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THE TIMES.

A criticism of college and school appointments will be found in this issue of SPECTATOR under the heading "Educational Protection." To one portion of the criticism I should take exception, that which demands the application of the N. P. to educational matters. When a position requires to be filled in a public school or a college, those who have the appointment should first of all and altogether set their minds upon getting the best possible man for that particular place. They have no right to give any weight to the fact that he was educated at a certain venerable place, but should be careful only about character and qualifications. Oxford has turned out many able men and many unable men, and so has Cambridge, but it is not to be wondered at that a new country should look to an old, and believe that those who have taken honours at either of the ancient universities may be relied upon for capacity in their own particular line. That some mistakes may have been made and the wrong man chosen is quite believable; but then it is certain that in the majority of cases, the appointments have been well made.

The important point in the gravamen is the statement that college and school authorities have overlooked merit which stood hat in hand at their own very door. But that could only be proved by the citation of individual cases and then it would remain a matter of opinion, and the authorities would probably hold that they deem themselves competent to do the work committed to them. *Nihil Verius* is not a snubbed Canadian, so his words may be taken as the result of real inquiry and patriotic sentiment; which is a good and sound reason for investigating the matter.

The Molson's Bank shareholders' meeting this week was probably one of the most satisfactory of the kind held for a long time past. Not only because it showed a good dividend, but because it was made apparent that the management had been careful and thorough. I said at the last meeting of this bank's shareholders that the report had a look of honesty about it, and gave promise of real and careful business. All that has been done, as the present report will show. The Directors have themselves, along with the Manager, inspected all the branch banks, not trusting to the reports of officials. The \$42,000 written off for bad debts, include all that can be included, and the fact that \$40,000 were added to the Rest account shows that there is a determined intention to put the affairs of the Bank upon the soundest possible basis. Mr. Workman, the President, and his fellow-directors, deserve well of the shareholders, and the Manager deserves what he enjoys, the complete confidence of Directors and shareholders.

The Ladies of the Hervey Institute held a very successful annual meeting last Tuesday. They are doing a splendid work in the city, and are deserving of all the support they need.

It seems a pity that the electors of Brome could not be allowed to carry on their own little political strife over the election of a successor to the late Mr. Chandler in the Dominion Parliament without the importation of outside politicians. There is no great question before the general public for debate and decision now; the N. P. is a *fait accompli*, and there is no widespread desire to return to free trade; the Premier keeps his great majority in working order and well content, and there seems to be small reason for bringing down the great guns of the Cabinet to orate over this comparatively unimportant matter. Bringing political speakers from a distance always intensifies the bitterness of local party warfare. It broadens the arena and introduces new elements on which voters can disagree and hate each other. At a general election it is different, for then it is party against party, and every vote may be of importance—but in a case like the present election at Brome neither party nor policy is involved, and the people should be allowed to fight out their local battle in their own local way.

Still, the presence of Sir Charles Tupper and the Hon. Mr. Pope was not an unmitigated evil, for they made a most important announcement—which I am surprised the papers have not noticed, viz., that the Pacific Railway is to be built without any further cost in money to the Dominion. This must be true, for it is said with authority, and we may congratulate ourselves upon having done better, through our Ministers, than we expected, or even hoped. Of course the details of the scheme are still withheld from us, but this throws a little more light upon the matter, and every fresh revelation is a fresh surprise, but not in the way of disappointment. If things go on in this way the *Globe* and its followers will find their vocation gone and die from want of something to oppose. According to the latest accounts we shall not be called upon to pay a subsidy of twenty-five millions of dollars, besides the portions of the road already built, but simply hand over a certain amount of land. Nothing can be more easy, and more desirable, and it looks as if Sir John has succeeded in getting together the best tempered Syndicate the whole commercial world could produce. At any rate, no Canadian can complain, and Sir John may safely announce that he has decided upon the day for general thanksgiving.

Another benefit accruing from their presence there was a remarkably able speech by Sir Charles Tupper. He spoke in an earnest, honest, statesmanlike manner, throwing down the gauntlet bravely to all his accusers. He said "that if any man could show that he had failed in his duty in the slightest respect, or that in the discharge of the duties of the responsible office he filled, he had done anything but study the real interests of the Canadian people, or had acted in any other than a high-minded, honourable and independent manner, he would consent to retire from his office and from Parliament in disgrace." Now this is a bold challenge, and those who accuse Sir Charles of crookedness and a care for personal interests in the letting of sundry contracts should accept it and make good their words or confess their sin. At all cost to himself he invites investigation, and I am of the opinion that he has not the slightest reason to fear the result.

The talk that Sir Charles is about to leave the Government and become one of the Syndicate for building the Pacific Railway is worse than absurd. Why he should do this no one seems to know, for he can have no claim to belong to the Syndicate, and he has many reasons for remaining in the Government; his position and prospects were never better, and it would be foolish for him to think of giving up political life for some years to come.

SIR,—I am pleased to see your remarks concerning recreation for clergymen; and the beneficial results which may arise from their mixing in innocent sports. There is not the least doubt, their presence would tend to elevate both the sports and the young men engaging in them. Exercise leads to health and good health is conducive to strong, clear thought, an element very necessary to a clergyman who is expected to prepare every week two original sermons, besides performing his other duties, such as visiting the sick, burying the dead, attending church meetings, delivering occasional addresses, and lectures, calling upon the members of the congregation &c. And since you call for some suggestions may I be allowed to offer just two upon work for members which I think would relieve much labour from clergymen, and prove a bond of sympathy among the members of churches.

That out of the congregations certain members should be chosen whose duties would consist in occasionally visiting the different members of the church.

When first arriving in Montreal, as a stranger I felt this want. I attended a church, partook regularly of the sacrament. Yet not one member of that congregation seemed to care whether I ever entered the portals of the church. One kind word, or one friendly hand held out in greeting I looked for in vain; I naturally drew away from that church. I know that some may be inclined to lecture me upon the approval of my own conscience &c., but it is easy to answer this.

There is much study to be found among the different actions and bearing of a congregation, and easy to store away a few facts which will not perhaps stand the test of Christian love. Again another committee might be formed for occasionally visiting the Sunday schools.

It seems to be a belief among many members of churches that their duty is done when they pay for their pews, and subscribe out of their abundance to the salary of the minister, and condescend to go and hear him preach upon Sunday. Would not an occasional visit to the Sunday school, a little encouragement and sympathy extended to the teachers and pupils help to advance the work. Many of those teachers are young and also human, and liable to feel discouraged. Clergymen and members of their church complain "that it is hard to get good Sunday school teachers." It will be until there is a greater bond of unity among us. Members of churches are too apt to think they pay their clergy to see to all this, but have they no duties?

The particulars of Mr. Tom Hughes's scheme for settling Tennessee are out at last, and one can hardly help feeling astonishment that a man who has won a reputation for common sense could lend his name and influence to such a scatter-brained idea as this. It is an effort to transplant English notions and customs into an entirely new country. Stores are to be conducted upon the co-operative plan; towns are to be provided with places for lawn tennis, cricket, and English gardens and parks. This is exactly answering to the average Englishman's notion of a new country. He expects to find everything ready-made, and all possible comforts supplied. What a mighty fine thing it will be? A farmer may go to the Tennessee highlands, get a plot of fifty or sixty acres, put up his canvas tent, and while he looks over his newly-acquired territory, his sons and daughters can have a game at lawn tennis or a stroll in the park. Capital, indeed! But Hodge will require time to take in the notion.

I have no hesitation in saying that the scheme is not half so practicable and possible as, for example, that of the Dominion of Canada Land and Colonization Company. Tennessee, a considerable distance inland, while the Canadian Colonization Company offer fine grazing and dairy land within one hundred miles of a seaport. Those who go to Tennessee may have a remote chance of a game of cricket, or tennis, or a ramble in the English-like gardens, but they will have to put up a tent until a house is built, and cater for everything except said cricket ground and tennis lawn, while those who take farms of the Company mentioned will find a furnished house and a stocked farm. Mr. Hughes will require his settlers to pay for the preparation of the tennis lawn, and cricket ground, and English park, whereas those who fall in with the idea of the Canada Land and Colonization scheme will only pay for the clearing of land and the building of houses. The British farmer will find it easy to discriminate between visions of pleasure and facts of business. Mr. Hughes is bringing "Tom Brown" into practical life, but the trouble is that he has chosen a new set of circumstances for an old set of ideas. It can only fail, and the happiest man will be he who has least money in it.

At last the Sultan of Turkey shows signs of giving way. The firm attitude maintained by England and Russia has convinced him

—or the men who govern him at Constantinople, that although not much reliance can be placed upon the concert of the European powers, it is certain that sufficient force can be brought against the Turks to reform them out of Europe. France has declined to take the initiative, but has plainly intimated that it has no objections to any other power taking it. Austria plays fast and loose—as is the way with Austria,—and Germany still offers a mild protest against hasty measures of coercion, but neither Austria nor Germany would involve itself in trouble to favour the Turks. So there is no fear that the Sultan will be able to put off the day of reformation and continue longer his reign of dissipation and tyranny.

The policy of Mr. Gladstone for dealing with this Eastern question is now beginning to be approved. Lord Beaconsfield let the Turk understand that he would be petted and protected by the British people—whereupon the Turk defied Russia and entered upon a disastrous war. Mr. Gladstone advocated another policy, that of regarding Turkey as the enemy of all true peace and human rights, and insisting, by force of arms if necessary that the needful reforms be carried out. If that policy had been followed instead of the notions of Lord Beaconsfield and his Jingoës, the cruel Russo-Turkish war would have been spared and the Eastern complications brought to an end. The Sultan yields when he must and not until then. Mr. Gladstone would have had that must said and forced long ago, and it is plain that he was right.

Affairs in Ireland are assuming so grave an aspect that it is more than likely the Government will call parliament together soon to take counsel as to what shall be done to meet the emergency. One thing is certain, and that is that the Irish are pursuing a mad policy which can only lead to further disaster and deeper misery. When murder is openly advocated and secretly practised so that landlords have to flee for their lives; when all rights of property are denied and there are threats flung abroad of rising *en masse* to put down landlordism, it is impossible that the Government can even entertain the notion of introducing pacific measures in Ireland. If the Irish really desire Home Rule they should show that they would not abuse the power, instead of which they are making it palpable that any irresponsible agitator like Parnell can stir their worst passions and incite them to commit foul murder.

Parnell talks of again visiting America to raise more funds for his ungodly purposes in Ireland. If he is well advised he will let that matter end in talk; for he took so little—by way of credit to himself—during his last tour here, that it is likely if he came again he will perpetrate his own utter extinguishment. He impressed none by his oratory, or logic, or even earnestness, but almost all who heard or read his speeches, except a few fanatics, were satisfied that he was unscrupulous in word and deed. The majority of the American people refused to trust their money in his hands, and his agitation notions were considerably damped by the Press. If he should be foolish enough to come again—and this time he will have no tale of famine to create sympathy, but only his own evil mission to ruin Ireland—he will find scant courtesy and few dupes.

The United States Republicans are beginning to breathe more freely under the brightened prospects of the last few days. Garfield has carried his own State of Ohio and may well look for further triumphs. But Hancock's defeat, if defeat it be, will be an honourable one, for in spite of Grant's spiteful attack he continues to command the respect of all Americans. A few days now will close the exciting campaign and tell us who the next President is to be.

It is a mercy to all concerned that the issue matters but little to the world in general. Be it Garfield or Hancock the harvest will be the same—the condition of the general world will be in no wise altered, the ways of the world will not have to be changed; no revolution will take place; the universe will wag on in just the same old fashioned manner, and only the United States civil servants will be concerned. The mass of the people in the States can afford to treat the present political emergency with supreme indifference.

EDITOR.

TRADE--FINANCE--STATISTICS.

FOREIGN COINAGE AND BANK RESERVES.

The coinage and bank reserves of England, France and Germany is made the topic of an editorial in the London *Economist*, which has just reached us. The gold coinage of England, from 1816 to 1879, is estimated at £299,305,309, and the silver coinage at £26,597,721, making a total of £325,903,030. From 1795 to 1879 the gold coinage of France aggregated £348,811,932, and the silver coinage £220,478,113, a total of £569,290,045. Taking the period from 1848 to 1879, the following comparison is made: The gold coinage in England and Austria amounted to £209,292,451, of which nearly three-fourths belonged to the former, and the silver coinage aggregated £13,022,174, making a total of £222,314,625. The gold coinage of France aggregated £301,781,092, and the silver coinage £61,949,800, making a total of £363,730,892. These figures show an excess for France of about £92,500,000, gold and nearly £49,000,000 silver, an aggregate excess of about £141,500,000.

The gold coinage of Germany is far more recent and much smaller than that of either England or France. The latest mint report of that country shows that the coinage of Germany from 1871 to 1879 aggregated £85,912,337, gold and £21,127,869, silver, making a total of £107,040,206. This cannot, however, be considered by any means as a clear addition to the circulation of Europe. About half the gold coinage of Germany was certainly obtained from other gold currencies. Up to December, 1878, the amount struck at the Imperial mint was £83,642,988, of which about 5 per cent. consisted of German coin, 51 per cent. of bars, and 44 per cent. of coin of other countries principally of France. Of the amount coined from bars it is probable, considering the amount of gold production during the period in question, that by far the larger part was also obtained from reminting other gold coin.

In regard to the metallic reserves of the principal banks in England, France and Germany, the *Economist* presents the following figures. The Bank of England holds from £27,500,000 to £28,000,000, all gold. The Bank of France (Paris and branches) holds £29,256,160 gold and £50,307,320 silver making a total of £79,563,480. The Imperial Bank of Germany holds about £26,000,000, the proportion of gold and silver not being known. If the Bank of Germany, as is reported, holds nearly all the silver thaler pieces now existing, its reserve must consist of about £9,000,000 gold and £17,000,000 silver, the silver thaler pieces amounting to the latter sum. "Both are legal tender; the silver in the shape of thaler pieces, being legal tender at the rate of three marks to the thaler. But both cannot be considered as equally serviceable in case of a foreign demand. It is not, therefore, any matter for wonder that the Bank of Germany is more sensitive when the foreign exchanges are against that country, than either the Bank of England or the Bank of France.

The following conclusions, the *Economist* says, are suggested by a consideration of these figures: "The first illustrates the working of the well-known theory that with a bi-metallic circulation the metal which is preferred for export will invariably move first out of the country under a foreign drain. The second is a practical one. That of the three countries under notice Germany has attempted to establish a gold circulation on too narrow a basis. After even the the enormous gold coinage of France during the last thirty years, the Bank of France has only been able to retain at the present time barely as much gold as the Bank of England. And even with our large coinage during the same period we have sometimes reason to think the metallic reserve of the Bank of England less ample than we desire. But the narrow limits of the coinage of Germany scarcely appear to permit a gold reserve to be held by the Imperial Bank, without imposing heavier sacrifices on the commerce of Germany than will be acceptable. We are brought back to the truth of the axiom so clearly expressed by Ricardo. It is the 'natural traffic,' the 'competition of commerce,' which regulates these matters. The gold currency of Germany was, as we have seen, half at least, probably more, brought from the currencies of other countries. The natural course of trade has probably already restored to other lands much, if not all, of what was brought from them. Those who desire to see the currents of commerce flow in different channels from those to which they have been accustomed must seek to do this by setting commerce free from existing trammels. It is not by artificial restriction on trade, but by permitting freedom to its fullest extent, that a country can retain the metallic circulation which it desires. One further consideration must be attended to. The metal of which the coinage consists must be that which is best fitted by circumstances to the wants of the population among which it circulates."—*Exchange*.

THE FISHERIES QUESTION.

The arbitration on the Fisheries question between the United States and Great Britain furnishes no practical settlement of the subject. It was supposed that when the American Government paid \$5,500,000 award certain rights and privileges were guaranteed. Among other privileges granted, American fishermen had the right to catch bait in Canadian waters, and were not compelled to buy it of British subjects who exacted a more than ordinary price for this article. In pursuance of this privilege, secured under provision of the treaty, American schooners visited the baiting grounds for the purpose of catching

bait, when the crews were assaulted and driven away by a furious crowd of men women and children, and prevented from pursuing their lawful vocation. Within a few weeks the Morro Castle, Martha C. and other New England fishing schooners have been roughly treated. It seems the Dominion Provinces are unwilling to abide by the terms of the Halifax award, but were only too glad to get their share of the money. They override the British Government in this persistent action and set themselves up as superior judges in administering the provisions of the treaty. They want the money but want to keep the fish as well. They are willing to partially allow American fishermen to visit Canadian fishing grounds, but insist upon selling them bait or driving them away. The Fortune Bay outrage, although before the British Cabinet for more than a year, has received no attention, and Secretary Evarts allows this kind of snubbing to go on. Emboldened by their former successes the Canadians have cast the treaty to the winds and American fishermen are subjected to all manner of indignities. This state of things is not creditable to the two Governments. It is creating bad blood on the American side and will lead to serious trouble unless checked. The United States paid a large sum to secure the fishing privileges now denied by the action of the Northern Provinces, and the people are growing restive under the frequent repetition of outrages upon New England fisherman. The first thing to be done is for the United States Government to abrogate the treaty. As it now stands the Halifax award is a farce and a mockery. Honour should be observed among Governments as well as individuals, but if private firms should repudiate their contracts as the Canadian Provinces have this treaty they would be held up to public scorn. It is about time the English Cabinet paid some attention to this subject—*U. S. Economist*.

NOVEL AIR BRAKE.—It is well known among engineers and engine-drivers that in reversing the valves of a locomotive in the usual way to check the speed of the engine the pistons draw in air and compress it in the steam chest and steam supply pipes, until in some instances, the pressure is greater than the steam pressure in the boiler. An invention has been patented for utilising this action of the locomotive cylinders for the purpose of working air brakes for checking or stopping the train, and it also avoids drawing cinders into the cylinders, a thing common to engines working in the ordinary way. This invention dispenses with all special pumps and utilises the momentum of the moving train for brake purposes. To anyone doubting the ability of the engine cylinders to act as air compressors we mention the fact that an engine has been made to compress sufficient air in its boiler, while being drawn forward by another engine, to propel itself forward at the usual rate of speed for several miles by compressed air alone, there being neither fire nor water in the boiler. This invention was recently patented by Mr. John Hall, of Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.—*Scientific American*.

BANKS.

BANK.	Shares par value.	Capital Subscribed.	Capital Paid up	Rest.	Price per \$100 Oct. 13, 1880.	Price per \$100 Oct. 13, 1879.	Last half-yearly Dividend.	Per cent. per annum of last div. on present price.
Montreal	400	\$12,000,000	\$11,999,200	\$5,000,000	\$15 1/4	\$13 1/2	4	5.27
Ontario	40	3,000,000	2,998,756	100,000	85 1/2	60 1/2	3	7.02
Molson's	50	2,000,000	1,999,095	100,000	97	66	3	6.19
Toronto	100	2,000,000	2,000,000	500,000	134	112	3 1/2	5.22
Jacques Cartier	25	500,000	500,000	55,000	91 1/2	59	2 1/2	5.46
Merchants	100	5,728,267	5,518,933	475,000	105 1/2	82 1/2	3	5.69
Eastern Townships	50	1,469,600	1,382,037	200,000	106 1/2	97	3 1/2	5.57
Quebec	100	2,500,000	2,500,000	425,000	128 1/2	112 1/2	4	6.23
Commerce	50	6,000,000	6,000,000	1,400,000	128 1/2	112 1/2	4	6.23
Exchange	100	1,000,000	1,000,000	53	50
MISCELLANEOUS.								
Montreal Telegraph Co.	40	2,000,000	2,000,000	171,432	129 1/2	82 1/2	4	6.18
R. & O. N. Co.	100	1,565,000	1,565,000	51 1/2	37
City Passenger Railway	50	600,000	163,000	114	79 1/2	15	4.39
New City Gas Co.	40	2,000,000	1,880,000	143 1/4	118 1/4	5	6.98

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

RAILWAY TRAFFIC RECEIPTS.

COMPANY.	1880.				1879.		Week's Traffic.		Aggregate.	
	Period.	Pass. Mails & Express	Freight and L. Stock	Total.	Total.	Incr'se	Decr'se	Period.	Incr'se	Decr'se
*Grand Trunk	Oct. 9	73,440	150,003	223,452	212,558	10,894	15 w'ks	554,625
Great Western	" 7	52,513	67,572	120,085	114,230	5,855	14 "	236,952
Northern & H. & N.W.	Sept. 30	18,188	21,266	39,454	39,185	269	13 "	61,328
Toronto & Nipissing	" 30	1,807	5,187	6,994	5,801	1,193	13 "	4,633
Midland	" 30	2,860	12,095	14,955	11,382	3,573	13 "	23,819
St. Lawrence & Ottawa	Oct. 2	1,738	1,852	3,590	2,857	733	1m Jan. 1	347
Whitby, Pt Perry & Lindsay	" 7	758	2,170	2,928	2,903	25	"	14,891
Canada Central	Sept. 30	6,795	9,118	15,913	15,116	797	13 w'ks	347,5
Toronto, Grey & Bruce	" 25	2,255	3,647	5,902	5,855	47	13 "	1,310
†Q., M., O. & O.	" 23	13,899	6,727	20,626	9,565	11,061	11 "	137,627
Intercolonial	Month July 31	64,430	81,824	146,314	107,873	38,441	1 m'th	38,441

*NOTE TO GRAND TRUNK.—The River du Loup receipts are included for seven weeks in 1879, not in 1880; omitting them the aggregate increase for fifteen weeks is \$582,825.

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

PRISON DISCIPLINE CURATIVE OR DESTRUCTIVE.

The several articles on crime and its cure which appeared in these columns some months ago would seem to have been premonitions of approaching occasion for them. The recent case of excessive flogging which occurred at the Toronto Central Prison seems likely to bring the whole question of prison discipline forcibly before the public. The prisoner referred to is said to have been tortured until he fainted. As he is an American the American Consul is reported by the Toronto newspaper to have requested of the Dominion Government particulars of the case. A searching inquiry will probably be the result.

It would be therefore hardly wise to enter at present into any detail either of this case or of the defects in our prison discipline which may be imperfectly known to us. It would be equally out of place to assume that in the special instance referred to the punishment was illegally inflicted; for that is precisely the question with which the American Consul's request has to do.

That such a system of punishment is still extant upon our criminal code and can be inflicted apparently almost at will even by subordinates, has set men thinking. There are some who talk of such things lightly enough so long as they are mere theory, yet when they find the theory actually wrought out, stand aghast at the possibilities involved.

Is such brutality really a necessity we ask? Can no better method of curing crime and repressing insubordination be found than the brutal slavery of the lash? Have we not a right to expect better things of civilization even—to say nothing of Christianity? In short the questions that loudly call for answer are: do brutal, or corporal punishments really act as a deterrent to others? Are brutal punishments—short sharp and decisive as they are—really more merciful than long confinement? Are they also economical and therefore just towards the vast majority whose lowest earnings are taxed to support the majesty of the law?

The negative answer to each of these queries springs at once to the lips of every thoughtful mind. If intended to act as a deterrent, why are they not inflicted as publicly as possible? Even true philanthropists who advocated their re-introduction in England find the crop of victims increase in exact ratio to the number of punishments. There is as yet no sign of abatement, but rather of increase. Brutal forms of punishment are not the most merciful. They inflict the revenge of society upon the criminal in that form which of all others must present itself to him as revenge. Unless they can be made so severe—*i. e.*, cruel and wholly destructive of the manhood within him—as utterly to break his spirit and degrade him for ever in his own eyes, they must raise in him a similar desire of vengeance. Thus an army of lawless, revengeful men is gradually let loose upon society. These must be crushed and quelled without mercy some day. Is that the most merciful course of action which leads to such results? It can hardly be contended either that such punishments are economical, for even if resorted to more largely still, prisons would have to be maintained. It would hardly be regarded as safe to permit any considerable number of men smarting still from recent blows of the lash to be at large. The number of our city and provincial police would need to be indefinitely increased in order to keep watch upon them. A certain term of imprisonment is felt to be necessary as well as flogging.

How then explain on rational grounds this hunger of society for personal violence as a punishment for crime? Simply on these grounds, that it is not yet cure, remedy, eradication of the course of crime, that is sincerely sought, but revenge. Society is content to press the good of the criminal, the good of the State (economy), and the furtherance of the usefulness of each member of the community to the whole, for the sake of gratifying its desire of personal revenge. Verily, revenge must be sweet indeed! Faith in vengeance has not yet died out among us. Faith in the devil of self-love has not yet been renounced in favour of fidelity to the laws and nature of the One Being of Infinite Love and Infinite Wisdom, who is the God and Father of us all.

If the true economy of the Eternal One had found external restraint and external penalty the most economic and effectual method of preserving a true order amid His children, would we have had any Christian religion? Would He have displayed before us, and communicated thereby to us, the life forces of His being in a life lived out among men, perceptible to their very senses even, that He might so teach, save and heal them till He had shown us that misery and suffering were not His wrath or His deed, but brought on us by our own efforts to reverse the order in which we were created—to become beasts with animal passions only, instead of men with human longings and impulses that transcend, and may govern the bestial.

That there is any but one answer to that query is only owing to this, that Christians have yet so little learned Christ that they can still view the one Jehovah in whom He was and who was in Him, as a Being capable of revenge

and wrath; even although He who was "the express image of His person" wrought no vengeance upon any human being. True, the human nature He had assumed bore *their* wrath, suffered *their* revenge, sustained *their* hatred of His light, so abhorrent to their darkness, and yet with His latest earthly breath He forgave His enemies. So little have they followed Him, so little have they permitted Him to bestow His life upon them, that they cannot yet see Him as He is, as He said He was, the one Jehovah, our Father in Heaven. They worship Him, the Christ. They cannot help but worship Him. His infinite love attracts them. But still they say there must be another God behind Him with something in Him of this "wrath" we feel, only infinitely more justifiable than this wrath of ours which rises in us when our self-hood is injured; for then they think revenge is right. They cannot yet read the advice "be ye angry and sin not" as sublime sarcasm—as though a man could be angry and sin not! After the "seventy times seven" there comes doubtless the four-hundred-and-ninety-first time which justifies wrath and revenge.

The true principle of Christian law is, that nothing—nothing whatsoever justifies revenge. Every sin, every crime, justifies—nay brings with it a deprivation of power, a lowering of vital force a certain degree of separation, from the Divine source of all life. Men who persist in mental error or sensual crime destroy ultimately their faculties. This is a truth of the law of life which he who runs may read. It is here that the true solution of the cure of crime will be found. It is, restraint of those faculties wrongly exercised, and an enforced stimulant by necessity applied to those left dormant. If for instance a thief has hithehto preferred to scheme and filch to gratify his appetites, place him in restraint where such mental activity mis-directed is useless and perforce inert, and let his physical labour be the only means left him whereby to gain even food. The more strictly that law is carried out the more merciful it will be to him and to society. There is no need to lash him into activity and so stimulate other evil passions in him. Let Nature's laws lead him. Let him have free choice between starvation and labour. Bye and bye he will positively come to admire Nature's cure. He will find his bodily faculties crave exercise. He will be a man again when he again attains liberty. The principle is of universal application to every form of crime; to each distinct. For every poison there is its special antidote. These work by law, by Nature's law, by God's law, in the moral as well as in the Natural universe. Once rouse the will voluntarily to strive to keep the law it has broken and a channel is formed whereby new life and light may again be infused into his whole being.

Can such a course of prison discipline be carried out by men brutalized by familiarity with the use of the lash? Does it need our best men or our worst? Let society answer; for on its answer depends our success or failure in the cure of crime and criminals.

EDUCATIONAL PROTECTION.

The public will recollect the breeze that blew across the Province of Ontario last July when it was learned that Mr. Warren, a young Oxford double-first, had been promoted over the heads of the ablest and longest tried of the University of Toronto's Professors to an important position in that institution. It was felt by many that Mr. Crooks, the Minister of Education, paid, in that instance, a very poor compliment to his own adopted country, and to the graduates of its universities. It was felt by many, too, that an amplification of the N. P. was extremely desirable, so that Canadian *brains*, as well as Canadian industries, might be encouraged. How else, it was argued, can we expect our young men to devote themselves to the arduous pursuit of learning, and the laborious task of teaching? The discussion of this question by the press revealed the fact that the appointment of Mr. Warren was not an isolated instance. Other appointments had been made in the same way. The Ontario government, it seems, had no honours to bestow upon the prophets of that Province. A supervisorship in the Toronto Lunatic Asylum, which became vacant, was filled by a specially imported Englishman. This, however, might have been allowed to pass uncensured (although it *was* sad to think that the Ontario government could find, even for this position, no one in Canada fully competent), but the very next vacancy—a position in the Guelph Agricultural College—was also filled by a foreign incumbent. And so with the Chair of Practical Science, the Chair of Chemistry, and other posts of importance. It will thus be seen that the young men of Ontario growled not without reason. To the credit of the Ontario press be it said, however, that the unpatriotic policy of the government was vigorously condemned, and it is very probable that for time to come more consideration will be given to the claims of Canadian talent than has been customary.

Looking at our own Province in the light of these events, one cannot fail to observe how much less interest we take in educational matters than do our Ontario brethren. There have been made in Montreal several appointments of the kind above referred to, but in truth there might have been many more, and just as little would have been said about the matter by the public generally. The young men who have been over-ridden, apparently think it will pay best to accept the facts uncomplainingly, seeing that they cannot accept the

situation. They think possibly that their patience and virtue will be rewarded at some distant day. Hitherto their complaints have been low murmurs; if they would growl a little they would suffer no harm, as it is tolerably certain that the public would support them.

To particularize. Is it not a fact that all the later appointments to Chairs in McGill University have been filled by other than Canadians? Is it possible that these Chairs could not have been properly filled in this country? If not, where have we been in educational matters all these years? Where are all the sons of McGill? Are none of them fit to teach as they have been taught? Have none of them kept sufficiently in line with the age? To answer in the negative is to make a woful confession. Of course we admit this much, viz., that in a young country there are few so far removed above the struggle for existence, and the "eternal lack of pence," as to be able to devote themselves to advanced study; and we admit that in such cases the young country can without wrong (indeed, anything else would be folly) avail herself of the foreign talent that foreign wealth has trained. But Canada has surely got beyond this period. McGill was founded in 1821. Her graduates are numbered by hundreds, and many of them are men of real scholarly ability, whose highest pleasure it would have been to have devoted themselves to the service of their *Alma Mater* and their country had the least encouragement been extended to them; but when it began to be understood that the fat berths were for cousins across the sea, and that the most a Canadian could look for was an assistant lectureship or janitorship, with a starving pittance, then young Canada turned away sadly from academic shades, and looked for pastures new. Greatly do we desire, therefore, that McGill will make her name still more illustrious by showing on every occasion possible that she is not ashamed of her sons.

The higher the institution of learning and the greater the capacity of the student, the more do we expect from the instructor. If then our universities are justified in going abroad for teaching talent, there is scarcely the same need for our high schools adopting the same course. Still less excuse is there for our high schools, if experience has proved such a course far from satisfactory. Now it is a fact that the Protestant Board of School Commissioners have displayed a curious *benchant* in favour of the graduates of old Oxford. Like many other institutions, Oxford has sent forth some men of a very excellent kind, and some that are not, at least so far as teaching ability is concerned. The last two appointments in the High School were received by Oxford graduates, for no other reason that we could find, than that they were Oxford graduates, and in each case, I am given to understand, the results were far from satisfactory. I am also informed that the Oxford men were appointed in spite of the fact, that the Board had in its employ graduates of McGill, who were quite able to fill the vacant positions. The claims of these, however, were quite disregarded, and the folly of the course pursued by the Board was demonstrated by the most unsatisfactory of results. All of this shows that not only has the Board ignored the principle of promotion according to merit, but has exhibited a pitiable lack of discernment, and introduced incapacity into an institution where the very best of talent alone should be found. Now these are serious facts, if true, and of their truth I have assured myself. They are not of less importance than the Ontario appointments, and should create amongst us quite as much interest. They *would* create as much interest if educational matters were as well ventilated as they should be. But there is too much star-chamber secrecy about our scholastic institutions. Appointments are made, money received and expended, and buildings erected in a marvellously quiet way. The public learn nothing of these things until they are *faits accomplis*. It is all very well to publish a statement annually of receipts and expenditures, and throw that in the face of the public when questions are asked. Such a course would be about as justifiable for the House of Commons to adopt as an excuse for secret proceedings.

Of course it is much more comfortable for a Board of Commissioners, or a corporation of any kind, to make its arrangements without the intervention of public criticism, and it is quite natural that in course of time that such a Board, untroubled by public inspection, should acquire an unconscious feeling that it has a Divine right to administer, and then begin to regard criticism from outside as a most troublesome and inconvenient thing in the first place, as deserving of contempt in the second place, and the Board itself as most shamefully abused in the third and last place. After giving up so much of its valuable time to the public, without remuneration of any kind, it is most ungrateful, inconsiderate, etc., etc., etc.

But this kind of directorate is too far behind the age to be silently permitted. The searching light of public criticism—criticism not necessarily hostile in motive—should examine each and all of our public institutions, and of these none should be regarded of superior importance to those that are educational. And if these are to flourish, they can only do so aided by the stimulus of an intelligent public interest. The interest that a few feel should be extended to the many. And when this is done we shall witness, among other desirable things, the utter extinction of the class prejudice, ridiculously out of place in Canada, that leads many in England to ask of one, not "Is he well educated," but "Has he been at Eton or Oxford?"

Nihil Verius.

WOMEN'S INFLUENCE.

What shall be said of woman as an organiser in *domestic* life? Have we not all friends whose housekeeping is a terror to us, alike from its cleanliness and the want of it—whose table makes us either abstemious or hungry? Is not every house the microcosm of the world, and is not every woman at its head a miniature sovereign? But as the generic resemblance and the specific difference in woman's work in this department are matters for private interpretation, rather than for statement of facts, it is sufficient merely to assert that if she is not in this field also an organiser she ought to be. From the organisation of a home the transit is slight to the *educational* department of life. At once the organisation of a schoolroom rises before us, and we proudly assert that three-fourths of the two hundred and fifty thousand teachers in the United States are women; that is, organisers of the present for the future. The large educational institutions for women have never been the result of her organising power alone, though many of their arrangements are due to her. On the other hand, societies and clubs have sprung from her inventive faculty. Women's clubs have become so familiar a sound that their terrific and strong-minded aspect has disappeared, till they are now generally welcomed even by men as refreshment of mind and heart to the wife and sister. These clubs are carrying out for women the work begun by the Sanitary Commission. They are teaching them to think consecutively, and showing them their power and shortcomings relatively to each other. Through them they are being prepared for more important committee work, which is surely devolving upon them as they hold places in schools and State charity boards. That clubs have taught women to work with one another alone justifies their existence. The Women's Education Association in Boston has organised the Harvard Examinations for Women, diet kitchens, nurses' training and cooking schools, and botanical lectures, its committees on education, industry, and æsthetics, and is merely one of similar organisations in many cities. To it is also due the Chemical Laboratory for Women in connection with the Massachusetts Technological Institute, where its pupils can become practical chemists, dyers, assayers. In regard to art there is little concerted action among women. They rent studios together, and form classes for mutual criticism and admiration. The school for carving and modelling in clay, plaster, and wood in Boston is unique. A girl can graduate there as plasterer, stone-cutter, designer, or carver. She knows every step of the process, from the manipulation of clay, the casting in plaster or gelatine moulds, to the final cutting in stone or wood. She draws her designs as a flat copy, or moulds it in high or low relief. The Philadelphia School of Design ranks high, but it is not especially a woman's school; whilst that in Cincinnati is an instance of the organised result of woman's power to keep at a thing.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

SAXON AND ERIN.

In the last number of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR, over the signature of a writer who calls himself "Erin," appear what are supposed to be intended for criticisms on an article under the head of "Lords and Land" in a previous issue of the same publication, and in which, according to "Erin," there are several discrepancies. First, it appears we have imagined that satire is argument, and have forgotten that describing measures of reform as immoral designs is not proof that they are so. We bow! our acknowledgments and return the information with thanks.

That satire is not reason; that assertion is not proof; and that Queen Ann has ceased to exist, are facts with which we have long been familiar and never forget; but that opinion could be mistaken for either argument or proof, except by a mere surface observer, is our latest discovery. Like most of the community we have our convictions, some of which occasionally find their way into print. One of them being that the Irish Disturbance Bill was immoral in its conception and meaning was simply so stated; but that it could be held to assume a logical character, and as such become "somewhat amusing," is a good deal more than we had ever imagined. We are further informed, and candidly admit, that reform is usually considered wholesome: the words "wholesome measures of reform," however, having been quoted from the editor of this excellent periodical, our critic has apparently overlooked the meaning of commas inverted; but the process by which he has reached the conclusion that we regard reform and immoral designs as synonymous is, to us, the most perfect of puzzles. In the article alluded to, immoral designs are said to have been presented *in the guise* of wholesome measures of reform. Presenting a thing in the shape or semblance of another thing from which it is essentially different cannot really assimilate the two things; the synonym, therefore, appears to be purely suppositious.

The land question, as we understand it, having formed no part of our writing of October the second, our view of it can hardly be described as "superficial," and in connection therewith we venture to observe that progress in the science of political economy is not usually measured by attainments in music or dancing. It is to be regretted that when "Erin" deemed our writing worthy of his attention he did not read us a little more carefully. Had he

done so he must have seen that when the landowners were described as humane, chivalrous and honourable, loyal to their Sovereign and country, and in purity of life quite the equals of any other class, no other class was intended to be disparaged, as we do not forget that "things that are equal to the same are equal to one another," and we would like to convince him that landlords are not more "loyal to their land" than shipowners are to their ships or merchants to their warehouses. Of course the liberality of the Liberal party in their willingness to give away what did not belong to them; and the utter unselfishness of the lack-landers, who had nothing to lose, are extremely remarkable, if not laudable. Useless and cruel evictions it may have been their wish to prevent, although "the wonderful oratory of Mr. Gladstone" went to show that the Disturbance Bill was rather intended to avert anarchy and confusion; but the peculiar form of their philanthropy is, we repeat, remarkable. Touching "the title to a piece of land," we have said, and at present intend to say nothing; our writing was on the subject of rent, from the payment of which it was sought to relieve certain "worthy (!) inhabitants," who, not being relieved, have taken to shooting "within the domain of practical politics." We might show that the evictions need not be either useless or cruel, and think that "the people's William"—that first of financiers—might devise some scheme for the relief of landlord and tenant, that would less resemble robbing one class merely to prevent another class from coming within "measurable distance" of houghing and murder. When "Erin" shall have endeavoured to comprehend some portion of the many-sided land question, and tried how it looks even a little way under the surface, we should be glad to have his sentiments in a style not quite so suggestive of the weakest "bohea." *Saxon.*

FOSSILS IN MONTREAL.

DEDICATED TO PRINCIPAL DAWSON.

One would naturally suppose, from the high and deserved reputation of Principal Dawson, that any and every work from his pen would be of an exhaustive character. In reading his late work entitled "Fossil Men," I noticed that he laid particular stress upon the Indian remains found in Montreal; but there remain many more fossils here at the present day, and I regret that he should have neglected to notice them. Perhaps he thought it his duty to pass on to weightier matters, so he did not weight. Be it my task then, in a humble way, to follow in his footsteps and dilate upon a few fossils which have come under my notice.

In the first place, I would tender my thanks to the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society for having drawn my attention to the most curious and valuable fossil in existence—namely, itself. As nothing whatever is known of this fossil by outsiders, as minute a description as possible will be necessary. I am sorry to say that I cannot tell how it came into existence; it is involved in obscurity, and like the Eozoon Canadense, many still doubt the fact of its existence. That it is a fossil cannot be doubted, as it is in a state of petrification, and is even yet so hard to discover, that it was only by the fortunate finding of one of its tracks (tracts) called the "Antiquarian Magazine" that I am enabled to assert positively that it exists. As it is only by means of this "Magazine" I can give any particulars, I will tell what I observed. This track (or "Magazine") appears at intervals of six months, and are very imperfect—in ancient days it is presumable that it appeared at intervals of three months, but during the glacial period, it must have lost much of its strength. It evidently lived here when the temperature was at a different degree than it is now, as the articles composing it evidently do not refer to Canada, hence it might be inferred that they were not original. I have surmised that it once appeared to the ancient natives on the advertised date, and as they were doubtless petrified with astonishment, it may have re-acted upon the "Magazine." It is very sad and disheartening that I have been able to find out so little about this fossil, and though I have searched for information through many large volumes, I must admit I am not a tome on the subject. I forgot to tell you I was, as you will no doubt admit, very much astonished to find a second "Magazine" in an old ash-barrel with a lot of old plates and dishcovers—truly a valuable dishcovery. In order to increase the cultivation of the taste for the fine arts, these plates and dishes will be given to those desiring them—for a consideration. The "Numismatic" portion of the fossil I have not yet referred to; the word "numismatic" is one that was coined many years ago, and has now, on account of the hard times, become nearly obsolete. This fossil is, however, not so rare as the "Antiquarian." Many of you have heard of the "Copperheads" in U. S. politics, and they were doubtless very curious; and doubtless the fossil Indians described by Principal Dawson were copper-coloured. You can get more information about this "numismatic" fossil at the Natural History Society's Museum, and I need not dilate upon it, wasting your valuable time.

Another fossil, or rather series of fossils, of which you have never had any description, is the Montreal Press. You all know the wonderful influence of the Press, and have perhaps heard the remark made by a young lady when embraced that she rather liked the "freedom of the press," so a few remarks upon it will not be out of place. As I have said before there is a series of

fossil press of which one is so peculiar that many have thought it Star-ling, and say that it blackguarded, no, I mean placarded, a certain exhibition formation to such an extent that nothing now remains but these startling fossils. This exhibition formation was composed of many and various objects, all of which were much prized, and gave a name to certain bodies, viz.: "committee;" this we have changed into "syndicate," which is more pacific and answers quite as well. There was another fossil which was a *bonne* venture, we may be sure, as we have a "witness" to the fact. But some have asserted that this is not a "true witness," but this assertion carries little weight as the "true witness" is weakly. The last of these fossil papers, of which I have any record, is of a different formation and is made up of two, which, though both may be called political, yet differ materially. These are what we now know as political, and exercised in their day a terrible power; they changed the current of events, and were constantly engaged in bitter warfare. When one was successful, it was called the Government organ and the other was the Opposition organ. Why they were called organs would be hard to discover at this day, but it is possible that it was because the Opposition's organ's mewsc was loudest before a political cat-astrophe. During the exhibition formation both appeared in eight pages, but afterwards only one had eight, while the other went back to the four it had before. But this makes no matter, they are both very uninteresting fossils; they are both backward in procuring news, many fossils are getting newscd to it. They are very dreary papers—they are called mourning papers.

In my next I shall ask your attention to a fossil the tracks of which sometimes, even in our day, appear through the mud,—I mean the City Passenger Railway. *Sappho.*

FROM WINTER INTO SUMMER BY SEA AND LAND.

No. IV.

"The most magnificent city on the Continent of America." The place that can merit such a peerless title deserves to be written about, and is worth travelling a long distance to see. New York, to the ordinary American mind, furnishes the utilitarian ideal of a grand metropolis, and no doubt in commercial importance it may take first rank. Chicago, for its almost incredible growth and vivacity,—the cradle of those fabulous schemes of Western enterprise which for some years past have amazed the world for their audacity and success,—is to many the crowned queen of all cities. Philadelphia presents a unique and unequalled spectacle for the solidity and strength of its commercial institutions. When you have seen the Quaker city, some people think that you have seen about all that is worth seeing on this Continent. But we have to travel further yet for the city of our deeper wonder and admiration, far away southward beyond the bounds of the eight-and-thirty stars of the spangled banner, to the sunny plains of romantic Mexico. The city of Cortez stands to-day, as three hundred years ago, when the Aztec civilization was crushed out by the iron heel of the brutal Spanish soldiery, sublime and beautiful in its loneliness. But it is the beauty of romance, a joy only of the eye, for in point of circulation of dollars and cents, and of general commercial matter, neither the city of Mexico nor the Republic of which it is the capital can hold a candle to the meanest territory of half the latter's size in the domains of its northern neighbour.

But in the snug comfort of the hotel "Iterbide" I felt not over-disposed to criticize the shortcomings of a place that now flashed across my pleased vision like an oasis amid the desert of my wanderings. Having slept off the fatigues of that memorable railway ride, I despatched an excellent breakfast, had a short conversation with my very affable and civil host, and sauntered out to see whatever sights might present themselves at this early hour of the morning. What beautifully laid-out streets! As my eye wanders dreamily over the thick well-trimmed trees and profusion of gay flowers that greet one with a cool and refreshing welcome throughout the city, I ransacked my brain to find what European capital I was so forcibly reminded of by Mexico, and finally came to the conclusion it was Brussels. Whilst modern architectural improvement is by no means neglected, there still hangs over all a semi-medieval air, a grateful sense of age and solidity which but few American cities afford. To my mind an abundance of flowers and fruit covers a multitude of sins, and here for a few cents you can procure your fill of both,—a sweet solace in these tropical latitudes.

From the old historic streets into the Picture Gallery was a very natural transition, and the Secretary kindly furnishing me with a permit, I was soon immersed in the works of the old Spanish masters, and the later Mexican pupils. Ah, Spain, how greatly art thou fallen! Where are now thy giants of literature and of art, such as once shone so brightly that the world was illumined by their light? Where are Velasquez and Murillo, Cervantes and Calderon de la Barca? From the middle of the seventeenth century down to very recent years, Spanish history presents a dreary blank. There is little or no intellectual effort visible in her history from the accession of Philip the Fifth to the deposition of Isabel the Second. It may be, perhaps, that her

eloquence, philosophy and enterprise may be but dormant, and that all hope for Spain may not yet be lost.

Entering the plain but massive Gothic building with such thoughts as these, I was agreeably surprised to find that several rooms are here set apart for the free instruction of the youth of the city, —an evidence that the advance of education in science and art at least is not neglected in modern Mexico. The abundant display of works of art of the present day shows too that there is still much latent talent discoverable in her artists and sculptors; and it is to me a matter of much surprise that we do not hear more of them abroad. I was powerfully struck with the feeling that at home in Montreal we are lamentably behind even this tropical and comparatively unknown population in point of public institutions, such as public libraries. The public library of the city of Mexico is a noble structure; and the great collection of works in all languages would be a credit to far more pretentious communities. The people too seem to be desirous of availing themselves to the utmost of the great boon which has lately been conferred on them. In fact, for a country as I had been taught to believe that Mexico was, I found numerous signs of a longing for free exercise of the intellectual powers; and was more than ever convinced that even the most benighted nations are slowly but surely struggling onward and upward towards a more perfect realization of truth and liberty.

Newspapers are plentiful enough, but they must labour under great difficulties from lack of news. Local items, —and they are few and far between, —furnish the major portion of journalistic provender. Not till the New York papers reach the city is the foreign news learned by this large population; so that long intervals elapse between each instalment of the gossip and doings of the great world without. One cannot help feeling a powerful sense of almost complete isolation from the centres of civilization and progress.

In point of actual population the city of Mexico nearly equals that of Boston, numbering 350,000 souls, but here the parallel ends. The New England metropolis is socially, politically, commercially and in most other ways the antipodes of the Mexican capital. An oblong plain of great extent and surrounded by chain of mountains, was called, for how many centuries I cannot attempt to guess, the Vale of Tenochtitlan. The present city of which we are speaking was known by the same name previous to the year 1530. The circuit of this valley or plain is nearly 205 miles, with an area of 1710 square miles. A portion, however, of the surface is covered by four beautiful lakes, which when seen from an elevation form a striking *coup d'œil*. The immense plain, with its shining sheets of water, the rings of peaked and jagged mountains surrounding the picture, and in the centre the picturesque capital standing like a monarch in its solitude and grandeur, —all this is mirrored in the retina of my eye now as I saw it but a few months ago for the first time.

These lakes have no legitimate outlet like our more civilized Canadian ponds; but in the rainy season they have a most unpleasant habit of overflowing their banks and gently inundating the neighbouring farms and roads. Once, after several days heavy downfall of rain these lakes inundated the greater portion of the city of Mexico to the depth of several feet, and effectually scared the Spanish Government which then ruled. To prevent a recurrence of such a disaster a vast engineering feat was performed which has up to the present time amply fulfilled its purpose. A canal was cut through the mountains of Nochistongo, lying northwest of the lake of Tumpango, which effectually carries off all super-abundant floods from this and other lakes. This great work, known as the Desague of Huchuetoco, is over twelve miles in length and for more than a thousand yards is cut through the solid rock from sixty to seventy-five feet in height. Such circumstances justly entitle this stupendous hydraulic work to be ranked as one of the most remarkable in existence. Mexico has shown enterprise by fits and starts, at one time surprising the world by such efforts as these, and then for long periods relapsing into a somnolent state of inactivity or even retrogression.

I really cannot ever remember seeing as fine a city, taking everything into consideration. It is evident that whatever wealth exists in the republic is concentrated in the capital, the private houses being commodious and of imposing appearance. The celebrated Square, the Plaza Mayor, without the superb Cathedral and the Palace, would be of itself an object of admiration to strangers, but with the magnificent buildings which compose the greater part of its sides, and the elegant shops which occupy the remainder, the *tout ensemble* is at once grand and singular in the extreme.

It is a real treat to hear the band play every evening, from 8 till 10 o'clock. I have listened to public performances in England, France and Austria, but never did I hear Verdi's operas rendered with such taste and spirit as was my good fortune on this occasion.

D. A. Ansell.

(To be continued.)

THE famous Lord Bolingbroke being at Aix-la-Chapelle, during the Treaty of Peace at that place (at which time his attainder was not taken off), was asked by an impertinent Frenchman whether he came there in any public character? "No, Sir," replied his lordship, "I come, like a French Minister, with no character at all."

DOES IT MATTER WHAT A MAN BELIEVES?

A Sermon preached by the Rev. Alfred J. Bray.

I propose to-night to speak to the question: Does it matter what a man believes? You must all have heard it put many times, and in many different ways. It is not exactly a theological question, and implies that an argument is not conducted on a strictly theological basis. Sometimes it is put in the negative form as an end to all discussion, when some one jauntily says: "It doesn't matter what a man believes, so long as he consistently acts out his creed." One creed is just as good as another, men often say, and one church is just as good as another: if a man was educated and brought up in a creed and a church, let him hold to them both and he will be all right. This is the talk indulged in by laymen who desire to be thought liberal in sentiment, and conciliatory; still more by that large and ever-growing class of persons who think it a sad waste of time and temper for men, practical men—men with work to do in the world—to debate over the differences between ecclesiastical interpretations and opinions,—debates suitable to divines who have a profession that way, and who need for their audience credulous women and idle men. What does it matter, be he a Unitarian, a Puritan, a Catholic, a Methodist, an Episcopalian—anything—only something, and acts up to its requirements? Now it will be seen at a glance that there is a fallacy at the root of this, and when you come to examine the matter you will find that it involves a good many paradoxes, and such an admission as must make the assertion itself absurd.

What is meant when it is said "A man will be all right if he only lives up to what he believes"? What is meant by "all right"? Is it taking for granted that in the judgment the first and only scrutiny will be as to whether a man has believed according to his lights—that is, according to his circumstances and education? Then will come the nice question as to what lights he had; what opportunities for truer, completer knowledge came and passed by unheeded; what lessons lay unread at his feet, or in the bright blue heavens above; how much and how often prejudice had been allowed to warp his judgment and blur his vision; how often new reading of old truths had been rejected when they should have been accepted,—and a host of other things too subtle for a man to understand. But perhaps it is most often taken to mean that a man's own creed is the standard by which he shall be judged and condemned, or eternally blessed, just as he shall be found to have acted according to his best belief. Of course that theory denies that there is, or can be, any real and definite standard of right and wrong, truth and justice in the moral world—no one fixed divine law by which all actions shall be judged, but only many human standards, or multitudes of human laws. Now let us examine for a moment or two how this theory would be found to work in the world of practical life. You will grant at once that conduct is the outcome of belief—that from faith will come works. That is accepted everywhere, for it is everywhere known to be a fact. I will suppose you want to have a house built. You send for an architect, and in giving you the plans and specifications, he says: "See here, it is all a fallacy that foundations must be dug down to the rock or the hard bottom; and really it matters nothing whether the walls are thick or thin, and on the whole I think they would be stronger if a good deal out of plumb." Would you say, "It matters nothing, so long as a man acts up to his belief—let him carry out his projects?" I think not. You would be more likely to say, "No, Sir; there is a law for building—a law not formulated by masons' theories, but given to men by earth, by gravitation, and the house must be put up in accordance with that law, and not in accordance with your belief."

Or, you want a piece of land farmed, &c.

Or, you are entering business, and you want a partner who shall be the practical man, you adventuring the money. He says: "It is all wrong this general idea of buying in a cheap market and selling in a dear one. It is a matter of volume of business. The more money you can turn over, the more profit you can make; the more you can spend, the more you will get." Would you say, "It matters nothing what the man believes, only let him act up to it?" No; you would say, "The law of barter is established; you must make a profit upon your transactions; you may turn over a lot of money only to lose a lot of money, and expenditure must be kept to the lowest possible figure, or a prosperous business cannot be carried on." It is even possible for a man to have a mercantile creed, and persuade himself that it is righteous that a bargain when made is not to be carried out in its entirety, and so there is a break-up of all good faith. Could you allow a man to act up to his creed and hold him blameless, even if his early education had been in the way of all crookedness? I think not. Take this out into the general life of the world.

It is a creed in India that it is a good and pious thing for mothers to cast their offspring into the Ganges as a votive offering to the gods. Is that right in India? Also consider (Illustrations: The Thugs of India; The Chinese and small feet; Eating opium; The man who preys upon society and believes he ought to live without working hard; The Communists.)

Why, if a man is good when he acts up to his belief, the world is full of saints; for only a few men run counter to their own convictions. What great, grand, motherly women they have over in India! How well-beloved of heaven

the Thugs must be! Strange as it may seem to you and to me, the mothers do drown their children from a strong faith and a pure affection—that is their idea of motherhood and its solemn duties. And just as strange it must appear, but it is no less true, that murder is the religion of the Thugs. If you were travelling through some parts of India you would hardly care to preach the doctrine "It doesn't matter what a man believes, so long as he acts up to it." If you came face to face with a robbing, murdering Thug, I fancy you would tell him, if he gave you time, that his creed and yours differed vastly; that while he believed it was his sacred duty to take your life, you were quite sure, and had sound argument to prove it, that it was his most sacred duty to let you alone. The truth is, that the theory is not workable anywhere in the whole world. Try it in politics, in mechanics, in applied science, in mercantile operations, in the ordinary industries, in social life—anywhere—and you will find that mortal man could not well commit himself to anything more foolish, more disastrous, more utterly ruinous, by bringing about a conflict of interests and sentiments, than the teaching that it matters nothing what a man believes, so long as he acts up to his belief. And why would it bring about such general disaster? Why? because, through all these differing things, these modes of operation and life, there runs a law—a law of right. It is not dependent upon, as it was not the outcome of, any belief, or any consensus of opinion; it is a fact beyond the power of changing opinion to modify, or argument to alter. You may believe that water can be made to run up-hill, but it cannot; you may think that you can defy natural laws, and take no heed of the eternal adjustment of forces, but you will only dash your head against a wall if you try it. It matters a great deal, as you know—it matters everything as to what a man believes. If he is going to do right, he must know the right—he must have opinion framed by law. He cannot frame law to suit his opinion. The law is first; it is strongest, highest; it has nothing to do with his teachings, or his opinions; it never changes for season, nor climate, nor age; it is old as the hills, strong as force, inexorable as God.

Now, let us see if this idea is any more possible and workable in matters of religious belief and life. I can very well imagine that it matters little as to what a man may believe if you restrict the notion to certain groups and classes of creeds and churches. I am persuaded that there is no real importance in the differences which exist among very many Christian people in this city. The Presbyterian Calvinist and the Arminian Methodist are on some questions very far apart; so are the Baptists and all others; so are the Episcopalians and all others. Away far up they show as different branches, but really they are all grafted into the same trunk; the same sap fills them all—and the fruit they bear is so much alike that you could never tell by it what was the label on the branch. You couldn't pick it up and say "I know that this is a Methodist apple, because it is ripe and rich; and this a Presbyterian apple, because it is hard and has a look of sourness." Their fruits—their good works are good, on whatever branch they may ripen. I do not think it matters very much whether a man believes in infant or adult baptism; whether he accepts the main teachings of Wesley or of Calvin; whether he holds to the Westminster Confession—with some mental reservation, or to the Thirty-nine Articles of Episcopacy, divorced from the Athanasian creed. I do not see that any one church has much right or need to pretend to be greater than the other. Questions of antiquity and orders have very little to do with the serious matter of a man's belief. Lineage and tailorage do not influence the real forces which build and beautify manhood, and questions of origin, and mere dialectics are only about the leaves of the tree; they do not hinder the growth of fruit; they do not affect the sap which runs from the root to feed every fibre in the tree.

But go further afield. "It matters nothing what a man believes so long as he acts up to his creed!" Let us see. A man says: I am a member of *the* Church, the *one* Church, the *only true* Church; at the head of it upon earth is the divinely-appointed Vicar of Jesus Christ, and he is infallible when he speaks *ex cathedra*. I accept the doctrines of the Church without complaint or question. I perform the duties imposed upon me by the ritual of the Church; when I have confessed to the priest there is an end of it. I work in the world and pay the Church to think for me, and to see me well through this world and safely into the next. Does it matter anything that a man should hold such a creed? Yes, I believe that it matters a great deal. Not so much on account of that comparatively harmless bit of fiction about Papal infallibility, which was quite lately invented by the Jesuits, and imposed upon a good old man getting into his dotage; and not so much because prayers are said to some saints, but because it lays a rough and ruthless hand upon manhood's most sacred rights and duties—the right of thinking and judging for himself—the duty of making the problem of life and mind his own concern, and finding a creed by the joint endeavour of his own faith and reason. No man has the right to yield his own reason, his own conscience, his own judgment to any time or class of men, and the Church that says it can think for men, can decide for men, can formulate creeds for them, can give them safe and sufficient guidance through life and into the world to come, if they will only accept it without question and without doubt—the Church that says that, *lies*; it propagates a stupendous falsehood, which carries mental and moral ruin wherever it is received. For I hold that each man for himself must work out these great

questions of God and Christ, and human duty. You may whistle question after question down the wind; you may shut down the lid upon all that can perplex the mind, but I hold that a time will come, if not in time, then in eternity, when these matters will have to be faced and settled. I think that Roman Catholicism is the most emasculating religion, or form of religion in the world. It means the total giving up of manhood's highest prerogatives. If a Roman Catholic writes a book, he must get permission to publish it, and see that it in no way traverses Catholic doctrine. There is no manly independence; no assertion of individuality; the man must first think of the Church; the reason must subserve the cause of dogma. From my point of view that is a sin against one's own nature. I am not prepared to give myself in blind obedience even to the Apostles when I can be sure of what they have said. I believe in individuality—in personal rights and responsibilities, and that no man can rid himself of them.

Take Unitarianism, again. A man says: "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth; I hold that it is incumbent upon man to think right thoughts, to speak right words, and to do right actions; but, while I hold that Jesus Christ was a great religious genius, was divinely commissioned to preach glad tidings to men, I hold also that the idea of the Divine Trinity is wrong; that there can be only one God, who is the Creator of the world and the Father of all Spirits!" Now, what is to be said to that? In this case conduct cannot be examined as evidence. The Unitarians are among the best men and women in the world; they have a high standard of morality; an abiding regard for what is just and of good report; they have great charitable sentiments, and have done a noble intellectual work in the world. Does it matter then whether a man is a Unitarian or a Trinitarian? May he be the one or the other without much personal concern? I earnestly hold that it matters vastly which he is, for this is a question of fact, and the fact is of profound importance. If the Unitarian is right, then I have embraced a huge contradiction. I have invested a man with the attributes of Deity; I have prayed, not merely in the name of a man, as I would in the name of my wife, or my mother, when a sense of sin makes me seek an advocate, but I have prayed to him. I honour him as king of kings and lord of lords. I have sought inspiration from him as the highest good. I have put my faith in him as a saviour unto eternal life. This is a grave matter for a man's own intellect. You cannot hold a false notion concerning anything without getting harm by it. To have a false idea about physical science will throw the mind out of its proper balance; it will cause a disturbance along the whole line of enquiry; it will make it more difficult to discover other facts, and to harmonise the mutual relations of things in the physical world. You cannot form and maintain a misconception of human character without getting and giving harm. It fills your heart with a set of sentiments born of falsehood; it gathers in the mind some thoughts you would be better without; it gives bias to your judgment and tone to your speech, and colour to your conduct. Even here on the plain of human life a false idea is serious, but how much more serious when lifted to the sphere of man's thought about God. I have misapprehended the nature of Deity. I have robbed the Great Father of all men of the honour and glory due to Him alone. I have exalted a man to be His equal. I have ascribed to him a scheme for the redemption of man which He never formed. I have said, and believed, that He was what in truth He was not; that he did what in truth He did not, and that He will do what He never proposes doing. This surely would be a sin against our own intellectual nature, and moral nature, against *Truth* itself, against God Himself—a sin in comparison with which the worship of saints is merely venial. Suppose I should begin to preach the proper Deity of Paul, or some other of the early great Christians? Would you not feel—would you not say that I was likely to put myself in the way of intellectual and moral ruin? It is worth nothing to say that Jesus Christ was better than Paul or any other of His disciples, for it is only a matter of degree, not of fact. If Jesus Christ was the best possible man—but man only—very Godliness in the flesh, but not God manifested in flesh, I have believed, and do believe what is false, and have given to a man what is due to God alone. But not to me only is this important; the Unitarians are equally involved. If the Trinitarian is right, then the Unitarian has been guilty of refusing real and acceptable light; he has turned away his eyes from a great revelation; he has allowed a false idea to dominate his mind; he has denied a truth which to ordinary humanity is palpable; he has rejected the very essence of Redemption, and will not seek salvation by the one way God has ordained; he has refused to give worship where it was due—said the Eternal Son is of a day, and the Eternal Word, a man, great and grand, but only a man. That is a grave position, and it *must* matter enormously which theory a man holds. Both cannot be right—one must be wrong—and he who holds the wrong is in the way of destruction. How can it be "all right" with a man if in this he is found at last to be wrong. Do you say it doesn't matter how men cast up figures so that they bring out a total? It does matter. The total must be the whole, or the casting is wrong.

I shall not follow this subject any farther to-night, but reserve it for next Sunday evening, when I shall bring some other great questions of belief before you for discussion. And let me say by way of conclusion, that so far as I have spoken to-night, I have examined and do believe. I hold to the essential Deity

of Jesus Christ—that He was God manifested in the flesh; that He was one with the Father; that He lived and died to redeem mankind from the curse of sin; that He died, the Just for the unjust to bring us to God; that He gave His life a ransom for many; that there is no other name given under heaven whereby men can be saved; that if a man would live well, would live greatly now and open up an ever-brightening future, he must live by the faith of the Son of God who loved him and gave Himself for him.

CARMEN: A SPANISH STORY.

(Translated from the French of PROSPER MÉRIMÉE, of the French Academy.)

CHAPTER. III.

CARMEN'S HISTORY.

"I was born," he said, "at Elizonda, in the Bastan Valley. I am called Don José Lizzarrabenga, and you know Spain well enough, Monsieur, for my name to tell you at once that I am Basque, and of an old Christian family. If I take the *Don*, it is because I have a right to it, and were I at Elizonda I could show you my genealogy on parchment. I was intended for the Church, and made to study for it; but I profited little by the opportunity. I was too fond of playing tennis, and to that I owe my ruin; for when we Navarrese play tennis, we forget everything else. One day, in which I had won the game, a lad from Alava forced a quarrel with me: we seized our *maquillas*,* and again I obtained the advantage over him; but it obliged me to leave the country. I met a troop of cavalry, and enlisted in the regiment of Almanza. The men of our mountains quickly learn the military profession, and I soon became a corporal, and was promised the promotion of quartermaster, when, to my misfortune, I was placed on guard at the tobacco manufactory at Seville. If you have been to that city, you will have observed the enormous building beyond the ramparts, near the Guadalquivir. I still seem to see its gate and guard-house near by. While on duty, Spaniards usually sleep or play cards; but I am a true Navarrese, and tried always to be occupied, so I was making a chain with some brass wire to fasten my primer, when suddenly the soldiers said: 'There is the bell ringing; the girls are about to return to work.'

"There are four or five hundred women employed in this manufactory. It is they who roll the cigars in a great hall from which men are excluded, except by permission of the superintending magistrate of the police and municipal administration, because the women, especially the young ones, dispose themselves at their ease when it is warm. At the hour for the women to return after dinner, many young men assemble to see them go by, and to make them gallant speeches. There are few of these demoiselles who refuse a silk mantilla, and amateurs of this angling have only to stoop to net the fish. While the others were looking on, I remained on my bench near the door. I was young, was always thinking of home, and did not believe there could be any pretty girls not wearing blue petticoats and plaits of hair falling over the shoulders.† Besides, the Andalusian women repelled me. I was not yet accustomed to their manners, for they were always jesting, never a serious nor sensible word. I was intent on my chain, therefore, when I heard one of the young men of the city say: 'There is the *gitanilla*!' I raised my eyes and saw her. It was Friday and I shall never forget it. I saw this Carmen, whom you know, at whose house I met you some months ago. She wore a very short scarlet skirt, that displayed white silk stockings with more than one hole, and delicate shoes of red morocco, fastened with flame-coloured ribbons. She drew aside her mantilla, in order to show her shoulders and a large bouquet of cassia that was placed in the bosom of her chemise. She had also a cassia flower in a corner of her mouth, and she came forward, poising herself on her hips, like a filly from the Cordovan stud. In my country, a woman in this costume would make the people cross themselves. At Seville, every one paid her some merry and free compliment, to each of whom she replied, casting sidelong glances, her hand on her hip, audacious as the true gypsy that she was. At first she did not please me, and I resumed my work; but she, according to the custom of women and cats who do not come when they are called and only come when they are not called, stopped in front of me, and said in the Andalusian fashion:

"'Crony, will you give me that chain to hold the keys of my strong-box?'"

"'It is to fasten my primer,' I replied."

"'Your primer!' she exclaimed, with a laugh. 'Ah! Monsieur is making lace since he has need of pins!‡' Every one present began to laugh, and I felt myself grow scarlet, but could find no word with which to answer her. 'Come, my heart!' she resumed, 'make me eight ells of black lace for a mantilla, pin maker of my soul!' and taking the cassia blossom from her mouth, with a twirl of her thumb she threw it just between my eyes. Monsieur it produced the effect of a ball striking me. I did not know where to hide my head, and remained motionless as a log. When she had entered the factory, I saw the cassia flower lying between my feet, and I do not know what possessed me, but I picked it up without being perceived by my comrades, and carefully placed it in my jacket. Folly the first!

"Two or three hours afterwards I was still thinking of her, when a door-keeper arrived breathless and with terrified countenance, who told us that a woman had been assassinated in the large cigar hall of the factory, and that the guard must at once be sent there. The quartermaster ordered me to take two men, and learn the truth of the affair. Picture to yourself, Monsieur, that, on entering the hall, I found three hundred women *en chemise*, or very nearly so, all screaming, yelling, gesticulating, and making an uproar that would not permit God's thunder to be heard.

* Iron-pointed staff carried by the Basques.

† Usual costume of the peasant women of Navarre and the Basque provinces.

‡ This play upon words is lost in English. *Epinglette* is a gun-primer, also pin-case; *épingle*, pin; *épinglier*, pin-maker.—Translator.

"At one side of the hall, stretched on her back, covered with blood, lay one of the women with an X gashed on her face by two stabs of a knife.

"In front of the wounded girl, who was supported by several of the best of the band, I saw Carmen held by five or six companions. Her victim cried out: 'A confessor! a confessor! I am dying!' Carmen uttered not a word; she clinched her teeth, and rolled her eyes like a chameleon.

"'What is it? What is the matter?' I asked, and had great trouble in ascertaining what had passed.

"It appeared that the wounded woman had boasted of having enough money to buy a donkey at the Triana market.

"'Indeed!' said Carmen, who a biting tongue; 'you have not, then, enough for a broom?'"

"The girl, wounded by the reproach, perhaps because she felt herself to be open to suspicion on that score, answered that, 'not having the honour to be either a gypsy, or god-daughter to Satan, she was not learned in brooms, but that Mademoiselle Carmencita would soon make the acquaintance of her donkey when the corregidor should take her to ride, with two lackeys behind to drive away the flies.'

"'Very well, and I,' rejoined Carmen, 'will make drinking places for flies on your cheek, where I will paint a chess-board.'

"Thereupon, *vivi-vlan* with the knife with which she cut the end of the cigars, she began to carve the cross of St. Andrew on the girl's face. The case was clear, and I took Carmen by the arm.

"'My sister,' I said politely, 'you must follow me.'

"She darted a look as if she recognized me, but simply said, with a resigned air:

"'Let us be off. Where is my mantilla?'"

"She placed it over her head so as to show only one of her large eyes, and followed my two men as gently as a lamb. On arriving at the guard-house, the quartermaster said that it was a serious matter and that she must be taken to prison, and it was again I who was to conduct her there. I placed her between two dragoons, and walked behind as a corporal should do under similar circumstances. We set off for the city, and at first the gypsy remained silent, but in the *rue Serpent*, with which you are familiar and which well merits its name from its windings, she begins by allowing her mantilla to fall that I might see her pretty, beguiling face, and turning towards me as well as she was able, said:

"'My officer, where are you taking me?'"

"'To prison, my poor child,' I replied, as gently as I could, as a true soldier should speak to a prisoner, especially to a woman.

"'Alas! what will become of me! Seigneur officer, have pity on me. You are so young, so handsome.' Then in a lower tone, she continued: 'Let me escape, and I will give you a piece of *bar lachi* that will make you beloved of women.'

"This *bar lachi*, Monsieur, is the magnet with which gypsies claim that witchcraft is practised by those skilled in its use. Give to a woman a pinch of it filed to powder, in a glass of white wine, and she will no longer resist your love. To this offer of Carmen's I replied seriously as I could: 'We are not here for such idle tales; you must go to prison; such are my orders, and there is no alternative.'

"We men of the Basque provinces have an accent that enables the Spaniards to recognize us easily, but on the other hand, not one of them can learn to say *bai*, *jaona* (yes, Monsieur). Carmen, therefore, had no difficulty in discerning that I came from the provinces. You must know, Monsieur, that the gypsies being as it were, of no country, and always travelling, speak every language, and the greater part of them are at home in Portugal, France, the Basque provinces, Catalonia—everywhere; even among the Moors and English they make themselves understood. Carmen knew the Basque pretty well. '*Laguna, ene bihotsarena*, comrade of my heart,' she suddenly said to me, 'are you of my country?'"

"Our language is so beautiful, Monsieur, that to hear it in a foreign land makes us start.

"I should like to have a confessor from the provinces," added the bandit sadly, in a low tone. After a moment's silence, he resumed:

"I am from Elizonda,' I answered her in Basque, much moved at hearing her speak my native tongue.

"'And I am from Etchalar,' she said, which is a territory four hours distant from my native place. 'I was carried off by gypsies to Seville, where I worked in the factory, to gain a sum wherewith to return to Navarre and be near my poor mother, who, as her support, has only myself and a little garden (*barratea*) with twenty cider-apple trees. Ah! if I were but at home in front of the white mountain! I have been insulted because I am not of this land of pickpockets, dealers in rotten oranges, and these beggars have banded together against me because I said that all their Seville *jacques* (braggarts) with their knives, could not frighten a lad of our country with his blue cap and *maquila*. Comrade, my friend, will you do nothing to aid your country-woman?'"

"She was lying, Monsieur; she has always lied. I do not know if during her whole life that girl ever uttered a word of truth; but when she spoke I believed her; I was overmatched. She spoke halting Basque, and I believed her to be a Navarrese; her eyes alone, her mouth and complexion, should have proclaimed her a gypsy; but I was mad, and no longer capable of reasoning. I thought that if any Spaniards had ventured to speak ill of my country, I also would have stabbed their face as she had just done. In short, I was like a drunken man; I began to talk nonsense, and was very near committing follies. 'If I were to push you, and if you should fall, compatriot,' she resumed in Basque, 'it would not be these two Spanish conscripts who could hold me.' *Ma foi*, I forgot orders and everything, and said to her: 'Well, my friend, my country-woman, try, and may Our Lady of the Mountain help you!'"

"At that moment we were passing by the head of one of those lanes of which there are so many in Seville, when suddenly Carmen turned, and levelled a blow with her fist full in my chest. I purposely fell over on my back, and with a bound she sprang over me and began to run, showing us a pair of legs as fleet as they were shapely. I raised myself up immediately, but placed my

lance adroitly crosswise to bar the street, so that my comrades were, for the moment, stopped in their pursuit. Then I also ran, and they after me; but to catch her! There was no danger of doing so, with our spurs, sabres, and the lances with which Spanish cavalry is also armed. Besides, all the gossips of the quarter favoured her flight, and laughed at us while putting us on the wrong track.

"After various marches and counter-marches, we were obliged to return to the guard-house without a receipt from the governor of the prison. My men, to escape punishment, made known that Carmen had talked Basque with me, and it appeared by no means natural, to tell the truth, that a blow from the fist of so small a girl should have overthrown a young fellow of my strength. It was all too equivocal, or rather too clear. On coming off duty I was degraded from my rank, and sent for a month to prison. It was my first punishment since entering the service. Adieu to the quartermaster's gold lace, of which I had thought myself already the possessor!

"The first days in prison were passed very sadly. In becoming a soldier I fancied that I should at least be an officer. Longa, Mina, my compatriots, are captains-general; Chapalangarra, who is a negro, like Mina, and also like him a refugee in your country, is a colonel, and I have played tennis twenty times with his brother, who was a poor fellow like myself. And now, all the time that I had served, without even a reprimand, was merely time lost. Here was I, fallen into discredit, and to reinstate myself in the opinion of my superiors I should be obliged to work ten times harder than when I arrived as a conscript! And why had I incurred this punishment? For a jade of a gypsy who was making sport of me, and who, without doubt, was at that moment thieving in some corner of the city. Nevertheless, I could not prevent myself from thinking of her. Would you believe it, Monsieur? But her silk stockings full of holes, that she so fully revealed in her flight, were still before my eyes. I looked into the street through the prison bars, and among all the women who passed by, I did not see one who compared with this devil of a girl. And then, in spite of myself, I smelled the cassia flower that she had thrown to me, and which, dry and faded, still retained its fragrance. If there are sorceresses, that girl was one! One day the jailer entered and gave me a loaf of bread from Alcalá.* 'Here,' he said, 'see what your cousin sends you.' I took the bread, greatly astonished, as I had no cousin at Seville. 'Perhaps it is a mistake,' I thought, but the loaf was so appetizing, it smelled so good, that without troubling myself to know whence it came or for whom intended, I resolved to eat it. In cutting it, my knife encountered something hard. I examined it, and found a small English file that had been slipped into the paste before it was baked. In the loaf there was also a gold piece and two piastres. No more doubt, then; it was a gift from Carmen. To people of her race, liberty is the all in all, and they would set fire to a city to save themselves one day in prison. She was a shrewd woman, and with this loaf one scoffed at jailers. In an hour the thickest bar yielded to the little file, and with the two piastres, at the shop of an old clothes dealer, I exchanged my uniform for the coat of a civilian. You may well believe that a man who had often taken the eaglets from their nests among our rocks, could find little difficulty in descending to the street from a window less than thirty feet high; but I did not wish to escape. My honor as a soldier still remained, and to desert seemed to me a great crime; yet I was touched by this mark of remembrance, for when in prison it gladdens us to think that beyond the walls there is a friend interested in us. The gold piece mortified me. I should have liked to return it, but where to find the creditor? That seemed to me not very easy.

"After the ceremony of being degraded from my rank I believed that I should have nothing more to suffer, but still another humiliation was in reserve for me; this was, that on leaving prison, and being ordered on duty, I was posted as a sentinel like a common soldier. You cannot imagine what a man of spirit and sensibility experiences on such an occasion. I am sure that I should have preferred to be shot; then, at least, a man walks alone in front of his platoon, he feels himself to be of importance, and his figure fills every eye.

"I was posted as a sentinel at the colonel's door. He was a good fellow, a rich young man who liked to amuse himself, and his house was filled with all the young officers, many citizens and women—actresses also, it was said. As to myself, it seemed to me that the whole city had made this door a rendezvous for the purpose of looking at me. The colonel's carriage drove up, with his valet on the seat. But what do I see? Who is it that alights?—the *gitanilla*. This time she was adorned like a shrine; bedizened, all gold and ribbons, a spangled dress, blue satin shoes, also spangled, flowers and gold lace in abundance. In her hand was a tambourine. Accompanying her were a young and old gypsy woman—there is always an old one as leader; then an old man, also a gypsy, with a guitar, which he was to play for them to dance. You know that society often amuses itself by summoning gypsy women to dance the *romalis*, peculiar to their people. Carmen recognized me, and we exchanged glances. At this moment I wished myself a hundred feet below the earth. '*Agur laguna*' (good-day, comrade), she said. 'My officer, you are mounting guard like a conscript!' and before I could find a word in reply she was in the house. All the guests were in the *patio*,† and notwithstanding the crowd I could see through the grating nearly all that occurred. I heard the castanets, the tambourine, laughter and *bravas*; at times I perceived Carmen's head, when she leaped with her tambourine. Then again I heard the officers make remarks to her that suffused my face with crimson, but of her replies I heard nothing. From that day I believe I began to love her in earnest, for several times the impulse seized me to rush into the *patio* and sabre all these coxcombs with their gallant speeches. My torment lasted a full hour; then the gypsies came out and the carriage carried them away. Carmen, in passing, again looked at me with those eyes that you know, and said in a very low tone: 'Countryman, when one likes good fried fish he goes to Triana to eat it at the house of Lillas Pastia.' Light as a kid she sprang into the carriage, the

* Alcalá de los Panderos, a market town two leagues from Seville, where they make delicious rolls. They are said to owe their excellence to the water of Alcalá, and are brought every day in great quantities to Seville.

† The greater part of the Seville houses have an interior court surrounded by porticos, in summer the place of assembling. This court is covered by a linen awning which is kept wet during the day and removed at night.

coachman whipped up his mules, and the joyous band went off I know not where.

"You can well imagine that on coming off duty I went to Triana but first I was shaved and brushed as if for parade day. I found her at the house of Lillas Pastia, a gypsy, black as a Moor, where many citizens went to eat fried fish, especially since Carmen had there taken up her quarters.

"Lillas,' she said, as soon as she saw me, 'I shall do nothing more to-day. To-morrow it will be day.* Come, my countryman, let us take a walk.' She drew her mantilla before her nose, and we were soon in the street.

"Mademoiselle, I believe that it is you whom I must thank for a present sent to me when I was in prison. The bread I have eaten, the file will serve to sharpen my lance, and I keep it in memory of you; but the money there it is.'

"Bless me! he has kept the money,' she exclaimed, bursting into a laugh. 'However, so much the better, for I am hardly in funds; but what matters it? The dog that travels on does not die of hunger.† Come, let us eat of everything. It is your feast.'

(To be continued.)

SPEAK SOFTLY.

Speak softly, gently ever!

There is no wiser part;

For harsh words pierce like steel

The yearning, loving heart.

As gems reflect in brightness

Every fitting beam,

Let words reflect in kindness

Love's sunny, love-lit gleam.

Speak softly, gently ever;

There is no better plan—

For angry words can never

Effect what kind ones can.

For, oh! a soft word spoken

May move the stubborn soul,

That still would prove defiant

Should words of thunder roll.

Speak softly, gently ever!

Words breathing naught save love!

And soon our blighted Eden

Will bloom as realms above!

For faith and fond affection

In true love-knot entwined,

With firmer cords than temper'd steel

Each happy heart can bind.

A POEM WITH A POINT.

Only a pin; yet it calmly lay,

On the tufted floor, in the light of day;

And it shone serenely fair and bright,

Reflecting back the noonday light.

Only a boy; yet he saw that pin,

And his face assumed a fiendish grin;

He stopped for a while, with a look intent,

'Till he and the pin alike were bent.

Only a chair; but upon its seat,

A well-bent pin found safe retreat;

Nor had the keenest eye discerned,

That heavenward its point was turned.

Only a man; but he chanced to drop

Upon that chair, fizz! bang! pop!

He leaped like a cork from out a bottle,

And opened wide his valve de throttle.

Only a yell; though an honest one,

It lacked the element of fun;

And boy and man, and pin and chair,

In wild confusion mingled there.

WE have received from Warwick & Son, of Toronto, the following publications:—*Sunday at Home*, *The Leisure Hour*, *The Boys' Own Paper*, *The Girls' Own Paper*. These are published at the low rate of \$1.50 a year for each periodical and are replete with interest. *The Sunday at Home* and *The Leisure Hour* are so well known and appreciated as to require no commendation from us. *The Boys' Own Paper* and *The Girls' Own Paper* are comparatively new and of high merit, and will doubtless do much to stop the sale of hurtful literature. They are recommended by the well-known writer, George Augustus Sala.

* *Manana será otro día*—Spanish proverb.

† *Chaque! ses pirla, cocai terla*. Dog that travels finds bones.—Gypsy Proverb.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

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.

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.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR.—Your correspondent "H. S." has in the last issue of your excellent paper written a letter strongly advocating the advisability of forming a Domestic Training School. In reply I am happy to be enabled to state that such an institution is in process of formation and will in a short time be properly and firmly established. Those who have studied the subject will no doubt be aware of the existence of the National Training School at South Kensington: this is under royal patronage and it is unnecessary at this time to enter into any particulars as to its mode of working &c., suffice it to say that the teachers are most efficient and the modes of teaching followed practical and economical. Therefore, when I tell your correspondent "H. S." that one of the staff teachers Mrs. Courtney has recently arrived in Montreal and will in conjunction with Mr. Alfred Joyce, open a Training School, I think that "H. S." will have but little doubt that the project will succeed, and I would suggest to all interested in the matter, to confer with the parties above mentioned, from whom all particulars may be had. That there is need of such a school no one can doubt, and I agree with "H. S." that it should be helped on by everyone.

Z.

NICKNAMES OF BRITISH REGIMENTS.

The brave but luckless Twenty-fourth are known as Howard's Greens, from their grass-green facings and the name of an officer who led them for twenty years in the last century. It is a popular fallacy to imagine that the Twenty-eighth borrow their designation of the Old Braggs from the exhibition of a spirit of boasting or braggadocio. Bragg was their Colonel from 1734 to 1731, whence the sobriquet. They are also known as the Slashers, but wherefore is uncertain. Some authorities believe they get their title from their dash at the passage of the River Brunx, in the American War of Independence; others say it arose from a party of the officers having disguised themselves as Indians, and having cut off the ears of a magistrate who had refused quarters to the women of the regiment during the trying winter. The Thirty-first are denominated the Young Buffs, having been mistaken for the Third at the battle of Dettingen. The whimsical cognomen of the Havercake Lads is conferred on the Thirty-third, from a habit of the Sergeant Snaps of the corps to entice recruits by displaying an oat-cake spitted on their swords. The Thirty-fifth used to be termed the Orange Lilies; the Thirty-sixth, the Saucy Greens; the Thirty-eighth, the Pump and Tortoise, on account of their sobriety and the slowness of their movements when stationed once at Malta; and the Thirty-ninth, Sankey's Horse, from the circumstance of their having been once mounted on mules on a forced march when commanded by Colonel Sankey; they are also called the Green Linnets, from their pea-green facings. A punning version of its number, XL, namely, Excellers, is fixed on the Fortieth. The renowned Forty-two retains its designation of the Black Watch, the independent Scotch companies from which it was formed having been so called on account of their dark tartans. The phrase Light Bobs marks out the Forty-third, albeit it is claimed by all light infantry soldiers. The Forty-fourth swell with natural vanity over their distinctions as the Old Stubboms, gained in the Peninsula. The classical epithet of the Lacedæmonians was an alias of the Forty-sixth, a pedantic officer having harangued his brave boys on the beauties of Spartan discipline while shot and shell were flying round. It would be hard to discover the Forty-seventh under its cognomen of the Cauliflowers; and assuredly no friend of the gallant Fiftieth would ever dream of referring to it either as the Blind or the Dirty Half Hundred. Similar to the Excellers in the mode of origin of their sobriquet are the Kolis, as the Fifty-first are called from the initials of the title, King's Own Light Infantry. "Die hard, my men, die hard," cried the heroic Inglis to the Fifty-seventh at Albuera, and ever since the plucky West Middlesex is the Die Hards.—*All the Year Round.*

THE following attractive notice was once given out by a husband:—"My name's Pete Rouel, dat's my wife's name too, she's leave my house and shan't ax me, any man what trusts him, dat's loss for you." This notice was brought to mind in reading in the Montreal *Witness* and *Star* of the 13th October a notice that no credit would be given without the cash. Whether this would be called a cash system or a credit system is hard to discover, and the solution is left to the readers.

Musical.

WEBER AND HIS DETRACTORS.

To the Editor of the Montreal Herald.

DEAR SIR,—I must crave space in your journal to answer my four assailants, whose letters, like dishes on a shelf, stand all in a row, in the *Herald* of Saturday, I notice that the heading and arrangement in the *Herald* differs from that in the *SPECTATOR*, where these four powerful assailants first appear, in your journal they head their letters with the ominous title "THE PIANO WAR," but, as the Yankee would say, "I do not scare worth a cent." However, I see the heading of the same letters in the *SPECTATOR* is "Musical," and, as this is more in my line, I will follow the arrangement there, and notice each in turn. Five years ago you permitted me to point out a wrong committed by the Government of your choice. Convinced of their error, you manfully took the side of justice against your own party, and the error was soon rectified. I am not sorry, therefore, that my assailants have chosen your columns, as I am sure, though they are four to one, there will be fair play.

On the 25th ult., immediately on the close of our Exhibition, there appeared in the musical columns of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR an article, under the heading "Exhibition Notes," which reflected very severely on the pianos placed on view, including the N. Y. Piano Company, and particularly the Weber Piano, who were snubbed for appearing in such Company. It threw contempt on the Judges, and drew the inference that, because certain pianos named were not there, the Exhibition proved "a gigantic farce." This audacious attack upon the parties sending instruments to the Exhibition, while mildly commending those who declined sending any, I thought it my duty to notice in a letter to the musical editor of that paper. For this I am simultaneously attacked in the columns of the *SPECTATOR* and *Herald* by four different persons.

The first of these is inserted for the purpose of bringing into notice the bogus Weber, manufactured in Kingston. I will let it pass.

The second, signed X., is evidently written in the interest of a certain piano long held on sale in Montreal, but for certain good reason, only lately pushed into public notice. This writer is both critical and personal in his remarks. I will not notice the personalities, except his remark that I cannot write with perspicuity. I think, however, it will be admitted that the letters of myself and three *confères* prove I am capable of making myself understood. The Weber Pianos, he says, are not in his opinion, equal to the Decker, &c.—of course, not in his opinion,—but then, probably, that does not make much difference to Weber, or even to the public. I know a piano teacher in this city who told his pupils that he would rather have a second-hand Gabler than the finest Piano Weber ever made. The pupils afterwards found out he had a Gabler piano to sell. The Decker Piano, he further states, "is not furnished to concert-givers gratis, nor are large commissions paid to music teachers and others to induce them to make sales." I did not say they were, but I think it is venturing on very dangerous ground for him to say that they are not. This writer is very rash to introduce the subject at all. I do not like to expose what he might be ignorant of, or which is more probable, may wish to conceal, but if these reckless statements are made for the purpose of unfavourably contrasting the style of business adopted by the house of Weber with that of Decker, I may be compelled to state the amount paid by the latter to an eminent pianist to secure performances on their piano at one concert and two private entertainments in this city last winter. As to the other statement, that their instruments require no puffing, I refer to their advertisements in the *Herald* where they claim to have a certificate of the "Most perfect Piano" from the Centennial Commission. Surely if they were satisfied with the Philadelphia award, they should not call the Centennial Exhibition a "Farce." It proves the truth of my former statement. For the first time they all met Weber there, all but Weber were dissatisfied with the result. At Philadelphia there were about a dozen pianos claiming to be the best. 96 points was the standard of perfection adopted by the Judges. Weber alone, reached 95; the next highest—which certainly, was not Decker—reaching only 91. Such outrageous and inconsistent puffing as is done in their advertisements, the Weber people are too wise to indulge in, and I wonder why the accredited agent of the Decker, who is too shrewd to make such blunders, and too much the gentleman to descend to personalities, permits this mode of obtaining notice for his instruments.

Next, I come to letter No. 3, signed "Another Exhibitor." This writer is positively vulgar, and I am surprised the usual good taste of the editor of the *SPECTATOR* permitted him to use the following epithets in the space of sixteen lines of his tirade:—"Concealed malice," "enraged bull," "hatred and malice," "insatiable craving," "falsome puffing," "vindictive dig," "weak stomachs," "preposterous palaver," "quackery," "twaddle," "noisy puffs," nostrums," &c., &c. Surely the editor of the Musical Column should have placed this letter beneath, not above his own, but perhaps his friend "X," who advocates the cause, guaranteed this writer's *personality*—pass "another Exhibitor."

Fourth and lastly, as to the notes of the Musical Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR. This gentleman is wise in his generation; he does not attack me at all, but goes fiercely for the *Witness* for daring to print a correct version of my letter.

He knows very well that the *Witness* has an indolent habit of never noticing attacks made on itself by the editors of the *SPECTATOR*. Consequently it is quite safe to attack it. He charges that my letter in the *Witness* was altered; he forgets that the original letter I sent to the *SPECTATOR* was altered at his office by omitting several lines, which the manager refused to re-insert, consequently the necessity of publishing a true copy in the *Witness*. He says the *Witness* calls the Weber a "stately piano," and naively inquires what kind of instrument is this? Surely, as an eminent musician, he must know that Weber is admitted to be the Prince of Pianos, and the Dictionary would tell him that stately is a synonym of princely.

A certain case was once tried in Court. The prosecution was sustained by four eminent counsel, who, instead of logic and reason, showered on the head of the defendant a perfect deluge of epithets and false accusations (in the style of letters two and three). The defence was undertaken by an earnest little man, who had the appearance of sincerity and truth on his side, and was not all moved by the bluster of his adversaries. When his turn came to speak, he merely remarked to the jury: "Gentlemen, I have not much to say. You have heard the evidence, and the pleadings of the four eminent counsel. I will merely observe that it is a bad cause which requires so many advocates." I need not tell you the jury were of the same opinion.

I think, on the whole, Weber may well adopt the language of the royal Lear, and say,

"Tray, Blanch and Sweetheart,
All the little dogs—how they bark at me."

Exhibitor.

Montreal, October, 9, 1880.

[A&V].

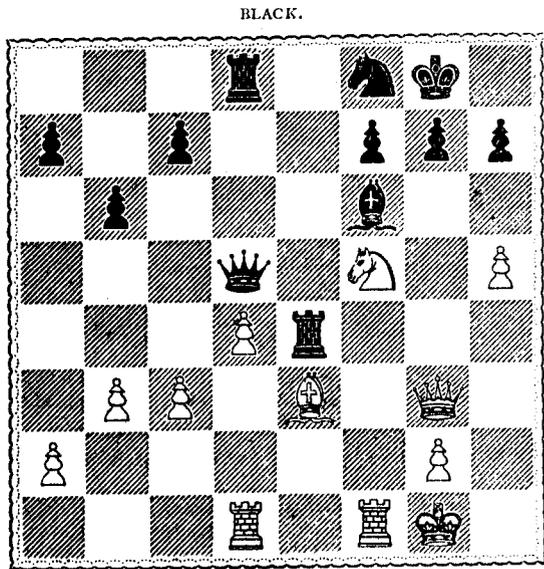
Chess.

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

Montreal, October 16th, 1880.

END GAME NO. 2.

The following pretty End Game occurred recently in actual play between Rev. W. Wayte (White) and Rev. J. de Soyres (Black.)



WHITE.

White to move.

The game proceeded as follows:—

- WHITE. 1 Kt to R 6 (ch) 2 R takes B 2 B takes P 4 R takes Kt 5 R to K 5 and wins. BLACK. 1 K to R sq 2 P takes Kt (a) 3 Kt to K 3 4 R to K Kt sq (a) if 2 R takes B 3 P takes R 4 K to Kt 2 best (b) then 3 Q takes R 4 Q to K 7 5 K to B 5 (ch) and wins (b) 4 Q to Q 2, White may capture R, followed by Kt takes P (ch) &c.

SOLUTIONS OF TOURNEY SET NO. 17.—MOTTO: "Thrift, Thrift, Horatio."

PROBLEM NO. 110.—This problem unfortunately admits of two solutions; one commencing Q takes Kt (ch) and the author's Kt to Kt 7. We much regret to see this exceedingly beautiful stratagem spoilt by a double which could be so easily prevented by a White P on Q R 3. Both solutions have been sent by J. W. S.

PROBLEM NO. 111.

- White. 1 Q to Q B 3 Black. if R takes B if K to K 3 if Kt to Q 3 if R to K B 2 if B to K 2 White. 2 Q to Kt 3 (ch) 2 Q to K 5 (ch) 2 Q to B 5 (ch) 2 B takes R (ch) 2 Q to Q Kt 3 (ch) Black. K takes Kt K to Q 2 K to K 3 K takes Kt K takes Kt 3 Q mates accordingly 3 B to K 8 mate 3 Q takes Kt mate 3 Q mates 3 Q to Kt 7 mate.

We hope to be able to publish the Judges award in our next number.

GAME NO. LXXIII.

(From the Chess Monthly.)

Played at the Hamburg Chess Club, July 31st, 1880, between Mr. H. E. Bird and Herr M. Bier.

KING'S BISHOP'S GAMBIT.

- WHITE. H. E. Bird. 1 P to K 4 2 P to K B 4 3 B to B 4 4 B takes P 5 K to B sq 6 Kt to K B 3 7 P to K R 4 8 P to Q 4 9 B to Q B 4 (b) BLACK. M. Bier. 1 P takes P 2 P to Q 4 3 Q to R 5 (ch) 4 P to K Kt 4 5 Q to R 4 6 B to Kt 2 (a) 7 Kt to K 2 8 Q Kt to B 3 WHITE. 10 Kt to B 3 11 Kt to Q 5 (c) 12 P takes Kt 13 Q to K sq (ch) 14 P to Q 6 (l) 15 Q to R 5 (ch) 16 Q to Q 5 17 P takes Kt (e) 18 B takes P 19 R to K sq BLACK. 10 P to K R 3 11 Kt takes Kt 12 Kt takes P 13 K to Q sq 14 P takes P (d) 15 P to Kt 3 16 Kt takes Kt 17 K to B 2 18 R to Q sq (f) 19 B to K 3 WHITE. 20 R takes B (g) 21 B takes P (ch) 22 Q takes R 23 K to K 2 24 Q takes P (ch) 25 Q to R 8 (ch) 26 Q to R 7 (ch), and White drew by perpetual check. BLACK. P takes R R takes B R to Q 8 (ch) R takes R K to B 3 K to B 2 (h) K to B 2 (h) Q takes Q ch P to K R 4 K takes P.

NOTES.—(a) The right reply: if 7 P to K R 3, White can proceed with 8 B takes P ch, Q takes B (best), 9 Kt to K 5, Q to Kt 2 (B 3), 10 Q to R 5 ch, K moves, 11 Kt to B 7 or Kt 6 ch accordingly, and 12 Kt takes R.

(b) This retreat is weak; we greatly prefer the established continuation, 9 Kt to B 3.

(c) The initiatory move of an attacking combination which loses a valuable Pawn, and should, therefore, prove unsound. 11 Kt to K 2 seems best.

(d) Black could avoid a troublesome attack with: 14 B to K 3 15 P takes P ch K to B sq Much better than 15 K takes P, 16 Q to R 5 ch, P to Kt 3, 17 B takes P ch. 16 B takes B ch Kt takes B 19 Q to K 2 Q takes Q ch 17 B to Q 2 P to Kt 5 20 K takes Q 18 Kt to R 2 Q to Kt 4 ch 21 P to B 2 K takes P.

and Black is a Pawn ahead, and has a well-developed game. (e) The capture of the exchange would lose the game, e.g.: 17 Q takes R (?) Kt to R 7 ch (l) 18 K to K sq If 18 R takes Kt or 18 K to Kt sq, Black mates in three moves. 18 R to K sq ch 19 R to K sq P to B 6 19 K to Q 2 Q takes P 20 P takes P R takes B ch 20 B to K 2 Q to B 7 21 R takes R Kt takes P ch, mating or winning the Queen.

(f) 18 Q to Kt 3 would relieve Black from further pressure and preserve the numerical superiority, e.g.: 18 Q to Kt 3 R takes R 19 P takes P B to Kt 2 22 R takes R R to R 8 ch 20 Q takes B P ch Q takes Q 24 B to Kt sq K B takes P 21 B takes Q P takes P 25 R to Q sq

If 25 R to Kt sq, then 25 B to Q 5; if 25 K to Kt 2, then 25 B takes P ch. (g) The ending is played in Mr. Bird's happiest style.

(h) The way to escape the perpetual check is extremely hidden.

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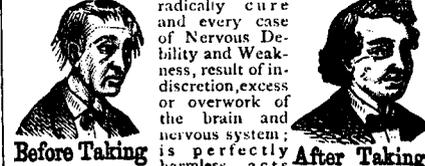
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424 NOTRE DAME STREET. With a view to clearing my very large and choice Stock of SCOTCH, ENGLISH and CANADIAN TWEEDS, I will make a REDUCTION on all orders for cash during this month. Gentlemen desiring a first-class Suit will do well to call and see for themselves. HUNDREDS OF PATTERNS TO SELECT FROM.

BOYS' CLOTHING A SPECIALTY. SUITS READY-MADE OR MADE TO ORDER. S GOLTMAN, 424 NOTRE DAME STREET.

PAULL & SON,

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TENDERS WANTED.

To Shippers and Wharfingers. The Credit Harbour Tolls and Warehouses to let for one year or a term of years. The harbour is one of the best on Lake Ontario and offers unprecedented advantages to speculators. Immediate possession. All particulars and necessary information given by applying personally or by letter to

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Midland Railway of Canada,

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NOTICE TO SHIPPERS.

ALL FREIGHT FOR POINTS ON THE above roads should be shipped via the GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY, when it will be forwarded by the shortest route without transshipment and at the cheapest rates.

FAST FREIGHT TRAINS RUN THROUGH TO Peterborough, Fenelon Falls, Kinmount, Minden, Orillia, Lindsay, Haliburton, Midland, and Wau-bashene, connecting with fast steamers for Parry Sound and Byng Inlet.

For rates, etc., apply to local agents, or to A. WHITE, General Traffic agent, Port Hope. GEO. A. COX, Managing Director, M. R. of C. JAS. HOLDEN, Managing Director, W., P. P., & L. Ry.

CHARLES D. EDWARDS, MANUFACTURER OF FIRE PROOF SAFES, 39 Bonaventure Street MONTREAL.