

The Canadian Spectator.

VOL. I., No. 52.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1878.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

ELLIOT'S DENTIFRICE—THE BEST IN USE—FOR TEETH AND GUMS.

ZION CHURCH, MONTREAL.

REV. A. J. BRAY, Pastor,
SUNDAY, 29th DEC.,

Subject for Evening Discourse—THE DOOR SHUT
AND THE DOOR OPEN.

ANTHEM—Hallelujah Chorus.

CHARLES ALEXANDER,
387 and 391 Notre Dame Street,
WHOLESALE and RETAIL CONFECTIONER.

Everything of the best quality.
Luncheons as usual.

NORMAN'S

ELECTRIC BELTS and INSOLES

are superior to all other curative agents; they give
immediate relief in all nervous diseases. No charge
for consultations or circulars.

A. NORMAN,
4 Queen street East, Toronto.

USE LADY CLARK'S DENTIZONE.

For cleansing and preserving the Teeth and Gums.
Each box contains a bottle of Lady Clark's Denti-
zone and a box of Dentizone Powder. Price 50 cts.

JOHN LEWIS & CO., CHEMISTS,
VICTORIA SQUARE.

WINDSOR BAZAAR, Corner of PEEL Street.

First-class assortment of Toys, Stationery and
general Fancy Goods, Wax, China and Unbreakable
Dolls, Purses, Work Boxes, Combs, Brushes, Berlin
Wool and Lady's Fancy Goods. MISS LETTON,
1423 ST. CATHERINE STREET.

FURS! FURS! FURS!

I HAVE now received my full selection of
Furs, and will sell them at the lowest possible
price.

Ladies Silk Mantles, trimmed with Sea Otter, Silver
Fox, &c., very low.

Ladies furnishing their own Silk or Cloth can have
them cut and fitted in the latest styles.

All alterations must be sent in at once, so as to
guard against disappointment.

NONE BUT PRACTICAL HANDS EMPLOYED
ON THE PREMISES.

MCD. SIMPSON,
297 NOTRE DAME STREET.

ENVELOPES.

MY STOCK is now complete in all the grades,
colours and sizes required, and I would call
attention to a few lines and prices as below:—

Cheap Manilla	Envelopes at \$0.75 per M.
A very fair Buff	0.90
A very good White	1.10
A very fine Amber	1.25
A very fine Cream Laid	1.50
Extra fine Cream Laid	2.00
Superfine Cream Laid	2.25
Extra Superfine Cream Laid	2.50

JOHN PARSLOW,
Stationer and Account Book Manufacturer,
47 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET,
MONTREAL.

Henry Swain,

209 ST. JAMES STREET.

FINEST VIRGINIA CUT PLUG.

EVANS & RIDDELL,
PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS
and OFFICIAL ASSIGNEES,
No. 22 ST. JOHN STREET,
MONTREAL.

LIGHT!! LIGHT!!

LAMPS, CHANDELIERS, PENDANTS.

Handsome display of finest goods, with all latest
improvements.

PRICES LOW.

FRED. R. COLE,
LAMP AND OIL DEPOT,
98 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET.

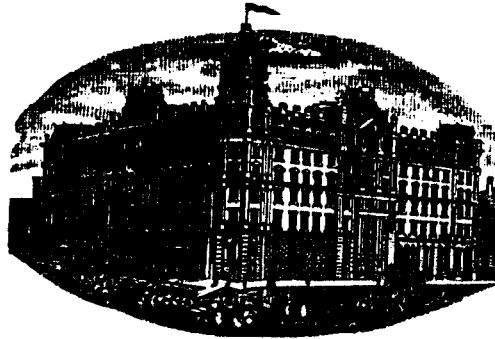
THE PEOPLE'S FAVORITE,

THE OLD ESTABLISHED
Cooks' Friend Baking Powder,
PURE,

HEALTHY,
RELIABLE.

Manufactured only by
W. D. McLAREN,
55 and 57 College St.

Retailed everywhere.

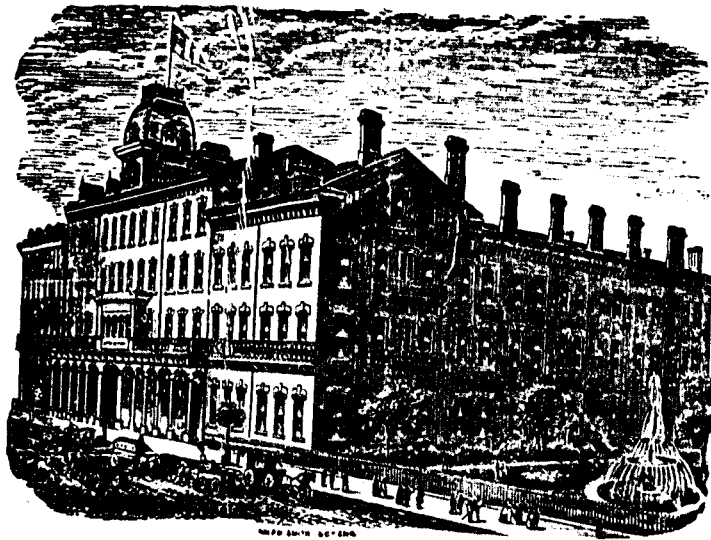


THE WINDSOR HOTEL, MONTREAL.

This Hotel has special advantages for the comfort of guests; with spacious parlours and promenades. Its
location is high, which insures pure air, with views of the River and Mountain.
Has a room for commercial men at 117 St. Francois Xavier Street.

Rates - - - \$2.50 per day, and upwards.

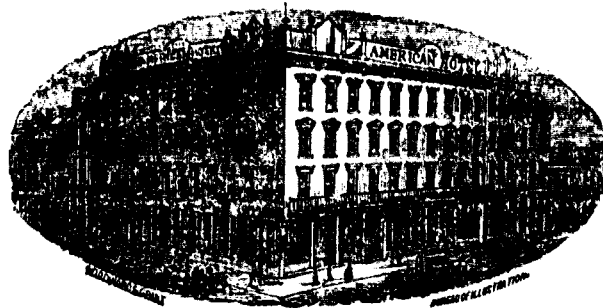
JAMES WORTHINGTON, Proprietor.



THE QUEEN'S HOTEL, ---TORONTO, CANADA,

McGAW & WINNETT, PROPRIETORS.

Patronized by Royalty and the best families. Prices graduated according to rooms.



AMERICAN HOTEL, TORONTO.

Reduced the Rates so as to meet the Times.

Seventy-five Rooms at \$2.00, and seventy-five at \$1.50.

Incontestably the most central and convenient Hotel in the city, both for commerce and family travel.
Three minutes walk from the Union and Great Western Depots; and first-class in every respect, except
price.

GEORGE BROWN, Proprietor.

CHRISTMAS GOODS.

We would respectfully invite intending buyers to call and examine our stock before making their
purchases elsewhere.
TIN and MECHANICAL TOYS, in endless variety. DOLLS, in Wax, China, Rubber, &c. GAMES
and BLOCKS, a fine assortment.

Fancy Goods, Work Boxes, Desks, Cabinets, Jewel and Dressing Cases, China and Glass Ornaments,
and a large assortment of other goods, suitable for the Holiday trade, at

H. A. NELSON & SONS,

91 to 97 St. Peter Street.

TORONTO HOUSE: 56 and 58 FRONT STREET WEST.

Established 1845.
WILLIAM ELLIOT,
Successor to W. D. McLaren & Co.,
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN
CHOICE GROCERIES,
Corner St. Lawrence & St. Catherine Sts.,
MONTREAL.
Agent for the Portland Kerosene Oil Co.

FURS!
FURS!
FURS!
SEAL CLOAKS, 36 ins. to 40 ins.
SILK GARMENTS, Fur lined, trimmed and
untrimmed,
HATS AND CAPS, latest styles,
MUFFS AND BOAS,
SEAL & PERSIAN LAMBCOATS,
GAUNTLETS, GLOVES
AND MITTS,
BEAR ROBES AND
Other Articles too numerous to mention.
Also, Silk and Pullover Felt Hats of the latest styles
in great variety.
Prices satisfactory.
Orders promptly attended to and executed, at

A. BRAHADI'S,
249 NOTRE DAME STREET, 249
(Corner of St. Lambert Hill).

E. MERCIER & CO., EPERNAVY,
GRANDS VINS DE CHAMPAGNE.
Rewards at all Exhibitions.

PRIVATE CUVÉE,
CARTE D'OR,
GRAND VIN DE RÉSERVE.
From the most renowned vineyards.

GENERAL AGENTS FOR CANADA:
A. GIBERTON & CO.,
No. 8 DE BRESOLES ST., MONTREAL.

THOMAS RUSSELL & SON'S

CANADIAN BRANCH HOUSE

Is now

No. 9 KING STREET,
WEST TORONTO.

Where their celebrated
WATCHES are sold directly
to the public, under Guar-
antee Cards from the Liverpool
House.

T. RUSSELL & SON,
ROBT. CUTHBERT,
Manager.

No. 9 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.

GEO. BOND & CO.,

SHIRT AND COLLAR MAKERS,
Shirts made to order, and a good fit guar-
anteed.

415 NOTRE DAME STREET
Opposite Thompson's Hat Store.

NESTLE'S MILK FOOD

Is composed of the best Swiss Milk, Whentem Bread-
crust and Sugar, and is as perfect a substitute for
the mother's milk as can be prepared.

FOR DYSPEPTIC ADULTS

it is also largely used, and with great success.
IN POINT OF ECONOMY it is the cheapest food
in the country to the consumer. The cost of milk is
saved, as only water is required in preparing it.

For sale by all the leading druggists and grocers.
A pamphlet giving analysis and full particulars sent to
any applicant.

THOMAS LEEMING & CO.,
P.O. Box 1067. MONTREAL, CANADA.
SOLE AGENTS.

JAMES GOULDEN,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
175 ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET,
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MARRIAGE LICENSES
Issued at Office of TAYLOR & DUFF,
Official Assignees and Accountants,
353 Notre Dame street.

REYNOLDS & VOLKEL, 427 NOTRE DAME STREET, IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S FINE FURS.

FOR LADIES' SEAL SACQUES, GO TO REYNOLDS & VOLKEL, 427 NOTRE DAME STREET.

(Trade Mark—Bull's Head.)



**COLMAN'S
AZURE BLUE.**

LAUNDRESSES AND FAMILIES

will find this

SQUARE BLUE

Stronger than any other of similar form,
brilliantly clear in solution, imparts
a lustrous hue to fabrics, and
is most economical in use.

ASK FOR

COLMAN'S AZURE BLUE.
SOLD IN SQUARES.

DIRECTIONS.—Wrap the square in
flannel, and then dip it in the water
until the required tint appears.

Manufacturers of COLMAN'S

GRAND GOLD MEDAL STARCH.

J. & J. COLMAN,
108 Cannon Street, London.

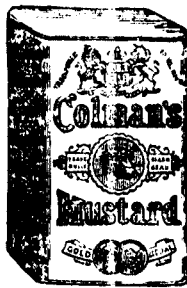
NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

COLMAN'S

BEST QUALITY

MUSTARDS

Are packed in
1 lb., $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., and $\frac{1}{4}$ lb.



Cans of this shape
ONLY.

ASK FOR

COLMAN'S GENUINE OR DOUBLE SUPERFINE.

TRADE MARK



BULL'S HEAD

On each Package.

**Colman's
PATENT STARCH.**

REQUIRES NO BOILING.

To meet the increased demand for
this article, J. & J. COLMAN beg to
inform Ladies of Families and Laun-
dresses that they have made arrange-
ments by which their Starch can be
procured of any respectable Grocer
and Oilman throughout the Kingdom
and the Colonies.

To ensure the genuine article, please
be particular and enquire for

COLMAN'S STARCH,

and observe that each packet has the
name of the firm on the label.

DIRECTIONS FOR MIXING COLMAN'S
STARCH.—Mix an ounce of Starch
with a little Cold Water to the thick-
ness of cream, then add slowly the
necessary quantity of Boiling Water,
stirring continually until the Starch is
completely dissolved, and use in the
usual manner.

Linen, etc., got up in the above
manner, with this Starch will retain
stiffness and gloss for any length of
time, even in a damp atmosphere.

NOTE.—This Starch is also especially
adapted to be used with Cold Water.

J. & J. COLMAN,
108 Cannon Street, London.

N.B.—We recommend a trial of our
Indigo Blue, the finest and best for
Laundry purposes.

108 CANNON STREET, LONDON, October 23rd, 1878.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION, 1878.

DEAR SIR,

The official list of awards obtained by Exhibitors at the International Exhibition, Paris, being now published, we recognise the obligation to our friends to inform them of the result at the earliest opportunity.

Our Exhibits comprised Mustard, Starch, Indigo and Ultramarine Washing Blues; also in the Agricultural annex, by machinery in motion, the process of the manufacture of English Mustard.

The Group Jury, after careful examination—stated by the President to “have been conducted with thorough impartiality, and with such scrupulous attention that it may be said not a single exhibit has been forgotten”—has selected OUR MUSTARD from amongst those of British Manufacturers and Exhibitors, for the honour of the ONLY GOLD MEDAL; whilst for the process of manufacture, as shown by our mill, inspected and admired by thousands of visitors, a SILVER MEDAL has been given.

Our STARCH has been adjudged a place in the first rank of Awards, and has accordingly been decreed a GOLD MEDAL.

For Indigo and Ultramarine WASHING BLUES we have had assigned to us a BRONZE MEDAL, being the Only Medal and Highest Award allotted by the Jury for this article of British manufacture.

These decisions cannot fail, we think, to be gratifying to our numerous customers and the general public, who now find their prior judgment upon the quality of our manufactures fully confirmed by an International Jury.

We avail ourselves of this pleasurable occasion to record our most cordial thanks to all friends who have honoured us with their confidence; and, renewing the tender of our services,

Remain, dear sir, yours faithfully,

J. & J. COLMAN.

WM. JOHNSON, 28 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET, MONTREAL,
SOLE AGENT FOR CANADA.

The Canadian Spectator.

VOL. I., NO. 52.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1878.

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VOLUME I.

Of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR will be completed at the end of December, and the publishers venture to ask for the continued support of those who so generously helped the paper into life by sending in their names as subscribers. The publishers have to confess that mistakes have been made, but then it was the

FIRST YEAR OF LIFE,

—a time of experiments and consequent changes. It was soon found that the prospectus could not be carried out in the matter of having every article signed with the full name of the writer, for the majority of those whose thoughts and judgments are worthy of being put into print objected—some on grounds of modesty, and some on grounds of business; but in every other respect the publishers affirm that the contract has been kept, and a good deal given that was not promised. The SPECTATOR has been

FREE AND INDEPENDENT,

—non-partisan in all matters political and ecclesiastic; and whatever blunders may have been made were misfortunes fallen upon in the way of honest walking. In that endeavour—to conduct honest and truthful, as well as good, journalism—the publishers will continue.

It is proposed in future to give week by week a digest of the better class of British and American magazines; the News Summary will receive careful attention; and the musical world will have fair and honest criticism of concerts, &c. We shall shortly commence a Chess Column, which we hope will prove interesting to the lovers of the Royal Game. In order to carry out these extensions and improvements,

The Editorial Staff has been enlarged,

a Managing Editor having been appointed.

Thanks are herewith tendered to the many contributors who have written the year through for the love they bear the SPECTATOR and the public. Thanks are also given to the multitude who have sent kind and cheering letters of approval and appreciation.

The value of the SPECTATOR is so well known

AS AN ADVERTISING MEDIUM

that nothing need be said on that score, except that the publishers will always endeavour to return to their patrons good consideration "for value received."

OUR AGENTS ARE:

MONTREAL,

C. ASHFORD, 676½ Dorchester St.,
G. & W. CLARKE, 238 St. James St.,
DRYSDALE & Co., 232 St. James St.,
FISHER & Co., 125 St. Frs. Xavier St.,
M. FITZGERALD, 41 Beaver Hall,
J. L. GURD, 1317 St. Catherine St.,
J. T. HENDERSON, 191 St. Peter St.,
HENDERSON & Co., 121 St. Lawrence-
Main St.,
MISS LETTON, 1423 St. Catherine St.,
CHAS. MCADAM, 46 St. Radegonde St.,
PETER MURPHY, 574 Craig St.,
J. M. O'LOUGHLIN, 243 St. James St.,
F. PHELAN, (News Counter) Ottawa
Hotel,
E. PICKEN, 11 Beaver Hall,
L. E. RIVARD, 614 Craig St.,
W. W. ROSSER, 113 Bleury St.,
HENRY ROSE, 244½ Notre Dame St.,
MRS. M. STEPHENS, 132 St. James St.

CORNWALL,

MRS. JAMES.

NEWMARKET,

G. C. MORTIMORE.

OTTAWA,

A. COLE.

QUEBEC,

TORONTO,

(Subscriptions)—

J. M. CARTER, 114 Bay St.,

(Advertisements)—

J. A. RICHARDSON, 4 Toronto St.

For sale at all the News Agents.

THE PUBLISHERS

The "CANADIAN CELEBRITY" in next week's number, will be the HON. EDWARD BLAKE.

An article in reply to Mr. Darling's "National Debt" we have been obliged to hold over till next issue.

THE TIMES.

The gay bustle of Christmas is over—a bustle it was, and gay it was. Friendships have been renewed and love sworn over again. We have had green in our houses and green in our churches, and though some of us have missed the old and well-remembered Christmas carol, we have had songs and anthems in abundance. Once again Christendom has paused—looked up in the face of God and said "We are grateful." I hope it has been in truth a merry Christmas with my readers—a time of reunions and renewal of love. Let me ask if you have done something for others, good friends? Have you helped to make any one glad? for that is the way to get joy.

And now let me say "a happy new year to you all." Many of us hope, and think we have reason for it, that the coming year will be a little less dark and trying than the last was, for there is some sign that the times will mend. May it be so—for it is hard to cultivate an even mind and glad heart when commercial cares press heavily. May you have prosperity, and peace in your houses, and a sense of gratitude toward Him who is good altogether. The past is gone—let it go, and enter with courage upon the new.

The "National Policy" has not yet fallen into disrepute, but all jobbery has. The country has made up its mind that in politics "honesty is the best policy." *Apropos:* I hear that the contracts for supplies of heavy hardware, &c., for the Intercolonial Railway and Department of Marine and Fisheries have been awarded to Messrs. Alpin Grant & Co., of Halifax. Messrs. Alpin Grant & Co. are dealers in teas, and not very great at that. Mr. Alpin Grant was once well known as Fraser Reynolds & Co. How did Messrs. Alpin Grant & Co., Halifax, get those contracts? and how is it that they have had to ask at Montreal for a quotation of prices from hardware merchants? Tea is not hardware. Is Mr. Alpin Grant a friend of somebody in power?

Why do the Liberal papers keep nagging about the Letellier dismissal so persistently? It looks as if they really want to provoke Sir John to do it; and probably they do—for it would give them a splendid chance for abusing the Conservatives. They would be able to talk powerfully of revenge, of party passion, and such like things. But Sir John is too careful and wise to commit any such blunder.

Nor do I think there is anything in the talk that Sir John A. Macdonald contemplates an early retirement from the office he now holds. Why should he relinquish the Premiership for a Judgeship? Sir John is not an old man; he has not lost his vivacity and strong ability; and, what is more, he has not lost his hold upon the party and upon the country. I regard his allusion to Dr. Tupper, in his speech at Ottawa, as a kind and graceful recognition of his friend's ability, and not at all as a nomination of him as his successor.

The Toronto Liberals are putting a good face on the defeat they suffered at the election in Toronto East. Mr. Morris, the "National Policy" champion, secured the rather narrow majority of 45 votes, while the Conservative majority in the same ward last September was 909 votes, which proves, says the *Globe*, that "a very large number of those who voted for the National Policy are prepared to reverse the verdict they gave in September." But that by no means follows. Mr. Morris was a comparative stranger, while Mr. Leys was a well-known and popular local candidate; Mr. Morris was pledged to the party in Opposition, while Mr. Leys was to support the Government—a distinction with a considerable difference very often in the minds of voters.

I have received and carefully read Prof. Goldwin Smith's essay on "The Political Destiny of Canada," with which is given a reply by Sir Francis Hincks, and some notes in criticism of that reply by the author of the essay. Professor Smith reasons the thing out and comes to a logical conclusion, that of annexation to the United States, leaving the temper of Canadians out of the question. Sir Francis Hincks states what is the present temper of Canadians, leaving the reasoning out of the question; and there—so far as I can judge—is the difference. Sir Francis is absolutely correct at this present time—the Professor must wait until time shall have worked out his problems. The Professor assumes the part of a prophet—the Knight assumes the part of a preacher. The first is right now; will Mr. Smith's thought become a thing? Nothing is more probable than the unlikely.

What the movement in Canada in aid of the ruined shareholders of the City of Glasgow Bank will result in no one of course can tell; the Scotch are enthusiastic, and when they take any matter up always succeed well, and there is no reason for believing that they will not manage to raise a good sum of money; but I think that along with the money they should send an expression of opinion about the compromise which has been so generally suggested. The creditors ought, in all fairness, to accept the offered fifteen shillings in the pound, and not claim the pound of flesh. The depositors in an unlimited bank must be content to run some risk for the advantage of having a higher rate of interest than limited-liability banks can give. If this composition were accepted, the affairs of the bank would soon be settled, and the poor shareholders have a chance of seeing the end; but pending that acceptance it is doubtful whether any outside effort should be made. Canada is poor, and no portion of the community can be expected to tax itself unreasonably. Let the creditors show their willingness to help in the matter, and then the appeal would come with much better grace.

And I agree with the remark made by Mr. Buntin at the meeting in Montreal the other day; a protest should be made against the existence of these unlimited-liability concerns. They are a delusion and a snare.

When will Canadian daily papers drop the notion that reporting is done "in the interests of the public," and so make an end to the nonsense that reporters are "public servants?" Reporters are the nonsens of the newspaper proprietors, and their work is done in the interest of those same. Newspapers vend their wares like any other trader, catering for public patronage just as a grocer or bookseller would do; but reporters have got the idea that in some way or other they are employed by "the public." At any rate, until they do get to understand what their calling is they should give correct and carefully prepared reports of what is transpiring. At present that is just what they do not aim after, as I can testify from personal experience. It is evident enough that they have to make the paper sell. I do not complain of that, but of the absurd pretension that reporting is done "in the interest of the public."

Here is a clipping from the *Toronto Mail* of Saturday:—

PLAGIARISM.

To the Editor of the Mail:

SIR,—*Apropos* of the usual "courtesies of journalism" which the *Globe* claims for itself as a sort of right:—

"I am Sir Oracle, when I ope my
Lips, let no dog bark,"

it might have been as well if Mr. Brown acknowledged that the ballad "Canada," which may be found on the third page of this morning's *Globe* appeared originally some months since in the CANADIAN SPECTATOR.

Yours, &c.,

A VOICE FROM THE CROWD.

Toronto, Dec. 20th.

The *Globe* will not notice that; the *Globe* never does notice things of that sort. But if this were followed-up, there would be not only "a voice from the crowd," but a crowd of voices, for articles are often taken from the SPECTATOR *verbatim et literatim* and not acknowledged. One paper the other week took "The Times" and inserted them bodily, the first personal pronoun singular and all. It had an odd effect by way of contrast.

Mr. Edwin Booth, the actor, has written a very admirable letter to one of the Editors of the *Christian Union* in answer to the query "shall I go to the Theatre?" It puts the whole question in a nutshell, thus:

My knowledge of the modern drama is so very meagre that I never permit my wife or daughter to witness a play without previously ascertaining its character. This is the method I pursue; I can suggest no other, unless it might be by means of a "dramatic censor," whose taste or judgment might, however, be frequently at fault.

If the management of theatres could be denied to speculators and placed in the hands of actors who value their reputation and respect their calling, the

stage would at least afford healthy recreation, if not indeed a wholesome stimulus to the exercise of noble sentiments. But while the theatre is permitted to be a mere shop for gain—open to every huckster of immoral gimcracks—there is no other way to discriminate between the pure and base than through the experience of others.

Yes, Mr. Booth has it; "the theatre is permitted to be a mere shop for gain—open to every huckster of immoral gimcracks," and those hucksters pander to the lowest passions of the people, so that what might be, and should be, a general good, is turned into a most destructive evil.

Mr. Orby Shipley has discovered at last what ordinary mortals knew long ago, that the legitimate and logical conclusion of Ritualism is going over to Rome. Mr. Shipley has long been declaring his profound attachment to the Church of England—has written a volume and no end of essays in proof of it, but his last move is far away more reasonable and honest than anything else he has done for some years past.

It sounds strangely in our ears when we are told of the English Government's proposal to appropriate public money for the relief of the sufferers in Turkey; it means in reality a Protectorate. England itself is in dire distress, which reaches from the iron workers of Northumberland to the Cornish miners; relief committees are being formed; urgent appeals are being made for private charity; want overlaps famine, and yet it is proposed to send English money to Turkey. Surely we have not heard the last of the old proverb which says "Charity begins at home," or else "home" is getting to have an extensive meaning for England.

Judging from an article which appeared in last Friday's *Gazette* the writer had found it quite easy to decide upon whom the blame for the present war with the Ameer of Afghanistan should be laid; but then it is probable that the *Gazette* writer reads only one side of the question. As to the question of morality involved in the confessed effort of the Russians to create a difficulty in India in order to distract attention from affairs further west, or perhaps, avert war—that may be allowed to pass for an ordinary thing in these days, but the question of which party is right in England is not so easily settled. The Afghanistan papers have been published which tell the story of the controversy between Lord Lytton and the Ameer, but that story is hard of interpretation. All that *The Times* can say is, "when the accidents of the story are removed, it seems to justify, on the whole, the view which has been taken by the Government" "it is not unsatisfactory as regards our conduct." That is timid language. *The Times* is afraid to speak with its accustomed boldness.

But the *Daily News* declares, with confidence, that the documents issued clearly expose the mis-statements which Lord Cranbrook has made about the negotiations between Lord Northbrook and the Ameer's envoy at Simla in 1873. One thing is certain, the *Gazette* notwithstanding, that year after year the present Government was giving assurances to Parliament that no change had taken place, or was contemplated in British relations with Afghanistan; members of the Cabinet declared that in their opinion a change was not desirable; which appeared to be an endorsement of the Liberal policy. But a change was attempted at least, for Lord Salisbury tried to establish a British Agency at Herat before he was in office a year.

Russia has been foiled in Afghanistan—her mission there has been recalled—and now she is turning her attention once more to a definite Turco-Russian policy. General Todleben has called home 100,000 of his men, and altogether friendly terms are being established. Russia can hardly be condemned for making alliances anywhere. She has won a victory which was almost as bad as a defeat. She has failed to find friendship where she confidently looked for it, and if now she has sought a friendship where she only found enmity before, none can blame her. But it does seem a grim fate that has handed Turkey over to Russia after the championship of England had been extended to her during so long a period.

At any rate it looks as if Turkey intends to give the new champion and friend a trial, for General Khérédine, who has become Grand Vizier, is said to have strong opinions and influence against the movement lately set on foot to promulgate western ideas at the Porte. The General sent out a work awhile ago of considerable eloquence and force, urging that the cause of progress will be best furthered by the exclusive predominance of Mussulman agency in Turkey; he holds that the Turks can renovate themselves, and need no help from the western world. The drawback is that the General, when in power as ruler at Tunis, did not very conspicuously improve the government of the country.

EDITOR.

CHRISTMAS.

It has been declared that it was a good thing that Christmas was instituted by Providence in the winter, for the thoughts of the holy season stirred the hearts of the friends of the poor, and many were aided in the cold, and frost, and snow, who else had been friendless and unhelped. This, however, would not hold good the world over. There are other Christian Christmases whereat the roast beef and the plum pudding are eaten on a midsummer day, where frost and snow are unknown; indeed, in Judæa, where the event took place that we commemorate with so much joy, such a winter as ours is unknown, although in the winter of the year Nature seems to snatch a short repose from the quick, constant, ever-pressing work with which she busies herself. And while our earth lies locked in cold, and the waters are in a frozen sleep; while all that we or the cattle that sustain us have to eat comes out of the farmer's barns, and not off his lands, the sun is calling into life by his warmth other continents, so that the work itself really never rests. It is in this eternal renewal of outward forms that the miracle of the world is apparent.

Perpetual change, perpetual destruction and renewal bring us the seasons of the year, and have brought us this eighteen hundred and seventy-eighth anniversary of the birth of Christ. We may dispute about the age of the world, but of the Christian era there is no doubt, nor of the importance of the event it celebrates. There is one behest preached on that day in which we all agree, and which, probably, is more needed on this Christmas Day and in this sad winter of 1878 than it has been for many years. That behest is Charity, or—to explain that misconceived term, to turn the Latinized word into plainer English—kindness to all men.

The old couplet, comforting in itself to a people that sacrifices much ease in the pursuit of comfort:—

Christmas comes but once a year,
And when it does it brings good cheer,

will this year, perhaps, have a more partial application than ever it had. It was never very true. Mid-winter is not more merry in the abstract than Mid-summer, and no time in the life of man is free from trouble.

"There is no household, howe'er befriended, but has some vacant chair," and Christmas memories to some are the saddest of all, especially when they bring recollections of joys that are past, jollities that will be no more, hopes that have been wrecked, honour that is wounded, and—sorest of all—good name that is lost. There may be some bright comforts, like the red berries of the holly, lurking amidst the darker foliage, and peeping out pleasantly in the warm evening light; but the symbol may be carried on;—these comforts are seldom unaccompanied by the rough leaves of trial and pointed thorns of sorrow.

During the past few years the old beldame Earth—old, yet young; worn out, yet ever new—has been in a strange commotion. Men's minds have been unsettled. Giant wrong seems more than once to have had the best of it; fraud and treachery have been successful, and seemed very often to be the very best steps towards riches, if not honour. The number of people who have been ruined by swindling companies and untrustworthy banks during the past year is exceedingly large; and their case, reduced as they have been from comfort and riches to sudden poverty, is sad indeed.

While in this way the middle class has especially suffered, the working-class has been injured by a falling off in employment. To aid and protect themselves, the machinery of Trades Unions has been resorted to, and this, used by unscrupulous men, has fallen under public reprobation. This can only be excused on the ground of ignorance, as we may, perhaps rightly, suppose that such men are utterly blinded by self-interest, and ignorant of social and political economy.

Let us hope that we have seen the worst, and there are signs of better times. To bring all things back to their proper harmony will require very little space—for the all-teeming earth—but for man to resume the peaceful tenour of his progress we shall need time and patience and much wisdom. The faith of the world is undergoing a further and wider development; and out of this apparent chaos a fairer world will arise. Our present duty is to bend ourselves to our work, to keep our faith, and to show as much practical charity to all men as we possibly can. The columns of our newspapers show us how many are in want; and to those around us aid should be given, in spite of difference of opinion, of creed, or of social rank.

True charity is never out of place or out of time. It is more than ever needed when there is a discordant jangling of teachers, a noise of many voices, much doubt, distress, and little certainty, as there is at the close of this eventful year, and in this seasonable winter of 1878.

Christmas is especially an English custom, and is kept by Englishmen the wide world over:—

Where'er

An English heart exists to do and dare,
Where, amid Afric sands, the lion roars,
Where endless winter chains the silent shores,
Where smiles the sea round coral islets bright,
Where Brahma's temples sleep in glowing light—
Where swift St. Lawrence flows towards the main,
'Twi'x fertile banks which smile with golden grain—
In every spot where England's sons may roam,
Dear Christmas-tide still speaks to them of Home.

Christmas-tide forms a bright endearing link between the old and the new year, and it is pleasant to tinge the sad memories it must wake in many a breast with the divine precepts that yield consolation and innate joy, even to the lowliest of the low. And so we wish all a Merry Christmas. Whatever eye may fall on this, may it be bright with the strength of new determination—the set wish and will to do good, and to live the brave, honest, and bold life of the good, useful man or woman. May they be happy and good. They are sure to be the first, if they take care to be the last. Gloom may be around us, but there is light at home. The season reminds us of the most gracious promises, and the most liberal hope.

THE ETHICS OF CUSTOMS DUTIES.

An expression of opinion has been invited by the editor of this journal on the relative merits of specific and *ad valorem* duties, and the answers which have come to hand have taken the matter at once and fully into the world of business. That was to be expected; for business men quite naturally look upon it as a business question, just as the politician regards it as a question of the best methods for collecting revenue. But before those opinions are published it may be well to call the attention of the public to the fact that the ethical is of just as much, if not of more, importance than the political or the commercial aspect of the thing. We cannot afford to put morality under all other considerations; on the contrary, it should come first, and all legislation should be aimed against dishonesty and be made to work well in the interests of truth and justice. That is to say, the object of every legislative measure which has a bearing upon the commercial life of the nation should be in the line of making truth and honesty easy, by making them profitable so far as that can be done by the framing of just laws. Government *must* have a revenue to carry on the machinery of the State; but Government is false to itself and false to the people if its simple and only enquiry is: "How can all we want be most easily raised?" The question should also be considered: How can we equalise taxation so as to make it bear upon each with justice to all; and how in doing that can we reduce the temptations to fraud to a minimum?

When David said, "all men are liars," he was in a cynical mood—at least, he afterward owned that he was hasty at the time, and it is only fair to assume that in calmer moments he would not have made the assertion so sweeping; but it is easy to conceive of one repeating the sharp words of the old censor in these days, when he sees how much general deception is practised in all our commercial working. But the cynic of to-day would have to qualify the phrase if forced to be particular in his criticisms. For every man is not a liar. Indeed, when account is taken of all the temptations that happen to men—of all the fierce competition there is, and of the value which is put upon prosperity in trade—the marvel is that so many abstain from lying. Commerce is a fruitful field for the growing of tares, and somehow tares have got to have a corn value in these times. Tares are not corn, and they never can be corn, and they cannot be ground into bread for the people, but they have changed in appearance or public opinion has changed toward them. The problem for the Government is how to put a premium upon rightness of conduct—or to use the figure again—it had better get a revenue from corn than from tares.

An *ad valorem* duty puts a premium upon dishonesty; it appeals to whatever is lowest in a man, and to those who are most unscrupulous in the trading community. Of two men in the same trade, one shall make a fortune and the other make a failure, not because one has worked harder than the other, has had more business tact or perseverance, but because one has been unscrupulous and has persuaded those who supply him with goods to act in the same manner; while the other was honest himself, or had to deal with honest firms. It need not be denied that there are men who command success by their great qualities; that there are men who, by ability and perseverance, or good fortune, have and deserve prosperity; but it is equally true that there are men who make a living, if not a fortune, out of lying and stealing,—lying and stealing from the Government, of course,—but lying and stealing none the less.

For example, there is an *ad valorem* duty on wine of 60 cents per wine gallon when the purchase price is over 40 cents, and 30 cents per wine gallon when the purchase price is under 40 cents. A butt of wine has cost say £11 sterling; or say 41 cents per gallon. If the buying price can be reduced 2 cents per gallon, the duty will be 30 cents instead of 60 cents. A temptation that surely. It will make a difference of 32 cents on the gallon, and if it can be done the wine may be sold cheaper than if it cannot be done, and yet a good profit be made. How can it be done? An invoice has to be shown and sworn to before the Customs officers, and then there is the Appraiser. So far as the first part of it is concerned, get one invoice for the purpose of swearing, and another for the purpose of paying; that is, show the Customs officers an invoice which says the price of the wine is £9 10s. od., but there is another, the real one, which makes the amount £11 os. od. Suppose some merchants consent to that fraud, while some will not, the dishonest ones will clearly have a great commercial advantage over the honest, and will actually coin their conscience into dollars. The Appraiser need hardly be counted in as a real factor; for the best of that order who ever looked a butt of wine in the face could never say that two cents per gallon should be added to the price.

It may be said that Government cannot go upon the assumption that "all men are liars"—that something must be put down to the credit of common and general honesty. Yes; but Government must acknowledge that at least some men are liars, and should be careful not to put any advantage within their reach; should be careful even not to put temptation in their way. It is always better to make a wrong thing a hard thing.

It cannot be said that a specific duty would remove every objectionable feature in the working of our customs duties; those gross temptations to perjury would no longer exist, but still there would be much to complain of. No political economists have yet hit upon a perfect scheme of taxation, and the most sanguine believer in the progress of the race will confess that the much desired thing is not yet to be seen above the horizon; all that we can do meantime is to adopt and practise that method which has least of evil in it. And a specific duty seems to give that result. There is only one objection to be urged against it,—an objection which is fatal in the estimation of many most estimable people—that it would have the very obvious effect of making the many poor pay an equal duty with the few rich—that those who can only afford cheap articles would have to pay the same duty as those who can afford to give a higher price for better goods. The argument is good so far as it goes, but that is not far; for on the whole it is rather sentimental than real.

No one in this democratic age would lay an unfair share of the public burden upon the working classes; and so anything that has the appearance, or the suspicion, of doing that would be denounced at once. And it must be confessed that the appearance of a specific duty is all against it. Why should the poor man, who can only buy cheap tea, and a little at that, &c. &c.? Yes,

GENTLEMEN'S FUR CAPS, IN SEAL, SEA OTTER, PERSIAN LAMB, CANADA OTTER, ETC., AT REYNOLDS & VOLKEL'S, 427 NOTRE DAME STREET.

there is great scope for an *ad captandum* appeal. But it may fairly be questioned whether it would make any serious difference or not. It might discourage the drinking of cheap wines, which would be for the general good and not for the general harm: certainly it would encourage the consumption of a better class of articles by all the community. There are only a few things upon which it would tell, and those generally come in the way of luxuries.

But if it should add a little—and it could not add much—to the price of goods which the poor, or the middle classes, speaking commercially, consume, it is simply one of those things which are incidental to society. Many burdens fall unequally upon the taxpayers. A woman keeps a cottage for which she pays \$100 per year; she takes in washing for a living, and consumes a great deal of water, but pays only a quarter part so much water taxes as one who lives in the next street, pays \$400 per year, and does not use a third part so much water. It is the same with the lighting of the city; it is the same with the cleaning and repairing of the city; it is well within the range of proof that the Protestant minority of the city of Montreal have to bear more than half of all the city taxes. Perfectly equitable adjustment of taxes will not be found until the common character of the community is just; but, pending that, it does appear as if the substitution of specific for *ad valorem* duties would put away an enormous evil. If the interests of morality are to be considered at all; if we are anxious to promote the righteousness that "exalteth a nation," we shall be satisfied to accept a little burden for those who have been accustomed to accept and look for favours only. The well-off have really some claim to life and justice; they have some right to be considered when laws are to be altered; and if this change in the Customs duties should tell a little against the poorer and largely for morality, in which all would share—except the traders who swear to false invoices—the burden would still be bearable, and the balance of advantage would be still on the side of the many.

"ADVANCED" SCIENCE.

Some time ago we referred to the sober and judicious address of Dr. Rudolf Virchow at the Conference of the Association of German Naturalists and Physicians at Munich in the autumn of 1877; in which he deprecated the premature claim of Professor Hæckel, that his Advanced Evolution theory, which has well been called "Darwinism run mad," should be made a compulsory part of education as a settled and well authenticated conquest of science. The audacity of such a claim is the more apparent when it is observed that Hæckel's species of Evolution theory belongs to the most reckless and extreme class of materialistic speculation,—that he advocates what he calls "Monism," reducing all forms of life and force to *one*—the mechanical—by virtue of which the union of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen has been the *fons et origo* of all organization, life and mind. To use his own words: "When a stone which is thrown into the air falls again to the earth according to definite laws when a crystal is formed from a saline fluid, when sulphur and mercury unite to form cinnabar, these facts are neither more nor less mechanical life-phenomena than the growth and flowering of plants, than the propagation and sensory faculties of animals, or the perception and intelligence of man." Mind and soul are disposed of in a very simple way. When a molecule of the united elements "carbon and company" is formed, to which the technical name of "plastidule" is given, the sum of their forces or properties is called the Plastidule, or molecule-soul, which Hæckel tells us are the "molecule factors of organic life." "The love and hate of atoms, the attraction and repulsion of molecules, the motion and sensation of cells and organisms built up of cells, the thought and consciousness of man—these are only various steps of the universal process of psychological evolution." Of course, in this theory there is not room for free-will or moral responsibility. Man is as much a slave to his instincts as are the brutes, and virtue and vice, right and wrong, become unmeaning and superfluous forms of speech. Such is the enlightened theory concerning the origin of things which Prof. Hæckel considers established truth, and the promulgation of which he desires as a panacea for all human needs.

It was in reply to these extravagant claims for this extreme version of the *Descendens Theorie*, as the Germans call Evolution, that Dr. Virchow delivered the earnest and forcible address which we formerly noticed, and which produced a deep impression on his distinguished and learned audience. On Prof. Hæckel, however, it seemed to have only the effect of exciting him to more extravagant expressions and to unlimited indignation against his opponents in general and Dr. Virchow in particular. He has issued an angry "Reply," which Dr. Elam notices in a recent number of the *Contemporary Review*, in which he stigmatizes Dr. Virchow as a "benighted bigot," ignorant of everything which could entitle him to express an opinion on the subject, and a suborned advocate of that most dangerous doctrine—*Creatismus*, or creation—in opposition to *Self-evolution*. It will be remembered that Dr. Virchow was naively described by the *Times* correspondent last November as "innocent of faith." But this "innocence" does not avail him, in Prof. Hæckel's opinion, unless he is also willing to swallow his own wildly speculative fancies as to both mind and matter,—one of these, by the way, being, that the only difference between the conscious and unconscious mind—that of a man and that of a block of granite, for instance—is that of memory! Furthermore, he talks of organic and inorganic matter as equally "living," and discovers Christianity in the actions of the ants, who, he thinks, perform their social duties from a feeling of duty, which he calls "the best sort of Christianity"! As Dr. Elam points out, amidst such reckless confusion of terms and words, no such thing as biological science would be possible.

But what enrages him most is that Dr. Virchow did not even discuss his speculations, and put aside his favourite evolution theory as a hypothesis which remains to be established. "We are not yet entitled to teach," he said, "or to regard as a scientific fact that man is descended from the ape or any other animal." "Wait and investigate" is his soundly Baconian advice. But Hæckel wonders how he can want more evidence of the truth of Evolution than he already has, or demands what we really *know* of gravitation, or electricity or any of the subjects of our best authenticated science. On this

point Dr. Elam observes that the reply is obvious—that we do not know and do not pretend to know anything of the essential nature of either gravitation or electricity, or even of matter itself; that what is taught is simply fact as drawn from carefully observed phenomena—not belonging to the domain of speculation at all. As to our evidence for the truth of Evolution, Dr. Elam points out that we have not as yet a single authenticated instance of the modification of one species into another species, although within one species we have many modifications of varieties. Moreover, even Prof. Huxley admits that the earliest geological traces which we have of man indicate his similarity in all important respects to man as he now exists, and that there is "an immeasurable and practically infinite difference between the human and the simian stirps." While this is the case, it certainly seems only prudent, with Dr. Virchow, to refrain from teaching dogmatically, as a conquest of science, that man is descended from the ape or any other animal; although Prof. Hæckel's ingenuity has furnished us with a perfect genealogical tree representing his descent, through twenty-two stages, from the original *monera* or simple protoplasmic bodies. The only trouble about this genealogy is, that the larger proportion of the creatures forming the successive gradations have left no traces of their existence; only Prof. Hæckel considers that *they must have existed* to bridge over the gaps that would otherwise have remained in filling up his theory! It seems incredible that any professed physicist should call this science! As to the original, simple, one-celled bodies called *monera*, which Prof. Hæckel avers bridge over the gulf between inorganic and organic matter, Dr. Elam points out that they can bridge over nothing, since they are just as much living and organic bodies as the most complex animal, and that nothing even remotely resembling them can be artificially formed from the elements which compose them. Further, as to the supposed origin of the *plastidules* or molecules of organic matter, he points out that the components, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen, not only show no affinity towards combination, but refuse to combine artificially under any conditions at present known. To say that conditions once existed under which they would spontaneously combine, is the same kind of scientific reasoning as that by which Prof. Hæckel "evolved from his own consciousness" the missing links of his genealogical tree. It is simply begging the question,—a fallacy which seems to flourish luxuriantly among "advanced" materialistic writers.

Furthermore, Dr. Elam points out that the mechanical-force theory is utterly inadequate to account for the achievements of even the simpler forms of vegetable life, such as the *Penicillium*, which not only produces in a short time many million times the weight of the chemicals which it decomposes, but also, in the matter of decomposition alone, performs chemical feats which no known chemical or mechanical force has been able to accomplish. Altogether, it is clearly shown that the Hæckelian hypothesis of the origin of things utterly fails to show any reasonable ground on which it can be accepted by those who demand the legitimate proof which, in scientific matters, we have a right to ask.

Abstruse hypotheses in entology and biology might seem far enough away from our ordinary practical life; and Prof. Huxley has remarked that "the sphere of pure physical science and that in which lie those questions which most interest ordinary humanity lie apart, and the conclusions reached in the one have no direct effect upon the other." This may be true as regards the legitimate deductions of a sober and reasonable science—though these, as we know, exercise at least a strong indirect influence on human life and action; but as regards the rash conclusions of the materialistic school it is far from true. The doctrine that man is a mere chance product of blind mechanical force, without free will, soul, or moral responsibility, must have a most injurious effect, not only on the estimation in which human life is held, but on the public *morale*, wherever it is received as even a possible hypothesis. Even Prof. Huxley's theory as to the "physical basis of life" has, Dr. Elam says, to his own knowledge been appealed to to justify indifference with regard to human life. Anæsthesia, we believe, is growing more and more common in London as the views of the materialistic school prevail. Should Prof. Hæckel's wild fancies ever obtain any appreciable influence, there would seem to be no ground left for maintaining the sacredness of human life above that of the brute creation, and infanticide would become a matter of course whenever it happened to be convenient. There can be very little doubt, as it is, that the vague way in which views like these are scented out and caught at by the half-educated and irreligious masses is already showing its results in increased recklessness, brutality and crime, foreshadowing, it is even possible, such a carnival of confusion and moral anarchy as might rival the darkest days of heathendom if left unchecked to work out its fatal natural results.

Fidelis.

THE LEFT HAND: A PLEA FOR THE NEGLECTED.

It may be Quixotic; but I must do battle in behalf of my Dulcinea. In this age, it is said that there is no wrong without a remedy. This I deny. I am positive, however, that there is no wrong, great or small, which, when pointed out, will not elicit a groan from somebody—or impel some philanthropist, or it may be, some mere grumbler—to wag his tongue or dip his pen in ink, to set forth their grievances. It is not only the wronged, but the neglected, that find friends in our days. We redress, or strive to redress, the wrongs of history. Has not Richard the Third had his defenders and advocates? Has not Jack Cade been proved to be a gentleman? Has not Macbeth been whitewashed of the crime of murder? and have not even those despised little creatures the toads, been taken under the protection of philosophers, relieved of the charge of being poisonous and disgusting reptiles, and recognized as the harmless fellow-labourers of the gardener and cultivator; a friend who devours for him the too prolific insects that consume the tender roots and shoots of his vegetables? And as for the neglected portions of the human race, do not the Parliaments and the Press continually ring and overflow with their sorrows, and with the woful catalogue of the dangers that will, or may afflict society, if justice be not done? The wrongs of children, the wrongs of women, the wrongs of paupers, the wrongs of lunatics,—the wrongs of dumb animals—find zealous tongues and printing presses to set them forth; but I look in vain for

any one to say a word in behalf of my client—a client in whose condition and treatment the whole human race is interested; men and women, old and young, the wise and the unwise, the civilized and the savage, in every clime and country under the sun. As I said before, it may be Quixotic in me. But I wage battle in defence of the LEFT HAND.

How is it that this excellent member of the human body is treated with an amount of neglect and injustice greater than is bestowed on any other? We make no distinction in our favours between the right eye and the left. The one can see as well as the other; and the left eye can appreciate the charms of a lovely woman or a beautiful landscape as well as the right. The left ear is as acutely susceptible of the sounds of pleasure or of pain as the right. In walking the left leg does as much duty as the right; and I have yet to learn that there is any difference between the left foot and the right, when they are alternately planted on the ground, either in running, leaping, or walking; and whether they do not equally well sustain the whole weight of the body, when the body requires their support. But, between the right hand and the left, there is an appreciable difference—a difference which I maintain to be the work of art, of prejudice, of habit, and of ignorance, and not of nature. It is true that the doctors sometimes tell us that the position of the heart on the left side of the body renders it desirable that we should not use the left hand so frequently and so constantly as the right, lest we should, somehow or other, damage, or weary, or interfere with the action of that most important organ. This is a statement which I should feel more inclined to respect, if the same reasoning were applied to the left leg. But the doctors do not go this length; and, with all deference to their superior knowledge of anatomy and physiology, I am unconvinced and incredulous on this subject, and think that the heart is made the scapegoat of a weakness of which it is not guilty, and that the left hand is the innocent victim of an unreasonable delusion.

The name of this neglected member of the human form divine is highly suggestive of the wrong committed against it. It is called the "left" because it is left out of the proper course of work and business; left out of consideration; left to neglect, and even to scorn. The Romans called it *sinister*, the French call it *gauche*, and the Germans *links*, none of which words convey the English meaning of abandonment. But, on the principle, too open and too commonly at work in the world, of giving a dog a bad name and then hanging him, the word "sinister" applied to the poor left hand, has come to signify any course of proceeding that is dark, wicked, or malignant. A man with a sinister expression of countenance is held to be the reverse of amiable or agreeable; and a "sinister" report, or rumour, is one that is laden with evil. To do a thing "over the left," means not to do it; a left-handed compliment is an insult in disguise; and a "left-handed" marriage is either no marriage at all, or a marriage which the lord of the creation who contracts it is much too high and mighty to avow. The "bar-sinister" in heraldry signifies illegitimacy; and "left" being in one sense the opposite of "right" has been held, with the grossest injustice, to be that other opposite of right which is designated as "wrong." When a man or woman is unfortunately in the position of a witness in a Court of Justice, he or she is told to hold the Bible in the right hand, before kissing the book—as if the left would vitiate the sanctity of the oath. The Mohammedans in a similar spirit will not even touch the Koran with the left hand on the most ordinary occasions. Poor left hand!

All faculties of mind and body suffer impairment and diminution from disease. No man or woman in civilised society can turn his or her ears backwards or forwards to catch a sound in either direction, as all wild animals can who live in a state of constant alarm or danger from their enemies. The savage aborigines of this continent, and other wild tribes in every part of the world where men are compelled to rely upon their own vigilance and strength for protection against opponents, are said to possess this faculty, which their civilised compeers, accustomed to rely upon the law and upon the police for their security against aggression, have completely lost. In like manner the blind, who are deprived of the most precious of all the faculties, are endowed with a more exquisite sensibility of touch and hearing than people who can see, simply because they are driven by painful necessity to cultivate and make the most of such faculties as remain.

One who is deprived of his right hand very speedily learns to use the left, and to apply it to every purpose of dexterity and skill, till he makes it as efficient as was its fellow. Children, when they first begin to take notice of the world in which they live, so commonly use both hands alike, that they have to be corrected by their parents or nurses and to be taught systematically to give the right hand the preference in conveying the food to their mouths, and never to let the left hand do that which it is the custom of society to perform with the right. We are told in the Book of Judges that during the fearful civil war between Israel and the tribe of Benjamin, there were seven hundred chosen men of the latter who were left-handed, and that every one of these warriors could "sling stones at an hair's breadth, and not miss." Thus each man was worth two in battle, because he had been trained to make his left hand equal to his right. If seven hundred men could have been thus educated, why not his right. If seven hundred men could have been thus educated, why not his right. If seven hundred men could have been thus educated, why not his right. There is no reason, but habit, prejudice and fashion; for the doctor's reason, *apropos* of the heart, I shall take the liberty of considering unfounded until it shall be satisfactorily proved in the case of any left-handed man or woman, that the action of his or her heart has been injuriously affected by his or her ambidexterity.

Of course all argument is vain on this subject. The old cannot learn, and the young will not. Besides, it may be replied that, all things considered, the world gets on very well as it is, although it only uses one-half of the manual skill with which Nature has endowed the lordly race that has subdued and replenished it. All this is true. Yet did not the world get on very well with oil-lamps, stage-coaches, hoys, and the semaphore, and without gas, railways, steamships, and the electric telegraph? Let us be contented, however, and let us rejoice that fashion and prejudice have not done to the left eye, the left ear, the left nostril, the left leg and the left foot, the injustice they have done to the left hand.

But, after all, the whirligig of Fashion and prejudice has its revenge, as well as the whirligig of Time. If the male half of the world does such injustice to

itself as to sacrifice fifty per cent. of its working power, the female half of the world takes up the co-equal link that has been scorned, and makes it a beauty and a joy for ever. On the fourth finger of the hand which is not so greatly in danger of collision with the hard facts and hard implements of toil, as the hand that does the daily work of the world, the woman places the symbol of marriage, the plain gold ring, which it is the glory of a true woman to be privileged to wear; happiest of all, the happy she, if conjugal love on her part, and that of her husband, be as unalloyed with falsehood and change as the pure gold is with dross; and if the circle of their mutual confidence and affection be as complete, and without a break in its continuity, as the little circle which on the wished-for bridal morn her spouse placed upon her finger. It is a variety of the same old medical superstition, that has so largely helped to bring the left hand into disuse among mankind, that has helped the better and fairer half of mankind to make amends for the injustice done it. "The wedding ring," says an ancient author, "is worn on the fourth finger of the left hand, because it was formerly believed that a small artery ran from the finger to the heart. This," he adds, "is contradicted by experience; but several eminent authors, as well Gentiles as Christians, as well physicians as divines, were formerly of this opinion; and, therefore, they thought this finger the properest to bear this pledge of love that from thence it might be conveyed, as it were to the heart. I used to raise such as were fallen in a swoon by pinching this joint, and by rubbing the gold ring with a little saffron, for by this a restoring force passeth to the heart, and refresheth the fountain of life by which the finger is joined. Wherefore antiquity thought fit to compass it about with gold."

In our day the rubbing of the gold ring with a new dress, or with a set of diamonds, might possibly be more effective than the rubbing with saffron. But let that pass. The right hand may be given in marriage, but as far as the ladies are concerned, it is the left hand that confirms and seals the bargain.

Charles Mackay.

KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM.

In this age of enlightenment and education, we do not require so much the knowledge of fact as to be impressed with the necessity of acting according to our knowledge, and to be roused to a life filled with the force of a will determined to do what we know to be right. This is not a want limited to any class, but is common to all. Think what a different world it would be if all would honestly concentrate all they know of what is good into outward and visible actions. And it is wonderful how such a course, steadily pursued, would add to our knowledge wisdom—for knowledge is the leaf and wisdom is the fruit—the genuine wisdom of loving God and keeping his commandments.

Take it for granted that all in this Christian land know what they ought to do and be. The Christian world has been teaching this for nineteen centuries, and what is the result? From the standpoint of one of the world's great writers, that "all religion has relation to life, and the life of religion is to do good," we must see in and around us a great many serious defects which ought to be helped by doing better. Business is too often so recklessly conducted that it proves a means of ruining thousands, and labour is undertaken in a spirit of doing as little as possible for the highest price attainable. Friendship means a hollow mask, or has its origin in self-interest; and love, that ought to be the purest and truest of earthly joys, has grown mercenary—or worse. Few really rejoice heartily in the success of another, and fewer still have the time and disposition to wait on, help, and encourage the worried, the disappointed and the sad. Self-interest seems to have the upper hand even with the best of us, and we feel we must not lose our business or position, or friends, for any secondary (?) considerations. Our churches are often too like the family circle they are so frequently and pathetically compared to, for in them there are dissensions, jealousies, a keeping up of false appearances, and a want of brotherly love, which is quite appalling and quite characteristic of too many households. Each member tries to make his own way in the world, and grabs at the fortunate chances in life, quietly leaving his poorer neighbour to his own resources, because the world has entered into the church more than the church has entered into the world. Even the Christian missionaries do not escape the searching eye of some of the public, who think they find in such enterprises more zeal for self than for our fellow-men.

As we think of all this, it seems as though we were listening to the weary sighing of a wintry wind as it sings its dreary dirge over the fallen leaves of summer. But surely such a state of affairs is unnecessary. Having had so much opportunity to know, is it not time now to try what doing will accomplish? Our actions make our life and show our character, and if self is all we think of and care for, we will soon become incapable of any genuine love, friendship, honesty or sincerity towards God or man. The almost daily prayer of all Christendom is: "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven," and having said these perfect and comprehensive words, we seem satisfied to leave the result to "Our Father." But the man who truly prays this prayer, does not mock his Maker with a form of words, but tries, in all the acts of his daily life, to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly, as is required of him. To be good is not a passive state, but one thoroughly active, it is to do good. The will of God is the same for earth as Heaven, and when we do that will, the Kingdom of Heaven is formed within us, a reign of love to God and love to man which is a life of manifest usefulness for the good of others in every way that comes in our power, even if we suffer in wealth or position, or in the estimation of others, or in any way whatever. If all were thoroughly impressed with the fact that our own personal conduct in doing what is good would bring about the answer to this prayer, why should we hesitate to act? Is it too practical? and does it involve too much self-denial? Is there not a lurking desire to wait for a change of affairs in the distant future, to be brought about by some legerdemain process that removes all present responsibility and trouble? And so we wait for eighteen hundred years and think all will come in "His own good time. But this time is always, to-day. Whenever any one wills to do good and does it, to him the Kingdom is come.

If all who know His will would heartily, as individuals, earnestly do it, it would astonish us to see how soon horrible crimes, appalling accidents, business disasters, abject poverty, loathsome diseases, blighted reputations, and all forms of evil and misery, would be rooted out from among men—because evil would be overcome with good. This would be a very radical reform and also a very simple one, as it involves no machinery of committees, meetings, collectors, secretaries, &c., &c. It is more practicable than some of us suppose; all that we want is the wisdom to carry out the royal law, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

There is no use in saying this is Utopian; it is the only way to bring about Utopia, which is Heaven on earth. Surely we dare not doubt that it is possible to keep this law of life, for it is possible and necessary to keep all the commandments. In our first endeavours, it will doubtless be a struggle; but it is not in vain, and "Blessed are they that do His commandments that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter through the gates into the city," whose light is Wisdom and whose warmth is Love.

Simplicia.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

A HARD TROCHE.—A New York paper says that a popular doctor in that city, while escorting a lady home the other evening, attempted to relieve her cough and sore throat by giving her a troche. He told her to allow it to dissolve gradually in her mouth. No relief was experienced, and the doctor felt quite chagrined the next day when the lady sent him a trousers button, with a note, saying that he must have given her the wrong kind of troche, and might need this one.

TREATMENT OF CHRONIC ALCOHOLISM.—An Italian physician, writing on this subject, comes to the following conclusions:—

(1.) Phosphorus is a very useful remedy in the treatment of chronic alcoholism.

(2.) The medicine is perfectly tolerated in doses which no one has dared to give heretofore,—ten centigrammes (nearly $1\frac{1}{2}$ grains) a day for many weeks.

(3.) The remedy gives to drinkers a feeling of comfort and strength, and furnishes the force necessary to carry on their organic functions, which they have been accustomed to get from alcoholic liquors.

(4.) The medicine seems also to have the properties of a prophylactic and an antidote, for it causes very beneficial changes in the system, even when the use of liquor has not been entirely stopped.

GLUCOSE OR SUCROSE.—No one need stop the free use of sugar for fear of being poisoned or injured in health by it. Some of the sugar refiners have a dispute with the Government. They are accused of tricks by which the revenue is defrauded. The investigation now going on will show whether there is any truth in these charges, or whether the Government is again hounding and annoying innocent men. The adulterations, if any, are also swindles upon the public, designed to increase the weight of the sugar by cheaper materials. These are frauds which should be punished severely by the courts, and ought to ruin the reputation and business of every person engaged in them. Until the evidence against the suspected parties is more complete than that usually obtained in one-sided Custom-House enquiries, we shall pin our faith on the statements now being advertised by the sugar-refining firms of New York. It remains to be seen who, if any persons, are adulterating the sugar we eat. We would now only seek to reassure the public on the vital question of health as affected by the supposed adulterations. The cheaper material said to be used by sugar refiners is glucose. Well—that is not poisonous. If it were a poison it would have slain its thousands in the form of beer, in some of the fine brands of which it is an important ingredient. It answers exactly the purpose of the saccharine principle in malt. It is one of the substitutes for malt, of which honey is another—the use of these alternative ingredients being regulated by their respective prices. Glucose also enters largely into the composition of syrups and preserves, and, doubtless, of some (uncrystallized) candies. It is deficient in sweetening power, and is more apt to sour than the crystalline or cane variety of sugar. But it is more than harmless—it is healthful. The consumer's pocket, and not his stomach, has the right to complain if glucose is palmed upon him in place of cane sugar. He would only be obliged to use so much more of the adulterated stuff to sweeten his coffee or for whatever other purposes he required sugar. Glucose, as a base ingredient, is better than the old-fashioned sand or *terra alba* at all events; for those substances put indigestible "dirt" into the human system, though no coroner ever traced a death to their use. The only harm ever done to the health by "doctored" sugar, so far as known, is that resulting from the use of poisonous colouring matter. Painted candies have undoubtedly killed off many children. But this kind of mischief is done by unscrupulous confectioners, not by sugar refiners. For the sake of argument we have conceded the adulteration of cane sugar by glucose as a possible variety of fraud. But while glucose may be mixed with soft sugars or used in syrups, it would certainly never be used by the refiners in the production of white sugar, which is the greater part of their legitimate business, for it cannot be crystallized. The refiner's work is to convert the raw product into granulated sugar for table use. For this purpose glucose would be as little suitable as flour, cheese, or any other article that cannot crystallize and assimilate itself to the true cane sugar. Fortunes have been thrown away in the vain attempt to turn the glucose (obtained cheaply from Indian corn) into sucrose, and chemists, who are not afraid of difficulties, now pronounce it "impossible." We would not go as far as that, but only deem it highly improbable that our sugar refiners are making any use of glucose in their own business, for that ingredient not being crystallizable would only obstruct the chemical processes in their establishments, and is therefore something of which they would naturally be anxious to be rid. Apart from the issue of commercial honesty and respectability—of which the sugar-refining houses of New York may properly boast—we do not believe, upon the present testimony, that those firms adulterate their products in any way.—*N.Y. Journal of Commerce.*

THE PASSING YEAR.

Have you a tear
For the Passing Year?
No! No!
More it leaves you
Than bereaves you,
Let it go!
Yours forever,
Stolen—never;
Are they lost that you deplore!
For the nearest
Joys and dearest
Shall another year restore!
Only dearer,
Better, nearer,
Than they ever were before—
Yours, and yours for evermore.

DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM.

'*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*' When
For me the end has come and I am dead,
And little, voluble, chattering daws of men
Peck at me curiously, let it then be said
By some one brave enough to speak the truth,
Here lies a great soul killed by cruel wrong.
Down all the balmy days of his fresh youth
To his bleak, desolate noon, with sword and song
And speech that rushed up hotly from the heart,
He wrought for liberty; till his own wound,
(He had been stabbed) concealed with painful art
Through wasting years, mastered him and he swooned.
And sank there where you see him lying now
With that word 'Failure' written on his brow.
But say he succeeded. If he missed
World's honours and world's plaudits and the wage
Of the world's deft lackeys, still his lips were kissed
Daily by those high angels who assuage
The thirstings of the poets—for he was
Born unto singing—and a burden lay
Mightily on him and he moaned because
He could not rightly utter to this day
What God taught in the night. Sometimes, nathless,
Power fell upon him, and bright tongues of flame
And blessings reached him from poor souls in stress;
And benedictions from black pits of shame;
And little children's love; and old men's prayers;
And a Great Hand that led him unawares.
So he died rich. And if his eyes were blurred
With thick films—silence! he is in his grave.
Greatly he suffered: greatly, too, he erred;
Yet broke his heart in trying to be brave.
Nor did he wait till Freedom had become
The popular shibboleth of courtier's lips;
But smote for her when God Himself seemed dumb
And all His arching skies were in eclipse,
He was a-weary, but he fought his fight,
And stood for simple manhood; and was joyed
To see the august broadening of the light
And new earths heaving heavenward from the void.
He loved his fellows, and their love was sweet—
Plant daisies at his head and feet.

Richard Realf.

"A YOUNG LADY'S SOLILOQUY."

[The following was published in *Chambers's Journal* more than twenty years ago, yet many are still hopelessly waiting an answer to the question without making an effort to solve it in a practical way.]

Uselessly, aimlessly drifting thro' life,
What was I born for? For somebody's wife
I'm told by my mother. Well, that being true,
Somebody keeps himself strangely from view;
And if nought but marriage will settle my fate,
I believe I shall die in an unsettled state;
For, tho' I'm not ugly—pray what woman is?
You might easily find a more beautiful phiz;
And then, as for temper and manners, 'tis plain,
He who seeks for perfection will seek here in vain.
Nay, in spite of these drawbacks, my head is perverse,
And I should not feel grateful "for better or worse"
To take the first booby who graciously came
And offered those treasures, his home and his name.
I think, then, my chances of marriage are small,
But why should I think of such chances at all?
My brothers are, all of them, younger than I,
Yet they thrive in the world, and why not let me try?
I know that in business I'm not an adept,
Because from such matters most strictly I'm kept.
But—this is the question that troubles my mind—
Why am I not trained up to work of some kind?
Uselessly, aimlessly drifting thro' life,
Why should I wait to be "somebody's wife?"

THE BRAVE GIRL OF GLENBARR.

BY CUTHBERT BEDE.

CHAPTER I.

OLD DONALD'S DECISION.

'If Mary Morrison will wed wi' me, I'll wed no other!' This was young Donald's decision. And the handsome, stalwart young Highlander looked as though he intended to carry into effect those few words that he had spoken to his father in Gaelic.

Donald Macbane was his father's only child; and, as his mother had died within a few days of his birth, he had never known any other parent than his stern father. A hard man was the elder Donald, ruling those about him with an iron will, and intent only upon improving his small farm to its utmost capability, so that he might leave it to his son as a goodly heritage. By its aid, young Donald might, in time, be so raised above the humble surroundings of his father's early days, that he might almost pass as a laird. But that this scheme might be fully carried out, it was needful that his son should be married to a girl who had money or land of her own, and who would not come to him empty-handed and without a dowry. A 'tocherless lass' was not to be thought of; and the future owner of the small farm on the hillside in the Barr Glen must be mated with a maiden who was similarly circumstanced as regarded property.

And such a girl was to be found within a mile or two. For, on the opposite side of the glen, on the other side of the Barr river, where it tripped down its rocky staircase to join the great Atlantic, there lived a girl, named Janet Baillie, who was the only survivor of the once large family of old Hugh Baillie, and who would inherit his farmstead, which was a place called Clachanaigs, and was about as large as old Donald Macbane's farm at Glenbarr. The two families had always been intimate and on good terms; and Janet had ever a sweet smile and a pleasant word for young Donald whenever they met, whether it were at home, or at kirk or market; and there seemed to old Donald no possible reason why these two young people should not make a match of it. There was no discrepancy either in years or in position; and there was no obstacle in their way; for Donald Macbane had sounded Hugh Baillie on the subject, and found the old man quite agreeable to the match. They were 'a fine stand-up couple,' as old Donald often told himself; and there could not be a more appropriate proceeding than to marry them to each other, and look forward to the time when the two farmsteads of Glenbarr and Clachanaigs should belong to one proprietor. Old Donald had dwelt so much on the idea, that he considered it as good as settled. He was so much accustomed to have his own will carried out, that he did not anticipate the disagreeable novelty of any opposition coming from his son; especially when so favourable an arrangement was made for him, and such a nice girl as Janet Baillie was (as he supposed) ready to make him her husband. And now, to his surprise, when he had spoken to his son on the subject, and had suggested to him that he might go to Janet, and ask her to name the day for the wedding, young Donald had replied to him with those astounding words: 'If Mary Morrison will wed wi' me, I'll wed no other!'

Now, this Mary Morrison was the girl who lived at the farm, and whose daily work was about the house and its surroundings; and all her earthly riches were the wages that old Donald paid her. Therefore, it was an utterly upsetting notion to him, that his son should ruin his prospects by throwing himself away on a mere farm-servant, when he might have the heiress of Clachanaigs for the asking. The old man could not understand it; he could not comprehend that his son and heir should take up, as he phrased it, with a girl who was not worth a single soum,—a soum being an extent of hill-pasture that would be sufficient to keep a cow or ten sheep. He could not imagine how such a thing could be. And yet, he had to confess to himself that such a thing would have to be; for he knew that his son followed his father in having a determined will of his own; and that when he had made that resolution regarding Mary Morrison, he would most assuredly abide by it, and carry it into effect. Yes, it would have to be, and all his dearly loved plans would be thwarted, unless he could devise some scheme to get the girl out of the way.

He had much talk with his son on the subject; he pleaded the cause of Janet Baillie, and sang the praises of Clachanaigs; but he found, as he had expected, that all his talk and all his pleadings led to no further result than making young Donald the more resolved in his intention to wed no other than Mary Morrison. 'We are plighted to each other,' he said in Gaelic; 'and we are only waiting till next May, when her time of service will be over. We shall then be married; and, if you do not like us to live here and help you on the farm, we shall turn our backs on Glenbarr, and go away to a home of our own. We are strong and healthy, and we love one another; and, please God, we can earn our livelihood quite as well together as if we were apart. I have nothing to say against Janet Baillie. She is a good girl, and I hope will get a good man for her husband; but she is not Mary Morrison.' Then old Donald said no more; but he hardened his heart against his servant, and he was determined, by fair means or by foul, to prevent her from marrying his son. There was at least six months for him wherein to plot and plan, and something might occur in that interval, to favour his wishes. Until next May, Mary Morrison would be his servant, and she could not leave her situation without his consent.

The long evenings of winter had now come on, and the year was hastening to its close. The range of hills that stretched their length to Beinn-an-Tuirc were covered with snow, and it lay deeply down in the hollows of the glen. In the last week of the year the younger Donald had left Glenbarr to go to a great cattle fair that was to be held in the northern part of the county, which fair lasted over the two last days of the old and the first day of the new year, which day went by the name of Hogmanay, and was celebrated with much rejoicing and many old-world customs, including those of the 'first foot,' the wassail bowl, and the guizards. Donald's attendance at this Hogmanay Fair necessitated his absence from Glenbarr during several days, and was one of the few important events of the twelve months that made a change in the ordinary monotony of their every-day life. He had said good-bye to Mary, promising

to bring her a Hogmanay fairing, and hoping that his next gift to her would take the form of a plain gold ring.

On the last evening of the old year, old Donald was sitting by the peat-fire on the hearth, in front of which Luath, his faithful collie, had stretched himself in luxurious ease. On the other side, seated on a low stool, was Mary Morrison, busily engaged in knitting. The wind was howling outside, and the drifting snow was clogging the doorways. Old Donald broke the silence that had been long reigning between them by making some remarks about his son's absence at the cattle fair,—a theme which had its full interest for his servant. They spoke in Gaelic: for the English language was but little used by the natives, except when they went to a market town, and even there many people could be met with who had 'got no English.'

'My son seems bent upon making you his wife,' at length said old Donald; 'but I don't like to give my consent, unless I am quite sure that he is going to be married to a brave girl.'

'But,' pleaded Mary, 'I think that I am a brave girl, Mr. Macbane.'

'If you think so,' said the old man, 'are you ready to prove it by your actions?'

'If it is anything that a girl may do, Mr. Macbane, I am ready to do it for the love that I bear your son.'

'It is nothing more than to walk to the old church at Saddell.' Old Donald referred to the ruins of Saddell Monastery.

'Oh, I can easily do that, Mr. Macbane. You know that I have often walked there, in the summer or spring. It is no more than six miles as the crow flies.'

'Yes; but the road is a bad one, and is made longer by the high hills and the deep glens. And there is snow on the ground.'

'But it may be clear to-morrow, or the next day.'

'If you want to win my son by proving yourself to be a brave girl, you must not wait for a fair-weather walk that could be taken by Janet Baillie, or any other girl in the glen; but you must do something out of the common way.'

'I am ready to do it for Donald's sake. Whatever Janet Baillie may do, I will try to do more.'

'I shall require you to go to the old church at Saddell this very night, and to be back here by breakfast time in the morning.'

'I think Janet Baillie would not do that! but I will do it, or try to do it; though it is a wild night for such a walk and to such a place.'

'That is not all,' said the stern old man, though his voice trembled somewhat, as he made known to her his resolve. 'I must have full and certain evidence that you have been to the old church; and though I never knew you to tell me a falsehood, yet, in this case, I must have further proof than your mere word. There is an old tomb inside the church: it is at the farther end from the door, on the right-hand side, and stands under an arch. It is the great Macdonald's tomb; and on it there is a skull—the skull, they say, of a murderer.'

'Yes! I have seen it,' she said, with a shudder.

'Are you brave enough to make your way alone, and through the snow, to that church, this very night; and, in proof that you have been there, to bring me back from thence the skull?'

'And what if I do so?'

'In that case I will withdraw my opposition to your marriage with my son; and I will not only give my free consent, but I will also make over to him the half of all that I have, so that he may marry you in comfort, and before May-day, if he chooses to do so.'

'That will be grand news for him when he comes home from the fair.'

'Yes! if you have performed your part of the bargain; but it will take a brave girl to do what I have set you.'

'And am not I a brave girl, Mr. Macbane?'

'That will depend upon your own showing. I shall certainly consider you to be very brave, and deserving of my son, if you will do as I propose, and go to Saddell Church this night, and show me, by breakfast time to-morrow, the skull that you have brought from there. In that case, your bravery shall have its reward.'

'Then I will do it! at least, I will try my best; for I know that I bring Donald no dowry, except a pair of willing hands and a loving heart; and I should be loth to wed him without his father's blessing. So I will do your bidding, Mr. Macbane, though it is a wild, fearsome night to go on such a strange errand.'

Mary Morrison put aside her knitting, wrapped a plaid about her head and shoulders, and, with a silent prayer for safe guidance on her perilous path, went out into the wild winter's night. Luath, the collie, would have gone with her, and she would have been deeply thankful for his company and protection; but old Donald called him back into the house, and barred the door. Then the stern man listened to the howling of the wind, and thought: 'She will not return. On a night like this the way is too perilous for safety, and one false step may send her to her death. If it is a wrong deed of mine, it was wrong of her to win my boy's love. If I do evil, I do it that good may come. Once rid of her daily presence, Donald will forget his fancy for her; and my darling wish of marrying him to Janet Baillie may be carried out.'

But although he tried to reconcile his conduct to his conscience, he could not do so. As he sat over the fire, and placed more peats upon it, he endeavoured to lull to rest his unquiet fancies with such specious arguments as these: She has gone of her own free will. She might have stayed here, if she chose. She is well acquainted with the road, and she can turn back if the storm is too strong, or the snow too deep for her. If she persists in going on, and comes to any harm, it will be through her own folly. It is a madcap adventure; but it is her own doing—not mine—no, not mine.

Yet old Donald, notwithstanding these arguments and special pleadings, could not lay that ghost of terror that was beginning to alarm him; and as he lay on the upper shelf of the wooden cupboard that is known as a box-bed, and huddled the bed-clothes around him, he could not shut out the visions that took possession of his mind and drove away sleep. The wind whistled shrilly through the ill-fitting door, and whirled sparks from the slumbering peats on the hearth; their flickering light came and went on the platters and jugs that

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AWARDED MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS—PHILADELPHIA CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

were ranged on the old dresser, and which Mary Morrison always set out so well, and tended so carefully; and the old oaken kist and ambry, and the other scanty furniture of the dwelling-room, gleamed in the uncertain light. The snow could be seen clogging the small window-panes, and whirling down the hole in the heather-thatched roof that did duty for a chimney. As it fell spluttering in the peat ashes, Luath, the collie, who had been uneasy for some time past, lifted up his head and howled; a howl that was long and piercing. In vain did stern old Donald, from the recesses of his box-bed, tell Luath to whisht, and called him a 'camstary bree-yute!' in vain did he add stronger expletives in Gaelic; Luath howled on; and old Donald, restless and wakeful, ill at ease both in mind and body, told himself that Luath's howling boded no good. What would he now give, were it the New Year's morning, and the brave girl safe at home again at Glenbarr!

CHAPTER II.

A DARING DEED.

Although Mary Morrison well knew the way that led over the hills from Glenbarr to Saddell, yet it was difficult to find it on that wild night. It was not dark, however, for the snow that was lying all around her made a kind of misty moonlight; and the hills and glens were dimly visible for some distance. This helped her to note certain familiar landmarks, and to keep her in the right path.

'May the good God protect me,' she murmured, in her simple piety, 'and bring me safe back with what the master has bidden me fetch.' She shrank so much from the thought of that murderer's skull, that she could not even name it to herself. But she confided herself to God's care, and pressed bravely on her way, blown by the wind, and trudging heavily through the deep snow, but upborne by the thought that she was doing this to win her lover.

Of course she was a firm believer in the 'little folk'; but she had no fear of them, for all their deeds were of kindness to those who were themselves kind; and they helped those who did their duty simply and bravely, as she was now doing, upborne by a true maiden's love. But neither green-coated fairy nor frolicsome brownie crossed her path; nor did any fearsome gruaigach, or creature, waylay her on her lonely road. Not a soul did she see, nor at that time of night did she expect to see. Here and there a few kyloes, huddled together under any slight shelter that offered itself, looked up at her with their mild wondering eyes, as though in astonishment at her apparition. There were black-faced sheep, too, whose wool looked dark brown against the pure snow, who tossed their twisted horns as she plodded past them. If the faithful Luath had been permitted to accompany her, she would not have felt so utterly desolate as she did now, on this last night of the old year.

The range of hills over which she had to pass formed the backbone of the long peninsula of Cantire, and was upwards of a thousand feet above the level of the Atlantic, the hoarse thunder of whose mighty rollers she could hear even amid the wild gusts of the storm. She had to cross over the southern side of Beinn-an-Tuiric, the Wild Boar's Mountain, in the forests of which, according to her country's legend, Diarmid, the Fingalian Achilles, slew the terrible wild boar that was the scourge of the district, and met his own death when one of the boar's bristles pricked his heel. The mountain rose to the left of her path, but its summit of 2,170 feet was now concealed by the drifting snow and misty vapours. Here she had to cross the river Barr, near to its source in the lonely Loch Arnicle. A slight stone bridge spanned the stream, with a low parapet on either side, barely high enough in the snow to prevent her from making a false step into the stream below. The river was now in spate; and it rushed and roared, and flung itself among the rough boulders in a torrent of peat-stained water, its furious headlong dash and boiling spray contrasting strangely with the stillness of the dark tarn, from the tall reeds of which the herons and wild geese and wild swans would take their clanging flight.

Amid the banks of snow-covered heather were many morasses, with their tumps of rushes and bog-cotton, to whose white feathery down Ossian likened the snowy breasts of 'the high-bosomed Strina Dona.' No less fair than Strina Dona herself was the brave and bonnie Mary Morrison, as she gallantly faced the storm of wind and snow, and carefully picked her way amid the lichened rocks and bracken. And if not less fair than Strina Dona, no less daring and devoted was she than the beautiful Grainia, beloved of Diarmid, who risked her life to bring him aid in his last extremity, the while she courageously hid the wandering arrow that had pierced her fair breast, and died with him here upon this mountain, Bienn-an-Tuiric, while the onlookers with glistening eyes murmured, 'The fondest lovers must part at last.' Brave as the beautiful and devoted Grainia, Mary Morrison hoped that she had only parted with her own fond lover for a few hours, and that this night's work would bring them many days of happiness.

On she went, and never faltered or paused, save but for a few moments to enable her to regain her spent breath, or to note the bearings of her path. Here and there, a noble Scotch fir, whose ruddy-brown trunk was planted firmly in the cleft of a crag, raised on high its twisted arms for the table of snow that had bespread its massive dark foliage. These firs, and the groups of graceful birch and larch, and the scattered rowan-trees, served her as landmarks in the snowy landscape. By carefully noting them and their bearings, she paced steadily on to her destination down into the solemn depths of the deep glen—leaping over the burnie rushing seawards, climbing the steep brae, and then away over another rolling hill, again to encounter a similar repetition of hill and glen. Yet she held on her way, and never missed it beyond a few yards, her set purpose and her deep love upbearing her through the perils and trials of this wild last night of the old year, and enabling her to brave the dangers of the solitary road. It was not the first fierce storm of wind and snow in which she had wandered abroad, sometimes to herd the straggling sheep, and sometimes to fetch up the kyloes, or to bring the milking cows to the byre. But now she had a higher motive to sustain her, and to nerve her for the task that she had undertaken; and with her plaid wrapped tightly over her head and shoulders, she pressed dauntlessly on through the bleak weather, the very picture of a brave Highland maiden.

Though the snow whirled in her face so as to wellnigh blind her, and

though it clogged her feet and muffled her path, she struggled on to her destination, and at length, to her great joy, found herself descending into Saddell Glen, and heard the dash of its river. She entered the plantation of ash and elm trees, and soon after stood among the memorial stones that were thickly scattered in the graveyard round the ruins of what was once a grand old monastery. Now it was fallen from its former high estate, and was a deserted ruin, used only occasionally for the purposes of burial. Many a gallant Macdonald and Lord of the Isles lay around her; yet there was not one of those heroes of old who had been called upon to perform a deed demanding greater courage and endurance than that which now taxed the powers of the brave girl of Glenbarr. Reginald, the son of the mighty Somerled, who had built this monastery for the Cistercian monks, and was here buried in the year 1163, had adopted the Scandinavian custom; and for the space of three years had lived without entering a house wherein a fire had been kindled, in order that he might accustom himself to privation and hardship. Yet any hardship that he had undergone in his wild and stormy career, as Thane of Argyle, and Lord of Cantire and the Isles, would hardly have surpassed that which Mary Morrison was now voluntarily undergoing for true love's sake.

This building at Saddell, which she had at length reached, was now a complete ruin. Its stones, erected on consecrated dust that had been brought from Rome, had been barbarously dealt with, and a large number of them had been carted away by a proprietor, to build dykes and offices, which he paved with tombstones of abbots and warriors. Mary Morrison well knew the local legend, how that this man had been punished for his sacrilege by soon after meeting his death by a trivial accident; and that the estate had then passed to another family. Yet at the time of her visit a certain portion of the building, commonly called 'the old church,' or kirk, still remained standing, and was cared for after a certain fashion, for its outer walls still stood intact, and at the western end there was an oaken door to shut out intruders. The snow and the rain could not be shut out, for the greater portion of the roof had fallen, and the building was, in consequence, open to the sky. Ornate sculpture still remained on the walls and on some tombs, especially on one, a memorial of some Lord of the Isles, probably of Reginald himself, the founder of the church. It was recessed in the south wall towards the east end, and was covered with a pointed arch. On the top of the slab of this tomb was laid a human skull, which was protected by the covering arch from any downpour of rain or fall of snow. This was the skull that the brave girl had pledged her word to take from its resting-place, and carry back to her stern old master at Glenbarr.

It may merely have been an ordinary skull, turned up by the sexton when digging a fresh grave, and not replaced by him in the soil, but removed by some one to the slab of the founder's tomb. The skull, however, was invested with its own particular legend in that land of legends. It was said to be the skull of the grim Macdonald, surnamed Righ Fiongal, who, besides murdering at the rate of one daily the chieftains of the clan M'Lean, who had come to Saddell to make peace with him, had also murdered by slow starvation in the dungeons of his castle the husband of a woman whom he had seized and borne off from Ireland; and it was said that when he pointed out to her, from the summit of the castle's square massive tower, the body of her husband being carried out for burial, she suddenly leaped from the battlements, and fell dead by the side of the corpse. The legend went that, when this cruel Macdonald died, the dogs scratched up his body from the grave, and devoured the flesh, even as that wretched man, whom he had starved to death in his dungeon, had been found to have gnawed his own hand and arm in his agony to prolong life. The bones of this once dreaded and powerful Lord of the Isles were discovered clean picked by the dogs and carrion crows; but no one could be found to give them a fresh burial in the graveyard, and the skull was placed, in a sort of mockery, on the slab of his great ancestor's tomb. It was looked upon with superstitious awe, and no one dared to touch or meddle with it.

This, then, was the grim memorial of a wicked murderer that Mary Morrison had pledged herself to take from its place, in the dead of that wild winter's night, and to carry it back on her perilous journey all the way to Glenbarr. She had often seen the skull, and well knew the legend that belonged to it; and she had never dared to lay a finger upon it. But now she had to nerve herself to do this, and to carry the ghastly burden for many miles. 'It is for Donald!' she murmured; 'may the good God protect and help me!' And she approached the building through the graveyard crowded with its memorials to the departed.

When she had reached the enclosed portion of the old monastery, she found that its door, which was ordinarily closed, was standing ajar, burst open probably by the violence of the storm. She crossed the threshold deep in snow. Although the greater portion of the roof had fallen in, and the building, for the most part, was open to the sky, yet the place was very dark; the tall trees that grew so closely to the building, and in such profusion, making a deep shade there, even at noonday. But she knew the exact spot where she should find the skull, and she began to grope her way to it in the dark. As she did so she heard a peculiar noise, made up, as it seemed to her, of low moans from many creatures. The southing of the wind through the trees did not account for these sounds; though it made it impossible for her to listen attentively to them, or to conjecture what they could be, but they appeared to proceed from something within the walls of the old church. Then there was a trampling of light feet over the broken pavement, and she was conscious that certain forms were rushing past her in the darkness. Then there was a momentary cessation of the peculiar sounds: then they were succeeded by the mysterious plaintive moanings.

'I felt my heart give a great jump into my throat!' she afterwards said; 'but I was not going to have my walk for nothing, so I made for the skull.'

She did not tell of the effort that it cost her, terrified though not disheartened, to grope to the Macdonald's tomb, and then to stretch out her hands under its dark canopy, until she felt them touch the murderer's skull. She did not say how she kept her purpose bravely and steadily in view; and though she loathed to feel the clammy remains of the wicked man, whose skull had grinned there so ghastly for so many years, and had rarely been touched by any finger, how she seized the skull with both hands, and, though she felt its teeth rattling

in their sockets, turned back hastily to make good her escape from the old church. As she did so the trampling of feet and the moans continued; and she felt that the mysterious forms were pursuing her. Grasping the skull, she safely gained the door, and pulled it after her. As she did so she heard a rush against it from the inner side, but without looking behind her she turned her back upon the building, and fled through the graveyard and up the glen.

It was past midnight now; the old year was dead, and was laid to rest under its winding-sheet of snow; and the new year had entered upon its stormy life. She too, this brave girl of Glenbarr, was passing from her old life of dependence and servitude, and was about to enter, it may be, upon a new life of married happiness, if only she could successfully accomplish the hard task that her stern old master had set her. The long weary way back to Glenbarr had now to be retraced. Happily, the feathery snow had not fallen so fast or so deep as to quite obliterate the track of her foot-marks; and these somewhat helped her to keep to the right path. She had also turned her back upon the wind, and could see more clearly before her, and although, if she had followed the dictates of her nature, she would have willingly flung the skull into one of the roaring torrents that she was compelled to cross, she bore it bravely on as the guerdon of her victory, the visible token that she had fulfilled the vow that she had made for love.

The wild storm through which she had battled was now beginning to abate, and as she struggled on, weary in body but light of heart, the morning began to dawn, and mighty Beinn-an-Tuirc lifted his huge shoulders through the floating snowy vapours. The dense mist was drifting over the dark waters of Loch Arnicle in ghostly shrouds, and she saw a golden eagle poised over Lochmaralach, while the storm that had swept over the hills toward Glenacardoch sobbed itself to rest on the bosom of the Atlantic. As she wearily descended the last hill towards Glenbarr, the light was broadening in the early morning of New Year's Day; the islands of Cara and Gigha, with their snow coverings, looked like jewels amid the dark waves, and beyond them Jura's Paps were faintly seen against the dull grey sky.

CHAPTER III.

THE NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

Old Donald was at his door anxiously looking out in the direction of Saddell. During those long hours, while Mary Morrison had been away, and while the old year was passing into the new, he had tossed to and fro, but could not sleep. Nor could Luath, for he had gone restlessly backwards and forwards, from the hearth to the door, and had whined and howled through every one of those weary, anxious hours. His master had ceased his endeavours to keep the dog quiet; the collie's feelings were in harmony with his own. If only Mary Morrison would return, thought old Donald, skull or no skull, he would forgive all, and would allow her and his son to go their own ways. Up to now, he had not realised the gravity of his proceedings; he was not a bad man, rather was he a just man, though very stern and self-willed, but he had formed other views for his only son than that he should marry a farm-servant, however brave and bonnie she might be. But in those silent watches of the night, when the year had slipped away in death, even as his own years of life were now drawing to their natural close, it had been revealed to him how very near he had become to a murderer, in intention if not in fact; and that, in sending Mary Morrison for the murderer's skull, he was dismissing her to a deed that might bring upon himself a punishment righteously deserving the Macdonald's doom. That night's solitary meditation and anxiety had wrought a good work for old Donald Macbane.

But it was Luath, the faithful Luath who had first discerned the brave girl, ere yet her old master, with his dimmed sight, could view her coming down the snowy hillside, with her plaid wrapped tightly about her. Luath had seen her, and with a joyful bark of recognition, and despite the whistling (and something worse) of old Donald, had dashed forwards into the dim light of the early morning, and with his beautiful silky coat flying in the breeze, and his intelligent head erect, was bounding rapidly on until he had soon covered the ground between himself and Mary Morrison, and had placed his paws lovingly upon her shoulders. There was only one doubtful moment in his affectionate reception of her. He sniffed a ghastly something that she carried under her plaid, and he was suspicious and uneasy in his mind. Nevertheless, by the time that they had reached old Donald's home he had recovered his gaiety of spirits, and was bounding round Mary in a way that betokened effusiveness of delight.

In his own secret heart old Donald was not less pleased to see her—she was alive and well, that was patent to the eye; she was wearied, no doubt, but that could soon be remedied. Had she, however, fulfilled her mission? if not, he had a loop-hole of escape, should he desire to make use of such a subterfuge when a few days' calm reflection had enabled him to shake off the gloomy terrors of the past night, and to forbid the marriage of his son to any other than the heiress, Janet Baillie. It was, therefore, with an outward demonstration of manner very different from his real inward feeling that he calmly accosted his servant when she came up to him outside his door, amidst the boisterous demonstrations of the faithful collie. 'So you have come back, my lass—down, Luath, you camstary fool!'

'Yes, I am back again, master.'

'And have ye walked all the way to Saddell old church—all the way there and back?'

'Yes, master, all the way there and back.'

'Ye must have had a bad night of it?'

'A very bad night of it.'

'And—ye got to the old church?'

'Yes, master; I got to the old church.'

'And did ye find the murderer's skull on the great Macdonald's tomb?'

'Yes, I found it.'

'And of course ye've brought it back wi' ye, agreeable to your promise?'

'Yes, I have brought it, and, of course, master, you'll be agreeable to your promise?' and from underneath the folds of the plaid she brought out the skull.

Old Donald was somewhat taken aback by the sudden sight of it. He had the superstitious fears of his neighbours, and he shrank from looking upon

that grinning relic, much less from contaminating himself by laying so much as a finger upon it. 'Take it away,' he cried; 'take the horrid thing away! I was never too fond of dead men's bones.'

She folded it again in the end of her plaid, and, as they passed into the house, she dropped wearily upon a seat, spent out by her long night of fatigue and excitement. Old Donald had a passing gleam of kindness and sympathy for the maiden, and said to her: 'This is Hogmanay morning, my lass, and you're the first foot in the house. It's a pity that you brought nothing better with you than that—that thing I sent you to Saddell for. But it was all my doing your going there, and you've brought what I sent you for: so I ought to take your New Year's gift and be pleased with it. And you must have been wearied with the getting of it, and you must be almost worn out, my lass, with your long walk; and you'd better taste a drop of whisky.' Old Donald Macbane must have been in a charitable mood thus to offer a sup of his precious whisky to his servant girl; but Mary refused it, and going to the peat fire, over which a large iron pot, suspended by a great chain, was kept in a state of perpetual simmer, she returned, as it were, to the ordinary duties of her daily life, and made herself a bowl of porridge, with which, and a bannock cake, she refreshed herself after her late fatigue. The intelligent Luath looked on with the greatest delight, and kept her company during this New Year's morning's breakfast. Then, when she had finished her meal, and changed her wet clothes for dry ones, she took a couple of hours' sound sleep, and then awoke refreshed, and went about her ordinary household duties.

Meanwhile old Donald had been out of doors seeing to his own work with the beasts, and about the farm buildings, and when he returned to the house his habitual cautiousness seemed to have returned with him. 'You had the skull, Mary?' he asked.

'Yes, master. I have put it aside, in a safe place; but I can bring it to you.'

'I don't want to see it again. But you're sure it's the same skull, Mary? I'm thinking that it might be one from elsewhere.'

'It's the one that you bid me to fetch you, Mr. Macbane, and it's from the Macdonald's tomb in the old church at Saddell. I took it from under the arch, and I carried it all the way here.' And then she told him the circumstances under which she had obtained it, and the mysterious sounds that she had heard in the old church.

'It's a strange tale,' said old Donald. 'I'm doubting the facts, Mary.'

'If ye'll go there,' she replied, 'ye'll find all the facts, Mr. Macbane.'

Then he said, 'I'll take ye at your word, Mary; it's broad daylight now, and the storm is blown over. I thought that Jock MacPhail—this was his farming man—might have been keeping Hogmanay; but he's come to his work, and I'll go away to Saddell, and he shall go with me, for an eyewitness of the facts. And we'll prove your words, Mary Morrison; and we shall see if these are your tracks in the snow right up to the old church; and I'm thinking, my lass, that as likely as not we shall find the true murderer's skull on the great Macdonald's tomb.'

'I took the skull from there, Mr. Macbane; and it's all true that I've told you.'

'Ay, ay, we'll see Mary; we'll see!' said old Donald. And soon after she saw him, in company with Jock MacPhail, plodding up the hillside, and taking that snowy path to Saddell along which she had so bravely laboured during the long hours of the preceding night.

It was afternoon on that New Year's Day before old Donald returned to Glenbarr, for, vigorous though he was, yet the elasticity of youth was past, and he had been compelled to rest several times by the way. Not only did his man Jock MacPhail return with him, but his son Donald also, greatly to Mary's surprise. Her lover soon explained it to her: 'I met them, quite accidentally, between here and Saddell. I learnt what they were after, and I went with them to see fair play.'

'But, Donald,' she said, 'you are back from the fair a day earlier than you expected?'

'Yes,' he replied, 'I sold the beasts, and I did all the business that I wanted. And besides—I had a dream, a bad dream; it was about you, Mary. I thought you had gone down into some dreadful charnel-house, though you were not dead; and I was disturbed so greatly that nothing would pacify me but to hasten back to Glenbarr, and know that you were safe, and that my evil dream was an empty vision.'

And then, between those soft nothings that lovers delight in after an absence however brief—and this parting had, for them, been a long one—she told him how very near his dream had been of coming true; and that she, during the night, had been really among the graves and relics of the dead.

Yes, he knew all about it. That casual meeting with his father, so unexpectedly, had led to the needful explanation, and he had retraced his steps with them to the old ruined monastery at Saddell, to be a witness, on his true love's behalf, to what they saw there. 'And,' continued young Donald, 'when we got to the old church, and found the door shut, just as you had left it, and burst it open, what do you suppose we found there?'

'Not ghosts?' she faltered.

'Well,' replied young Donald dubiously, 'certainly they may have been called something else than ghosts, for they had hoofs, and not a few of them had horns. Yet, they were not uncanny creatures for all that. They were deer, a number of wild deer, who had evidently pushed their way into the old church to seek shelter from the snow-storm, and then, when they had well frightened you, my poor darling, with their moanings and rushings about, they tried to make their escape; but you effectually stopped them by slamming the door in their faces. There, at any rate, we three found them, and very pleased they seemed when we let them out.'

'And did you find that skull on the old tomb?'

'No! we found your footmarks there, and the place where your plaid had swept the snow from the slab; but the skull was gone.'

'And here it is,' she said triumphantly, as she produced it from the place where she had put it for safety. 'It's a strange thing for a love token, Donald, or for a New Year's gift, but I went through all I did to gain it for your dear sake.'

Then her lover took her in his arms. 'And I have brought a Hogmanay gift for you, dear,' and from a dainty little box he produced a cairngorm brooch, with which she might fasten her shawl or plaid when she went to kirk on the Sabbath; and from a still smaller box—which, in her eyes at least, looked far daintier than the other—he showed her a plain gold ring, which just fitted the third finger of her left hand, 'for,' as he said, 'there's no knowing what may happen, and how soon we may want to use it.' Then he vowed to her, amid many kisses, that he needed not such a cruel test to have been put upon her affection by his father's stern will; and that, come what might, he would marry her as soon as their banns or speerings could be put up, without waiting for Mayday.

And he did so, she being quite agreeable to the same, and no longer bound to Mr. Machane as his servant: for the stern old father, taking a lesson by the events of that well-remembered night on the last day of the old year, and thankful for his escape from any evil that, through him, might have befallen Mary Morrison, gave his consent to her marriage with his son, and with the promise that they would still continue to live with him at the farm, divided his fortune with them. On the wedding-day, Janet Baillie, who was her bridesmaid, told Mary, in strict confidence, that it would not be many months before she followed her example, for that she had promised to be married to the young miller at Muasdale who had been so long paying her attention. And, to add to the events of the happy day, the laird of Saddell, who had been told of that midnight visit of Mary Morrison to the old church, slaughtered a fine buck that had played his part on that occasion, and sent him over as a gift to Mary, in order that a haunch of venison might grace the wedding-feast of the Brave Girl of Glenbarr.

THE MANUFACTURE OF HISTORY.

A book has lately appeared in Paris, entitled "Notes sur Le Canada,"* which indicates the disadvantages attendant on the writing of history by partisans. M. De Cazes is a Frenchman and a Roman Catholic,—at least if he is not, his book has the additional defect of being insincere: and yet he presumes to write the record of a land where we are Canadians, rather than English, Scotch, French or German, and to indite a memoir of a sect, which should be rather the story of neither Jew nor Greek, but of a struggle for, and the attainment of complete religious equality. The essence of M. De Cazes's historical *résumé* is, that the French race and the Catholic faith have been the unhappy objects of oppression from 1759 down to the present hour. The key-note is struck in the introduction, in which it is said that the noble army of Montcalm was defeated in an unequal struggle and compelled to submit to the laws of victorious England. The struggle was unequal, but not in the writer's sense. The troops engaged in the battle of the Plains of Abraham were 5,000 British and 7,000 French. M. De Cazes cannot be complimented on his discretion in raising a question, which is a resuscitation of the national jealousies of 1815 rather than of 1875. The book is fairly well written in a literary sense, and as to the typographical workmanship it is excellent, but it would not be sufficiently important for lengthy review here were it not that it is issued in a form which gives the impression that it is authorized by the Dominion Government. That being so, we propose to quote one or two passages and leave the reader to draw his own conclusion. At page 45 it is said:—"But this project of the annihilation of the French race, which was a prevailing idea with Lord Dorchester, and many of his successors, was defeated by the firm and patriotic attitude of those who, at different times, constituted themselves their defenders and guardians." Of this same Lord Dorchester, an enemy has said that he was brave, just and humane. As Sir Guy Carleton he was at Fontenoy and at the taking of Havana, New Orleans and Quebec, and four out of his seven sons were killed in the services of their country—Christopher of wounds received in India, Thomas at the battle of Cateau, George at Bergen-op-Zoom, and Charles on board H. M. S. "Niobe." Was the sire a fiend to his enemies, not to mention the subjects of his master, because he happened to do his duty to his country?

At page 49 we find it implied that it was also a policy to war against not only the race but also against the religion:—

"At the end of a stormy session, the Governor (Craig) who had taken the administration of affairs in 1807, dissolved Parliament, seized the presses of *Le Canadien*, and imprisoned the leaders of the French party. Not content with these rigorous acts, he sent his Secretary, Mr. Ryland, to London with a despatch in which he counselled the Imperial Government to take prompt and energetic measures to Anglicize and to Protestantize the country. He proposed also to make up the expenses of the administration by confiscating the property of the Sulpicians at Montreal and of the Jesuits at Quebec."

Is M. De Cazes prepared to repeat in English at Montreal what he has said in French at Paris? On this same subject of the policy of the home Government he includes, on page 50, other distinguished names in his ill-timed libel:—

"Under the Governors Drummond, Sherbrooke, Richmond, Maitland and Dalhousie," he says, "who successively administered Canada . . . the struggle of race and of religion recommenced with more cruel obstinacy than ever."

The eye sees what it looks for: and this is what the writer sees in the history of the disturbances in Montreal in 1831:—

"In the month of May, 1831, during a warmly contested election at Montreal . . . the troops, called out under a pretext of maintaining order, fired on the people, killing two men and grievously wounding many others. Whether this was the result of accident or design, all the victims of this bloody episode belonged to the French Canadian party."

At page 59 the same contempt for the troops of Great Britain is implied as in his Introduction:—

"It was then that, in spite of the opposition of the leaders, the revolt broke out known as the Rebellion of 1837. Several thousands of the French

Canadians, exasperated by the continual vexations to which they and their fathers had had to submit for more than seventy years, without leaders, arms, ammunition or organization of any kind, threw themselves heroically against regular troops ten times their superior in number."

Even the Colonial Office, to which at least M. De Cazes from his position in relation to Canada owed some respect, has not escaped without a taunt. Speaking of the 91 Resolutions which Mr. Roebuck presented on behalf of the Canadian opposition, he says:—

"But all failed yet awhile on account of the animus of the Colonial Office, to whom the English Parliament had referred the matter," &c. [page 58.]

Of the author of this book personally we know nothing but that which demands our highest respect; but of his "Résumé Historique" we can only say that it is an affront to the scholarship and intelligence of every Canadian, whether British or French, whether Catholic or Mennonite, and we can only express a hope that M. De Cazes will suppress this edition and issue something more worthy of himself and of Canada and Canadians. Q.

HILLSIDE GLEANINGS.

Christmas is come! The children echoed the words repeated from each other's lips as the last few counted days went by—the elder with demure suspense for what it would bring, the younger firm in the faith that believes in Santa Claus and his wonderful pack; and while the mother of many a household tried to tell again the story of the Christ-child, the little ones' thoughts would wander to the gifts to come when they heard of the wise men who, when they went to see Him, took with them choice presents, and so originated the pleasing custom. That it is "more blessed to give than to receive" is exemplified, too, in the pure enjoyment that can be obtained by the sight of a family of children when they catch the first glimpse of a home-tree on Christmas morning; for it has been the custom in one house I know, which the jolly Christmas Saint never fails to visit, always to have the tree lighted before daybreak, when the morning stars are to be seen. Then what a shout from the crowd of fresh expectant voices; what a chorus of remarks; what surprises; what searching for stockings, while the tapers burn brightly on the rich dark-green pine branches. Even the new baby has to be brought from its crib, with large blinking eyes, and mouth half framed for a cry, till the glory of the tree meets its astonished sight; and no doubt after a first glimpse, it sagely concludes in its baby mind that this is only one of the many wonders to which it is getting a little accustomed in this curious world. It is a labour of love for the Santa Claus of a household. With a few coloured candles, and some bright cheap ornaments, apples and oranges, strung on bright ribbon, the childish heart may be so pleased as to feel the choice of little Gipsy when she said last year: "I know what tree is the prettiest of all, it is the *Christmas tree*."

How the brightness of dull December would be dimmed if Christmas were abolished; if the churches of to-day took no notice of its coming, and, like the staunch followers of the Scotch Kirk, ignored it as the Saviour's natal day; if the words of peace and goodwill to all men failed to move us to deeds of charity and kindness, at other times unthought of; if ingenious brains failed to be racked for appropriate gifts, and letters no longer contained the floral cards that speak of good wishes; if rich men failed to open their purses to the needed institutions, having no Christmas reminder; and the bright eyes of the children had no added expectancy. But this is not likely to be realized, and the men and women of the world are none the worse for being once a year reminded of their poorer brethren, and of the little ones whose holiday is so celebrated, nor for the pleasant word of greeting that is on every tongue when we wish you "a merry Christmas."

Annie L. Jack.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

"Harper's Half Hour Series" is to the fore with the Rev. Alfred Church's "Stories from Virgil," a rendering in plain but elegant English prose of the leading incidents of the *Aeneid*, and a good sequel to the author's "Stories from Homer." Although much of the pathos and brilliancy of the poet is necessarily lost, those who cannot read him in the original will be grateful for the form in which his masterpiece is now available. Mr. Oscar Browning in another of these handy volumes brings the "Epochs of English History" from 1820 down to 1874, the outline sketch thus given forming a most convenient index to an at present all-important but very inaccessible era in English history. Those whose tastes are for lighter reading can take up Mary Cecil Hay's novelette, "A Dark Inheritance," the "Sorrow of a Secret" by the same author, "Our Professor" by Mrs. Lynn Linton, "Twas in Trafalgar's Bay" by Walter Besant and James Rice, or "Lady Carmichael's Will and Other Christmas Stories" from the pens of Mary Cecil Hay, F. W. Robinson and Justin McCarthy. All of the latter are well selected short stories, and keep up the reputation in this respect of the Series.

"The Franklin Square Library,"† which for cheapness and diversity has been more than once favourably noticed by us, has among its latest numbers Miss Yonge's "Story of the Christians and Moors of Spain," and Mr. O'Flanagan's recent sketch of the wits of the Irish Bar. The former needs no commendation at this date; the latter is not a mere collection of the *bon mots* of the brilliant spirits whose race seemed to die out with the Union, but comprises such a number of short biographies and outlines of Irish society and opinion during the last century as to be almost an historical work. For Irish life and feeling at the present day, "Light and Shade," a novel by Charlotte G. O'Brien, may be read with some interest. It is a Fenian book *par excellence*, one of the few avowedly such that we have come across. In conception and literary execution it is by no means to be despised. The whole plot turns on that one anomaly in Irish character, an informer, and equally of course the

* Harper's Half-Hour Series. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

† The Franklin Square Library. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

* Notes sur Le Canada, par Paul De Cazes, Membre de la Société de Géographie de France. Paris: Gustave Bossange, 16 Rue du Quatre Septembre. 1878.

NEWS SUMMARY.

COLONIAL.

The Blaauwbank gold-fields are attracting, says the *Colonies and India*, considerable attention and causing some excitement in the Transvaal; where, however, opinions are somewhat divided as to the real wealth of the deposits. The Government Gold Commissioner, Mr. A. W. Armfield, has pronounced the country to be "gold-bearing," but hesitates as yet to give any definite opinion on its paying capabilities.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The death-rate in Dublin is increasing to an alarming extent. A sanitary commission of inquiry is asked for.

The leading members of the Liberal party have offered the Earl of Dufferin a public dinner. The Earl accepted the invitation.

Mr. Gladstone has intimated his intention to come forward as a candidate for Midlothian, Scotland, at the next election of the House of Commons.

It was stated at the late Social Science Congress in England that the deaths by intemperance, direct and indirect, in the United Kingdom cannot be less than 120,000 annually.

During the month of November 18 vessels, of 24,000 tons in all, were launched from the building yards on the Clyde; and for the eleven months of the present year the returns show 234 vessels, of 208,100 aggregate tonnage, built.

Madame Christine Nilsson is soon to be installed as the Grand Mistress of the Ancient Charitable Masonic Order of the "Eastern Star." The Order is composed chiefly of English ladies of rank and distinction, whose relatives belong to the fraternity.

There was a very heavy snow-fall in Scotland and in the North on the 22nd inst. All the railways were blocked. Seven trains were snowed up, and traffic was suspended. In some places the snow drifts were 12 feet high, and the fall has been the heaviest known in 30 years.

The London workhouses are full of inmates, and are obliged to turn away hundreds of applicants for relief. The dock and other labourers on the river are specially suffering. Trade all through the East part of London is very bad. The relief committees can do little for lack of funds.

Sir John Barrington has been elected Lord Mayor of Dublin for next year. In returning thanks he remarked that in a former year of office as Lord Mayor, the city had been honoured by a visit from the Prince and Princess of Wales; possibly this year he would be receiving the Duke of Connaught (and his bride), coming as Viceroy.

The London *Statist* says that a new issue of consols to the extent of ten or twenty millions is likely to be made soon, for the purpose of funding the accumulated floating debt and meeting the expense of the war with Afghanistan, which will fall in part upon England. It will have an adverse effect on the market for consols.

A "political agent" recently sued Lord George Hamilton at London, to recover £250 for presenting Lord George with his views on the political state of Europe, but was nonsuited. The Court did not even permit him to ask Lord George whether or not, upon his oath, the peace of Europe was trembling in the balance in February last.

Herr Pecelar says that the total coal production of the world for 1875 was 315,351,833 tons. Great Britain raised 149,476,769 tons; Germany and the United States, each 53,294,460 tons; France, 18,605,758 tons; Belgium, 15,767,591 tons; Austria and Hungary, 14,821,536 tons; Asia, 4,587,240 tons; and other parts of the world, 5,504,010 tons.

Jellalabad has been occupied by the English, and the Ameer, after losing all control over his troops, who deserted him in large numbers, has fled to Turkestan, after releasing Yakoub Khan, who has been left at Cabul. There is complete anarchy in the district between Jellalabad and Cabul. The Ameer's Master-of-the-Horse, the chief instigator of hostility to England, is ill.

100,000 men are affected by the proposed reduction of 12½ per cent. in the wages of the colliers in Yorkshire and Derbyshire. A strike *en masse* is contemplated. This will add another large element to the distress prevailing throughout the manufacturing districts. The newspapers continue to publish reports of great suffering, to relieve which charitable societies are everywhere organizing.

A boy, aged fifteen years, was recently charged at Pentre, with having attempted to hang his little sister, aged twelve years, at Llantrisant. The evidence showed that the prisoner, who is an incorrigible youth, and quite beyond the control of his father, took the opportunity, when almost everybody was out of the house, of tying a rope to the ceiling, and attempting to hang his sister in the most methodical fashion. Happily, the rope broke. He was sentenced to a month's hard labour.

Recently, while a workman was fixing the apparatus necessary for the production of the electric light on the premises of Messrs. Thomas Russell & Son, Piccadilly, London, the plank upon which he was standing suddenly gave way, and he was precipitated first against whole tiers of valuable watches, and finally through the large plate-glass window into the street. An enormous number of watches, valued roughly speaking at £20,000, were scattered on the pavement. The property, however, was secured, and the man, terribly injured, was conveyed to St. George's Hospital.

The following extraordinary letter appears in the *Freeman's Journal*: "House of Commons, Thursday.—Sir,—The address in answer to the Royal Speech, which calls upon us to sanction the blood-stained acts of the Royal butchers who have invaded Afghanistan, is passing through the House without any division representing the protest from the Irish nation, without any demand by the Irish party for the restoration of the Irish Parliament, or even the redress of grievances. The man who has brought this disgrace upon our country is Isaac Butt. At an informal meeting of the Irish members to-day I denounced him as a traitor to the Home Rule party and the Irish cause, and I now repeat the accusation. At a future time I will review the steps taken by Mr. Butt in his work of betrayal, leading up to the supreme treason of the present hour. Yours truly, J. O'CONNOR POWELL."

The Rev. H. C. Sturges sends from Biarritz the following account of an heroic act of bravery on the part of two British sailors, at the burning of a ship in the river Adour, at Bayonne:—When the French ship *Melanie* blew up with 500 barrels of petroleum on board, the captain of the *Annabella Clark*, lying some eighty yards distant, with an able-bodied seaman named J. McIntosh, at once put off in a small dingy to the rescue of the French crew; and although their boat was enveloped in flames and they themselves were all on fire, they hung on to the mainsheet of the blazing vessel till they had succeeded in rescuing the two men left on board. Both are dreadfully burnt, and their deliverer, John McIntosh, of Ardrossan, Scotland, is so much injured that he now lies in the Bayonne hospital, and in the surgeon's opinion it is doubtful whether he will ever regain the use of his left hand, by which he held on to the rigging of the blazing vessel. No man who wears the Victoria Cross ever earned it for greater bull-dog pluck.

A report has been received by the Admiralty from Rear-Admiral de Horsey, commander-in-chief on the Pacific Station, of a visit which he made, on board the "Shah," to Pitcairn Island, on September 8th. He found that the population numbered 90, including all ages. The deaths on the island had been about 12 in the last 19 years. No contagious diseases visit the island, nor are the animals subject to disease. The people live together in perfect harmony and contentment, and appear to be virtuous, religious, cheerful, and hospitable, and patterns of conjugal and parental affection. They are, of course, entirely dependent on their own resources. Admiral de Horsey recommends that a ship of war should visit the island annually, as the inhabitants, in his opinion, are deserving of much attention and encouragement. The colony is in some respects in great want, but he is sure that if an appeal be made to the people of England their wants will not long be unsupplied. He suggests that gifts intended for them should be sent to the care of the Admiral on the station, for if forwarded by a private ship they might never reach their destination.

UNITED STATES.

Recent investigations in Chicago showed that eight per cent. of the samples of pork in that market which were examined were trichinous.

The savings banks of Massachusetts show an aggregate loss of \$27,500,000 in deposits for the year, and a decrease in the number of depositors of nearly 80,000.

Miss Edith May, the cause of the duel between James Gordon Bennett and her brother, was married to a Captain Randolph, an Englishman, on Thursday last at New York.

The pioneer vessel of a new steamship-line between Philadelphia and Amsterdam will reach the former city on or about the 1st of January. The line is owned in Amsterdam.

A Washington despatch to New York says, that distinct claims, each for a large amount of the fisheries award, have been made by New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and the Dominion Government.

As the time for resumption is so close, it is reassuring to find the Assistant-Treasurer at New York, stating that the change will be effected on January 1st, without causing any embarrassment.

The Secretary of the Treasury at Washington has ordered the Collectors at the several ports to inspect all cattle shipped to England, and to certify to their healthiness. Otherwise they will be slaughtered on their arrival.

Six hundred thousand pounds of California grapes were sold this season in Philadelphia, —sent from San Francisco in ten weekly refrigerator car-loads at a cost for freight of \$1,125 each, or about 6 cents per pound of grapes.

The following notice appears in the *N. Y. Evening Post*:—The Religious Plastic Art Company, a combination of artists, will give a public representation of the life of Jesus, in Steinway Hall, on Wednesday evening next.

The Dallas (Texas) *Herald* says the body of Philip Dunnell, buried in 1862, was taken up a few days ago and found to have turned to a stone. A rose placed in the hand was in perfect preservation, but crumbled upon being exposed to the air.

Gen. Sheridan's famous charger on which he rode from Winchester was taken to Governor's Island on Friday, and is to be kept there as a memento of the great ride. The horse has been stuffed and prepared by a skilful taxidermist, and presents an almost life-like appearance.

A constable accompanies each of the Weehawken Ferry-boats on their trips across the river. The ferry company owe the Township of Weehawken two years' taxes. To satisfy the claim, the two boats belonging to the company were seized, and are allowed to run only with a constable on board of them.

Mr. Bayard Taylor, the celebrated author and United States Minister to Germany, died at Berlin on the 19th instant of kidney disease, which was mistaken by his physicians for months before being taken to America.

The fee of \$25 for registration of trade-marks at the patent office is hereafter payable in two instalments, the first \$10 on filing the application, the balance when registration is granted. Heretofore the full amount of the fee has been required, the petitioner taking his risk of losing it in case of unfavourable action.

The departure of the steamers built for Russia, opens discussion upon International law upon the subject. The statutes of the United States are so strict that the shipbuilder who constructed the steamers says it is impossible for shipbuilders to erect vessels for a foreign Government, even in times of peace; therefore, these boats were constructed for an American broker as a blind.

The Minister to China, in writing to the Secretary of State, says that the United States have granted undue privileges to Chinamen, who stand on the same footing as the most favoured nations, while Americans in China are confined exclusively to ordinary interchange of commodities and their transportation between fixed points. He thinks that a demand made to China for perfect reciprocity would perhaps result in leaving the United States free to settle the Chinese question at their pleasure.

The treaty between the United States and Japan, ratified by the Senate on the 18th instant, annuls the tariff convention of 1866, concluded with the United States, Great Britain, France and Holland, and also contains subsequent commercial treaties with those nations, and recognizes the right of Japan to adjust its tariff and regulate commerce in its open ports. The treaty provides against the discriminations against the United States, abolishes all export duties in Japan, and opens two additional ports to American commerce.

While four fishermen were off the New Jersey coast, the other day, and hauling in cod-fish rapidly, they were suddenly surprised to see that their boat, which was 20-feet long and had been secured with a 20-pound anchor, was moving rapidly out to sea. They soon saw pulling them along at the rate of 25 miles an hour. The boat was in imminent danger of whale then made off, leaving a long wake behind him, for he swam very near the surface. So straight out on the surface of the water.

FOREIGN.

There is a rumour from Odessa *via* Berlin, that 100,000 of Todleben's army are getting ready to return home.

The Exhibition lottery tickets, which were originally disposed of for a franc apiece, have been sold on the Paris Bourse at 25 francs.

The Franco-American treaty of commerce is being pushed forward and, it is hoped, will be submitted to the two governments in July next.

The Duke of Cumberland and Princess Thyra of Denmark were married at last in the chapel of Christiansberg Castle, on Sunday evening.

A joint occupation of Bulgaria by France, Italy and Germany, is said to have been proposed by Italy, but does not meet with much attention.

The hat worn by Napoleon Bonaparte at the battle of Austerlitz has just been sold in Paris. Documents proving its genuineness accompanied it.

The Vatican authorized commemorative services on the anniversary of the death of King Victor Emmanuel in all the churches of Rome except the four basilica.

Two French financial companies are said to have taken up the concession of the Franco-American cable granted to M. Pouyer-Quertier by the French Government.

A Constantinople despatch says the Sultan has issued the order authorising the definite settling of arrangements respecting Novi Bazar and Bosnia on the Austrian terms.

Another terrific collision at sea has occurred, whereby the steamer "Byzantin," running between Marseilles and Constantinople, was sunk, and one hundred and fifty lives were lost.

The Russian Government has chartered a railroad from the Caspian Sea to the petroleum district, a distance of seventeen miles, and a company has ordered material from America for a pipe line.

Nihilism, or the dread of it, is worrying the Russian police. An outbreak is said to have been planned for to-day (Dec. 26th), the 56th anniversary of the insurrection on the accession of the Emperor Nicholas.

An absurd report comes from New York that Schouvaloff has notified the British Government that the Czar will propose the Duke of Edinburgh as Prince of Bulgaria in order to give a special sign of the amity between England and Russia.

The heavy snow-storms we have had lately have been paralleled on the continent. In Italy and France all railway communication has been stopped, as also in Germany and Switzerland. A Paris despatch says that wolves have come to the very gates of Metz.

A Berlin despatch says that Bismarck's letter on the Customs tariff advocates the return to the old Prussian principle of duties on all imports except raw materials indispensable for

Chess.

All Correspondence intended for this Column should be directed to the Chess Editor, CANADIAN SPECTATOR Office, 162 St. James Street, Montreal.
Contributions of original problems or games, also exchanges, are respectfully invited.
The solution to any problem will be given in the third number after the one in which the problem appears. This will allow solvers sufficient time for investigation, and enable correspondents to receive replies through the medium of the Chess Column previous to the publication of the solution.

PROBLEM NO. I.

By J. B., of Bridport.

White—R at K Kt 8, P at K 2, P at K 5, P at Q 2, B at Q 5, Kt at Q 7, K at Q 8.

Black—K at K B 4, P at Q B 6.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAMES.

It is the editor's belief that more instruction is to be found in games by eminent players than by local amateurs, and skilful players will, we have no doubt, peruse with more pleasure games by such masters as Zukertort, Blackburne, Steinitz, Anderssen, &c., than games in which they themselves may have taken part. However, correspondence and tourney games played in Canada will always be acceptable and receive such attention as they may deserve.

GAME NO. I.

KING'S KNIGHT'S GAMBIT.

(Played in the match between Messrs. Steinitz and Anderssen.)

White.		Black.	
Mr. Steinitz.	Mr. Anderssen.	White.	Black.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	22 Kt takes Kt	B takes P
2 P to K B 4	P takes P	23 Kt to Q 3	B to R 5
3 K Kt to B 3	P to K Kt 4	24 Q to K 2	Q to K 2
4 K B to B 4	P to K Kt 5 (a)	25 Q R to K B	B to Kt 4
5 Kt to K 5	Q to R 5 (ch)	26 Q R to B 5	P to K B 3
6 K to B	K Kt to R 3 (b)	27 K R to K B	Castles
7 P to Q 4	P to Q 3	28 P to Q Kt 3	Q R to K
8 Kt to Q 3	P to B 6	29 K R to K	K to R
9 P to Kt 3	Q to K 2 (c)	30 Kt to B 2	B to R 5
10 Kt to B 2 (d)	B to K 3	31 R to R 5	B takes Kt
11 Q Kt to R 3	B takes B	32 Q takes B	K R to Kt
12 Kt takes B	Q to K 3	33 Q to B 5	K R to Kt 2
13 P to Q 5	Q to Kt 3	34 Q R to R 6	Q R to K Kt
14 P to K R 3	Q Kt to Q 2	35 K R to K R	K R takes P (ch)
15 B takes Kt	B takes B	36 K to B 3	K R to Kt 6 (ch)
16 P takes P	P to Q Kt 4	37 K. to K 2	K R to Kt 2
17 Q Kt to R 3	Kt to K 4	38 R takes K B P	K R to Kt 7 (ch)
18 Kt takes P	Q R to Kt	39 K to Q 3	Q R to Kt 6 (ch) (f)
19 Kt to Q 4	B to K 6	40 K to B 4	R to K 6
20 Kt takes P	Q to K B 3	41 R to B 8 (ch)	R to Kt
21 K to Kt 2	B takes Kt (e)	42 R takes R (ch)	K takes R
		43 R to Kt (ch) and wins.	

NOTES.—(a) B to Kt 2 is the usual move at this point.
(b) This constitutes the Salvio-Cochrane Gambit, "rich in interesting combinations and hairbreadth escapes on both sides."
(c) If Q to R 6 (ch) with the intention of playing to Kt 7, the Q is lost by Kt to K B 2 followed by B to B sq.
(d) This is the invention of Mr. Steinitz. K to B 2 is the usually recognised move.
(e) Better to have taken the other Kt with Q.
(f) A false attack. Black cannot now save the game.

GAME NO. II.

(This game, one of the most brilliant on record, was played by a lady against the late Mr. Lowenthal. It is replete with genius, and worthy a player of first-rate ability.)

KING'S GAMBIT.

White.		Black.	
M.	Mr. Lowenthal.	White.	Black.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	12 Kt to B 6 (ch)	B takes Kt
2 P to K B 4	P takes P	13 P takes B	B to R 4 (b)
3 K Kt to B 3	P to K Kt 4	14 Q B takes P (c)	B to Kt 3
4 B to B 4	B to Kt 2	15 Q to R 3	Kt to B 4
5 Castles	P to K R 3	16 B takes Kt P	P takes B
6 P to Q 4	P to Q 3	17 R takes Kt	Kt takes P (d)
7 Q Kt to B 3	Kt to K 2	18 Q to R 6	Kt takes R
8 P to Q Kt 3	Q B to Kt 5	19 Q takes B (ch)	K to R
9 Kt to Q 5	Castles	20 Q to R 5 (ch)	K to Kt
10 Q to Q 3	Q Kt to B 3	21 Q takes P (ch)	K to R
11 P to K 5 (a)	B takes Kt	22 Q takes Kt and wins.	

NOTES.—(a) Highly ingenious, and the key move to a brilliant combination.
(b) If Kt to B white mates in two moves.
(c) Beautifully followed up.
(d) If B takes R, white mates in two moves.

There is really no reason why ladies should not be good chess players. Chess is essentially a domestic game, and equally, therefore, a ladies' game; and certainly there is no amusement of the kind in which they can indulge so well calculated to develop the higher qualities of the mind. We have much pleasure in introducing the above game, especially as we notice the action of the Quebec Club in admitting ladies to their meetings one evening each week.

MISCELLANEOUS.

We are pleased to notice the interest taken in chess in the city of Quebec. But a short time ago two matches were completed which brought out no fewer than thirty-eight competitors; and now a match is being played for a handsome silver medal, presented by D. R. McLeod, Esq., the President of the Club.

The players are divided into classes, the winners in each class playing off with each other at odds. Why does not the Montreal Club follow the example of the one in Quebec in such friendly and entertaining contests?

Within the last month several papers have started Chess Columns in England. We notice the *Brighton Herald*, published in Brighton; *The Royal Exchange and Design and Work*, in London; *The Bellman*, in Hull; and in Paris the veteran player M. de Riviere, having become the proprietor of the journal *La Revue des Jeux, des Artes et du Sports*, has opened a Chess Column under the management of M. Rosenthal.

MUSICAL.

MENDELSSOHN CHOIR.

A concert was given by the above organization in the American Presbyterian Church on Friday evening. There was a large audience, who seemed to thoroughly enjoy the entertainment, which was, on the whole, a great success. Mrs. Barnes was the soprano soloist, and acquitted herself remarkably well in most of the selections, but "Hear ye Israel" seemed beyond her, both as regards voice and style, and we think it would have been better had some less pretentious composition been chosen. Concerning the remainder of the soloists we would say that, with the exception of Rubenstein's "Wanderer's night-song," in which Mrs. Barnes was admirably seconded by Mrs. Tooke, the music was far beyond the capabilities of the singers, and we would remind the energetic director that it is useless to prepare a first-class programme unless first-class artists are engaged to perform it. The ladies and gentlemen of the Mendelssohn Choir may sing well enough in ordinary ballad or part music, but the solo parts of the "Elijah" and "Creation" are beyond their powers, and they should either engage competent artists to perform them, or leave them out of their programme.

The choruses were the best feature in the concert, and it is seldom that we have an opportunity of hearing choral music so well performed. The organ accompaniment by Mr. Barnes was good, and though many of Mendelssohn's magnificent orchestral effects were wanting, it was so far an advance over the old style of performance with "orchestral effects" squeezed out of a reed organ. We think it was a mistake to introduce a cornet (though in the best of hands); it made the want of an orchestra all the more apparent, and was out of all proportion to the representative stops of the organ. The "Morning Prayer," by Mendelssohn, was sung admirably, as was also the Motett, by Goumoud, "Come unto him." "Be not afraid," did not go so well. The tenor lead in the fifth measure was very weak, and the want of properly balanced parts was more apparent in this than in any of the other choral movements. In the fugal movement the first note of the lead was omitted by nearly all the singers, the passage sounding thus—"thousands languish and fall," &c., and the whole of the opening movement was to our thinking a little too *staccato*, no indication to that effect being made by Mendelssohn, the most explicit of all composers. Almost all the other pieces went smoothly, Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer," being particularly fine.

We think Mr. Gould deserves great credit for the energy and enterprise shown by him in keeping together such an organization. It is small, certainly, compared with similar bodies elsewhere, and consists of voices only; yet even that is no small matter to accomplish in Montreal, and we think Mr. Gould has every reason to feel satisfied with his success.

We see by the English papers that Mrs. Osgood has had a warm welcome on her return, and, judging from the number of engagements she has filled already, a substantial one. We hear of her twice at the Crystal Palace, at St. James's Hall frequently, and at concerts in Glasgow, Dundee, Birmingham, Blackheath, Buxton and Brighton. It is to be hoped that business may bring her to this side of the water next year, and—if she does come—that our Philharmonic Society will avail itself again of her charming voice and undeniable talent.

The Clan Campbell Lancers (De Zouche) are pretty and effective, and we think will take well, especially with the Scotch people among us.

DIET OF CELEBRATED SINGERS.—The Parisians love their actors well, and like to know where they eat, drink, sleep, and live, when off the stage. A successful player is a demi-god with them. Every detail of his private life is soon published to a delighted little world of theatre-goers, and the curious Parisians are soon able to consign to their tablets notes like these:—Malibran used to have supper in her dressing-room about half-an-hour before the rising of the curtain; Alboni always liked to hold a fan in her hand while singing; Madame Miolan-Carvalho, when acting, adores a basin of soup, smoking hot and flavoured with grated cheese. Some few years back she was engaged at Marseilles, and her first thought on arriving there was to inquire where she could order her favourite dish. She was recommended to a humble restaurant just by the theatre, and, going there, gave her order in person. At nine o'clock mine host called his serving-maid, and, placing a gigantic tureen in her hands, told her to take it to Madame Carvalho, *on the stage*. He added that orders had been given to let her pass with her bowl, and, on the girl's assurance that she would recognize the *cantatrice*, sent her off with the soup. Everybody gave way before the servant carrying the sacred meal of the "star," when suddenly, between the wings, she caught sight of Madame Carvalho, who was singing the *finale* of the first act of *Lucia*. Ravenswood and his betrothed were just about to begin the passionate *strette* which brings down the curtain, when enters the maid, who places her tureen on the mossy bank in front of the fountain. Then, lifting up the cover, and plunging in a spoon, she exclaimed, to the stupefaction of actors and audience, "Begging your pardon for interrupting you, Sir, and the lady—but here's the soup!"

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Depend upon it mothers, it will give rest to yourselves and

RELIEF AND HEALTH TO YOUR INFANTS.

We have put up and sold this article for years, and can say in confidence and truth of it, what we have never been able to say of any other medicine--never has it failed, in a single instance, to effect a cure, when timely used. Never did we know an instance of dissatisfaction by any one who used it.

On the contrary, all are delighted with its operations, and speak in terms of highest commendation of its magical effects and

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Will find them beneficial in clearing the voice before speaking or singing, and relieving the Throat after any unusual exertion of the vocal organs, having a peculiar adaptation to affections which disturb the organs of speech. Few are aware of the importance of checking a Cough or "slight cold" in the first stages. That which in the beginning would yield to a mild remedy, if neglected, soon attacks the lungs. "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are a most valuable article when Coughs, Cold, Bronchitis, Influenza, Hoarseness, and Sore Throat are prevalent. The Troches give sure and almost immediate relief.

A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat.—These require immediate attention, as neglect oftentimes result in some incurable lung disease. "Brown's Bronchial Troches," are a simple remedy, and will almost invariably give immediate relief.

ASTHMA, OR PHTHISIC.—A spasmodic affection of the Bronchial tubes which are covered with a dry, tenacious phlegm. "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES," will, in some cases, give immediate relief. If of long standing, persevere with them, they will alleviate in time.

Bronchitis, Throat Affections and Hoarseness.—All suffering from *Irritation of the Throat and Hoarseness* will be agreeably surprised at the almost immediate relief afforded by the use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches."

A Slight Cold, if allowed to progress, result in serious Pulmonary and Bronchial Affections, oftentimes incurable.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, reach directly the Affected Parts and give almost immediate relief.

BROWN'S



FOR RELIEVING PAIN, BOTH INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL.

DIRECTIONS FOR USING.

In all cases of *Pain in the Side, Stomach, Back or Bowels*, it should be taken internally, as follows:—To a tumbler half full of water, put a tablespoonful or more of sugar, add to it a teaspoonful of **Brown's Household Panacea**—mix them well together, and drink it. For *Rheumatic Affections in the Limbs or Back, Stitches in the Back or Side*, make a thorough external application with **Brown's Household Panacea**, rubbing it in well. For toothache, wet a piece of cotton, and put it to the tooth. For a Cough and Pain in the Side, bathe the Side. For Burns and Scalds, put it on in its full strength, immediately after the accident. For Cuts, wrap up the wound in the blood, and wet the bandage thoroughly with the **Household Panacea**.

ALL VEGETABLE.

PREPARED BY THE

Curtis & Brown Manufacturing Company. (Limited.)



FOR LIVER COMPLAINT,

Use **Dr. Harvey's Anti-Bilious and Purgative Pills.**

One of the most reliable Medicines for Headache, are **Dr. Harvey's Anti-Bilious and Purgative Pills.**

A never-failing remedy for Bilious and Liver Complaints, Indigestion, Wind Spasm, Giddiness, Dizziness of the Eyes, Habitual Costiveness, &c., is **Dr. Harvey's Anti-Bilious and Purgative Pills**, containing neither Mercury or Calomel in any form, are mild in their operation, they create appetite and strengthen the whole Nervous System.

RELIABLE.

No Remedy has been more earnestly desired and more diligently sought for by the Medical Profession throughout the world, than a reliable, efficient, and, at the same time, a safe and certain purgative.

DR. HARVEY'S ANTI-BILIOUS and PURGATIVE PILLS supply this want.

BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS, OR WORM LOZENGES.

Much Sickness, undoubtedly, with Children and Adults, attributed to other causes, is occasioned by Worms. The **VERMIFUGE COMFITS**, although effectual in destroying Worms, can do no possible injury to the most delicate child. This valuable combination has been successfully used by Physicians, and found to be safe and sure in eradicating Worms, so hurtful to children.

Children having Worms require immediate attention, as neglect of the trouble often causes prolonged sickness.

THOUSANDS OF BONA FIDE TESTIMONIALS CAN BE SEEN BY ALL DESIRING CONFIRMATION OF THESE STATEMENTS.

Sole Agent for the Dominion; M. H. BRISSETTE, St. Paul Street, MONTREAL.

CLENDINNENG

AND

EUARD,

Founders and Manufacturers of

- STOVES,
- RANGES,
- HOUSE FURNISHING HARDWARE,
- IRON BEDSTEADS,
- RAILINGS,
- TIN AND JAPANNED WARE.

Sample and Sale Rooms:

Cor. Victoria Square and Craig St.,

Works: 145 to 179 William Street, MONTREAL.

John Date,

Plumber, Gas and Steam Fitter, Brass

Founder and Finisher,

Keeps constantly on hand a well selected assortment of GAS FIXTURES,

Comprising, in part,

- Chandeliers, Brackets,
- Cut, Opal and Etched Globes,
- Portable Lights, &c. &c.
- DIVING APPARATUS.

The manufacture of complete sets of Submarine Armour is a specialty, and full lines of these goods are always in stock, Air Engines, Helmets, Rubber Dresses, &c., &c.

COPPER AND BRASS WORK,

Of all descriptions, made to order on the shortest notice.

655 and 657 Craig Street.

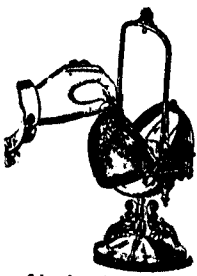
CHARLES D. EDWARDS,

MANUFACTURER OF

FIRE PROOF SAFES,

49 St. Joseph Street,

MONTREAL.



Electro-Plate.

A very large assortment of the finest quality SILVER PLATEDWARE, COMMUNION SERVICES, COLLECTION PLATES, &c., and a general variety of the best class of ware suitable for presentation.

Wedding Presents, &c.

Having a thorough knowledge of the Electro-Plate business, the public may

confidently rely on the quality of the goods offered for sale being the very best.

Prices low. Inspection invited.

SHOW-ROOM, 370 St. PAUL STREET.

JOHN WATSON, Jr.

WINGATE'S GINGER WINE.

A SPLENDID BEVERAGE. TRY IT.

GOVERNMENT SECURITY FURNISHED BY THE AETNA LIFE INSURANCE CO.

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

NOW ANNOUNCES

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

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

Office—Opposite Post-Office, Montreal.

MONTREAL DISTRICT BRANCH,

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

EASTERN CANADA BRANCH,

ORR & CHRISTMAS, Managers.

JOHN MOIR & SON,

London, Aberdeen and Seville (Spain),

PURVEYORS BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO H. R. H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

MOIR'S SCOTCH JAMS AND JELLIES,

N. B.—Made in the Scotch style—the fruit is not pulped, nor is any pulp added; the fruit thus comes out whole.

MOIR'S ORANGE MARMALADE,

MOIR'S MIXED PICKLES, CHUTNEYS, SOUPS.

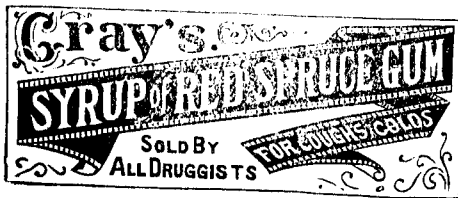
SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF THE

DUKE OF EDINBURGH SAUCE.

J. M. & S. were awarded the GOLD MEDAL at the Paris Exhibition, 1878, "For the purity and excellence of their Jams, Jellies, Marmalade, Soups, Pickles, Tart Fruits, Table Jellies, &c.," this being the highest award obtainable.

THE TRADE SUPPLIED WITH THESE GOODS BY

WM. JOHNSON, 28 St. Francois Xavier Street. SOLE AGENCY.



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CHARLES LEGGE & CO.,

SOLICITORS OF PATENTS.

(Established 1859.)

162 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

MACMASTER, HALL & GREENSHIELDS

Advocates, Barristers, Etc.,

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FAIR, WALKER & FAIR,

ACCOUNTANTS & ASSIGNEES,

No. 115 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET.

JACKSON'S CHAMOMILE PILLS are the best remedy for Indigestion and Habitual Constipation.

Price 25c per box. Sent by post to any address for 28c. Prepared only by

H. F. JACKSON,

FAMILY AND DISPENSING CHEMIST,

1369 St. Catherine Street, Montreal.

ROYAL HOTEL,

T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor,

ST. JOHN, N.B.

ST. LAWRENCE DYE WORKS,

31 BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL.

JAMES M. MACDONALD,

Silk and Woollen Dyer, Scourer, Hot Presser, &c., &c. Gentlemen's Clothes Cleaned and Dyed. Kid Gloves Cleaned. Established 1863.

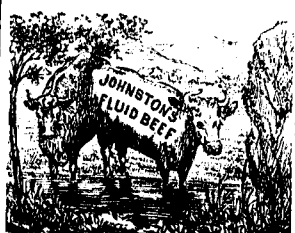
BOUQUETS, CUT FLOWERS & FLORAL

Decoration for Parties, Weddings, and Funerals.

Funeral Flowers Elegantly Preserved.

BOSTON FLORAL MART,

1331 St. Catherine Street, corner Victoria Street, MONTREAL.



EVERY PHYSICIAN knows that all essences of meat are merely harmless stimulants.

Johnston's "Fluid Beef" is a meat essence, according to the most approved formula, but in addition it contains the albumen and fibrine

(the flesh-forming or nutritious elements of meat), and that in a form adapted to the most impaired digestion. It is prescribed by every Medical Man who has tested its merits. Sold by Chemists and Grocers. Tins, 35c., 60c. and \$1.00.

GOVERNMENT RAILWAY.

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

SHORTEST AND MOST DIRECT ROUTE TO OTTAWA.

Until further notice, Trains will leave HOCHELAGA DEPO as follows:—

- Express Trains for Hull at 9.30 a.m. and 4.30 p.m.
- Arrive at Hull at 2.00 p.m. and 9.00 p.m.
- Express Trains for Hull at 9.10 a.m. and 4.10 p.m.
- Arrive at Hochelaga at 1.40 p.m. and 8.40 p.m.
- Train for St. Jerome at 5.00 p.m.
- Train from St. Jerome at 7.00 a.m.
- Trains leave Mile End Station ten minutes later.
- For Tickets and other information, apply at the General Office, 13 Place d'Armes Square.

C. A. SCOTT, General Superintendent.

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

WILLIAM DOW & CO.,

Brewers and Maltsters.

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

FAMILIES SUPPLIED.

The following Bottlers only are authorized to use our labels, viz:—

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- Jas. Virtue - - - - - 19 Aylmer street.
- Thos. Ferguson - - - 289 St. Constant street.
- James Rowan - - - - 152 St. Urbain street.
- Wm. Bishop - - - - - 697 1/2 St. Catherine street.
- Thos. Kinsella - - - - 144 Ottawa street.
- C. Maisonneuve - - - 588 St. Dominique street.

DR. CODERRE'S EXPECTORATING SYRUP, for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, &c.

Dr. CODERRE'S Infant's Syrup, for Infantile Diseases, such as Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Painful Dentition, &c.

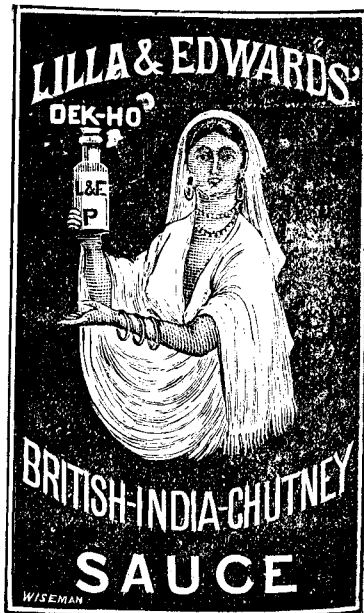
Dr. CODERRE'S Tonic Elixir, for all cases of Nervousness, General Debility, and diseases of the skin or blood.

These valuable remedies are all prepared under the immediate direction of Dr. J. EMERY CODERRE, M.D., of over 25 years experience, and are recommended by many leading Physicians.

For sale at all the principal Druggists, For further information, we refer our readers to **Dr. J. EMERY CODERRE, M.D.,** 64 St. Denis Street, MONTREAL.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. **L. W. SMITH,** 665 CRAIG STREET, corner Bleury, AGENT FOR **HUNT, BARNES & CO.,** CELEBRATED BALTIMORE OYSTERS.



SKATES! SKATES!!

BARNEY & BERRY ICE KING (KEYLESS) CLUB AND RINK SKATES, ACME SPRING CLUB,

FOR SALE CHEAP.

ALSO, ICE CREEPERS, POINTED STICKS, And a Nice Assortment of RODGERS' POCKET CUTLERY, FOR SALE.

THOS. COSTEN & CO.,

133 ST. JAMES STREET.

SKATES! SKATES!

For X'mas and New Year's Gifts,

FOR SALE CHEAP,

At **T. W. BOYD'S,**

241 Notre Dame Street.

Skates Ground and Repaired.

Patronized by Their R. H. the Prince of Wales and Prince Arthur, His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, and both suites.

W. DANGERFIELD,

FASHIONABLE BOOT AND SHOE STORE,

279 Notre Dame Street, and 1327 St. Catherine Street, MONTREAL.

HAMILTON & CO.,

Fancy and Staple Dry Goods,

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(Opposite Dupre Lane)

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UNDERTAKERS,

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Office Desks and Jobbing a Specialty.

George Brush,

Manufacturer of

STEAM ENGINES, STEAM BOILERS, AND ALL KINDS OF MACHINERY.

Eagle Foundry—34 KING STREET, MONTREAL.

GALBRAITH & CO.,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

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BRANCHES AT TORONTO AND HALIFAX,

ALSO AT

BOSTON, MASS., ALBANY, N.Y., AND ST. JOHN, N.B.

Medals awarded LONDON 1861, PARIS 1867, CENTENNIAL, PHILADELPHIA, 1876.

ALLAN LINE.

Under contract with the Government of Canada for the conveyance of

CANADIAN & UNITED STATES MAILS

1878-9. Winter Arrangements. 1878-9.

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

Vessels.	Tonnage.	Commanders.
Sardinian	4100	Lt. J. E. Dutton, R.N.R
Circassian	4300	Capt. James Wylie.
Polynesian	4100	Capt. Brown.
Sarmatian	3600	Capt. A. D. Aird.
Hibernian	3434	Lt. F. Archer, R.N.R.
Caspian	3200	Capt. Trocks.
Scandinavian	3000	Capt. Richardson.
Prussian	3000	Capt. R. S. Watus.
Austrian	2700	Capt. H. Wylie.
Nestorian	2700	Capt. Barclay.
Moravian	3650	Capt. Graham.
Peruvian	3600	Lt. W. H. Smith, R.N.R
Manitoban	2700	Capt. McDougall.
Nova Scotian	3200	Capt. Jos. Ritchie.
Canadian	2600	Capt. Niel McLean.
Corinthian	2400	Capt. Menzies.
Acadian	1350	Capt. Cabel.
Waldensian	2800	Capt. J. G. Stephen.
Phœnician	2800	Capt. James Scott.
Newfoundland	1500	Capt. Mylins.

THE STEAMERS OF THE

LIVERPOOL MAIL LINE,

sailing from Liverpool every THURSDAY and from Halifax every SATURDAY (calling at Lough Foyle to receive on board and land Mails and Passengers to and from Ireland and Scotland), are intended to be despatched

FROM HALIFAX:

Sarmatian	Saturday, Dec. 7
Circassian	Saturday, Dec. 14
Moravian	Saturday, Dec. 21
Peruvian	Saturday, Dec. 28
Sardinian	Saturday, Jan. 4

Rates of Passage from Montreal:

Cabin	\$67, \$77 and \$87
(According to accommodation.)	
Intermediate	\$45.00
Steerage	31.00

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

Caspian	Dec. 10
Nova Scotian	Dec. 24
Hibernian	Jan. 7

Rates of Passage between Halifax and St. John's:—

Cabin	\$20.00
Steerage	6.00

An experienced Surgeon carried on each vessel.

Berths not secured until paid for.

Through Bills Lading granted in Liverpool and at Continental Ports to all points in Canada and the Western States.

For Freight or other particulars apply in Portland to H. & A. Allan, or to J. L. Farmer; in Quebec, to Allans, Rae & Co.; in Havre, to John M. Currie; 21 Quai d'Orleans; in Paris, to Gustave Bossange, Rue du Quatre Septembre; in Antwerp, to Aug. Schmitz & Co., or Richard Berns; in Rotterdam, to Ruys & Co.; in Hamburg, to C. Hugo; in Bordeaux, to James Moss & Co.; in Bremen, to Heirn Ruppel & Sons; in Belfast, to Charley & Malcolm; in London, to Montgomerie & Greenhorne, 17 Gracechurch Street; in Glasgow, to James and Alex. Allan, 70 Great Clyde Street; in Liverpool, to Allan Bros., James Street; in Chicago, to Allan & Co., 72 LaSalle Street.

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

Elliot's Dentifrice,

THE BEST IN USE.

The testimony of the highest dignitaries of the State, the Church and the Bar, Officers of the Army and Navy, authorities in Medical Science and Dental Surgery and the Learned Professions, all unite in declaring that

Elliot's Dentifrice

IS THE BEST IN USE.

The recommendations of the above will be found on the wrappers around each box.

The demand for ELLIOT'S DENTIFRICE has constantly increased since its first introduction to the public, 33 YEARS AGO.

Each box contains THREE TIMES THE QUANTITY of ordinary Dentifrice.

It is the most economical as well the most efficient, at the same time most agreeable

TOOTH POWDER KNOWN.

It is never sold by the ounce, and only in boxes.

Elliot's Dentifrice,

THE BEST IN USE.

GEORGE PAYNE,
GUN MAKER,

Dealer in Fishing Tackle and Sportsmen's Requisites. Repairs promptly attended to.

111 St. Antoine St., Corner Cathedral St.,
MONTREAL.

ELOCUTION.

MR. NEIL WARNER is prepared to give LESSONS IN ELOCUTION at No. 58 Victoria street.

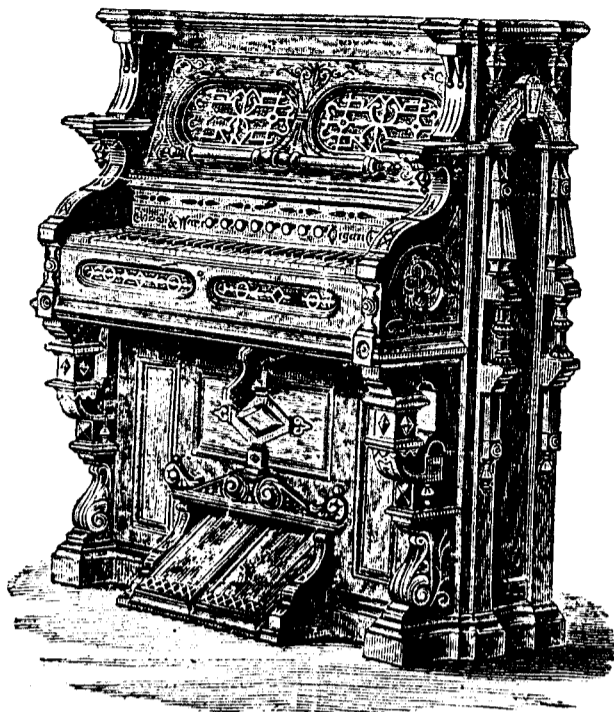
Gentlemen's Classes on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings.

Private Lessons if preferred.

Instructions given at Academies and Schools on moderate terms.

CLOUGH & WARREN ORGANS

CAPTIVATE THE WORLD.



EVERY INSTRUMENT
FULLY WARRANTED

PURITY OF TONE
PRE-EMINENT FOR

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

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY COUNTY.

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CLOUGH & WARREN ORGAN CO.,
DETROIT, MICH.

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D'ISRAELI'S TONIC BITTERS

NOW

EARL BEACONSFIELD'S.

A SUPERLATIVE TONIC, AND DIURETIC AND ANTI-DYSPEPTIC
REMEDY.

Sold in enormous quantities in Scotland, where it has been recommended by the Medical Faculty for upwards of twenty years.

PREPARED BY

SOLD BY

JAMES DALGLEISH, J. & R. DALGLEISH & CO.

EDINBURGH,

SCOTLAND.

At their Dominion Office,

102 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER ST.,
MONTREAL.

P. O. Box, 550.

NOTHING GENUINE UNLESS BEARING THE AUTOGRAPH
OF THE MANUFACTURER,

JAMES DALGLEISH.

T. SUTTON,

HAIR DRESSER AND PERFUMER,

114 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET.

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

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

114 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET,

Old Post Office Building.

Canada Paper Co.,

374 TO 378 ST. PAUL STREET,

MONTREAL.

Works at Windsor Mills and Sherbrooke, P. Q.

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

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

WEEKLY TEST.

Number of purchasers served during week ending Dec. 14th, 1878	5,117
Same week last year	4,696
Increase	421

S. CARSLY'S

EMPRESS CLOTH.
New lot of Empress Cloth, in all the newest shades, to be sold at 16c per yard.

FRENCH CLOTH.
New lot of French Cloth in all the newest shades, to be sold at 30c per yard.

S. CARSLY,
393 AND 395 NOTRE DAME STREET.

CAMEL'S HAIR.
New lot of Camel's Haircloth, in all the newest shades, to be sold at 38c per yard.

WORSTED SERGES.
New lot of Worsted Serges in all the newest shades, to be sold at 1 1/2c per yard.

GERMAN CLOTH.
New lot of German Cloth, in all the newest shades, to be sold at 31c per yard.

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393 AND 395 NOTRE DAME STREET.

IMPERIAL.
New lot of Imperial Cloth Serges, in all the newest shades, to be sold at 29c per yard.

TURKISH CLOTH.
New lot of Turkish Cloth, in all the newest shades, to be sold at 20c per yard.

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New lot of all-Wool Empress Cloth, in all the newest shades, to be sold at 29c per yard.

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SILKEN SHOWER.
New lot of Silken Shower Cloth, in all the newest shades, to be sold at 38c per yard.

FIRE FLY.
New lot of Fire Fly Cloth, in all shades, to be sold at 27c per yard.

BERLIN MIXTURES.
New lot of Berlin Mixtures, in all the newest shades, to be sold at 20c per yard.

PEAL DE CHAMOIS.
New Set of Peal de Chamois, in all the newest shades, to be sold at 38c per yard.

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LYONS SERGES.
New all-Wool Lyon Serges, in all the newest shades, to be sold at 45c and 48c per yard.

SCOTCH HOMESPUN.
New lot of Scotch Homespun, in all the newest shades, to be sold at 22c per yard.

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DISPENSING CHEMIST,
(From LONDON, ENGLAND.)
1397 St. Catherine Street West.
Sole agent by appointment for Cheavin's

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GENERAL AUCTIONEER.

OFFICE AND SALESROOM:

195 St. James Street, Montreal.
Best stand in the city.

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



Buy only the
GENUINE.

Beware of
COUNTERFEITS.

None genuine without
our Trade Mark stamped
on the arm of the
Machine.

THE SINGER MANUF'G. CO. SOLD IN 1877
282,812 MACHINES,
Being the largest number of Sewing-Machines ever sold by any Company in a single year. Machines sold on monthly payments.

THE SINGER MANUF'G. CO.,
281 NOTRE DAME STREET,
MONTREAL, P.Q.

FOR SALE.

ONE OR TWO BRAND NEW SINGER
SEWING MACHINES of the best pattern.
Address, P. O. Box 350, Montreal.

ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF FUR TRIMMING IN STOCK OR CUT TO ORDER, AT REYNOLDS & VOLKEL'S, 427 NOTRE DAME STREET.

Insolvent Notices.

Insolvent Act of 1875

AND AMENDING ACTS.

SALE OF

VERY DESIRABLE
MANUFACTURING
PREMISES,
WITH WATER POWER,
BY AUCTION.

In the Matter of

TEES BROS.,

Insolvents.

The undersigned will sell by Public Auction,
at his office, No. 353 Notre Dame Street,
Montreal, on

FRIDAY, the Tenth January, 1879, at
Eleven o'clock in the Forenoon,

that valuable lot of land belonging to the
above Estate, known as No. 1,054 on the
Cadastral Plan and Book of Reference of the
St. Ann's Ward, Montreal, situate on the
Canal bank, opposite the St. Gabriel Locks,
and corner of Seigneurs Street, containing
about 27,820 feet, with Water Power, Brick
Factory and other Buildings thereon erected.

Terms and conditions made known on day
of Sale, and further information may be
obtained on application to the undersigned.

JOHN TAYLOR,

Assignee.

Office of TAYLOR & DUFF,
353 Notre Dame Street,
Montreal, Dec. 19th, 1878.

Insolvent Act of 1875

AND AMENDING ACTS.

In the matter of

DAME CAROLINE DUROCHER,

Marchand Publique, of the Village of St.
Jean Baptiste, in the District of Montreal,
wife separated as to property from Ed.
Ferland, and by him duly authorised,

An Insolvent.

The Insolvent has made an assignment of
her estate to me, and the creditors are notified
to meet at the office of Lajoie, Pervault &
Seath, Nos. 64, 66 and 68 St. James Street,
in the city of Montreal, on

FRIDAY, the TENTH day of January,
A.D. 1879, at **ELEVEN o'clock**
in the Forenoon,

to receive statements of affairs, to appoint an
Assignee if they see fit, and for the ordering
of the affairs of the estate generally.

C. O. PERRAULT,

Official Assignee.

Montreal, Dec. 19, 1878.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

We have tried the **HOLMAN PAD** with most
thorough and beneficial results, and found it to be all
that is claimed for it. We heartily commend it.

- Rev. William Lohead.....Fenelon Falls, Ont.
- Rev. James G. Calder.....St. Mary's, Ont.
- Rev. W. J. Joliffe.....Gananoque, Ont.
- Rev. James Caswell.....Londesborough, Ont.
- Rev. D. O. Crossley.....Trenton, Ont.
- Rev. George Richardson.....Milton, Ont.
- Rev. J. A. Iveson.....Strathroy, Ont.
- Rev. Robert Walker.....Bethany, Ont.
- Rev. W. Galbraith.....Kingston, Ont.
- Rev. J. E. Russ.....Leamington, Ont.
- Rev. George Brown.....Streetsville, Ont.
- Rev. W. Perrette.....Brighton, Ont.
- Geo. Rogers, Esq.....Montreal.
- J. B. Mahoney, Esq.....Battleford, Man.
- Mrs. Geo. Rogers.....Montreal.
- Judge Lazier.....Belleville, Ont.
- Richard Potter, Esq.....Belleville, Ont.
- Madame Hudon.....St. Hubert street, Montreal.
- G. F. Maitland, Esq.....Stratford, Ont.
- George Ley, Esq.....Cobourg, Ont.
- Mrs. Evans.....Sultan street, Toronto, Ont.
- C. F. Rees, Esq.....148 Jarvis street, Toronto, Ont.
- T. J. McFadden, Esq.....55 Peter street, Toronto, Ont.
- S. C. Kandy, Esq.....187 Carleton street, Toronto, Ont.
- Mr. Cann.....Eglington, Ont.
- Arthur Richardson.....Luton P.O., Ont.
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