

The Canadian Spectator.

VOL. II.—No. 32.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1879.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

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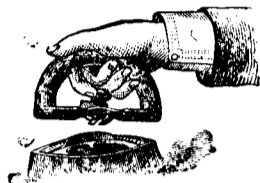
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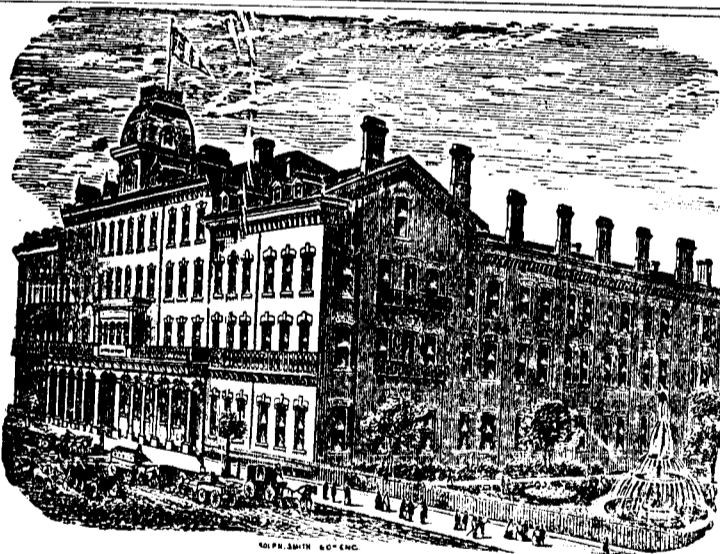
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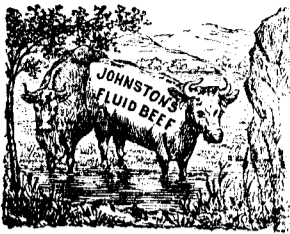
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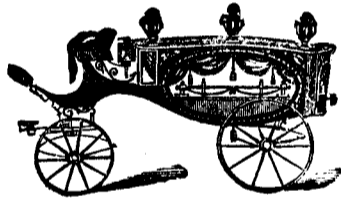
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"ALL THE RAGE."	CORRESPONDENCE.
OUR SUMMER RESORTS.	MUSICAL.
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BRITISH CONNECTION AND CANADIAN POLICY.

No. VI.

In these papers the attempt has been made to show that the natural commercial relation of these Provinces to the States, on or nearest their border, is in the main, one of competition, antagonism, and opposition of interests. At international gatherings, when mutual admiration speeches are in order, it is customary to take the sentimental view, and to give eloquent descriptions of the vast commerce that might be carried on between the two countries, to the profit of both. Some articles there are, undoubtedly, which may profitably be exchanged on a large scale; for instance, the fish and lumber of Canada, commodities of which our neighbours have not a sufficient supply, for the raw cotton and the tobacco of the Southern States. There may be mutual advantages, too, in the exchange of Canadian barley for Western States Indian corn, though that would still be no reason why the latter should come into our market free of duty, while the former enters the American market only after paying toll to the amount of 15 cents per bushel. Some people talk grandly and eloquently about the immense trade which ought to be done between the two countries, but they should be asked to come down to particulars, and to state what precisely this trade is to consist of. When they condescend to details, it will be found that the great bulk of the trade which looks so largely before their eyes is to be made up in two ways. One is, the purchase of Canadian produce, by Americans, for export to Europe or elsewhere, and the purchase, by Canadians, of American produce for the same purpose. Suppose that our buyers go into the Chicago market and buy a million dollars worth of produce, which they ship for sale to Europe; and that at the same time American buyers take a million's worth of our produce, also to be sent across the Atlantic to find a market. Is either country a cent the richer for this needlessly roundabout way of doing business? Or would not both have been fully as well off in the end had each sold its own produce direct to the European consumer? Yet those who think there is some magic of money-making in the word "trade," cannot get the notion out of their heads that somehow or other this is what they call "doing business." Another way is, the exchange of Canadian raw produce for American manufactured goods. This sort of trade was to a large extent dictated by circumstances in years gone by, when Canada was backward, simply because of her having been later in the start, which could not be helped all at once; and, more recently, because we for several years submitted to a policy which kept us backward, and most effectually prevented our coming to the front. But this is surely evident enough, that as Canada progresses in arts and manufactures her need of buying from the States will dwindle away, and that the very foundation and *raison d'être* of a border trade in manufactured goods will be in course of disappearance. We hear nothing of the exchange of Canadian manufactured goods for American raw produce, although no *natural and permanent* reason can be given why that kind of trade should not be carried on as well as the other. In brief, the two peoples are destined to produce more and more alike as time progresses, and therefore to be more competitors and less customers to each other in the future.

Very different is the commercial relations of Canada to the mother country. Let us advance as we may, there will always be a thousand and one articles that we must buy from England, because we cannot advantageously make them for ourselves. We need not attempt to make out a list, the number of articles in shop windows and on the shelves, that are made in England, and that are not likely to be made in Canada for generations to come, if ever, would bewilder any one who might try. The vast interval between England and Canada, in manufacturing position, is the measure of the trade that must always be done between the two. Broadly speaking, we can with fair success make for ourselves most textile fabrics, which are of a staple character, and unaffected

by the changes of fashion. But the many hundreds of articles over which fashion holds her sway, we must leave to England to make for us, if we want them, because our limited market would never pay for cost of invention and designs. Very many articles there are also, outside of dress and apparel,—articles of luxury for some people, of necessity, almost, for others,—which cannot be produced to advantage, except in quantities beyond what our market can take. These we must continue to buy from England, as the staunchest Protectionists amongst us admit. But meantime the senseless howl has been raised that the new tariff is to compel the making at home of everything we want, so that we shall be no more customers of England for anything. I call this a "senseless howl," and with good reason; for a cry more utterly nonsensical and unreasonable would be hard to get up at all.

We are to go on making everything for ourselves, it appears, until our purchases from England have dwindled away to "the small end of nothing," by which time it will be in order for the Mother Country to tell the Colony to go about its business, and trouble the Empire no more. On this point we might try deep discourse of reason to show the visionary nature of the apprehension in question; and it might be deemed sound philosophy to rest our case on the single point, that as England is the foremost manufacturing nation in the world, the interval between her position and ours will inevitably, for a time longer than we need stop now to calculate, perpetuate Canada's relation to her as a customer for manufactured goods. At the same time we might with abundant good reason ask the objectors to wait a little for some proof of diminished purchases from England ere condemning the new system. As too many bankers and merchants know to their sorrow, there have been years, and series of years, in which we bought a great deal too much from England, more than it was within our means easily to pay. But will any Free Trader put his finger on the date, and inform us what year exactly it was in which we bought too little from England, so little that it was or ought to have been matter of regret that we did not buy more largely? I venture to say that no such year has rolled its cycle around within the last half century, and I dare prophecy that no such year will be among the years of half a century yet to come. To any business man, who will calmly reflect upon facts which he knows, this apprehension that we shall, under circumstances conceivable and probable, injure ourselves by *importing too little*, must appear like very midsummer madness. Our follies, too often repeated, in the way of *over-importation*, have for their monuments many failures, and many a sad disaster. But, as for not importing enough, why, the man who seriously talks of *that* as a contingency to be dreaded, should certainly be looked after by his friends. I challenge all and sundry to produce, from the records and reports of Canadian bank meetings and board of trade meetings these fifty years past, a single expression of opinion from a responsible quarter to the effect that the country had suffered or was suffering from the evil of not importing enough. Opinions from the best authorities, as to the country's suffering from over-importation, may be cited to fill volumes; but on the other side, none.

Ah! but, it will be said, we never in time past had such a tariff as that of this year; now we shall surely see something that never happened before. Perhaps we may, but under the circumstances it seems a very reasonable request that we should wait a while for the proof. The burden of proof certainly lies upon the objectors, for it is their contention that something entirely out of the usual course—something that never happened before—is about to happen now. My contention is that the greater prosperity of the Dominion, caused by increased production of those commodities that it comes within our reach to make for ourselves, will make us the better customers to England for the thousand-and-one articles that we are not going to make at all—at least not in this generation, or in the next either, perhaps. These are the two opposing contentions, both relating to what is yet to be, and therefore incapable of positive proof for either. But, as I must further contend, the burden of proof is surely upon those who maintain that the extraordinary, the absolutely unprecedented calamity of suffering caused by not importing enough goods, is coming upon Canada.

Is it England's interest that we should buy beyond our means, more than we are able to pay for? Surely not. We are all too apt to buy beyond our means, and to run in debt; a slight error in the other direction would be refreshing, if only for the novelty of the thing. As for England's true interest in the matter, that still remains to be considered, along with the larger aspects of Imperial and Colonial relations.

Argus.

COLONIAL TITLES.

To the reader of history nothing can seem stranger than the use of titles of chivalry as the prizes of aldermanic or colonial ambition. Chivalry contributed a permanent as well as an ennobling and refining element to human character. But the institution itself belongs, with all its associations, to a remote and irrevocable past. If we had heard that Mr. Cartwright, as a tribute to financial eminence, and a number of other gentlemen in acknowledgment of their high position, had been solemnly invested by the representative of Her Majesty with one of those tails which the Evolutionists tell us adorned the bodies of our primeval ancestors, the announcement would scarcely have seemed to us funnier than that of their reception into the knightly fraternity of St. Michael and St. George.

The very conjunction of the names, St. Michael and St. George, carries our minds back into the night of the fabling middle ages. St. Michael, the overthrower of the Dragon, was the chief of the chivalry of heaven, while the mediæval mythology, mingling perhaps in this case, as it did in many other cases, with the mythology of paganism, made him also the patron deity of hill tops and peaks, such as the remarkable mounts which bear his name on the coasts of Normandy and Cornwall. St. George was the chief of the chivalry of earth; and a very earthly chief he was, supposing Gibbon to be right in identifying him with the infamous George of Cappadocia. If he was not that worthy, transmuted by the wonder-working influences of religious party, and subsequently by the wild play of crusading fancy into a military saint, nobody can tell who he was. Roman Catholic hagiology is compelled to say that his saintly deeds are better known to Heaven than to man. He belongs, at any rate, emphatically to mediæval fable. It is to be hoped that Sir Richard Cartwright duly pays his orisons to his two patron saints, and he will never forget to invoke them before he lays his lance in rest to tilt at Sir S. L. Tilley's budget. George of Cappadocia, in truth, was, after his fashion, rather distinguished in finance.

In the mist of the early Middle Ages it is impossible to trace the exact history of institutions. The growth of feudalism itself is matter less of record than of conjecture. There can, however, be little doubt as to the origin of knighthood. In all military tribes, as were those of the Celts and Germans, the youth, on arriving at manhood, was received into the fraternity of the warriors with some special rites and after a certain novitiate. Feudalism fastened upon this custom, and, in accordance with its general tendencies, transferred the power of initiating from the tribe to the lord. The Church also laid her hand on it, invested it with a religious character, and made it a dedication of the young warrior's prowess to the service of religion, the redress of wrong and the relief of the oppressed; thereby consecrating and tempering that military spirit, the excess of which was the source of barbarism; as she did, in the same age, by the institutions of the Truce of God. But knighthood still remained an imitation into a warrior's life, and a sort of military baptism, or rather the taking of a Christian soldier's vow; a thing as far removed as possible in its nature from the piece of tinsel which is nowadays bestowed by ministers, laughing in their sleeves, on elderly and often gouty aspirants to social rank.

"The ceremony of admission to knighthood," says M. Martin, "was grave and austere. On the eve of the day of admission the young squire took a bath in sign of purification; then he was dressed in a white tunic, a crimson mantle and a black surcoat, symbolical colours, which indicated that he was pledged to lead a life of chastity, to shed his blood for the faith, and to have always present to his mind the thought of death. The candidate fasted till the evening, and spent the night in prayer in a church or in the castle chapel; then, in the morning, he cleansed his soul by confession, as he had purified his body by the bath, heard mass, and presented himself at the holy table. The mass ended, the candidate knelt before the sponsor who was to confer the order on him, and who briefly recalled to him the duties of the warrior, 'Every knight is bound to keep the law of honour (*droiture et loyauté*), he is bound to protect the poor, that the rich may not oppress them, and to succour the weak that the powerful may do them no despite. He is bound to keep himself clear of all treason and injustice. He is bound to fast every Friday, hear mass every day, and make an offering at it if he has the wherewithal. It is the duty of knights to keep faith inviolably with everyone, but above all with their companions in arms, to love each other, to honour each other, and assist each other on every occasion' [as do Sir Richard Cartwright and Sir Charles Tupper]. The candidate took the oath; then were brought to him all the pieces of armour which he was about to receive the right of wearing; when he had been clad with the coat of mail, girt with the sword, and had the golden spurs bound upon his feet, his sponsor in chivalry gave him a blow on the cheek (by way of fixing the event in his memory) and three strokes with the flat of his sword on the neck, and said, 'In the name of God, of St. Michael (or St. Michael and St. George) and of Our Lady, I dub thee knight.' The bells sent forth a merry peal, the church rang with the sound of the trumpets; a helmet was brought to the young knight, and a war-horse was led up to him; he put spurs to his charger, and making his lance glitter in the sun and brandishing his sword, he traversed

at full speed the courts of the castle and the green meadows which stretched beneath its ramparts, while the shouts of the people hailed his admission into the brotherhood of chivalry."

Time does wonders in the way of transformation. It has converted the name of the high priest of Roman Paganism into that of the pretended head of the Christian Church; it has degraded the title of the chief military officer of a feudal kingdom into that of the village constable. But it has never performed a stranger piece of legerdemain than in putting into the place of the young and warlike candidate for knighthood, the ceremony of whose admission we have just seen described, a palsy and wheezy old gentleman who with difficulty kneels down to receive the ironical accolade, and rising with still greater difficulty, hobbles home, tripped up at every other step by the sword between his legs, to tell his wife that she is My Lady.

It is of course possible to trace the gradual transition. A change in the character of knighthood was taking place during the decadence of the Middle Ages, when the Garter, the French Order of the Star, the Golden Fleece, and other Court orders were founded. To this period mainly belong the fantastical and Quixotic extravagances which have exposed chivalry to merited ridicule; for chivalry in the period of the Crusades was at least serious, and had a real and important work to do in the world. It is in the French wars of Edward III. that we find a number of young candidates for knightly honours setting out on the campaign with a bandage over one eye, in fulfilment of a vow not to see with both eyes till they had performed some feat of arms in honour of their mistresses. The companions of John the Second's Order of the Star they were who were bound by the Statutes of the Order never to fall back more than a certain distance in battle—a regulation which exposed them to extermination by soldiers of a more practical stamp at Poitiers. No Templar or Hospitaller, no knight of that age, would have been guilty of any such nonsense.

Still the Garter was a real order of knighthood. Entrance into it was obtained by feats of military prowess, and among the original members were soldiers of fortune who had no title to admission but their valour. Nesle Loring, for example, was a young squire, apparently of low degree, who had distinguished himself at the battle of Sluys. The head of the order, Edward III., was himself not a lay figure draped with ineffable millinery, but, of all the gallant and adventurous brotherhood of knights which he had formed, the foremost in war except his renowned son. The companions of the Round Table at Windsor, the heroes of Crecy and Poitiers are now represented by a train of elderly gentlemen, selected most on account of their birth and their acres, arrayed, on high occasions, not in helmets and hauberks, but in purple velvet cloaks and white satin tights, and who, if set in battle array upon the field of glory would hardly be able to stand against the charge of a stout fish-wife. An old peer is said to have avowed that his motive for craving for the Garter was that it was now the only thing in England that was not given by merit. If the illustrious dead could hear, the explanation would have been gratifying to the Black Prince.

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How much good chivalry did for humanity it is hard to say, because we really know but little about the state of society in the early Middle Ages, especially about the state of those classes which were most liable to oppression, and stood most in need of protecting influence. But that it did good can hardly be doubted. It at all events gave birth to an ideal of character greatly superior not only to that of warlike barbarism, but to that of military antiquity; and if within the pale of Christendom its operation, as an elevating and humanizing influence, was mainly confined to the members of a privileged class, and altogether narrow and imperfect, it saved by its devoted valour all Christendom, and civilization at the same time, from the conquering hosts of Islam with slavery, polygamy, concubinage, fatalism, and despotism in their train. No one can look upon the sepulchral effigies of its religious warriors without paying them, across the estranging gulf of centuries, the homage of the heart. Its spirit has gone forth into the noble enterprise, the self-sacrificing beneficence, the gentle courtesy, the pure affection of modern life. Its dead forms are degraded to the uses of a social vanity which profanes the memory of Sir Galahad and Bayard.

Between social rank and official rank there is all the difference in the world. Social rank is a gratification of vanity in the particularly bad form of exclusiveness. It is an object of natural ambition to the vulgar wealth of which—mingled like tares with much commercial eminence of the nobler kind—there has recently been a rank growth in England, and which is to a great extent the parent of Jingoism as well as of this increased craving for titles and tinsel of every description. It is the great bribe which political corruption now has to hold out to millionaires of the grosser sort, who, with all their wealth, are uneasy about their social position in an aristocratic community. It is also the natural object of adoration to the shoddy class of Americans, who are too justly said to outvie in demeanour, when they get into the presence of European rank, all their rival devotees in Europe. In this sense the love of titles is, as special pretenders to practical wisdom are always telling us, part of human nature, like any other mean tendency, on which intriguing politicians may play, but which it is the mission of advancing morality to banish. Otherwise social rank, sup-

ported by titles, is purely artificial, and may be said to be even of modern growth; for the fiefs from which the titles of territorial nobility are derived were in early times held by a tenure of military and political duty; while knighthood, as we have seen, was not a title but a vow, and moreover tended rather to equality than to aristocratic exclusiveness, since it placed the landless soldier on a level, as one of a brotherhood in arms, with the lord of a principality and even with a king. Official rank, on the other hand, is natural, genuine, and, if confined within proper limits, wholesome. It is the robe with which the right feeling of the community invests the holders of lawful authority, raised to that trust on account of real qualities and, therefore, reasonable objects of a respect which elevates instead of degrading those who pay it, while it is compatible with a complete absence of personal assumption and with perfect simplicity of life on the part of those to whom it is paid. We could bear a good deal more of this sentiment in these democratic communities of ours, though it will be difficult to commend the lesson to the minds of the people till the false and titular kind of rank has taken itself fairly out of the way. We could bear, too, a good deal more of reasonable ceremony and state, which are as different from etiquette, with its presentation postures, cocked hats, low-necked dresses, and anti-buggy proclamations, as sense can be from the most despicable nonsense. Ceremony, which is truly emblematic and impressive, is the stately vesture of high authority and momentous action; etiquette is childish frippery, which only ceases to be laughable when it is made the noxious instrument of political intrigue. It is perfectly true, and a truth always to be borne in mind by statesmen, that, in politics, as in other departments of life, the imagination had its claims as well as the reason, and that while the one is convinced the other requires to be impressed. But divorce imagination from reason and you will have an abrupt combination of the merely ornamental with the wholly unadorned; you will have the same sort of spectacle which greeted the eyes of Captain Cook when, having presented an influential South Sea Islander with a laced coat and cocked hat, he found him standing proudly at the right hand of royalty in those splendid habiliments and those alone; you will have masters of etiquette regulating a "delightfully exclusive" reception in the Court of Ottawa, while rowdiness reigns in the legislative halls. An Englishman at a ball given by the Governor of an Australian colony trod on a court lady's magnificent train; the aristocratic dame turned sharply round and gave him a broadside of Seven Dials.

It has been already admitted that owing principally to the late growth of commercial wealth in England a back stream is running there in favour of social titles. The main current, however, manifestly sets the other way. It is quite understood now that none of the leaders of intellect will take a title or could do it without exposing themselves to ridicule and real loss of position. If the same thing cannot be said of all leaders of commerce of the nobler stamp, it must be remembered that these men not only have baronetcies constantly pressed upon them by the policy of the aristocracy, seconded often by the influence of their wives, but are frequently placed in situations as mayors of cities or entertainers of royalty, in which it is hardly possible without positive offence to refuse the proffered title. Still it was generally felt that Titus Salt had lowered, not raised, himself by his acceptance of a baronetcy. A peerage confers not only social rank but a seat in the Upper House of Parliament, and it is accepted on the political ground by men who would not accept it on the social ground, and who do all they can to show you that they do not wish to assume an artificial rank. Brougham continued to sign himself "Henry Brougham"; and he, Macaulay and other peers of intellect have retained their own names and refused the mock territorial title which vulgar vanity specially affects. Sir Robert Peel, though he had led the aristocratic party all his life, not only declined a peerage himself but by his will expressly enjoined his son not to take one for any services which he himself had rendered. Nobody blames an ordinary man for accepting or even coveting the current prizes of his time, whatever they may be. Nobody blames an ordinary Frenchman of the period of Louis XIV. for eagerly seeking the honour of lighting the great King to bed, of handing him his shirt or his towel. Nobody blames an ordinary Siamese for wanting to have the privilege of attending the white elephant. But these are not the leading shoots of humanity.

The fruits of the recent policy in Canada can hardly be more satisfactory to its authors than the fruits of the same policy elsewhere. The Princess and her husband have been as well received as possible by Canadians of all classes, parties and opinions. They have been the objects not merely of that natural and blameless curiosity which is inspired by the coming of any personage of mark, but of the most cordial good feeling and the warmest hospitality. In this point of view the appointment has been a perfect success. But the attempt to introduce etiquette into the colony has decidedly miscarried. Nor has the attempt to inoculate us with the colonial form of aristocracy by the recent creation of a great batch of knights had much better success. There has been a good deal of popular levity on the occasion, and no feeling of interest so far as we have seen more intense or homefelt than that which might be excited by any curious social occurrence, or even by the arrival of a new show. We see that, in the *Globe*, Mr. Cartwright's house has become Sir Richard Cartwright's "seat," but we have observed no other symptom of

exaltation. There appear to have been some refusals on the part of men whose special business it is to study the currents of public opinion. In one quarter there seems to have been a still more significant struggle, which led—for the first time perhaps in an official history—to the contradiction of an announcement in the *London Gazette*. Pitt intended to give Canada an hereditary peerage as well as an order of knights; but the Upas Tree was never planted and the shrub seems unlikely to take root. Canada apparently has rejected social rank, and prefers the spontaneous recognition of social merit.—*Rose-Belford's Canadian Monthly*.

THE N. P. HAVING FAILED—HOW NOW?

A GLIMPSE OF JULY 1, 1881.

No brighter page will ever be written in history, marking the progress of intelligence and civilization, than the record of the friendly and peaceful severance between Great Britain and Canada which to-day has been so happily consummated. The transaction can only find its counterpart in domestic life, when a long cherished daughter, becoming of age, severs the tie of home and name, but retains all the affection and respect due to a kind and tender parent.

The history of the last two years are too fresh in our memories to refer to here. The N. P. was an *ultima thule*, and the most its best friends claimed for it was, that it would keep "Canada for Canadians,"—a poor legacy for an enterprising people, with a depleted treasury, accumulating debt, and diminishing population. After exhausting every possible device to restore prosperity, the march of events, and conflict of commercial interests, forced a crisis which could no longer be postponed.

It is certainly a marvellous episode in our country's history, and it is hard to know which most to commend, the magnanimous conduct of grand old England, or the struggle between interest and affection, which the people of Canada have evinced in assuming the responsibilities of an independent nation. The alternative of annexation to the United States met with comparatively little sympathy, even if it could have been accomplished; but happily the strong and decided opposition of the Midland and Southern States relieved our people from the choice, and I think the results of our present position will prove a better incentive to maintain a creditable affinity with the good old land of our forefathers.

We have just read the admirable message of Canada's first President, Sir John A. Macdonald, whose long and faithful services have met their reward, and it is hoped nothing will disturb the well-earned honours which he wears with so much dignity; and that his term of office may be worthy of his high *prestige*. The hearty plaudits which greeted the names of his Ministry evinces the general approval.

The absence of old party lines, and the universally expressed wish for the country's prosperity, promises most happily.

Apart from the offices of President and Vice-President being made elective every eight years—the termination of appeal to England—and the organization of a Consular service—there is nothing to disturb the ordinary working of the old machinery. Our commercial relations with the United States are all that we can desire. Through an assimilation of seaboard tariffs, and removal of frontier Custom-houses, we have the fullest reciprocity, untrammelled by any restriction. With a boundless field for the energies and enterprise of our people, we have now the spur to an honourable competition, which must tend to the development of every latent capacity. We have abundance of idle water-power and labour, and if we fail in the contest, we will come short of our destiny, and deserve to.

There is to be no standing army or navy. It is hoped through a happy assimilation of interests our battles will be all commercial. We will have nothing to quarrel about. Meanwhile, the proper encouragement of Volunteers, and a Mounted Government Police at exposed points, will be all that is necessary for years to come. If an emergency does arise, the proper nurturing of the Military College at Kingston will provide ample material for a military organization.

Our Fisheries are now open to our neighbours, and no cause can arise for differences; already immense additions have taken place to the population on our coasts; the erection of fishing depots, and their accompanying industries; curing and canning establishments have made great headway; ship-building has also taken a start at its old haunts,—all of which will demand and maintain a large population, carrying sure prosperity in its train. The Ottawa Valley resounds with new life, barges and propellers are multiplying and preparing for the carrying trade, which has hitherto been denied us, and the grain receipts from the Western States have increased so much as to revive the almost lost hope of the utility of our enlarged Canal system. Already our Ocean tonnage has doubled; a new line of steamers has been established direct to France, and opened a trade hitherto unknown to us; orders for horses, and cattle, cheese, &c., are now being filled.

Space would fail to particularize all the fruitful branches of industry starting up like magic everywhere. Our monetary system has wonderfully improved;

the weak and ill managed banks have been cleaned out. The "*Hochelaga*" got into a disreputable gold-ring lately, and the Cashier has had to *packet* the loss; they took phosphate deposits. The "*Mechanics*" failed to *Bridge* over their attempt at transatlantic circulation. It is said *Beaconsfield* had something to do with the trouble. "*Consolidated*," as the name implies, is now among the most permanent stocks, and is hard not to *bear*,—Verdict: Died hard, of plethora of President. The Banque "*Marie*," true to her sex, has been coquetting with "*Jacques Cartier*"; they will probably soon become one. The "*Exchange*" has been *telegraphing* furiously lately, which looks ominous. Notwithstanding the reduced number of banks, there is still ample capital for all the legitimate business of the country.

The issue of a National Currency is still bruited, but no action taken. I am glad to chronicle the establishment of a Government Life Insurance system, which ought to have been done years ago.

Already much material progress is apparent in our city. Population is returning. New buildings and widening of streets projected show that new life has been instilled and great expectations formed for the future. Already a mammoth beet sugar factory is being started at Back River, with a capital of a million dollars. Flax mills and attending works are also being arranged for; thus two of our most important products, peculiarly suited to our climate and people, will be developed with the happiest results. Iron works are projected in several places, and our cotton and woollen mills in full blast everywhere. We are glad to record, as the earliest mark of reviving local intelligence, the removal of those relics of barbarism, the toll-gates, from our country roads; already the results are apparent in farmers discarding their fossil one-horse carts and crowding our streets with double teams. A new and handsome passenger depot for the G. T. R. has been commenced at the city limits east, covering ten acres of ground, with offices, engine-house and all the conveniences for conducting their growing business compactly, instead of the present divided and extravagant system. The Victoria Bridge is to be stripped of the tube and a modern iron truss substituted, wide enough to accommodate four railway tracks and a carriage road. A new hotel is to be built on the old Crystal Palace grounds on St. Catherine Street, and still another at the east end, near the Quebec Barrack station. All these improvements have been demanded by the increased travel that is pouring in from the west through the completion of the Toronto and Ottawa Railroad just opened. The City Passenger Railway has changed owners and character, and become, with double tracks and small cars, a real convenience to the public. The Fraser Institute, long famous for not being built, is to be proceeded with. The *scantly* environs of Cune-gonde and Henri are to join waterworks, with a reservoir large enough to supply leaks.

The tide of emigration, which had entirely left us or gone to the States for the last two years, is returning, and the prospects are most encouraging that our great North-west will soon teem with life and energy. Thus I have endeavoured succinctly to recite some of the palpable evidences of new prosperity, such as our people never dreamed of under our old tutelage, and we have given the highest proof of our capacity to govern ourselves by the vigour with which we have entered upon our new life, relieved from the incubus which we have long and patiently borne. It would not be just to close this hurried review without referring to the signal service the SPECTATOR has rendered the country during the last two years. Its marked intelligence and well-earned popularity has met its due reward in placing it at the head of the Canadian press.

Amongst the most important measures that will engage the first Parliament will be the reconstruction of our Provincial legislation, with a view of reducing the absurd expenditure under the old system. Instead of eight Local Legislatures, the Lower Provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and probably Newfoundland will form one Legislature.

The salary of President is to be \$30,000, and Vice-President \$10,000, who is also to be Speaker of the Senate. The residence of the President will be at Rideau Hall, which is now *supposed* to be finished, and it is to be hoped that the country will not be subject to the costly changes which have hitherto prevailed.

We give the following list of President Macdonald's first Cabinet:—

President of Canada....The Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, P.C., K.C.B.
Vice-President.....The Hon. Luc Letellier de St. Just.

CABINET.

Minister of Justice and Atty.-General.....The Hon. Edward Blake (Premier).
" Foreign Affairs and Sec. of State " Alex. Mackenzie.
" Interior..... " L. H. Holton.
" Finance.....Sir A. T. Galt, K.C.M.G.
" Militia and Defence.....Sir A. J. Smith.
" Public Works.....Sir Samuel Tilley, C.B.
Postmaster General.....Hon. D. Masson.

Messrs. Mowat and Joly retain their present positions as Premiers in their respective Provinces.

Sir John Rose, Bart., has been named as Minister to Great Britain.
Goldwin Smith, Esq., " " " United States.
Hon. George Brown " " " France.

Montreal, 1st July, 1881.

Progressed.

"ALL THE RAGE."

Emerson, in his attempt to paint the English character, hardly gives importance enough to one strong trait in it. He says, "After running each tendency to an extreme, they try another tack with equal heat." This deserved more emphatic dwelling upon, for it is a most striking characteristic. Our social history is a history of running things to extremes, and then dropping them at once and for all in favour of some fresh fancy or later freak. And this, like all other history, reflects ourselves. We are an impetuous and—if the truth must be told—a fickle people. Both these qualities contrive to drive us to extremes, and to that "other tack" which this implies, since no people can go to extremes without a fidgetty craving for change. The French laugh at the Englishman as one whose tastes are not regulated by taste. Offer him a glass of fine wine, and he wants to sit down and drink a bottle of it. The sip is not enough; the tickling of the palate does not suffice. He must go to extremes—with an inevitable result, that of nausea.

This tendency is particularly shown in the constant rise of fresh objects in public favour, which become, as the phrase goes, "all the rage." It does not at all matter what the nature of the thing may be; every season brings us something which is "all the rage."

As modern instances I might cite the "Pinafore" mania, the "walking-match" craze; and at the risk of being thought unpatriotic I might add the "Hanlan" fever; even our Volunteer movement has been, perhaps, from time to time a little overdone. Another noteworthy example is that of the Rev. Mr. Talmage, who, having had (to say the least of it) an uncomfortable experience in Brooklyn, resolves to travel, and on his arrival in England thousands flock to hear his vulgar jokes; but then as his agent says when asking a hundred pounds for a single lecture, "Perhaps you may consider this a high price, but Mr. Talmage is no ordinary man," &c. &c.

Does not Shakespeare put these words into the mouth of Trinculo in "The Tempest"?—

"A strange fish! Were I in England now, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver; there would this monster make a man: any strange beast there makes a man. When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian."

Looking back over a few years only, it is curious to note the many objects which have such distinction. Sometimes it is an eccentric actor, like Romeo Coates, who used to be encored in the dying scene when he played in "Romeo and Juliet." Sometimes it is a singer like Jenny Lind, who, though not the greatest singer we have had, took such a hold on public taste that the "Lind fever" has become historical. People crowded to the Opera so on the nights when the Swedish nightingale sang that their clothes were torn from their backs; and it may be mentioned, as a curious effect, that whereas up to her time the ballet was the great attraction, the rage to hear Lind was so great, that it was found unnecessary to supplement the singing with dancing, the ballet was dropped, and it has never been revived as a feature. By way of variety, we had a dwarf "all the rage," and Haydon, the painter, committing suicide because while Tom Thumb drew everybody to his levees, nobody cared for the Art exhibition by which he sought to attract them. A preacher, a conjuror, a Blondin, a new book, a hippopotamus, a new fashion, or an old relic—it matters little what it is, so that by accident or "puff" it can be promoted to the distinction of being "all the rage." Society, which thirty years ago betook itself with a wild enthusiasm to learning "Pop Goes the Weasel" as an indispensable dance at every ball, followed the same instinct when recently it fell a-rinking, and made the fortune of the happy inventor of the best roller-skate!

The latest illustration from England of this tendency to extremes is the reception of the "Comedie Française." It is a good illustration because it includes some of the most absurd features by which a mania can be attended. To begin with, there are probably not two persons in a thousand out of average English society who know the French language enough to converse decently in it. I admit that more English study French and master the ground of it than there are Frenchmen who know anything about English; but a mere smattering, a mere capability of reading a book or asking a few questions is not in this connection of the slightest use. To understand and enjoy the acting of the Comedie Française Company it is necessary to have a complete mastery of the language, so as to relish the slightest inflections and the most delicate of witty playing upon words. This is hardly to be acquired except by those who have either lived in France or have made French a special study. Consequently, there happens the spectacle, night after night, of people sitting in a crowded house, trying to extract from what is going on before them some scrap of amusement or glimmer of intelligent acting to reward their patience. When, as sometimes happens, there is a little broad farce—like a couple of servants running against one another with trays of tea-things and smashing the lot—the roars of laughter are genuine. It is pitiable to think of audiences striving in vain to understand what is going on—wary and exhausted, and making believe that they are entertained. Their only reward is that next day they can *say* they have been to the French plays, which sounds very imposing because it implies a knowledge of French, and they are careful *not to say* that they did not understand a word

of it. One is irresistibly reminded of the story of Sheridan and his son, who wanted to go down a coal mine. "But why?" asked the father. "Well, to say I have been down," was the reply. "Very well, you can say so all the same," was the prompt rejoinder.

One of the leading French papers says, "as to Sarah Bernhardt, she is sinking from an artist to the inferior level of the Siamese Twins, the Child Giant and other "phenomenons which the mob are allowed to contemplate at so much a head." And the paper goes on to predict that sooner or later the public will revenge itself on these over-rated people, by whom it will fancy it has been duped, though in reality it dupes itself.

This prophecy as to the consequences is founded on a knowledge of the English variety of human nature. While a thing is "all the rage," we go any lengths in the absurdity of enthusiasm. We cannot take attractions offered us, mildly and temperately, but go frantic over them. Then comes the reaction, and having been enraptured with our toy, we begin to pick it to pieces. We shake the sawdust out of the doll in our violence—and there is an end of it. The worship of the idol of the hour is all in all, but directly it is over, woe to the man who tries to revive it. Utter failure is his inevitable lot. This rule will apply to the Comedie Française, to "Pinafore" and the rest. This season it is the "correct thing" to see them, to talk about them and to write them up; but let them come again next year, when the *furor* has subsided, and what would the reception be? Empty houses, absent critics, public indifference.

This is the natural consequence of "rushing" a novelty up to sensation point, whence it is sure to drop. The same thing is apparent in private life, and more particularly in the fitting up of our houses and the cut and quality of our clothes. Take colour for example. How long is it since everybody rushed into aniline or coal-tar shades such as Solferino or Magenta? And who even tolerates them now that the "rage is over? They have been supplanted by neutral tints—by washed-out pinks, and sickly greens, and indescribably unwholesome yellows. These will in turn weary the eye and give place to another "rage." Furniture manias are even more serious, because they cost so much. All at once we have seen people playing at living in Queen Anne's day. Or going back to William and Mary, when they would have us believe society lived in a blue china world, and as a rule hung up the plates and dishes on hooks in the drawing-room. The Japanese "rage," too, has lasted a long time—long enough for the English market to have utterly demoralized the Japanese markets, to say nothing of giving rise to home makers of sham Japanese ware. It will of course give place to something fresh, and the moment our present treasures are voted "common" they will be worth nothing.

It is impossible not to regret this popular failing, if only because it makes us ridiculous. A mob rushing first in one direction and then in another, and after one foible and then as madly after something else, cannot be taken for a sage, steady, cultivated people. Civilization should by this time have taught us to appreciate the intrinsic value of things, as distinct from the mark which the fashion of the movement sets upon them. Emerson seems to be describing a flock of sheep in the words I have quoted: "After running each tendency to an extreme, they try another tack with equal heat." It is not creditable as the description of a great people.

Quevedo Redivivus.

OUR SUMMER RESORTS.

No. V.

"O ye valleys! O ye mountains!
O ye groves and crystal fountains!
How I love, at liberty,
By turns to come and visit ye!"

Crossing from Tadousac in either of the steamers belonging to the St. Lawrence Navigation Co. to the opposite shores in about one hour and a half we come to a remarkably rocky peninsula about two miles long, 300 to 400 feet high, upon the top of which is the village of Cacouna, among whose houses and cottages stands prominently the large and lofty St. Lawrence Hotel. Skirting the shore for about five miles to the westward we arrive at the Rivière du Loup pier. The river is so very shallow that boats cannot ascend it for much more than a mile, and not even then at low water. Consequently, a carriage is necessary, in order to reach the pretty little village of Rivière du Loup, which from its length commands a fine view of the river St. Lawrence, the expanse of which is broken by Hare Island in mid stream. It is about seven miles long in the direction of the river and less than a mile wide; its height does not exceed two hundred and fifty to three hundred feet; it has no inhabitants, nor any attractions for the tourist in search of the picturesque, though it is tolerably thickly wooded. There are a pleasing variety of fine landscapes in the neighbourhood of Rivière du Loup, which is famed for its purity of air, and the geniality of its climate during the hot months of July and August when the denizens of Quebec, Montreal and western cities of Toronto and Hamilton are suffering from the Dog Star's heat, and are panting for the sea breeze. One of the chief natural features is the grand fall in the river, which, when full, astonishes the beholder; though it is not half the height of that of the Montmorenci, nor half the width of that of La Chaudière, near

Quebec, yet it is very imposing. In this village and its neighbour Cacouna there are many calm and quiet spots where one can read and meditate, and many shady recesses where one can sit or sleep at his ease, "by none offended, and offending none!" At Rivière du Loup commences the Intercolonial Railway; the river is here crossed by a bridge of three spans, the foundations are rock, on the bed of the river, and so also is the river "Isle Verte," a few miles east of Cacouna; both bridges are built on the Howe truss principle, and the roadway runs on the top of the girders, which are of wood, all the other bridges on this railway being of iron. The first place that may, after leaving Cacouna, be called a summer resort is the village of Bic, the approach to which, through several spurs of headlands, is very beautiful. The harbour, which is landlocked and nearly dry at low water, and never very deep at high water, is surrounded by high hills which protect it from storms,—an advantage for those fond of boating. There is a retired beach especially devoted to ladies and children, where, as the tide comes in, sea-bathing can be thoroughly enjoyed. On the opposite side to the eastward is Campbell's Point, facing the river St. Lawrence; this forms the entrance to the harbour, which is about two-thirds of a mile, the passage being obstructed by two round and rocky islets called the Bicoques; between these small vessels may anchor. Some of the hills or summits of the high lands of Bic are more than 1,200 feet high above the sea level, and from them may be obtained a magnificent view of the St. Lawrence, Bic Island, at a distance of about two miles from the coast, forming the foreground. The island is about three miles long and a mile broad; its shores are of slate rock, and rise to more than 140 feet above the level of the sea. It is very thickly wooded, the water is very clear, and there are some small bays with sandy beaches where good bathing can be had. It is, on a calm day, a famous place for picnics, and is much patronized by the visitors from Quebec and Montreal, who are getting more numerous year by year. There is good fishing in the neighbourhood. Trout can be obtained at St. Fabien, where there is a pretty lake, well known to the disciples of Isaac Walton, and mackerel and herring at Otty Bay, where the railway, which left the shores of the St. Lawrence at Trois Pistoles, again touches it and so continues to Rimouski, another watering place patronized by the citizens of Quebec and Montreal. In neither of the places is there a good hotel, and, strange to say, though surrounded with fish, one can rarely, except on a Friday, procure any worth eating. Any delicacy, either in the way of edibles or viands, must be imported. A slice of good beef, a cut of roasted veal, a broiled chop of mutton, and a glass of Bass' ale or Guinness' porter, cannot be had, or even a bottle of St. Julien; nothing but eggs and bacon, or ham and eggs and a decoction of a Japan tea, and that so weak and flavourless that I would as lief drink milk and water (sky blue), if it were not for the name of it. Rimouski, or, to give its aristocratic title, St. Germain de Rimouski, if it cannot boast of a good hotel, is proud of being an Episcopal see, and in possession of a fine "Cathedral Church," a Bishop's Palace, two Colleges, three Convents, and many good private residences. Opposite Rimouski is the narrow Island of St. Barnaby, about a mile and a half long; it is well wooded, and is composed of slate and greywacké rocks. The channel between the island and Rimouski is dry at low water; its shallowness, together with the island and the Government pier about 2,150 feet long, form a barrier against the heavy seas, which occasionally are dangerous to small vessels. From the wharf the mails are despatched in a small steamer to the Allan's Line, which upon their arrival from England and Quebec come to an anchor in the bay, and discharge the outward bound pilot and take on board the inward bound. Father Point, distant about three miles E. by N., is the rendezvous of the pilots, many of whom reside there; on its extremity there is a light-tower, octagonal in shape, painted white, which exhibits a fixed red light.

From Rimouski the Intercolonial Railway skirts the shore of the river as far as Little Metis, which may be called a Scotch settlement, where the Gaelic language is more generally spoken than the "Canadian French." Here the line turns in a southerly direction to cross the highlands, dividing the waters flowing into the St. Lawrence from those flowing into the Bay of Chaleur by the Metapedia, a tributary of the Restigouche. There are many steep grades and sharp curves between Little Metis and the summit at Lake Malfait, which is 743 feet above the sea-level actual measurement. The distance is about 20 miles through an intricate hilly country, in some parts wild and rugged; an impracticable primeval country, with very few traces of civilization but the railway itself. From this, the highest summit of the line, there is a slight descent to the Metapedia Lake, which is about sixteen miles long and three miles wide, and would probably be frequented by tourists if it had the advantages of a good hotel and small steamboats and sailing craft like Lake Memphremagog, which in some respects it rivals in beauty. Now, none but the keenest sportsman and most enthusiastic fisherman would think of encamping on its shores, which are haunts of the bear, the wild cat, and the fox. As there is a considerable area of good farming land—some say a belt ten miles broad, containing 130,000 acres—near Lake Metapedia, it is to be hoped that at no very distant day this comparative wilderness will "rejoice, and blossom as the rose," and become, like the neighbourhood of Memphremagog, full of cultivated fields and wide-spread pastures; its valleys and plains adorned

with farm-houses, and sheep and cattle grazing on its hills. From the lake the railway descends through the Metapedia valley, which is generally contracted, with steep hills and rocky sides rising to the height of 600 and 800 feet, for many miles barely affording space for the river, the railway, and the ordinary road. Nearly the whole of this beautiful valley naturally suggests the idea of retirement,—the habitation of cheerful solitude. I remember the remark that rivers often present us with very moral analogies; their characters greatly resembling those of men. The conceit is a pleasant one, and from my experience of the Metapedia the epithets violent, restless, fretful, active, sluggish, gentle, and bounteous may be applied to it. In some places the river rushes like a torrent between the hills in notes of various cadence; at others, to borrow an image from Shakspeare, "it with gentle murmur glides, making sweet music with the enamel'd stones"; at others it roars over rocks and shelves dashed into foam and vapours; at others forming shallow pools with scarcely a ripple on the surface,—the whole forming a kind of translation of that portion of the Psalms in which one deep is represented "calling unto another because of the noise of the water-pipes."

At the junction of the rivers Metapedia and Restigouche comes the end of the valley, and a hostelry which, for rural comfort, quietude and hospitality, is unsurpassable. The proprietor is familiarly known as "DAN FRASER, of the Metapedia Hotel," one which is frequented by a tribe of anglers from England, America, and every part of the Dominion between Lake Erie and Bedford Basin, N.S.

The variety of scenes which nature exhibits between Rivière du Loup and Campbellton, and their infinite combinations and peculiarities, neither language nor colours can in any degree do justice unless aided by the imagination of genius. The ground must be travelled over and the stoppage must be made at the Metapedia Hotel, where canoes can be had with trusty and stalwart Indians to paddle the tourist up the Restigouche and to the Metapedia to spots otherwise inaccessible, or a wagonette with a pair of good horses may be hired to go along the ordinary post road over hill and dale, thus disclosing scenery which cannot be seen from the railway carriage.

Thos D. King.

UN SOUND TRADING.

The examination of Mr. James Morton in the Sheriffs' Court at Glasgow last week affords some useful illustrations of the kind of trading which had become common before the recent commercial depression. When we read Mr. Morton's answers we no longer feel tempted to complain of the length of time for which that depression lasted. Remedies have to be proportioned to diseases, and the disease of which Mr. Morton was an example had grown to proportions that defied any mild form of cure. We shall take nothing of course as proved against the bankrupt except what is established by his own admissions. Mr. Morton's connection with the City of Glasgow Bank began in 1854, but it was not till 1861 that any very large advances were made to him. In that year he owed the bank £4,978, and by the 1st of June in the following year his debt had jumped to £288,050. From that time the debit balance against Mr. Morton varied considerably; but the general tendency was always upwards, and in June, 1876, it amounted to £468,987. The reductions which this debit balance underwent from time to time seem never to have been genuine. As the balancing period of the City of Glasgow Bank came round it was thought desirable to put a different face on the transactions between him and the bank. Accordingly other accounts were drawn on, and for the moment Mr. Morton appeared as a large depositor. As soon as the important day was past, the other accounts were put right, and the account with the bank resumed its customary aspect. There were other transactions with the bank which never found their way into the books. Mr. Morton was in the habit of obtaining from £20,000 to £50,000 in a day from the bank in return for I O U's, which were redeemed two or three days after. In this way more than £8,000,000 passed through Mr. Morton's hands between March, 1869, and October, 1878, no trace of which appears in the bank books. The reason why we quote these figures is to show the immense scale upon which the business between Mr. Morton and the bank was carried on. Whether Mr. Morton ever had any capital of his own does not appear. When the curtain rises in 1861 he is in debt to the bank; and, except for a day or two before the time when the accounts of the bank were made up, in its debt he seems to have remained. During all those seventeen years he was constantly dealing with enormous sums of money which were lent to him to speculate with. This is the special characteristic of recent as compared with older trading. It is, indeed, the feature to which those who represent recent trading as an advance upon the older system are accustomed to point in support of their contention. Where, they ask, would this country have been if her merchants had been content to do business with only their own capital? Men of large inherited or acquired wealth are necessarily few, and they want the stimulus which urges forward men who have to make their wealth as well as employ it. England would have been jostled out of the markets of the world if she had been represented in them by none but large capitalists. Under the modern system two new agents have been brought into contact, and the result has been an extraordinary growth in the

trade of the nation. The energy given by poverty and ambition is mated with the wealth supplied by the accumulations of the whole community. Formerly a young merchant might possess all the qualifications necessary for success, and find them useless for want of money with which to make the first start. Since the formation of joint-stock banks this melancholy state of things is scarcely ever met with. Advances have taken the place of capital. In presence of the almost limitless resources of a great bank the capitalist and the man of straw are equal.

We shall not contest the positive advantages of this kind of trading; we shall only point out some of the drawbacks with which experience has shown it to be attended. The first and most obvious of them is the diminished sense of responsibility in the trader. The man who risked his own capital was under the strongest possible inducements to keep what he had as well as to make more. The man who risks the capital of others is influenced by only one of these motives. He has everything to gain and, comparatively speaking, nothing to lose. If he fails he will be no worse off than when he began. His creditors cannot do other than forgive him the debt, because they will have no means of recovering it. The arguments which are never wanting to justify reckless trading to the trader's self will be unbalanced by any others. He cannot afford to do nothing with his capital in bad times, because he must pay interest on it or else bring to an end his connection with those who lend it to him. The want of any check in the trader's own mind is not compensated by any power of supervision on the part of those who supply him with money. They can only judge by results, and the results they have to judge by are unavoidably deceptive. They see the successes, but they cannot see the risks by which those successes have been won. The trader who in fact is least deserving of confidence may easily be the one who enjoys it unreservedly. His transactions grow larger and larger. Each new loan paves the way for a fresh one, because each loan which brings in the expected profit is regarded as additional evidence of the borrower's capacity for business. Yet all this time the inevitable catastrophe may simply be drawing nearer, and impunity in one dangerous enterprise may be leading the trader on to embark in another. As if he were not already sufficiently likely to increase unduly the magnitude of his undertakings, the fact that size is the only test of success is of itself a most seducing temptation. If one man draws back, others will go on; and if they succeed, the former will have the annoyance of seeing his caution confounded with inaptitude for business, while his rival's indifference to danger is set down as readiness to leave no opportunity unimproved. The consequence is that there is a race to determine who shall borrow most largely and most often; and in order to employ the borrowed money profitably the business in which it is invested is enlarged beyond the possibility of that supervision which might at all events diminish risks and make the most of every favourable chance. There results from this a curious contradiction. The theory of joint-stock banking implies that by its means shareholders and depositors are enabled to lend their money with all the caution and business knowledge which can only be possessed by experts. The practice of joint-stock banking too often is that the money of shareholders and depositors is lent to borrowers whom if they had been left to themselves they would never have thought of trusting, and for purposes which if they had been left to themselves they would never have thought of promoting. A position of affairs less calculated to realize the benefits which joint-stock banking was expected to confer on the community can hardly be imagined.

The extraordinary prolongation of the present commercial depression must do more than anything else to put an end to this kind of enterprise. Traders like Mr. Morton are creatures who only live in the sunshine; and every hour that the sunshine is withheld the probability of their reviving when it returns becomes less. This is a reflection which more than anything else may reconcile us to the bad times we are now enduring, and which to all appearance we may have to endure some while longer.—*Pall Mall Budget.*

THE CONQUESTS OF LOVE.

A Sermon preached in Zion Church by Rev. Alfred J. Bray.

Romans viii., 35-39.

This is the climax of a most noble chapter, in which the Apostle has put forward with passionate eloquence the great doctrine of Christ's all-conquering love. He has shown that love working down at the very roots of humanity, and to the uttermost bounds of creation. It has transformed the law from a curse into a blessing; it has given man power to conquer his sin and cast off the body of death; it has spiritualised all the being, and made each man a son of God and heir of heaven. It has united man to the all of life; on the one side to the creature, giving him kinship to all being that is under him; on the other to all that is above him, good men, angels—aye, God himself. Christ's love, he declares, has done what nothing else could ever do—it has united in vital sympathy the creature and the Creator. It has taught man to climb from the animal to the spiritual sphere—from the lower and the ignoble position to the higher and the better. How to do that had been the problem of all history. The sage said reason was the connecting link between God and man. But reason, even when dominant, when powerful, in its most daring flights had even

to find God. The men of religious turn said, pondering over the words of Moses and the prophets, The law is the power which can bring man into sympathy with God—keep the law, honour the commandments by doing them, and you will find union with God. But when they came to put it into actual practice, they found that there were two opposing forces at work—the one lifting up, the other dragging down; so that life was made up of alternate conquest and defeat, joy and despair. But now the problem is solved. It is not reason, it is not conscience, it is not law, but *love* which consummates the union of God and man. Love—as a disposition, as a constant mood—has a welding power which can bring the soul to God and fix it there. By love a personal connection between the Divine nature and human nature becomes not only a possibility but a great and glorious reality. That love once shed abroad in the heart gives strength to conquer all things. The subject fires the heart of the Apostle. The great theme takes hold of him, and, mighty in the possession of that love which had accomplished so much and was prophetic of so much more, he breaks out into the cry, “What shall separate us from the love of Christ?” And then he proceeds to give a two-fold catalogue of the powers which try to conquer love, but are conquered by it.

Now it is plain enough that by the love of Christ here the apostle means the whole of religion in every phase of it. In the last verse he calls it “the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord”; and in that magnificent psalm of his, the 13th chapter of Corinthians, he speaks of love as the root and the flower of a christian character—the one principle which gives vitality and strength and beauty to all others. Besides that, the words that follow show that he means not simply thoughts, or sentiments of affection, but deeds of actual love—conduct springing from the love. For if love to God be but a sentiment, never taking shape in action, there is not much danger of its having to face tribulation, or famine, or sword. No man was ever yet persecuted for his thoughts and his feelings. If Galileo felt sure that the sun didn't revolve round the earth, but had kept his mouth shut about it, he would never have suffered on the rack. When his thought became speech, he was dangerous to the Church. And so, for men to hold the doctrine of God's love as a mere doctrine would never call down the anger of priests, or kings, or mobs. It was when that sentiment took shape—broke out in cries and songs and prayer—broke out in great and generous deeds—it was then that it was driven off into the wilderness to starve, or flung into the dungeon to rot. Yes, he means that religion conquers all things. Religion is love, and love is the mightiest power in the universe. It comprehends, first of all, God's love for us. That must always come first. There is nothing to precede it. Not our holiness, not our penitence, and not our prayers; there is nothing to precede it. God's love for us comes first. It is not given on certain conditions to be fulfilled on our part—an amount of knowledge to be attained, or a standard of belief to be reached. Freely, fully and unconditionally it is given to each and to all, to great and to small, to saint and to sinner. That sun never goes down; *it* knows nothing of morning and evening, and night and day; it shines always upon the evil and upon the good. And from that love “what can separate us?” Nothing. His love is higher than all things, and deeper than all things; it begins at the beginning and goes on to the end. Tribulation, persecution, famine and sword cannot prevail against it; death and life have no power over it; not even sin can bring about a separation, or cause the infinite ardour to cease. The soul in its most rebellious moments cannot shake off the guidance of that everlasting love. It may take the wings of the morning and seek a dwelling place in the uttermost parts of the universe, and it will not leave love behind. It may make its bed in the grave, and find that God's supporting love is there. There is one master argument for that, before which all questioning must be silent, and doubt dispelled. It is the cross of Jesus Christ. The love of God was so great that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us. From that love what power can separate us? Nothing in heaven, or earth, or hell.

But it means mainly our love to Him, the love which has been begotten by His love for us. He, by the grace manifested in Jesus Christ, has kindled a fire in us; what floods can quench it? He has shined into the cold, unsympathetic mass of our being, and warmed it into life; what power can destroy that life again? In grand exultance he has furnished a reply to his own question, enumerating the great antagonists of love, and says none of them can quench the fire; none of them can destroy the heaven born life.

On the first catalogue we need not dwell. Tribulation, distress, famine, nakedness, peril and sword; these, we know, have ever been the enemies of Religion; but they have been clumsy devices, and though they have fought fiercely, the battle went against them; persecution has failed to kill love, because it could never touch it. It could destroy houses and goods; it could starve the body or burn it; but then its fiery waves were stayed. The very threat of persecution fires the threatened with a lofty courage; it calls up, or perhaps creates a holy obstinacy that will not yield. And I am confident that thousands upon thousands of Christians could now defy all the enemies of love set down in this first list. The age of true heroism is not past; kindle the fires; draw the sword; rear the gibbet, and martyrs will not be wanting. Hosts of men, and women too, would face death in any form; or suffering, however long and grim, for the love they bear the Saviour.

But this second catalogue presents some difficulty. There are some expressions hard to understand. How can height, or depth, terms denoting space—or “angels,” who are helpers of the good and the faithful—be challenged as the enemies of love? The only solution is, that the Apostle is indulging in an outburst that is both passionate and rhetorical. So convinced is he of the power of his love to withstand all and every attack—so sure that it will triumph over all obstacles and outlast all tests, that he challenges heaven and earth, and all powers short of good, to destroy the passion. Not all of them, however, are due to rhetoric and rapture. The two that stand at the head of the list are very real and very powerful adversaries of love. At first sight it seems as if the right order has been inverted. We should put life before death as the enemy of love; for death seems to us the most formidable opponent our faith has to meet. It is a great enemy, one before which the bravest and best of men tremble. Death has been rightly called “the king of terrors.” There is no terror half so great. The strongest faith shivers at the thought of dying. We regard it as the one great testing time, and gather eagerly round the bed of our dying friends to know if they still retain their hold on God. If their last word was one of trust and confidence, we recall it with a melancholy pleasure as an indication that they were not alone in the valley. If, on the contrary, no such word fell from their quivering lips—if they died battling to the last moment for the breath of life, we are half afraid that their faith had lost its hold, and that without a guiding hand they were left to find their way through the valley. And we fear it for ourselves. The one question is, Will our faith be firm? Will it have a clear vision of God and a strong clasp on His loving power when the pain and the darkness of death have come? Will His hold on us be relaxed at that dread moment? When earth is going, shall we find ourselves alone in nowhere and night? These are questions we put, but they are prompted by fear and unbelief, and not by faith and love. On the one hand, will God desert His child just when that child needs His help most? If He bore him company when daylight was on the way, will He leave him now when the night has come? A guide to him in health and strength, will He leave him in pain and sickness? Oh, no; death cannot turn back the tide of His love—it were easier for it to dry up the Pacific Ocean, or pluck the morning star from its orbit.

But does death—*can* it separate *our* love from Him? Can it disturb or destroy that vital sympathy and living relation between the soul and God? I have sometimes said here, when speaking on other subjects, that death does not and *cannot* destroy any spiritual relationship. The *objects* of love it severs—husband and wife, parents and children, friend and friend, are wrenched asunder by it—taken from the eyes and the hand. But the principle of love which united husband and wife, parent and child, friend and friend, is untouched. They are gone from the eyes, but not from the heart. The bond is strengthened, the spirits are nearer, and the great communion of souls goes on undisturbed. The frailties of the dead are dropped from the memory, and only the good that was in them remembered. Death divides the objects, but it cannot break the sacred bond that bound their hearts together.

Even so—death cannot destroy our union with God. It is spiritual, it is not conditioned on anything of earth or time, and death is a thing of earth and a servant of time. It will but make our union closer—it will destroy nothing but the drags and weights—it will introduce us to a braver and better world, where love will be strengthened by a more perfect vision of the Great “King in His beauty.”

But in life, I take it, we have a far more powerful adversary to love, and you and I have need to be persuaded on sufficient grounds before we utter this bold defiance: “Not even life shall separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.” I am not afraid of angels, or principalities, or height or depth, or death; but of this one thing I am afraid—*life*. Love has no such enemy as that. You often find two souls pledging in mutual affection. They love each other with all the ardour of young hearts and first love. It is an enthusiasm—it is a passion. Life at that hour is all summer and sweetness to them. They know not the measure of their joy. They fondly hope and promise that each day as it comes will add some drops to the cup of their happiness. Now, what would you say is most likely of all the things that enter into the human lot to chill the ardour of that affection? Persecution? No; it will drive them into closer sympathy. Reverse of fortune and loss of goods? No; each will strive to share the greater part of the burden, and in such holy strife love increases itself. Death that comes to the first-born? No; their tears will mingle as the light of their smiles has done before, and the dead child will be a fresh bond of union. What, then? Why, life; that is the greatest enemy. The dull monotony of going out to the work, and returning to eat and to sleep—the regular performance of ordinary duties—that brings no events, no catastrophes, no storms, no thunder and lightning, but the beat, beat of dulness, like the beat of a clock at night, or a drop of water in a can. Ordinary life—that is to say, life that is on a dead level—makes no material for love to feed upon. Love likes surprises, catastrophes, wild and sudden in-rushes of feeling; it likes great trials to leap upon it; it likes to have impossible demands made upon it. Dulness is its great and mortal foe.

As with the human love, so with the Divine. I apprehend the Apostle to

mean here the kind of life I have been describing. No tribulation, or famine, or sword, but an ordinary life. No call to go through fire or flood for Christ's sake, but only a call to do the level and common-place work of Christian life. The young convert, whose heart is all on fire, whose religion is an enthusiasm, wants to do some great things. He wants to bridge chasms, or breast the roaring torrent, or defy the avalanche; and if he could do that, he would keep his ardour up. But he has to go and live an ordinary Christian life: he must use his brain or his hands in just the same way; he has to plod along through the dust in summer and the snow in winter, and there's the rub. He is not scoffed at by his companions for his religion; he is not specially set upon by the sirens of the world; the devil seems to take no particular pains about him; there is no loss of goods involved, and the whole of outward life is ordinary. And in that lies his one great danger. Isn't that just how you have found it? You have had to live, as Christian men and women, common-place lives for the most part. There was a constant friction with the world; family life went quietly on; social life went quietly on; church life went quietly on: no outward disaster, no storm and wild thunderings in the air, no catastrophes to rouse the soul and call to lofty and heroic effort, and in that dulness it was hard to keep up the burning fervour of your first love. Men and churches have nothing more to dread than the ordinary. The Church was never stronger in faith and more blessed in works than when she bared her young neck to the sword of heathendom, and her garden flamed red with passion flowers. Not in tribulation nor in death, but in tranquillity, lay her danger; and there lies our danger. This sober life we are living, this regular coming of the days of work and of rest, as if life had been set to machinery, a notch to mark the Sabbath—no great doubts storming in upon the soul; no floods of trial to be met; no stern demands for self-denial; scarcely the shadow of a cross on the way—there lies the danger—that tranquillity is the great antagonist of love. Settled beliefs, fixed and prescribed ways of work and workshop, the hearing of the same well known truths, have a peril in them, for the very reason that they are routine, and that is the enemy of love. Waters must run as the river, or heave and ebb and flow as the ocean, or they are in danger of becoming stagnant. And a calm, uneventful religious life is liable to cool or destroy the love of the soul, and separate the man from his God.

But, thank God, it need not. His love for us surmounts that, and so may our love for Him. The first condition is that His love be fully shed abroad in the soul; let it be light in the mind, and passion in the heart, and let your own love be free to shine and do, and you will conquer all things—you will bring a great soul to the discharge of small duties; you will lift the ordinary to higher levels, and find that nothing can separate you from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

MIRANION.

In an edition of poems by Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn-Law Rhymer, published in 1840, is to be found the following vigorous word-painting descriptive of the capture of Quebec:—

Why shouts Quebec? Why rolls from all her towers
The peal of gladness, through the midnight air
O'er moving crowds? Why do her casements blaze,
Her torches flash, in lines of restless light?
Great Montcalm is returned with victory,
And moves in triumph through her blazing streets.
Before him glide Canadian maids, white-robed—
War-widow'd virgins, on whose pensive cheeks
The blush of health had faded into snow.
Life, life, how heav'nly graceful are thy forms
In joy or sorrow! Soft as sleep they move,
High-waving o'er their heads the spotless lawn
And scattering roses at his proud steed's feet.
Quebec pours forth her people, young and old,
To see again her great deliverer.
The war-unchilded mother, and the boy
Whose sire had fall'n in battle, came abroad;
Even, the friendless, aged, houseless man
Cast on his ruin'd dwelling, as he pass'd,
But one brief glance, then, dancing with the young,
Followed the glad procession and rejoiced.
The soldier's widow sought the crowded streets;
Oh, deem not that her true heart could forget
Her low-laid husband! No! with mournful smiles,
She thought of him and wept; but while she view'd
The glittering scene, those sad smiles seem'd to say,
"And he, too, was a soldier." Did not, then,
Love-lorn Miranion of the down-cast eye
Steal to the lattice of her tower to gaze?
She (stately nun! angelic exile! torn
From Nature's bosom!) on the various throng
Look'd pale and anxious. Soon again she saw,
Herself unseen, yet mute and timidly,
Though with energetic pensiveness, the lord
Of her affections, Montcalm. Loftier seem'd
His martial beauty, darker his large eye,
With triumph fired; and god-like he advanced,
To redi-vorce her vows. Unhappy maid!
Why was she born? All-ignorant is he
What cause he hath to feel ennobling pride—
Miranion loves him! but he knows it not.
He reins his foamy steed; the mighty crowd
Halts, and is hushed, and living statues hold
Unnumbered torches still! She sees no torch,
She sees no crowd, her eyes are fixed on him,
He waves his hand, he bows in act to speak;
Forward she bends; she listens motionless;
Hangs on his lips, and breathless drinks his speech,
As if the words that should pronounce her death,
Quiver'd for awful utterance on his tongue.

"France is victorious! Ever fortunate!
She, mistress of the nations, shall extend
The limits of her sway. Columbia spreads

The verdure of unbounded wilds, and rolls
Her rivers rivalless, to load with wealth
Our noble country; and the vanquish'd seas
Shall bound her greatness with their amplitude;
For England, like a wintry sun, descends,
Nor shall the sloping orb, returned, arise
Again to glory. Laud the Lord of Hosts!
The maple, and the monarch of the woods,
Magnolia, now in praise lift up their hands,
To measureless Missouri's serpent folds.
I see the unborn glory of this land—
Her sons, high-destin'd, her immortal men,
The stately children of futurity.
Laud, then, the God of Battles, my loved friends!
Calamity hath worn you, war hath sown
Your streets with wo; but better days approach.
Go to your homes, and to your little ones
Say—Ruin hath stalked near us, with a frown
That awed, but blasted not—the storm is past."

So said he, hapless in his prophecy,
And, from the throng retiring, sought repose.
Then, as a catacomb's vast silence, soon
The living scene was hush'd; a silent crowd,
A peopled solitude—the city slept.
Time ever moves, the only traveller
That tires not, rests not; dilatory man
May loiter and may pause; Time pauses not.
How fast his wings have swept away the hours!
And lo! 'tis come! The important hour is come
That shall make children fatherless, and dash
Into despair the confident hope of pride!
Thou, Quebec, sleepest! and thy warrior sons,
In visions, see the host of England worn
With famine, and subdued without a blow.
But that unconquered host abjures repose,
Crowds every boat, and glides, inaudibly,
Down the dark river. Wake, proud city, crest
Thy rocks with thunder, while they yet are thine!

Night hears the bat and owlet flit and swim
Over funereal forests, all asleep;
And mighty rivers, and lakes ocean-like—
That gaudily deck th' eternal wilderness,
And round the virgin waist of solitude,
Enamour'd, twine their long and beauteous arms—
Slumber beneath innumerable stars.
The snow-white porpoise, rising, starts to hear
The prow-divided wave. How sweet, O night,
Thy chaste and unperturb'd sublimity!
Yet, on the shaded river, many a heart
Aches, as the British boats, with muffled oars,
Glide with the stream. Of England's happy fields
Thinks the doom'd soldier, mute—of friends and home—
Of love and quiet—and the parting look,
Engraven on his heart—of weeping wife—
Oh! never more around his neck to clasp
Her arms, or lift his babes to kiss their sire.
Amid the silent faces, there is one
Most thoughtful. O'er the stern he leans in thought,
Where, thro' the glimmering waves, gleams many a face
Of slaughtered warrior, peaceful in his tomb
Of waters; for, tho' heaven's bright queen towers not
Above the mountains; yet, the clouds which wreath
Their highest cliffs, tinged with her mildest beams,
Are visible in magic forms of shade
And brightness; and their edges, silver-fringed,
Tremble, reflected on the glassy stream.
The shrouded heavens, the solemn hour, the vast
River, the rocks enormous, plumed with pines,
That cast their calm shades o'er the gliding wave,
Bend to stern sadness Wolfe's o'er-wearied mind.
Ah! soon the battle-crash shall wake their shades
And bid their echoes howl; hurl o'er their rocks
The slayer and the slain, and dye with gore
This silent, solemn, loneliest, loveliest scene!

The rocks frowned darker o'er the shoreward fleet.
First on the strand stood Wolfe. Boat followed boat,
And warrior warrior. With uplifted sword
He pointed to the rocks; and swift, and strong,
And resolute, they scaled the steepness there.
Silent, and each assisting each, they rose.
From tree to tree, from cliff to cliff; and soon,
High on the summit, twenty veterans waved
Their Highland blades. Mute thousands followed them,
With labour infinite, and cautious tread,
And breathing, half-suppress'd; and painfully
Their slaught'ring cannon weigh'd from pine to pine.

Still dost thou sleep, proud city, unalarm'd!
Hush'd are thy streets; and by the warrior's bed
The sword is idle; and of peace restored
The matron dreaming, sees her sons unscrew
The rifle, and release the useless helm.
But pale Miranion wakes. She, love-lorn maid,
Hath stolen to the heights, unseen, unheard,
Alone, to hear the river, far below,
Murmur unseen; and to indulge fond thought,
Sweet wishes, fond and vain. O'er the grey rock
She bends her drooping beauty, and she thinks
How sweetly, pillowed on his bronzed breast,
The peasant's wife is sleeping from her toils;
How well it were to be a soldier's bride,
And couch with love and danger! Holy maid!
What if thou doff thy veil, in man's attire,
To stand by Montcalm's side, a seemingly page?
But virgin fear, and virgin modesty,
Chas'd that wild thought at once; a painful heat
Rush'd to the cheek, which never erst the blush
Of guilty shame suffused; and "Oh!" she said,
"My God, forgive me! O forgive thy child!"

Support me! strengthen me! or let cold earth
Wrap poor Miranion's bosom, and the tears
Of pious sisters mourn a sinless maid!"

Her eyes are red with weeping; on her hand
Her moistened cheek reclines; silent she looks
On the dark river. "Do those shadows move?"
She rises, listens. "What strange sounds are these?"
The hum continues, deepens—hark, a step!
Men—soldiers—what are they? The foe! the foe!

The gloom
Deepened, the silence deepened.
She trembles, and her eyes are closed with fear.
What shall she do? Obey affection's voice,
And duty's mandate? And with terror's haste,
She hurried to the camp of sleeping France.

Meantime, o'erwearied Montcalm, on his couch
Extended, sought not sleep, nor had he doff'd
His garments. But the toil of thought intense,
At length o'erpower'd, confused him. Slumbering,
He toss'd from side to side, and sent abroad
The wildly-wandering soul—a reinless steed;
Nor slept, nor waked! Upstart stiff his locks,
By terror smitten; his bones shook. Motionless,
In gloom and might, before his troubled soul,
A power embodied stood, unspeakable
And hueless. "Sleep'st thou, Montcalm?" said a voice,
"Still, vanquish'd victor, sleep! Why wake to shame?
Sleep! Wolfe hath torn the laurel from thy brow."

Thus spake the evil dream. Still slumbered he,
Unhappy; and a mute, expressive tear
Stole from his eyelids o'er his swarthy cheek,
When, pale, approach'd unseen, with noiseless step,
Miranion. Fear and love had bleached her cheek;
And with mute, trembling, inexpressible
Emotion she beheld the man beloved!
She heard him sigh—nearer she drew—she stoop'd,
"He weeps," she cried; "Ah, wherefore in his sleep?"
She looked—she paused; at length, with timid hand,
She touched the hero's forehead, and she said,
"Rise Montcalm!" Up, at once, the warrior sprang,
Confus'd, astonished, and, ere well awake,
His hand had half-undrawn the ready sword;
Then on the maid he gazed, with such a look
Of doubt and fierce surprise, as drove the blood
Back from her fading lip oppressively.
"Who—whence?" he cried, retiring; and he rais'd,
With outstretched arm, the falchion now unsheath'd.
His voice so stern (love was not in the tone)
Came on her heart like death; and, faltering,
At length she cried, "A friend to France I come!
Wolfe climbs the heights of Abraham, and seeks
The city." Fix'd in awe, she stood unmov'd;
The growing light is fearful in her eye:
He gaz'd upon her, never had he seen
Her face before, never a face so fair—
So mild, so sad, so innocent! She seem'd
The gentle angel of the dead, ordained
To bear the virgin-spirit to its home
Eternal; and if beauty could have mov'd
His stern, ambitious heart, sure he had lov'd
That heavenly pensiveness. He stood—he look'd—
He answer'd not; he turned in thought away.
Slow grew the light, the darkness dimly waned,
And on the mountains walk'd the dawn thro' flowers,
When Montcalm's eye shrank, dark from what it fear'd—
The banner'd cross, high on the vanquish'd heights,
O'er bright steel waving red, and England's host,
Embattled, like a crimson fortress vast,
Cresting the eminence with hostile arms.

Why bends Miranion o'er a soldier's couch?
To kiss the pillow of her warrior love.
Her heart is filled with joy, which, soon to fade,
Painteth her pale cheek with a cherub's glow;
And for a moment she forgets herself.
Rise, tall Miranion of the pensive smile!
Rise, stately vestal, from thy warrior's couch!
Soon shalt thou tremble o'er thy counted beads,
And, faltering, listen in thine earnest prayer,
Telling to heaven, to heaven alone, thy love;
And vainly calling every saint to save.
He is not fallen yet! But ere that sun
Shall set and rise, one kiss, thy first and last,
On Montcalm's lip thy breaking heart shall print;
Nor shall the unfeeling taunt of prudery
Flush poor Miranion's faded cheek with shame.
"My hero!" shalt thou say, "for ever mine!
My soul in this chill kiss hath wedded thee."
Then shalt thou grasp his hand fast, with a look
That almost might awake the illustrious dead.
But ere grief close thine eyes for ever, one
Proud spectacle, one long procession more,
Shalt thou behold—sad, slow, funereal pomp,
And nations weeping o'er thy Montcalm's bier.
The victor vanquish'd! That competitor
Worthy of Britain's Wolfe—less fortunate,
Not less heroic—doom'd alike to fall.
Immortal both! Equal their love of fame;
Their genius equal, and their scorn of death.
Then, when the mid-day torches shall no more
Cast the dim gloom of mockery on the slain;
Although no marble tells where thou art laid,
Miranion, night shall love the lonely spot,
The stars shall look in silence on its flowers,
The moon-beams there shall slumber, and the dews
Weep o'er a hapless virgin's modest grave.

NOTE.—Who was Miranion? Is there any legend connecting her love with Montcalm?—perhaps some of our Quebec historians may help to an unravelment.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

The *Odessa Messenger* states that never before has there been so much wheat stored at Odessa as at the present time, as no orders arrive from abroad. The corn in store already amounts to 2,000,000 tchetverts, and every day there arrives from 100 to 150 cartloads.

Colonel Stanley, speaking in the "army flogging" debate, with a charming *naiveté* declined to go into the sentimental question, "because, although it had been said that the punishment was barbarous, still he believed it would be generally accepted that war itself was also barbarous." Supposing, however, it were to be argued that war was an eminently gentlemanly profession—how then?

Westminster Abbey has been kept hitherto for English statesmen and soldiers, and men of letters who have done good service to the State. Is it now to be turned into a menagerie of exiled pretenders whose ill fate and whose foolish ambition have induced them to embark their precarious fortunes in an adventure conducted by Lord Chelmsford? The Abbey was not made for such as these, and the erection of a bust of Prince Napoleon in that sanctuary should be strongly protested against.—*London Weekly Dispatch*.

The July *Fortnightly* contains a warm and eloquent eulogy of Cardinal Newman, by W. S. Silly. It is a striking instance of the fairness and impartiality of the journalism of the present day that such an article should find a place in such a magazine. At the same time we cannot help feeling that the sudden outburst of praise which has been poured upon Cardinal Newman has reached its limit. More than has been said would become fulsome adulation, and might be interpreted as due to his opinions as well as to his character. We yield to none in our high appreciation of the latter, while we regard the former as destructive of individual liberty and of social progress.

Says the *Indian Mirror*:—"The Hindu idea of hell is interesting, and we think it is perfectly harmless when compared with the terrible hell-fire of the Christians. One writer has taken the trouble to ransack the national literature on the subject, and found out in the penal code of heaven the different punishments adjudged against offenders of all classes. The following table enumerates the offences and their punishments:—

Drunkards.....	To be Frogs.
Dissenters.....	" Snakes.
Backbiters.....	" Tortoises.
Misers.....	" Cranes.
Debtors.....	" Bullocks.
Thieves.....	" Deaf people.
Flesh-eaters.....	" Eagles, &c.

"There is no offence," the *Mirror* adds, "in being candid. We are dissenters, and we are not vegetarians. Ergo, according to the table given above, we shall be both snakes and eagles. A terrible lot!"

"Praying for fine weather" was the subject of a discourse by the Rev. Charles Williams, at Cannon street Baptist Chapel, Accrington. Mr. Williams said there were only two assumptions on which by any possibility they could practice praying for weather. The first of those assumptions was that the weather was penal in its character, a punishment for our sins as a nation; and the other was that the weather, not being penal, might be better than it was, and so they went to God to ask Him to mend his own work, and to give to them that which would be more suitable for their need and for the protection of the prosperity they desired. Could they accept either assumption? Was the long-continued rain they had had, penal in its character? Was God thereby punishing the English people for their sins? If so, it was time they all began to inquire what sin it was for which God was punishing them. He did not, however, believe for a moment that the long-continued rains were punishment for our sins either as individuals or a nation. With reference to the second assumption, the preacher pointed out the absurdity of man making himself wiser than God, and quoted from the *Lancet* to show that the great moisture of the atmosphere in England and Europe had stopped the progress of the black plague. Only in May there were people predicting there would be no water for carrying on manufacturing purposes, and scarcely sufficient for domestic purposes, and now, when God had sent rain in abundance, they were complaining.

A PEN WORTH RECOMMENDING.

We have received samples of the Spencerian Double Elastic Steel Pens, and after trying them feel justified in commending them to our readers. They are made of the best steel, and by the most expert workmen in England, and have a national reputation for certain desirable qualities which no other pens seem to have attained in so great perfection, among which are uniform evenness of point, durability, flexibility and quill action. It is thus quite natural that the Spencerian should be preferred and used by professional penmen, in business colleges, counting-rooms, government offices, public schools, and largely throughout the country. Indeed, so popular have they become, that of the "Number One" alone, as many as eight millions are sold annually in the United States.

The Spencerian Pens may be had, as a rule, from any dealer; but, when not thus obtainable, the agents, Messrs. Alexander Buntin & Co., 345 St. Paul Street, Montreal, will send for trial, samples of each of the twenty numbers on receipt of twenty cents.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

"THE RELIGION OF FREE TRADE."

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—Your correspondent "W. R. L." has caught the fundamental idea rightly; but like the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and "Argus" he argues wrongly from it.

"God is love." Therefore God is life; for love is life. But who is, in his primary, love, will, or life, is not a puppet. He is free will, free life—and this is his, is *him* in fact. He can limit will or life within the boundaries of self, or he can let it find fuller expanse towards his neighbour, and still further extension toward God. So this love, which is life, becomes distinguishable by its state or condition into love of self, love of the neighbour, or love of God. Yet still it is love, will, life. Is this logical or is it not?

It should hardly be needful to combat "W. R. L.'s" corollary that because we are to love our neighbour as ourselves *therefore* (the italics are mine) the more we love ourselves the more we shall love our neighbour. It does not follow, except in so far as we carry out the principle involved of love to the neighbour *exactly equal* to love of self. The will to benefit self is directly contrary to the will to benefit our neighbour. The more we love self, the less we shall love our neighbour. If we do love self in any degree (and who, as yet, does not?) and strive to love our neighbour as much, we shall soon find that we are quite unable to draw any distinction between self and the neighbour; and the more we love self and still continue to keep pace with *that* love in love to the neighbour, the more we must lose all identity—lose self utterly—in love of others; till we reach the height of that other commandment, which explains this one, "as ye *would* that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." The meaning of that commandment is plain on the surface—that the highest and best we could wish man to do to or for us, *that* we ought to do to and for them. We are not told to do to them *as they do to us*, but as we *would* that they should do to us. So we become God-like. So we grow in likeness to the divine humanity, till we can truly love and know Him who *is* God.

For such love—for such life—every faculty of man's being is especially and *only* fitted. It is the end or aim of our creation. But we *can* do otherwise if we *will*, and so dwarf and torture every power within and around us—yet still live a self-centred life. This is "eternal punishment"—eternal loss. The other is everlasting life—everlasting gain in others' good. Remember, we *can* if we *will*, God helping us. *We can't* if we *won't*. Eusebius.

In re LETELLIER—RETROSPECTIVE.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—Viewed from the standpoint of Constitutionalism, however satisfactory it may be to political parties to have an ultimatum in the matter, the settlement reached in the Letellier question is decidedly unsatisfactory. It was to have been expected that by the result to be attained fresh light would have been shed upon the meaning of the charter of our Constitution, as set out in the British North America Act, and some advance made towards certainty in the application of its terms in the future. The parade of counsellors on both sides of the question that came off in Downing Street would naturally confirm expectation in this respect. However gratifying it may be to Sir John's mission that its view was sustained, a more barren result as adding to the growth of knowledge of our Constitution cannot be conceived. That the Colonial Secretary should have again conceded the principle, that Imperial interference in matters coming solely within the purview of the internal administration of the Dominion was not admissible, cannot be claimed as any addition to our knowledge of the Constitution under which we live, or an adequate issue to the efforts put forth by our political parties in the Letellier affair. And yet, apart from the political triumph of one party over another, the confirmation of the principle mentioned on the part of the Imperial authorities is all that the country has gained by the turmoil and expenditure of time and money into which it has been dropped. It does not take more than a cursory consideration of our Constitution and position as regards government relative to the Imperial authorities, to convince us that Imperial interference in this affair as a prime move was not for a moment to be anticipated. The Canadian Constitution consists of the supposed certainty of the B. N. A. Act, to which are to be added, in points where this Act is silent, the constitutional precedents and practice of the British Constitution. To the Colonial office we should with propriety turn for the interpretation, by the light of this supplementary portion of our Constitution, of any points which might come up for settlement, and upon which the B. N. A. Act was silent; further than this importunity to that office should not go. The B. N. A. Act, being to all intention, then, specific on the matter of dismissals of Lieutenant-Governors, there was plainly no warrant for the obtrusion of the matter on the Imperial authorities. For the interpretation of every Act of Parliament a proper tribunal must exist, and though the atmosphere in which the conduct of satraps of Provinces is adjudicated upon may

be more rarified than that in which judicial labours are generally engaged, still our Supreme Court is as fully competent and vested with authority to consider matters occurring in such an atmosphere, as it is to pronounce upon the constitutionality of any of the Acts passed by Provincial Legislatures. Whatever objections might be urged to this tribunal from its *personnel* consisting of appointees from the political parties of the country, whose soul may not have become altogether dead to party views of a matter of this kind, they would have no force as against our other Court of final resort,—the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. The B. N. A. Act seems clear enough in providing for the dismissal of Lieut.-Governors by the *Governor-General for cause*, and although the view that thereby was meant the Governor-General in Council, in consequence of the latter being stated to be the appointing body for such officers, and from the fact that the B. N. A. Act provides that *the cause* of removal should be laid before both Houses of Parliament; yet, if it can be assumed that the framers of these provisions were actuated by prescient statesmanship enough to provide checks against the outrageous exercise of them, the literal interpretation of the terms of such provisions seems the most reasonable and most to commend itself to unprejudiced people who wish to see our Constitution a practicable, working reality, and not one subject to the arbitrary caprice of party. That party motives should have the check applied to them of the independent action of the Governor-General, free from the bidding of his Council, in cases relating to the removal of the officers mentioned, is not more reasonable than appears from the wholesome checks put upon any arbitrary action in those cases by the Governor-General from the knowledge that the *cause* or motives of such action must, by the terms of the B. N. A. Act, be presented to the representatives of the people, who would then be placed in a position to properly impugn if necessary the action of their Governor-General and obtain redress by appeal to the Colonial Office. If this view of the competence of the Governor-General, independently of Council, to decide questions of dismissals of Lieutenant-Governors be correct, the only reason in the Government's mission to England was for the purpose of persuading the Colonial Office to influence the Governor-General to yield to the advice of his Ministers and dismiss Letellier, the idea of the Colonial Office being invoked to interpret the B. N. A. Act and decide that *Governor-General* meant *Governor-General in Council* being preposterous and out of the question.

No Lieut.-Governor would be bound by the interpretation put upon the B. N. A. Act from such a quarter, nor is Mr. Letellier bound any more by the manner in which his dismissal was conveyed to him. He is informed that the *Governor-General by an Order in Council* deposes him, whereas the B. N. A. Act states that the *Governor-General*, without the interference of Council, shall only depose Lieutenant-Governors. He has a right to have his *coup de grace* given him by the Governor-General independent, or to resist the dismissal and require, at all events, that a proper and competent tribunal should decide the matter for him. It is idle to argue that the greater includes the less, and that a dismissal by the Governor-General in Council includes the performance of the same act by the same exalted personage without Council. To allow this would be to negative the possession of any opinion or the capability of holding any opinion on the part of the Governor-General, differing from the dictates of his Council!

Furthermore, if Mr. Letellier should be moved by consideration for the Governor-General, and not wish to even run the risk of precipitating a rupture between the Governor-General and his Council on the one hand by his refusing to dismiss, or on the other hand possibly be the means of making him do violence to his convictions from the fear of such a rupture, and dismiss him under his own sign manual, another source of appeal is open to the Lieutenant-Governor should he feel himself sufficiently injured to avail himself of it. It cannot surely be sufficient that any *cause* whatever be assigned for such a proceeding without a sufficient justification be involved in the assignment! The Colonial Office did not undertake to intervene and decide between Sir Francis Hincks and his Chief Justice in Demerara, though no Act of Parliament indicated the method to be adopted; but the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council was invoked for the purpose. From a party point of view it may be pardonable that the mission of the Dominion should consider that their duty in the premises was satisfactorily performed, and their journey justified by the issue of the affair being favourable in every respect to their views, while Mr. Joly may have been misled as to the view the Colonial Office would finally take of the affair, yet it is much to be regretted that the latter had not urged more strongly, if he did so at all, the immediate reference of the whole affair, by a special case stated, to the Judicial Committee. That he did not do so, however, cannot in any way prejudice the rights of Mr. Letellier to dispute, under the B. N. A. Act, both the manner of dismissal and the sufficiency of the cause assigned. The expense of submitting a case of this kind would have been half what political factions have spent of the public money by their missions, without in law or justice accomplishing any good by the expenditure, or contributing one iota to our knowledge of the Constitution under which we live. As Mr. Letellier appears to have meekly accepted the situation and not have stood by the 'order of his going,' the country must possess itself in patience for the advent of some less yielding Lieutenant-Governor to procure for it a conclusive decision as to who can dismiss Lieutenant-Governors, and the quality of the *cause* that must be assigned.—Yours, &c., Patriot.

Just as we go to press we are in receipt of a letter with reference to an item in our last number entitled "Queer things in the newspapers," which we are compelled to hold over until our next issue.

Musical.

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

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

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

EMMA LAJEUNESSE.

That Americans are rapidly taking a front rank both in the mercantile and artistic worlds is a fact which is patent to all. In the latter particularly the success of our cousins is remarkable; instead of importing singers from Europe as in former years, they now not only are able to supply all the demand in their own country but absolutely send coals to Newcastle and invade the strongholds of European art, claiming and receiving the highest positions. Miss Thursby has taken the most prominent engagements both in England and France; Mrs. Osgood has taken the lead in oratorio, and now we hear that Miss Kellogg has had a great success as *Aida* in Verdi's opera of that name. Such being the case we think that Canadians might be allowed the credit of having at least one representative in the world of art of whom they may reasonably be proud.

We hardly reckon boat-racing among the fine arts; still, when a Canadian, having beaten the best oarsman the United States could produce, went to England and won the championship, he is immediately claimed as an American, that is, a citizen of the United States, and Canada is ignored. The following, which appeared in the *New York Music Trade Review*, is even more explicit:—

"We all know here that, but for 'Carmen,' Minnie Hauk would have been a failure on this side. She could not bring herself *en rapport* with her audience, could not warm it up, and, consequently, as a drawing card was of no use to the manager. Nevertheless, the most absurd eulogies are dedicated to her in foreign papers, and the following paragraph from the *Darmstadter Zeitung* is worth translating:

'At the time of the Great Chicago fire, in 1871, Minnie Hauk was a member of the Imperial Opera, in Vienna, and distinguished herself by going round begging money and clothing for her countrymen, till she was able to send to the Chicago Relief Fund the sum of 10,060 florins. When she was recently at Chicago with Her Majesty's Opera, of which she is the prima donna, she became the object of several brilliant ovations, which were dedicated to the benefactress, but more due to the principal representative of American art in foreign lands. During her stay of two weeks in that city, choral societies serenaded her after each performance, and receptions were tendered her by the most prominent citizens. The most important festivity was held by the Calumet Club on January 24th, when more than a thousand guests visited the club building, which was decorated with flowers and electric lights. The splendor of the evening was heightened by the presence of all the officers of the American army, just having returned from the war against the Indians; we mention especially Generals Reno, King and Whipple, and commander-in-chief, General Sheridan."

We think, for a little sheet like the *Darmstadter Zeitung*, this is pretty good. To call Minnie Hauk the principal representative of American art in foreign lands, when Emma Albani was born in Plattsburg, N. Y., is a pill which the people in Darmstadt may swallow, but the news ought never to be carried back to New York, where the swindle would be discovered immediately."

We are told that "Emma Albani" is the principal representative of American art in Europe, and that it is a "swindle" to place "Minnie Hauk" ahead of her; moreover that Madame Albani was born in Plattsburg, New York.

Now we consider it "greatly to her credit" that she was born in Chambly, in the Province of Quebec, her father being a French-Canadian, and her mother a Scotch woman, named McCutcheon. Her family name is Lajeunesse, and many of her relatives are at present residing in and about Montreal. Miss Lajeunesse received her early education at the Convent du Sacré Cœur, in this city, and she afterwards was taken to Albany by her father, it is said to prevent her taking the veil in the Montreal convent. From Albany she went to Paris, and from there to Italy, where she studied under Lamberti, and made her *debut* at Naples, taking her name Albani from the American city where her father resided. Michael Balfe is known in Europe and America as the great *English* musician, and Albani is commonly spoken of by the general term "American," but we think our country sufficiently large to have a name of its own, and if there be any credit to Canadians in the fact, let it be known that though "she might have been a Roossian, or perhaps *A-mer-i-CAN*," Madame Gye *alias* Mademoiselle Albani, *alias* Emma Lajeunesse, is beyond all doubt a Canadian.

Mr. E. Haeusgen is in town on a visit to his friends. He returns to Leipsic in September to prosecute his studies for the lyric stage.

Nordheimer's Hall is fast approaching completion. The stage is large, and there is ample accommodation as regards dressing rooms, &c. The hall will seat 950 persons.

The arrangements for the approaching musical festival at Chester Cathedral involve a return to the much discussed and partially abandoned practice of the Three Choirs' Festivals of selling tickets for special places, and as a justification of the proceeding it is announced that the musical expenses will amount to \$3,250. Among the new works to be produced during the festival will be the setting of "Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis," with orchestral accompaniment, by Dr. Bridge, of Westminster Abbey, and another setting of the same canticles by his brother, Mr. J. C. Bridge, the organist of Chester Cathedral.

Mothers, during your child's second summer, you will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup an invaluable friend. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. In almost every instance, where the infant is suffering from pain and exhaustion, relief will be found in fifteen or twenty minutes after the Soothing Syrup has been administered. Do not fail to procure it.

As a Pain Reliever, Brown's Household Panacea is invaluable. Immediate relief will follow its use in all cases of pain in the stomach, bowels or side; rheumatism, colic, colds, sprains and bruises. For internal and external use. Sold by all dealers in medicine. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

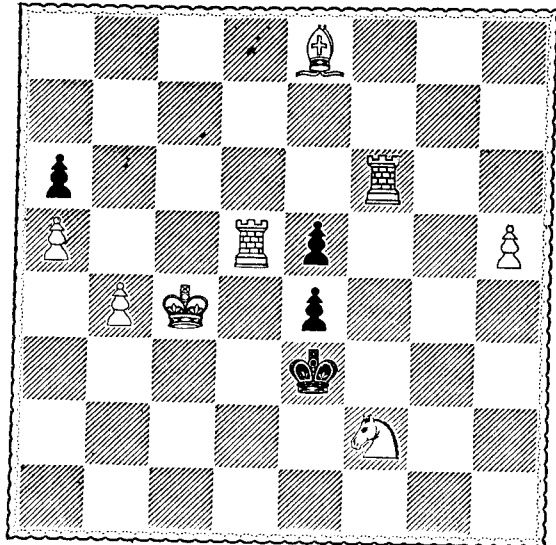
Chess.

Montreal, August 9th, 1879.

PROBLEM NO. XXXIII.

By Dr. Conrad Bayer, from *The Field*.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. XXX.

White. Black. White. Black. White.
 I R to Q 5 K takes R 2 R to B 4 K takes R 3 Kt mates.
 Correct solution received from W.H.P.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

CANTO III.

ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD CANTO.—The Queen of the white nation is inflamed with warlike rage. She rushes into the thick of the battle. A prodigious carnage follows. She kills, as she advances, a black archer; in her retreat, an elephant falls a victim to her fury. The Moors behold the havoc with dismay. The black King sees the desperate situation of his affairs. He applies to his Queen to save the State from destruction. The Queen wants no importunity. She enters into the engagement. The battle now is warmer than ever. The two Queens enact wonders. The Kings in the meantime watch the part of their several camps where the slain are deposited, that none may be brought back into the field of battle. Mars is a friend to the Moors; he endeavours by fraud to support their cause; he conveys from the burying-ground a black archer and a foot soldier into the ranks. The men come to new life. A simile. Vulcan sees the cheat, and proclaims it. Jupiter reprimands the God of War for his treachery. The two men are carried back to the enemy's camp. Apollo and Mercury use their best exertions. The Queens continue the attack. At length the black Queen is slain. The white one does not long survive. Both armies are dejected. They lament their loss. The numbers are diminished on both sides. Apollo has only remaining an elephant, an archer, and three of his infantry. Mercury has the same number, but a trooper instead of an elephant. He is resolved to fight it out to the last. The field, which at first presented two powerful armies, is now a scene of desolation.

Meantime the Queen, whom the white realms obey,
 Darts thro' the field, and scatters wide dismay;
 With rage resistless thunders o'er the ground,
 And a black archer meets his deadly wound.
 Back she retreats, and, as she scours the plain,
 She hurls an elephant to Pluto's reign.
 Now on the left she breaks the thick array;
 Now on the right with slaughter marks her way.
 Launch'd from her arm the missive javelins fly,
 And groans of dying warriors rend the sky.
 Where'er the heroine treads the crimson field,
 Horror attends; the Moorish squadrons yield.
 A thousand hearts within her bosom bound,
 And if she falls she falls with glory crown'd.
 Impending fate the sable nation rues,
 And to his Queen th' afflicted monarch sues;
 Nor pause nor stay; the Queen her sabre draws,
 And asks no motive but her country's cause.
 Who first, brave Amazon in scenes of death,
 Who last to thee resigns his fated breath?
 To thee, how many owe their mortal wound!
 Steeds fall on steeds, and bite the chequer'd ground.
 In heaps the infantry bestrew the plain,
 And mangled archers, dear to Mars in vain,
 To paint the fight what bard shall dare aspire?
 Oh, for a hundred tongues! a Muse of fire!
 A Muse to fly, where'er the heroes call,
 Where dangers press, and where the thickest fall!
 With heaps of slain the field is covered o'er,
 And ruthless slaughter bathes her feet in gore.
 Horsemen and horses together swell the tide,
 And the wide plains with purple streams are dyed.
 Shouts from both nations intermingled rise;
 Who fights, meets death; death follows him that flies,
 Thro' paths of blood the warlike heroines fly,
 Determin'd each to conquer or to die.

And now the monarchs, who both nations sway,
 The captives of the sword with care survey.
 Safe from the foe a station they assign,
 Where their entrenchments stretch their farthest line.
 There the brave warrior, who disdain'd to yield,
 And left his mangled body on the field,
 With his fall'n countrymen, a gen'rous band!
 'Midst heaps of slain lies well'ring on the strand;
 And, lest again he view the realms of light,
 Or dare in steel complete provoke the fight,
 Each sov'reign watches with observant eye:
 In their King's cause 'tis given but once to die.
 But now the God of War, an anxious friend,
 O'er his lov'd Moors sees various ills impend.
 He views the purple field, and round him throws
 His eye quick glancing, where the combat glows,
 In death's white range, if aught he could explore,
 Of the black troops the fortune to restore.
 He views afar the melancholy plain,
 Where breathless lie the chiefs in battle slain,
 And from the heap conveys with furtive aim
 A soldier, and an archer known to fame.
 Waked to new life, with glad surprise they view
 Their former camp, and to their country true
 Again they live, again the fight renew.
 As when some wretch at Colchus yields his breath,
 A ghastly form, stretch'd in the arms of death,
 Her potent charms Medea straight applies,
 And the ingredients of her cauldron tries:
 The subtle drugs insinuate their force,
 And the meand'ring blood renews its course:
 The dead revives; he joins the sons of men,
 And wond'ring acts his functions o'er again.
 But Vulcan, son of Heaven's imperial Queen,
 Observ'd each movement of the various scene:
 He call'd on Mars, and call'd with loud acclaim;
 The Thracian hero burns with conscious shame;
 While grief and rage in Hermes' bosom roll,
 Heighten despair and desolate his soul.

The mighty sire, to whom th' immortals bow,
 Perceives the fraud, and awful shakes his brow;
 Then Mars addressing, with indignant ire,
 While from each eye shot forth celestial fire,
 "And dost thou hope," he said, "dost thou presume
 To thwart our fix'd, irrevocable doom?
 Thy arts are fruitless; vain the bold design;
 Let those who once were slain to death resign.
 Such is our sov'reign will!" He spoke, and straight
 The new recruits once more submit to fate:
 Again they seek the pale, the silent shore,
 And all the order of the field restore.
 And now the chiefs, inflamed with tenfold rage,
 In the fierce horrors of the war engage.
 Breathing revenge, and terr'le in arms,
 The Queens shake all the field with dire alarms.
 The lines shrink back, where'er the heroines tread,
 And the earth groans with mountains of the dead.
 Their vigour fails at length, by toil oppress'd,
 And weary slaughter pants awhile for rest;
 In sullen mood they quit the doubtful strife,
 And each repairs to guard her monarch's life.
 Soon the white Amazon new strength inspires,
 And love of glory still her bosom fires;
 Against the Moorish Queen she wings her flight;
 The Moorish Queen sinks down in endless night.
 O, short-lived triumph! short, alas! the date
 Of joy and victory! the hand of fate
 To death, ah, beautiful warrior! bids thee yield,
 And lays thee decent on the sanguine field.
 Their Queens both states lament in mournful strain,
 And grief and horror cover all the plain.
 Each bosom sighs; tears gush from ev'ry eye,
 On their cold bier, as the pale slumb'ring lie.
 The last sad obsequies the nations pay,
 And the long funeral pomp obscures the day.
 The rites perform'd, with zeal the troops repair
 To guard their Kings, sole object of their care.
 The thin battalions now scarce man the board,
 Remnants of war, and gleanings of the sword.
 Each shatter'd host beholds with wild affright
 The waste of blood, and carnage of the fight;
 Equal their loss, and equal their dismay:
 An equal tempest swept their ranks away.
 One elephant, Apollo, in thy train,
 An archer, and three soldiers now remain.
 These to oppose, the Moors direct their course;
 The same their numbers, but not so their force.
 No elephant is seen in tow'ring pride;
 Their last brave elephant in battle died.
 From the right wing a trooper dares advance,
 Firm to the last, and shakes his glitt'ring lance;
 In their King's cause the rest resign'd their breath,
 And peaceful lie in honourable death.
 O'er the wide waste now Hermes rolls his eye:
 He views a scene of blood, and heaves a sigh;
 Yet nought his warlike ardour can abate,
 Resolv'd to grapple to the last with fate:
 His troops, sad reliques of Apollo's rage,
 He orders now with caution to engage;
 His soldiers scorn capitulating fears,
 And the field gleams with their erected spears.
 Slowly they march; each pass with care survey,
 Still to retrieve the fortune of the day;
 Now ambush'd close, they meditate the blow;
 Now guard each post, and now assault the foe.
 Nor less Apollo burns with martial ire:
 Trembling with hope, and stung with fierce desire,
 His feeble lines present their thin array—
 The shatter'd cohorts of the long-fought day.
 The glitt'ring bands, which, at the morning's dawn,
 O'er the wide field in martial pride were drawn,
 Now mourn their chiefs, their bravest warriors slain,
 And a dispeopled realm in one campaign!

(To be continued.)

PIANOS.

JOSEPH P. HALE.

SKETCH OF THE CAREER OF A GREAT PIANO MANUFACTURER.

INCIDENTS IN THE GROWTH OF AN IMMENSE BUSINESS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



REGULATIONS

Respecting the Disposal of certain Dominion Lands for the purposes of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
Ottawa, July 9th, 1879.

"Public notice is hereby given that the following regulations are promulgated as governing the mode of disposing of the Dominion Lands situate within 110 (one hundred and ten) miles on each side of the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway:—

1. "Until further and final survey of the said railway has been made west of the Red River, and for the purposes of these regulations, the line of the said railway shall be assumed to be on the fourth base westerly to the intersection of the said base by the line between ranges 21 and 22 west of the first principal meridian, and thence in a direct line to the confluence of the Shell River with the River Assiniboine.

2. "The country lying on each side of the line of railway shall be respectively divided into belts, as follows:

"(1) A belt of five miles on either side of the railway, and immediately adjoining the same, to be called belt A;

"(2) A belt of fifteen miles on either side of the railway, adjoining the same, to be called belt B;

"(3) A belt of twenty miles on either side of the railway, adjoining belt B, to be called belt C;

"(4) A belt of twenty miles on either side of the railway, adjoining belt C, to be called belt D; and

"(5) A belt of fifty miles on either side of the railway, adjoining belt D, to be called belt E.

3. "The Dominion lands in belt A shall be absolutely withdrawn from homestead entry, also from pre-emption, and shall be held exclusively for sale at six dollars per acre.

4. "The lands in belt B shall be disposed of as follows: The even numbered sections within the belt shall be set apart for homesteads and pre-emptions, and the odd-numbered sections shall be regarded as railway lands proper. The homesteads on the even-numbered sections to the extent of eighty acres each, shall consist of the easterly halves of the easterly halves, also of the westerly halves of the westerly halves of such sections; and the pre-emptions on such even-numbered sections, also to the extent of eighty acres each, adjoining such eighty acre homesteads, shall consist of the westerly halves of the easterly halves, also of the easterly halves of the westerly halves of such sections, and shall be sold at the rate of \$2.50 (two dollars and fifty cents) per acre. Railway lands proper being the odd-numbered sections within the belt, will be held for sale at five dollars per acre.

5. "The even-numbered sections in belt C will be set apart for homesteads and pre-emptions of eighty acres each, in manner as above described; the price of pre-emptions similarly to be \$2.50 (two dollars and fifty cents) per acre; the railway lands to consist of the odd-numbered sections, and to be dealt with in the same manner as above provided in respect of lands in belt B, except that the price shall be \$3.50 (three dollars and fifty cents) per acre.

6. "The even-numbered sections in belt D shall also be set apart for homesteads and pre-emptions of eighty acres each, as provided for in respect of belts B and C, but the price of pre-emptions shall be at the rate of \$2 (two dollars) per acre. Railway lands to consist, as in the belts B and C, of the odd-numbered sections, and the price thereof to be at the uniform rate of \$2 (two dollars) per acre.

7. "In the belt E, the description and area of homesteads and pre-emptions, and railway lands, respectively, to be as above, and the prices of both pre-emption and railway lands to be at the uniform rate of \$1 (one dollar) per acre.

8. "The terms of sale of pre-emptions throughout the several belts, B, C, D and E, shall be as follows, viz.: Four-tenths of the purchase money, together with interest on the latter at the rate of six per cent. per annum, to be paid at the end of three years from the date of entry; the remainder to be paid in six equal annual instalments from and after the said date, with interest at the rate above mentioned, on such balance of the purchase money as may from time to time remain unpaid, to be paid with each instalment.

9. "The terms of sale of railway lands to be uniformly as follows, viz.: One-tenth in cash at the time of purchase; the balance in nine equal annual instalments, with interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum on the balance of purchase money from time to time remaining unpaid, to be paid with each instalment. All payments, either for pre-emptions or for railway lands proper, shall be in cash, and not in scrip or bounty warrants.

10. "All entries of land shall be subject to the following provisions respecting the right of way of the Canadian Pacific Railway or of any Government colonization railway connected therewith, viz.: a. In the case of the railway crossing land entered as a homestead, the right of way thereon shall be free to the Government.

b. Where the railway crosses pre-emptions or railway lands proper, the owner shall only be entitled to claim payment for the land required for right of way at the same rate per acre as he may have paid the Government for the same.

11. "The above regulations shall come into force on and after the first day of August next up to which time the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act shall continue to operate over the lands included in the several belts mentioned, excepting as relates to the belts A and B, in both of which, up to the said date, homesteads of 160 acres each, but no other entries will, as at present, be permitted.

12. "Claims to Dominion lands arising from settlement, after the date hereof, in territory unsurveyed at the time of such settlement, and which may be embraced within the limits affected by the above policy, or by the extension thereof in the future over additional territory, will be ultimately dealt with in accordance with the terms prescribed above for the lands in the particular belt in which such settlement may be found to be situated.

13. "All entries after the date hereof of unoccupied lands in the Saskatchewan Agency, will be considered as provisional until the railway line through that part of the territories has been located, after which the same will be finally disposed of in accordance with the above regulations, as the same may apply to the particular belt in which such lands may be found to be situated.

14. "The above regulations it will, of course, be understood will not affect sections 11 and 29, which are public school lands, or sections 8 and 26, Hudson's Bay Company lands.

"Any further information necessary may be obtained on application at the Dominion Lands Office, Ottawa, or from the agent of the Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, or from any of the local agents in Manitoba or the Territories, who are in possession of maps showing the limits of the several belts above referred to, a supply of which maps will, as soon as possible, be placed in the hands of the said agents for general distribution."

By order of the Minister of the Interior,
J. S. DENNIS,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior,
LINDSAY RUSSELL,
Surveyor-General.



NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, will be received at this Office, until MONDAY, the 11th day of AUGUST next, at NOON, for the necessary Coal required for the Public Buildings, Ottawa.

Specification can be seen and Forms of Tender obtained at this Office, also at the Office of the Engineer of the Lachine Canal at Montreal, on and after MONDAY, the 28th JULY, where all necessary information can be obtained.

The bona fide signatures and two solvent and responsible persons, willing to become sureties for the due fulfilment of the contract, must be attached to each tender.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
OTTAWA, 23rd July, 1879.



AUCTION SALE

OF THE
LEASES OF TIMBER LIMITS.

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

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

By order,
J. S. DENNIS,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.
Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, 17th July, 1879.

EVERLASTING FLOWERS! EVERLASTING FLOWERS! —A large assortment of baskets, crosses, wreaths, bouquets, &c., both coloured and white, suitable for decorations, &c.

GOLD FISH! GOLD FISH! !

A large quantity of gold fish, some all gold in color, others beautifully marked.

J. GOULDEN, 175 St. Lawrence St.

HAMILTON & CO.,

Fancy and Staple Dry Goods,
105 ST. JOSEPH STREET,
(Opposite Dupre Lane)
MONTREAL.

IN STOCK.

Prunella, 10 to 20 Thread.
Elastic Webs, 4 1/2 to 5 inches.
Shoe Rivets, in Brass and Iron, all sizes.
Shoe Nails in Common Iron, Swede and Zinc.
Hook Eyelets.
Do Machines.
Heel Plates in Iron, 2 1/2 to 3 inches.
Boot Laces, Real Porpoise and French Calf.
Day & Martin's Liquid Blacking.
Kerr's N. M. T. Thread, Black and White, 300 yards.
Do Linen finished do, 9 cord.

FOR SALE BY
J. B. MACDONALD,
26 ST. SACRAMENT STREET.

VICTORIA MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO., OF CANADA.

HEAD OFFICE, Hamilton, Ontario.

W. D. BOOKER, Secretary,
GEO. H. MILLS, President.
WATER WORKS BRANCH

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

GENERAL BRANCH:

On Farm or other non-hazardous property only.

RATES—Exceptionally low, and prompt payment of losses.

MONTREAL OFFICE: 4 HOSPITAL STREET.

EDWD. T. TAYLOR,
Agent.

GOVERNMENT SECURITY
FURNISHED BY THE

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE CO.

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

NOW ANNOUNCES

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

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

Office—Opposite Post-Office, Montreal.

MONTREAL DISTRICT BRANCH,

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

EASTERN CANADA BRANCH,

ORR & CHRISTMAS, Managers.



TENTS! TENTS!

FOR SALE OR HIRE.

Price from \$8 upwards.

Maker of the celebrated UMBRELLA TENT.

SAILS of all kinds for SHIPS and YACHTS.

Note the Address,

CHRISTOPHER SONNE,

13 COMMON STREET,

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

G. REINHARDT & SONS,

LAGER BEER.

BREWERY:

HEAD OF GERMAN ST., MONTREAL.

T. SUTTON, HAIR DRESSER AND PERFUMER.

114 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET.

Gentlemen favouring the above establishment will have their Haircutting, Shaving, &c., properly done by experienced operators.

A nice stock of Toilet requisites from the best makers to select from at reasonable prices.

114 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET,
Old Post Office Building.

ALLAN LINE.

Under contract with the Government of Canada for the conveyance of **CANADIAN & UNITED STATES MAILS** 1879. Summer Arrangements. 1879.

This Company's Lines are composed of the under-noted First-class, Full-powerful, Clyde built, Double-engine Iron Steamships:

Vessels.	Tonnage.	Commanders.
Sardinian	4100	Lt. J. E. Dutton, R.N.R.
Polynesian	4100	Capt. R. Brown.
Sarmatian	4000	Capt. A. D. Aird.
Circassian	3800	Capt. James Wylie.
Moravian	3650	Capt. John Graham.
Peruvian	3600	Lt. W. H. Smith, R.N.R.
Nova Scotian	3300	Capt. W. Richardson.
Hibernian	3200	Lt. F. Archer, R.N.R.
Caspian	3200	Capt. Trocks.
Austrian	2700	Capt. R. S. Watts.
Nestorian	2700	Capt. J. G. Stephen.
Prussian	3000	Capt. Jos. Ritchie.
Scandinavian	3000	Capt. H. Wylie.
Manitoban	3150	Capt. McDougall.
Canadian	2800	Capt. Neil McLean.
Phoenician	2800	Capt. James Scott.
Waldensian	2600	Capt. C. J. Menzies.
Corinthian	2400	Capt. Legallais.
Lucerne	2800	Capt. Kerr.
Acadian	1500	Capt. Cabel.
Newfoundland	1350	Capt. Mylins.

THE STEAMERS OF THE LIVERPOOL MAIL LINE, sailing from Liverpool every THURSDAY, and from Quebec every SATURDAY (calling at Lough Foyle to receive on board and land Mails and Passengers to and from Ireland and Scotland), are intended to be despatched

FROM QUEBEC:

Polynesian	Saturday, July 19
Sarmatian	Saturday, July 26
Circassian	Saturday, Aug. 2
Sardinian	Saturday, Aug. 9
Moravian	Saturday, Aug. 16
Peruvian	Saturday, Aug. 23

Rates of Ocean Passage:

Cabin, according to accommodation	\$70, \$80
Intermediate	\$40.00
Steerage	25.00

The steamers of the Glasgow Line will sail from Quebec on or about each Thursday.

Manitoban	July 18
Lucerne	July 25
Waldensian	Aug. 1
Phoenician	Aug. 8
Canadian	Aug. 15
Corinthian	Aug. 22
Manitoban	Aug. 29

The steamers of the Halifax Mail Line will leave Halifax for St. John's, Nfld., and Liverpool, as follows:

Hibernian	July 22
Nova Scotian	Aug. 5
Caspian	Aug. 19

Rates of Passage between Halifax and St. John's:—
Cabin, according to accommodation \$20.00
Steerage 6.00
An experienced Surgeon carried on each vessel. Berths not secured until paid for.
Through Bills Lading granted in Liverpool and at Continental Ports to all points in Canada and the Western States.

For Freight or other particulars apply in Portland to H. & A. Allan, or to J. L. Farmer; in Quebec, to Allan, Rae & Co.; in Havre, to John M. Currie; in Quai d'Orleans, in Paris, to Gustave Bossange, Rue du Quatre Septembre; in Antwerp, to Aug. Schmitz & Co.; or Richard Berns; in Rotterdam, to Ruys & Co.; in Hamburg, to C. Hugo; in Bordeaux, to James Moss & Co.; in Bremen, to Heirn Ruppel & Sons; in Belfast, to Charley & Malcolm; in London, to Montgomerie & Greenhorn, 17 Gracechurch Street; in Glasgow, to James and Alex. Allan, 70 Great Clyde Street; in Liverpool, to Allan Bros., James Street; in Chicago, to Allan & Co., 72 LaSalle Street.

H. & A. ALLAN,
Cor. Youville and Common Sts., Montreal.

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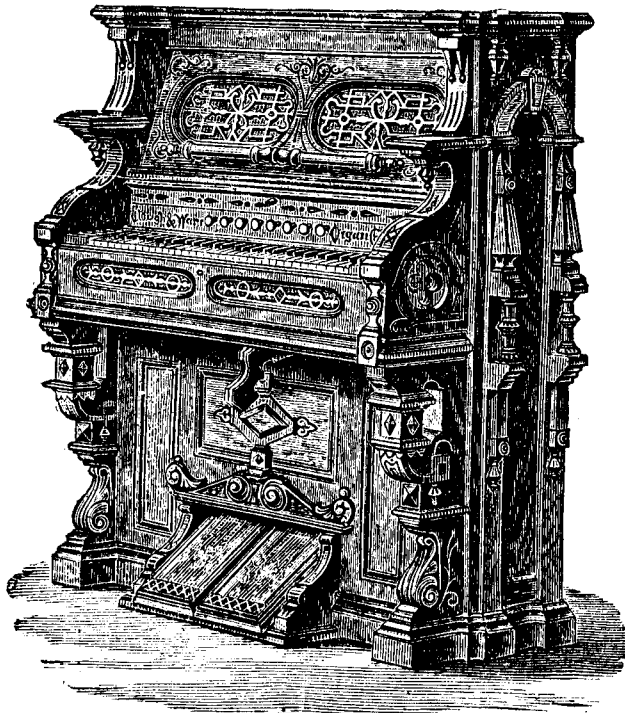
MERCHANT TAILORS,
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MR. NEIL WARNER is prepared to give LESSONS in ELOCUTION at No. 58 Victoria street. Gentlemen's Classes on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings. Private Lessons if preferred. Instructions given at Academies and Schools on moderate terms.

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CAPTIVATE THE WORLD.



EVERY INSTRUMENT FULLY WARRANTED

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Having not only received Diploma of Honor and Medal of Highest Merit at the United States Centennial International Exhibition, but having been UNANIMOUSLY PRONOUNCED, BY THE WORLD'S BEST JUDGES, AS SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.

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Brewers and Maltsters.

SUPERIOR PALE AND BROWN MALT, India Pale and Other Ales, Extra Double and Single Stout, in wood and bottle.

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Ale and Porter Brewers,
NO. 286 ST. MARY STREET,
MONTREAL,

Have always on hand the various kinds of **ALE & PORTER,** IN WOOD AND BOTTLE. Families Regularly Supplied.

GENUINE NEW YORK SINGER SEWING MACHINES
THE BEST IN THE WORLD.



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THE SINGER MANUF'G. CO. SOLD IN 1877
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CITY AND DISTRICT MANAGER, MONTREAL.

COMMERCIAL UNION ASSURANCE CO.
OF LONDON, ENGLAND.

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374 TO 378 ST. PAUL STREET,
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Works at Windsor Mills and Sherbrooke, P. Q.

Manufacturers of Writing, Book, News and Colored Papers; Manila, Brown and Grey Wrappings; Felt and Match Paper. Importers of all Goods required by Stationers and Printers.

Dominion Agents for the Celebrated Gray's Ferr Printing and Lithographic Inks and Varnishes.

POST-OFFICE TIME TABLE.

MONTREAL, July 22nd, 1879.

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

Postal Card Bags open till 8.45 p.m. & 9.15 p.m.
Do. Do. 8.15 p.m.
The Street Boxes are visited at 9.15 a.m., 12.30, 5.30 and 7.45 p.m.

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

ESTABLISHED 1850.
J. H. WALKER,
WOOD ENGRAVER,
17 Place d'Armes Hill,
Near Craig street.
Having dispensed with all assistance, I beg to intimate that I will now devote my entire attention to the artistic production of the better class of work. Orders for which are respectfully solicited.

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Published quarterly by the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society, Montreal.
Subscription, \$1.50 per annum.
Editor's address: Box 1176 P.O.
Remittances to GEORGE A. HOLMES, Box 1310.



Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.
FARE REDUCED.

CHANGE OF TIME.
EASTERN DIVISION.

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

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

Trains leave Mile End 10 minutes later.
Tickets for sale at offices of STARNES, LEVE & ALDEN, 202 St. James Street, 158 Notre Dame Street, and at Hochelaga and Mile End Stations.

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

February 7th, 1879.



GOVERNMENT RAILWAY.

Western Division.

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

SHORTEST AND MOST DIRECT ROUTE TO OTTAWA.

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

Express Trains for Hull at 9.30 a.m. and 5.00 p.m.	Arrive at Hull at 2.00 p.m. and 9.30 p.m.
Express Trains from Hull at 9.10 a.m. and 4.45 p.m.	Arrive at Hochelaga at 1.40 p.m. and 9.15 p.m.
Train for St. Jerome at - - - - 5.30 p.m.	
Train from St. Jerome at - - - - 7.00 a.m.	

Trains leave Mile End Station ten minutes later.
MAGNIFICENT PALACE CARS ON ALL PASSENGER TRAINS.

General Office, 13 Place d'Armes Square.
STARNES, LEVE & ALDEN,
Ticket Agents.
Offices: 202 St. James and 158 Notre Dame street.
C. A. SCOTT,
General Superintendent,
Western Division.

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



Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.

WESTERN DIVISION.

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

SPECIAL SATURDAY EXCURSION.

On and after SATURDAY, May 31st, Return Tickets will be sold to all Stations at one Single Fare, First and Second-class, good to go by any Regular Train on Saturday, and return Monday following.
On and after SATURDAY, June 7th, Return Tickets will also be sold to Caledonia Springs at \$2 75, First-class, good to return until Tuesday following.
A SPECIAL TRAIN, with First-class Car attached, will leave Calumet every MONDAY MORNING at 4.45 a.m., arriving at Hochelaga at 8.45 a.m., a time for business.

C. A. SCOTT,
General Superintendent.



The Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa and OCCIDENTAL RAILWAY.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO ALL interested parties, that the Honourable the Commissioner of Agriculture and Public Works for the Province of Quebec, has withdrawn the deposit of the Location Plan and Book of Reference of the land required for the line of the said Railway, and for the site of the Depot and Work Shops—that is, for that part of the said Railway extending from Hochelaga to Papineau Road in the City of Montreal; the said plan made and executed by J. A. U. Baudry, Provincial Surveyor, the 1st of December, 1877, and examined and certified by S. Lesage, Esq., Deputy Commissioner of Agriculture and Public Works of the Province of Quebec, on the Thirteenth day, and filed on the Seventeenth day of the same month, in the office of the Clerk of the Peace for the District of Montreal, and advertised in two newspapers of the District of Montreal, viz., in *La Minerve* and *The Gazette* of the 18th of December, 1879.

The said Honourable Commissioner, moreover, gives Public Notice that the proceedings in expropriation of the different lots mentioned and described on the said Plan and Book of Reference, and thus commenced by the deposit of the said Plan and Book of Reference, are abandoned and discontinued to all intents and purposes; and the present notice is given so that the parties interested in the said lands, and the proprietors thereof, may enjoy and use the same to all intents and purposes, in the same manner as if the said deposit of the said Plan and Book of Reference had never been made, advertised or published.

Montreal, March 7th, 1879.

By order of the Honourable the Commissioner of Agriculture and Public Works.

E. LEF. DEBELLEFEUILLE,
Attorney.

Delaware & Hudson Canal Company's RAILROADS

TO
SARATOGA, TROY, ALBANY, BOSTON, NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA,
AND ALL POINTS EAST AND SOUTH.

Trains leave Montreal:

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

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

New York Through Mails and Express carried via this line.

Information given and Tickets sold at all Grand Trunk Railway Offices, and at the Company's Office,
143 St. James Street, Montreal.

JOSEPH ANGELL, CHAS. C. McFALL,
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Sales of Furniture AT PRIVATE RESIDENCES.

W. E. SHAW, GENERAL AUCTIONEER,

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

195 ST. JAMES ST.,
(Opposite Molsons Bank.)

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

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

Valuations and Appraisals. Cash advances made on consignments.

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

First-class Fare.....	\$2.50 from Montreal.
Do Return.....	4.00 do
Second-class.....	1.50 do

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

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

EXCURSION TICKETS for the CELEBRATED CALEDONIA SPRINGS, at Reduced Rates. Tickets at Principal Hotels and Grand Trunk Railway Office.

COMPANY'S OFFICE:

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

R. W. SHEPHERD,
President.

Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co.



THE STEAMERS OF THIS COMPANY

BETWEEN

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Run regularly as under:

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

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

SOUTH SHORE LINE.

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

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

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

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

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

CHEAP EXCURSIONS,

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

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

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

General Offices—228 St. Paul Street.
Montreal, May 14th, 1879.

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New designs in FLORAL, STRAW, WILLOW and WIRE BASKETS, suitable for presents.

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NEARLY 999 REMNANTS SOLD THIS WEEK.

Our Midsummer

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THE RECOLLET HOUSE,

Is a Great Success.

THE WHOLE SEASON'S

REMNANTS

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Have been laid out on Tables and Counters, and Marked at Prices that must

COMMAND A READY CLEARANCE.

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- Remnants of Towelings.
- Remnants of Organdy Muslins.
- Remnants of Cretannes.
- Remnants of Prints.
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- Remnants of Bunting.

- Remnants of Coloured Lustres.
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- Remnants of Black Lustres.
- Remnants of Fancy Dress Goods.
- Remnants of Black Russell Cords.
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- Remnants of Black Persian Cords.
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- Remnants of French Twills.
- Remnants of Cashmeres.
- Remnants of Paramattas.
- Remnants of Black Crape.
- Remnants of Llama Cloths.
- Remnants of Poplins and Velvets, all lengths.
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ODDS AND ENDS!

- Lisle Thread Gloves, 10c.
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- Hose, 10c., Hose, 15c., Hose, 20c.
- Collars and Cuffs.
- Scarfs and Shawls.
- Ribbons, 1c. to 12c. per yard, good colours and all widths.
- Frill and Frillings
- CORSETS, 45c., 75c. and \$1.00, Every pair cheap at double the money.
- Braid, 1c. per yard.
- Fringes, 3c. per yard.
- Buttons, 1c. per dozen.

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