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# The Canadian Spectator.

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## GENERAL NOTES.

A correspondent sends us the following plea for the poor man:—

SIR—The distinctive feature of the SPECTATOR has been an English love of fair play, and the giving everybody who clothes his thoughts decently an opportunity of being heard. May I be permitted to intrude upon your columns, with a word or two addressed to the gentlemen of the Citizens' Committee in connection with the coming Exhibition.

It seems to me that they are to a great extent wasting the money so generously subscribed by our wealthy firms and private individuals in "side-shows,"—who will care for the balloon and fireworks, &c., beyond the momentary pleasurable excitement? I think, Sir, that the gentlemen who have the conduct of the Exhibition from first to last ought to aim at a higher standard of usefulness; it is true that the proposal for a baby-show found no seconder, but I appeal to all right-thinking men whether the whole affair may not by mismanagement dwindle down to a "baby-show" altogether. I know the gentlemen of the Citizens' Committee keep in view the idea of finding amusements so as to attract a large number of visitors to the city, this may be laudable enough, but I fancy that the promoters of an Exhibition of the character purposed, should have a grander object in view; politicians never cease proclaiming that Canada has to compete with the more populous United States, our neighbour, friend, but powerful rival in progress; and surely one of the most effective ways in which this can be done, is improvement in machinery and a hundred useful inventions which the working men of Canada should have an opportunity of seeing and examining; and for this purpose some effort should be made to set aside one day, at least, for a civic holiday, so as to give everybody a chance of visiting the Exhibition, and furthermore, before all the money subscribed is voted away in gewgaws, could not some arrangement be made between the Committees for, say, one or two 10 cent days so that operatives in our factories &c., could at least have the Exhibition within their reach.

I know such a proposal will meet with opposition and suggestion of difficulties in carrying out, but a large number might be reached *thus*:—There are many hundreds of honest working men, aye and working women too, employed in our factories, to whom the proprietors might easily undertake the distribution of tickets. Employers of factory labour are well aware how important a factor in building up national wealth, are their "hands." Give them a chance, gentlemen! There are many workmen so loyal to their homes that they would not take a holiday for themselves, without their wives and children and they cannot afford the expense of such an undertaking. Gentlemen, trust the working people, and there will be no cause to regret it. Those who know anything about such matters can point with pleasure and pride to the behaviour of the hundreds of thousands of the working class who visited the great exhibition in London in 1851, and to the uniform good behaviour of the visitors to the British Museum, the gardens of Hampton Court Palace and every place of public resort, generously made free to "the people" by the British Government.

Think it over, Messieurs Committee-men, and I'll pledge my fellow-workers that thousands will remember with gratitude the chance that was placed within their reach of visiting the Exhibition; there is plenty of time yet to mature any plan, if heartily set about, and you may rely upon the co-operation and good behaviour of the class I plead for, if my suggestion is acted upon.

The English Poet Laureate has truly said:—

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood."

I am proud to sign myself,

*A Working Man.*

P.S.—I plead not alone for the toilers of our own city; the working people of Cornwall, Almonte, Valleyfield, Sherbrooke, &c. &c., all deserve a

chance; excursion trains at cheap rates might be organized, and thus one object at least, of the Committee would be attained, viz.: the bringing of numbers to the city; it is true there might not be a wide margin for the hotels, but I do not believe many subscribers to the fund would object to such a diversion of their subscriptions, and they would receive repayment in the happy faces and grateful hearts of the recipients.

We have read the "silly vapourings" of the *Journal of Commerce* in regard to the opposition of the public to the proposed arrangement of the City Passenger Railway with the City of Montreal. It tells us that "We own that when such influential citizens as the aldermen, who have had the advantage of considering the question with a full knowledge of facts, have arrived at the conclusion that the charter should be granted on the terms agreed upon, we think it is to be regretted that so much bitterness of feeling should have been manifested by the press and the public." We deny that there is any *bitterness* of feeling on the part of the press or the public, and can easily account for the fact that "such influential citizens as the aldermen, who have had the advantage of considering the question with a full knowledge of facts, have arrived at the conclusion that the charter should be granted on the terms," etc., by stating that to err is human. Other persons besides these immaculate aldermen have opportunities of knowing the facts in the case, and we remember well that when the C. P. R. was called upon a few years ago to reply to the statements of aldermen who had a very full knowledge of the subject—the City Passenger Railway repl'ed, by making through its President, a low, vulgar personal attack upon certain aldermen. It therefore appears to us, at this juncture, entirely uncalled-for that the *Journal of Commerce* should state that the press and public are actuated by "bitterness of feeling." It is rather the other way; there is much bitterness of feeling on the part of the C. P. R. incorporation towards those who desire to frustrate its attempts and efforts at securing a monopoly. We know full well that aldermen can be made to change their opinions as well as other people, and we can only trust and hope that the change of opinion has been made honestly and *sans reproche*.

In our issue of the 14th August we stated that—

"Messrs. Thos. White and John Crawford are sparring with each other about the City Passenger Railway; and Mr. Thos. White seems, so far as the correspondence is concerned, to have got the best of it. Many will not be simple enough to accept innocence as existing to the extent that Mr. Crawford would have us believe. We are much pleased to learn that Mr. Greene is not now hostile to the Company and will be much more pleased when we find that 'he has exacted the *utmost farthing* from the Company,' though if he manages to do this he will have executed a hitherto impracticable deed."

To this opinion we still adhere, though in justice to Mr. Crawford and Alderman Greene, we must say that we always have believed and still believe them in respect to "bribery or corruption" to be above suspicion. We may think them mistaken in their views without for a moment or in the slightest degree reflecting upon their honour or their honesty.

The Cornwall Regatta was, according to all reports, a fizzle, and was merely "run" for the purpose of making money. That Hanlan should have lent himself to such a scheme, we can hardly believe, and we can only wish that there has been some mistake. To all professional athletes the temptations to engage in "hippodroming" are very strong, and we have always had a very firm belief that the Canadian Champion was above it, but the Cornwall Regatta has a very fishy look as regards true athletics.

The Toronto *Globe* treats us to the following:—

"Above all things let there be no attempt made to settle this trivial matter by a solemn arbitration. There is a great deal that is absurd in two independent sovereign Powers referring matters in dispute between them to arbitration at any time, seeing that without going to war the losing party cannot be compelled to abide by the award, and it is never cordially acquiesced in by both. There will be a rankling sense of injury in any event, and this may as well be left to flow from the first misunderstanding as from some subsequent one. Canadians never took kindly to the loss of San Juan, any more than the British did to the payment of the 'Alabama' indemnity, or the people of the United States to the Halifax award. If we must have a standing quarrel with our neighbours—and it is none of our seeking—by all means let us have the Fortune Bay embroglio rather than a grievance created by some settlement over which we have no control, but which nevertheless leaves us, as the Washington Treaty did, shorn of part our autonomy. Territorial rights are not matters to be trifled with, and we are not afraid but that if left to deal with our neighbours about this or any other international matter we will manage in some way to hold our own. By all means adhere to Lord Salisbury's position, and take the chances."

Whoever penned the above paragraph ought surely to be punished for the lucubration. The absurdity of the statement that "there is a great deal that is absurd in two independent sovereign Powers referring matters in dispute between them to arbitration at any time, seeing that without going to war the losing party cannot be compelled to abide by the award," is merely to state a boy's opinion that "heads I win, tails you lose." If two Powers submit a question to arbitration, it is usually the custom for them to submit to the judgment, the scribbler in the *Globe* to the contrary notwithstanding. The idea that there will be a rankling sense of injury in any event is disproved by the Geneva Award, which was paid by the British Government without quibble or questioning. The system of arbitration relies upon the honour of the contracting parties, and if those signing are not prepared to submit to the arbitration, the sooner the system is abolished the better. It is much better that annoying trifles should be left to arbitration than that they should be allowed to remain unsettled, or that they should furnish an excuse for resorting to arms.

*Truth* says:—

"Mr. Gladstone's illness was deeply deplored in Ireland. I am assured by Irishmen that he has attained a degree of popularity in that country never before reached by any English statesman, and it may be added never so strongly deserved. The Celt is not incapable of appreciating his Saxon ruler when he is given the chance."

*The World* says:—

"It was once the proud boast of this nation that Englishmen did not know when they were beaten. Of late, unhappily, we have had but too good reason to know it, and so has everybody else. Past centuries of glory have been in great danger of eclipse by the military disasters of the last few years. The Crimean fiasco was not exactly complimentary to our national pride; but there, at least, incompetence of leaders and errors chiefly administrative were more than compensated for by the victory which uniformly waited upon our arms. No such consolation is to be found in our most recent military misfortunes. The defeats endured have been humiliating and unmistakable; the losses terrible, with no ray of light to lessen the blackness of disaster. With the memory of Isandlwana still painfully fresh in our minds, we are now startled with a second overthrow, seemingly as gratuitous, and certainly not less complete. Although it may not be easy as yet to draw any close comparison between the two, the salient features of both were much the same. In both the defeat was signal and decisive. In neither can the generals be exonerated from blame. In the one case, Lord Chelmsford, whose personal responsibility cannot now be repudiated, carelessly left his camp, with all its precious contents, unfortified and insufficiently guarded, an easy prey to surprise; in the other, General Burrows was first drawn out from a strong position, then, forced to give battle at a disadvantage, and at length driven ignominiously from the field. The massacre at Isandlwana was not more sanguinary than the rout at Khusk-i-Nakhud was signal. Colours lost, guns abandoned, the wounded left where they lay, the shattered remnant with difficulty withdrawn, to suffer agonies of thirst in their precipitate retreat,—no gloomier picture than this will be found in our military annals, and for these horrors General Burrows must primarily be held to account.

"Although the full measure of this luckless commander's incapacity cannot be accurately determined until the detailed despatches come to hand, there is, upon the face of it, sufficient proof in what we know to show that, in at least one particular he signally failed. It is quite certain that he allowed himself to be out-generalled and out-numbered at the decisive point. Now, the

plea of superior numbers may be accepted in favour of fighting men, but never for the general who is in supreme command. To bring a greater force to crush a smaller is a fundamental rule in war, and he who neglects it or allows his enemy to use it against him is but a poor proficient in his art. Whether this first grave error sums up the whole of General Burrows' shortcomings, time alone can show. It has been said by one of the greatest soldiers of modern times that he is the best general who makes the fewest mistakes. War is a great game of chance and skill combined, played closely by either side with many strange rubs and unforeseen risks to complicate its issues and render its result uncertain in the extreme. It is just possible, but hardly probable, that General Burrows may yet be able to satisfy his critics that he was guilty of nothing worse than the crime of allowing himself to be deceived. It may yet appear from the narrative of events as they occurred on that ill-fated day that he did his best; that he handled his mixed force, his scanty artillery, his untrustworthy cavalry, his single white battalion, and his unsteady native infantry, with commendable but wasted skill; that when fortune went against him, he manœuvred so as to retire in good order, and would have perhaps saved his force had not a great portion of it already taken to their heels. But even if all this were conceded, much more would remain to be said. The partial rehabilitation of General Burrows will not dispose of the business. There are many others whose conduct will not escape inquiry and possible reproof. First and foremost must those be taken to task who entrusted a brigade command to an untried man; for it is now generally admitted that General Burrows had had no experience in active warfare; that he had never led any considerable body of troops in the field or out of it; that he had been for years and years employed solely in sedentary staff employment; and that already the enervating effects of a long residence in Bombay had sapped his energy, and presumably unfitted him for the labours and hardships of a toilsome campaign. It will be incumbent upon General Primrose, again, to explain why he detached so large a force to such a distance from Candahar, retaining no communication with it apparently, whether heliographic or by electric wire, and with no very obvious duties to perform. If Burrows was intended to act as a look-out upon the movements of Ayoub Khan, his defeat at the hands of the latter plainly shows how lamely he sought to carry his instructions into effect. And this at once implicates the 'politicals' of the force. In Colonel St. John, the Governor-General's agent and real custodian of power, would have centred the vitally important duty of obtaining intelligence, and this could have been but very indifferently performed. It is possible, moreover, that Colonel St. John may have hampered and harassed the military chief with civil and political considerations, and that General Burrows, when once committed to fight, was only too eager to prove what he could do.

"Were it not for the uncertainty which still surrounds our operations in Afghanistan, in regard to Roberts' rash march no less than the precarious condition of Candahar, we might take heart of grace in spite of what has occurred. Later news rather diminishes the disgrace which at first seemed overwhelming, while we may yet pluck some advantage even from the bitterness of defeat. The fact is it brings matters to a crisis in Indian military affairs. The time has come for general reconstruction and reorganization of the local army. In two of the Presidencies at least the native forces should be reconstituted on an entirely new basis; everywhere there is room for energetic action and well-considered reform. Supineness, narrow views, weakness of will, have too long prevailed in those high quarters where change should originate; and the occasion peremptorily demands the despatch to India of a strong man as Commander-in-Chief. Who this man should be it is hardly necessary to say. In our self-imposed poverty of military talent we so constantly reiterated one name that it would be futile to suggest that any other general but Sir Garnet Wolseley is equal to the task. Rumour, indeed, reports that he is not at this moment in high favour with the powers that be. But he still reigns paramount in popular esteem; and if public opinion is agreed that Sir Garnet should go to India, go he assuredly will. For ourselves, while studiously deprecating the idea that he is our only general or even a great man, we have never hesitated to recognise Sir Garnet's gifts. He has the rare faculty of command; plenty of brains; no little force of will. Above all he is a good clean workman, and has carried through everything with which he has been intrusted thoroughly and well. The task before him in India would probably greatly tax his powers. He might not achieve complete success; but there would be undoubted benefit from the intervention of a master-spirit, who would make his influence everywhere felt, and rule the whole service with a strong firm hand."

Cardinal Manning, who has 2,800 orphans under his care, is making arrangements with Canadian Roman Catholic bishops to obtain situations for these waifs in families in this country. This is a much better plan than the one usually followed, of sending them out here with nothing in view, and merely trusting to luck to secure homes for these children and even older persons. We learn that there are numerous applications for them, and that a number of them will soon leave for this country.

## TORONTO AND ABOUT.

The Toronto City Council, so far as the matter of bonuses is concerned, appear at last to be coming to the right way of thinking. Mark H. Irish said he would expend \$250,000 on improvements at the island if the Council would remit his taxes for five years. The Council appeared to acquiesce in the matter at first, but now they are in doubt as to the propriety of making a practice of this sort of thing. It is to be hoped they will arrive at the correct conclusion, and stick to it, for there is no possible reason why these wealthy speculators, or poor ones, should have their property exempt from taxation at the expense of their fellow citizens.

The Conservative portion of the community are quoting pretty freely the Grand Trunk Traffic receipts for the past few months to prove that the N. P. is working satisfactorily. And they say that the increase in the receipts is something extraordinary over that of last year and the year before. They forget however, (or rather they wish to deceive) that the Grand Trunk Railway has acquired within the last year or two the control of several new lines of roads and therefore their receipts must as a matter of course be greater now than they were two years ago.

There is much excitement in Toronto over the elections. Some say the Government is going to be beaten and some say that the Liberal party will triumph. Which ever party triumphs, this much I know that both the Government and Liberal parties are guilty of infringing on the direct meaning of the Dominion Election Act when they try to coerce voters by promise to vote for their party. This nefarious system of canvas by the representatives of party should be cried down. A vote should be held sacred, the law protects its secrecy, and the party candidates should do no less. Why should I tell every man who comes to my door whom I intend to cast my vote for? or why should I be troubled to open my door to such impertinence? It is a direct violation of the spirit of the Act to inquisitively pry into the privacy of a voter's intentions.

The friends of Mr. Capreol say he has not much chance, although, as all things are possible, he may by a miracle be elected. I should be sorry, however, to think that Mr. Capreol's chances are so slight as to make his election a miracle, for even if the interest of Toronto can have no weight with the electors, his past services and efficiency to represent them now should have a little weight with the electors at the polls.

The pet in the political arena of West Toronto is A. W. Wright. It is felt that he is advocating a wrong cause, and it is evident he is prepared for defeat, but his rhetorical powers are brilliant, his hold upon his audience is sure, and his delivery is perfect. Mr. Wright, as the advocate of the National currency, I trust, will be a failure. He proposes to build the Canada Pacific Railway on Government scrip. No money to be issued until the work of a portion is done. He sets down the price of the railway at say, \$100,000,000; this is to be disbursed in navvies' wages, contractors' bonuses, and in rolling stock. He says the navvies, contractors and manufacturers will gladly take this irredeemable paper money, but I have my doubts, and I fancy they will rather have gold. When asked how this money was to be redeemed, he said the Government should hold 100,000,000 acres of land on either side of the railway, and sell it at \$2 per acre to the holders of paper money; even if only one-half of the land was disposed of in this way, there would be a surplus of \$100,000,000 to build a second line. It looks very simple, but I should like to know where our credit would go to? Mr. Wright says "we do not require any credit"; this is something new, for I think it would puzzle Mr. Wright or any other rag-baby advocate to find a nation existing, or that ever existed, without trade and commerce, and trade and commerce with distant countries necessarily means credit of some sort.

The Reform party have as yet promulgated no new platform for Mr. Ryan, the candidate, to lay down. Mr. Blake waxes eloquent over "Pacific Scandal," but the electors heard that years ago and are

sick of it. Surely there are a thousand things wanting reform, of which Mr. Blake and his party could make a platform to bring before the electors at this time.

And still another paper is brought out to be circulated daily, at the remarkably cheap price of one cent, the *World*. The wisest of Toronto's journalists are puzzled. We have in Toronto at the present time four daily papers; each are doing a flourishing business, and soon the *Evening News* will make its appearance, making the fifth.

Mr. A. W. Wright, late Editor of the *Telegram*, has started the *Commonwealth*, a weekly edition, and still he is not satisfied, but intends, with the assistance of one or two other bright lights, to start a Sunday newspaper that shall eclipse the *Detroit Free Press*. I wish him success, but he has either to fail in the attempt or make some of our present weeklies go to the wall. Time will tell.

This same Mr. Wright says he is the friend of Denis Kearney, and a hater of the Chinese, or in other words, a Communist. He has startled the quiet politicians by introducing a new feature into the political meetings of his supporters, viz., ballad singing. The *Telegram* has a short satire upon this innovation, and suggests that the ballad singers be dressed in costume. The arguments in favour of ballad singing are, it helps to relieve the monotony of the demagogue, and induces the ladies to take part in the singing, thereby lending additional inspiration to the orator, causing his speeches to become less offensive to the ear. But I would suggest that instead of introducing ballad singing in political meetings, politicians study their temper; to be temperate because of the presence of ladies, argues nothing in favour of him who is temperate, and although the presence of ladies might be calculated to allay the bitterness of party spirit, yet the beneficial effect, I imagine, is a matter of question when the nature of a political meeting is taken into account. A merry Andrew and a Minister of the Crown would look rather out of place on the hustings. However much this sort of thing may be in favour in the United States, I trust it will be long before it can be said of any candidate for political honours in Canada, "he carried his seat through a clown."

Perhaps there never was a more vexed question in Toronto than that of the moral effect of Sunday preaching at the island. The ferry boats make more money on the Sabbath than they do on week days. One-half of the Ministers of the Gospel are in favour of the proceeding and the other half discountenance such desecration of the Lord's day. There are only about one hundred summer inhabitants at the island, but the Sabbath excursionists increase that number to thousands. The effect of this sort of thing will be to open the opera houses next winter on Sundays, as was attempted a few months ago, and not altogether unsuccessfully. When the thin edge of the wedge is once inserted, it is a matter of the utmost difficulty to withdraw it. The good people of the City of Churches must be very careful over their lax laws.

Exhibition time draws near. It is a question if there are not too many of these fairs in Canada at one time. Certainly the advantage to be derived from the fact of having received a medal or diploma is questionable. However, in this age of travelling perhaps it is as well that excursions should obtain.

The citizens of Toronto are becoming really annoyed and angry at the lazy manner in which the City Council attends to the wants of the citizens in the matter of swimming facilities. There could not be a more unanimous cry for the privilege, but the summer is nearly spent and nothing done. The people are beginning to feel that Mr. Beaty's promises are like pie crust. His city charter was a bungle and took a year to bring forth. His proposed improvements at the island are still in the distance, and as for swimming baths or facilities for swimming they are as far off as ever. It certainly is extremely aggravating when their attainment is so easy.

Queen City.

TRADE—FINANCE—STATISTICS.

The subject of the Huron and Ontario Canal, associated with the name of Fred. C. Capreol, is exciting considerable, but uncalled-for comment in Toronto at present. How any sane man possessed of ordinary common-sense, can afford to treat so important a subject so lightly is an anomaly hard to understand. The seat of West Toronto is vacant, declared vacant through the appointment of John Beverley Robinson to the Lieutenant-Governorship of Ontario, and Mr. Capreol in a true spirit of patriotism has determined to contest the party election in favour of the construction of a canal fraught with tremendous importance, so far as the interest of Toronto is concerned. But instead of advocating an undertaking of so much moment, and thereby returning Mr. Capreol by acclamation, the party journals have entirely ignored that gentleman, and thrown the interest of the Province to one side in favour of the foolishness of party. I say the people of Toronto are foolish in ignoring the claims of this canal. It is of vital importance that Mr. Capreol should be returned for this constituency now, for if the progress of the enterprise is longer delayed, then there can be no alternative on the part of the movers in the Trent Valley scheme but that they immediately push to maturity what they apparently have so satisfactorily (in a preliminary way) accomplished. The citizens of Toronto must be blind to ignore Mr. Capreol's claims at this time. If gratitude for past services has no weight with the electors, surely the interest of the city should have some claims to consideration. Either the Trent Valley Canal is to be constructed or the Huron Canal must proceed to its completion. Which it is to be? Whatever the people of the Lower Provinces may think and the city of Montreal, the Trent Valley Canal is not to be compared with the Huron and Ontario route, and the mass of the people see this. Constant dredging would be required in the Trent Valley, the lake navigation would be exceedingly unsatisfactory, and the cutting would probably be more than double that of the Huron and Ontario route, while to crown all, the cost of the construction of the Trent Valley Canal must necessarily be considerably beyond that of the more western scheme. Not only would the cost of the first construction be exceedingly great, but the working of the same after completion would probably be double the expense the canal at Toronto, and even if built, this canal could scarcely hope to take the place of the proposed Huron and Ontario Ship Canal: at best the movers in this undertaking could hardly expect to make the Trent Valley Canal anything but a simple barge canal, in other words a reproduction of the Erie Canal. This however is not sufficient, it is not what Ontario wants; it is not what Quebec, and especially Montreal, wants; what is required is a canal through which the largest ships of the Atlantic can pass, or at least steam vessels of 800 tons burden. And this is what the Huron and Ontario Canal Company propose to accomplish. The great difficulty in the way of the enterprise was the cutting through the Oak Ridges, a hilly portion of the district immediately to the north of Toronto, but this cutting now is not necessary; for science has found a means to overcome this difficulty; by means of what is known as the "Hydraulic lift lock," vessels of any capacity can be lifted bodily in a lock to any height, thereby overcoming the necessity of costly and numerous locks. The lift lock is actually in working order in India and at Malta, and on the river Weaver in Cheshire, at Auduton, England, giving unbounded satisfaction. Sidingham Duer the engineer says emphatically that the power of this wonderful invention to lift vessels of any weight is beyond question. The original intention of the promoters of the Huron and Ontario Canal was to expend \$40,000,000 but the wonderful lift lock has made the scheme possible and practicable with a total expenditure of \$20,000,000, and yet the citizens of Toronto are so blind to their interests that they will not even attend a public meeting called by his worship the Mayor to take into consideration the advisability of requesting the Dominion Government to assist the undertaking. The electors of West Toronto fail to appreciate the advantages of having such a ship canal at their very doors, else they would immediately place its interprising promoter into Parliament by acclamation. It is not even proposed to ask the Government assistance in money, as is done by every railway company now, but merely to renew, or notify, the proposal of the select committee of 1869 that so many million acres of wild land be given to the Company, subject to certain conditions, in consideration of their having the canal in working operation within five years from its commencement. The citizens of Toronto are blind, or else they believe or fear that they are being wilfully misled. If they are being misled, they are misled by the party journals and every journal of importance in Canada, for the subject being one of national interest affects every town in the country.

Herbert G. Paull.

CROP EXPORTS.

As the yield of grain in the United States for 1880 promises to exceed the unprecedented harvest of 1879, it is important to forecast, if possible, the extent of the export demand. Of course no exact estimate can now be made, but a careful examination of the crop prospects of Europe will enable an intelligent opinion to be formed as to the quantity needed from this country to supply the deficiency abroad. It must be remembered at the outset that for

three successive years the harvests in Europe have been to a large extent failures, so that now an average crop will find many wants to be supplied. In England the latest reports are not so encouraging as the earlier accounts of the condition of the wheat crop. All estimates, however, for the United Kingdom agree in the fact that the yield will be considerably in excess of last year. On the Continent, reports from France are highly encouraging. Both rye and wheat crops are up to a full average; oats and barley are also a heavy crop. The prospects in Belgium are excellent. Rye and wheat look well, although almost a month later than ordinary years, and the yield will be abundant; oats, beets and potatoes also promise a good yield. The news from Holland is of a similar character. Austria and Hungary, as gathered from official information, represent the crops as promising. News from private sources do not sustain this account, however, but state the yield has been deceptive. The accounts from Germany are not flattering. Eastern Prussia will not return half a crop in rye, but wheat will be about the average; barley and oats have suffered from frosts. In Posen rye and wheat are under the average; this is also true in Saxony and Mecklenburgh-Schwerin. In the Frankfort-on-Oder and Potsdam districts rye is poor in yield and quality, while wheat, oats and barley are good. A deficit of more than 10 per cent. is acknowledged in Hanover. The general statement is to the effect that in Germany the rye crop is deficient in yield and quality. Roumania will have a large crop. In Moldavia and Wallachia the harvest has begun, and an enormous yield is expected. Italy has more than an average crop of wheat and barley, and oats are in fine condition. Spain also has a good harvest in wheat and barley. From the great growing districts of Russia the reports are discouraging. If reports are to be credited, the situation is alarming. In fact the territories that are considered the granaries of Europe will have no surplus of yield for export, and a deficit is reported in forty-eight of the Provinces out of the sixty that compose Russia.

From the above information it will be noted that the deficiencies are in the countries that require the greatest amount of breadstuffs. It is to be furthermore considered that no supplies, as in former years, can be expected from Russia, and rye, the staple food of Germany, is a partial failure. It must also be remembered that the wheat crops of Italy, France, Belgium and Holland are not sufficient to export to adjacent countries.

It is apparent, therefore, that the surplus yields of the United States will find room for export demand abroad. This demand may not early be of the urgent nature of a year ago, but, from the best information to be gathered from abroad, there will be a steady shipment to Europe of our surplus breadstuffs and provisions.—U. S. Economist.

From all the accounts of the wheat crop in the United Kingdom, now being harvested, the acreage will be less than for the last fifteen years, and the out-turn irregular; in some localities good and in others mediocre. The indications are that the home-grown wheat will require to be supplemented by 116 to 120 millions of foreign wheat to meet the annual consumption of the Kingdom.

BANKS.

BANK.	Shares par value.	Capital Subscribed.	Capital Paid up	Rest.	Price per \$100 Aug. 25, 1879.	Price per \$100 Aug. 25, 1879.	Last half-yearly Dividend.	Per cent. per annum of last div. on present price.
Montreal	\$200	\$12,000,000	\$11,999,200	\$5,000,000	\$152	\$127 1/2	4	5.26
Ontario	40	3,000,000	2,996,756	100,000	87	56 1/2	3	6.90
Molsons	50	2,000,000	1,999,095	100,000	98 1/2	63 1/2	3	6.09
Toronto	100	2,000,000	2,000,000	500,000	109	109	3 1/2	..
Jacques Cartier	25	500,000	500,000	55,000	92	58	3 1/2	5.43
Merchants	100	5,798,267	5,518,933	475,000	104 1/2	73 1/2	3	5.73
Eastern Townships	50	1,469,600	1,382,037	200,000	..	..	3 1/2	..
Quebec	100	2,500,000	2,500,000	425,000	..	..	5	6.13
Commerce	50	6,000,000	6,000,000	1,400,000	130 1/2	107	4	..
Exchange	100	1,000,000	1,000,000	75,000	50	..	..	..
MISCELLANEOUS.								
Montreal Telegraph Co.	40	2,000,000	2,000,000	171,432	126 1/2	90	4	6.34
R. & O. N. Co.	100	1,565,000	1,565,000	4,000	59 1/2	42 1/2	..	..
City Passenger Railway	50	2,000,000	600,000	163,000	119 1/2	81 1/2	15	4.18
New City Gas Co.	40	2,000,000	1,880,000	..	146 1/2	118	5	6.83

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

RAILWAY TRAFFIC RECEIPTS.

COMPANY.	Period.	1880.			1879.		Week's Traffic.		Aggregate.		
		Pass. & Express	Freight	Total	Total	Incr'se	Decr'se	Period.	Incr'se	Decr'se	
Grand Trunk	Week Aug. 21	\$ 66,764	\$ 134,862	\$ 201,626	\$ 165,016	\$ 36,610	\$ ..	8 w'ks	\$ 377,515	\$ ..	
Great Western	" 13	37,963	62,193	100,156	78,227	21,929	..	7 "	131,156	..	
Northern & H. & N. W.	" 15	6,921	17,226	24,147	18,346	5,801	..	7 "	41,998	..	
Toronto & Nipissing	" 14	1,322	1,890	3,212	2,398	314	..	7 "	1,130	..	
Midland	" 14	1,832	5,780	7,612	6,303	1,309	..	7 "	9,735	..	
St. Lawrence & Ottawa	" 14	1,498	1,162	2,660	2,458	202	..	7 m Jan. 1	2,582	..	
Whitby, Pt Perry & Lindsay	" 21	580	922	1,502	1,396	106	..	..	11,729	..	
Canada Central	" 14	2,899	4,643	7,542	4,190	3,352	..	7 w'ks	13,488	..	
Toronto, Grey & Bruce	" 7	2,100	2,623	4,723	4,372	351	..	6 "	843	..	
†Q., M., O. & O.	" 8	7,729	4,470	12,199	6,102	6,097	..	5 "	37,998	..	
Intercolonial	Month July 31	64,430	81,884	146,314	107,873	38,441	..	1 m'th	38,441	..	

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

## DECORATIVE ART.

THE SYMBOL, CONVENTIONAL AND NATURAL IN ART.

## PART III.

Before that powerful agent the printing press was known, and its essence made as free as speech, the ancients, for lack of any other means by which to impart information to the masses, were compelled to largely employ the symbol, and through this medium the people were educated to express and interpret ideas. We have many forms of the symbol. One peculiar to art, another to action, another to language. The literal meaning of a symbol is, a putting of things together—a positive and visible form, implying something else that is often incapable of representation—a sign of something higher than merely meets the eye.

The symbol of action is employed by our North-American Indians, as in "Burying the hatchet," "Smoking the pipe of peace." That of language embodies proverbial philosophy, as "There is a silver lining to every cloud," "All is not gold that glitters." The symbol in art (except in the case of Gothic ornament) in a measure declined as the arts became historical, being also rendered less necessary as the diffusion of knowledge became greater; yet we frequently employ it at the present day to express our meaning. For commerce, we represent the ship in port surrounded with bales of merchandise; for agriculture, we use the implements of farming and groups of farm stock; the industrial arts, by portions of machinery, the anvil and hammer; and notwithstanding the great opportunities we enjoy for giving expression to our ideas, we still delight in parables, fables, and proverbs, sacred and secular.

Among the Egyptians and Greeks we find the symbol largely employed in their arts, as the wave-line to represent the Nile; the lotus, or water-lily, as the emblem of the river's inundation; the eagle and thunderbolt were emblematic of the power of Jove; the rod with two serpents, as commerce, because Mercury was the god of traffic; strength, or Hercules, was known by the club; Neptune, by the trident; Diana, by the crescent moon. But as the belief of the people in their mythology began to decline, Niobe, Psyche, Cupid, and other fables lapsed into conventional forms of art, embodying destruction, death, futurity, love, and other abstract ideas. And when Christianity was established in the fourth century, Pagan symbolism gave place to the emblems of the new faith; and we find the cross and monogram of Christ. The dove representing the Holy Ghost; Eternity, by the ring; Worship, by the lyre; Victory and Resurrection, by the palm. And Gothic decoration owes much of its beauty to the spirit of Christian symbolism, and no doubt it is owing to it that it maintains its place at the head of all architectural styles, or orders, as the one best adapted to the requirements of Christian temples for the purpose of worshipping the Deity. The slender grace of its columns, either single or grouped together; the endless variety of its capitals; the beautiful curving lines of its arches; the depth and richness of its stained-glass windows, its symbolic ornamentation,—all combined with its grand and lofty proportions, and its exquisite play of light and shade, tend to call forth our admiration; and as we gaze upon its exceeding beauty, we are reminded of those words of "Planché" when he compares a Gothic cathedral to

"Some proud war-song marbled as it rose,"

And of those still more beautiful lines by Whittier:

"In the noon brightness—the great Minster tower,  
Jewelled with sunbeams on its mural crown,  
Rose like a visible prayer."

But, to descend from the beautiful and come down to the common-place, how frequently do we find a use (we should say *abuse*) of the symbol in the decoration of many of our dining-rooms at the present day?—where groups of fruit, game, and fish are painted on the wall in such a realistic manner that they refuse to stay upon it, and seem desirous of getting out into the larder or kitchen, where they would be more in place. Certainly our necessities compel us to think of the material wants of the body, but as the office of art (both fine and industrial) is to please, instruct, and improve, we must confess that such objects employed to symbolize the use of these rooms are not required; the furniture should sufficiently indicate their purpose, and in the place of these symbols something more pleasing and more elevating might be substituted. And is it not worthy the consideration of some of our hotel-keepers, that instead of so much of what is technically called stencil ornamentation, which is too often considered a principal, they should make it a secondary one, and place upon their walls a few choice engravings or good etchings? These would materially add to the beauty and impart a more comfortable and home-like appearance to their rooms. The class of people who travel generally possess such objects in their own homes, and we have frequently heard them say "there was nothing they missed so much."

We have often admired the loving spirit which prompted a young man we were acquainted with, now dead, who made it a rule that when he met any friend with a surplus stock of small and inexpensive prints to either beg or buy some of them, and when asked what he did with all he obtained, replied, "It gave him pleasure to distribute them among his bachelor friends

to adorn their rooms; it improved and cultivated their tastes." We remember his words: "I dislike a room without books or pictures."

What we really want in our houses is that spirit which shall stamp them as places of taste, combining comfort and convenience. This is easily obtained without lavish expenditure or an ostentatious display. One of the objects in acquiring a refined and cultivated taste is to secure and appreciate beauty. And that beauty is not to be found among the large and gaily-coloured flowers in Nature, but in the delicate forms of the Lily of the Valley, or the modest Violet, or the trailing Arbutus with its canopy of green leaves, as it peeps forth from beneath the snow in the early days of spring, greeting us with its delicate blossoms. These "Children of the Sun" teach us an important lesson, that if we would secure beauty, it is not to be found in the gay or gaudy, but in the nameless little touches or arrangements of form and colour with which a refined taste can make our homes beautiful.

It was but last spring we paid a visit to a friend's house. We had agreed to meet a party who were desirous of seeing it; the day being bright, and a soft spring wind blowing, bringing with it the perfume of flowers, and the party not having arrived, we seated ourselves upon the grass and fell into a meditative mood. At a little distance from us was the house we were going to see, and as we sat and gazed upon it it recalled many pleasant recollections connected with the picturesque old villages of England, where are to be met houses with quaint gables, and windows, and ornamented chimneys, and broad bands of dark brown oak timbers showing upon the outside and forming a pleasing contrast to the intervening panels of white rough-casting, to which luxuriant masses of dark green ivy cling, with here and there climbing roses and the honey-suckle scenting the air. To us there ever lingers about these quaint old buildings many pleasant memories; they bear about them such a charming variety and a comfortable, cozy, home-like look, which arouses within us feelings of pleasure. They are to be met with in quiet nooks and corners of England, far removed from the noise and bustle of the outside world.

To those possessing capital, and desirous of building, we must certainly concede the right to invest their capital as they please, looking to a just return for their investment. But what does it too often lead to? To their travelling in a beaten track, and also an endless monotony in our system of building to a continual reproduction of terrace after terrace, erected after a prescribed rule, reminding us of those interminable pot-hooks of our early school-boy days.

A word to those whom fortune has placed in a position that enables them to build. Endeavour to blend the useful and the beautiful, doing it judiciously and with taste, helping to adorn the city in which you live. You may be justly called public benefactors. For have not those who possess taste, as well as riches, the power to give to others a large share of the luxuries they themselves obtain from wealth? While meditating upon this, the expected party arrive, and in their company we approach the house, the object of our visit. It lacks many of those outside charms, the natural adornments of nature, which add such a beauty to those English houses just mentioned, nor will our climate admit altogether of those external decorations. Yet we are thankful that here is a departure from the sameness so observable in our architecture, even if it is a revival.

It is pleasant to look at its variety of outline in contrast to the square models of architecture by which it is surrounded. And the first thing that arrests our attention as we approach the house are the quaint designs of the hinges of the door and the bell-pull; they are conventional forms and are worked in what is technically called "hammer-work," (being wrought by the hand of the smith.) They are full of suggestion, and carry us back to the days of Quentin Matsys, and the Guilds of Antwerp, in the fifteenth century.

It would occupy too much space to dwell upon the internal arrangements and decorations, and describe in detail the many beauties of design and harmonious arrangement of colours, the rich carvings, the comfortable looking fire-places with their bright accessories, the charming grouping of old armour, comprising helmets, breast-plates, swords and shields, which form such a conspicuous feature in the entrance-hall, as they stand out in bold relief against the low-toned and exquisitely designed paper covering the walls. Or to dilate upon the antique cabinets, or rare old specimens of the potter's art, judiciously placed to give a point of colour. Or the many beauties of the water-colour drawings, or fine etchings, all of which throw a pleasing effect over the different apartments and impart to the whole an air of refinement. Our object is more to call attention to the necessity of studying the decorative arts. And many may see this house, and in all probability not like it, considering it not according to their individual taste. For we have admitted that tastes may differ, yet we advocate that if any one style of ornament is chosen (perhaps more suited to their taste) there should be a strict adherence to the laws governing that style; this does not necessarily involve a sameness; there may be variety, and yet all be in thorough keeping. So we will conclude our remarks upon this particular house, by quoting a saying of one of the ladies present at the time, "This house requires very little furniture." To this permit us to add, that it will prove also an educator of taste. We do not mean that any one should slavishly copy it, but catch the spirit of it.

The whole tendency of naturalism if element is to cramp and confine us, that of conventionalism to expand, and give variety by allowing free rein to the inventive faculties. The natural imitation of an object is not ornament, it is a picture of the object represented. In conventional ornament we have fancy and invention governed by taste. We have the starting points, the just proportion of ground and ornament so arranged that they produce a pleasing effect to the eye by their just balance of parts. And it is wonderful to contemplate the amount of beauty the ancient Greeks contrived to develop out of so few natural ornaments. This is owing to their conventional treatment of the types of nature chosen, as the echinus, or horse-chestnut, generally termed the egg and tongue, or egg and dart, the astragal, the anthemion or Greek honey-suckle, the plat, the volute, and the acanthus. It is a simple thing to copy an object, but it demands something more to treat it conventionally, and it is this invention which aims at producing a natural form that shall only be suggestive of its origin. In the inventive form we have man's power of dealing with the natural, making it subservient to ornament, and that ornament should combine unity, variety, contrast, simplicity, richness and symmetry. To jumble together fruit and flowers, &c., without taste and discrimination, is not designing. We have too much of that in the present day. What may be styled the rose, pansy and forget-me-not craze and naturalism have taken such a strong hold upon us that the eye encounters flowers upon everything. We gaze upon them on our walls; we tread them under foot in our carpets; we blot them out with trifle or jellies upon our plates; we crush them under us upon our chairs and couches, &c. Yet there appears a spirit abroad among us calling for emancipation, and this might be easily accomplished if we would but attend to the necessary cultivation of our tastes. We have seen a room lately decorated in this city by one of our own mechanics which reminded us when we saw it of a well-toned picture; this is as it should be, a harmony throughout.

To those who have their furniture, and much of it through association has become valuable, we cannot say, sell it off, and to the many who have taste and not the means to indulge it, we cannot dictate, but those having the power to gratify their taste, and who are beginning upon the first formation of a home, we would say to give their attention to it, and not trust too much to others; avoid auction sales, a prevalent source of much of the confusion perceptible in our modern houses, making many of them appear as bazaars for the sale of every style and form of furniture. If you have little, let it be good. Good taste is more to be admired than vulgar display. The question should be, not how much there must be in this or that article, but what taste does it display? How does it harmonize with the surroundings? All this will afford you pleasure, and in the end prove profitable. That some of our leading citizens have turned their attention to the study of decorative art is plainly visible in the many changes being wrought in their homes. This indicates a progressive art spirit which, we hope, will spread and prove beneficial. *J. W. Gray.*

### THE DECAY OF REVENGE.

"Man is a spiteful animal," says Molière; but there are signs that man's spitefulness is gradually wearing away. It may become a rudimentary thing, like his tail, or (in the shape of playful banter) a decorative survival, like his whiskers. Tails were useful, if Mr. Darwin is right, when our fathers lived up trees, and a hairy covering was serviceable when the ancestors of the race went as bare as Tam o' the Linn in the old song. Spitefulness, in the same way, was necessary for self-preservation when every man's hand was against his neighbour. Centuries of more peaceful years have modified this early ferocity, and we may trace the decay of spite in the decline of the passion for revenge. Revenge was once man's highest duty; revenge became his choicest pleasure. Now it has sunk in the scale of enjoyments to the rank of wife-beating and skittles. No one (in civilized society) cares much for revenge, except the burglar, who throws his boot from the dock at a policeman, or the literary stabber, who libels his rivals or his reviewers in some journal of the town. The novelist, it is true, still keeps vindictive baronets and revengeful earls among his characters; but the earls and the baronets of the novelist are the noble savages of fictitious society. They have learned nothing, and forgotten nothing; they are still capable of designs on rural virtue, and of getting their nephews *lettrés de cachet* in private lunatic asylums. It is not quite impossible to trace the moral history of revenge—a study which proves that human nature may be modified on its ethical side.

In savage society—that is, in any society where law has no force, from Texas to Queensland—revenge takes the place of faith, hope, charity, and justice. It is the virtue without which the social organisation would cease to exist. Tribes and families could scarcely have survived if the members of either association had good-naturedly abstained from revenging themselves. Nothing could have prevented the scores of rival families and tribes from exterminating people who did not resent an injury. Now it is imprudent to make a duty, which is universal, too difficult of accomplishment. It would have been difficult always to hit upon and slay the man who was guilty of each particular offence to person or property. Early custom, therefore, permitted

revenge to be taken on any blood relations of the culprit within seven degrees. A man speared your grandmother because your uncle had devoured his nephew. Your duty was done if you tortured his second cousin to death over a slow fire. Honour and custom were satisfied for the moment. This does not seem a promising state of things, and yet it was full of the seeds of milder manners. Families became interested in preventing even their poor relations from using axe or bow too hastily. There was no satisfaction in being speared because some long-lost uncle or cousin with whom one was not on speaking terms had indulged himself in a manslaughter. Thus the members of all families found it convenient to keep an eye on each other's movements, and to give up their culprits to be dealt with by a central authority. Gradually law came into existence, and revenge ceased to be the chief end of man.

Duty is generally unpleasant, as becomes the "stern daughter of the voice of" Mrs. Grundy. Still, there are examples of duties which have gradually been transmuted into pleasures. The duty of supporting a family, for instance, is one of which natural man, "the empirical self" as philosophers say, is impatient. Probably the best modern type of the natural man is the British tramp. In him we all see the result of the free play of impulse. Now the British tramp is the modern Ahasuerus, a life-long fugitive from the duty of maintaining a family. This duty was no more to the mind of undeveloped than of civilised man. Yet, constrained by circumstances, he did his duty; he was industrious, and his industry took the shape of hunting. As time went on, as cities were built and fields ploughed, hunting ceased to be a duty, and became the pleasure of the upper classes and the affluent—of kings, dukes, brewers, publishers. In exactly the same way, revenge became the pleasure of the nobility. In the Italian States of the Middle Ages, among the most refined people, amid the gentlest superficial manners, revenge ranked with painting, poetry, the fine arts. Tyrants and reigning dukes were amateurs. When Ezzelin captured Friola, "he caused the populations, of all ages, sexes, occupations, to be deprived of their eyes, noses, and legs, and to be cast forth to the mercy of the elements." Out of 11,000 soldiers whom he captured, only 200 escaped the slow cruelty of his vengeance. Galeazzo Maria used to bury alive the people against whom he had a grudge, like that dilettante in revenge, the hero of Poe's "Cask of Amontillado." In cases where our Court of Probate and Divorce exercises a genial sway, an Italian noble would have made his wife dine off her lover's heart, or would have bricked her up in a wall, with her mirror for company and consolation. The tastes for these violent delights have gone by, and we could as soon eat a peacock at luncheon, in the Roman fashion, as hand over our rivals or reviewers to the pincers, the rack, the boiling lead, the thumbscrew, and the boot.

Modern revenge, except among the lower classes, has almost declined into a state of momentary morbid feeling. Some one injures our vanity, and we feel that we could say very disagreeable things about his pictures, poems, or personal appearance. We do not say them, and there is an end of the matter. It is difficult even to wish that misfortunes should befall our critics or successful competitors. What good would it do us if the investments of Jones, who has maligned us, proved unsound, or if his house were burned down? Obviously none at all. The mere idea of revenge (in modern society) is what logicians call an *ignoratio elenchi*—a wandering from the question at issue. There is something actually illogical as well as something mean and personal in the theory of revenge. Our wrongs are not redressed by the sufferings of the wrong-doer. Even political rivals feel this; and even a Christian statesman would not be happier if the rooks were to build their nests in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields with tresses torn from the mouldering skull of his adversary. What circumstances have produced this great change in human character? Has Christianity subdued vindictiveness? have men become poor of spirit? or do the arrangements of modern life permit a certain noble disdain of self, and a kind of inborn good temper to have their way? Probably the latter course has been the most effective. The law is powerful enough to redress most of the important injuries, and men do not need (except in the case of gambling debts) to take the law into their own hands. People have also ceased to do each other much harm. A man's enemies are content to call him a puppy, or an ass, behind his back, or to honour him by underhand attacks in society journals. If these things once seemed to deserve the stab, they now appear scarcely worth the notice of a momentary spleen. In other ways people are too busy to plot each other's injury, or to contrive schemes of revenge. "The pace is too good to inquire"; modern life is so rapid that we don't even ask why Baggs is our enemy; still less cast about for means of injuring Baggs. Indeed, the bare idea of an enemy is ridiculous, and breathes of the decadent melodrama. Only the returned convict in the novel says, "Oh, you enemy!" and gnashes his teeth. People are aware, too, that if they injure a man in earnest, merely because he had wronged them, they would suffer from a reaction of pity. And old as the passion of revenge is, the reaction of pity must be nearly as ancient. There is a well-authenticated story of an Australian black fellow, who was allowed by native practice to beat another man who had robbed him. The savage gave one blow on the head of the thief, and then, when the blood flowed, he burst into tears, embraced, and rubbed noses with his enemy.

Revenge is based upon a sense of the importance of ourselves and our rights, and it naturally declines when the infrequency of wrong and the uniform action of law give free scope to a wider view of the world and a lower estimate of self. Perhaps the believers in progress—a sect whose faith is sorely tried—can find no better evidence for their creed than the decline of revenge. That vengeance is sweet was once a truism, and it is scarcely any longer true. Curiously enough it is novelists, who live among exploded passions, that now are most eager for revenge. The novelist's revenge is to introduce his foe, described with some minuteness, as a character in a tale, and then to make him the villain of the story. It is not libellous thus to accuse a peaceful citizen of bigamy, forgery, and attempted murder, and it greatly rejoices the heart of the weaver of romance. His peaceful study is almost all we have to show for the vindictive baron's torture-cell and the deepest dungeon under the lake. Revenge will soon be as extinct as witchcraft.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

### FASHION.

"One may as well be out of the world as out of the fashion," was the indignant protest of a young lady who, judging from her appearance, was a model of exactness in this department of the ambitious aspirations of some female minds—and to a thoughtful one there was something painful in following out the train of ideas to which the remark gave rise, leading one to inquire by what magic art the mysterious "some one," leader of the vagaries, continually appearing in the feminine world, has been able to exert such a potent spell upon the many followers of this wonderful unknown. Is this personage making sport for self in seeking new devices that make the imitators too often a derision to lookers-on, or is there sober earnestness as to the vagaries in question? Possibly the new style, the latest fashion may lend a charm to the inventor—the eccentricities be really becoming, and the admiring eyes of the opposite sex, for whose especial delectation "these," we suppose, are exhibited by the *debutante* of an introductory style, and who has the reward of her efforts of skill or *daring* in this direction gratified by the animated glances of approval with which her achievements are met. So, granting the purpose is real, that there is no *malice prepense* towards the imitators, comes the question, How can so many women be blind to the effect *their* appearance creates when they appear on the stage of fashion under the mistaken belief that every glance at them is one of unqualified admiration? It is rarely devotees in this direction have much reasoning power, or it would be developed in balancing the probability of "what is suitable," not "what is fashionable," and until this becomes the pivot upon which the question is to revolve, our eyes must be greeted with the extraordinary displays one meets in every town and city containing the many "worshippers of style." These at the present ought to be more than gratified, for there is not the ghost of a chance for one follower to be overlooked, and if this is the "real aim" for which style is invented, never did the inventor give imitators of the invention such a grand opportunity to feel the delicious sensation of the impossibility of failure to be the observed of all observers, and as susceptibility of feeling is only understood in the relation in which it stands to self, the observing notice is just as surely attributed to admiration! So highly sensitive nerves receive not a few shocks upon coming suddenly in contact with the newest mode out, in the shape of a huge flaring red sun-shade. What a misnomer! for the sun itself, in all its greatest glory, floods the earth with a subdued colouring to what is said to be for its shade, and to an artistic taste the bright hue may harmonise most effectively when the wearer perambulates beneath the waving green trees in the country lanes, and a desire may agitate the artist mind to present the pretty picture upon canvass, but to turn to the practical side, unless the said artist has a goodly stock of courage—lacking that, has developed muscular power, especially in the legs,—he will hesitate to be the escort of this picturesque fair one, since with the waving trees and warbling birds of the country there are said to be animals decidedly averse to this effective colouring, and in every age have manifested a determination to convince any introducer of it in their vicinity, they will understand practically there is a "Bull's Run" more startling to many than the one with shot and shell, for an *unexpected* encounter with a pair of horns has terrors that a *premeditated* march to the cannon's mouth has failed to make known. But it is not the fashion to go forth to breathe the pure sweet country air, the "get up" is for the crowded streets, and for what small gratification may be got from comparison with others there. But though the streets are free from the personal dangers to which one is exposed in country lanes, those have their modes of annoyance, since vulgar little boys make them a common playground, and are constantly being cruelly deluded into the belief that some enterprising circus has come into the neighbourhood, and the female portion is taking an airing.

"They looks better on the 'osses" said a young critic to a brother admirer of three specimens of the blood-red style as they passed, happily unconscious of aught but admiration of their appearance; and so the followers of fashion go blindly on, seeing only as it sees, but with reform starting up on every side. Well will it be for the honour and lasting glory of woman if she, too, will but

become conscious that reform is surely needed here,—in caring only for fashion in so far it provides the modest, *unpretending* covering for the *cultured lady*; ambition for such emulation in studying how to adorn the home-life; how the little ones there may be nurtured in paths of usefulness; the young trained to overcome self, to use earth as the school-house for the great hereafter, in preparation for that solemn injunction to watch lest that day find us taken unawares copying mountebanks as to appearance, playing out our short life as if it were really the farce the heedless and thoughtless would make it.

### SUMMER EVENINGS IN PARIS.

Seven is the latest hour for dining, and the few dinner parties at which half-past seven is given as the time, are over, or nearly so, at this season of the year. People are supposed to be out of town; but of course thousands remain, and these have to do as best they can for their evening amusements. Busy London is still dining at half-past eight, still dancing at balls, still applauding *Mlle. Chaumont* of tripping ways, still sitting through a five-act opera; but lazy Paris, always slow at any amusements entailing an effort, is more thoroughly lazy when summer comes, and intends to be amused in its every-day dress at an easy pace. Dinner over, bonnets are put on, *Suède* gloves, loose and easy, cover the hands, and pretty women who ride in carriages, and pretty women who have to go on foot, are equally ready to spend the evening out of doors, and enjoy it at their best. The *Champs Elysées*, with their thick chestnut trees, their fragrant flowers, and their gravel walks, are naturally the principal resort; daylight has hardly waned, when brilliant clusters of lights, ropes of gas, Venetian lamps of all colours, announce that the *Café* concerts are illuminated. As darkness falls they shine out brilliantly—the raised stage in particular coming out a blaze of light. These *Café* concerts, always thronged on fine summer evenings, are one of the most characteristic Parisian summer features. Forming a sort of reserved enclosure in the broad walk, surrounded by shrubs, so as to conceal as much as possible the view from outside, they represent a sort of out-of-door pit, in front of which a stage, open on three sides, and made dazzling by mirrors, gilding, lights, and paint of every brilliant hue, is occupied in turn by men and women who sing, act, and dance in some peculiarly stupid or ridiculous manner. The scene in itself is interesting enough, if looked upon as a specimen of Paris out-door life: flower beds right and left, rows of chairs with small strips of tables in front, and these chairs filled by a motley array—ladies and their husbands, young men, and all kind of other persons, more or less pleasant to look at. At the back is the restaurant proper, on the terrace of which late diners are lounging and smoking, looking down on the throng seated below; above is the still canopy of the summer sky, with some beautiful star shining softly. One by one stepping forth from the back door of the stage and coming forward close to the orchestra, the performers appear dressed in every variety of caricature—men and women of the period shown off with every fashion exaggerated to the utmost. These painted and grinning figures provoke fits of laughter by the veriest inanities; any favourite song is taken up by the audience, and given out in a sort of chorus; the actor expects it, gives the lead, and is followed, not only by the voices, but by the ringing of glasses on the tables.

There is a tremendous rivalry between these *café* concerts, the *Ambassadeurs* trying to outdo the *Horloge*, and the *Horloge* the *Alcazar*. Every evening, wet or dry, the sounds of their orchestras and the echoes of the singing are heard far down the quiet Avenue Gabrielle, and loungers stop and listen; an outside audience always standing patiently in the darkness under the trees, and from time to time joining in the loud laugh sent forth by the more favoured throng of sitters in the lighted inclosure. Meanwhile, in the broad avenue the thousand lamps of the carriages rush on, and that peculiar murmur of carriages rolling in the night is heard without intermission. If it is Saturday, one victoria after another stops at the door of the *Cirque d'Été* the fashionable resort for that evening in the week—so fashionable, so run after, that (all the seats being subscribed for) it is hardly possible for a passer-by to obtain a good one—even *les secondes* are at a premium. As to the best seats (plain benches though they be), they command almost fancy prices. *Tout Paris*—and *tout Paris* has a very different meaning from "all London"—is supposed to be there. All London represents the pick of gentlemen and ladies. *Tout Paris* is quite a different thing; it is inclusive in the extreme, and really it is impossible to imagine where the limit may stop, in fact, it has no limit, and can best be described as the gathering of people who have the *best clothes*; and certainly these appear in force. One by one the benches fill, and silks, feathers, satins of every shade, every variety of colour, are closed pressed, giving to the eye the impression of a huge flower bed. It is pretty to gaze upon, certainly, so many graceful feminine outlines, so many lovely dresses, so many lovely smiles; it makes the place bright enough. The fans are set going, the *Entr'actes* are rustled in the hands, the orchestra booms out some tremendous crash as a horse gallops along, or it stops suddenly when the life of some wild performer is supposed to be in jeopardy. Then all is silent; faces are turned up, and all eyes bent to the same object; and down below in the passage leading to the stables, where the men are hustled, hats on, there is a kind of move—



the exquisite sensation of anxiety is felt at the same moment by those thousands of human beings. In a minute the music comes out again louder than ever; the performer smiles and bows; the applause brings down the house; the spell is broken, and one may look at the fresh comers—late ones are numerous. The *ouvreuse* in her white cap and pink ribbons makes the usual fuss about the *petit banc* to rest the feet.

On the other side of the Champs Elysées, behind the Palais de l'Industrie, stand the beautiful gardens of the Concert Besselièvre, so long known as Musard. There is neither paint nor patches; good music, light, and flowers form the attraction: while an atmosphere of *bonne compagnie* pervades the place. There is nothing pleasanter than sitting out there to enjoy the fresh breeze that comes from the Seine hard by, listening to the strains of music, and looking on the walkers as they turn round and round the broad gravel walk, in the centre of which stands the pavilion for the orchestra. Further up on that same side of the Champs Elysées, down the Avenue Montaigne, and at the corner of the Avenue de l'Alma, stands the Hippodrome, the most recent, and certainly from June to October the most crowded place of amusement. Three years ago it started—rather a primitive affair then, a big Roman forum surrounded by benches, and no cover save the sky. When it rained people had to open their umbrellas, and when it was cold people had to sit and be cold.

In spite of these disadvantages, pleasure-seeking Paris of all classes woke to a strong taste for races in Roman chariots mounted by women, and for all the wild equestrian performances which took place in that wide arena; so the year 1878 saw a new hippodrome, so altered was it. An admirably constructed glass roof, which opens and closes with perfect facility, had been erected, and henceforth the fortune of the place has been wonderful. Every evening of the hippodrome and the Jablochkoff light has been wondrous. Broad expanses of the hippodrome and the open boxes. The seats in the two sides reserved as second and third galleries are thronged. The crowning of the performance is always some pantomime, half play, which gives occasion for fine display, and these have really been magnificent. Good knights in armour have fought as of old at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and some fair Lady Rowena has crowned their efforts.—*Queen.*

### A LIFE'S OPPORTUNITY.

BY FELTON LEA.

(Continued.)

No curate in Christendom ever worked with such unflagging will as did Miss Barbara. Every court, den, and alley in Campbelltown had been overturned by her inspection. Mothers grasped carelessly-washed children and hurriedly doused them against their will—the kicking and screaming demonstrating this—then as hurriedly flew to putting things to rights when the distant vision of Miss Barbara loomed on their horizon. No make-shifts escaped her eagle eye, and the worthy shepherds of the numerous flocks for once had one opinion in common, irrespective of creed, being unanimously agreed that she had worked a marvellous change in the domestic management of these homes.

There was just a lull at this time in the storm, and mothers for a month past had been idly basking in being off duty, children revelled in dirt, and neighbourly visits were certainly more numerous exchanged, for there was no fear of being caught deserting their different callings in life, not but what many a poor heart blessed Miss Barbara for the results due to her for the comfort of a well-ordered home, and knew that underneath the sharp reprimand, the quick detection of mismanagement (never allowed to pass without making it known), there was a genuine desire for their real good, and where this was felt and appreciated, the doing of right was done because it was right—not, as was too often, because Miss Brandon was lavishly profuse in her prodigality, and gave as liberally as she found fault, and was as unsparing of her gifts as of her comments.

It was just when the days were lingering and keeping as far from the dark as could be stretched across day and night, when Miss Barbara emerged from the little paddock separating the Holt (her residence) and Hazlewood. The grounds were really one, and so chosen years back for the near companionship thus afforded to Mrs. Brandon and the Hon. Misses Fitzroy. Friends from girlhood, time had but deepened the bond. Mrs. Brandon and Mary Fitzroy were twin souls. When we wish to express this kindred feeling of thought and aspirations, we instinctively turn to the one great manifestation of "friendship," and say, even as Jonathan and David were, so are so-and-so, and such was the union between Mrs. Brandon and Miss Fitzroy.

Miss Barbara walked along thoughtfully, and entered the house so sadly different to what she had last found it, but she was not one of those who wear their hearts upon their sleeves. "Disagreeable circumstances, painful situations of thought or feeling," she said, "were to be met and overcome just as you would take a dose of physic; no good in looking at it, wondering at its qualities or wishing it gone. The more nauseous the draft the more need to be expeditious about its destination." and acting upon her theory she made a dash at the door, and surprised Mr. Ralph Brandon and Noel over their dinner. Characteristic in sorrow as in all else, she marched up to Noel, squeezed his

head to her bosom and kissed him in quick succession; and then turning with outstretched hand clasped that of Mr. Ralph, and said in her matter-of-fact way "Ralph, be good enough to cut me a slice of that mutton, for I am just in from the station and hungry. I will go up stairs and shake off some of the dust, and be ready for my plate by the time you have it."

Miss Barbara returned to the room and partook of the fare she had requested in the same way as if it were, and always had been the custom of Mr. Ralph Brandon to be occupying his brother's home and place, and but for that suspicious redness of her eyes, might have been supposed to be equally unconcerned as to the event causing it. But uncle and nephew knew her, and both thanked her in their hearts, for not demonstrating feeling, instead of action.

"Come here, Noel," she said in her clear, decisive voice, ever speaking with the brevity of a military commander. "Sit on this footstool," and as he obeyed, she pressed his curly head with a tender pressure as he laid it in her lap. "Ralph," she went on, "you must manage to spare Noel to go down to Carlyon. Mary will not be able to travel for sometime, or I am much mistaken, and she wants Noel, and he needs the bracing sea-breezes, I am sure."

"Is Auntie ill?" asked Noel anxiously before his uncle could ask the same question.

"She has not been herself since the 14th." (How Noel shuddered! The very day he got the fatal news, and this was the only allusion Miss Barbara ever made to that dread time.) "The sea air is decidedly better for Violet and Beatrice, and will be so for Noel."

"I think it will be a good thing," said Mr. Ralph, "and am glad you proposed it."

"Uncle," he exclaimed reproachfully, "I am sure you will not like being left," and try as he could to imitate Miss Barbara his voice was full of tears.

"I shall not like it, my boy, but you must go, and when you come back, Noel, it must be to work," and he spoke meaningly.

"Of course," put in Miss Barbara as if that were a fact needing no disputing, "Noel will work with a purpose. Aunt Mary will better fit you for undertaking your duty than any one, and at the same time you will be bracing up health and vigour for performing it," and though the words sounded so hard, the gentle touch accompanying them had a world of meaning of tender helpfulness. "Has Brandon returned?" asked Miss Barbara. "I thought his holiday was over some time ago."

"So it was," said Mr. Ralph, "but some of the children had scarlet fever, and Jane would not let him come back for fear of carrying the infection, but I shall send for him as soon as Noel is off."

"Well, send to-morrow, then, for Noel goes by the afternoon train," was the surprising information conveyed in Miss Barbara's most not-to-be-dictated-to manner.

"Aunt Barbara," expostulated Noel.

"No use," she interrupted; "you go. I am going now this moment to put all your things together, so come and look out what you need," and suiting the action to the word, took him with her.

Not long did it take Miss Barbara to reduce Noel's wardrobe into his travelling trunk, and then once again she confronted Mr. Ralph.

"Now, Ralph," she said, "you and Brandon must come over to me till they return. I am going to have this house put a bit different, and it must be better if you brought your furniture here; it would be more natural to you, and better in every way."

Somehow uncle and nephew felt so already, and entered with interest into her clear, concise business way of putting thought into words.

"Mary and I think Violet had better remain with us. Beatrice needs a young companion, and I do not think it well for Violet to have only gentlemen ones."

"Barbara, do you think it quite kind to take Violet to me?" questioned Mr. Brandon, half fearful how she would take such a reminder.

"Yes, I do, Ralph," was the emphatic answer, "and so will you when you give yourself to think. The Brandon Travis is a young man, Violet Brandon a young girl—cousins, I allow; but do cousins ever fall in love?"

"What has that to do with it?" queried the astonished Mr. Ralph. "If they are to fall in love, will being under your roof prevent it? and Violet is my child now."

"And will be just as much, Ralph Brandon, one way or the other. The houses have ever been really one. Noel and Brandon must bring their friends to your home, and now you see why it is better Violet should have two homes. It is simply a distinction with very little difference, and it is far wiser not to throw her into such constant intimacy with Brandon. Give both a chance to look around."

"Aunt Barbara," said Noel with the first laugh that had passed his lips since his boyish merriment rang through the office that never-to-be-forgotten day, "I must say you are looking too far ahead. Why, Violet is a complete child."

"As to feeling, I grant," was the grim rejoinder; "but you find few children nowadays at twelve, much less at sixteen."

Mr. Ralph Brandon sat in what seemed painful thought for sometime. Miss Barbara watched him with a keen observation, though apparently engaged with Noel, but looked as if she had expected his settling the matter, as he did when he said, though as if driven unwillingly to the conclusion, "You are right, Barbara, her mother would have wished it. But I had not looked for this."

"Ralph, do use common sense. Is the child going to put the ocean between you that you speak in so dismal a tone? Are you not as often at our house as ever you were here? and now that you *are* here, shall we not really be one family? Noel, I shall drive to the station with you, so now I must say good night." With another kiss for him, and a hearty hand-clasp with his uncle, she was gone.

The morrow saw the programme arranged by Miss Barbara carried into effect, and a week found Mr. Ralph and Brandon Travis domiciled under her roof, whilst she altered the arrangements of Hazlewood, so that the new life might be begun without the painful reminder of the familiar places and surroundings being so incomplete. The loved ones were safely stored in memory, but to see the chair standing unoccupied, the book unread, the work partly done laid aside,—all these were a rubbing of the sore, that was doing no good, only keeping back the shoots of hope that were promises of doing and thus retarding the object for which life is given. Violet Brandon languished for the loved ones, all the young mourn. The desolation was greater than any heart had ever known before. The sun of happiness would never shine again, but her mother had known how securely safe her orphan child would be in the keeping of her long-trying friends, and it was just in such woes of life the gentle Miss Fitzroy showed how strong she was to minister to the weakness of the spirit, as her sister was eminently so for the body.

Twelve months had passed, finding Violet growing in all the charms that makes women lovely; never would she be unmindful of her sorrow, but time was healing its bitterness.

Beatrice Fitzroy, the orphan niece of the Honourable Misses Fitzroy and their adopted daughter, had been her companion and her sister in thought and feeling from early childhood, and under the judicious training of "Auntie," as Miss Fitzroy was endearingly called with Aunt Barbara, who always got the full benefit of her name, "Auntie" not seeming to fit into her designation, the two girls gave promise of being each the woman that woman from creation was designed to be,—simple, loving, firm in right doing.

Gilbert Brandon Travis, of whom Miss Barbara evidently meant to keep watch over in the future, was the son of Mr. Ralph Brandon's only sister, and had been set aside from the numerous olive branches clustering round the table at the Rectory as the one destined to help carry on the well-established firm of Brandon Bros. His father, the Rev. Playfair Travis, was a clergyman from necessity, not choice, who had a well-bred interest in his flock, but not being aware of any soul-wants in his own composition—at least none that the prayer-book could not supply—was not to be expected to know of any on the part of his people. A thorough gentleman, his courtly bearing was the pride of his admiring hearers; his suave courtesy soothing to their self-love. He could, and did literally fulfil the injunction of St. James, "If any were afflicted, he took his prayer-book and prayed; if any were merry, he could join in their psalms, or songs, as the case might be; if any were sick, he consoled, prayer-book in hand," and what more could be expected of a man?

Playfair Travis would have smiled in his loftiest manner had any one suggested he was dead even whilst yet among the living, and assured his mentor it was really only canting vulgarity that assumed feelings a well-read thinking man *knew* were simply sentiment.

Jane Brandon, now his wife Jane Travis, was exactly his counterpart; any higher motive than what the world supplied she was as ignorant of as any pagan. She read her Bible, as she had her French grammar when a girl, excepting the grimace; was very exacting in all church services, but walked unpretendingly amongst the people, who looked up to her as a model for their imitation. Her children were laboriously instructed, alternately by herself and husband, in the exercises of the Catechism, and were from time to time duly impressed with the *responsibility* of their example as to the younger branches of the congregation. But not once had either parent been able (from their own want of knowledge) to make known to their young natures what the true *living* service is, the *living* Lord demands of each of His children. But the Rev. Playfair Travis and his wife were no isolated creations in God's universe, for to keep the commandments is what how many sum up as their whole duty to God and man. The law kept, the Gospel is not needed. To such what is the solemn injunction of the Saviour: "Thou *shalt love* the Lord thy God with *all thy heart*"? simply, dead cold words.

Brandon Travis having evinced a precocious development and aptitude for business proclivities, had been singled out by his uncle Gilbert and namesake, as the one to co-operate with his only son in carrying on the firm. Since his twelfth birthday the boy had alternated between the homes of his uncles, shared his studies with Noel, and been as a brother. His aunt Violet he had loved with a son's love; her gentle teachings had been so directly opposed to those of his earlier years that time only could decide which had taken root.

Brandon Bros. were now as of yore deep in the buying and selling of merchandise, the chartering of ships, the same gathering of more to their banking account, just going over the same details, the adding up of columns, the making out of endless bills of lading as the busy heads and hands had done, generation after generation, now lying unmindful of it all under the marble slabs alone telling such had ever been.

Mr. Ralph was proud of both nephews. Noel, from love to him alone, had settled into one of the firm. Had he chosen his path, he would have entered the ministry. The six months spent with Miss Fitzroy beside the plashing of the salt sea waves had matured in him a depth of character never suspected in his former careless boyhood. The shock of the sudden bereavement he had endured made the future a very different thing to what it had ever before presented itself. He had at one glance seen what the value of the two worlds was by comparison. What had this been to his father—what after all was the amassing of wealth? what enjoyment had the eager pursuit of it really bestowed? How many ever accomplish the *half* they set out determinately to achieve? Disappointment follows closely upon the eve of success. The goal nearly reached after so much toil in the endeavour, is just within the grasp when the competitor has to give place to another. His sands of life have run out before the prize was secured, or if secured could be enjoyed. Noel never forgot all through his life the look of his father or his tone, when he echoed back his own words, "Mother's peace," and in turning to that sweet remembrance of her, his whole being went out to his mother's God, and his resolve to serve Him was the mission Miss Fitzroy had in building up.

She saw the heart of Noel's mind turning towards the one great, sacred office, but lovingly pointed out that his Master's service was in "every act of life," not confined to time or place, that in giving Uncle Ralph his long-cherished hope of Noel carrying on the firm that was dear to him as the babe to its mother, he would receive more in denying himself than he might gain if following out his wishes. He might preach more effectively in the counting house than ever in the pulpit, and Noel deciding upon this walk in life, resolved that in all his dealings with his fellow man and brother, he would bargain, barter and sell with the *conscious reality* of that Presence witnessing every act; who has declared that "Divers weights and divers measures are both alike abominations." That God helping him, he would build up a character his mother had ever striven to draw him on to attain. Brandon Travis had developed into the keen, thorough man of business—shrewd, yet showing a disposition to kick over the traces and get ahead of the olden way of doing things by Brandon Bros. He glowed with a speculative ardour, but the cool, cautious well-disciplined uncle would carry out none of his many schemes, so he had to curb his fiery impatience and inclinations and let off the steam in his close conferences with Noel, who, to his astonishment and chagrin, sided against him, only laughing at his expletives and denunciations of Uncle Ralph's humdrum ways.

"Uncle Ralph really is too far behind the age, you must confess," said Brandon when he and Noel were going through a business transaction which had occupied them pretty closely of late.

"In what way?" he ask, smiling good-naturedly at the unrepressed energy called into action in making the statement.

"In every way," was the explosive answer. "Again and again we are losing brilliant opportunities of enormous profits. Noel, do give up this antediluvian way of doing things, and realize the fact; things are differently conducted now."

"Your argument is against you," said Noel pleasantly, but firmly. "To do things, as you express it, in the way so many do *now*, I for one will never help in doing. Now, do not get angry. What more do you want to do than our firm is doing?"

"Why, I want to infuse life into the whole thing. There is an everlasting atmosphere about the whole concern that is suggestive of dog days—as if the very building were given over to sleep off the effects, and I should like to start it into new life."

Brandon looked like a restive steed whose metal was chafed by bit and bridle.

"Your idea of waking into life is simply a fever of speculation, and when you see so many houses fallen, and many more tottering from the very effects of this, what madness possesses you to be ever longing to peril us?"

"It is useless going over the same old ground, Noel. I have so repeatedly shown you, most conclusively, too, there is a speedy fortune to be made; and why prolong the making for the sake of these cut-and-dried old ways?"

"Brandon, do you remember what Solomon says about hastening to be rich?"

"Now, Noel, I do not think the counting-house the place for airing that topic. There is a time for everything, and I do not see that religion has anything to do with buying and selling."

"O Brandon, Brandon, my dear fellow," pleaded Noel with beseeching pathos, "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it."

"If you are to hurl passages of Scripture at me," interrupted Brandon, instead of answering as a business-man would, "I have nothing to say."

"Believe me," said Noel, the smile in his eye softening the reproach in

his words, "I would not wish to be other than a business-man in talking over plans, and you must not imagine my way is not in strict keeping with such."

"Well, for my part," said Brandon laughing, "I cannot see why the prayer-book should go side by side with the ledger, or how it can assist it. I do see where its use has come in. Now, my father, who carries it as he does his watch, I guess would be puzzled to find any use for it in this case."

"You know my opinion relative to that. Now listen, Brandon, to what I say," he said firmly. "Our returns are more than enough for our wants—our credit has ever been as solid as the Bank of England—we make no ventures *outside* our capital *let them promise what they may*. I am willing to make any *within* that, but not one fraction will I consent to go beyond. It is not honest, if it is thought expedient."

"Noel, if I were to expletives, I should call you something rhyming with school, but having a regard for politeness refrain. Seriously, how can you propound such an absurdity as if it were a bit of Solomon's wisdom? Why, the whole world would come to a standstill in twenty-four hours if they carried out your principle. Be reasonable, old fellow."

"Well, looking and judging from passing events, it seems getting pretty near that point. I should like to know how much trust man has in his fellow-man. It is as common as 'How do you do,' to hear 'There's no knowing whom to trust,' and until there is a determination to avoid speculative risks, there is no escape from ruin, and I never will run any such risks. If you succeed ninety-nine times and lose the hundredth, what have you gained?"

"Why, we are all running risks, and shall do as long as the world lasts. Are we not doing this every shipment we make?" demanded Brandon vehemently.

"Of course we do so, but so long as it is with our own money, we can control the limits—once overstepping these, and it's few weather the storm. Accommodation in any form *persisted in* is destructive, and would be a better name for the paper."

"Who spoke of such? I merely want to get out of this beaten track, and put some spirit into the concern."

"Brandon Travis, your ideas are not worth disputing," said his uncle, who had entered the office in time to hear a little of the discussion. "What man with a grain of sense would not want to let 'well' alone. Once let a house have a doubt cast, upon it from reckless trading, and that doubt becomes sooner or later a reality. Never once has our name been other than as a rock for strength. Let you carry out your plans and Brandon Bros. would soon be amongst the wrecked. Had Noel your bent of purpose I would give you your portions, and let you try your chance. Never let me hear more of this," he added sternly.

With a few kind words Brandon expressed his regret so frankly that the ruffled surface soon settled to the usual calm, and as he and Noel took their daily walk home, declared he would never vex either again, but drum on to the end. And he meant it faithfully but if the *principle be wanting, circumstances overcome the best resolves*.

Miss Barbara Fitzroy believed she had a mission to the rich as well as to the poor. She had carefully thought out and talked with her not less interested sister, the mistaken pursuits, and general growing tendency of girls of all classes to look down upon employment—to be content with ruthlessly paralyzing time and talents upon frivolous and unwomanly ends,—the growing wastage seizing upon all communities. Her rank made her example more weighty than precepts. Had one of more humble origin attempted what she persistently carried out, never would such have had a chance of success.

This is the age of imitation, the nobility copy the court. [Would that the present one, with its noble womanly head yet never losing the dignity of the Queen, had more imitators! but goodness never has the train that folly can command. Go back to preceding courts, and see if it be not true. How many follow the dignified simplicity of the one of to-day compared with the followers of some of earlier date.] The baronet's wife imitates the duchess; the untitled, the titled; the tradespeople, the gentry; the serving, the served. Just like a stone thrown into the stream, one circle entwines with the other. It is impossible for the stone to have no part in the circles, it is responsible for them, and each one for the other, and wherever one class sets an example of frivolous expenditure in any direction, the copyists in every other are legion.

Miss Barbara devoted one afternoon each week to the cultivation of those of her more immediate standing in society. Campbellton had its wealthy citizens, but blue-blood was not in very plentiful supply, and it roused the sharp part of her constitution into an acidity that set one's teeth on edge when these wealthy but sadly deficient common-sense people aired their new splendour in her very face, and were so anxious to show how much they despised anything not stamped with society's mighty mark. Miss Barbara being on the opposition bench, by example as well as precept, was continually dropping explosive missiles wherever she got the opportunity, and doing her best to obliterate the universal mark and make *individual* thought and action take the place of imitation.

"Aunt Barbara," said Miss Fitzroy after watching what was a sure sign of

perturbation on the part of that lady—a rubbing of the aristocratic nose—"what is vexing you?"

"That ridiculous Myra Brown," was the prompt response. "I am not sure I shall ask her to stay after lecture this afternoon," and the nose suffered considerably as its owner waxed hotter with her annoyance.

"What has Miss Brown done to annoy you, Barbara?" asked Miss Fitzroy, who lay in her usual place on the reclining sofa, made expressly for sufferers like herself.

"Done!" echoed her sister wrathfully; "she annoys me more every time we meet. I really wish she would not honour me with her pretentious presence." The tone the latter part of her remarks was made in left no one in doubt Miss Barbara could tilt a lance with the ablest dealer in sarcasm.

"My dear," said Miss Fitzroy gently, "I am sure you are not going to regret making trial of being helpful, and it is those needing most for whom you are most needed."

"Granted, Mary, but Myra Brown is destroying any good others may get. She comes here merely because we are in that position she is ever straining to attain, and I waste time in talking with my class when she is by. Her influence is directly opposed to mine, and one must give way. She has taken umbrage at Lucy Annesley being admitted, just because her sensible mother has opened a shop instead of being a hanger-on of her richer relations, and I *honour the spirit*, and will, in spite of Miss Brown or anyone else, encourage it by word and deed. I heard her telling the other girls that if such creatures—mind, *creatures* of that class—were to be forced into companionship, she should not attend my lectures, just as if she were the sole cause of them, and the end came with her exit. She was drawing some of the others to her way of thinking. It is that that annoys me."

"Barbara, dear, Miss Brown is to be pitied, not condemned. Now, when Symonds planted the rhubarb wrong side down, did you scold the rhubarb?"

"No," laughed her sister, "but I did the stupid blunderer. What connection has that rhubarb with Myra Brown?" she asked, looking at her in amused wonderment.

"Just this: that as it would have been a foolish thing to blame the effect from another's cause, so in blaming Miss Brown, the poor girl is only reaping the effects of her mother's teachings, and, Barbara, dear, you must not be impatient in sowing the seed—you may never know how much takes root; so do not give up one little patch because the weeds are so run over."

Miss Barbara's nose suffered less and less severely as she looked hard at her sister. Then with a "Come, girls, to business," in a tone that made the two addressed jump, she left the room.

Miss Fitzroy smiled a smile of loving contentment as her eyes followed her sister's movement; she knew her words had taken effect, and the offending Myra Brown would be once more on probation. Whether for ultimate good, time alone could decide.

It was the custom of Miss Barbara to make her audience comment on whatever topic she spoke upon. This class for the young ladies of the neighbourhood was open to all who could claim personal acquaintance with any member of the family, and had no connection with her other numerous classes of all sects and grades. Those composing this were mostly the friends or rather acquaintances of Beatrice and Violet, and each member had the privilege of bringing any friend. These gatherings were some of the most delightful that could have fallen to the lot of any girl, and were eagerly coveted by all who could obtain a chance to make one of the number. The most intimate—after lecture, as it was called—were invited to remain for tea, and to complete the enjoyment were admitted to have chats with Miss Fitzroy that were never forgotten. Music and games that young heads alone can invent followed.

Miss Barbara made for the chapel, as it was still called,—a relic of by-gone days, when the family were of the one faith and the priest a family institution in the house of Somerset, before the days of the Henry of Reformation, who was never reformed, but was allowed to usher in the light no hand shall ever extinguish. They had done away with the emblems of a faith once professed, but the chapel still stood with its altar, its carvings, and its odd-looking seats. It was used for a good purpose, and there was a mysterious awe, half pleasurable, half fearful to the young glad hearts that from time to time sat beneath the carved roof, from which weird figures silently surveyed them. Miss Barbara had her desk inside the altar railings, so that she could survey her audience, and she looked fitted for a Professor of the most rigid cast, as she sat. It was her custom to be simply instructor when within these walls. There was no intimation upon her part; she was aware of fair girlish figures dropping quietly into sombre nooks. The merry laugh and playful tones heard so distinctly outside were hushed as they entered and sat expectant and silent. As the old clock in the Tower solemnly tolled its three strokes, almost before the third had time to announce the fact, Miss Barbara stood facing her audience, upright, cool, determined, her very attitude bespoke work—meant a set resolute purpose. Her dignified aristocratic bearing inspired respect; her finely formed features never showed to better advantage than when she stood out from amidst the carved figures with their grotesque posturings in every nook and corner.

"Young ladies, the subject for discussion this afternoon is 'Pretentiousness.' Those of you who have had longer acquaintance here, know it is not a new theme. In speaking to you, I address you as *thinking* girls; if you are not willing to be these, it will be of no benefit to listen. Now think seriously. There are twenty-two of you sitting before me. What is the object and aim of each in life? I know enough of youth not to press this question for verbal reply; but now ask each for yourself, What are you going to do with your life? It is this want of thought, this drifting aimlessly on to whatever may betide, that wrecks so many lives. Without a purpose, life is valueless, and young ladies, to you is committed a fearful responsibility. If you face this and determine to do your part well, you will have lived not in vain. Pretentious imitation, what *real* benefit the followers of this gain I never can clearly see. I can understand your saying Mrs. Jones has gratification in dinner parties and party giving. Well, if Mrs. Jones has the means for this, and derives her small satisfaction from so doing, I have nothing to say to Mrs. Jones, but when Mrs. Smith hates dinner parties, is bored at any party, and brings all her forces to the front to drag her life along with these, simply because Mrs. Jones does it, why there I make a stand. Again, Mrs. J. has an interesting family, dressed with taste and abundance, but because Mrs. S. has hers in some new-fangled fashion just out, Mrs. J. knows no rest till the smaller J's are clothed in precisely the same style. Now, young ladies, bring common-sense into action. Do you, or do you not think this a frivolous aim in life? Now, you twenty-two girls in this city can do a little towards reversing the order of the day. If people only looked closely at their doings, they would see it is a proof of a *common stamp of mind* to be ever on the look-out to imitate dress, manners, or habits of others. The only imitation that stamps true nobility of soul is to be *emulous of following in every direction leading to what ennobles, refines, exalts*. Whatever tends to keep the eyes upon their own little world frustrates any lofty aspirations, and dwarfs whatever shoots may be struggling into life. I am not for levelling classes,—in my opinion that will never be done—well never in our time. In the far-off future there may be distinctions with little difference, but people are not going in the right direction to accomplish this, and now frustrate the end *they* have in view, by the very means they adopt to gain it. When "individuals" have overcome the little of their own nature, when every object in life is pursued because it is *right*, and *principle*, not *circumstances* rules lives, then classes will surely become less distinct. But it is not with the future we have to do,—the present needs the co-operation of each. Which of you is willing to be a little leaven in the lump? I said I was not for class, but shame on those who, secure in their own position, look with disdain on those lower in the social scale. No matter whatever the calling or occupation, the momentous question is, How are you fulfilling its duties? When that is once sincerely *felt* by each nature, society will present a very different aspect. Now, young ladies, what have you to say on this subject?"

(To be continued.)

YEARS AGO.

She was seated close beside me,  
On a May-day, years ago:  
Heart of mine you must not chide me,  
I was but a boy you know.

'Tis no secret, I'll reveal it,  
Heart of mine, 'twas long ago;  
This lock of hair, if I did steal it,  
I was but a boy, you know.

Was she pretty? Did I love her?  
Heart of mine 'twas years ago;  
And that pang of bliss is over,  
I was but a boy, you know.

"Was she rich?"—now that is funny.  
Heart of mine 'twas long ago:  
What cared I for lands or money?  
I was but a boy, you know.

"And you parted—how you missed her"—  
Heart of mine 'twas years ago:  
"And you pressed her hand and kissed her,"  
I was but a boy, you know.

Do I love her yet—O, olden,  
Precious past, thou heart of mine,  
See, this lock of hair is golden,  
And the head that wore it—thine.

TRUTH crushed to earth, however much battered and soiled, is far preferable to a clear neat lie.

Chess.

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

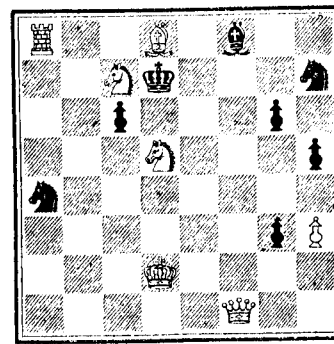
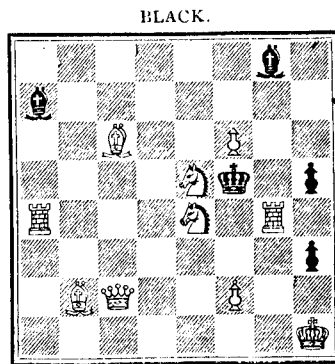
Montreal, August 28th, 1880.

CANADIAN SPECTATOR PROBLEM TOURNEY.

SET NO. 13. MOTTO: *L'échec n'empêche pas le travail.*

PROBLEM No. CI.

PROBLEM No. CII.



White to play and mate in two moves. White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF TOURNEY SET NO. 10.—MOTTO: "*Sic est vita.*"

PROBLEM No. 94.—Q to B sq.

Correct solution received from:—J.W.S., "Pretty; but wanting in the essential feature of a two-mover, viz., difficulty."

PROBLEM No. 95.

<i>White.</i>	<i>Black.</i>	<i>White.</i>	<i>Black.</i>	<i>White.</i>
1 Q takes Kt	K to B 5	2 B takes P (ch)	K moves	3 Q takes B mate
	B takes Q	2 Kt to K 6 (ch)	K takes R	3 B mates
	B or Kt tks Kt	2 Q to K 4 (ch)	K moves	3 Q takes P mate
	B to B 3	2 Kt takes Kt (ch)	B to Q 5	3 Q R takes B mate

CHESS INTELLIGENCE.

AMERICAN PROBLEM TOURNEY.—We regret to learn that the Fourth Prize Set has been proved unsound, one of the three-movers having a second solution. This leaves only the second and third sets intact. As the thirty days allowed for public examination have expired, these sets will probably receive the 1st and 2nd prizes.

EPILOGUE TO THE DOMINION CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.

BY MR. M. J. MURPHY.

The even tenor of Problems and Games in Chess is so monotonous and prosaic that any departure is a relief; and in stories and anecdotes of chess and chess players, as shown in Capt. Kennedy's "Waifs and Strays," or in J. Paul Taylor's "Chess Chips," there is a freshness and an enjoyment which every chess player is not slow to appreciate. Poetry, as well as prose, has often been employed to the same end, and in Vida's immortal poem, the lately discovered Latin poem, so beautifully translated by Dr. Howe, of Montreal, and which appeared in a recent number of the *Huddersfield College Magazine*, in Cerutti's "Jeu des Echecs," and the numerous, though lighter productions of Mr. J. A. Miles, of Fakenham, to say nothing of the verses and songs that are constantly appearing, the beauty of the game is enhanced by the vivid description of its various phases in measured numbers. It may be readily believed that in all attempts to raise small subjects to the dignity appertaining to nobler themes, rythmical cadence and resonant numbers, with well-chosen language, add greatly to the beauty of the poem, while not the least important acquirement in the mind of the author is that ingenuity which is necessary to work out the subject with integrity, freedom and originality.

In the poem before us, Mr. Murphy has applied himself to the task of ennobling the Chess Correspondence Tourney, and specially celebrating his game with Mr. J. W. Shaw, the Conductor of the Tourney. He has succeeded admirably, for, though a few lines might be polished into more rythmical cadence, the poem is well constructed throughout, and the ingenuity with which the moves are designated remarkable.

The poem consists of about 250 lines in heroic metre, and opens with a prologue deprecatory of the author's own powers, in which he says:—

"Ambition prompts the use of language terse,  
Discretion bids me write in humbler verse."

The original inception of the Tourney is thus referred to in the following lines:—

"For from thy mind a bright inspired thought,  
To friend and stranger happy greeting brought:  
\* \* \* \* \*  
With modest grace, the tourney's helm you took,  
Cheering your corps, by word, and act, and look."

These lines are smooth and pleasant, but are followed by one whose rythmical cadence is at fault. "Your army jubilant sprang to the field," seems to jump rather than roll.

The poem continues with a description of the pieces, well conceived and ingeniously worked out:—

"And Caissa still retains the Hindoo horse;  
Say whence, and how, from what qualm of remorse,  
The untamed steed is bridled with the name  
Akin to modern as to ancient fame,  
Of Knight?"

Here again in "qualm of remorse" we find an inharmonious conjunction of syllables which breaks the melliflence and euphony of the verse. From the line, "From out his shade Lopez directs the White," we learn that the game was a Ruy Lopez, played by the author (White) and Lucena's move of K Kt to K 2 in reply to B to Q Kt 5 is thus designated:—

"To dusky King, Lucena wings his flight,—  
The kindred spirit of a shadowed light,—  
To prompt the Chief, direct him in the fray,  
White's third to meet by King's Knight into play."

We have no objection to this, but the last line is far from smooth. It is to be regretted that the game selected for immortalisation is not the best sample of either player's skill, though it is not altogether devoid of interest.

The description of the game proceeds, each move being described with a force and

clearness which will render the poem a valuable contribution to Chess Literature. Here is the description of White's Casting on the fourth move, which seems remarkably happy and well-turned in every sense:—

"Inspired of goblin say from whence the dread?  
Defiant once, why seek thy royal head  
Anon to shelter 'neath thy Castle's walls?  
Ignoble flight, at fourth, white crown entrails."

Black's 9th move, B to K 3, attacking White's B on B 4, is thus rendered with ease and elegance:—

"Then dusky Bishop restless for the fray,—  
As swift as eagle when it sights its prey—  
To monarch's third, his equal to confront,  
To challenge e'en as oft it is his wont;  
And yet the taunt, and yet th' insidious art,  
E'en fail t' incite the foe."

The close of the game is neatly rendered in the following lines:—

"White King aghast, beholds with deep dismay,  
The deathful menace and his troops at bay;  
Close on his rear the dusky cohorts loom,  
As phantoms flitting through the awful gloom:  
A captive now within his wing confined,  
Rage and despair alternate in his mind,  
Exploring ev'ry file he seeks in vain,  
How best his subjects may sustain his reign:  
But futile all his fervid hopes of life;  
Unable longer to maintain the strife,  
Submits with calm to th' unpropitious fates,  
And to the sable King capitulates."

The close of the Tourney also gives occasion for some neat and expressive couplets:—

"No more the winged missives speed their flight,  
To urge the foe or wake the ling'ring fight:  
And Kings in wanton strife no longer vie,  
Nor in their monarch's cause the subjects die;

\* \* \* \* \*  
"Two circling stars—and mimic battles fought,  
Five score and five—to warriors oft brought,  
Reverse in battle due to foeman's might:—  
And bonds of friendship now their loss requite."

The winner of the Tourney, Mr. John Henderson, is also celebrated, in what seems rather a small meed of praise, only four lines, the first of which seems to jolt along instead of flowing, but perhaps Mr. Henderson himself is partly accountable for this:—

"To HENDERSON, skilled in war's mimic art,  
Let friends their praises, and Chief the prize impart:  
To him the Tourney's Cup, the victor's meed,  
The just reward his vanquished foes concede."

The poem closes with a well turned eulogium of Mr. Shaw for his exertions during the Tourney:

Mr. Murphy's poem is decidedly clever, the conception ingenious, and the similes well carried out. A few of the lines might have been somewhat polished and the punctuation improved, but the poem will stand as a most praiseworthy production, and redound to Mr. Murphy's poetic talent. Mr. Shaw ought to be proud of such a tribute to himself and the Dominion Chess Correspondence Tourney.—[CH. ED. CAN. SPEC.]

#### ENGLISH FRUITS IN CANADA.

That Canada is not altogether the huge iceberg many people erroneously imagine the country to be, is proved, among other things, by the earliness and excellence of the various European fruits which are grown there. As a matter of fact, a much larger variety of fruits will grow in perfection in the open air in a given area in Canada than in a similar area in England. At the beginning of July gooseberries were selling at Montreal at the rate of 60 cents (2s. 6d.) per gallon, while red and black currants could be had, freshly gathered, for 40 cents (1s 8d.) per gallon. As an instance of the earliness at which even more delicate fruits than these ripen, we may quote an advertisement which appeared in a Toronto paper of the second week in April, to the effect that the "first strawberry picnic" of the season would take place on the 14th of that month. But gooseberries and strawberries are not the only fruits which Canada can produce in abundance. The more delicate stone fruits and grapes are grown in many districts, and if the cost of transport could be reduced within reasonable limits, these fruits, packed in refrigerators, or otherwise preserved, would form a welcome addition to the scanty native supply of sun-forsaken England.—*The Colonies and India.*

#### ADVANCE IN COAL.

It is rumored that negotiations are pending between the large coal companies to so limit the coal supply that prices can be advanced twenty cents per ton in September. In plain English, these huge corporations are to levy an additional tax upon every householder and industry in the land. Not satisfied with advancing the price within a year nearly 100 per cent., they propose to put an additional burden upon the people. Well, let them do it. This, perhaps, will be the shortest way out of the clutches of such grasping monopolies. It is the "last straw that breaks the camel's back;" this additional advance may be the last burden imposed in this direction. The inside history of the great coal corporations since the panic of 1873 has yet to be written. This new move may pioneer the way to its revelation. When made public, perhaps some men that now pose as saints may be found vilest frauds. One thing is certain, the public will not be patiently squeezed to pay tribute to corporations which long ago should have adjusted their capital to the new order of values since the panic. Forcing coal above five dollars per ton for the sake of paying a dividend on capital not worth half its value if properly estimated, is not a healthy process. The weak places will be sooner or later exposed. Already one corporation is before the courts with no very fragrant odor.

In the facts brought to light through judicial inquiry the coal combination plays the role of the big fish, eating up all the little ones. This combination issues its edicts with all the authority of the old Romans, and they must be obeyed. It matters not whether industries are by the order retarded, the poor suffer, or the public fleeced, the pound of flesh they must have to pay dividends on capital not justly represented. Go on, Mr. Presidents and Receivers of the coal companies; issue your orders for higher prices. Stop the supply, if necessary, to force the market. Make the public face the music—they are a patient body—but for all this the day of reckoning will surely come. The things now hidden will be revealed, and when that time comes, to some men the handwriting will appear on the wall.—*U. S. Economist.*

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