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## THE TIMES.

The peasantry in all countries may be classed as ignorant, for they form the lower stratum of society, but it is hardly likely that any peasantry in the world could be more dense than some of our French-Canadian *habitants*. According to evidence given at the Berthier election trial, one of the priests found no difficulty in persuading his congregation that the Quebec Legislative Council had its origin in the Mosaic dispensation, and is akin to the ancient Sanhedrim. Could stupidity be more stupid? But the fault is not on the part of the poor people; they have had no chance of learning to know better; the fault is on the part of the priests, who should have taught them better. Granted that the work of the preacher is to declare the gospel of peace—still he is expected to expound ecclesiasticism on its historical side—and only one sermon, devoted to the subject, would have convinced even an *habitant* that the Jewish Sanhedrim only once degenerated to anything like the Quebec Legislative Council, and that was when, on a memorable occasion, it made appeal to Pilate to destroy the Light of the world.

From the same evidence, it is plain enough that Roman Catholic priests should be prohibited, by law, from taking any part in politics at election times. It is all very well to say that they are citizens and have a right to exercise their influence as well as any other men, and that Protestant ministers do often busy themselves about political matters; but priests claim to be citizens and a great deal more. A Protestant minister makes no talk about excommunication, Episcopal authority, the Pope, heaven and hell, and such like things; but the priest goes to his flock using all the terrors of his terrific theology to induce them to vote according to his mind. He professes to have the keys of heaven and of hell and frightens the poor *habitant* by his strong language. That is as surely "undue influence" as it would be to present a pistol at a man's head and tell him how to vote if he wishes to live, and it should be so regarded in the eyes of the law.

What can be expected of a people when their teachers and spiritual advisers are so ignorant or so malicious as those Berthier priests appear to be? The talk that Providence had brought about the death of Bishop Conroy because he had declared for ecclesiastical non-interference in politics was worse than wicked. Enquiry should be made into the educational attainments of those priests; if they are simply ignorant, the Church should undertake to educate and civilize them; if they are malicious, the Church or the State should send them to some kind of Penitentiary. Such men do incalculable mischief, and in the public interest the law should protect the poor *habitants* from such cruel wrong.

The Jesuits cut a sorry figure at the meeting they managed to get up in the lecture hall of their Church on the first of July. Not content with the procession through the streets, they organized a sort of protest talkification, and, as is the way with Jesuits, inveigled several prominent men to attend under false pretences. Judge Loranger presided, and in an address utterly unbecoming his position, denounced

the French Government, as well as all French-Canadian Protestants, and glorified the Legitimists. The taste displayed in the speech was execrable, and M. Frechette and others did well to manifest their disgust and leave the hall. Those who imagine that Ultramontanism will rule even this Catholic Province of Quebec are very much mistaken.

I have received letters and articles in bitter protest against the proposal to erect a statue to the late Hon. George Brown in the Park at Toronto, but I can see no good reason for publishing them, or for opposing the statue scheme. It is all very well to say that Cartier, Baldwin and many others better deserve it, but the simple answer is: why did not the friends of those men think of it? Mr. Brown was, at any rate, a prominent character, and a foremost man in his day; the demand for money to build the statue is not upon the public exchequer, but upon private good will, and the Toronto Park is sadly in need of a little ornamentation. Therefore, I would not oppose, but in every way encourage the statue scheme. Those who desire to subscribe can do so; no one is compelled.

There are certain Canadians and Australians in England just now devoting their spare time to the discussion of the question of an Imperial Federation. One would think that whatever dreams of that sort might be entertained by the English out of England, a fortnight's residence in the old country, and half-a-dozen conversations with those who have an acquaintance with the British temper toward the colonies, would bring them to a knowledge of the fact that public opinion is so decidedly opposed to it that no representative body of men would waste their time and risk their reputation for practical common sense by discussing it. Sir A. T. Galt may lend the vagary his name and aid, and even then it will be a hundred miles outside the range of practical politics.

But the *Montreal Gazette* has the idea that while an Imperial Federation as to politics is unlikely, if not impossible, it is quite possible, and would be advantageous, to bring about a commercial federation of the whole British Empire. It sounds well enough—a British Zollverein—Free Trade wherever the Queen rules—but the well enough is only in the sound, for it can never be reduced to practice. First of all, it is to ask the English to give up *en bloc* all the doctrines of their great gospel of Free Trade and adopt Protection in a violent and selfish form. That is to say, it would be to put Free Trade in fetters and call it Free Trade, for the *Gazette* would evidently have each colony put on a tariff to meet the expenditure, and it might very well happen that Great Britain would need a revenue tariff some day, and duty would be exacted on stuff sent from the colonies. Then, why should England favour Canada or Australia by putting on a discriminating tariff against foreign nations? What has Canada done for England, except provide a sphere in which one of her aristocracy can move and semi-shine for five years at the time? What can Canada do for England that the English people should be expected to buy their stuffs in our markets, even though they are dearer than they could be got in other countries? Canadians would never consent to pay a dollar of taxes to carry on a British war, nor in any other way bear a portion of their financial burdens. Imperial federation is just as likely as political federation—and no more.

But if the *Gazette* can thus calmly argue for a commercial union with Great Britain—appearing to doubt already the working of the N. P.—which would not change our political relations—why can it not see that the same kind of union might be made with the United

States? Is it really better to have a market a thousand miles away by water than five hundred miles away by land? Is it sound business to build a wall between four millions and forty-five millions of people? Surely it is not—and the best and most reasonable thing for us is to get the biggest markets nearest at hand. England is committed to a policy—to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest. If the English trader can buy goods cheaper in the United States than in Canada he will buy them there, and if he can make more out of his goods in the United States than in Canada he will sell them there. We would do precisely the same thing. Why not, then, try to secure access to the nearest market, so as to satisfy the demands of commerce without even considering any political changes?

The bill for giving the Presbyterian College of Montreal power to grant honorary titles has been passed by the Quebec Parliament of course. And there was no substantial reason why it should not have been passed, for the more we can increase these "fountains of honour" the better, since they have ceased to be real fountains of anything like honour. An honorary title is getting to be the rule and not the exception—it is generally given as a matter of personal favour and friendship and not in recognition of any particular service; so that what we need now is just this increase of degree-giving institutions to make the thing not only common, but ridiculous. Why should not some of our ladies' seminaries have the power to grant honorary degrees? The ladies who manage them are just as capable of judging the fitness of aspirants for honours as are the heads of some colleges—and the honour conferred by the title would be just as great.

The intimation just given to the public that the Pacific Railway is to be built by British capital and that the Dominion will be called upon for nothing but a surrender of lands is a piece of news which is really so good that one is disposed to fear it cannot be true. It has long ago been evident to all but our most shortsighted or self-interested politicians that the building of the railway may in some remote way be to the advantage of Great Britain, but will entail a burden upon the Dominion which it cannot carry; if English capitalists can make it pay! well and good. At any rate let them try, and if Sir Charles Tupper can induce them to make the great experiment he will deserve well of all the Canadian people.

I have long waited and looked for some newspaper denunciation of the New York *Herald* for its "Personals." It would be foolish to deny the marvellous and successful enterprise of the *Herald's* management—just as foolish as it would be to say that editorially it is not below mediocrity and consequently without much political influence—but anything more atrociously indecent than its column of advertisements under the heading of "Personal" can hardly be found in even those sheets of ragged morality which professedly pander to the lowest vices of the community. The parade of prostitution on the streets is one of those evils of which we cannot altogether rid ourselves, but when a popular newspaper opens its columns for the vicious to make their whereabouts known and appoint places of rendezvous, it becomes an unbearable scandal.

It cannot be said that the New York *Herald* is alone in this matter, unfortunately, for many of the Western papers abound with the same nasty advertisements. And the worst part of it is that this seems to be quite in accordance with public sentiment; hence there is no word of indignant protest. But the *Herald* is the leader in this bad way, and if it would put an end to the practice other papers might in time be induced to make a similar change in the interest of common decency.

There is a paper published in Toronto which is devoted to abuse of Roman Catholicism, and occasionally attacks those who are Protestants; but the thing also professes to be fair in criticism and manly in debate. It came down upon me the other day in a slashing style for what I had said about the practical side of the ministry. Although it never learnt anything about the matter, of course it knows a great deal. Speaking of me it says: "The heavens are not clean in his

eyes, and the angels are charged with folly." Now, I never charged the angels with folly—never dreamt of doing so—it is quite a different kind of being I find fault with. No, no, I have not a word to say against "the angels," only the other ones—such as the writer I speak of.

In the same paper the Jesuit priests are spoken of as "those fellows," and the Episcopal Bishop of Saskatchewan as "His Lordship." The name I should give to that sort of thing is "snobbery."

We are generally ready to quote the English as being very exemplars in all the niceties of social and general decorum, but evidently they are still capable of doing the ungraceful and foolish. For example:—

"Meanwhile, the Princess of Wales, who was already the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, had not been idle. She had devoted several hours to the fancy fair at Kensington House under the most trying circumstances. Her Royal Highness consented to assist at a stall with her unfailing kindness, and for an admirable purpose. Englishmen and Englishwomen may well blush at the reception which awaited her. She was mobbed, hustled, assailed with the rudest of stares, and commented upon in the most audible of whispers wherever she went. She was treated by the well-dressed snobs of both sexes, who gathered about her, less as a Royal lady who was doing a good and gracious work, than as a human eccentricity escaped from an itinerant menagerie. Altogether the experiences of Royalty, last week at Kensington, suggest a doubt whether, in the present state of the public mind, it is desirable or even safe for Princes and Princesses to take part in these shows."

And again:—

"I sincerely hope that such a *fitz* as that which was given on Sunday week, not 100 miles from the town of Marlow, will not be repeated; or, at all events, that Sunday will not be the day selected. A procession of drags, some of them driven by distinguished ladies, causing the church-going rustics to gape with undisguised amazement; a banquet of fifty covers, followed by lawn-tennis and dancing on the green to the strains of a regimental band, are wholly inconsistent with the usual observance of an English Sunday. Considering the illustrious position of some of those who were present, such a rowdy entertainment never should have taken place."

Some muddle-headed people are determined to make Bradlaugh a martyr. Already he has had vastly more of the time and attention of the public than he deserves, and it would be well to let him take his seat and sink back into the obscurity for which his character fits him; but those persons above-mentioned have decided to indict him in a Court of Justice for illegally sitting and voting in the House of Commons. This is exactly the kind of treatment the man desires. It will keep him before the public; he can pose as one persecuted; he can declare himself as the champion of popular rights; and the people so easily gulled, will support him with enthusiasm. Bradlaugh will carry everything before him, oaths, affirmations, laws and customs, and achieve a notoriety in doing it to which he has no claim.

Although the Montreal *Star* "cannot think that matters are so grave—in Ireland—as Mr. Gladstone is represented as saying they are," it is evident that Mr. Forster's compensation disturbance bill gives just the kind of help required. Evictions are increasing rapidly and strong measures are necessary to ensure the peace. Of course Parnell and his banditti opposed it as not going far enough—it would be difficult for Mr. Forster or any one else to go far enough to please this incapable leader of a handful of men—but the Secretary for Ireland has a ready hand and a strong will, and the work he has undertaken will be well done.

The July number of *The Bystander* is to hand. It is sensible, critical, trenchant, and brilliant as ever. Some day, perhaps, the people of Canada will generally learn to appreciate the honesty, vigour and culture of Mr. Goldwin Smith. An honest and outspoken critic is of infinitely more value to us than the man who makes it his sole business to follow after blarney.

"Canada: a Satire, by one of her sons," is the title of a pamphlet I have lately received. It is written in rhyme with some reason, but

is rather diffuse and too general in its attempts at satire. It has been without doubt hastily and carelessly written. The author refers to our over-government thus:—

“Few nations rescued from despotic thrall  
Can glory in a Parliament at all,  
But Canada, the favoured child of Fate,  
Despising one, may boast no less than eight.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
By strange perversion of all social rules  
The Provinces monopolize the fools.”

Rather clever though somewhat Irish to say that the Provinces monopolize all the fools when the whole of Canada consists of Provinces. He should have applied his own line—“While slaughtered English marks his mad career”—more closely. No impression is made upon this “son of Canada” by the “right divine of kings to govern wrong,” as he says:

“These kings, and what are they?  
A sort of men who every faith betray;  
Who in their persons every vice combine,  
And compass evil by a “right divine.”  
And Honesty and Virtue!—these are things  
We never look for in the breasts of kings.”

Our Governor-General is not safe from this author's shafts, and his works are spoken of as being—

“Marvels for a royal-married lord,  
But like great Milton's heavy works, 'tis said  
Though all pretend, yet none have ever read;  
Reposed 'mid embryo poems strewn around  
Guido and Lita lie in a sleep profound,  
While on a shelf, a skin of calf embalms  
A mortified edition of the Psalms.”

Our “son of Canada” takes a pessimistic view of the future of Albion, and says—

“But now she sinks, her far-extending sway  
Saps as it grows; too soon she must decay.”

The panacea for all our troubles is to be found in the last fifteen lines of this satirical poem, but whether this is also intended as satire each reader can easily decide for himself. On the whole, ten minutes may be passed somewhat curiously in reading this *brochure*—should our “son of Canada” who is imbued with the *cacoëthes scribendi* make any more attempts at satirical writing, I would advise him to do his work in a less cursory manner.

A friend has furnished me with a copy of “God save the King” literally transcribed from a copy of the London Magazine of 1745 which he has in his possession. I am sure it will be noticed with interest by the readers of the SPECTATOR. EDITOR.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

*A Song for two voices. As sang at both Playhouses.*

God save great GEORGE our King, Long live our no - ble King,  
God save the King. Send him vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py and glo - ri - ous,  
Long to reign o - ver us, God save the King.

2.  
O Lord our God arise,  
Scatter his enemies,  
And make them fall;  
Confound their politics,  
Frustrate their knavish tricks,  
On him our hopes we fix,  
O save us all.

3.  
Thy choicest gifts in store,  
On George be pleas'd to pour,  
Long may he reign;  
May he defend our laws,  
And ever give us cause,  
To say with heart and voice,  
God save the King.

## TORONTO AND ABOUT.

The *Orange Sentinel* of last week contains an ingenious article on the "Montreal Censor," cleverly written by one of our prominent and rising Divines, for which the *Sentinel*, a journal of some small pretension, should and is truly thankful. It is a perfect God-send for a paper like the *Orange Sentinel* to reap the advantage of such a spicy editorial, written by one who knows right well how to war with both pen and tongue. It is beautiful to listen to our Rev. friend waxing eloquent on warm 12th's of July when the thermometer is at 90° as he descants upon the glories of the becoming unpopular Orange institution; the rhetorical burst is simply superb. But this marvellous outburst against the SPECTATOR's speculations on the qualifications of the ministry is rather tame and puerile, and amounts to nothing, being simply additional evidence of the truth of the aphorism that two of a trade seldom agree.

Toronto for a very large number of years back, has been the theatre where Orangemen from all parts of the Province have congregated as each succeeding 12th of July approached, to hold a grand celebration, and throw mud at their religious opponents the Roman Catholics, though for what particular object has never yet been determined. This year the Orange institution has seen fit to go back upon this time-honoured custom of Toronto celebration, and in accordance with the wishes of a portion of the body, the decision has been arrived at that Hamilton shall be the place of rendezvous; accordingly the grand affair is to come off in that ambitious city. The meaning of this innovation is a mystery, but it is generally supposed that the growing feeling of disfavour of such processions in Toronto, especially when it is remembered that the "Young Irishmen" forebore to walk on the 17th March, is in a measure the cause of this alteration in the annual programme. However it may be, there certainly is a feeling in Toronto that the moral benefit arising from these party processions is appreciated better in the breach than in the observance of the parade.

A few weeks ago I attacked the City Council and officials for favouritism and incapacity; I should like to include the Commissioners having authority over the granting of saloon and tavern licenses. It is next to impossible, if one is not of the same political cast as the authorities, to obtain a license, or even a renewal, no matter how good a man's past conduct may have been. As an instance, and this is but one of many: A poor man, incapable of doing hard work, has been holding a license on Edward street for the past four years or so, a man of good conduct and exemplary in every way; he has never had his license crossed, nor has there been the least broil or harsh word heard in his hotel since he entered the place. During the past four years, by industry and good conduct and courtesy, qualities not always met with in a tavern-keeper, he has managed to make his hotel known, and make both ends meet. This last month, however, the Commissioners have seen fit to withdraw his license for no earthly reason. So obliging and diligent to make his house respectable has this man been that two ministers in the vicinity sent recommendations of his integrity to the Commissioners requesting them to reconsider their determination, but without success. This man has now to remove, and though unfit for labour, must find some other means of earning a living. What makes this injustice so transparent is the fact that a new license has been granted over the disqualified tavern-keeper's head, but to a man whose views are in accord with the Commissioners.

The Government has granted \$7,500 to dredge the western channel of Toronto harbour. It is supposed that Toronto must supplement this by a like amount. Every year this extraordinary work continues; it is extraordinary and unnecessary, for a jetty could be so constructed in the western channel as to permanently stop such vast accumulations of large stones and sand from the island. For some reason or other the Harbour Commissioners won't see through this, for of course, their services would not be required if the harbour were made permanently safe. I suggested this jetty to one of the Commissioners last summer, and his answer was that he believed it would answer every purpose. Of course it would answer; it has answered in Boston

and other places, and in an especial manner in Bermuda; a pier to stop the encroachment of refuse in the western channel of Toronto would settle at once and for all this difficult question of annual dredging.

Several of the Aldermen have been making themselves officious in employing and discharging city labourers at pleasure. It appears certain foremen in their returns show that several workmen were working for the city when in reality they were employed privately upon other work. The Chairman of the Board of Works says "Too thin;" yes, it is too thin. This sort of thing has been going on long enough. This constant playing into each other's hands amongst city officials and outsiders is proverbial; but, for the sake of the credit of the city, there should at least an attempt be made to curb the rein of corruption.

It matters little how many steamboat accidents occur in foreign waters so long as we are safe from collision and the like. The fashionable steamboats Chicora and Rothesay ply daily between Toronto and Niagara, both leaving within a few minutes of each other. The Rothesay is supposed to burn nothing but wood, but when the boats are out in the open lake, stern to stern, the black smoke pouring out of the Rothesay's funnel tells a different tale. I am given to understand that coal oil is used to get up steam in these serious racing contests. Already the collisions between the different steamboats, although slight, have been numerous. What guarantee have we that the steamboats of Toronto are exempt from a serious accident more than those of New York, as instanced in the Seawanhaka disaster?

Justice descends upon its victims in Toronto quick as the flash of its sword. Edwin Meagher two weeks ago was a porter in the General Post-office; to-day he is a convict in the Kingston Penitentiary. A young man of the Depository of the Ontario Education Department was, within a week or so, for the crime of purloining books, furnished with a cell in the Kingston Penitentiary. Where is our Customs House defaulter? "Oh!" it is said, "he made good his deficiency." Yes, and our Education Clerk would have made good his deficiency; Meagher would have done the same, and a host of others. There is something radically wrong in the working of the Post-office when a porter can have access to the letters in such a loose way, and justice to be just should strike others as well as Edwin Meagher.

The Raikes centenary is making considerable stir amongst Episcopalians. Last Sunday it appeared as though Barnum's circus had come to town; express and pic-nic vans from all parts, making the streets lively with their green and gold banners waving, passed through the town to the cathedral. Torontonians are not over consistent; with stones and sticks and revolvers, they make things generally lively for Papist pilgrimages, but when the Episcopalians, with rattling cars and express waggons and stupid banners, parade the streets, behold! we have entered on a new era in Sabbath School teaching; and—well the whole affair was very successful.

The police force and the minor force of detectives are useless institutions in the Provincial Capital. It has become a slang phrase amongst the uncouth to say "it is placed in the hands of the detectives." After the latest burglary or stabbing affray news, the above suggestive sarcasm invariably appears in all the journals of the city, and the public at large are gratified thereby. "It is placed in the hands of the detectives," and there it remains. In looking over the record of reported crimes in the police register, it will be found that seven-tenths of the arrests are "drunks," and that more than fifty per cent. of reported misdemeanours and crimes absolutely remain unpunished. Burglary after burglary has taken place recently; robbery upon robbery, and no arrests made. Whether it be \$15,000, in broad daylight, from the Inland Revenue Department, or a safe burst with gunpowder in the silence of the night, the thieves stalk at large, and if captured at all, Toronto detectives are the last men upon the scene. About all the return the citizens receive from the force, beyond the satisfaction of knowing there is such a force employed, is the frequent repetition of the above sentence, "it is placed in the hands of the detectives."

Queen City.

TRADE—FINANCE—STATISTICS.

STADADONA BANK.

It is seldom indeed that a bank, having been publicly pronounced a failure, has had its entangled affairs so ably manipulated as to pay its shareholders one hundred cents on the dollar. This, however, is the case with the Stadacona Bank. Amidst the financial wrecks of the past few years it was estimated that that of the Stadacona would prove to be almost as disastrous as any. Mr. Joseph, the President of that institution, thought otherwise. He was convinced and he declared his conviction that the bank was perfectly solvent, and did all in his power to restore confidence to the shareholders. To this end he disinterestedly laboured on, purposely declining any remuneration whatever for his services; and the result is that his clever administration of affairs at a critical period has placed the liquidators, now appointed by law, in the pleasant position of being able to pay the sum of 90c. on the dollar at once, to the shareholders, and to promise the remaining ten cents in a few months at least.

Now, the few words we have to say upon this subject we say on the principle of giving credit where credit is due. We do not believe in Messrs. Garneau, Shehyn and Ledroit getting all the glory, which the French-speaking portion of the community most undoubtedly will accord to them, when to Mr. Joseph has fallen all the labour and burden which has resulted in such a successful outcome. And above all, we wish to enter a protest against that jealous condition of party feeling in Quebec, and but little less in Montreal, which carries religious differences even into the business of banking, and perpetuates class feelings and animosities at every opportunity for voting on the appointment of public officers. It is scandalous to see a clique ousting from the position of liquidator the very man who of all others should have their gratitude and support.

The least the present liquidators can do will be to emulate the good example of Mr. Joseph in declining to be paid for their services. But the winding-up Act of Parliament which has been passed allows for a charge to be made, and we shall be more than surprised if these gentlemen think twice about taking advantage of its provisions.

It is not the first time we have seen the English-speaking element used and squeezed in every imaginable manner, and then thrown aside without thanks or favour, but, should the gentlemen named follow the example of Mr. Joseph and do their work gratuitously, it would be the very first time we have seen a similar gratifying spectacle. A bare vote of thanks is a cheap and convenient method of discharging an eminent public servant when he has done all that is possible. This is all that Mr. Joseph has got, and it is probably all he expected and certainly all that he wanted; but the shareholders, French and English will do well to remember that had it not been for his assiduous attention to their affairs, the Stadacona Bank would never have paid them one hundred cents on the dollar.

This subject of Commercial Union is of importance, not only to the United States, but also to the Dominion. The barriers of trade between neighbours so closely connected should be as few as possible and a reciprocal basis established. It is true Canada would derive the greater benefit because of a larger market, but that is no reason why a commercial union between the two countries should not be brought about. We need their markets as they need ours, the industries of each country would be benefitted, and, along with the ties of increased business, new relations would strengthen a social element that naturally belongs to neighbouring States. With reciprocal trade established, the depression, depreciation of property and emigration occurring, would at once cease in the Provinces and a general improvement would be observed. Why should the prosperity below an imaginary line exist in contrast to the stagnation above it? Here is enlargement, activity, development; there, loss of trade and public and private debt accumulating.

It is estimated that \$500,000,000 of British capital is invested in mortgages in Canada, the annual interest of which, amounting to \$25,000,000, is taken from the country. This is a great burden, and one that rests heavily on the producing interests. The new customs laws against imports from the United States have not worked successfully for home industries, and the Dominion would be glad to exchange them for reciprocal trade. An opportunity is now afforded the United States to manifest a willingness to open a commercial treaty. It will not do to talk of annexation or of ultimate absorption of Canada, but to discuss the subject upon true commercial grounds. Let the two countries act in concert and establish a commercial union upon a broad and comprehensive basis that will advance the great industries and commerce of each nation.

The Government of Newfoundland are offering special facilities for the encouragement of sheep-farming in Newfoundland. The resources of this island as a grazing country are far larger than has hitherto been suspected, and the recent surveys carried on in connection with the projected railways have disclosed the existence of large areas of rich grass land, well watered, and in every way adapted for wool growing. The climate is even better suited for the development of a heavy fleece than the warmer climate of most parts of

Australia and New Zealand. At the same time, the proximity of Newfoundland to England affords special facilities possessed by no other colony, and by no foreign country, for the transport of meat, either alive or freshly killed, to the old country.

It was somewhat amusing to read the adverse criticisms of the canal repairs after the late accident. These self-appointed critics told the public that there was unnecessary delay in conducting these repairs. Such a statement was absurd, and the able superintendent, Mr. Conway, is entitled to the greatest praise and credit for his assiduous, painstaking and successful efforts to complete the repairs in a short space of time. It is a matter of congratulation for shippers that Mr. Conway holds the position of Canal Superintendent, and also that Mr. Page is the Engineer. This latter gentleman has a thorough knowledge of all the Canadian canals, and both he and Mr. Conway are the right men in the right place. The suggestion made that double gangs of men might or should have been put on in order to hasten the replacing of the lock-gates was one that could not be carried out, as in works of this kind only a certain number of men can be employed at one time, and these men must have had some experience in works of this kind. The employment of "green" hands would occasion both loss of time and loss of life.

During the first three months of this year the dry goods trade was exceedingly active, and the cotton and woollen mills were run to their fullest capacity in order to supply the demand, and in many cases lagged behind. The distribution of cotton goods was attended with excitement during the early months of the year, and leading lines were sold in advance of production. In woollen goods the same activity prevailed. In April a slight reaction from the extreme activity of the preceding three months took place, and the market was slightly depressed. The supply of manufactured goods then gained on the demand, and sellers became more eager. In some cases retailers had over-estimated the demand and had overstocked themselves, so that wholesalers have been obliged latterly to offer inducements in order to force sales. However, the business of the half-year has been upon the whole satisfactory, both to manufacturers and wholesale dealers. As regards the fall trade, the probabilities are that a more than average business will be done, and of a more healthy kind, because less speculative in character. Prices will probably rule somewhat lower, and a larger consumption be thereby encouraged. Wholesalers are not at present overstocked, and the outlook is favourable. It is extremely probable that a rise in the price of Canadian woollens will take place in a fortnight, and wholesalers would probably do well to place their orders at an early date.

Never before in the history of the United States have the shipments of grain from the interior to the East by the water route borne any comparison with those of this season. The total imports of grain for the month reached 17,442,000 bushels to 7,905,000 in June, 1879, and 14,416,000 for last season up to July 1st. The gain is chiefly in flour, wheat and corn. The movement of the two latter is out of all proportion to that of any preceding season, standing at 16,209,000 bushels of wheat for the season to June 30th, and 21,486,000 of corn to 8,678,000 of wheat, and 4,177,000 of corn for the corresponding period of 1879. The total receipts of all kinds of grain, including flour as wheat, at the port (Buffalo) this season is 40,586,000 bushels. The largest preceding total for the same weeks was 25,674,000 bushels in 1878, and the next largest was 20,312,900 in 1874.

Summary of exports for week ending June 25th, 1880:—

From—	Flour, brls.	Wheat, bush.	Corn, bush.	Oats, bush.	Rye, bush.	Pease, bush.
New York.....	56,779	1,745,572	1,849,844	49,922	9,071	11,351
Boston.....	20,035	70,654	325,872	.....	.....	.....
Portland.....	25	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Montreal.....	10,602	248,031	238,028	80,614	.....	23,035
Philadelphia.....	3,900	329,801	876,654	.....	.....	.....
Baltimore.....	12,831	660,508	603,196	310	.....	.....
Total per week.....	104,192	3,054,656	3,893,594	130,846	9,071	34,386
Corresponding week of '79.....	125,080	2,087,521	2,167,712	1,599	142,369	6,090

RAILWAY TRAFFIC RECEIPTS.

COMPANY.	1880.				1879.		Week's Traffic.		Aggregate.		
	Period.	Pass. Mails & Express	Freight	Total.	Total.	Incr'se	Decr'se	Period.	Incr'se	Decr'se	
*Grand Trunk.....	Week July 3	\$ 75,098	\$ 122,120	\$ 197,218	\$ 152,910	\$ 44,308	.....	1 w'ks	\$ 44,308	.....	
Great Western.....	June 25	35,425	61,517	96,942	76,465	20,477	.....	26 "	343,369	.....	
Northern & H. & N.W.	" 22	7,371	19,774	27,145	20,895	6,250	.....	25 "	111,876	.....	
Toronto & Nipissing..	" 21	1,210	1,927	3,237	3,670	.....	433	25 "	9,079	.....	
Midland.....	" 30	2,253	6,542	8,795	5,078	3,717	.....	26 "	41,437	.....	
St. Lawrence & Ottawa	" 26	1,687	1,199	2,886	2,371	515	.....	fm Jan. 1	2,289	.....	
Whitby, Pt Perry & Lindsay.....	" 30	885	1,355	2,240	1,898	342	.....	"	10,359	.....	
Canada Central.....	" 21	2,709	4,497	7,206	5,338	1,868	.....	25 w'ks	28,572	.....	
Toronto, Grey & Bruce	" 19	2,196	4,810	7,006	6,731	275	.....	25 "	29,316	.....	
†Q., M., O. & O.....	June 25	14,863	4,521	19,444	5,930	13,514	.....	24 "	94,700	.....	
Month						[Month]					
Intercolonial.....	May 31	59,449	89,432	139,881	105,683	34,198	.....	5 m'nths	187,141	.....	

\*NOTE TO GRAND TRUNK.—The River du Loup receipts are included in 1879, not in 1880; omitting them the week's increase is \$48,503.

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

## CANADA'S DEBTS.

It is a matter for serious consideration that Canada is indebted so very largely to other countries (the greater portion of the debt being held in Great Britain). At present our aggregate debt to Britain amounts to \$500,000,000, on which the interest, averaged at five per cent., is \$25,000,000 annually,—this is money loaned on mortgage by British capitalists, and is a dead-weight upon the progress of the country, as this capital is loaned chiefly upon farm properties, which cannot in the majority of cases yield an interest of three per cent. Again, the Government Returns for 1879 (page 13) show that our Federal debt was increased, during twelve years, \$81,911,217 since this \$5,000,000 has been borrowed by Sir L. Tilley to pay off deficiencies: so that we have a total increase of \$86,911,217 in twelve years. On page 19 of the Government Returns for 1878 and estimates of 1879 added, we find that we have paid for interest, exchange, &c., of our Federal debt for the first eleven years of Confederation, \$70,598,596. The half of this \$70,598,596 is, in round numbers, \$35,000,000, of which sum we have lost the interest during twelve years, amounting to \$21,000,000. Adding these two amounts together, we find that the total of interest paid and interest lost to be \$91,798,597. So we have an increase of debt in twelve years of \$87,000,000, which, added to the above-mentioned interest (91,000,000), gives a total of over \$178,000,000 of debt accrued and interest paid in the first twelve years of Confederation. Rather a startling picture, and one upon which Canadians cannot afford much longer to gaze quietly.

But we ought to deduct from this sum of \$178,000,000 the interest paid during twelve years upon about \$40,000,000 of public works for which we were indebted at the commencement of Confederation, leaving fully \$150,000,000 of debt accrued and interest paid since Confederation.

According to the returns for 1878 and estimates of 1879 added—the total value of the Public Works of Canada is \$98,414,450. In 1867 they were worth about \$140,000,000 showing an increase of \$58,000,000, since Confederation and the increase of the Federal debt since that time, as shown above was \$86,911,217 or putting it in its proper light—the debt for new public works is \$27,000,000 in round numbers, more than the works are now valued at. How is that for financial management? Have we not reason to be anxious and whether are we drifting? As an able writer says “But bad as this is it is only one half the story; if we divide the increase of debt we have \$43,500,000 and then cast the interest on it at five per cent. for the twelve years there are over \$27,000,000 of interest to be added to the \$27,496,000 deficiency in value of said public works, showing a total of \$55,769,000 which the public works constructed since Confederation have cost us in excess of the \$58,000,000 at which the Government valued them,—nearly double the Government valuation, that is nearly double what they are worth.” How long can such a state of things continue and where is our boasted ability to be independent? To go back however still further—in 1842 the sum of \$9,000,000 was borrowed for public works—in 1878 the debt was \$174,957,268—deduct from this the amount paid for the North West and we have the sum of \$173,000,000 incurred for our public works, add to this \$91,798,597 of interest paid and we have \$264,798,597—add also interest paid from 1842 to date of Confederation \$15,000,000, making the frightful total of \$280,000,000 paid and to be paid for public works valued at \$98,414,450. Truly a glorious result and one which reflects great credit upon our rulers and financiers.

Our financial condition must be very gratifying to the annexationists as it is very evident that unless severely economical measures are immediately adopted we must inevitably and infallibly drift into annexation—indeed it appears to be a very doubtful matter whether such a finality can be avoided. If we consider the state of the finances of the Province of Quebec we are woefully impressed with our lamentable condition—we are borrowing and borrowing to pay previous loans—but there is a limit to this borrowing and then—the deluge. At present the Province is paying one per cent. more than the Harbour Commissioners of Montreal and the Provincial loan recently effected (?) is a very questionable success. The developments of Mr. E. A. Prentice as shown in the publication of his correspondence with Premier Chapleau are highly interesting and slightly comical—the correspondence of the Premier betrays weakness and a very slight knowledge of business. However, we must await further particulars of this humorous controversy. Then in the railway management, a great partiality is shown to political friends without considering whether the country can afford these vagaries or not. It must have been extremely humiliating to those that are in power at Quebec, to be refused money by the Bank of Montreal and it is a very strong proof of the rottenness of the financial condition of our Province. The cost of our governments federal, provincial, municipal, etc., was for the six years ending with 1876 \$36,000,000 more than all the earnings of the people after feeding and clothing themselves. And in that last year it was \$10,000,000, in excess of said earnings, and it has been going on ever since at the same annual rate which by July, 1880, will amount to \$70,000,000 more than all the earnings of all the people after clothing and feeding themselves.

It is much more important and necessary for the leaders of both political parties to devote their time and attention to extricating the Dominion from its financial difficulties than to be wasting their abilities to maintain or reach political ascendancy. Recently Mr. Wurtele has left for France to complete arrangements for the organization of a company which proposes to loan money upon hypothecs to the agriculturists and others; this may have a damaging effect upon the farming classes in Lower Canada, as it is an indisputable fact that the *habitant* does not require capital, but does require to be made to apply himself; so that if his facilities for obtaining money are increased, he will be tempted to borrow, and the farm will very soon pass into the hands of the lender; whether such a condition of affairs is desirable or not is doubtful, unless the lender is in a position to dispose of the farms to a better class of agriculturists. There is so much money loaned in Canada now that efforts should be made to reduce the amount rather than to augment it; it is impossible to understand how a debt can be paid off by a further borrowing, and if we are unable to pay the interest on our debts at present, by what process of reasoning do we arrive at the conclusion, or what right have to assume that our receipts will be doubled (as they must be in order to meet expenditures) within a specified time? We have had enough of delusive estimates, and what the country needs and calls for—is the severest economy. G. R.

## AN UNTIMELY AGITATION.

Sometime after this, when what we call “bracing” weather supervenes, I may resume the thread of my discourse where I left off last fall, and endeavour to carry to a practical as well as a logical conclusion the theory of the harmony between Protection and national progress. For the present the untimely agitation in favour of Commercial Union with the neighbouring Republic presses more upon public notice.

What I object to at the start is the stirring up of the Commercial Union or Annexation agitation now, as if it were a legitimate consequence of our recent adoption of National Policy. The latter should be looked upon as the true preventive of annexation, in the same sense as the Reform Bill of 1832 was the political prophylactic that saved the British Isles from the domestic disorder of 1848 on the Continent of Europe. In Britain the popular mind became possessed with the idea that a great measure of Reform had been achieved, which was true, though many old abuses had still to be allowed to remain, simply because the nation's constitutional system could not have stood so violent a wrench as that of uprooting them all at once. But enough was done to save the British Constitution, as appeared afterwards, when the Chartist agitation collapsed because it had not sufficient interest for the people generally. Had there been no Reform Act before, the Chartist movement would unquestionably have drawn a large majority into the current along with it, and the consequence of sixteen years' delay would have been Revolution instead of Reform. The political necessity of Britain in 1832 has been paralleled, though on a smaller scale, by the commercial necessity of Canada, as experienced in 1878 and years immediately preceding. In the former case the popular demand pressed for privileges political; in the latter, for privileges commercial. Canadian producers saw their American competitors enjoying two markets, while they were limited to one only. Under a low tariff, the figures of which were by slack Custom House management reduced to half the nominal percentage, American producers found practically an open market in Canada. Canadian producers, on the other hand, found themselves mulcted on the border in twenty per cent. toll on raw products, while the duties against our manufactures amounted to prohibition. Quite naturally the conclusion was arrived at, that if we could not have the American market, we might at least have our own. That appeared to be the best we could do for ourselves, but the Commercial Union agitators imply, if they do not precisely assert, that with our own markets secured to our own producers the latter are worse off than before, a conclusion which does not seem to be very conclusive. They might be asked, why did they not begin their agitation three or four years ago, ere yet any legislative remedy for the depression had been tried? The answer would have to be, that the great event—for a great event it was—of our change to National Policy has had such a disturbing effect on the minds of some people that they must needs call out for greater changes and more of them. It is as if a doctor of the old school should insist upon copious blood-letting when an inflammation had already been conquered by blisters, and was rapidly subsiding. These facts appear plainly enough, that under practical free trade Canada was suffering badly, and that we elected to try what good a twenty-five or thirty per cent. tariff would do in the premises. “It won't do at all,” say the agitators; “give us immediately Commercial Union and the American tariff of sixty per cent. (sixty-five per cent. the *Toronto Globe* calls it) or we will raise a disturbance.” The demand for a Zollverein, Commercial Union, or whatever it may be called, is in effect a demand for a sixty per cent. tariff. Now I ask, “why do the heathen rage,” and so fiercely demand a sixty per cent. tariff, when we have got what protection twenty-five or thirty per cent. can give us on manufactures, whereas they were mum as mice when we had only seventeen and one-half per cent., and that nominal merely, not actual?

If half a loaf is better than no loaf, as says the old proverb, why did they so patiently suffer under the *regime* of no bread at all, whereas the half loaf, if they will call it no more, excites them to revolutionary frenzy? The phenomenon is one to be remarked upon; it may be of interest after this to search for its hidden causes.

*Argus.*

### A CONTROVERSIAL HORNETS' NEST.

Amongst the many associations for religious purposes extant in the British Islands there is, it seems, one calling itself "The Irish Church Missions." As there are several churches in Ireland, notably and most numerous the Roman Catholic Church, the Protestant Episcopal Church, and the Presbyterian Church, besides others of varied denomination, it is, to the comprehension of an ordinary layman, somewhat of a puzzle to discover to which of them it is that, arrogating to itself the title of "The Irish Church," the missions may properly belong. The Fiji Islands mission is known to be a mission to the Fiji Islands,—and the American Church missions are certainly missions conducted by the American Church,—it is therefore possible that similar missions might be undertaken by an Irish Church. But as there does not happen to be an Irish Church in the Strand, London, where the headquarters of the missions are said to be situated, and as it appears from correspondence at hand that the object of the missions is to confer an "inestimable blessing" upon "ignorant Roman Catholic" inhabitants of a wild district in Western Ireland, the interpretation becomes inadmissible. There are in the Emerald Island, it is believed, some very extraordinary things; but as it is scarcely conceivable that any church therein would deem it necessary to send missions to itself, the only solution at all feasible is, that the term Irish is used to differentiate certain church missions of a Hibernian and possibly abnormal type.

A mission or missions having a higher object, or one more justly entitled to the gratitude of men than the conferring upon them of an "inestimable blessing," it is not easy to imagine. But, however powerful an appeal such may constitute, and however potent its efficacy in eliciting active and substantial sympathy from a generous public, the height to which it soars above the sordid process of computation seems to invite an ignoble sentiment of curiosity as to the nature of, or particular shape in which so great a benefit is usually bestowed. To be told by the numerous friends and admirers of the missions that it consists in the "plucking of brands from the burning," or the rescuing of souls from Egyptian darkness and bringing them into the bright light of the Gospel, if loftily vague, should, and mayhap would be sufficiently gratifying if only enquiry ceased at that point; but when it is learned that amongst a very large body of Christians in the island, and indeed beyond the limits thereof, an opinion extensively prevails that the operations of the missions are susceptible of an interpretation by no means in harmony with the sublime aspirations which efforts to convert the darkness of Egypt into Gospel effulgence would necessarily indicate, the effect is, to say the least, disappointing to well-meaning and possibly ill-informed enthusiasts.

The pronounced opponents of an institution which claims an exalted beneficence for its chief characteristic do not hesitate to aver that it is simply a device to procure, by means of questionable morality, the desertion by the Irish peasant of "the ancient faith of his fathers," and further, that relying upon the supposition that when men's stomachs are empty their religious sentiments are proportionately weak or uncertain, the missions by timeous supplies of food, clothing and employment, apparently augment the ranks of supposititious converts, or temporary perverts from "our holy religion." It must be admitted that this latter averment borrows a certain colour of truth from the fact that a principal field of the missionary labours in question is a district in which, during the most prosperous seasons, food is never abundant and seldom nutritious. To bring the whole force at the disposal of an assailant to bear upon the weakest point of attack in an enemy is a recognized rule in the science of war; and, although military tactics are not usually of a character to be associated with proceedings said to be identical with the teachings of the gospel of peace, the metaphor might be allowed if happily the armed intervention of magistrates and police were not among some of the concomitants of the "inestimable blessing," and if still more happily the imagination was not wont to call up visions of domestic strife, of parents arrayed against their children, brother against brother, neighbour set against neighbour, heart-burnings and uncharitableness, with all the impassioned fervour of the western Celt. To those excellent people who are hopeful respecting the future of the human race, it is the reverse of encouraging to witness so wide and so violent a divergence between two eminent sections of Christianity; and to observe how closely a noble phase of philanthropy may resemble or seem to fade into motives of the baser sort, even to wearing the aspect of a coarse and depraved system of bribery. That "poor, ignorant and benighted Connemara" might, if Protestantized, become a humble rival of prosperous Ulster need not necessarily be classed with remote possibilities of the future. Protestantism is not seldom the parent of *prosperism*, if such a word may be made. But as the benighted of Western Connaught, notwithstanding the allurements of "a full male and a bran new suit o' cloas," look coldly upon the "inestimable blessing," and commonly

evince a very decided preference for a state of partial starvation, which they seem to regard as in some sense an essential preliminary to a better world that is coming; the spectacle of "Protestant Proselytism," confronted by "Romish Intolerance," which may mean an intelligent resistance to what is looked upon as an unjustifiable innovation, is neither complacent nor specially edifying. Into the merits of the contending forces it is not the purpose of this paper minutely to enter. Suggested by an incident unpleasantly illustrating the consequences of thrusting the hand into a nest of the hornets of modern religious controversy, it proceeds to relate that Colonel Spencer, a relative of the ducal family of Marlborough, being connected with the distribution in Connemara of a part of the Relief Fund, instituted by the good Duchess, was the recipient of a correspondence from Lord Randolph Churchill, a younger son of her Grace, in which his Lordship felt himself justified in congratulating a certain committee receiving grants, that its members did not include "Mr. Corry, a gentleman occupying the unenviable position of head to a society known as the *Irish Church Missions*, whose object is to pervert the Catholic peasants by all sorts of bribes and unworthy dodges." It is doubtless fresh in the recollection of many readers of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR that Lord Randolph Churchill is the young nobleman upon whom, and upon whose family, Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell, the leading exponent of Hibernian Communism, made certain characteristic and cowardly attacks with fatal effect upon his (Parnell's) reputation for veracity. But Lord Randolph Churchill is otherwise and more honourably distinguished as having taken a high-class at Oxford, and for his consequent acquaintance with valuable methods of preparation for public life. His Lordship, however, cannot be said to have availed himself of lessons which he might have learnt from the humblest domestics of Blenheim in the practices and uses of discretion,—a quality no less advantageous in "the cool sequestered vale" than in the whirl of a public career. To speak of a society, the aim of which is to confer an "inestimable blessing," as the patrons of "all sorts of bribery and unworthy dodges," if direct and vigorous in style may perhaps not greatly exceed the latitude to which a writer might deem himself entitled when writing confidentially to his uncle. But Lord Randolph Churchill has been sufficiently long in the world to possess some knowledge of the extremely awkward and embarrassing consequences which have resulted from the fatal tendency, which some private communications seem to have, of falling under the prying eyes of an enquiring public. Upon the occasion referred to he was the temporary occupant of a building usually the residence of the Private Secretary of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and the paper upon which his letter was written bore the copper plate heading appropriate to the correspondence of the above mentioned official. As there is nothing within reach calculated to throw any light upon the habits of Colonel Spencer, it is difficult even to offer a conjecture as to the mysterious agency by means of which the letter, a few days after its dispatch, fell into the hands of Colonel Biggs, who is not only an officer in the Royal Artillery but is also "an officer of the society." Feeling bound "in duty and honour" to forward to the Committee of the Missions a document in which they were dishonorably mentioned, Colonel Biggs before doing so "had the honour to request" an explanation from "my Lord." The hostile flavour of this colonel's communication carries the mind back to the olden times when probably "a friend" would have been the bearer of his missive. The presumed astonishment of "my Lord" having subsided, he probably thought he had disposed of the matter by simply declining all correspondence with the Colonel. So far as that gallant officer was concerned he seems to have thought correctly as the warrior disappeared from the scene but only to give place to a naval commander who if not the son of a Duke was at least the son of a Peer.

The scion of the Marlboroughs consequently next finds himself called upon by Captain the Honourable Francis Maud, who is now seen to be chairman and therefore head of the society and not some unknown Mr. Corry, to afford "distinct explanation" touching the "bribes and unworthy dodges;" learning at the same time the alarming intelligence that "this committee cannot make light of such statements dated from the Private Secretary's Lodge." The solemn warning was, however, quite thrown away upon Lord Randolph Churchill, who whether the committee could not or would not make light of him, lost not a moment in showing how perfectly capable he was of making light of the committee. Again providing himself with the obnoxiously headed note paper, he assured "F. Maud, Esq." that altho' he happened to inhabit the Private Secretary's Lodge he was not then and never had been Private Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, thus unconsciously testifying to the prudence of the Duke his Father. Attacking the whole community of Hornets in their nest with a torch more blazing than any that had yet been applied, declining to have "anything to do in the way of this controversy either with you or your society or any one else" and stating that "a Colonel Biggs some how or other had got hold of a private communication from me to my uncle," and presuming that Colonel Biggs being an "an officer" was also "a gentleman," he became the object of a tremendous onslaught by the society headed by its chairman, from which he had to protect himself by bolting into "St. James' Club," Piccadilly. To ascertain whether the society may be composed of persons professing advanced Christianity there is but the slender evidence that



it is not their habit when smitten on one cheek to present the other for similar treatment. The combative instincts of Naval and Military officers may possibly tincture the proceedings of the committee which do not seem to be characterized by the more congenial and gentle spirit of the gospel. Had Lord Randolph Churchill's indiscretion been deemed worthy of notice a dignified remonstrance when opportunity offered, if less productive of subscriptions than the hum of the hornets, would assuredly have inspired less contempt for those persons contumeliously called "souters" and their zealous but possibly mistaken patrons.—*Extracted from the Saturday Review by "Saxon."*

### YOUNG LADIES' BEAUTY.

A beautiful person is the natural form of a beautiful soul—a vacant mind or soul takes all the meaning out of the most exquisitely formed face. Bad passions transform a face into an image of ugliness. There is nothing which so beautifies the expression and ennoble the face as the constant presence of noble and kind thoughts. More powerful than all in rendering a face angelic is kindness in the heart: affection is the organizing force. Woman is fairer and more lovely than man, because she is more affectionate; and loveliness is but the exterior of love. The angels are beautiful, I suppose, and if so they must be good. All young ladies who desire to be beautiful must first of all be good, and must lead rational lives. I am sorry to say there is a certain class of young ladies who are devoted to fashionable frivolities, to stupid ceremonies, to conceited idleness, to insatiable curiosity—who are "useless as a butterfly, untrue to friends, and caring only for physical comfort and mental inclination, tired of living, but afraid of dying, and dying in the harness of pleasure rather than drop out of the race and live naturally"—who are like caged birds of beautiful feather but unhealthy look, whose nights are spent in dancing, and whose days are passed, vegetating in bedrooms or parlours, recuperating for another frivolity, whose conversation is idle gossip, spoken by slanderous tongues, whose loves are sickly romances over gaping, lisping, eye-glassed fools, whose duties are unfulfilled, whose charities are nil, whose religious thoughts are church-bonnets and whose hearts are flints. This is a severe, but true description, of a certain class.

Why do they not live naturally and rationally, avoiding all social excesses? Why do they not go out into the warm sunshine, and under the blue sky add lustrous beauty to their eyes, peach-bloom to their cheeks, elasticity to their steps, health and vigour to their frame? Take exercise; climb the mountain, enjoying the scenery and making the woods gay with your laughter; ride with the Hunt, when it does *hunt*; row on the river; go for a bathe; and spending your days in unrestrained liberty and healthy enjoyment, return home with good appetites and happy hearts. It is very fashionable for the ladies who do not do these things to sneer at those who do, and to call them "dairy-maid" beauties, but the rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed young lady, blooming in perfect health, who can darn a stocking, make her own dresses, enjoy exercise, and be a lady when required, can well afford to laugh at the pale "aristocratic" (?) beauty, and is one who will make her husband's home happy, and be a good mother to her children.

But you moping, wasp-waisted, limping, doll-dressed, music-murdering, "Nana"-devouring daughters of dissipated idleness and senseless fashion will no more make a good mother than a cuckoo. You want more natural exercise, more liberty of action, less fashionable restraint, and less dancing in overcrowded and over-heated ball-rooms; less driving in fine equipages. You want more house-keeping duties and less parlour posturings; more walking and less couch or sofa; more frankness and sincerity and less mock-modesty. Loosen your waist-strings, giving your lungs freedom of action and breathing pure atmosphere, and become as cheery and beautiful as Dame Nature designed. There is one thing that is to be avoided, and that is, fastness, even of word alone, which is always vulgar.

If young ladies are natural and live rationally, they will live to form part of the picture thus given by Oliver Wendell Holmes:—"Oftentimes I have seen a tall ship glide by against the tide as if drawn by an invisible tow-line with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails unfurled, her streamers drooping, she had neither side-wheel nor stern-wheel; still she moved on stately in serene triumph, as with her own life. But I knew that on the other side of the ship, hidden beneath the great bulk that swam so majestically, there was a little toilsome steam-tug, with a heart of fire and arms of iron that was tugging it bravely on; and I knew that if the little steam-tug untwined her arms and left the ship, it would wallow and roll away and drift hither and thither and go off with the effluent tide no man knows where, and so I have known more than one genius high-deck, full-freighted, wide-sailed, gay-penned, but for the bare toiling arm and brave warm healthy heart of the faithful little wife that nestled close to him so that no wind or wave could part them, he would have gone down with the stream and been heard of no more."

It has been said, and perhaps truly, that women are what men make them—if this be true, be it then the duty of women to make men better, and be it the duty and pleasure of men to follow—but if some young ladies continue to

spend their days in "hare-brained chatter" and "irresponsible frivolity," they will certainly find themselves equalled by a number of bank clerks and others.

Geo. Rothwell.

### POPULAR SAYINGS ABOUT CATS.

The character of the cat is such that we must not wonder at the position it has taken in the popular superstitions and sayings of many nations. Its appearance and movements have been regarded as ominous, and it has supplied an excellent theme for proverbs and comparisons. The latter only will form the subject of the present paper, although the superstitions are often curious and interesting. We must risk the taunt of Lady Macbeth—

Letting I dare not wait upon I would,  
Like the poor cat in the adage.

The sayings which have come down to us about cats are not always complimentary and suggestive of kindness. Thus, Shakespeare's "If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me" is a reference to a barbarous sport, of which Dr. Brewer says, "In olden times a cat was for sport inclosed in a bag or leathern bottle, and hung to the branch of a tree as a mark for bowmen to shoot at." Among the many expressions which are comparisons, either in form or in reality, the following occur: Grinning like a Cheshire cat; Living a cat and dog life; To be like Kilkenny cats; As a cat loves mustard; As gray as grannum's cat. The meaning of all these is obvious, and they are rather forcible than elegant. For "living a cat and dog life" the French say "To love like cats and dogs"; and this leads us to observe that many of the sayings which are current in the language appear in others, more or less modified. Thus, we say "to buy a pig in a poke"; but in France, Flanders, and elsewhere they say "to buy a cat in a bag."

The well-known motto of the Grants, "Touch not a cat but a glove," in which "but" means "without," has been explained to mean "Touch not the clan Cattan, or mountain cat, without a glove"; but, as a fact, the saying is common to the French and to other languages. Equally general is the saying, "A mitted cat catches no mice"; and perhaps even more so, "When the cat is away the mice play." Others which are widely spread are, To bell the cat (to hang bells about its neck); By night all cats are grey; The cat loves fish, but won't wet her feet to catch them; The cat did it; He would not harm a cat, &c.

Instead of our "tit for tat," or "A Roland for an Oliver," the French say, "For a good cat a good rat." In French "To cast a cat between one's legs" is to lay the blame on anyone; and "To remove the cat from the house" is to sneak or steal away. Some folks are said "to love neither dog nor cat," when they love nobody; or to be like bad cats which lick before they scratch, when they feign kindness but mean mischief. That a cat may look at a king, is well understood; and so is using a cat's paw for getting chestnuts out of the fire. In some places they pay in cats and rats, and know the meaning of "kitten" without needing "cat" to be said. Letting the cat get at the cheese is wrong; but it is right not to wake a sleeping cat, and to mistrust a cat even when she is asleep. To call a cat a cat is merely our calling a spade a spade. A scalded cat dreads cold water, just as a burnt child dreads the fire; and though a scalded cat does not go back to the kitchen, the Spanish idea is good, "One eye on the pot, and the other on the cat." The Italian means cat when he is in earnest, does not mean cat when he is in jest, and plays the dead cat when he dissimulates. He calls the cat when he speaks plainly; he sets about skinning a cat, when he undertakes a hard task; and when he sees no one he finds neither cat nor dog. That evil-doers are caught at last, he shows by saying the cat goes so often to the bacon that she leaves her claws there. He goes to see the cat drowned when he lets himself be imposed on, and he cheats another when he gets him to go and see him fish along with the cat. Though every cat would like a bell, the cat of Masina scratched out its own eyes in order not to see the rats.

The Spaniard, like the Italian, plays the cat when he dissimulates, but it is not a dead one. The Spaniard says the cat would be a good friend if it did not scratch, and he thinks a cat which mews is not a good mouser. An Italian says one had better be the head of a cat than the tail of a lion; a wary German goes like a cat round hot broth, and believes it too late to drive the cat away when the cheese is eaten. Many believe that a good cat often loses a mouse, that no cat is too small to scratch, and that you cannot keep away the cat when it has tasted cream. The Russian thinks that play for cats means tears for the mice; the Arab says that when the cats and mice are on good terms the provisions suffer; the Turk tells us that two cats can hold their own against one lion. Another Turkish saying is, It is fast day to-day, as the cat said when it could not get at the liver.

The Englishman fancies that some people have as many lives as a cat—that a cat, in fact, has nine lives; yet he holds that care will kill a cat, and that May kittens should be drowned. He is scarcely alone in thinking that the more you stroke a cat's back the higher she raises her tail—in other words flattery feeds vanity. He lets the cat out of the bag; but so do others, and they all

agree that it is in the nature of a cat to fall on her feet. Only he talks of turning cat in pan, and of raining cats and dogs, or sees folks dance like a cat on hot bricks.

The Spaniard says, Has the cat kittened? when he sees a place full of lights; and he asks, Who has to take the cat out of the water? when something unpleasant has to be done. That anyone watches as a cat a mouse, is French as much as English. The French also say, She is as dainty as a cat; It is nothing to whip a cat for; their singers have a cat in the throat when the throat is not clear; and phrase "cat music" is not unknown. If one has a scratched face, he has been playing with cats; and an impossibility is a mouse's nest in a cat's ear. That people should sometimes go like a cat over hot coals is intelligible enough. But, as our space is so limited that we have scarcely room to swing a cat, we must draw to a conclusion. We have collected a quantity of trifles from many sources, and the result reminds us of the German who says that he who hunts with cats will readily catch mice. If it should be asked what you can have of a cat but her skin, we scarcely know how we could reply. But as we wish to say something about this domestic pet, we append two short extracts from the Noble Life of Laurence Andrews: "The mouse-hunter or cat is an unclean beast, and a poison enemy to all mice; and when she hath gotten one she playeth there with, but she eateth it. And the cat hath long hair on her mouth, and when her hairs be gone then hath she no boldness; and she is gladly in a warm place. She licketh her fore feet and washeth therewith her face." And again: "The cat is a beast that seeth sharp, and she biteth sore, and scratcheth right perilously, and is principal enemy to rats and mice; and her colour is of nature grey; and the cause that they be otherwise coloured, that cometh through change of meat, as it is well marked by the house cat, for they be seldom coloured like the wild cat, and their flesh is both nesh (tender) and soft." This quaint but honest old writer would never incur the guilt of selling or advising anyone to buy a cat for a hare, as the French and Italians say when they refer to "being cheated or to cheat."—*Queen*.

## HOW WE WENT TO THE COUNTRY.

(Concluded.)

Every one may not know where Vaudreuil is, but all must know where to find Ste. Anne; and yet there are several Ste. Annes in this good Province of Quebec and all possessed of the wonderful power of working miracles, but I mean the Ste. Anne immortalized by Moore—"Row, brothers, row," etc. All the saints and shrines and miracles could never render the little village half so famous as that simple little song. Now having reached Ste. Anne we must get to Vaudreuil, Ste. Anne being at the western end of the island of Montreal we cross a bridge before we can get to anywhere else, and then we find ourselves on Isle Perrot of picnic fame, then we cross another bridge and here we are at last, at Vaudreuil station; the village is a couple of miles away, on the banks of the Ottawa; but the hotel to which we are going is at the station. I have not attempted to tell of all the exploits and escapades of "the buster" on our way up—how he climbed on the backs of the seats, essayed to stand upright thereon, and was rescued by kindly-disposed passengers, and how finally he was reduced to a state of semi-insubordination by our clever young friend who is now the esteemed member for Glengarry; and who seemed to exercise a benign influence on "the buster" by simply keeping his eye upon him. At the station we are met by Mr. Rivard who takes charge of any amount of luggage and any number of small boys. He points out the hotel which is charmingly near, and I exclaim—"Ah! I am so glad that the hotel is near, for my husband can come every night." To which Mr. Rivard who speaks English very well but very plural, replies—"Oh, yes; all the gentlemen comes every nights by the seven o'clock trains." We are met at the door of the hotel by Madame Rivard, a pretty, pleasant looking hostess, who escorts us to our rooms which we find to be delightfully fresh and clean, and Madame rejoices my heart by replying to my anxious enquiries that we can have any amount of sewing and washing done well and cheaply. So after all my worries and anxieties, here we are as comfortably situated as though we had been looking out for a month, and I can have my sewing done more cheaply than at home, besides having more time to see to it myself. Then I begin to think that after all Leo is right. He takes things easy and they turn out well, he cuts the Gordian knot that cannot be untied and the result is equally satisfactory. But when the evening train arrives with the "gentlemen" and we sit down to what is called dinner, I am not so well satisfied. The cooking is very different from poor Bridget's, and Louise the sallow-faced cross-eyed tablemaid is not so smart or tidy as she might be. Then there are two charming French ladies, the wives of Montreal lawyers, and a pretty bride from Kingston who are all dressed in stylish silks with ribbons and laces and all the accessories of perfect toilets, while I am arrayed in a simple suit of blue ticking which greatly impairs my appetite, and completely destroys my late feelings of complacency. As usual at country quarters, there is a would-be witty young man who tries to make weak puns on everything, and when the fair Louise, who

prides herself upon her (very bad) English asks, will we have—"Rosbif or boi-shicken;" he replies that he will take boy-chicken, but hopes it won't turn out to be an old hen." Leo takes *rosbif*, but finds that it has been cooked in salt-pork fat, which does not improve the flavour. After dinner Leo interviews the landlord as to terms, which are far from being so reasonable as one might expect from the style of the cooking; however, we are here and here we must remain, and Leo points out all the advantages, skilfully glossing over the defects, till as usual I agree with him that it is delightful, and we go forth for an evening stroll, as Leo poetically remarks, "Just like a couple of *turkey doves*." And with all its defects we really manage to spend a month very pleasantly at Vaudreuil. We found pleasant green fields for the children to play in, and lovely spots on the river bank where we could sit and watch the waters rushing wildly over their rocky bed, casting the white spray around with the low, rumbling roar of the rapids. The children grew stout and sturdy spite of the Canadian cooking, and we even managed to improve it by bribing the fair Louise to cook our "bif-stiks" with "*pas de graisse*." At first she was wildly indignant at the idea of cooking a beef-steak on the bare pan, but having fully convinced her that "that was the idea that we intended to convey," and further enlightened her by the aid of sundry "*trente-sous*;" she forthwith took quite kindly to our suggestions; and would smile benignly upon us with that "far away look" in her lovely cross-eyes, (which look is so often ascribed to sentimental heroines, but which I think can only be possessed to perfection by cross-eyed people), while she echoed, "*pas de graisse*," casting back at us a look of piquant archness, which owing to the obliqueness of her vision always fell upon the facetious young man at the other side of the table, who would exclaim—"good gracious, what is she grinning at me me now for!" But even with "*pas de graisse*" and sundry other little wrinkles the cooking palled upon us ere the end of the month and betook ourselves to the Hotel O'Brien at fair Ste. Anne. Here we found an improvement in every thing, but the green fields were farther away and the river was temptingly near. Many a morning "the buster" went forth in spotless white and returned in an hour or two bespattered up to his eyes; with his mud-colored skirts clinging to his dirty little legs—"well my boy, you are ready for the wash-tub," was the general salutation as he mounted the hotel steps, but the "buster" unabashed would stand forth among the ladies and tell them how he had "frowed tones on a yiver an'd a mual dumped at him, an'd he frowed more tones." But the poor "buster" had not cut all his teeth and presently he fell ill and we were obliged to summon Bridget to take care of him and then we found our hotel bill becoming too big, and Leo brought the glad tidings that the house was finished, and we hied us home again. But ever since that year I think that people are very foolish when they spend so much time *preparing* for the country. Better go quickly and stand not upon the order of your going. Buy some material, if you want clothes, and depend upon it you will find good enough dress-makers to make it up, unless you are going to fashionable places, but I am only thinking of mothers like myself, who have more babies than lawbees. Finally, don't break your hearts if you find a few ladies better dressed than you are. Just think how little difference it will make in a hundred years from now. *Georgie Graham*.

## THINGS IN GENERAL.

### GRUYERE CHEESE.

Perhaps the most justly celebrated cheese made on the Continent of Europe is the Swiss Gruyère. This is made mostly in huts called *châlets*, high up among the Alps, at the time during which the pastures on the mountain-sides are accessible, and the huts habitable, say, from the melting of the snow in May to the end of September, when men and animals descend for the winter into the sheltered valleys thousands of feet below. The *châlets* are located in the midst of the mountain pastures on a spot safe from avalanches, and generally near to a small pond or spring of water, when such are available. Provisions from the valleys are carried up weekly to the *châlets*, and it is under such difficult and romantic circumstances that a cheese is made which for hundreds of years has been considered almost, if not quite the best on the Continent. The milk, partly skimmed, or not, according to the quality of cheese desired to be made is put into a great kettle and swung on a crane over a gentle fire, where it is allowed to attain a temperature of 77 deg. Fahr., when the kettle is swung off the fire and rennet is added to the milk. When coagulation has advanced far enough, the curd is cut into as fine pieces as is practicable with the large wooden knife which is used for the purpose. The kettle is then swung over the fire again, and the curd is taken up in small quantities in a porringer and poured back through the fingers, whereby it is still more finely divided. Great importance is attached to this division of the curd, in order that each particle may be fully exposed to the action of the heat in the "cooking" process, which ensues up to a point when a temperature of 90 deg. has been attained. The kettle is then immediately swung off the fire, and the waste of curd and whey stirred for some fifteen minutes longer; and if the cooking has been properly performed, the particles of curd have the appearance of bursted grains of rice swimming in the whey. The curd is then collected in a cloth, and great care is taken to

expel all the whey. The salting of the cheese is also considered a delicate and important process. The salt is rubbed, from time to time, on the outside of the cheese, care being taken to discern when enough shall have been absorbed. The Gruyère cheeses are commonly three feet in diameter, and weigh over one hundred pounds. A successful cheese of this kind is like a soft yellow paste, which melts in the mouth, and is filled with cavities about the size of a pea, one or two, say, in each square inch of cheese.—*Ex.*

#### THE PREACHER.

A great writer has told us that one of the most beautiful and touching things one sees on earth, is a man standing and speaking spiritual things to men. And he asserts that "The speaking function—this of truth coming to us with a living voice—nay, in a living shape, and as a concrete practical exemplar—this, with all our writing and printing functions, has a perennial place." For some have thought, and staunchly maintained, that the pulpit has done its work, and that the multitude of newspapers, books, and magazines, is enough for all the requirements of man. It is remarkable, however, that never did so many men and women listen with solemn and earnest attention to so many preachers throughout the land; and that wherever there is a preacher whose peculiar gifts proclaim his vocation to speak to men of the glad tidings of good things, crowds have joyfully assembled to hear him. The truth is, that philosophy has never made men moral, nor abstract doctrine made them holy. The Incarnation was as needful to sanctify as it was to redeem; and the warm presence of humanity, not merely thinking the truth, but feeling it, not denouncing sin, but fighting it, carries a force with its living energy which nothing else can simulate or rival. Every era of rising religious life has been an era of preaching. Even now, while men complain that we have so few great preachers, they seem to forget that we have so many good ones; and if they demand an excess of pastoral care, it is because they are anxious to continue during the week the good influence they felt on the Sunday, and to be better acquainted with him who so deeply enters their hearts, and so tenderly touches their lives.—*Quiver.*

#### HOSPITALITY.

True hospitality has its origin in the heart, and beautifies, like the sunlight upon the cloud, everything it touches, and never goes beyond the circle of generous impulses. Entertainment given with genuine hospitality means more than the mere feeding of the body, it means a royal interchange of the gifts of the soul. This is the highest compensation which the intelligent mind can bestow or receive. It is pre-eminently social in its manifestations and tendencies, and wherever it strews its fruitage, there you will find happy hearts and happy dwellings. Still it should be made subservient to wholesome laws, as all things that are good are governed by the methods of law. The obligation to be hospitable or kind to strangers and guests is a sacred one, and is a proof to its possessor of the highest order of humanity, and is emphasised by every moral code known to the world, and a beautiful exemplification of the second great commandment. There should never be a guest in the house whose presence requires any considerable change in the domestic economy of one's household affairs. However much the circumstances of business or mutual interests may tend to the entertainment of a stranger, he should never be taken into the family circle unless he is known to be entirely worthy of that high social distinction; but when once admitted, he should be treated as if the place had been his always. The individuality or pursuits of the host or guest should never for a moment be lost sight of. The fact that an invitation has been accepted does not confer or carry with it the right of either the one or the other to be master of the other's time. A man should never be so essentially himself as when he entertains a friend.—*Albany Sunday Press.*

GREAT MEN.—Lockhart, of the *Quarterly* on reaching the inn at Weimar, in the course of a German tour, asked the waiter whether "Goethe, the great poet," was in the town. The man shook his head, as if he had never heard the name before, but the landlady suggested that the traveller might mean "Herr von Goethe, the Privy Counsellor."

#### MY FRIEND.

AFTER THE GERMAN.

The friend who holds a mirror to my face  
And hiding none, is not afraid to trace  
My faults, my smallest blemishes within;  
Who friendly warns, reproves me, if I sin—  
Although it seems not so,—she is my friend.

But she who, ever flattering, gives me praise,  
Who ne'er rebukes, nor censures, nor delays  
To come with eagerness and grasps my hand  
And pardons me, ere pardon I demand—  
She is my enemy, though she seem my friend.

#### FATE OR GOD?

Beyond the record of all eldest things,  
Beyond the rule and regions of past time,  
From out Antiquity's hoary-headed rime,  
Looms the dread phantom of a King of kings:  
Round His vast brow the glittering circlet clings  
Of a thrice royal crown; behind Him climb,  
O'er Atlantean limbs and breast sublime,  
The sombre splendours of mysterious wings;

Deep calms of measureless power, in awful state,  
Gird and uphold Him; a miraculous rod,  
To heal or smite, arms His infallible hands:  
Known in all ages, worshipped in all lands.  
Doubt names this half-embodied Mystery—Fate,  
While Faith, with lowlier reverence, whispers—God!

*Paul H. Hayne.*

#### DARE TO SAY "NO!"

Dare to say "No" when you're tempted to drink,  
Pause for a moment, my brave boy, and think—  
Think of the wrecks upon life's ocean tossed  
For answering "Yes" without counting the cost;  
Think of the mother who bore you in pain!  
Think of the tears that will fall like the rain;  
Think of her heart, and how cruel the blow;  
Think of her love, and at once answer "No!"

Think of the hopes that are drowned in the bowl;  
Think of the danger to body and soul:  
Think of sad lives once as pure as the snow;  
Look at them now and at once answer "No."  
Think of a manhood with rum-tainted breath;  
Think how the glass leads to sorrow and death;  
Think of the homes that, now shadowed with woe,  
Might have been heaven had the answer been "No."

Think of lone graves both unwept and unknown,  
Hiding fond hopes that were fair as your own;  
Think of proud forms now for ever laid low,  
That still might be here had they learned to say "No."  
Think of the demon that lurks in the bowl,  
Driving to ruin both body and soul;  
Think of all this as life's journey you go,  
And when assailed by the tempter say "No!"

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

No notice whatever will be taken of anonymous letters, nor can we undertake to return letters that are rejected.

All communications to contain the name and address of the sender.

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

It is distinctly to be borne in mind that we do not by inserting letters convey any opinion favourable to their contents. We open our columns to all without leaning to any; and thus supply a channel for the publication of opinions of all shades, to be found in no other journal in Canada.

#### THE "CHURCH" IN THE "WORLD."

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR.

SIR,—Your correspondent "Church" is evidently not "a worldling," else he would be aware that it is quite possible to describe the line of thought which is to be found in any certain class of mind, without giving that line of thought more than a temporary lodgement in one's own heart. It is surely possible to feel sufficient sympathy, both with the "church" and the "world," to make it easy and natural to speak from the separate standpoint of each. Nor is it strange that one who has stronger sympathy with the latter than the former, because he recognizes its superior usefulness, should yet show a disposition to comfort both with such faint glimpses as he might be enabled to give of the certain dawn of a brighter day than either have yet known.

My critic's other remarks hardly call for reply. A more careful and less inimical perusal of the article itself, and the absence of one or two printer's errors which slightly obscure some of its latter paragraphs, ought to be sufficient explanation. I wrote with but little hope that "the church," as represented by sectarians and so defined by me, would either comprehend, or care for, the views expressed. My hope was strong as regards "the world." It at least has always shown considerable sympathy with

*"A Worldling."*

**Musical.**

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

Notices of Concerts in Provincial towns, &c. are invited, so as to keep musical amateurs well informed concerning the progress of the art in Canada.

QUEBEC ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The annual *concours* of the Provincial Academy was held in Victoria Hall, Quebec, on Tuesday last. Although diplomas and prizes were offered for almost every branch of musical education, there were no entries except for the pianoforte, no less than sixteen aspirants for distinction being present, fourteen of whom were successful. The following were awarded diplomas:—

SECOND CLASS.	
Miss Mary McEnery,	Miss F. Lafrance.
Miss Julia McEnery,	Miss Banks,
Miss Georgiana McGregor,	Miss E. Kelly,
Miss A. Hookes,	Miss L. Lemesurier.
FIRST CLASS.	
Miss Amy Henry,	Miss Marie Alméras,
(with great distinction.)	(with distinction.)
Miss L. Paré,	Miss Maggie Watson,
(with distinction.)	Miss Lacombe.

Misses Henry and Paré also entered for the degree of *Laureat* and were both successful, receiving a valuable collection of classical music in addition to their diplomas. After the examination, the election of officers for the ensuing year took place with the following result:—

President . . . . .	P. R. MACLAGAN, (Montreal.)
Vice-President . . . . .	GUSTAVE GAGNON, (Quebec.)
Secretary, Joseph Defoy, (Quebec.)	Treasurer, A. Lavigne, (Quebec.)

COUNCIL.	
F. Jehin-Prume, (Montreal.)	B. J. Fowler, (Montreal.)
A. J. Boucher, “	Calixa Lavalée, (Quebec.)
J. B. Labelle, “	Ernest Gagnon, “

OUR PROVINCIAL ACADEMY.

Below will be found an account of the proceedings of the Quebec Academy of Music to which we take the present opportunity of drawing the attention of our readers. The Academy is incorporated by Act of Parliament, and holds its sessions annually in the cities of Montreal and Quebec alternately, its object being to establish a standard of musical proficiency, and to put down charlatany in teaching. There have in the past been charges of mismanagement, favouritism and the like, brought against the board (some of which we are afraid were not wholly without foundation) and many of our best teachers held aloof from the concern; this has, we think, been unfortunate, as to them we naturally look for reform. The constitution and by-laws, if carried out, preclude the possibility of unfairness of any kind, and if the teachers who at present are in office are incapable of managing the institution, it rests with those who know or can do better, to take the reins of office and lead their less able confreres. We understand that all musicians of standing are invited to become members, and that anyone (professional or amateur) can by examination obtain that privilege. Financially the Academy is in a flourishing condition, the Treasurer having a large balance in hand, and we trust that each succeeding year more and more interest may be taken in the institution, so that it may become a power for good in our midst. To those who have undertaken office for the ensuing year we would say that they must do all in their power to make the Academy in fact what it is in name; that anything having even the semblance of unfairness in the awards must be carefully avoided, and that only those shall be selected as jurors whose reputation both as men and as musicians is established in the community. We will watch carefully the progress of the Academy, and so long as the principles of the present constitution are adhered to, we have no fear for its ultimate success.

RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

THE DOMINION HYMN, MUSIC BY ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

This hymn is now published by Messrs. Dezouche & Co., price thirty cents. It is arranged for four voices with a separate pianoforte accompaniment, and is very neatly printed. As a change from the everlasting “God save the Queen” it will be a relief to all whose lot it is to attend public entertainments, dinners, or meetings of any kind. We are sure anyone who has followed the course of our Governor-General, and noted how many times every day the dreary (although majestic) strains of the Cosmopolitan National Anthem were inflicted on him, will not wonder that he was impelled to write something after a different pattern. We are sure no loyal Canadian will be without a copy.

The Handel Festival in London seems to have been more successful than ever before. The chorus numbered about 3,500 and the orchestra 450 making an aggregate force of nearly 4,000. The principal soloists were Madame Albani, Madame Patey, Messrs. Maas, McGuckin, Santlev and Foli. The English press is loud in its praises of Mr. Maas, although the wiseacres who write for our Montreal journals failed to see any great merit in his singing.

“I receive,” says a writer in *Truth*, “numerous complaints of the habit which is growing up of loud talking during concerts and theatrical performances. At the Albert Hall, last Saturday, I am told that the occupants of one of the boxes on the second tier made themselves especially objectionable in this fashion. An excellent reproof was once administered to a persistent talker at the French Opera. The next neighbour of a gentleman occupying a stall was continuously chattering to his friends whilst the tenor was singing. ‘Brute,’ ‘animal,’ said the gentleman. ‘Sir,’ asked the chatterer, ‘do you refer to me?’ ‘By no means,’ replied the gentleman, ‘but to that wretched tenor who is hindering me from paying sufficient attention to your interesting conversation.’”

**Chess.**

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

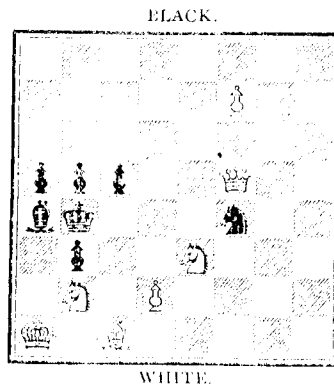
Montreal, July 10th, 1880.

CANADIAN SPECTATOR PROBLEM TOURNEY.

SET No. 6. MOTTO: *Strategie*.

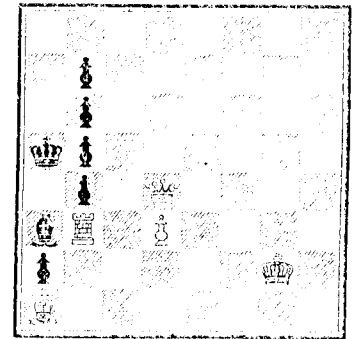
PROBLEM No. LXXXIV.

PROBLEM No. LXXXV.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO TOURNEY SET No. 5—*Fortis et Ingenuus*.

PROBLEM No. 78.—Q to Kt 2.

Correct solution received from:—Pax; J.W.S., “Embodying an old idea; which is not apparent, however, owing to the many plausible attacks at White’s command.”

PROBLEM No. 79.

<i>White.</i>	<i>Black.</i>	<i>White.</i>	<i>Black.</i>	<i>White.</i>
1 B to Q Kt 6	K takes Kt	2 R to Kt 5 (ch)	K takes Kt	3 B to Q 8 mate
	If P takes Kt	2 R to Q B 8	K to Q 6	3 B to Q B 2 mate

Correct solution received from:—J.W.S., “Not so pleasing a problem as the two-mover in the set, and lacking in variety—nevertheless, by no means easy to solve.”

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C.H.W.—Correct solution of No. 76 received too late for acknowledgment in our last issue. There is no second solution by 1 R takes Q, as you suggest, because Black replies with 1 P to K 5 (ch) and there is no mate.

PAX.—Your solution of No. 79 is a good *try*, but is foiled by Black’s reply 1 P takes Kt. The correct solution is that given above. In No. 80 the White Q cannot be moved to the square you indicate. This problem, however, is unsound—having no less than three solutions.

E. E. WILLETT, N.Y.—We do not see what can be done in the matter to which you refer in your letter. To let it rest in peace is, perhaps, the most judicious course. With your permission we will keep the diagrams for the present, with a view to their further examination and possible use.—[CHESS EDITOR, *pro tem.*]

J.W.S.—Letter, papers, games, &c., &c., duly received. Thanks. The games shall be examined, and the report of Dr. Ryall’s Correspondence Tourney shall appear shortly.

CHESS INTELLIGENCE.

ROSENTHAL vs. ZUKERTORT.—In this match, we understand that the last named player has but one game to win to be accounted the winner of the match.

The following item, clipped from the *Preston Guardian*, shows the great interest that is felt in this encounter, and the kindly feeling that is manifested towards the gallant Frenchman:—

“Monsieur Rosenthal was recently entertained at a banquet, held at the Criterion Restaurant, London, when most of the leading players and supporters of the game were present, the Earl of Dartrey being in the chair. The Rev. W. Wayte, in the course of some remarks, referred to the fact that chess was a favourite pastime both of the Queen and the late Prince Consort, and related the following anecdote:—Her Majesty, on one occasion, was playing with the Queen of the Belgians, and as she had apparently the worst of the encounter, Lord Palmerston, who was present, took upon himself to give a few hints to his Sovereign. This assistance did not, however, save her from defeat, upon which the veteran Prime Minister was obliged to observe, ‘It was the fault of your humble adviser.’”

As an offset to the above, the following extract from *Trif, Field and Farm* of July 2, is of interest:—

“We are informed that, before beginning their match, Messrs. Zukertort and Rosenthal made a bargain with the proprietors of a London paper by which they sold the games to be played, to that paper for the sum of fifteen shillings each, the latter agreeing to pay that amount for twenty-one games. We have entire confidence in the source of this item, and we regret that the gentlemen engaged in the match have made such a pitiable exhibition of their greed. What is chess coming to when two doughty knights must utilize match games in this paltry way? Time was when even professional players would have despised themselves had they decended to this. We cannot wonder that the non-professional portion of English chess takes so little interest in this contest; it seems to be a mere gate-money affair. It is even intimated in London that this sale may perhaps account for the many drawn games. The players who have stooped to this ignoble way of adding a few shillings to their gains will not acquire any glory, whatever may be the outcome of the match. The tendencies of “professionalism” are all downward—toward debasement. Sell the score of a game of chess! Bah!”

At the moment of going to press, we learn that Mr. Zukertort has won the match. Score; Zukertort, 7; Rosenthal, 1; drawn, 11.

From the *Toronto Globe* I clip the following:—

The *London Chess Monthly* for June is of more than usual interest, as it contains eight of the games in the Rosenthal-Zukertort match, annotated by Mr. Zukertort, who refers in his notes to those of Mr. Steinitz. It is stated that the games of the match will likely be published in a separate volume.

In the East India museum there is an almost complete set of ivory chess men excavated from the site of the city of Brahmunabad, in Scinde, which was destroyed by an earthquake in the eighth century.

A committee of the Manhattan Chess Club is investigating the charges against Mr Mohle. The Hamilton Chess Club Correspondence Tourney progresses well, four games being already finished, three of which have been lost by our friends across the line. The prize offered by Mr. Shaw in this contest is for the player who first finishes his games successfully or otherwise! This smacks somewhat of encouragement to suicide.



**Canadian Pacific Railway.**

**TENDERS FOR ROLLING STOCK.**

THE TIME FOR RECEIVING TENDERS for Rolling Stock for the Canadian Pacific Railway, extending over four years, is extended to and August,

By order,  
**F. BRAUN,**  
Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS,  
Ottawa, 23rd June, 1880.



**GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.**

**NOTICE.**

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, JUNE 28th, Trains will run as follows:—

For Gorham and Portland.....	7 30 a.m.
For Gorham, Portland Quebec and T.C.K. Points.....	10 00 p.m.
For Island Pond.....	3 15 "
For (Mixed).....	7 00 a.m.
For St. Hyacinthe and Intermediate Stations.....	5 15 p.m.
For Boston and New York.....	6 30 "
For St. Johns and New York South.....	3 20 "
For St. Lambert.....	6 10 "

**JOSEPH HICKSON,**  
General Manager.

Montreal, June 24th, 1880.



**GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.**

**NOTICE.**

THE SPECIAL TRAINS ADVERTISED to leave Cacouna on Mondays and Fridays will not be run after this date.

**JOSEPH HICKSON,**  
General Manager.

Montreal, June 25th, 1880.



**GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.**

**Commencing 1st May,**

A Passenger Train will leave Montreal at 5.10 p.m. for Belœil, DeBoucherville Mountains and St. Hilaire. Returning, will leave the latter Stations at 8.15 a.m.

**JOSEPH HICKSON,**  
General Manager.



**GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.**

**CACOUNA TRAIN SERVICE.**

THE FOLLOWING arrangement will take effect on TUESDAY, JUNE 22nd, and remain in force for two weeks from that date.

Trains for Cacouna will leave Montreal on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 7.30 a.m.; returning will leave there on Mondays and Fridays.

For further particulars apply to Company's Ticket Offices.

**JOSEPH HICKSON,**  
General Manager.

Montreal, May 31st, 1880.

**GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.**

**NOTICE.**

**A DINING CAR**

will be run on the Express Train, leaving Montreal for the West at 9.30 a.m., on and after MONDAY NEXT, the 14th instant, returning by the Day Express.

**JOSEPH HICKSON,**  
General Manager.

Montreal, June 10th, 1880.



**Q., M., O. & O. RAILWAY.**

**CHANGE OF TIME.**

COMMENCING ON

**WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23, 1880,**

Trains will run as follows:

	Mixed.	Mail.	Express
Leave Hochelaga for Hull.....	1 00 AM	8 30 AM	5 15 PM
Arrive at Hull.....	10 30 "	12 40 PM	9 25 "
Leave Hull for Hochelaga.....	1 00 "	8 20 AM	5 01 "
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	10 30 "	12 30 PM	9 15 "
Leave Hochelaga for Quebec.....	6 00 PM	10 00 PM	3 00 "
Arrive at Quebec.....	8 00 "	6 30 AM	9 25 "
Leave Quebec for Hochelaga.....	5 30 "	9 30 PM	10 10 AM
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	8 00 AM	6 30 AM	4 40 PM
Leave Hochelaga for St. Jerome.....	5 30 PM	Mixed.	
Arrive at St. Jerome.....	7 15 "		
Leave St. Jerome for Hochelaga.....		6 45 AM	
Arrive at Hochelaga.....		9 00 "	

(Local Trains between Hull and Aylmer.)

Trains leave Mile End Station seven minutes later. Magnificent Palace Cars on all Passenger Trains, and Elegant Sleeping Cars on Night Trains.

Trains to and from Ottawa connect with Trains to and from Quebec.

Sunday Trains leave Montreal and Quebec at 4 p.m. All Trains run by Montreal time.

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**L. A. SENEAL,**  
Gen'l Supt.



**Q., M., O. & O. RAILWAY.**

**NOTICE.**

COMMENCING SUNDAY, MAY 16th, and on each succeeding SUNDAY, until further notice, an EXPRESS TRAIN, with PALACE CAR attached, will leave HOCHELAGA for QUEBEC at 4.00 p.m., and a similar train will leave QUEBEC for MONTREAL at same hour, arriving at destination at 10.30 p.m.

**L. A. SENEAL,**  
General Superintendent.

**Q., M., O. & O. RAILWAY.**

ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, the 15th MAY, SATURDAY EXCURSION TICKETS will be issued at

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**L. A. SENEAL,**  
General Superintendent.

Montreal, May 12th, 1880.

**Midland Railway of Canada,**

AND

**WHITBY, PORT PERRY and LINDSAY R. R.**

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