and the formation of approaches to it on the landward side of the present lock at St. Anne.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specification of the work to be done, can be seen at this office and at the Resident Engineer's office, at St. Anne, on and after SATURDAY, THE 27TH DAY OF SEPTEMBER next, at either of which places printed forms of Tender can be obtained.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms, except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted Bank cheque for the sum of $2,000 must accompany the Tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works, at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfilment of the contract, satisfactory security will be required by the deposit of money to the amount of *five per cent.* on the bulk sum of the contract; of which the sum sent in with the Tender will be considered a part.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

To each Tender must be attached the actual signatures of two responsible and solvent persons, residents of the Dominion, willing to become sureties for the carrying out of these conditions, as well as the due performance of the works embraced in the Contract.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

DEPARTMENT OF RAILWAY AND CANALS,
OTTAWA, 29th August, 1879.

## RIVER ST. MAURICE.

### Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Repairs of Grandes Piles Dam," will be received at this office until the THIRTEENTH day of NEXT SEPTEMBER, inclusive.

The plans and specification of the work can be seen at this office and at the Superintendent's Office at Three Rivers, on and after the twenty-fifth instant. Printed forms of tender can also be obtained together with printed copies of the specification in English and French at these places and at the residence of Arthur Rousseau, Slide-Master at St. Boniface de Shawenegan, by parties tendering, only.

Ten per cent. will be retained of the monthly progress estimates until the completion of the work.

To each tender must be attached the actual signatures of two responsible and solvent persons, residents of the Dominion of Canada, willing to become sureties for the due performance of the work embraced in the contract.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 22nd August, 1879.

## IN STOCK.

Prunella, 10 to 20 Thread.
Elastic Webs, 4½ to 5 inches.
Shoe Rivets, in Brass and Iron, all sizes.
Shoe Nails in Common Iron, Swede and Zinc
Hook Eyelets.
Do Machines.
Heel Plates in Iron, 2¼ to 3 inches.
Boot Laces, Real Porpoise and French Calf.
Day & Martin's Liquid Blacking.

Kerr's, N. M. T. Thread, Black and White, 300 yards.
Do Linen finished do, 9 cord.

FOR SALE BY

**J. B. MACDONALD,**
**26 ST. SACRAMENT STREET.**

## AUCTION SALE

OF THE

**LEASES OF TIMBER LIMITS.**

AN AUCTION SALE OF THE LEASES OF NINETEEN TIMBER LIMITS, situate on Lake Winnipegoosis and the Water-Hen River, in the North-West Territories, will be held at the Dominion Lands Office, Winnipeg, on the 1st day of September, 1879. The right of cutting timber on these limits will be sold, subject to the conditions set forth in the "Consolidated Dominion Lands Act." They will be put up at a bonus of Twenty Dollars per Square Mile, and sold by competition to the highest bidder.

Plans, descriptions, conditions of sale and all other information will be furnished on application at the Dominion Lands Office in Ottawa, or to the Agent of Dominion Lands in Winnipeg.

By order,

J. S. DENNIS,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, 17th July, 1879.

## TENTS! TENTS!

FOR SALE OR HIRE.

Price from $8 upwards.

Maker of the celebrated UMBRELLA TENT.

SAILS of all kinds for SHIPS and YACHTS.

☞ *Note the Address,*

**CHRISTOPHER SONNE,**

13 COMMON STREET,

(Near Allan's Wharf,) - - MONTREAL.


**HAMILTON & CO.,**

Fancy and Staple Dry Goods,

105 ST. JOSEPH STREET,

(Opposite Dupre Lane)

MONTREAL.

## VICTORIA MUTUAL
## FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

OF CANADA.

*HEAD OFFICE, Hamilton, Ontario.*

W. D. BOOKER, Secretary. GEO. H. MILLS President.

*WATER WORKS BRANCH*

Continues to issue policies—short date or for three years—on property of all kinds within range of the city water system, or other localities having efficient water works.

*GENERAL BRANCH:*

On Farm or other non-hazardous property only.

RATES—Exceptionally low, and prompt payment of losses.

*MONTREAL OFFICE: 4 HOSPITAL STREET.*

EDWD. T. TAYLOR,
Agent.

GOVERNMENT SECURITY
FURNISHED BY THE

## ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE CO.

This Company having transacted business in Canada so acceptably for *twenty-seven* years past as to have, to-day, the largest Canada income of any LIFE Company save one (and a larger proportional income than even that one),

**NOW ANNOUNCES**

that it will deposit, in the hands of the Government of Canada, at Ottawa, the whole RESERVE, or RE-INSURANCE FUND, from year to year, upon each Policy issued in Canada after the 31st March, 1878. Every such Policy will then be as secure as if issued by the Government of Canada itself, so far as the safety of the funds is concerned.

The importance of having even a strong Company, like the ÆTNA LIFE, backed by Government Deposits, will be appreciated when attention is directed to the millions of money lost, even in our own Canada, through the mismanagement of Directors and others during a very few years past.

**Office—Opposite Post-Office, Montreal.**

MONTREAL DISTRICT BRANCH,

**J. R. ALEXANDER, M.D., Manager.**

EASTERN CANADA BRANCH,

**ORR & CHRISTMAS, Managers.**

## Sales of Furniture
### AT PRIVATE RESIDENCES.

## W. E. SHAW,
### GENERAL AUCTIONEER,

Gives his personal attention to all Sales entrusted to him. His Salerooms—

### 195 ST. JAMES ST.,

(Opposite Molsons Bank.)

Best stand in the city for the sale of General Merchandise and Household Effects.

Those who contemplate selling their Household Furniture this Spring, will do well to make early arrangements with him, as he has already been engaged to conduct several important sales of which due notice will be given. Reasonable terms and prompt settlements have already secured him the leading business.

Valuations and Appraisals. Cash advances made on consignments.

## IMPORTANT NOTICE.

THE

## Burland-Desbarats Lithographic Co.,

**5 & 7 BLEURY ST.,**

Beg to inform the BANKERS, MERCHANTS and BUSINESS MEN of the Dominion, that their large establishment is now in full operation, and that they are prepared to do all kinds of

ENGRAVING,
ELECTROTYPING,
STEREOTYPING,
LITHOGRAPHING
and TYPE PRINTING,

**Photo-Electrotyping & Wood Engraving**

IN THE BEST STYLE, AND AT LOW PRICES.

Special attention given to the re-production by

***Photo-Lithography***

OF

MAPS, PLANS, PICTURES OR BOOKS

OF ANY KIND.

**From the facilities at their command, and the completeness of their establishment, the Company feel confident of giving satisfaction to all who entrust them with their orders.**

G. B. BURLAND,
Manager.

## POST-OFFICE TIME TABLE.

MONTREAL, Sept. 10th, 1879.

| DELIVERY. A.M. | DELIVERY. P.M. | MAILS. | CLOSING. A.M. | CLOSING. P.M. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | ONTARIO AND WESTERN PROVINCES. | | |
| 8 00 | 2 45 | *Ottawa by Railway | 8 15 | *8 00 |
| 8 00 | ..... | *Provinces of Ontario, Manitoba & B. C. | 8 15 | 8 00 |
| ..... | ..... | Ottawa River Route up to Carrillon | 6 00 | ..... |
| | | QUEBEC & EASTERN PROVINCES. | | |
| 8 00 | ..... | Quebec, Three Rivers, Berthier and Sorel, by Q., M., O. & O. Ry. | ..... | 2 50 |
| ..... | ..... | Ditto by Steamer | ..... | 6 00 |
| 8 00 | ..... | †Quebec, by G.T.R. | ..... | 8 00 |
| 8 00 | ..... | †Eastern Town'ps, Three Rivers, Arthabaska & Riviere du Loup Ry. | ..... | 8 00 |
| ..... | 2 45 | Occidental R. R. Main Line to Ottawa | 8 00 | ..... |
| 9 15 | ..... | Do. St Jerome and St Lin Branches | ..... | 4 30 |
| 11 00 | ..... | St Remi and Hemmingford RR | ..... | 2 00 |
| 8 00 | 12 45 | St Hyacinthe, Sherbrooke, &c. | 6 00 | 2 30–8 |
| 8 00 | ..... | Acton & Sorel Railway | 6 00 | ..... |
| 10 00 | ..... | St Johns, Stanbridge & St Armand Station | 6 00 | ..... |
| 10 00 | ..... | St Johns, Vermont Junction & Shefford Railways | ..... | 3 00 |
| 10 00 | ..... | South Eastern Railway | ..... | 3 45 |
| 8 00 | ..... | †New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and P E I | ..... | 8 00 |
| | | Newfoundland forwarded daily on Halifax, whence despatch is by the Packet | ..... | 8 00 |
| | | LOCAL MAILS. | | |
| 11 30 | ..... | Beauharnois Route | 6 00 | ..... |
| 11 30 | ..... | Boucherville, Contrecœur, Varennes and Vercheres | ..... | 1 45 |
| 10 00 | ..... | Cote St Paul | 6 00 | ..... |
| 11 30 | ..... | Tanneries West | 6 00 | 2 00 |
| ..... | 6 30 | Cote St Antoine and Notre Dame de Grace | ..... | 12 45 |
| 11 30 | ..... | St Cunegonde | 6 00 | ..... |
| 11 30 | ..... | Huntingdon | 6 00 | 2 00 |
| 10 00 | 6 00 | Lachine | 6 00 | 2 00 |
| 8 00 | ..... | Longueuil | 6 00 | 2 00 |
| 10 00 | ..... | St Lambert | ..... | 2 30 |
| 10 00 | ..... | Laprairie | 10 30 | 2 30 |
| 11 00 | ..... | Pont Viau, Sault-au-Recollet | ..... | 4 00 |
| 8 00 | ..... | Terrebonne and St Vincent | ..... | 2 50 |
| 8 30 | 5 00 | Point St Charles | 8 00 | 1 15–5 |
| ..... | 1 30 | St Laurent, St Eustache and Belle Riviere | 7 00 | ..... |
| 10 00 | ..... | North Shore Land Route to Bout de L'Isle | ..... | 2 50 |
| 9 00 | 5 00 | Hochelaga | 8 00 | 1 15–5 |
| | | UNITED STATES. | | |
| 8 & 10 | ..... | Boston & New England States, except Maine | 6 00 | 3 00 |
| 8 & 10 | ..... | New York and Southern States | 6 00 | 3 00 |
| 8 00 | 12 45 | Island Pond, Portland and Maine | ..... | 2 30–8 |
| 8 00 | ..... | (A) Western and Pacific States | 8 15 | 8 00 |
| | | GREAT BRITAIN, &c. | | |
| | | By Canadian Line (Fridays) | ..... | 7 30 |
| | | By Canadian Line (Germany) Fridays | ..... | 7 30 |
| | | By Cunard, Mondays | ..... | 3 00 |
| | | Supplementary, see P.O. weekly notice | ..... | 3 00 |
| | | By Packet from New York for England, Wednesdays | ..... | 3 00 |
| | | By Hamburg American Packet to Germany, Wednesdays | ..... | 3 00 |
| | | WEST INDIES. | | |
| | | Letters, &c., prepared in New York are forwarded daily on New York, whence mails are despatched | ..... | |
| | | For Havana and West Indies *via* Havana, every Thursday p.m. | ..... | 3 00 |

*Postal Card Bags open till 8.45 p.m. & 9.15 p.m.
† Do. Do. 8.15 p.m.

The Street Boxes are visited at 9.15 a.m., 12.30, 5.30 and 7.45 p.m.

Registered Letters should be posted 15 minutes before the hour of closing ordinary Mails, and 30 min. before closing of English Mails.

## Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.

# FARE REDUCED.

## CHANGE OF TIME.

### *EASTERN DIVISION.*

Commencing MONDAY, May 19, Trains will be run on this Division, as follows:

| | Express. | Mixed. |
|---|---|---|
| Leave Hochelaga..... | 4.00 p.m. | 6.00 p.m. |
| Arrive Three Rivers..... | 7.45 p.m. | 11.30 p.m. |
| Leave Three Rivers..... | 8.00 p.m. | 4.30 a.m. |
| Arrive Quebec.....10.45 p.m. | | 9.00 a m. |
| RETURNING. | | |
| Leave Quebec..... | 2.20 p.m. | 6.15 p.m. |
| Arrive Three Rivers..... | 5.10 p.m. | 11.20 p.m. |
| Leave Three Rivers..... | 5.25 p.m. | 3.15 a.m. |
| Arrive Hochelaga..... | 8.40 p.m. | 8.30 a.m. |

Trains leave Mile End 10 minutes later.

Tickets for sale at offices of STARNES, LEVE & ALDEN, 202 St. James Street, 158 Notre Dame Street, and at Hochelaga and Mile End Stations.

J. T. PRINCE,
Genl. Pass. Agent.

February 7th, 1879.

## GOVERNMENT RAILWAY.

## Western Division.

## Q., M., O. & O. RAILWAY.

*SHORTEST AND MOST DIRECT ROUTE TO OTTAWA.*

**ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, JULY 19th,** Trains will leave HOCHELAGA DEPOT as follows:—

Express Trains for Hull at 9.30 a.m. and 5.00 p.m. Arrive at Hull at 2.00 p.m. and 9 30 p.m. Arrive at Aylmer at 10.10 p.m.

Express Trains from Aylmer at 8.00 a.m. Express Trains from Hull at 9.10 a.m. and 4.45 p.m.

Arrive at Hochelaga at 1.40 p.m. and 9.15 p.m.

Train for St. Jerome at - - - - - 5.30 p.m.
Train from St. Jerome at - - - - - 7.00 a.m.

Trains leave Mile End Station ten minutes later.

☞ **MAGNIFICENT PALACE CARS ON ALL PASSENGER TRAINS.**

General Office, 13 Place d'Armes Square.

STARNES, LEVE & ALDEN,
*Ticket Agents.*

Offices: 202 St. James and 158 Notre Dame street.

C. A. SCOTT,
General Superintendent,
Western Division.

C. A. STARK,
General Freight and Passenger Agent.

## Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.

### *WESTERN DIVISION.*

**FAMILIES SPENDING THE SUMMER** MONTHS in the country are invited to visit the Villages of Riviere Des Prairies, St. Martin, St. Rose, St. Therese, St. Jerome, &c. Low rates of fare, by the month, season, or year, will be granted, and Trains run at hours suited to such travel. The above localities are unsurpassed for beautiful scenery, abundance of Boating, Fishing, and very reasonable charges for Board.

—:o:—

## SPECIAL
## SATURDAY EXCURSION.

On and after SATURDAY, May 31st, Return Tickets will be sold to all Stations at one Single Fare, First and Second-class, good to go by any Regular Train on Saturday, and return Monday following.

On and after SATURDAY, June 7th, Return Tickets will also be sold to Caledonia Springs at $2 75, First-class, good to return until Tuesday following.

A SPECIAL TRAIN, with First-class Car attached, will leave Calumet every MONDAY MORNING at 4.45 a.m., arriving at Hochelaga at 8.45 a.m., in time for business.

C. A. SCOTT,
General Superintendent.

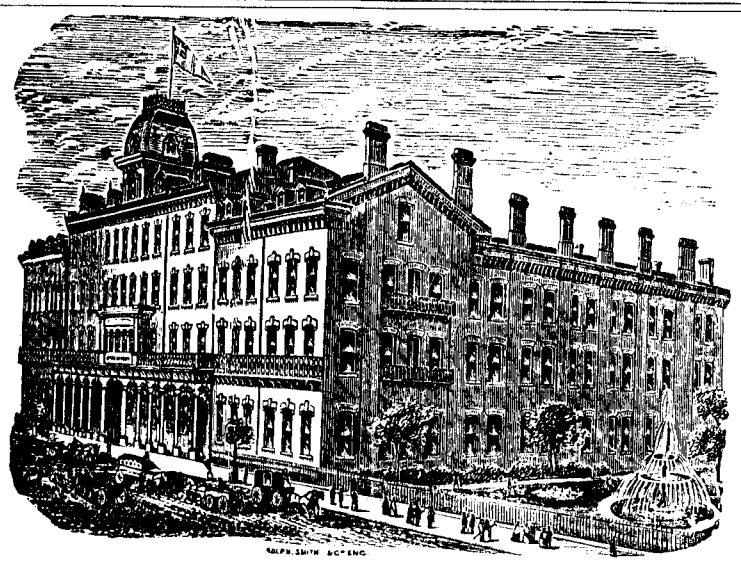
## THE WINDSOR HOTEL, MONTREAL.

This Hotel has special advantages for the comfort of guests; with spacious parlours and promenades. Its location is high, which insures pure air, with views of the River and Mountain.

Has a room for commercial men at 117 St. Francois Xavier Street.

**Rates - - - $2.50 per day, and upwards.**

JAMES WORTHINGTON, *Proprietor.*

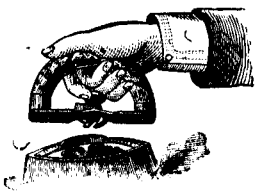


## THE QUEEN'S HOTEL,---TORONTO, CANADA,

McGAW & WINNETT, PROPRIETORS.

☞ **Patronized by Royalty and the best families. Prices graduated according to rooms.**

**MRS. POTTS' PATENT**



**COLD HANDLE SAD IRON.**

## H. R. IVES & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

## HARDWARE, IRON RAILINGS,

&c., &c.,

*QUEEN STREET, MONTREAL.*

Send for Cuts and Prices of Iron Railing.

## BOSTON AND MONTREAL AIR LINE.

**Shortest Route via Central Vermont R. R. Line.**

Leave Montreal at 7.15 a.m. and 4 p.m. for New York and Boston

Two Express Trains daily, equipped with Miller Platform and Westinghouse Air Brake Sleeping Cars are attached to Night Trains between Montreal and Boston and Springfield, and New York via Troy; and Parlour Cars to Day Express between Montreal and Boston.

TRAINS LEAVE MONTREAL

7.15 a.m., Day Express, for Boston via Lowell or Fitchburg, also for New York via Springfield or Troy.

For Waterloo, 4 p.m.

4 p.m., Night Express for New York via Troy, arrive New York 7,15 a.m. next morning.

4 p.m., Night Express for Boston via Lowell, and New York via Springfield.

GOING NORTH.

Day Express leaves Boston via Lowell at 8 00 a.m., via Fitchburgh at 8.00 a.m., Troy at 7.00 a.m., arriving in Montreal at 8.40 p.m.

Night Express leaves Boston at 5 35 p.m. via Lowell, and 6 p.m. via Fitchburgh, and New York at 3 p.m. via Springfield, arriving in Montreal at 8.55 a.m.

Night Express leaves New York via Troy at 4.00 p.m., arriving in Montreal at 8.55 a.m.

For Tickets and Freight Rates, apply at Central Vermont Railroad Office, 136 St. James Street.

Boston Office, 322 Washington Street.

G. W. BENTLEY, Gen'l Manager. J. W. HOBART, General Supt.

**S, W. CUMMINGS,**
General Passenger Agent.

St. Albans, Vt., June 2, 1879.

## Delaware & Hudson Canal Company's
## RAILROADS

TO

**SARATOGA, TROY, ALBANY, BOSTON, NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA,**

AND ALL POINTS EAST AND SOUTH.

*Trains leave Montreal:*

**7.15 a.m.**—Day Express, with Wagner's Elegant Drawing Room Car attached, for Saratoga, Troy and Albany, arriving in New York at 10 p.m. same day without change.

**4.00 p.m.**—Night Express. Wagner's Elegant Sleeping Car runs through to New York without change. ☞This Train makes close connection at Troy and Albany with Sleeping Car Train for Boston, arriving at 9.20 a.m.

New York Through Mails and Express carried via this line.

Information given and Tickets sold at all Grand Trunk Railway Offices, and at the Company's Office,

**143 St. James Street, Montreal.**

JOSEPH ANGELL, General Passenger Agent, Albany, N.Y
CHAS. C. McFALL, Agent, Montreal.

**MONEY MAKING WAYS OF WALL ST.**
**A Manual for Investors.**

Just out. Shows how Jay Gould, Vanderbilt and the millionaires of Wall Street make their money. First copy sent free. Address LIVINGSTON & CO., Publishers, 56 Broadway and 7 Exchange Court, New York.

# Ottawa River Nav. COMPANY.

*MAIL STEAMERS BETWEEN*

## MONTREAL and OTTAWA.

Passengers leave by the 7.15 a.m. Train for Lachine to connect with steamer.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| First class Fare..... | $2.50 | from Montreal. |
| Do Return..... ..... | 4 00 | do |
| Second class..... | 1.50 | do |

For DAY TRIP through LAKE OF TWO MOUNTAINS to CARILLON, returning OVER RAPIDS in evening, take 7.15 a.m. Train for Lachine, to connect with steamer. Fare for round trip, $1.25.

For excursion OVER RAPIDS, steamer leaves Lachine on arrival of 5 p.m. Train from Montreal. Fare for round trip, 50c.

EXCURSION TICKETS for the CELEBRATED CALEDONIA SPRINGS, at Reduced Rates.

Tickets at Principal Hotels and Grand Trunk Railway Office.

COMPANY'S OFFICE:

## 13 Bonaventure Street.

Freight forwarded daily at Low Rates, from Freight Office, 87 Common street, Canal Basin.

R. W. SHEPHERD,
President.

# Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co.

THE STEAMERS OF THIS COMPANY

BETWEEN

## MONTREAL AND QUEBEC

Run regularly as under:

The QUEBEC on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and the MONTREAL on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at SEVEN o'clock p.m., from Montreal.

**Steamers from Montreal to Hamilton,**

connecting at Toronto with Steamers for Niagara Falls and Buffalo, and with Railways for all points West, will for the present, leave daily (Sundays excepted) from the Canal Basin, at NINE o'clock a.m., and Lachine on the arrival of the train leaving Bonaventure Station at Noon. And Cotean Landing on arrival of train leaving Montreal at FIVE o'clock p.m.

**SOUTH SHORE LINE.**

For ALEXANDRIA BAY and Thousand Island Park and CAMPING GROUNDS, leave daily (Sundays excepted), and for Oswego, Charlotte and Rochester, on MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS.

Steamer BOHEMIAN, Captain J. Rankin, for Cornwall, every Tuesday and Friday, at NOON, from Canal Basin, and Lachine on the arrival of the Three o'clock train.

Steamer TROIS RIVIERES, Captain J. Duval, leaves for Three Rivers every Tuesday and Friday, at TWO p.m., connecting at Sorel with Steamer SOREL, for St. Francois and Yamaska.

Steamer BERTHIER, Captain L. H. Roy, leaves for Berthier every Monday at THREE p.m., Tuesday at TWO p.m., and on Thursdays and Saturdays at THREE p.m., connecting at Lanoraie with Railway for Joliette.

Steamer CHAMBLY, Captain Frs. Lamoureux, leaves for Chambly every Tuesday and Friday, at TWO p.m., connecting at Lanoraie with the cars for Joliette.

**CHEAP EXCURSIONS,**

At Low Rates, by Steamer TERREBONNE, Captain Laforce, Daily (Sundays excepted) leaving at TEN a.m. for Boucherville, Varennes, CUSHING'S GROVE and Deschamp's Grove, and at FOUR p.m. for a round trip, and returning at EIGHT p.m., affording unequalled facilities for PIC-NICS.

TICKET OFFICES.—State Rooms can be secured from R. A. DICKSON, Ticket Agent, at 133 St. James Street and at the Ticket Office, Richelieu Pier, foot of Jacques Cartier Square, and at the Freight Office, Canal Basin.

J. B. LAMERE, Gen. Manager. ALEX. MILLOY, Traffic Manager.

**General Offices—228 St. Paul Street.**

Montreal, May 14th, 1879.

## G. REINHARDT & SONS,

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