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## THE TIMES.

Mr. Hickson, General Manager of the Grand Trunk, sails for Europe by the "Sardinian" next week. He has not been in England since 1878, when affairs wore a different aspect. The traffic receipts for the June half of that year were \$4,232,065.83—less than the same half-year receipts in 1880 by nearly six hundred thousand dollars. It cannot be said, however, that the increase is due to better management, but to better times and the accession of traffic from the Chicago line. The failures in Canada during the June half-years of 1878 and 1879 respectively were \$13,508,729, and \$17,425,953, while last half-year they had decreased to \$5,660,845. The last Grand Trunk traffic return published shows that in 1880 the increased receipts to date over 1879 were \$1,429,636, and the year 1879 showed an increase of about one hundred thousand dollars over the returns for 1878.

When Mr. Hickson was last in England it was uncertain how long Mr. Vanderbilt would be able to frustrate his plans for getting into Chicago, but now the line has been acquired in its entirety and placed in superior condition; its equipment has been nearly completed, and a site for the Chicago station has been secured in a good central locality—near the Grand Pacific Hotel. To the indomitable energy, and unflinching skill of Mr. Hickson, backed by the confidence and co-operation of the Board in England, and by a capable organization in this country, these results are due; and he must feel some considerable satisfaction in being able to meet the Board and the proprietary with the assurance that he has placed the Grand Trunk in the first rank of American trunk lines, and that its voice is respected in discussions upon matters affecting the united railway business of the continent. It is to be hoped that Mr. Hickson may have and enjoy a rest from the very arduous duties which his office imposes upon him.

Some after exhibition notes will not be out of place perhaps. A visitor passing through the exhibition could not fail to be struck with the number of prizes given. I tried hard to find an exhibitor who did not get a prize of some kind. Of course I succeeded in finding one or two, because the very few who did not get an award were very loud in their complaints, but really it is astonishing how well the judges succeeded in pleasing everybody. They must have had a large number of first-class prizes at command.

The judgment of some of the judges was also very remarkable. The show everywhere gained favour in their eyes; the get-up was highly prized. Perhaps the best illustration of it was given on the Montreal Lacrosse Grounds on the day of the Caledonian Games. There was a prize for the best dressed Highland gentleman, and it was awarded to one who was dressed as a Highland piper might be, but as a Highland gentleman never was, and it is to be hoped never will be, for he had encased himself in many folds and feathers and much tin. I have not seen many Highland gentlemen in native costume, but the learned in these things pointed out to me the dress of one, and it was the other extreme of the first prize man—as simple as it was charming.

The publication of Major De Winton's letter to the secretary of the Exhibition notwithstanding, the closing of the buildings for two hours to prepare for and accommodate His Excellency the Governor General was an unwarrantable and foolish piece of business. Major De Winton is perhaps right in trying to protect his charge from all vulgar crushing and other kinds of possible danger, but if he wished His Excellency to view the exhibits unhindered by *oi polloi* he should have taken him there early in the morning of the same day of opening or the next: then the formal opening would have been a simple affair—just the utterance of the needful phrases, and then the hospitable protection of the refreshment room. The committee had no right to deprive the sight-seers of two hours of sight-seeing. All possible courtesy was due to His Excellency and some little of that same was due to the people.

An exhibition is undoubtedly a good thing, but it has been demonstrated over and over again that it is quite possible to have too much of a good thing. And we shall be sure of the truth of the statement before long if we are to have an exhibition every year in Montreal. The community is too small for such a frequent recurrence of it. Once every two or three years would answer every practical purpose and be far more profitable in the long run.

I was pleased to notice the enterprise of the Northern Pacific Railway in sending one of their mammoth baggage cars from St. Paul, Minn., to our Dominion Exhibition. This car was fifty feet long, eleven feet wide, and fifteen feet in height,—larger in every way than the passenger coaches on Eastern railroads. The painting of the car was a pattern of good taste, and executed in the neatest manner; the car was provided with three brakes, thereby giving an immense amount of control over the car's motion. Inside the car the scene baffled description; there were shelves of black-walnut holding glass bottles containing samples of grain: in ornamental bins were to be seen vegetables of great size and fine quality, and above these were the specimens of mineral wealth. The arched roof was exquisitely ornamented with long, narrow sheaves of grain bound together with red and blue ribbons and forming curves of golden beauty; in very truth, to every one, whether of agricultural tastes or not, the sight was one that could not fail to please and gratify. This Northern Pacific Railway, which traverses the Red River at its sources, is rapidly being built across the Continent, and will, doubtless, prove a source of wealth to its owners. The colonizing influence of railroads can hardly be over-estimated, and, with our Canadian Pacific Railway it appears that we shall shortly have four Pacific railways crossing the American Continent. As I have said above the Northern Pacific Railway crosses the Red River at its sources; from here we have the St. Paul Minneapolis and Manitoba R. R. coming down the great wheat valley to Manitoba. This valley is celebrated for the extraordinary quality and yield of wheat, and the area of wheat cultivation is much larger in the British territories than elsewhere.

The Grand Trunk Railway passenger traffic for the past three weeks amounted to \$243,330, this is the largest passenger earnings the Company ever had for any three consecutive weeks. The next largest receipts for any three consecutive weeks was in 1874, \$241,650, which included the earnings of 118¼ miles more railway. The rate per mile in the three weeks in 1874 on 1383 miles was, \$174.73 and in 1880 on 1,273½ miles it was \$191.07.

It is to be hoped the *Witness* will learn to be a little more circumspect in the sensational headings it is accustomed to add to New York

*Herald* specimens of news construction, especially when it happens to be the case that those headings and paragraphs affect the memory of dead heroes. What can the *Witness* or the *Herald* know about what the former calls "A Terrible Story" in connection with Sir John Franklin's party? There is not the least evidence that the poor men were driven to feed on their weaker companions, unless dead men be classed among newspaper scribes as "weaker companions." A fine narrative will one day be written of the relation borne by national vanity and national heroism towards the realization of the best north-west passage to China and all the east. Nations, even the greatest, sometimes determine their courses by insufficiently comprehensive views.

Our Premier has returned to a grateful country. When, with his *confrères*, he left for England, the Opposition raved and stormed in a promiscuous manner, declaring that another effort was to be made to betray the country into the hands of some undiscovered Philistines; we ought to build the Pacific Railway ourselves, and make money out of it; it was a political blunder and misdemeanor to give millions of acres of our fertile lands to a foreign company, and the people were implored to utter their voice against the contemplated iniquity. But gradually the storm died down, and now that the Syndicate is formed, and the contract to build the entire road in ten years only awaiting an order-in-council for completion, all parties are pleased.

"Even the ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer."

The Hon. L. S. Huntington has not cabled an indignant protest against the use of his name in connection with Sir John and his scheme. The *Herald*, of Montreal, is absolutely satisfied, and almost gratified, saying:—"Assuming as we are bound to do that the contractors give good security to carry out their bargains, we believe that the disposition of the work, by calling in private enterprise and vigilance, is by far the best method of attaining the desired object." Even the *Globe* has moderated its fury, and speaks of the scheme in a temper that approaches to the calm and the reasonable.

All this clearly indicates that Sir John and his colleagues have achieved a great deal more than a partial success. If they have not done all they themselves had hoped, they have done a great deal more than their opponents anticipated. The Syndicate is no land monopoly, but a veritable railway company, undertaking to construct the road and work it for ten years when constructed. This is business of the best kind for the country; it will bring here a vast amount of money, labourers for the building of the road, and settlers for the newly-opened up districts. No wonder the people are pleased with the men who have opened up this prospect to us.

What a happy family gathering the next meeting of Parliament at Ottawa will be? Mr. Blake, of course, will not be of the brotherhood, for Sir John had not been in the country many hours before he supplied the opposition leader with the subject matter for a speech in self defence and recrimination. But he will be almost alone in his nebulous patriotic glory. Mr. Huntington will not be in the humour to give one of his characteristic speeches against Sir John, for they say a new sentiment has sprung up in his heart, and he views his old antagonist in a new light altogether; Mr. Mackenzie will as a natural thing, utter a few reasonable criticisms about it, and perhaps solemnly turn a witticism, but beyond that, there is every prospect of our having a parliamentary gathering as happy and peaceful and self-congratulatory as a meeting of Mormons.

Rumour has it that M. Chapleau is to remain at his post in Quebec and that M. Caron will be taken into the Dominion Cabinet. If this prove true it will be a good move on the part of the Conservatives. Not that M. Chapleau does not deserve the consideration of his party on account of the services he has rendered to it, and not that he would fail as a Dominion Cabinet Minister, but just now his removal from the premiership of the Province would throw the government there back into chaos again. It is quite certain that no other man

could hold the party together as it now stands, and it is more than probable that it would get back to its late condition—not strong enough to govern, but able to make government by others impossible.

M. Caron is comparatively young, but has a good deal of ability, a sound reputation, and a well deserved popularity. If it is according to unwritten law and general understanding that a French Canadian shall fill the post vacated by M. Masson, it is hard to see that anyone can do it better than M. Caron.

A not unimportant part of Sir John A. Macdonald's speech on his return to Canada was the reference to the fact that Mr. T. Brassey, the English millionaire was anxious to purchase of the government an extensive tract of land for colonization purposes. Sir John might have added that Mr. Brassey would upon the acquirement of the land open it up with a railway to connect with the Canadian Pacific. This is a good way to dispose of lands and people the country.

I want to give a hint to all who have anything to do in Britain with the promotion of the cause of filling up Canada. Never use the word emigrant, or emigration. It is detestable in British, especially English ears; for it smacks of the old days when emigrants were simply paupers, and the lowest class at that. Call it colonization, or settlement.

The following from *Truth* confirms statements made to me a few weeks ago as to the condition of social life in England to-day:—

"Not long ago a strange scene took place in a pretty garden not a hundred miles from London. The tree-shaded lawn was scattered over with seats, with here and there a bright-coloured Persian rug for the special behoof of any guests who object to open-air amusements on account of the "damp grass." To some minds grass is always damp. It was early in the afternoon, and the only tenants of the garden were the servants, who were arranging refreshments upon some tables under the trees. They seemed full of nods and becks, and whispers of apparently mysterious import passed among them. A carriage drives up to the gate, and two ladies, entering, look round for their hostess. The servant who has admitted them goes in search of his mistress, and a few moments afterwards a young and beautifully dressed woman issues from the house, her face deeply flushed, her eyes half closed, and her gait uncertain. Just at this moment another carriage drives up, a gentleman and lady being the occupants. They, too, enter by the garden gate, and advance towards the house across the lawn. As they approach the uncertain, swaying figure of their hostess they look at each other significantly, and the lady says in a low voice: 'I was afraid of this. Where can Mr. X. be to allow her to be seen in this state?' The interpretation of those wild looks, that disordered hair, and those meaningless words is that Mrs. X. is intoxicated, though not sufficiently so to be quite helpless. She wanders among her guests, her condition, however, being so palpable, so unmistakable, that the majority laugh and titter, while the friendly few pity though they condemn her. The painful scene was ended by the arrival of her husband, whose look of misery, as he led his wife on his arm through the groups of gaily-dressed people into the house, touched even the laughers with pity. This is no exaggeration of facts. It is, unfortunately, a scene from real life, and, I fear, not an uncommon one."

The Irish troubles continue, and there seems to be no end to them. Mr. Gladstone passes through and is cheered with every manifestation of affection; they have discovered at last that Mr. Parnell is at best an agitator, and in no sense a statesman; so the murder of landlords goes on, and Irish discontent will not be pacified, although the crops are good, and there is no chance of England perpetrating a famine there this year. What the end will be no one can venture to predict, but what we are sure of is, that the Irish will not get their grievances redressed by the murder of landlords. The present Government is undoubtedly pacific in its attitude towards Ireland, but there is a point beyond which Mr. Gladstone will not go. Home Rule, infuriated by an occasional assassination is not likely to become popular in England. If the Irish want any further concessions from the British Parliament; if they want to help Mr. Forster in his endeavours to secure justice for the unfortunate tenant, they had better put a stop to the murdering business.

As the Eastern question appears to be on the eve of a final and bloody settlement at last, we may as well have a clear understanding of the situation. By the terms of the Treaty of Berlin—which

England, France, Russia, Austria and Germany mutually agreed to see carried into effect—certain changes were to be made with regard to Turkish territory. Among others, Dulcigno, which was part of the Albanian sanjak of Scutari, a town of about 8,000 inhabitants, and occupying a bold promontory on the Adriatic, was to be taken from Albania and joined to Montenegro. The Powers have lately informed the Porte that the Treaty must be respected and acted upon. But the people of Dulcigno say they will not change hands; the Montenegrins say they can take forcible possession of Dulcigno, the Albanian army of six thousand men notwithstanding, if only the Turks are kept from interfering. The combined Powers declare that the Turks shall not interfere—or if they do they will find that they have got more than the Montenegrins to deal with—whereupon the Sublime Sickness at Constantinople plucks up the courage of despair, and shakes his fist in the face of the five Powers with a sort of “come-on”-ishness. He sees that he can secure the alliance of the Albanians now, but that if he yields this point, a little later on when the cession of territory to Greece is made he will lose even that little help.

What next? The Turks may as well consider that war is declared, if they have made up their minds to maintain their present resolute attitude. To expect that England and Russia will draw back on account of this senile defiance is to expect what England and Russia will not do. The Turks cannot defend Turkey in Europe for many weeks. It is quite true that if the fleet confined itself to a bombardment of Constantinople it would have a difficult and dangerous task on its hands, for the only approaches to it are by the Bosphorus from the Black sea, and by the Dardanelles from the Mediterranean through the Archipelago. These are narrow straits and easily guarded in these days of great guns and torpedoes; but Austria and Russia will find no difficulty in reaching it by land. To suppose that Turkey can withstand the combined forces of Europe is to suppose the absurd, and it is a consummation devoutly to be desired that the “Sick Man” will maintain his present attitude until his “bag and baggage” and himself have been “checked” for Asia, and a return ticket refused.

The policy of Gambetta is anti-clerical, and the new French Ministry will, as they are doubtless under his control, carry out the anti-Jesuit and other religious decrees. That the expulsion of the Jesuits is not new historically, is to be seen in the case of their expulsion [in 1507 from Venice; in 1708 from Holland; in 1764 from France; in 1767 from Spain; in 1820 from Russia; in 1829 from England; in 1872 from Germany, and in 1873 from Italy. They have also been expelled from several of the South American Republics, and are now outlawed in France. That they have given cause for these expulsions is not to be doubted, and their political intriguing character is well known—for chicanery and double dealing the name of Jesuit has stood as a synonym since the days of Ignatius de Loyola.

It is interesting to read the letters in the New York *Herald* from its correspondent, who is with Lieut. Schwatka's Franklin Search Expedition. On the 26th May, 1845, the “Erebus” and “Terror,” under the command of Franklin, set sail from England. In 1848 the first search expedition set out and others followed, but it was not until 1854 any information was obtained of Sir John Franklin and his 137 companions. In 1857 Capt. McClintock was sent at the expense of Lady Franklin and the information obtained by him was important—particulars of which may be learnt in his very interesting work, “The Voyage of the Fox.” The recent expedition of Lieut. Schwatka, which set sail in 1878 has confirmed the information brought by Vice-Admiral McClintock, and there are now no hopes of any records of the Franklin expedition being recovered. Lieut. Schwatka performed a feat unparalleled in the history of Arctic exploration—namely, he made the longest sledge journey on record, setting out with only a month's provisions, and for nearly a year lived the life of an Esquimaux. He succeeded in recovering the remains of Lieut. Irving of the “Terror,” and has proved himself an explorer, if rash, of high courage and mettle.

EDITOR.

## TORONTO AND ABOUT.

I am not by any means vindictive; I have no desire therefore to say anything to hurt the feelings of the proprietors of the *Orange Sentinel*, but in self defence I must allude to the uncalled-for comments of that highly reputable journal upon my article in a recent issue of the SPECTATOR. The *Orange Sentinel* would have it appear that the reporters of our daily papers only, are competent to obtain information and therefore that what comes from any other source than the dailies must necessarily be untrue—I suspect the *Orange Sentinel* publishes very little news that is untrue. I would like to inform the *Orange Sentinel* that it is very possible to obtain reliable information without the aid of reporters, and that there is a bare possibility of important events happening without ever coming under the notice of reporters, numerous as that body of intelligent representatives are. I must reiterate my statement that there was a very serious disturbance upon one of our wharves, and that the stones from the hands of the Y. B's flew pretty freely at one of the steam boats. I would like as amicably as possible to inform the sceptical *Sentinel* that two policemen were very seriously hurt during the scuffles arising out of O. Y. B. trouble, one being pretty well damaged with a chain hurled at him, the other more seriously in another way, so much so as to be unable at present to attend to his duties,—one was bruised at the Queen's wharf, the other on Queen Street. With respect to my giving the names of the boys referred to, or their especial lodges, of course that is out of the question. Having said so much I would politely call the attention of the *Sentinel* to the gentlemanly way in which allusion was made to my article, stopping little short of calling me a liar. But perhaps the least said the better, for I presume the writer was annoyed at the time, still courtesy should always obtain in journalism, and I would advise Mr. Clark to take the hint as he certainly frequently lacks the quality. I would like to call attention to the fact that individually the Orangemen in Toronto are, as a rule, a fine set of men, but as an Order they do not rank by any means so high. Some of Toronto's best men are Orangemen, yet notwithstanding this fact, the Order is occasionally held in contempt, and for the reasons which I have occasionally attempted to show, the *Orange Sentinel* to the contrary notwithstanding. I must confess I was astonished at the *Sentinel's* wrath, the more so as a short time ago I brought down the ire of the Catholic portion of the community on my head. May I ask the proprietors of the *Sentinel* if there is not a possibility of that journal assisting to make the Orange body as bigoted as their Romanist enemies?

Some one kindly called to my remembrance in last week's SPECTATOR a fact which I had apparently forgotten, viz., that Canada is a young country and cannot be expected to make such rapid strides towards perfection as the more advanced countries of the Old World. I had not forgotten it, but I am afraid a great many people have. What is the use of cramming our children with the belief that they are being educated a hundred times better than the children of other countries? What good end can be gained by praising our young students up to the skies, and telling them that their labour gives results equal to the best endeavours of the more proficient scholars and students of the Continent? I do not forget that this is a new country, but I think the officers of the Educational Department, and the patrons of such Societies as the Ontario Society of Artists and the Canadian Academy, are much to blame in not impressing the fact more thoroughly upon the youth of the country that though we have unquestionably made rapid strides, yet we are still far behind the countries of the Old World both in Arts and Sciences. If a healthy spirit of emulation was aroused, no doubt it would greatly tend to encourage the closer study of the Sciences and the higher branches of Art. It is out of reason to suppose that either the Arts or Sciences can be brought to such a degree of excellence with a sparse population of four million souls as with a collected population of thirty or forty millions. Money is power, but we have not got the money in Canada, hence it is folly to suppose we can do, without that all-powerful necessary, what centuries of time and labour have accomplished with its assistance in the Old World.

The pleasure excursion season is over, and it is almost a miracle that there has been no serious accident. As a rule the boats have been wonderfully patronized, considering their general liability to accident. Boat after boat has been laid up for repairs, sometimes seriously damaged, sometimes slightly. Last week the steamer "Empress of India" had to come back from Hamilton, with a body of excursionists, with only one paddle working. Two or three others are at present disabled, but are to be refitted and overhauled to do duty next summer. One of the crazy boats is twenty-six years of age, and was brought from another part of Canada, very likely because her unsafe state was too well appreciated. Several of the used-up Toronto boats have left the Queen City for parts unknown, their value being thoroughly understood here. It is a mystery where all the fine-looking broken-down boats come from. The worst part of the affair is that those boats which prove the most unsafe are generally found to have been set down as *new boats*. There ought to be some way of discovering to the public the capacity of all pleasure and excursion boats, together with their age and comparative safety, for the great body of pleasure-seekers are entirely at sea with regard to these matters.

A large item in the expenses of entertaining the Rochester City Council when they did us the honour of visiting us and our exhibition, was for wine. The Rochester Civic Council have sent us a resolution of thanks for the "princely entertainment," and the niggardly portion of the community want to know if wine means "princely entertainment." "Princely entertainment is a first-rate thing when it costs nothing, but if it is at all expensive, leave it out; and as the winter is coming on, and a consequent amount of mud will be found in the streets, use the surplus to the best advantage and buy macadam for the streets." That is what the niggardly portion of the community said when they heard that certain foreign civic bodies were to be entertained at the expense of the city.

Any one at all conversant with Toronto matters, or who has lived in Toronto for the last ten years, must have noticed that two or three times every year the subject of new court houses is broached with an evident newness, as if the idea had struck somebody for the first time. The *Globe* says: "The Court House question is again exciting attention," or in other words, the Court House question is again arresting attention. It is to be hoped the Corporation of Toronto will immediately join with the County Council and endeavour to arrive at some definite conclusion in regard to new court houses, as the present buildings are a disgrace, and are not of sufficient account to merit the name they bear.

The people of Montreal have got ahead of Toronto; their railway to connect with Lake Nipissing, to intercept the traffic of the Canada Pacific, must considerably damage the Ontario capital, it is said, and so the Toronto City Council have memorialized the Ontario Legislature, requesting that body to take into consideration the immediate claims of the Ontario Pacific Junction Railway upon their support. A reply from Mr. Mowat's administration will be eagerly looked for, for the Northern Railway and the citizens of Toronto do not much relish being left out in the cold, when the syndicate who are to construct the Canada Pacific Railway have fulfilled their part of the agreement.

And now it is being generally talked about by persons whose word has no weight, including the *Mail* newspaper, that instead of expending \$500,000 upon new Parliamentary buildings in the Park, one-half of that sum be set aside to turn the present Lunatic Asylum into Parliament buildings. The notion at first appeared to be worthy an inmate of that institution, but second thoughts prove the suggestion more valuable. The Queen's Park is too small for such large buildings, as the new Parliament houses must necessarily be; the Lunatic Asylum grounds stop the growth of the city, as the grounds are three quarters of a mile in extent. The lunatics themselves are an annoyance to the vicinity, and must sooner or later be moved; and with a sum less than one-half that necessary to erect new Parliament buildings, the present Lunatic Asylum could be so altered to answer every purpose internally and externally.

Queen City.

## TRADE—FINANCE—STATISTICS.

### THE ZADKIEL'S ALMANAC OF THE GRAIN TRADE.

"The latter is the principal cause of the delay of the California export movement, while in California there has been a combination of causes that have checked the movement of the new crop of winter and spring wheat from the Atlantic States."—*New York Produce Exchange*, 17th Sept., 1880, 6th sentence, 1st column, 1st page.

The above is a fair sample of the narrative style of the official. If the *Sacramento Bee* is to be trusted, a scarcity of wheat is not one of the causes that contribute to check the movement from the Atlantic States of California. It says:—

"The fact that the wheat crop of this State will be much greater than even the most sanguine anticipated a few months ago is receiving daily demonstration. Along every line of travel, both by water, rail, and waggon road, are accumulating great piles of grain awaiting shipments. New warehouses have been put up in many places, and so rapidly filled that the farmers are crying for more. Persons well posted in matters of this kind inform us that the wheat yield of California this year will be in the neighbourhood of one million tons. Her surplus for shipment will probably amount to 900,000 tons."

On which the *Toronto Mail* of 17th Sept. 1880, comments as follows:—

"It should be remembered that this surplus is equivalent to 30,000,000 bushels, against 19,000,000 bushels surplus last year; and that while Oregon's exportable surplus last year was 6,000,000 bushels, this year's has been estimated at 5,000,000 bushels more. If these estimates should be realized, the Pacific States will have 16,000,000 bushels more wheat for shipment than in 1879. An addition of 2,000,000 quarters of Californian wheat to the quantity of Californian wheat to be offered in English markets—being probably from one-eighth to one-sixth of the total imports needed in the coming harvest-year—cannot fail to have an important influence on English prices."

If this were an isolated instance of careless diction or typographical error we might be accused of hypercriticism, but when we find an ever-recurring laxity of statement and a succession of mistakes in figures—all tending in one direction and never corrected—we are justified in assuming that the aim of this pretentious publication is to mystify its readers. No grain statistics published in America are so extensively quoted, and the injury done last year by its distorted and one-sided views on the food-supply situation was almost incalculable. Yet there was almost always to be found among the chaff some grains of wheat that could be paraded and crowed over as occasion required. Its forecast of the United States and Canada surplus available for Europe was perhaps the nearest to results, but its estimated deficiency of sixty-three and a half millions between the supply and demand of the whole world was the most extravagant and incorrect of all the estimates.

The latter half of September seems to be about the time when the mystification necessary to manipulation should commence, and we see symptoms already. If the advance movement is to get a grip at all it must be mainly on English requirements, and it therefore seems necessary to prove—*first*, that England required 24,000,000 of quarters for actual consumption in 1879-1880, and will probably need more in 1880-1881; *second*, that she had to draw largely upon her reserves during the cereal year ending 31st August; and *third*, that her wants are mainly supplied by the United States. The correctness or incorrectness of these propositions is of paramount importance, and the object of the following figures is to enable our readers to form independent conclusions.

*First*: With regard to the assertion that the English consumption is 24,000,000 quarters, it can only be said that it is pure assertion unsupported by any proof, and at variance with careful calculations made by other authorities. Messrs. Patterson Brothers & Co. of Liverpool estimated 22,717,414 quarters; Mr. Duncan Stewart, 12,443,750. It is, however, in the power of the "official" to prove in a perfectly satisfactory manner exactly what the consumption was. We shall see in detail under the second head that the net imports and home deliveries, from 1st Sept. 1879 to 31st Aug. 1880, were 22,594,445 quarters. There is very little chance for error in this, as the net imports are from Custom House returns, and the home deliveries are so small that whatever variation from rigid fact there may be in multiplying by four, the total of the reports from 150 principal towns in England and Wales is reduced to a minimum. Add to the 22,594,445 thus obtained the decrease in stocks between 1st Sept. 1879 and 1st Sept. 1880, and we obtain an estimate of consumption that is near enough for all practical purposes. If the "official" is correct there should be a decrease in stock of 1,405,555 quarters=11,244,440 bushels; but in reports already published there is nothing to justify the assumption that there is any such decrease. Let us see.

In this issue of 17th Sept. we have the following comparative statement of stocks on 1st Sept. To simplify investigation we have reduced centals and quarters of wheat, and barrels and sacks of flour, all into bushels of wheat:—

	1880.	1879.
Liverpool . . . . .	2,755,065	3,572,434
Glasgow . . . . .	778,460	645,245
Bristol (no flour reported), . . . . .	261,472	210,272
Total . . . . .	3,794,997	4,427,951
Decrease in 1880 . . . . .		632,954

Liverpool stocks might have been expected to decrease, as the trade has been going to other ports. Glasgow increased—flour included—and Bristol shows an increase without any note of flour. It must not be forgotten that

stocks have usually been reported from eighteen leading ports only; that this year the United Kingdom imported at over sixty different ports, and that any attempt to demonstrate a heavy reduction that does not include at least an estimate of stocks at the minor ports must be regarded as evasive and unsatisfactory. We have ventured to correct the "official" in the reports of sacks flour in store in Liverpool on 31st Aug. 1879. It gives 119,999, but according to Messrs. Patterson Brothers & Co. the stock was 75,291 only. We prefer to follow the latter authority. Every figure of the stocks on 31st March, 1880, corresponds in the two tests, and in the stocks on 31st Aug. all agree except the flour as above noted, and oatmeal, which was 19,601 lbs. according to the "official," and 2,217 according to Messrs. Patterson Brothers;—119,999 was really the stock of sacks on 31st Dec. 1879. Of the 1001 mistakes of the "official," can a single one be used as a "bear" argument? We have yet to hear of it.

Second: In the number of 17th September, on page 2, column 1, we have "approximate results," showing a deficiency between consumption and supply of 2,157,147 quarters. In the second column of same page we have the English Custom House returns of imports and exports for same period, viz.: 1st September, 1879, to 28th August, 1880. We will compare the two, and let us say here that it will be no excuse for the "official" to say that the incorrect figures are not his own. Let him credit his statements to the authorities from whom he copies them so that we can pillory the offender.

Custom House Returns 1st September, 1879, to 28th August, 1880:

	cwts.	bushels.
Gross imports wheat	59,220,719	
Deduct exports	1,375,206	
Net imports	57,845,513	107,978,291
Gross imports flour	11,139,759	
Deduct exports	594,503	
	10,545,256	26,363,140
At 2½ bush. of wheat per cwt. flour		134,341,431
		126,939,904
"Approximate results," 15,867,488 qrs.		7,401,527

A foot note to the Custom House returns gives the imports of wheat and flour, 1st September, 1879, to 28th August, 1880, as 130,743,576 bushels, which is supposed to be a remarkable confirmation of the *Produce Exchange Weekly's* estimate of 26th September, 1879, giving required imports at 131,000,000 bushels. No mention, however, is made of another estimate in the issue of 28th November, 1879, giving required imports 144,000,000 bushels, and we are not informed as to how 130,743,576 is arrived at. A barrel of flour is generally acknowledged to be 4.33 bushels of wheat, and 112-196ths would give 2½ bushels per cwt. nearly.

Ascertained Supply for the Cereal Year ending 31st August, 1880:

	bushels.
Custom House returns, as above,	134,341,431
Home deliveries (5,589,722 qrs.)	44,718,016
(There remain three days of the year.)	
For the 8 weeks, ending 28th August, the imports and home deliveries had been 3,392,221 qrs., or an average of 565,370 bush. per day	1,696,110
Or in quarters	180,755,557
Add estimated surplus on 1st September, 1879, (Patterson Bros. & Co.'s estimate of 5th January, 1880)	22,594,445
	1,514,797
	24,109,242

Deduct:

Consumption as estimated by Messrs. Patterson on above date	22,717,714
" " " " quarters	1,391,528
" " " " bushels surplus	11,132,224

with which to start the cereal year 1st September, 1880, to 31st August, 1881. This estimate from which we have quoted so freely gave a total imports and deliveries of 22,202,617 qrs., or 391,828 qrs. = 3,134,624 bushels short of the actual results, and for a forecast made on 5th January this seems remarkably correct, and calculated to inspire more confidence than the vagaries of a statistician who gives three different statements of supply in one issue.

Third: We now come to the point. What proportion of her total requirements does England get from the United States? The average dealer believes about 75 per cent.; the average farmer believes that all the rest of this little world supplies a mere bagatelle. Here we are on solid ground, and the subjoined table will be a surprise to many, and as corroborative of the proportions of the calendar year, 1879, we get the following results from an investigation into the working of the cereal year ending 31st August:—

Gross imports wheat as per Custom House returns to 28th Aug., 59,220,719 cwt	110,545,342
" " " flour, 11,139,759 cwt., at 2½	27,849,397
Estimated imports for remaining three days	1,516,735
	139,911,474

The *Baltimore Journal of Commerce* gives the total exports from United States ports to United Kingdom from 1st September, 1879, to 31st August, 1880, as follows, and the imports into the United Kingdom from the United States ports during that period will not likely vary much from these figures:—

Exports, wheat, bushels,	78,882,584
" flour, 2,952,211 bbls., at 4½	12,792,914
	91,675,498

Or 65½ per cent. of the total supply.

NOTE.—It would appear that the *Baltimore Journal of Commerce* has not included Oregon shipments in its reports; its total exports to all countries in wheat and flour is equal to bushels wheat, 177,035,647; add Oregon, 6,650,000. Total, 183,686,647 bushels. As the bulk of Oregon shipments were to the United Kingdom we may add another ½ per cent., or say that on this showing the United States supplied 66 per cent. of the total requirements in a year when all Europe was starving.

Gross imports wheat and flour into United Kingdom for the calendar year 1879:

Source of Supply.	Bush. Wheat.	Flour reduced to Wheat.	Total bush.	Proportion.
North Russia.....	5,683,070	2,025	5,685,095	.040
South Russia.....	9,258,833	223,765	9,482,598	.068
Sweden.....	38,618	2,787	41,405	....
Denmark.....	109,349	992,625	1,101,974	.009
Germany.....	6,745,906	2,287,832	9,033,738	.065
Holland.....	23,529	21,230	44,759	....
France.....	32,276	887,515	919,791	.007
Spain.....	6,895	.....	6,895	....
Austro-Hungary.....	36,858	3,782,730	3,819,588	.027
Wallachia and Moldavia.....	296,528	16,042	312,570	.002
Turkey.....	21,466	.....	21,466	....
Egypt.....	5,703,968	.....	5,703,968	.041
British North America.....	8,925,907	1,143,922	10,069,829	.072
United States.....	67,278,204	17,155,448	84,433,652	.603
Chili.....	2,625,269	171,295	2,796,564	.020
Other countries.....	6,318,008	133,413	6,451,421	.045
	113,104,684	26,820,629	139,925,313	1,000

The addition of cwts. given in "Official" is 59,591,795, the details amount to 60,591,795. We follow the details.

To the reader who has followed us through these figures it will, we hope, be tolerably clear—first, that it is not proved that England required 24,000,000 quarters last year, and that the presumption is in favour of the correctness of the more moderate estimate of 22½ to 23 millions; second, that it is not proved that she had to draw largely on her reserves, and that the "approximate results" is pure fiction; third, that it is very conclusively proved that in a year of universal scarcity in Europe she got less than two-thirds of her imports from the United States.

In conclusion, we would say that we fully appreciate the difficulty of bringing out weekly such a mass of statistics; but it is plain that if they are incorrect they are worse than useless. We would appeal to the compiler to get rid of the mystification of wheat in hectolitres, metrical quintals, centals, hundred-weights, quarters, big tons and little tons;—let us have it in honest bushels. In flour abolish the cwts., sacks, barrels, and let us have it in centals. Let every table be complete in itself, with—

Amount brought forward	_____
Week	_____
Total from _____ to _____	_____

Let us have the *pros* and *cons* on any disputed point in one number—it is rather unsatisfactory for a man to discover the other side of a story after he is ruined. Let him use neutral tint if he must have spectacles at all, and let him bear in mind that while speculation is a part of scientific trade, manipulation is the concomitant of gambling. If in all New York, assistants are not procurable who can be depended on to copy tables of figures correctly, let him try and get men who occasionally make mistakes on the "bear" side. As Mark Twain's good-natured judge said, "This is getting monotonous." *Qui Hye.*

RAILROAD COMBINATIONS.

Railroad management is vastly different to-day from what it was 25 years ago. At that time no continuous through routes were established between the East and West, and the thought of connecting New York and San Francisco by rail was not conceived. Even between this city and Buffalo no continuous trains were run and a change at Albany was made. Between New York and Chicago there interposed three different railroad interests, and at the termination of each independent line passengers were compelled to change cars. Happily for the travelling public all this annoyance is over and now regular trains run through without a break on schedule time. Within this period there have been great improvements in passenger coaches, sleepers and parlor cars as well as in the swiftness of travel.

Facilities for grain and freight transportation have also kept pace with other improvements in railroad management. The cost of passenger travel as

well as freight shipments have been greatly reduced, and the whole country is benefitted by the change. These advantages have been secured through the consolidation of connecting roads into important trunk lines. Opposing interests were brought into amicable accord and under one management, greater economy and effectiveness established. While the trade and commerce of the country as well as the travelling public have been greatly benefitted by the consolidation of interests, there is danger that the combination may reach too far and become a huge monopoly. The Wabash combination is growing formidable. It proposes now to make Chicago its great centre, and by building a few connecting links establish a huge railway organization throughout the Mississippi Valley, and further West also, by aid of the Union Pacific with its numerous arteries. In the South is the Louisville and Nashville combination, in the East the Baltimore and Ohio, Pennsylvania Railroad and New York Central. The Trunk lines are under vigorous control, collect immense revenues, wield great power, and are a mighty force in the nation. The Western combination, is reaching out far and wide, stops at no obstacles, is hindered by no difficulties, and goes on day by day gathering strength, force and power. For the present internal traffic and commerce gain by this merging of varied interests under one efficient control, but where will these great railroad managers stop in their work? This is the important question—will they be wise enough to conduct affairs in safe channels or grasp at power and monopoly so strong as to compel the National Government to interfere?—*U. S. Economist.*

A number of Scottish capitalists have formed a company, with a capital of \$1,000,000, to be the British Canadian Lumbering and timber Company (Limited). Their operations will extend over an area of 1,300 square miles, covering territory along the Ottawa, Muskoka and Parry Sound, and in Michigan and Wisconsin. Messrs. Cook and Grant, who formerly owned this great tract, will take a leading part in the business of the company, they holding nearly half of the capital stock. The directors are:—W. J. Menzies, W. S. Edinburgh; Jas. Haldane, C. A., Edinburgh; Jas. Balfour, W. S., Edinburgh; Alexander Mitchell, timber broker, Glasgow; George J. Cook, Quebec; Donald Alexander Macdonald, ex-lieutenant-governor of Ontario; Herman H. Cook and James Scott, merchants, Toronto. The head office of the company will be in Edinburgh. In Canada the principal office will be in Toronto, but there will be offices also at Quebec and at Montreal. The Bank of Scotland will be the company's bankers. They have already commenced operations by sending a large number of men up the Ottawa. The company have arranged to cut between 500,000 and 600,000 feet of timber on the Ottawa, and 5,000,000 at Midland, and they will employ during the winter somewhere in the neighbourhood of 400 men. For wages and supplies they calculate to spend annually between \$200,000 and \$300,000.

BANKS.

BANK.	Shares per value.	Capital Subscribed.	Capital Paid up	Rest.	Price per \$100 Sept. 29, 1880.	Price per \$100 Sept. 29, 1879.	Last half-yearly Dividend.	Per cent. per annum of last div. on present price.
Montreal	200	\$12,000,000	\$11,999,200	\$5,000,000	\$153 1/4	\$132 1/2	4	5.21
Ontario	40	3,000,000	2,996,756	100,000	86 1/2	57 1/2	3	6.94
Molson's	50	2,000,000	1,999,095	100,000	97	64	3	6.19
Toronto	100	2,000,000	2,000,000	500,000	134	111	3 1/2	5.22
Jacques Cartier	25	500,000	500,000	*250,000	90 1/2	57	2 1/2	5.52
Merchants	100	5,798,267	5,518,933	475,000	105 1/4	80 1/2	3	5.70
Eastern Townships	50	1,459,600	1,382,637	200,000	107	107	3 1/2	6.54
Quebec	100	2,500,000	2,500,000	425,000	128 1/4	112 1/2	4	6.21
Commerce	50	6,000,000	6,000,000	1,400,000	128 1/4	112 1/2	4	6.21
Exchange	100	1,000,000	1,000,000	75,000	53	50	..	..
MISCELLANEOUS.								
Montreal Telegraph Co.	40	2,000,000	2,000,000	171,432	132 1/2	92 1/2	4	6.05
R. & O. N. Co.	100	1,565,000	1,565,000	..	59 1/2	37	..	..
City Passenger Railway	50	..	600,000	163,000	120 3/4	80	15	4.15
New City Gas Co.	40	2,000,000	1,880,000	..	149	118	5	6.71

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

RAILWAY TRAFFIC RECEIPTS.

COMPANY.	1880.			1879.		Week's Traffic.		Aggregate.		
	Period.	Pass. Mails & Express	Freight and L. Stock	Total.	Total.	Incr'se	Decr'se	Period.	Incr'se	Decr'se
*Grand Trunk	Sept. 25	\$3,266	134,514	217,780	200,069	17,711	..	13 w'ks	\$528,039	..
Great Western	" 17	50,677	63,593	114,270	94,829	19,441	..	12 "	214,244	..
Northern & H. & N. W.	" 15	10,597	17,725	28,322	23,852	4,470	..	11 "	57,188	..
Toronto & Nipissing	" 21	3,823	9,724	6,547	5,707	1,350	..	12 "	3,439	..
Midland	" 21	2,080	9,063	11,143	6,843	4,300	..	12 "	25,244	..
St. Lawrence & Ottawa	" 18	1,673	1,557	3,230	4,275	..	1,045	1m Jan. 1	3,577	..
Whitby, Pt Perry & Lindsay	" 21	1,173	1,834	3,007	2,020	987	..	11 w'ks	13,670	..
Canada Central	" 14	4,093	5,811	9,904	6,867	3,037	..	11 w'ks	26,679	..
Toronto, Grey & Bruce	" 11	2,943	3,547	6,490	6,878	..	388	11 "	479	..
†Q., M., O. & O.	" 15	11,276	5,463	16,739	5,443	11,296	..	10 "	96,576	..
Intercolonial	Month July 31	64,430	81,884	146,314	107,873	38,441	..	1 m'nth	38,441	..

\*NOTE TO GRAND TRUNK.—The River du Loup receipts are included for seven weeks in 1879, not in 1880; omitting them the aggregate increase for thirteen weeks is \$556,239.

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

"POETICAL FINANCE."

The financial situation in Europe is viewed at present by the English *Economist*, as well as by some of our Canadian journals, from a rather lugubrious standpoint. Indeed so gloomy does the picture, as painted by them, appear—so heavy is the drain upon that gold which forms the basis of monetary paper issues in Europe—that it is a little surprising no "rag-baby" advocate has been found, as yet, to improve the occasion. One would naturally suppose the national currency men might "point a moral, and adorn a tale" which would give finish to their arguments, from the possible temporary suspension of specie payments which is threatened should the drain of gold towards the United States continue. A drain of gold is thoroughly different from a drain of paper. The supply of the former is limited. The supply of the latter is practically unlimited. No excessive demand for paper currency could make a nation feel poor so long as the printing press, and the stereotyped signature of the Finance Minister, were still preserved to them. Hence arises its startling superiority to gold. Nay more, a baseless paper currency has this further advantage, that no excessive demand for it from other nations is at all likely to arise. This is an eminently practical age; and for that reason, if other nations desire paper money in abundance, what they covet is—not the currency of that other nation—but its printing press. It is different with a gold currency. It is not the mint-stamp upon it which they are willing to take in exchange for commodities. It is the material, stamped or unstamped, they want; foolishly self-confident as they are of their own ability to weigh and measure it. This is the point missed by the "rag-baby" advocates. The paper currency is never much tempted to wander away to other lands. The currency based on gold, nay the very gold itself on which it rests, may be induced to leave.

The hysterical state of mind into which this drain of gold from Europe towards the United States has thrown financial journals is sad to contemplate. Yet it is possible to account for these symptoms of hysteria—but on one hypothesis only viz: that these journals judge from appearances. They see that gold is flowing towards the United States and away from Europe, and with hands and eyes uplifted in agony they exclaim "what a loss to Europe?" They do not look beneath this mere appearance of loss to see what is meant by it. They forget that gold is merely a commodity like any other commodity—a convenient, yet real, measure of values, because in itself of value—and therefore in its flux and reflux, its exchange and return capable of measuring that which is received or given for it. If gold flows towards the United States it is, it can only be, because value in some other commodity has been obtained for it. Its amount is the measure of the value received. Its efflux is a measure of value received; its influx is a measure of value exported. If the commodity of wheat for instance, be received for the gold and used in the sustenance of skilled and well-directed labour which ultimates in usefulness or beauty in the various articles formed, these will again infallibly form an object of attraction to those who furnished the wheat; and the gold will retrace its steps. Gold in excessive abundance, though less purchasable by far, is quite as useless as a superabundance of wheat. If gold becomes scarce, any currency based upon it has to be curtailed. Money becomes scarce and dear; other commodities abundant and cheap as compared with it. Manufacturers and merchants, in face of the necessary rise in the rate of interest, prefer to realize on their commodities rather than hold them at high cost in interest. They thus tempt the holders of gold to exchange it for goods on which they can make a profit larger than they can on money, which is so far a drug in their own market that goods are relatively high as compared to it. Our hysterical financial journals will become sane again ere long as they begin to see the stimulus which the exportation of gold in exchange for other commodities will give to the demand from the United States for all the finer forms of manufactures in Europe. Just in proportion to the excessive drain of gold will be the excessive demand, from its destination, for other articles.

There is a poetry and a religion in Finance which is not discerned by those who regard only its outward phenomena. Gold is the internal motive power of what we call money, just as the will to serve is the interior motive-power of real usefulness. The expenditure of either usefully is always a gain—never a loss. The man who judges by appearances only, whose desire is not to make his labour as useful as possible, dawdles over his work in fear lest it should get finished too soon and no more be left for him to do. The same style of man, if he be a capitalist, sees with dread any threat of encroachment upon his financial reserves. While he who expends either capital or labour, or both, for the sake of the use performed, finds a full tide of employment flowing in upon him. It is a law of the natural world around us, as well as of the mental world within us, that to use the most valuable exchangeable material commonly to the utmost is to ensure its retention and similarly, fully to employ our will to serve is the surest method to expand its powers and amplify its opportunities. Such is the religion of Finance which "mute, inglorious Miltons" have so far neglected to sing; but which traders and manufacturers, left free and unfettered by restrictions upon trade have sometimes chosen to live and do.

Utilitarian.

## LORDS AND LAND.

In a recent number of this high-toned journal its talented Editor complains that "while the Government have been working with a will to deserve the respect and confidence of the country, bringing forward wholesome measures of reform, the Lords who hold dignified council in the Upper House have been doing the kind of work which was certain to provoke the question: Is the House of Lords of any real service to the country?" Going on to say that "the measure for preventing useless and cruel evictions in Ireland when it had passed the House of Commons should have been allowed to become law" the Editor seems to think that the Lords of Parliament are simply to endorse the decisions of their elective contemporaries and thus, in the negative, apparently answers the question touching the utility of the Hereditary House as it at present exists: but he has not favoured the public with reasons which could be accepted as valid in support of an opinion by no means universal nor of appreciable popularity. That an effort to remodel or wholly remove the time-honoured assembly alluded to may be a possible or even a probable event of the near future is readily admitted; it is an old fashioned and favourite menace prevalent among men whose political prescience is largely due to their political predilections and who habitually affect to regard improvement and change as forms of speech indetical in meaning. Nevertheless as a matter of course, and to ease the Radical mind—the Lords having ventured to show that they not only possess convictions but have the courage to express and act on them—something must be sacrificed; something pulled down or inverted, especially if that something should happen to have stood in the way of an abortive attempt at crude, hasty, and ill-advised legislation. But it is hardly conceivable that the point has yet been attained when immoral designs, presented in the guise of "wholesome measures of reform," are to reckon among those forces which seem constantly tending toward the verge of revolution.

When the question bearing the characteristic designation of "The Irish Disturbance Bill" was last brought up in the Commons the negative but significant attitude assumed by two thirds of the overwhelming majority with which the Gladstone Government came into power—apart from the hostility of their usual opponents—is not the kind of testimony that can be accepted as showing that the country confides in the wisdom of Her Majesty's present advisers. Even including the Home Rulers and those men who, well knowing the fate that awaited the Bill in "the Lords," thought they could by voting for it afford a cheap bid for popularity, the comparatively attenuated majority by which the Government sustained a moral, and escaped an actual defeat in the Commons, in connection with the adverse and preponderating vote by which their measure was thrown out of the House of Lords, must have a meaning which may not be lightly regarded by those who profess to deserve "the respect and confidence of the country."

In these skeptical days it is worth while to enquire how a measure said to have been designed for the philanthropic purpose of "preventing useless and cruel evictions in Ireland," and which from the supposed nature of it might well have commended itself to any christian assembly, came to be abandoned by a great number of the government's supporters in the Lower House, and to be rejected in the Upper House by a sweeping majority including their oldest and staunchest adherents.

Almost every member of the House of Lords is a landowner, and in the House of Commons the landed interest is fully represented. It is therefore probable that the majority of the former by whom the Bill was rejected, and a large proportion of the minority in the latter by whom it was opposed were exclusively proprietors of land. Their hostility to a measure which they looked upon as an unwarrantable invasion of the vital interests of their class may thus furnish a plausible argument that it was founded upon principles utterly selfish in character. Selfishness—the main spring of all human actions—is, in its repugnant and commonly received form, the exercise of personal rights or privileges at the undue cost of the comfort and convenience, or in violation of the rights and privileges of others. Such a change cannot justly be laid at the door of those who opposed and defeated The Irish Disturbance Bill. As a rule the noblemen and gentlemen of the United Kingdom—the representative portion of whom the Editor refers to as "the London swell mob"—are known to be humane, chivalrous and honourable; loyal to their sovereign and country, and in purity of life quite the equals of any other class of Her Majesty's subjects. If justice be a basis of legislation, assuredly these Noblemen and gentlemen when called to decide upon a measure ostensibly for the purpose of preventing "useless and cruel evictions" in Ireland, but which they well knew to involve confiscation of the plainest rights of property in that country, and which had not even the merit of expediency to recommend it, cannot reasonably be held to have incurred the odium of cruelty or selfishness by refusing their sanction thereof in their respective assemblies. A measure producing an extensive and far reaching defection from the ranks of the Government—penetrating to and causing the resignation of some of their office holders and members of the Cabinet—must have a cause for its defeat lying deeper than a capricious or arbitrary exercise of power.

In the terrible famine which desolated Ireland during the years 1846-47 a large number of its landowners were ruined by the excessive poor-rates that in

addition to those for county purposes were obliged to be raised, and which they alone—their tenants then being in a state of starvation—were compelled to provide. This they did generally by borrowing on their already mortgaged properties, the loans eventually becoming the last straw that broke the camel's back and causing their utter extinction under the judgments of the Court instituted for the sale of Encumbered Estates. Land, usually deemed the best description of security, is reluctantly parted with, and although many proprietors disappeared, as above stated, a large number, more or less impoverished, continued to retain their ancestral acres. In years of average prosperity these men were enabled to pay the interest on their mortgages, including those created during the famine referred to, as also family jointures, quit-rents, and other expenses incidental to their position. But in addition to these charges are those for Poor and County rates, which their tenants are now, and for a long time, have been unable to pay. The Bill which it was intended to make law did not actually propose to deprive the landlords of their power to evict for non-payment of rent, but threw such obstacles in their way that practically they would be obliged to submit and allow the tenants to remain. Not the least vicious feature in the ill-advised scheme was the fact that a large body of occupiers were anxiously awaiting its fate to decide whether in future they would refuse to pay rent which they had hitherto been able to pay, and had willingly paid. It is thus easily seen that in endeavouring to carry out one of their "wholesome measures of reform" the Government plainly informed the landlords that whilst good care would be taken to prevent them from getting anything they would be forced to pay everything. Had the Bill included a clause affording protection or relief to the landlords in some shape it would have worn less the aspect of a preliminary move towards wholesale spoliation. The claims of the shopkeeper, the tradesman, the whiskey-seller, the money-lender, of any one except the landlords were to be recoverable as usual, and tenants who have not been paying were to be taught to act on Mr. Parnell's advice to not pay any more rent. Amongst the landowners, as amongst any class of men, there are those who are harsh and unfeeling; but, in common with those who are humane and indulgent, their rights should be maintained to enable them to discharge their lawful obligations. Amongst the tenants are those who have faithfully paid but who no longer can pay; and it should not be forgotten that if the rights of the lords of the soil are founded on justice the tenants referred to have claims that are founded on humanity.

With regard to the Voter's Registration Bill—probably that sarcastically described by Mr. Froude as "the next best remedy to be tried to help the Irish out of their wretchedness"—the alleged unseemly treatment thereof by the Lords could hardly exceed the haste with which but a brief period previous to adjournment it was rushed into their House. But the style of its rejection described by the Editor as kicking "by lordly boots out of existence" is not quite in harmony with the proceedings of men who he tells us "hold dignified council in the Upper House."

Saxon.

## FATHER STAFFORD vs. DR. MacVICAR.

The worthy priest of Lindsay and the worthy Principal of the Presbyterian College of Montreal have recently been engaged in controversial warfare. Both have excellent gifts in the way of denunciation, and have employed their gifts to the utmost. Father Stafford, it would appear, has been for some time past viewing with growing impatience the habit that Ontario people have acquired of regarding with pitying disdain, or contemptuous anger, all the doings (educational and religious) of the Roman Catholics in Quebec. Mr. Goldwin Smith, last August, laid the last straw on the camel's back in speaking, *en passant*, of the ignorance and superstition of France. The straw was not of much weight in itself, but it reminded Father Stafford of other and uglier straws, amongst which was one that was added to the load by the Rev. D. H. MacVicar, LL.D., S.L.P., in August, 1879. On that occasion Dr. MacVicar declared Roman Catholic education in this Province to be "one-sided, unsymmetrical, and unnatural to the last degree," and his utterance was applauded by the Ontario teachers who heard it. Whereupon Father Stafford girded up his loins, took unto himself a pen, and the conflict between the two ecclesiastics was begun.

As usual in controversies of this kind mistakes have been made on both sides. In the first place, the Ontario people take for granted too readily that Roman Catholic education in this Province is of a woefully inferior kind. They themselves can find no words too laudatory to apply to their own educational system, nor would it be easy for any one outside to satisfy them in this particular. As a matter of fact, however, the majority of the teachers of Ontario know nothing experimentally of the actual condition of education in Quebec, and judge entirely by hearsay and prejudicial rumours. This prejudice Father Stafford has a right to combat. Knowing that judgment is made upon insufficient or impartial evidences, the good priest becomes naturally indignant, and to this extent we sympathize with him. But his indignation once kindled, and his pen once on paper, he forgets himself. Knowing that he is rightly indignant at something, he does not keep that something in view, and rashly rushes upon dangerous ground. He exclaims in paragraph: "At the convention of



teachers let no man dare to stand up and single out the Roman or any other church for special attack." Father Stafford would, it appears, prevent if he could discussion of the educational methods of any church, even if those methods be bad! But just before he gives utterance to this limitarianism he says: "I am a Canadian by birth, and I am proud of it. I am a Roman Catholic by faith, and glory in it. I claim for myself the civil rights of this country common to all its citizens." But freedom of discussion is one of the civil rights of the country, good Father Stafford, and it is useless for you to exclaim "Let no man dare to stand up and single out," &c. You may become indignant if you like; you may by pen and voice show that these Ontario teachers judge upon misrepresentations; you may show that they are prejudiced, and if you make out a good case, the public will believe you; but if you go farther than this, you grievously err.

And now for the other side. The Rev. D. H. MacVicar, LL.D., S.L.P., it is well known, has two hobbies. The first is the Presbyterian College at Montreal, of which he is Principal. The object of this institution is to train men for French evangelization, although a not inconsiderable portion of the students, we understand, are English-speaking Canadians. The other is a fiery steed with which he delights to charge and trample upon the Roman Catholic host in this Province and all other Provinces. Of course, being at the head of a college whose ostensible object is the evangelization of the French Canadians, it is but natural to expect him to show up to the people of Ontario as well as Quebec the vicious character of Roman Catholic education.

On the occasion which drew the Rev. Mr. Stafford's ire upon him, Dr. MacVicar characterized Roman Catholic education here as being "one-sided, unsymmetrical and unnatural in the last degree." This at once raises the question, what system of education can be pointed to as symmetrical and natural? What sort of an education is a one-sided education? The popular belief amongst Protestants is that the Catholics teach prayers and Catechism more than anything else; is this religious teaching the one-sidedness to which Principal MacVicar refers? But his address was a plea for *moral* culture in schools, and we are taught to believe that religion and morals are twin sisters!

Again, what is meant by a symmetrical education? We have different methods in vogue, all more or less one-sided, and yet those who have adopted them do not seem particularly or undesirably one-sided. Are classical, mathematical, theological, scientific, and other kinds of education symmetrical or not? It would be hard to decide. The truth would appear to be that such terms as "unnatural," "unsymmetrical," are extremely vague, and unless accompanied by actual illustration and full explanation mean nothing whatever, and are to be classed with those vague and unsatisfactory generalities with which newspaper controversies teem. Again, if by the one-sided education of our Roman Catholic institutions is meant the prominence given to religious and moral instruction in these institutions, then we are forced to admit that the term is strangely applied in an address on moral culture. Who will say when sufficient morals have been taught? The letter of Principal MacVicar in reply to Rev. Mr. Stafford—*Priest* Stafford it names him, not over-courteously—closes, we presume, the first act. It is to be hoped, however, that in future discussions upon educational topics, criticism, which Father Stafford is wrong in attempting to stifle, will be much more precise and definite in its character, that its illustrations will not be drawn from one source exclusively, and that no statements will be made which cannot be verified by indisputable facts.

We may remind our Protestant educators, in conclusion, that a comparison of the educational exhibits of this year, shows that if symmetry and "many-sidedness" are desired objects in education, there are a few things in which they do well to learn some lessons. We may refer to this subject again. Suffice it for the present to say that the Roman Catholic exhibit of educational results, as well as the Protestant, are of such a nature as to gratify not only those concerned, but all who are interested in the progress of the Dominion.

### MOSQUITOES.

The proboscis of a mosquito is like eloquence, incisive. It is also tubular like the fang of a rattlesnake, and injects into the wound it makes a poisonous fluid not greatly different in character from that supplied by that ophidian; only the dose is infinitesimal. The blood thus infected will not coagulate; it sucks out easier. The poison is acid; hence mosquito-bites readily succumb to any alkali, and, indeed, water is often found a sufficient restorative. Camphor, carbolic acid with glycerine, and spirits of ammonia are favourite remedies. Pennyroyal is said to drive mosquitoes away; perhaps so, but I am sceptical. As a scientific study, the great strength of the mosquito is exhibited. It may be called the strong point. The generic name of the mosquito is *Culex*, the Latin for gnat. It is not viciporous, but "comes in by the hatch-way," not unlike a burglar. Nor is it born to the condition of life in which we find it. Its habits are analogous to those of the frog. The maternal mosquito deposits a myriad of ova in still or stagnant water. Swamps afford her this facility, but she will take up with any pool or puddle. Cisterns and troughs holding rain water, standing stagnant for future drinking or washing purposes,

are her delight. The wiggler is the real scavenger-teacher. It is very greedy, and devours waste, foul and unwholesome substances that it finds in its childhood's home. Bad as is miasma from stagnant water, unfit as such water is for human use, it may be rendered wholesome by these juvenile mosquitoes. For insects, perhaps, are more useful than mankind. It is really hard to imagine how we could do without them. In a few days the wiggler is agitated by the instincts and ambitions of adult life. Like the tadpole it becomes conscious of a higher nature. Climbing from the water often by the aid of a spear of grass, a floating stick, or a membrane of scum, it dries itself in a moment; wings appear: it soars into a new element and a new life—a mosquito!

Imagine the pride that must dilate its little bosom as it perceives its newly-developed powers to soar into an unlimited universe. This is evolution. I cannot pursue the story of its adventures, its loves, and disappointments. Its life in the new mode of existence is, indeed, but as a hand's breadth. It makes up for this as all "lower animals" and lower tribes do, by great activity and fecundity. They need never fear an extermination. The suggestions of Malthus are not heeded; they all marry and have large families. After a brief period the mosquito forsakes the region of its nativity, and tries "green fields and pastures new." It retains, however, its tastes for arboreal lurking places. We may be sure, in late summer and autumn, to find it wherever there is dense foliage, whether trees, shrubs, or herbage. It shuns the bright sunshine, but is attracted by "the midnight lamp" and "a dim, religious light." The masculine mosquito is of a quiet, retiring character. No doubt he is a kind of drone. He seems to disturb no one; but makes luscious food for swallows, bats, and even toads. But my recollections are not so kind in regard to the "gentle sex." The female mosquito does all the biting. It is noticeable that this analogy extends further. The female emmet is fearfully belligerent; the female bee is the only one that stings. Almost all insect pests that annoy us seem to belong to that "other half" of creation. I have sometimes ventured a guess as to whether the belligerent disposition, or, perhaps, I should say, the aggressive, followed a similar law in *higher* races. But that is "a great moral question," and must not divert attention from the more important matter under consideration. The transcendent usefulness of the mosquito must be acknowledged. The insect is a scavenger, purifying our pools and swamps; and when its work is done then it goes elsewhere to die and decompose. Generally a few days constitute its term of winged existence; yet it will stiffen with the frost, lie apparently dead for days, weeks, and months; then thaw out in warm days and go about as though nothing had happened.—*Phrenological Journal*.

### THE EVOLUTIONISTS.

They are fond of talking about protoplasm as the origin of life, but they seem to forget that that very protoplasm is in part the child of heat and that heat comes from the fires of the sun, so that the life they are dreaming and scheming about with so pervading an absence of proof for their assertions, (Dr. Elam declares no distinct species has ever been transformed into another) is dependent upon a central fire in a symmetrical system. They can never show that those fires originated that life—but the life could not get on without the fires, or without the order and the forces of the cosmos. Now the origin of the material order in its heat and electrical and mechanical and chemical forces is just as hard to account for as the origin of life. The centripetal force is the attraction of gravity, and when we have said that, we know as much about its essence as we did before; but what about the centrifugal force, without which, in combination with the other, we could have no planetary system? Professor Airy says he cannot account for that. No agency he could conceive of outside Deity could set the planets rolling by a perfect balance of the two forces,—just as in the life scheme no structural ingenuity could develop an eye, that would deal properly with the light-ray instead of being a mere useless and theoretical model. Man, the highest development of mind according to them is plainly not the highest essence that exists and controls—for while he has conceptions of beauty, for example, and laboriously realizes them, and more easily fails to realize them, those realizations of his fall utterly short of the beauty of a sunset—of the gradations in a landscape—of an oak-tree or a maple—of a gladiolus or a paper-nautilus shell. Man's "work of art" is chiefly valued for its imitative or its specially human power of conception. This mind of man, their crown of nature, has been preceded by an original and infinitely greater more powerful more orderly and more perfect mind, as evidenced to us in its works. Why will they not admit that that is the mind of God. *Laus Deo.*

CHEVREAU says the best anagram he ever met with was one shown him by the Duchess de la Tremouille. She was the sister of Marshal Turenne, and her name was Marie de la Tour,—in Spanish, Marie de la Torre, which a Spanish anagrammatist found to be exactly *Amor de la Tierra*. An anagram fully equal to the above, if not superior, is the well-known one on Horatio Nelson—*Honor est a Nilo*.

## NEW READINGS OF OLD PARABLES.

BY THE REV. CHARLES ANDERSON, M.A.

## THE FATHER AND HIS TWO SONS—THE YOUNGER AND ELDER.

The popular, indeed, universally received title of this story, is sufficient evidence in itself of the one-sided manner in which the religious world studies its bible. This parable is called that of the "Prodigal Son;" whereas it is a history of "two sons," and the teaching lies in the contrast which is drawn between the life and character of the younger and the elder.

Here, as in so much of the teaching of Jesus, it is the unpopular side which is espoused. The, at first, seemingly, utterly worthless son becomes the hero; and he who would at one time appear to be the model of all virtues finds himself condemned.

## THE STORY OF THE YOUNGER SON.

The younger son would seem to have been of an active, restless temperament, and possessed with a passion for adventure. The farming life in which he and his brother were engaged, though congenial to the plodding habits of the one, was insupportable to the other. So the younger "said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living." From the promptness with which the request is granted, it would appear that the father had, at this time, full confidence in his son.

And now we read, "Not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living."

What then was the nature of this "riotous living?" That there was sin in it there can be no doubt, and also folly and indiscretion. We have here the case of an impulsive, inexperienced young man, abundantly supplied with money, alone amidst the temptations of large cities. It would have been a miracle if he had not fallen. Yet there is nothing to show but that folly, indiscretion, and a false generosity, might have been the occasions of his wasted substance, rather than deliberate, unblushing vice.

Be this how it may, he did not stop in his downward course till he got to the bottom; for we read, "And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land, and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country, and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him."

And now his misfortunes having reached their lowest depths, we meet with a strange expression: "And when he came to himself, he said." Then all this while he was not *himself*; and "himself" was a better, more worthy, or, at least, less worthless self. We were then right in our conjecture that this young man was not in heart, in his heart of hearts, utterly bad. He had been carried away from "himself" by circumstance; and now, trouble and loneliness and time for reflection, had brought him back to "himself" as, by the grace of God, they have very many another.

It is very difficult to say how far a man carries about with him, at all times, *two selves*; a better and worse, or a good and bad self. And to determine which of these two is his *true self* is yet more difficult. This problem seems to have exercised Paul a good deal. He says, "That I would, I do not; and that I would not, I do." "Now then it is no more I." Again he says, "I find a law in my members; and I find *another law*." Which then was the true I; which the governing law?

Now let us look at our own experience. Have we not, when standing erect, in the conscious exercise of virtue, looked back at the fallen self of yesterday, wallowing in the mire of some swinish passion, with a conviction of the whole reasoning mind, irresistible in its force and clearness, that that one of yesterday, so sin-bound, be he who he may, was not, never could have been, *I myself*? Have we not even gone one step further, and striven to relieve ourselves from the burden of past guilt by the reflection that after all it was not *I*, but, in very truth, some other one that did it?

But, to proceed with our story. What did he say "when he came to himself?"—"How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger. I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants."

This was, doubtless, an admirable resolution; but was there nothing to damp it, to hinder its being carried out, to make it, indeed, altogether impracticable? There would on consideration, appear to be much. The journey was a long one—"he went into a *far country*"—without food, clothing, or friend to help. And should all these difficulties be mastered, so that he once more arrived at his father's house—no longer his own home—might he not be driven from the very door, and even spurned by the servants? All this doubtless, passed through the mind of the young man; and, had he been weak and wavering, his resolve, which was little short of heroic, would have ended as it began—a mere passing thought of the mind.

But our hero is not unworthy of the part he has to play. We read, "He arose, and came to his father." And this is told in the very next line, as though all had been accomplished without difficulty, on the instant.

And here the story becomes exquisitely tender: "But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him."

But this touching embrace of the father does not weaken the stern resolve of the son. The refrain of the first confession is repeated word for word: "And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." Such repetition is the wont in Eastern story-telling; and this simple severity of construction does much to heighten the poetic character of the parable.

And now we have arrived at the climax of the First Part of this sacred drama—the crowning of the reconciliation with a merry feast: "But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet, and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it, and let us eat and be merry; for this my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found. And they began to be merry."

But before we pass on to the Second Part, one reflection presses upon us. So the doctrines of the schools are false. The heavenly father does not demand penance, atonement, bitter humiliation. He asks nothing of the sort; only a return of the heart and steps homeward, a coming back to one's self, not a negation of self; he checks the self-humiliation; and when the son is "yet a great way off," his father "has compassion, falls upon his neck, and kisses him;" that is *God does this*. Such is the gospel of Jesus. But the priests of the churches, Protestant as well as Catholic, close the door against this loving doctrine. "There must be a bloody sacrifice," they say, "a victim, and years of penance." Then, they will open the door—for *God*—just a little way.

## THE STORY OF THE ELDER SON.

"Now his elder son was in the field." He had, seemingly, been leading a blameless life, engaged in the dull routine of his calling, ever since that first day that we heard of him. He was, plainly, one of those young men who are not led away by strong passions or violent enthusiasms, but such as are wont to be set before their fellows, as very models of sober-mindedness and of all virtue.

"And as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing. And he called one of the servants, and asked what these things meant. And he said unto him, Thy brother is come; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound."

Now, how is the elder son affected by this news? Is he filled with irrepressible joy like the father?—for this was his only brother. By no means. We read, "He was angry, and would not go in."

Here, certain words from other parts of holy scripture come to us, unbidden, as is their wont when Jesus is the teacher; such as these: "without natural affection;" or, "he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

"Therefore," to continue the story, "came his father out, and entreated him. And he answering said to his father, Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment; and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends. But as soon as thy son was come, which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf."

Here we discover that this model young man is by no means without his faults, when occasion calls them forth; for instance, jealousy and uncharitableness. Jealousy as shown in this: "thou never gavest me, &c., but this *thy son*!" And uncharitableness; for what just right had he to interpret his brother's life at the worst?—"which hath devoured thy living with harlots." And yet, curiously, men have ever been ready to accept this statement, although coming from so biased a source, as "gospel truth" itself.

"And his father said unto him, Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry and be glad, for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again, and was lost, and is found."

Here, again, the former words, so full of power, simplicity, and beauty, repeat themselves as a refrain, thus intensifying, if possible, their original dramatic force, and ending this exquisite Eastern fable in a manner not unworthy of it.

What then do we see to be the teaching of this parable? That Jesus, in his tender, human heart, feels the keenest sympathy with, and pity for, the erring younger son; but that he is, on the other hand, repelled by the hardness and coldness and selfishness of the elder son, in spite of his severely correct life and entire freedom from all taint of what Catholics call "mortal sin."

It is to be especially noted, that the story ends without any hint at a reconciliation between the father and elder son. This young man is, by his own act and deed, left out in the cold.

To conclude. Heaven, if anything, is a place of *love*; no cold heart, no unbrotherliness can, by possibility, enter in there. It is, also, a place of *joy*—"joy over the sinner that repenteth;" the joyless can never set foot on its threshold.

## CARMEN: A SPANISH STORY.

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

## CHAPTER I.

DON JOSÉ-MARIA NOVARRO.

I had always suspected geographers of not knowing what they say when they place the field of battle of Munda in the country of the Bastuli-Pæni, near the modern Monda, some two leagues north of Marbella. According to my own conjectures on the text of the anonymous author of the *Bellum Hispaniense*, and some information gathered in the excellent library of the Duke d'Ossuna, I thought that in the envious of Montilla must be sought the memorable spot on which, for the last time, Cæsar played double or quits against the enemies of the republic. Finding myself in Andalusia in the beginning of the autumn of 1830, I made quite a long excursion for the purpose of dispelling the doubts that I yet retained on this subject. A little memorandum that I shall soon publish will, I hope, no longer leave any uncertainty in the minds of honest archæologists. Meanwhile, until my dissertation shall at last solve the problem that holds all learned Europe in suspense, I wish to relate to you a story that in no degree can bias the interesting question of the site of Munda.

At Cordova I hired a guide and two horses and started on my campaign, "Cæsar's Commentaries" and a few shirts comprising my luggage. On a certain day, wandering over the elevated portion of the plain of Cachena, worn out with fatigue, dying of thirst, scorched by an oppressive sun, I heartily sent Cæsar and the son of Pompey to the deuce, when I perceived at some distance from the path I followed a nook of greensward strewn with reed grass and rushes, which announced the neighbourhood of a spring, and in fact I discovered on drawing near that the delusive sward was a marsh in which disappeared a rivulet issuing from a narrow gorge between two hills of the lesser chain of the Cabra Sierra. I concluded that in going higher up I should find fresher water, fewer leeches and frogs, and perhaps a little shade among the rocks. At the entrance of the gorge my horse neighed, and was immediately

answered by another that was unseen. Hardly had I taken a hundred steps, when the valley, suddenly growing broader, showed me a sort of natural circus, perfectly shaded by the high escarpments surrounding it. It would be impossible to find a spot promising a more agreeable halting-place for a traveller. At the foot of the perpendicular rocks the spring bubbled forth and fell into a little basin carpeted with snow-white sand, five or six magnificent green oaks sheltering it with their dense foliage, while around the basin, fine, rich grass offered a better bed than could have been found in any inn for ten leagues around. But the honour of discovering so charming a resting-place did not belong to me, for a man was already reposing there when I reached it. Awakened by the neighing of the animals, he had risen and approached his horse, which had profited by his master's sleep to make a good repast of the herbage. The young fellow was of middle size, his appearance denoting great strength, and with a sombre, proud look; his complexion, once fresh, had become, through exposure to the sun, darker than his hair. In one hand he held the animal's halter, in the other a carbine, and I acknowledge that at first his weapon and wild air somewhat surprised me; but I no longer believed in robbers, by reason of constantly hearing of them and never meeting them. Moreover, I had seen so many honest farmers armed to the teeth to go to market, that the sight of this firearm did not justify me in questioning the morality of its bearer. "And then," I said to myself, "what would he do with my shirts and my Elzevir Commentaries?" I therefore saluted him with a familiar nod, and asked smilingly if I had disturbed his slumbers. Without replying he eyed me from head to foot, and, as if satisfied with his examination, bestowed the same attention on my guide, who now appeared. I saw the latter grow pale, and stop in evident terror. "An unlucky meeting," I said to myself: but prudence immediately counselled me to manifest no uneasiness, so alighting, I told the guide to unbridle my horse, and kneeling on the brink of the streamlet I plunged my head and hands in its delicious coolness, then took a long draught flat on my face, like the wicked soldiers of Gideon. Meanwhile I observed my guide and our unknown companion, and while the former approached with evident unwillingness, the other seemed to have no evil designs against us, for he restored his horse to liberty, and his weapon, at first held horizontally, was now pointed to the ground. It being unnecessary to take offence at the slight attention paid to my presence, I stretched myself on the grass and with an unconstrained air asked the man if he had a tinder box, at the same time drawing out my cigar case. Still without speaking, he found the tinder in his pocket and hastened to strike me a light, evidently softened by my manner, for he seated himself opposite to me, nevertheless without laying aside his weapon. Having lighted my cigar, I chose the best one remaining and asked him if he smoked. "Yes, Señor," he replied. They were the first words he had spoken, and I remarked that he did not pronounce the *s* in the Andalusian way,\* whence I concluded that he was merely a traveller like myself, only less archæological.

"You will find this quite good," I said, presenting him a genuine Havana regalia. He made a slight inclination of the head, lighted his cigar by mine, thanked me with another nod, and began to smoke with evidently keen pleasure.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, allowing the first whiff of smoke to escape slowly through mouth and nostrils, "how long it is since I have smoked!"

In Spain a cigar given and accepted establishes relations of hospitality, as it does in the Orient to partake of bread and salt. My new friend showed himself more talkative than I could have anticipated, but although he professed to be an inhabitant of this region, he seemed to know but little of the country; was ignorant of the name of the charming valley in which we were, could not name any village of the neighbourhood, and at length, questioned as to having seen ruined walls, large brimmed tiles and sculptured stones in the environs, he confessed that he had never paid attention to such matters. In return, however, he showed himself an expert as regarded horses, criticising mine, which was not a difficult task, then giving me the pedigree of his own, that came from the famous Cordovan stud: a noble animal indeed, so insensible to fatigue, his master claimed, as once to have made thirty leagues in one day at gallop and full trot. In the midst of this tirade my unknown friend abruptly stopped, as if surprised and vexed at having said so much, and resumed with some embarrassment: "I was in urgent haste to reach Cordova, having to appeal to the judges respecting a law-suit." While speaking, he looked at my guide Antonio, who lowered his eyes.

The shade and the spring were so charming, that remembering some slices of excellent ham placed by my Montilla friends in my guide's wallet, I ordered them to be brought, and invited the stranger to take part in the impromptu collation. If he had been long without smoking, it seemed probable that he had fasted for at least forty-eight hours; he devoured like a famished wolf, and I could but think that our meeting had been providential for the poor devil. My guide, on the contrary, ate little, drank still less, and did not speak at all, although since the beginning of our journey he had revealed himself to me as an unparalleled chatterer. The presence of our guest was evidently a constraint, and a certain distrust, of which I could not positively discern the cause, seemed to keep them aloof from each other.

The last crumbs of bread and ham had disappeared, we had each smoked a second cigar, I had ordered the guide to bridle our horses, and was about to take leave of my new friend, when he asked where I designed passing the night. Before noticing a sign from my guide I replied that I should go to the Cuervo inn.

"A sorry lodging for a person like you, Monsieur. I also am going there, and if you will permit me to accompany you, we will travel together."

"Very willingly," I said, mounting my horse. Antonio, who held my stirrup, again made signs with his eyes, to which I replied by a shrug, as if to assure him that I was perfectly at ease, and we proceeded on our way. Antonio's mysterious signals, his disquietude, some words that had escaped from the stranger, especially his race of thirty leagues and its little plausible explanation, had already decided my opinion as to the status of our travelling companion. There was no doubt that I had to deal with a smuggler, perhaps

a robber. What mattered it to me? I knew enough of the Spanish character to be very certain of having no reason to fear a man who had eaten and smoked with me. His presence itself was a sure protection against an ill adventure. Besides, I was very glad of the chance of knowing what a brigand really was; for they are not encountered every day, and there is a certain charm in finding one's self near a dangerous creature, especially when one discovers him to be mild and companionable. I hoped by degrees to lead the stranger to confide his secret to me, and in spite of my guide's winks I turned the conversation to highway robbers, of whom, be it understood, I spoke with respect. There was then in Andalusia a notorious bandit, José-Marie, whose exploits were in every mouth. "If I were then by his side!" I said to myself. I related the wonderful stories that I had heard of this hero—all in his favour, moreover—and boldly expressed my admiration for his bravery and generosity.

"José-Marie is merely a sharp fellow (*drole*)," coldly said the stranger.

Is he doing himself justice, or is it merely an excess of modesty on his part? I mentally questioned; for, by dint of closely observing my companion, I became convinced that the description of José-Marie that I had seen posted on the gates of many Andalusian towns applied in every detail to him. Yes, certainly, he it was—fair hair, blue eyes, large mouth, beautiful teeth, small hands: a fine shirt, a velvet jacket with silver buttons, leggings of white leather, a bay horse—not a shadow of doubt!

We reached the inn, which was such as he had described; that is to say, one of the most wretched that I had as yet seen in Spain. A large room served as kitchen, dining-hall and sleeping-room, and on a flat stone in the centre was the fire, the smoke of which escaped through an aperture in the roof, or rather settled down in a cloud a few feet above the ground, while five or six old mule-blankets did duty as beds for travellers.

Twenty steps from the house, or rather the single apartment just described, was a sort of wood-shed, used also as a stable. In this charming retreat there were no human beings except an old woman and a young girl of ten years, both of the colour of soot, and clothed in horrible tatters. Behold all that remains, I said to myself, of the ancient Munda Bœtica! Oh, Cæsar! oh, Sextus Pompey! how amazed would you be, could you return to this world!

On perceiving my companion, the old woman allowed an exclamation of surprise to escape:

"Ah, Señor don José!" she cried.

Don José knit his brows, and raised his hand with a gesture of authority that at once silenced her. I turned towards my guide, and with an imperceptible sign made him understand that I was perfectly aware of the manner of man with whom I was to pass the night. The supper, which was served on a little table a foot high, was better than I expected, and consisted of an old cock fricasseed with rice and an abundance of allspice, then pimenta in oil, followed by some *gaspacho*, a species of salad of pimenta; which three highly spiced dishes obliged us to have frequent recourse to a leather bottle of Montilla wine, that proved to be delicious. Our repast over, I espied a mandolin hanging against the wall—mandolins being found everywhere throughout Spain—and asked the little girl if she knew how to play.

"No Señor; but Don José plays it so well!"

"Be good enough to sing me something," I said to him; "I passionately love your national music."

"I can refuse nothing to so civil a gentleman, who gives me such good cigars," exclaimed Don José with a good-humored air, and the mandolin being handed to him, he sang to his own accompaniment. His voice was a little harsh, nevertheless agreeable, the air odd and melancholy, but of the words I did not understand a single one.

"If am not mistaken, that is not a Spanish melody. It resembles the *zorricos* that I have heard in the *Provinces*,\* and the words must be in the Basque tongue."

"Yes," rejoined Don José with a gloomy air, as, placing the mandolin on the ground, he folded his arms, and with a singular expression of sadness fixed his eyes on the glimmer of the fading fire. Lighted by a lamp on the little table, his face, at once noble and fierce, reminded me of Milton's Satan; like him, perhaps, my companion was dreaming of the abode he had forfeited, of the exile incurred by transgression. I essayed to revive the conversation, but he made no reply, absorbed as he was in melancholy thought. The old woman had already sought her couch in a corner of the room, screened by a ragged blanket hung on a cord, and the girl had followed her to this retreat reserved for the fair sex. My guide, now rising, requested me to follow him to the stable, but at this word Don José, as if suddenly awakened from sleep, started up and sharply inquired where he was going.

"To the stable," replied the guide.

"What to do? The horses are fed. Sleep here; Monsieur will allow it."

"I fear that Monsieur's horse is ill; I should like Monsieur to see it; he will know what it is best to do."

It was evident that Antonio wished to speak to me in private, but I did not care to arouse Don José's suspicions; and situated as we were, it appeared to me that the wiser plan would be to manifest the most perfect confidence in him. I therefore told Antonio that I understood nothing about horses, and was anxious to sleep. Don José followed him to the stable, whence he soon returned alone, and told me that nothing ailed the horse; but my guide considered him so precious an animal that he was rubbing him down with his jacket to make him sweat, and proposed to pass the night in this gentle occupation. I had, meanwhile, extended myself on the mule-blanket, to avoid contact with which I carefully wrapped myself in my cloak. After asking pardon for the liberty of placing himself near me, Don José lay down before the door, first renewing the priming of his weapon, which he was careful to place under the wallet that served him as a pillow. Five minutes after, wishing each other good-night, we were both in a deep sleep. I thought myself sufficiently wearied to be able to rest even in such a den; but at the end of an hour, very disagreeable sensations snatched me from my first sleep, and as soon as I understood the nature of the attacks, I rose, persuaded that it would be

\* The Andalusians aspirate the *s*, and in pronunciation confound it with the soft *c* and *z*, which the Spaniards pronounce like the English *th*. By the single word *Señor* one may recognize an Andalusian.

\* The privileged provinces, enjoying special *fueros* (civil rights) that is to say: Alava, Biscay, Guipuscoa, and a portion of Navarre. Basque is the language of the country.

better to pass the night beneath the beautiful stars, than under this inhospitable roof. Walking on tip-toe, I reached the door, stepped over the couch of Don José, who slept the sleep of the just, and managed so well as to leave the house without awaking him.

Near the door was a wooden bench, on which I stretched myself; and disposing myself as comfortably as it permitted for the remainder of the night, I was about to close my eyes for the second time, when the shadow of a man and horse, both walking without the least noise, seemed to pass before me. I sat upright, and thought that I recognized Antonio; and surprised to see him out of the stable at such an hour I rose, and went to meet him. He had stopped, having at once perceived me, and asked in a low voice, "Where is he?"

"In the inn, and asleep: he has no fear of fleas. Why are you carrying off this horse?" I then observed, that in order to make no noise in leaving the stable, Antonio had carefully wrapped the animal's feet in the remnants of an old blanket.

"Speak lower, Monsieur, in God's name! You do not know who this man is. It is José Navarro, the most notorious bandit in Andalusia. All day I have made signs to you that you would not understand."

"Bandit or not, what matters it to me? He has not robbed us, and has not, I wager, any desire to do so."

"Most luckily; but two hundred ducats are coming to the person who shall deliver him up. There is a cavalry post a league and a half from here, and before day-dawn I shall bring back some stout fellows. I would have taken his horse, but he is so vicious that no one except Navarro can approach him."

"The devil take you!" I replied. "What harm has this poor man done to you, that you should denounce him? Besides, are you quite sure that he is the brigand of whom you speak?"

"Perfectly sure. A while ago he followed me to the stable, and said: 'You seem to know me; but if you tell this good gentleman who I am, I will blow your brains out.' Remain, Monsieur, remain; you have nothing to fear. So long as he knows you to be there, he will suspect nothing."

While talking, we had proceeded sufficiently far from the inn to prevent the iron shoes of the horse from being heard; and Antonio, having in a twinkling stripped the rags from the hoofs, prepared to mount the animal. I tried by prayers and threats to detain him.

"I am a poor devil, Monsieur," he said. "Two hundred ducats are not to be lost, especially when it is a question of ridding the country of such vermin. But take care: if Navarro be aroused suddenly, he will spring for his carbine, and then beware! For myself, I have gone too far to draw back—manage for yourself as you please."

The rogue was already in the saddle, put spurs to his horse, and in the darkness was soon lost to sight.

I was exceedingly irritated against my guide, and not a little uneasy. After a moment's reflection I decided to return to the inn, where Don José was still sleeping, making amends no doubt at this moment for the fatigue and wakefulness of several adventurous days. I was forced to shake him roughly to rouse him, and shall never forget his fierce look and his startled movement to seize his carbine, which, as a precautionary measure, I had placed at some distance from the couch.

"Monsieur, I beg pardon for waking you; but I have a stupid question to ask. Would you be pleased to see the arrival here of half a dozen lancers?" He sprang to his feet, and with a terrible voice, cried out:

"Who has told you?"

"It matters little whence the warning comes, provided it be well founded."

"Your guide has betrayed me, but he will pay for it. Where is he?"

"I do not know—in the stable I think—but some one has told me—"

"Who told you? It cannot be the old woman—"

"Some one whom I do not know; but without more words, have you, yes or no, any motive for not awaiting the soldiers? If you have, do not lose a moment; if not, good-night, and I beg pardon for disturbing your sleep."

"Ah, your guide! your guide! I mistrusted him from the first; but—his story is true! Adieu, Monsieur; may God repay you this service. I am not altogether so bad a fellow as you may believe—yes, there is still something in me that merits the pity of an honest man. Adieu—I have only one regret: not to be able to discharge this debt to you."

"As sole reward of the service that I have rendered you, promise me, Don José, not to suspect any one—not to think of vengeance. Here—there are some good cigars for the road—a pleasant journey to you."

I offered him my hand, which he grasped without reply. He took his weapon and wallet, and after saying a few words to the old woman in an *argot* that I could not understand, he ran to the stable, and a few minutes later I heard him set off at full gallop. I once more stretched myself on the bench, but could not again fall asleep. I asked myself if I had been right in saving a robber from the gallows, perhaps a murderer, and solely because I had partaken with him of ham and rice à la Valenciennne. Had I not betrayed my guide, who was upholding the cause of law? Had I not exposed him to the vengeance of a scoundrel? But the duties of hospitality! the prejudice of the savage! I shall be answerable for all the crimes that this bandit will commit! Nevertheless, is this instinct of conscience that resists all argument really a prejudice? Perhaps, in the delicate position into which I had fallen, I could not extricate myself without remorse, and I was still musing in the greatest uncertainty on the subject of the morality of my action, when I saw half a dozen dragoons approaching with Antonio, who prudently kept himself in the rear. I advanced to meet them, with the information that the bandit had taken flight two hours previously. Interrogated by the brigadier, the old woman replied that she knew Navarro, but that living alone, she would never have dared to risk her life in denouncing him. She added that it was always his habit, when coming to her house, to set off in the middle of the night. For myself, I was obliged to go some leagues from there to show my passport, and to sign an affidavit before the alcalde, after which I was permitted to resume my archaeological researches. Antonio bore me much ill-will, suspecting that it was I who had prevented his winning two hundred ducats; nevertheless, we parted very good friends at Cordova, where I gave him as large a gratuity as my finances would allow.

(To be continued.)

## Musical.

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

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

### "EXHIBITION NOTES."

To the Musical Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—Under the above heading a very severe, and to my mind, unjust criticism on the musical portion of our exhibition appears in the Musical Column of last week's SPECTATOR. In this article an attempt is made, evidently by a non-exhibitor, to throw contempt and ridicule upon those of our Canadian manufacturers and dealers in musical instruments, who at great personal expense and sacrifice of time, did what they could to further the success of our national exhibition. Nor is it the exhibitors alone who are the object of his uncalled-for and unjust attack. The judges (giving the names of each) are sneered at with impertinence. It did not occur to this critic that the task allotted to these gentlemen (the judges of musical instruments) was a very difficult one, undertaken with great reluctance, after repeated solicitation, and performed without remuneration. But, notwithstanding the evident desire of the writer to conceal his motive, his real object is quite apparent. The piano he wishes to puff is Decker, the one he intends to ridicule is Weber. The others are merely introduced to fill the picture. His article would imply that because the pianos of Steinway, Decker and Chickering were not at the show, therefore, "so far as musical instruments are concerned, it has proved a gigantic farce." The New York Piano Company, as the largest exhibitor, and particularly the Weber pianos, which they represent, appear to receive the greatest share of his attention. He tells of the Weber coming in second, which was not the case, they having received first prize on grand, first on upright, and a diploma of the first-class on the square. The Muth piano was not in competition with the Weber at all.

It is well known to the piano trade that two of the piano-makers whose absence is thought to be so unfortunate for our exhibition, have, up to a few years ago, been the most constant and inveterate exhibitors, not only in this country, but in Europe. For the Decker piano it does not make much difference. Its agency was held here for many years without our ever having heard of its superlative qualities, and had Mr. Nordheimer not resumed the control of the Steinway and Chickering we would not have heard of them to-day, but on the principle that "when all fruit fail we welcome haws," an attempt is now made to supply the place of these once popular instruments, by offering a Decker in their stead, but surely if the task was so hard that the late popular agent retired from the struggle, I can hardly think this writer's efforts will be more successful. The public will hardly believe that because the Decker piano is absent, our exhibitions must necessarily prove "a gigantic farce."

Some four years ago was held in the city of Philadelphia an exhibition, at which all the giants of the piano trade, met in competition, and there for the first time in the history of exhibitions appeared Albert Weber, of New York. Hitherto his instruments had been known only as the Artistic Pianos, the favourite instrument of the leading musicians and vocalists, and of the New York aristocracy. He did not go to Philadelphia to contend with the pianos of Decker; he (Decker) was not even thought of, nor Chickering, nor Knabe, nor any other of that class. The one man that Weber went to meet at Philadelphia was Steinway. Proud, boastful, audacious, bearing all the honours of London, Paris and Vienna Exhibitions, they at last met on equal ground. The ribbons, decorations and medals of forty contests could not avail. Even prestige and the possession of popular favour failed to turn the scale. The little New York musician had infused into his pianos the soul of music, the majestic swell of his Grand, the sweet plaintive notes of his Squares and Uprights—were too much for his competitor—and Weber was crowned the victor. From that day his instruments became the favourites in the musical world. Madam Rivé-King, forgetting the certificate that in her girlhood she gave to Decker, and which their agents still publish, wrote to Weber that "his piano was the finest she ever placed her fingers on." Since then, the Deckers, the Knabes, and the Chickering, with the hundred manufacturers of Europe and America, have quietly taken their allotted places in the ranks, while Steinway, the hero of many battles, now too old for active service, prefers retiring on half-pay to taking second place under his young and more vigorous leader.

The above are some of the reasons which may explain the absence of these once leading pianos, not only from exhibitions, but also from the concert-halls and musical conservatories—for years past the great musicians, as a rule, only use Weber.

Exhibitor.

[The statement that Weber's Square Piano got second prize was, doubtless, made on the authority of the list published in the *Star*, which has since been revised and corrected. It seems it was the New York Piano Co.'s instrument which was meant.—MUS. ED.]

The fine organ in the Cathedral has been undergoing repairs at the hands of Mr. H. W. Bolton, of this city, and sounded forth on Sunday last in all its pristine glory. It is intended still further to improve the instrument by the addition of couplers and pedals, so as to place it on a par, as regards mechanical contrivances, with more modern organs.

The Philharmonic Society resumed practice this week. The principal work put in rehearsal was Gounod's Messe Sollenelle. It is intended to allot the solo parts to amateurs for the future, so as to avoid expense; this, we think, is a pity, as we have no amateurs capable of interpreting the great choral works. We blame, however, the public rather than the managers of the Society, the latter having at the outset spared no expense to render the performances strictly first-class.

Mr. Gould has resigned his position as organist and choirmaster of the American Presbyterian Church, a post which he has ably filled for many years.

WE are in receipt of the American Newspaper Directory, published by George P. Rowell and Co., New York. It contains apparently a valuable amount of information for advertisers.

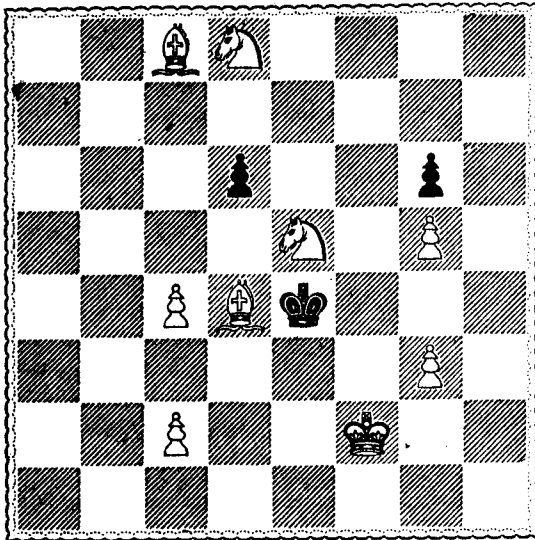
**Chess.**

Montreal, October 2nd, 1880.

PROBLEM NO. CXII.

By Mr. William Atkinson, Montreal. From *Brentano's Monthly*.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS OF TOURNEY SET NO. 15.—MOTTO: "Artis est celare artem."

PROBLEM NO. 106.—B to B 8.

Correct solution received from:—Pax; J.W.S.

PROBLEM NO. 107.

<i>White.</i>	<i>Black.</i>	<i>White.</i>	<i>Black.</i>	<i>White.</i>
1 Kt to B 7	R takes R	2 Q to R 2 (ch)	B to B 5	3 Q to R 8 mate
	If B to B 4 or Kt 2	2 Q to B 5 (ch)	K takes R	3 B to B 3 mate

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Chess Editor having resumed his duties will reply to several correspondents by letter.

GAME NO. LXXI.

A little skirmish over the board, recently played between Mr. J. E. Narraway, of St. Johns, New Brunswick, and Mr. J. W. Shaw, of Montreal.

RUY LOPEZ.

<b>WHITE.</b>	<b>BLACK.</b>	<b>WHITE.</b>	<b>BLACK.</b>	<b>WHITE.</b>	<b>BLACK.</b>
Narraway.	Shaw.	13 Kt to K sq	P to Q 4	26 B to K 3	Kt to R 6 (dis ch)
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	14 P to K B 4	P takes K P	27 K to R sq	K R to K 5 1
2 Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	15 B P takes P	Kt takes P	28 Q to B 5	Q takes B
3 B to Kt 5	Kt to K B 3	16 P to Q 4	P to B 5	29 R to B 3	Q to Q 7
4 Castles	P to Q 3	17 Q to Kt 3	P to B 4	30 Q R to K B sq	R to K Kt sq
5 Kt to Q B 3	B to Q 2	18 Q takes Kt P	Kt (K 4) Kt 5	31 R takes Kt	P to R 3
6 P to Q 3	B to K 2	19 P to K R 3	B to Q 3	32 Kt to B 3	Q to Q 6
7 Kt to K 2	Castles	20 Kt takes P	Kt takes Kt	33 Q to K 5	Q takes R (ch)
8 P to Q B 3	P to Q R 3	21 P takes Kt	Q to R 5	34 K to R 2	Q to Q B 8
9 B to Q B 4	Kt to Q R 4	22 Kt to B 3	B to R 7 (ch)	35 Kt to Kt 5	K R to K sq
10 B to Kt 3	B to K 3	23 Kt takes B	Kt to B 7		
11 B takes B	P takes B	24 Q to B 6	Q to Kt 6		
12 Kt to Kt 3	Kt to B 3	25 Q takes R (ch)	K to R sq		

CHESS INTELLIGENCE.

GLOBE-DEMOCRAT PROBLEM TOURNEY.

We have pleasure in announcing the first Problem Tourney in connection with that old-established and excellent Chess Column conducted by Mr. B. R. Foster, in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. We hope some of our Canadian composers will enter.

1. Competition is open to all the world.
2. The tourney will close to composers in the United States and Canada, November 15, 1880; to those residing elsewhere, December 15, 1880.
3. Each competitor shall enter but one problem in three moves, and all problems must be direct mates, original and unpublished.
4. All contributions must be sent to the chess editor in two sealed envelopes with brief motto, one of which shall contain the problem, the other the full solution and the real name of the composer. Each envelope must bear the same motto, and all problems must be diagrammed.
5. The prizes will be awarded to the best, the second best and the third best problem in the tournament, and the award will be announced simultaneously with the publication of the last competing problem.
6. The prize problems will be republished, and if no valid objection be offered within thirty days after such republication, the award shall be made final and the prizes paid.
7. All problems will be turned over to Mr. Ben. S. Wash, the distinguished problem composer, who has kindly consented to act as umpire. He will make a preliminary examination and report as to their worthiness of publication, and, if found defective in any respect, they will be returned to the authors to whom they respectively belong, but they can not be re-entered in the tourney.

PRIZES.

First prize—The two volumes of the *Chess Monthly*, 1848-49 and 1849 50, and the *Huddersfield College Magazine* for 1877.

Second prize—"Walker's Art of Chess play" and the *Sunday Globe-Democrat* for one year.

Third prize—"Book of Chicago Chess Congress" and the *Sunday Globe-Democrat* for one year.

CODE.

- Beauty of Idea—Ten points.
- Originality of Design—Ten points.
- Difficulty of Solution—Ten points.
- Accuracy of Construction—Ten points.
- Elegance of Construction—Ten points.
- A perfect problem will therefore receive fifty points.

MONTREAL CHESS CLUB.—The annual meeting will be held at the Club Room, Mansfield St. on Saturday evening, Oct. 2 at 8 o'clock for the election of officers and other business. Mr. J. E. NARRAWAY, the strongest player in New Brunswick has been on a visit to this city and in several encounters succeeded in making even games with some of the strongest players in the Montreal Chess Club.

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**THE MOLSONS BANK.**

The Shareholders of the MOLSONS BANK are hereby notified that a Dividend of

**THREE PER CENT.**

upon the Capital Stock was this day declared for the current half-year, and that the same will be payable at the Office of the Bank in Montreal, and at its Branches,

**On and after the 1st day of October next,**

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to 30th September inclusive.

By order of the Bank.

F. WOLFERSTAN THOMAS, General Manager.

THE MOLSONS BANK, } August 30th, 1880. } 18

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A Dividend for the Half-year ending 31st August, 1880, at the rate of SEVEN PER CENT. per annum will be paid at the Company's Office, 181 St. James street, on the 15th September.

By order of the Board.

GEO. W. CRAIG,

Sec.-Treas.



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