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GENERAL NOTES.

Still another suggestion with regard to the Exhibition, which is that the Q., M., O. & O. R. R. should run a track from the grounds down to Sherbrooke street in the vicinity of Bleury. This would save pedestrians an immense amount of trouble and expense, and could be effected by the railroad at a small outlay, as there are no buildings in the way, nor would the grading be difficult—it might be somewhat cheaper to build it on trestles. It would not be a bad idea to erect a permanent passenger station here, as it is quite a journey for residents of the West End to go to the Mile End or Hochelaga depots. Apart from this latter suggestion, it is very important that the means of access to the Exhibition should be made as easy and inexpensive as possible. Is not this Committee business being overdone? It surely is, if every member is at all active, as it will be a case of too many cooks spoiling the broth. The sole remaining private citizen who is not on a single committee will, it is stated authoritatively, occupy a prominent place in the Exhibition, and will be an object of curiosity.

The only feasible plan of colonizing the Province of Quebec with desirable settlers is to do as a land company in Tennessee is doing, which has purchased a tract of 50,000 acres in East Tennessee, and is about to erect buildings to accommodate immigrants. A survey has been made for a town, and town lots are for sale, "also small farms for fruit growing and large farms for agriculture. The former will be confined to between forty and fifty acres." It is necessary that immigrants should be assured of homes before leaving, and the plan of providing them with homes in this way is a philanthropic one, and should be carried out by companies or governments who are not desirous of fleecing the immigrants. When these companies start with the sole idea of securing as large a profit as possible, the immigrant invariably suffers to the degree that his ignorance permits of his being cheated. Mr. Thomas Hughes, author of "Tom Brown," is the English chairman of the Tennessee Land Company, and was to sail from England on the 12th August for America, in order to supervise the further organization of the company, and it is a happy circumstance that a gentleman of such undoubted probity and ability is devoting himself to the charitable task of aiding his unfortunate or overworked fellow-countrymen. "The Chapeau Government is acting very wisely in making special efforts at directing a stream of English immigration into the Eastern Townships. It was charged a few years ago that the Quebec Government, backed by influential classes in that Province, were doing their utmost to substitute Catholic French settlers for English Protestant speaking people in these Townships. Probably the charge was ill-founded. But, however that may be, the Protestant population of the Townships has not been increasing as it has been desirable it should. It is creditable to the Chapeau Government that it seems to improve on this state of things. It has set apart one hundred thousand acres for settlement by English immigrants in the Eastern Townships region; and it has commissioned an Englishman with popular powers of oratory to go to England to stimulate emigration. The moment is timely for an effort of this sort. The reports of the British tenant farmer delegates respecting the capabilities of the

Eastern Townships country are in the main favourable. It is one of the very best grain districts in Canada, and has good markets at hand and good railway facilities."

It is reported that the Montreal Telegraph Company have sold their telephone interests, and that the Bell Telephone Company intend paying the City and District Company \$25,000 cash, and the Montreal Telegraph Company \$25,000 cash and \$25,000 in stock to give up their telephone interests.

A contributor sends us the following:—

"As there is nothing like exactness in statistics, perhaps Dr. Larocque, the able Civic Health Officer and colleague of Dr. Carpenter in the former 'Sanitary Association,' will furnish us with the exact number of deaths in the last civic year, for every association in the city that undertakes the care of young children, that is to say, the deaths of young children under one year, and also of children under five years. Such returns used to be furnished for the Grey Nunnery Foundling Hospital a few years since. We desire to say nothing invidious of the Grey Nuns and their efforts, but it is no secret, because they have never for a moment made a secret of it, that the children are given out from that establishment on a system of baby farming to women in the surrounding country, who are described by the nuns themselves as ignorant and unfit for the duty of caring for the wants of young children—and this is done on the insufficient plea of poverty. Where we differ from those ladies, is probably in the estimate we are in the habit of putting upon the human life of an infant, as of every other citizen of the Dominion, which we wish not to see made the subject either of mere sentiment or of joking, as is rather too commonly the case. They, the ladies, look to the interests of the soul. So do we, according to our light, but we do not allow our treatment to conflict with the claims of the body, so far as knowledge will suffice, which, without disrespect to our devotee fellow-citizens, we are afraid with their distinctive views, they scarcely claim, either mentally or in practice. In some Protestant institutions for maternity-needs, enquiry should also be made into the consequences of wrenching the young child from its mother immediately after birth, for the crime of illegitimacy, for which the poor infant is not responsible. The State has a duty in such cases, and if there be no element less exalted to initiate a better system, a petition to the Crown, in the person of its Canadian Representative, will prove whether or not that it is still a substantial and effective power in our affairs. Certainly, healthy-minded Canadians, of whatever creed, should not shrink from their plain duty on this question."

Steamboat accidents are quite frequent now in New York harbour—so frequent that no one is astonished. The last one was the result of running on a rock, and we can hardly blame the owners; but surely the pilots were culpable. With reference to these, we would ask why it is that so little attention has been paid to the recent narrow escapes of the "Spartan" and "Beauharnois." The "Spartan" touched a rock near the Lachine Rapids, but luckily escaped without damage. The reason for this touching should be explained, as it is absolutely necessary to know why it did occur. We understand that an Indian pilot is, as a rule, taken on the mail boat opposite Lachine, and we should like to know whether this was done on this occasion, and if so, why it happened when he was at the wheel. Is it not time that the regular pilots knew the channel as well as any Indian, and is the taking on of the latter only done as an advertisement? Regarding the "Beauharnois," it was stated that one of the bearings had become so heated as to necessitate the pouring-on of water to cool it—indeed, it was feared at one time that the machinery would have to be stopped. If this had been done, it would have resulted in the loss of many lives, as the steamer was just entering the rapids. It is simply through negligence that a bearing should be allowed by the engineer to become heated; the application of oil in the requisite quantity at the proper time would have avoided this—and it shows a grave dereliction of

duty that the journal or bearing was not attended to when necessary. That we have had no loss of life is something to be grateful for, but that the matter should be passed over as a mere newspaper item is not permissible. It is necessary that the strictest attention to duty should be paid by those in charge of machinery, and especially when many lives would be endangered by their carelessness; that a steamboat should enter a rapid with a hot bearing, or that another one should strike a rock, when others have safely passed, are fit subjects for investigation. "An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure" is true; how much better is it therefore to take proper precautions to prevent a serious loss of life? We generally make a reformation after the evil has been done.

The following is apposite with regard to the formation of a Bohemian Club in Montreal,—in an article on the Bohemian of journalism who once flourished in New York, Charles T. Congdon says:—

"The incoming generation of journalists will have much greater chance of doing valuable and successful work than that which is about to take leave of life, its fluctuations and its vast concerns. Every day the newspaper is becoming more important to the happiness, the comfort, the convenience, and the progress of the world. The Bohemian element of journalism, though it may still linger in certain newspaper offices, is now no more tolerated in those which are carefully managed—no more, in fact, than it would be in the oldest and most solemnly respectable banking-house in Wall street. Order, system, punctuality, industry, are now looked for quite as much as brilliant ability and a ready pen. The different departments of duty are well defined, and there is no longer much chance for the man who plumes himself upon doing one thing as well as another.

"It is with journalism as with every other department of human enterprise and energy. Brains are not quite enough; albeit they are eminently desirable. Literary resources are not all sufficient, although they may be many and various. It may happen, in the race for newspaper success, that the tortoise will beat the hare. Many people when they get old enough are likely with a sigh to say: 'If I had done so and so, and had not done so and so, I should now have money, fame, competence, serenity of mind.' Well, perhaps, and perhaps not. Who knows? One may be sure, however, of the day which is passing, or of the night in which he complies, arranges, makes all manner of manuscript under the midnight gas, and wins the right to slumber until the next day's noon. This is about all which any man in any field of labour can be sure of. And if he be true and faithful, day by day and hour by hour, he need not fear to see the last light of life extinguished, and may look with confidence for the first gleam of the eternal surprise."

A religious paper here favours us with stories and extracts of a stereotyped kind, meant to serve a good purpose, and which, perhaps, satisfy the readers for whom they are intended. Without doubt, the "medicine of morality" can be administered in a "syrup of fiction," such as is liberally given by the above paper, and it may not cloy the palate of those who do not take the trouble to analyze this "goodey-goodey" stuff, though it surely does not satisfy the cultured mind in search of logically and intelligently religious matter.

We would take this opportunity of drawing attention to a very ungentlemanly habit which is becoming quite common here in Montreal. We refer to the staring at ladies in which many persons at present are indulging. The unpleasantness to ladies resulting from this habit ought to induce every right-minded person to avoid it. Of course, in a few cases, there is some slight reason for it, but even if a lady endeavours to attract attention by some peculiarity of manner or dress, there is no excuse for rude staring. Reports of some very disagreeable instances have come to our ears, and though it is inadvisable in matters of this kind to take any means of punishment—yet the act may become so annoying as to necessitate this.

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

The Princess Louise will return to Canada in three months, probably sooner, if her health permits.

Why is it that some buildings are still allowed to remain standing on Bonaventure street whilst others have been long since removed? The work of improvement goes on but slowly, if it may be said to go on at all, while the sidewalk on the west side is in a disgraceful state. We should like to be certain the improvement was to be finished before the influx of visitors to the Dominion Exhibition, and can not see any reason why this could not be effected. There is very little to be done to the street itself. The delay arises from the fact that building material is allowed to remain in the street at the convenience of the builders. Where is the Building Inspector?

The ways of men are dark, and we find in Quebec no exception to the rule. That such a primitive act as leaving the city for even a single night to darkness and to burglars should have occurred in these times is unaccountable. Truly,—the city of Quebec is the Ancient Capital. The *Chronicle*, in an article on the subject say:—"It is estimated that since the gas was turned off in the streets no fewer than fifty recorded and unrecorded attempts at burglary have been made in the city. A striking commentary, surely, on the criminal imbecility of the men who, as a body, comprise the City Council of Quebec. Indeed, the Council—every man of them—are morally responsible for these crimes, and should be made legally so. Never in the history of civilization has so gross a piece of indecency been allowed to go unpunished by a people. Strangers and tourists are astonished, and well they might be, to see a large city like Quebec, in this nineteenth century, unlighted at night. If the whole thing were not a scandalous crime it would be simply ridiculous. By allowing this to continue a night longer the citizens will place themselves on a par with the Council itself. A meeting is to be held to-night, but something more than mere words must come of that meeting. The people will not be satisfied with arguments only."

We are pleased to notice the progress and enterprise of the *Toronto Telegram*, of which every issue is now stereotyped. It is a fearless, independent, outspoken journal, and is opposed to chicanery and fraud, whether political or otherwise. We notice the celerity with which news is obtained and placed before the public, and wish that we had a paper of this stamp and character in our good city of Montreal.

The Chicago and Grand Trunk first mortgage 6 per cent. bonds are now selling at 106-7.

Tanner has made the fastest time on record, and has disturbed dogmatic medical professors. There is one view of this affair which is a sad and dreary one,—we shall now doubtless have shoals of humbugs and mountebanks who will endeavor to make money out of this absurdity by entering into fasts of every possible nature. Mr. Terence McGuff writes to the *N. Y. Truth* offering, "as another step in the right direction, to live three days and three nights in a whale's belly if the Y. M. C. A. will provide a suitable whale and have it comfortably furnished." This proposition is not a whit more ridiculous than the exhibitions in the way of fasting which we will shortly have. The craze will have its day—but we are of the opinion that the consumption of food will not be materially lessened—and then some other folly will take its place.

A commission, having under consideration the subject of a World's Fair, in 1883, at New York, is to meet in a few days, and will decide upon the necessary steps. A long list of names has been paraded, but so many are not required; all that is requisite in affairs of this kind is to secure men of high probity and ability in whom the public at large will have confidence; there is no satisfaction or benefit in having a long list of names—as in many cases the names are frequently inserted merely as complimentary, and the individuals are seen at the Exhibition wearing badges and occupying the best positions; beyond this they do nothing to make an Exhibition a success.

In regard to the Geneva Award, Great Britain has rebuked the United States. In the case of Burnand against Rhodocanachi in the Court of Common Pleas, London, Lord Coleridge gave a decision that the defendant, a merchant who had obtained the net sum of \$2,804 as a compensation for tobacco destroyed by the "Alabama," must pay it back to the plaintiff, an underwriter with whom the tobacco had been insured, and who had paid upon it as a total loss. Lord Coleridge remarked that the defendant, being in possession of money to which the plaintiff by English law was entitled, was obliged to give it to the plaintiff, notwithstanding the Act of the Congress of the United States excluding the claims of underwriters.

Sir Garnet Wolseley is to be sent to Afghanistan to extricate the British army from the fastnesses where it took shelter after the reverse of Candahar. The presence of Sir Garnet will undoubtedly have a wholesome effect on the population of India, which has been in a troubled state, if we may believe Indian authorities. It is somewhat peculiar that all warlike undertakings should be entrusted to a single General, and it is also curious that in the British army, whose *war strength* does not exceed 400,000 men, there should be on the active list 215 Generals, 159 Lieutenant-Generals, and 242 Major-Generals,—a total of 626 Generals, or more than *four* times the number in the Prussian army, which has 600,000 men *constantly* under arms.

It is at a most inopportune moment that Premier Gladstone is ill, as there are troubles both in the colonies and at home. The terrible disaster in Afghanistan has brought grief to many circles, and is not likely to be settled without further bloodshed. The Turkish affairs are also in a disjointed condition and exact from England watchful care, but that Turkey should be troubled is not unusual. The recall of Sir Bartle Frere is also a vexing matter and complicates still further the African difficulty, especially as the Basutos are causing trouble on account of the severe conditions imposed by the Cape Government. In home affairs things have been going badly, the perverseness of Home Rulers, the opposition of Conservatives, and the backsliding of Liberals, disarranging the scheme mapped out by the Premier. It is extremely likely that he will take no more part in government affairs during this session, and his place will be hard to fill.

There is also another very serious source of trouble—the end of which is yet to come. We refer to the fact that the landed aristocracy are owners of too large a portion of the soil. The gap is beginning to widen between the Peers and Commons, and there will ere long be a serious conflict. The Peers will have to accept a new condition of affairs, as regards landed property, or else be prepared to meet the opposition of the people; liberal concessions from land-owners may avert trouble—nothing else will. It would appear that there is to be modern ideas against baronical rights and forms and landed tenure.

The adage that, "there is no fool like an old fool" is brought to our mind in hearing the renewed announcement that Baroness Burdett-Coutts is about to be married to a young person named Bartlett. He is an American by birth but has lived the greater part of his time at Torquay; through some fortuitous circumstances he secured the position of private secretary to the Baroness and was deputed as her almoner in the East after the Russo-Turkish war and since then in Ireland, and is now, so Dame Rumour says, to be married to her. We also read, that Her Majesty and Lord Beaconsfield have endeavoured to dissuade the Baroness from entering into this marriage—but, without effect—and a rather officious proceeding we should think. It is rather curious that the Duchess of St. Albans, from whom the Baroness inherited the greater part of her fortune, married, when quite old, the Duke of St. Albans, then 26 years of age, and the Baroness, now somewhat older than the Duchess was, is about to follow her strange example.

Truth has the following:—

I wonder if the following good story, which reaches me from Rangoon, is really true. If not, more's the pity. A gentleman of the civil service recently applied for leave on urgent private affairs, and the government granted the

leave on his explaining that he wished to marry. On the expiration of his leave he returned, still unmarried, and the Secretary wrote, asking for an explanation of such conduct on the part of the gentleman. The reply was as follows: "Sir—I have the honour to inform you, in answer to your No. B. 23 of the 21st April last, that on taking leave I fully intended to marry, but on my arrival in England, I found the lady in question entertained frivolous objections to my personal appearance. I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant."

We have received "Ingersoll in Canada," a reply by Allen Pringle to several critics. Without taking up the cudgels in defence of opinions not advanced by us, there are several statements made by Mr. Pringle, which, while willing to hear all arguments, we believe to be faulty. The first one, against the Christian conception of God, runs thus:—"Intelligence presupposes a greater intelligence; God has intelligence, therefore there must be an intelligence greater than God." This argument of Mr. Pringle's we candidly admit, but do not stop here, we must continue; there must be an intelligence greater than "the intelligence greater than God," and so on *ad infinitum*, which is the Infinite Intelligence in which we believe. Take another of Mr. Pringle's logical deductions:—"Whatever manifests design must have had a designer; God in His alleged personality and attributes manifests design, therefore God must have had a designer." Well, continue, the designer of God must have had a designer also, and so on *ad infinitum*, which gives us an Infinite God or Designer. Mr. Pringle believes that there is but "*one existence, the Universe, and that it is eternal—without beginning or end—that the matter of the Universe never could have been created, for ex nihilo nihil fit (from nothing nothing can come) and that it contains within itself the potency adequate to the production of all phenomena.*" This potency, of course, came of itself to produce all these phenomena, and as the matter of the *Universe* has never been created, it does not exist; therefore all of us, together with Mr. Pringle, are nonentities. Further, our writer says, that he considers the above theory to be more conceivable and intelligent than the Christian theory that there are two existences—God and the Universe—and that there was a time when there was but one existence, God, and that after an indefinite period of quiescence and "masterly inactivity," He finally created a Universe either out of Himself or out of nothing, either of which propositions is philosophically absurd, and, in either case, to say "that God would be infinite, would be equally absurd;"—but, of course, it is not absurd for Mr. Pringle to say that the *Universe* is eternal, and it is not absurd for him to say that the Universe is without beginning or end, while it is absurd, of course, for the Christian to say that God is without beginning or end. In another place Mr. Pringle says that "scholars now generally agree that whether Jesus of Nazareth lived or not, *we have no authentic account of Him.*" This will be news to many, ourselves included. He also informs us that the Bible represents man as being *without any good in him*—another piece of interesting news; of course Mr. Pringle does not think that "suffer little children to come unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven," is any evidence of there being any good in man. We have the Puranas and Vedas, etc., thrust into our faces by Mr. Pringle, and we are astonished that his common-sense did not show him that the time for bringing these into opposition with Christianity has gone by, and we need only refer to the text, "By their fruits ye shall know them." We doubt very much if Mr. Pringle has ever even *seen* a translation of these works of which he talks so glibly, and he must have very little acquaintance with them, when he says no parallel can be found in them of the Christian (?) doctrine of everlasting punishment. In conclusion, we would state that we have carefully avoided taking up arguments advanced by Mr. Pringle in opposition to his opponents, designated upon the first page; we have merely touched upon some inconsistencies which we have noticed, and would say that we do not see how Mr. Pringle can be an Atheist, when he says, "we fully admit the existence of a great and mysterious power or force in the universe which we cannot understand or comprehend; we do not deny there may be a God." How this belief can be reconciled with an atheistic belief, is more than we can understand, unless Mr. Pringle has a peculiar definition of his own as to Atheism. We would also ask in reference to the atheistic champion, Ingersoll:—"What salutary reforms has he suggested, in what manner and to what extent has he contributed to the general welfare or happiness of his fellow-citizens?"

TORONTO AND ABOUT.

There appears to be every probability of the West Toronto election being a rather interesting one. There is some talk of Mr. Blain appearing on the field, though what platform he is supposed to uphold does not appear. On the Reform side Mr. Bethune is to be called out. The question is, What has *he* done to merit election? On the Conservative side, as I intimated in a previous issue of the SPECTATOR, Mr. Mayor Beaty intends taking the field, but his chances are small, as better men than he are in the field. The late Mayor, Mr. Angus Morrison, also aspires to be a candidate. Mr. Morrison is a disappointed office-seeker; this I presume is his claim before the electors. Mr. A. W. Wright is the next man; he is a "rag-baby" candidate for political honours; he is a working man, a paper-currency man, a friend of Dennis Kearney, and therefore a revolutionising Communist, and as such, of course, will be elected to stay at home. Last, but by no means least, comes Mr. Fred. Chase Capreol, the representative of the Huron and Ontario Ship Canal, which he claims has as much, if not more, to do with Montreal than Toronto. Mr. Capreol's past services will very likely considerably influence the electors in his favour. Mr. Capreol is a Toronto citizen of fifty years' standing, and as such is entitled to considerable respect. He evidently has the best right to the seat; but electors, as a rule, are too versatile in their political opinions, so a prophecy on the result of the polls would be only a guess.

The *Globe*, *Mail*, and *Telegram* find it about hard work enough to hold their own and make things pay, and yet in the face of this competition a fourth Company has the temerity to start another daily journal. The *Evening News* shortly will startle the neighbourhood. I am afraid the proprietors or managers have not given the subject much thought, for it is beyond question that four daily papers cannot exist in a city of less than 80,000 inhabitants. Journalists appear to have gone mad in the Queen City. At present there are about fourteen weekly and daily papers issued in Toronto, and yet another is issued, the *Commonwealth*. Well, if all these journals flourish, the Capital of the Province must be an exceedingly enlightened place.

We are not to have peace. Last Friday the Hibernian Societies had their grand triumphal procession in celebration of the O'Connell anniversary, and in the evening (as I prophesied) an unseemly *fracas* took place on Queen street. A policeman, half doubled up, informed me that a Papist, with "a piece of old red sandstone, struck him in the abdomen." Fighting for a few minutes went on pretty lively, and although the procession in the afternoon was exceptionally orderly, yet the scene in the evening was most disgraceful. The Orangemen are much incensed over the affair, and to spite the sons of Old Ireland they are going to have a procession soon that will as much outshine the Papists' procession as the sun does the moon. Twenty years hence we may hope to see these processions done away with; it certainly would have a beneficial effect if the nuisance could be put down by Act of Parliament.

The ridiculous outcry against the Central Committee still continues. No doubt the committee has been grievously in the wrong, but quite enough has been said. The best of people are liable to err, and when a rebuke has been given, the matter should drop; to continually harp upon the same subject with rebuke on rebuke, censure upon censure, is neither generous nor charitable. The matter has been investigated, the committee censured through the press, and more than seven times insulted, and therefore that should be quite sufficient to satisfy the most vindictive.

The Toronto Grey and Bruce Railway is to be handed over to the Grand Trunk. The T. G. and B. Ry. was in a measure to be competitive to the Grand Trunk, though it tapped a separate section of country, competitive with respect to the freight from the North West and Chicago, but alas! our dearest schemes prove vain. However, perhaps it is as well that the Grand Trunk takes control of the line, if only to stop its continual begging for bonuses, though we may have to submit to higher freight charges.

The *Telegram* wants to know if there are any of the bogus Philadelphia degrees in Canada. I could inform the *Telegram* of several in the same city whence issues the *Telegram*. He whom we least expect to wear such a title, is perhaps the very man who unblushingly advertises the deceit.

At last there is abundant evidence that our island is to become a second Coney Island. Mr. Mark Irish of the Rossin House, Toronto, is about to expend a quarter of a million dollars in a hotel to accommodate 2,000 guests, and park and ferry boat, after the New York and Brooklyn fashion. If Mr. Irish is in earnest, we may be congratulated upon the enterprise of our citizen.

There is a most reckless disregard of human life at our steamboat excursions. Last Tuesday week the steamer Prince Arthur was chartered by the Queen Street Methodist Church to take a Sunday school down to the Victoria Park. The teachers and school with their friends, would number about a thousand, quite as much as the boat could hold safely. After the boat had been chartered, the owners or managers of the Prince Arthur undertook to carry another thousand excursionists (from Milton *via* the Credit Valley Railroad) on the same trip; the consequence was, the boat left the wharf with her gunwale touching the water. The excitement on board was intense, the children cried and the parents dared not move, but all kept still and motionless waiting in dread anxiety to land. The affair was so infamous that the custom authorities would not permit the boat to make a second trip, fearing to endanger the lives of the people. This sort of thing is not of rare occurrence, but happens frequently; what are we to do to protect our lives when we desire to enjoy a breeze on the lake? An Act of Parliament somewhat different to the one in force is required.

It is a most laughable thing to witness a hundred men cleaning our streets with brooms and spades. We are behind the age in street cleaning, as in everything else; small brooms and spades do well enough for children; I have seen in some of our large English towns twenty men with hoes three feet wide at the blade do more work in half the time than a hundred men accomplish in Toronto. Toronto's engineer may take the hint, of large hoes or street scrapers, as he would confer a boon upon the public both in economy and cleanliness.

Montreal and Toronto have several grievances in common and not the least of them is the lack of bathing facilities. So far as the lesser city is concerned we are as far off from the solution of the trouble as ever. The Mayor does a great deal of talking, but we have learned to take Mr. Beaty's talk for what it is worth. There should be no difficulty about the affair; all that is required is the providing of bathing suits and permission to bathe at any part of the island, obliging the bathers to wear suitable dresses. The thing is simple enough and the cry is great, but the little trouble that always will arise, somehow prevents the carrying out of this simple boon.

It makes very little difference to Torontonians that the people of Montreal call their exhibition the Dominion Exhibition; we are bound not to be beaten, and if the Dominion Exhibition is a greater success than the exhibition to be held in Toronto, then the good citizens of the Queen City of the West will attempt to carry out the suggestion made four years ago, that we hold an International Exhibition of the World in the Ontario capital. This suggestion has been brought forward in good faith, but I am not sure that Toronto is the best place for such an important undertaking. Montreal should have equal claims. True, we are in close proximity to the Niagara Falls, which might be made a big inducement to European visitors, and we are more centrally situated for the Western States, but Montreal unquestionably is more convenient for Europe and the populous New England and Eastern States. But, leaving preference of location aside, it is a question of grave doubt whether Canada is at present sufficiently prosperous or advanced to make an International Exposition at all profitable.

Queen City.

TRADE—FINANCE—STATISTICS.

I believe the right thinking citizens of Montreal and Toronto will agree with me in this, that no commercial or engineering undertaking, accomplished or proposed, can have so deep an interest for the people of these two cities, and in fact the whole of the people of the Dominion, as this remarkable enterprise of the Huron and Ontario Ship Canal. I have nothing to say in favour or against the Trent Valley scheme, in conjunction with the Huron and Ontario Canal, as the two schemes, though they appear to be in a measure antagonistic and competitive, are in reality widely different, and uphold separate and distinctive interests. The geographical position of the Trent Valley, the geological difficulties, and the physical barriers to be overcome are such as to make the practicability of the adventure a matter of considerable doubt. In this paper, therefore, I will of course confine my attention solely to the economical and mutually beneficial advantages of the more mature scheme of the Huron and Ontario Canal. So important is this canal to Canada and the United States that the great grain merchants, wealthy citizens, capitalists and speculators of New York and along the route of the Erie Canal are absolutely terror-stricken as they look with anxiety and concern upon this contemplated national work, fearing, as they say, to see their cities depopulated through the divergence of their trade from what they are pleased to call its legitimate channel.

So anxious are these far-seeing Americans, that, great as the speculation may appear, they positively talk of making the Erie Canal all that the Huron and Ontario Canal is proposed to be; and this desideratum money undoubtedly can accomplish, with the all-potent exception of the insurmountable difficulty of the difference in the length of the respective routes—the total mileage from Chicago to Liverpool, *via* the Huron and Ontario Canal being many hundreds of miles less than by way of the Erie Canal.

Our American cousins talk smoothly enough of the Erie Canal as the legitimate channel for the grain and produce trade of the great North West; but this is an absurdity, the legitimate channel is the *natural* channel and the natural channel is by way of the great lakes and down the mighty St. Lawrence, and to cross the Ontario peninsula through the proposed Huron and Ontario Canal; this is the legitimate and natural highway, to and from the great North West, to the British market; this is reasonable and is a common sense view of the affair, and I venture to assert it will require more than all the logic our American cousins can bring to bear against the project to prove this other than the natural and legitimate channel.

No one can blame the enthusiastic citizens of the chief city of the Union for their prudence and foresight in thus looking after their own interest and preparing to maintain the advantage, but who can alter the inevitable? The Huron and Ontario Canal is as certain of construction as was the long ridiculed Suez Canal; the Huron and Ontario Canal is as sure to be completed some day as the great Darien highway. The indomitable energy, pluck and perseverance of Mr. Fred. C. Capreol know no relaxation; and if dogged persistency and endurance against all manner of annoying and unforeseen difficulties even yet were rewarded with success, we may without question look upon the construction of this important highway as an accomplished fact.

What benefit is Montreal to receive from this vast enterprise? I have been asked; for it would appear at first sight as though Toronto would reap the greater benefit. Not so, however, and I repeat what Mr. Capreol confidently assured me would be the result of the working of the canal. The Huron and Ontario Canal in ten years would cause Montreal to more than double her population. In ten years Montreal would be a city of little less than half a million of inhabitants, and Toronto at least one quarter of a million; nor are these figures extravagant. The history of Chicago and Milwaukee assures us that our prosperity would be as marked as theirs. In the year 1838 there were exported from the port of Chicago less than 80 bushels of grain of any kind, in 1878 more than 118,000,000 bushels were shipped, and the shipment of other produce was in equal proportion, Milwaukee showing a similar increase. If in the past years the increase has been so tremendous what are we to expect for the next decade? It is impossible to estimate.

When large amounts of grain are to be handled it is a matter of the most vital importance that the route for traffic be the shortest, quickest and most direct: a long route cannot compete with a shorter; a tardy route cannot hold its own against a rapid transit: hence the immense advantage the Huron and Ontario Canal must have over the Erie Canal. All the advantage that has been reaped in the past by Chicago and New York will be reaped in an eminent degree by the Canadian cities of Toronto and Montreal, and the people of New York know this and are uneasy. Montreal especially through the advantages derived from her geographical position would become a huge storehouse, so to speak, for the immense Western yield of grain.

Most of the traffic that now finds an outlet through the Erie Canal would come through the Huron and Ontario Canal, and the grain and produce find storage in Montreal instead of as now in New York and Brooklyn. The heavy carrying trade of the fleets of the Atlantic, from London, Glasgow and Liverpool, would pass through the canal to Chicago and back laden with western yield. The shorter and more direct route of the St. Lawrence and Huron and

Ontario Canal would unquestionably take precedence over all competitive routes; a revolution, on the completion of the canal would immediately be effected, and Canada, which now holds but an insignificant place in the commercial world, would become, through one grand move, a mighty and all-powerful rival of the nations of the earth. Even during the course of construction, both Montreal and Toronto, would feel the beneficial results of the work.

Immigrants of a better class, than of late have reached our shores, would find their way here, for the very fact of the immediate expenditure of twenty million dollars in one great undertaking, would act like magic in inducing a large percentage of the great and powerful middle-class of English-speaking people to emigrate to the Dominion. The Huron and Ontario Canal is too little understood by the people to meet with the approval it deserves.

From a report of the Select Committee of the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Ontario, on the Huron and Ontario Ship Canal, made in 1879, I cull the following extract:—

“It would open up another route to our great North-West Territory, and would tend to promote their settlement, as well as the development of their vast resources. It would cause the expenditure of a large amount of capital—probably \$20,000,000 in our midst—which would give a fresh impetus to trade, afford employment to many thousands of our people, aid in the settlement of the country to the north and west of the canal, and encourage emigration to our shores.”

In the year 1869, the Huron and Ontario Canal became the subject of much discussion, and the House of Commons of the Dominion of Canada appointed a select committee of fifteen members, with instructions to report as to the practicability and expediency of the work. The late Robert A. Harrison, Esq., Q.C., M.P. for West Toronto—afterwards Chief-Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench of the Province of Ontario—was Chairman. The committee made an exhaustive report. It expressed its belief in the practicability of the project in an engineering point of view, dwelt fully upon the importance to Canada of securing the carrying trade of the west, and now rapidly developing north-west; pointed out the great saving in distance between Chicago and Liverpool *via* the proposed canal, as compared with the Erie Canal and New York, and heartily endorsed the proposition to grant *ten million of acres* of land in aid of the enterprise.

Both the Dominion and Local Governments were, and are, fully alive to the importance of this great undertaking, so vast as to be without an American parallel, and which is destined to revolutionize the trade of the northern part of this continent.

Herbert G. Paull.

The wheat crop of the United States in 1880 has been variously estimated at 490,000,000 to 550,000,000 bushels. The early estimates of the United States wheat crop of 1879 were 475,000,000, to 500,000,000 bushels.

BANKS.

BANK.	Shares per value.	Capital Subscribed.	Capital Paid up	Rest.	Price per \$100 Aug. 11, 1880.	Price per \$100 Aug. 11, 1879.	Last half-yearly Dividend.	Per cent. per an- num of last div. on present price.
Montreal	200	\$12,000,000	\$11,999,200	\$5,000,000	\$147	\$134½	4	5.44
Ontario	40	3,000,000	2,998,750	100,000	85	80½	3	7.06
Molson	50	2,000,000	1,999,095	100,000	97	68½	1	6.19
Toronto	100	2,000,000	2,000,000	500,000	135	107½	3½	5.19
Jacques Cartier	25	500,000	500,000	55,000	80	59½	2½	6.25
Merchants	100	5,798,267	5,518,933	475,000	101	72½	3	5.94
Eastern Townships	50	1,469,600	1,382,037	200,000	3½	..
Quebec	100	2,500,000	2,500,000	425,000	3	..
Commerce	50	6,000,000	6,000,000	1,400,000	128½	106½	4	6.21
Exchange	100	1,000,000	1,000,000
MISCELLANEOUS.								
Montreal Telegraph Co.	40	2,000,000	2,000,000	171,432	120	87½	4	6.67
R. & O. N. Co.	100	1,565,000	1,565,000	..	40	42½
City Passenger Railway	50	163,000	111½	77½	15	4.48
New City Gas Co.	40	2,000,000	1,880,000	..	137	115½	5	7.20

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

RAILWAY TRAFFIC RECEIPTS.

COMPANY.	Period.	1880.			1879.		Week's Traffic.		Aggregate.		
		Pass. Mails & Express	Freight.	Total.	Total.	Incr'se	Decr'se	Period.	Incr'se	Decr'se	
*Grand Trunk	Week Aug. 7	\$ 65,642	\$ 146,772	\$ 212,414	\$ 160,912	\$ 51,502	..	6 w'ks	\$ 284,403	..	
Great Western	July 30	38,431	54,847	93,278	75,437	17,841	..	5 "	90,183	..	
Northern & H. & N.W.	" 31	14,415	26,271	40,686	28,270	12,416	..	4 "	31,179	..	
Toronto & Nipissing	" 31	2,048	2,819	4,867	4,915	4 "	124	..	
Midland	" 31	2,750	8,380	11,130	7,884	3,246	..	4 "	7,382	..	
St. Lawrence & Ottawa	" 31	1,562	1,305	2,867	2,792	135	..	6m Jan. 1	2,712	..	
Whitby, Pt Perry & Lindsay	Aug. 7	585	857	1,442	1,541	..	99	"	11,355	..	
Canada Central	July 21	2,646	5,098	7,744	5,167	2,577	..	3 w'ks	5,766	..	
Toronto, Grey & Bruce	" 24	2,016	2,842	4,858	4,860	4 "	456	..	
†Q., M., O. & O.	" 23	8,191	5,574	13,765	5,887	7,878	..	3 "	24,584	..	
Intercolonial	Month June 30	57,571	79,810	137,381	95,663	41,718	..	6m' nths	228,859	..	

*NOTE TO GRAND TRUNK.—The River du Loup receipts are included in 1879, not in 1880; omitting them the week's increase is \$55,702. Aggregate increase is \$399,603 for five weeks.

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

DIFFICULTIES OF DINNER GIVING.

If the truth were known, many people wait before answering an invitation to see whether a better one may not turn up, in which case they rarely scruple to answer the first, by expressing their sorrow that "a previous engagement prevents their accepting" it. It often happens that through refusals, many of which have been unwarrantably delayed, a third of the party has still to be made up within a few days of the banquet. The highways and hedges have now to be ransacked. The hostess orders her brougham at eleven in the morning and hurries off to press into her service one or two intimates who will stand short notice; and the host is sent to his club "to get a man." It is far from impossible that, on the very morning of the event, the Lothburys, for whom the party has been got up, may themselves fail, through the sudden illness of Lord Lothbury's mother; and the hospitable dinner-givers, to their chagrin, are obliged to go with all speed to a couple of poor relations and beseech them to come and sit at their table.

It often happens that on the very day of the party, the favourite green-grocer fails, and then there is a scramble to get another. Instead of the tall and well-mannered under-butler of a nobleman out of town, a shambling being who looks like a cheap undertaker's mute has to be put up with. Many other difficulties sometimes present themselves. A friend of ours once took a house for the season, with a large dining-room, and rather hurriedly arranged a party of eighteen for dinner. On the morning of the entertainment the butler found that there were only sufficient extra leaves for the table to make it long enough to accommodate fourteen people. There was nothing for it but to jump into a hansom, drive to an upholsterer's, and hire a proper-sized table, which eventually only arrived just in time to be prepared for dinner. We have known a much more tragic event happen in connection with a dinner-table. There was to be a large select party, and what novelists call "the hospitable board" was all ready for the feast. Everything had been laid with exquisite taste and ungrudging expenditure, under the very eye of the hostess herself. Within a few minutes of the time appointed for the banquet, a servant was lighting up the room, when he leaned rather heavily on the table in order to light the candles which stood upon the grand centre-piece. The table literally groaned, and not content with groaning, it crashed. Down went everything on to the floor, and in a moment there lay in the middle of the dining-room a confused heap of candles, broken glass, crushed fruit, stained table cloth, broken Dresden china, disjointed candelabra, and bruised flowers. On the top of all sprawled the servant, at full length, struggling to free himself from the bewildering *débris*.

As a general rule, we believe that an approaching dinner party is more agreeable to the hostess than to the host. To a woman there is something pleasant in the fuss which precedes her entertainments. She is mistress of the occasion, and her orders are implicitly obeyed. With a man it is different. What amuses his wife fidgets him. He is restless and uneasy. When he goes to his study for a quiet hour before dressing, he finds it has been taken possession of by his wife's maid, and converted into a temporary ladies' cloak-room. On the very altar stone of his sanctum, right in the centre of his writing-table, stands a looking-glass. His precious handbooks and dictionaries, his papers, note-books and Acts of Parliament, are profanely piled in a corner of the room. Finding his study desecrated, he wanders about the house, a burden both to himself and to others. He is in a fidget because his wife has not yet returned from her drive, and he fears she may be late for dressing. He is himself dressed far too soon, and finds nothing to do in the drawing-room, which is all prepared in state for the reception of guests. He employs himself in opening and shutting windows, regulating lamps, and very possibly upsetting a flower vase. As the party arrives he begins to talk with each person, but he is too preoccupied with the grouping of his couples for dinner to be able to give his mind to any continuous conversation. Somebody has not arrived, and he keeps nervously looking at his watch. When all have come, he shyly walks from one man to another with a piece of crumpled paper in his hand, at which he casts sheepish glances, and tells them in a mysterious whisper whom they are to take to dinner, with the air of a man who is doing something of which he is ashamed. This arrangement of the guests at the dinner-table has been the cause of great anxiety to him for days. He has thought it over in bed, in hansoms, and in church; he has found it more difficult than a game of chess, and even more provoking than Boss. Arrived in the dining-room, instead of quietly directing his guests to their allotted seats, he orders them to their places like a sergeant-major, and after making an apologetic grace, he sits down.

Once seated at the table, there is not much left for the host and hostess to do. They may try to attract the attention of the butler and ask him to open the windows wider; but if things go badly, all they can do is to look on grimly. It might often be well if hosts and hostesses were to endeavour to make themselves more agreeable at their own tables; but, as a rule, people are pleasanter companions in the house of others than in their own. At their own entertainments they are apt to be too much preoccupied to be able to give their whole minds to any subject which may be mooted. They are fretting because the soup is cold, or because an *entrée* is overflavoured; they are in agonies at a long pause which occurs between the courses; they are observing that a

couple at the other end of the table are not talking to each other; or they perceive that the best judge of wine at the table is drinking light claret, instead of the best champagne which has been produced for his special gratification. We lately saw a hostess much perturbed in spirit. She had provided the best of meats and drinks; but some of the guests failed to do justice to them. One gentleman had taken up total abstinence; and, instead of enjoying the excellent wines, he lectured upon the subject of his favourite hobby. It happened to be a Friday; and two of the other guests, who were Roman Catholics, touched neither soup, *entrées*, joints, nor jellies, to the great sorrow of their hostess, who did not perceive that they made capital dinners on fish, vegetables, sweets, and wine.

A serious, and let us hope exceptional difficulty in dinner-giving is a drunken butler. We remember a host looking anything but pleased when his inebriate domestic poured a trayful of cups filled with tea into a lady's lap in the drawing-room. Not long ago a gentleman told his new butler that he had better open a certain number of bottles of wine before a dinner-party, and that, when they were finished, he must use his discretion. Long after the gentlemen had left the dining-room, there were no signs of tea in the drawing-room; the host, therefore, went quietly downstairs to hurry the butler. He found that functionary in the ante-room engaged in gulping down champagne out of a tumbler. "What are you doing?" said the master. The wine you ordered was all finished, so I am using my discretion," answered the man. It is needless to say that much of the success of a dinner-party depends upon the efficiency and skill of the butler—more, we are inclined to think, than most people imagine. If a butler cannot always make a party go off well, he can always spoil it. The cook, of course, is the main agent in dinner-giving. We divide cooks into two classes—those who cook carefully but moderately well every day, but cannot cook artistically when there is a party, and those whose cooking is all that can be wished on any special occasion, but careless when the master and mistress are alone. Many people think the former the best sort of cooks; but, on the whole, there is much to be said for the latter, because the misery of seeing a bad dinner put before friends in one's own house is so great that some shortcomings in one's everyday dinners are not to be compared to it. There are few occasions on which a man feels at once so helpless and yet so responsible as when he sits at his own table watching a bad dinner being given to his guests. Perhaps the *entrées* are stodgy, the roasts under or overdone, and the sweets rolling about, instead of standing in their dishes; an even temperature is maintained in everything; the soups, the meats, the jellies, and the puddings are all pretty equally lukewarm. And yet the unfortunate giver of the feast, utterly helpless and inwardly boiling over with wrath, has to make himself agreeable and converse brilliantly on general topics, as if he had not a care in the world. The next morning the hostess proceeds to relieve her feelings in the housekeeper's room. With an air of injured innocence, the poor cook weeps over the fate of her excellent dinner. Everything, she says, had been cooked to perfection, but the butler and footman kept the whole dinner waiting, and dishes which were fit to put before a king were allowed to get sodden, tepid, and spoiled in the serving-room. The hostess goes to her husband, and tells him that "he really must speak" to the butler on the subject; but, before he has time to do so, the butler comes himself to complain. He has sent down again and again to the kitchen for the courses, and yet he was kept waiting. The sauces were not sent up with the things, and one man had to be employed during the greater part of dinner in running with messages to the cook. He had sometimes begun to think that she must have gone to sleep. The general result of the affair in such a case is likely to be a grand row among the domestics, with which we gladly dismiss the subject.—*Saturday Review*.

COLONIAL UNION.

The above title (Colonial Union) may seem strange to the readers of the SPECTATOR, for the reason that there has been such a surfeit of Commercial Union and Annexation titles. We have managed to read the "Political Destiny of Canada," as enunciated by Mr. James Little, and must confess that it is rather too redundant and too figurative for our comprehension, the Canadian Pacific Railway appearing to be the bugbear of Mr. Little's existence. He informs us that to the *Globe* and *Mail* he had mailed copies of a previous pamphlet written by him and containing much the same arguments as this latter one, but these leaders of public opinion took no notice of it. *Cui bono?* Public opinion is utterly opposed to Annexation, and will not discuss the matter at all, nor listen to weary arguments which endeavour to prove the disloyalty of Canada. In view of recent developments the Canadian Pacific Railway is not likely to prove an expense to the country, and Mr. Little's argument therefore, that we are being dragged into financial ruin and then into annexation by the railway policy, is effete and falls to the ground. I am sorry to notice that a contributor to the *Canadian Monthly*, signing himself "P. S. H." and holding opinions contrary to Mr. Little, is told by him that the signature "P. S. H." reminds one of *fish*, to which piece of small wit, the

evident reply is that Mr. Little's own signature carries little weight. We do not propose, however, to consider Mr. Little's arguments at this time, but pass on to more important matters.

In considering the question of a Colonial Union, it is necessary to eliminate the scattered elements of a similar character. For instance, we know that there are nine Colonies which have attained to Parliamentary representation, the Ministers of which are responsible. The question is, therefore, what steps ought to be taken to unite these nine Colonies with the Mother-country. There is only one thing, it appears to us, which stands in the way, and that is, the Constitution of the present Imperial Parliament. Of the ten Parliaments, the Imperial is the only one differing from the rest, because it is not only a Parliament for local legislation, but it is a Parliament for Imperial purposes also. The suggestion has often been made that the Colonies should send representatives to the present Imperial Parliament; but this suggestion has been met with the answer that Parliament, as at present constituted, is unequal to the work it now has to do. Therefore, if it is true that the Imperial Parliament should have to be altered and amended so as to enable it to attend to the local affairs of the three kingdoms, how much more then does it require to be reconstituted in order to give that attention which is required for the commerce, and may be necessary not only to the safety of the Home-country but of the Parliamentary Colonies also? The question of the union of the Colonies with the Mother-country, for our own safety as well as theirs, is the most important and essential subject we can entertain. In order to bring about a Parliamentary union of the Colonies with the Mother-country, there is but one course to take, and that is, to separate from the present Imperial Parliament all those matters that relate to the general affairs of the Empire, in which the Colonies as well as England are concerned,—and it would be necessary to create a supreme Parliament of two Houses for that purpose, in which the Colonies as well as Great Britain shall be represented *pro rata* according to population and rateable value. In this case the Parliament of Great Britain would then attend to local affairs only in the same manner as the Colonial Parliaments. By this plan the whole and each of the Parliamentary systems throughout the Empire would be harmonized. Moreover, two supreme chambers constituted for the general interests of the monarchy would enable the Colonies to participate in the administration and patronage of the crown, which would add vastly to the power of the monarchy, giving an increased moral force throughout the world to each constituent part of the Empire, and the navy would be enabled to refit or man either in Australia, Canada, or India, and the military service in like manner would do the same. The moral force which this would add to the Empire is incalculable. The above few notes are merely an outline and are hastily jotted down in order to attract some little attention to the question of Imperial Federation. We hear so much of Annexation that one not acquainted with the true feeling of the country would be inclined to think that it was a settled question. Far from it—the movement has been “a tempest in a teapot,” and has merely served as a cry to acquire notoriety for some insignificant demagogues. There is not a single follower or believer in Annexation in office who is of any importance or who influences public opinion that has had the manliness or courage to state his opinions—he knows that it means political death. We cannot deny that there are theorists who believe in Annexation—but then there are theorists who believe in everything. H. F.

DECORATIVE ART.

THE PRINCIPLES OF DESIGN.

There is a natural propensity in all of us to decorate. In a rude and barbarous state the useful must ever predominate, but when the wants of the body are supplied we are led to enhance the beauty of the useful by ornamentation. If we look into the early history of any nation we find their first attempts in art are of a decorative class. The rude efforts displayed in their carvings and drawings are but the germs of a more complete art, which progresses with their advancing civilization. Decoration in an advanced social state of society is not a luxury, it is a necessity of the mind, as we contemplate it through the medium of the eye; and as art is implanted in our nature, it naturally follows that it finds expression through the various channels of music, poetry, architecture, sculpture, painting, and also in the Decorative Arts. It is with the last that we wish to engage the reader's attention. And just as there are laws regulating the higher walks of art, so there are laws and principles governing the art of decoration, or what is generally called Ornamental Design.

It is an interesting study to look at some of the common articles of every-day use and examine the beauty of their construction, which materially adds to their usefulness. If we examine a plough—we find the graceful curvature of its handles, the sweeping line of the beam, and indeed all its parts partake of that beauty of the waving and varying line so much admired. This blending of the beautiful and the useful may again be seen in the sickle, scythe, and many other articles of daily use. They are not only objects of increased interest, but they perform their work the better for it, and use and adaptability are so plainly stamped upon all created matter (everything fulfilling

the ends and purposes for which it was created.) Then where can we go for a safer guide than to Nature, carefully studying the forms there presented to us for our use and benefit? The field is so extensive and varied that we need never be at a loss to find something to guide us in the principles of design. Supposing, for illustration, we recommend anyone who has not studied the art of design, to pluck a leaf of the common horse-chestnut tree, and then carefully draw the outline of it on paper; by erasing a little of the top and bottom of the leaf you will perceive that you have a beautiful design for a vase. And by taking many of the leaves of our forest trees, you can multiply your designs, all varying in form, but possessing most exquisite outlines. Nor need you confine yourselves to leaves. To how many uses in ornamental art can you apply that flower so familiar to all, the convolvulus. If the parents of children would look into this, they would quickly see a method of impressing good lessons of correct form upon the minds of the young. It is also an easy, as well as pleasant task, to inform their minds by the aid of other objects in nature, that forms are made by lines, and that such forms are known as the Primary, the Generic, and the Mixed. The Primary consists of the cylinder, cone and wedge. The Generic of the square and circle, and the Mixed or Compound of spheroids, &c. Children soon learn to draw them correctly, and as quickly comprehend how easily they can turn such forms into useful designs.

The first principle in good design connected with the industrial arts is use; that is, adaptability to fulfil the purpose for which the object is made. Secondly, good form, to which may be added, ornamentation and colour. Now an article may be very useful but not beautiful, it may lack good form and ornamentation. It does not please a cultured eye, and as a natural consequence will not command so ready a sale as the same article just as useful and possessing good form and judicious ornamentation. There is a maxim among designers “that it costs no more to apply a good design than a bad one.” You may decorate this last but if it lacks the element of good form, it will not elicit from us that praise which it would if its utility were equal, its form good and its ornamentation in correct taste, so that the manufacturer who neglects this important lesson will soon find his wares superseded in the marts of the world by those goods which have these three requisites,—utility, good form, and correct decoration.

The late R. N. Wornum, in one of his admirable essays, says: “Let us take a lesson from the experience of past ages. The various coloured glass of Egypt—the figured cups of Sidon, the shawls of Miletus, the terra-cottas of Samos, the bronzes of Corinth, did not command the markets of the ancient world, either for their materials, or their mechanical qualities, not because they were well blown, cleverly chased, finely woven, ingeniously turned, or perfectly cast. These qualities they had only in common with the similar wares of other nations—but in the gratification of one of the most urgent necessities of the mind in an advanced social state they were pre-eminent, they were objects of a refined and cultivated taste.”

What a valuable lesson was imparted to the English manufacturers through the exhibition of 1851 when their wares were brought in juxtaposition with those of the continental producers. Nor were the English manufacturers and artisans slow to see their deficiencies and not only perceived them but profited by the lesson and what a marked improvement was visible in their wares in the exhibition of 1862. And since then how steadily they have improved. The most casual observer of the day cannot help but see the improvement in the design of almost every article of manufacture now offered for sale.

Even in the last year or two what a decided change has come over our ideas of the decorative arts. What was considered beautiful then will not be tolerated now, nor is this the mere play of fancy, or the offspring of a desire for novelty, but results from the masses paying more attention to the arts of design than they did formerly. There is developing among the people a desire for a more correct knowledge in ornamental art, but among us the principles and laws which should direct us are not sufficiently understood. We do not look at the first causes and ask ourselves, why this is beautiful? Why it pleases? We are too apt to look upon some piece of ornamental work, and endeavour to adopt it not sufficiently reasoning whether the place we intended to use it, is at all suitable for it. What may look well in one place may not in another, the differences of surrounding objects or light may materially change its appearance. This has been so clearly expressed by that eminent authority Owen Jones that we cannot do better than quote him, he says: “In all ages but our own, the same ornaments, the same system of colouring which prevailed in buildings, pervaded all other works, even to the humblest.”

“It is far different with ourselves. We have no principle, no unity, the architect, the upholsterer, the paper stainer, the weaver, the calico printer, and the potter, run each his independent course, each struggling fruitlessly; each produces in art novelty without beauty, or beauty without intelligence. Men do every day, and every hour of the day place their intuitive knowledge of questions of art in opposition to the opinions of those who have made them the especial study. This can never be prevented. Art is the patrimony of all, but it is the more necessary that it should be regulated. No improvement can take place until all classes, artists, manufacturers and the public are better educated in art, and the existence of general principles is more fully recognised.”

By this quotation we perceive that more unity of study and more system

are evidently what are needed in our methods of education in regard to the industrial arts.

We may all have our particular likings for one or another style of ornament. One may prefer warm, bright colours; another may incline to dark or tertiary colours. One may admire the classic elegance of the Greek order of architecture; another the marked peculiarities of the Gothic style. So that it is next to impossible for any writer to lay down infallible rules for our guidance. But, however tastes may differ, there are yet certain important underlying principles applicable to all good design which are the only true tests by which to decide what is true or false in matters of taste. And notwithstanding that oft-quoted saying, "*de gustibus non est disputandum*" (there is no disputing about tastes), this is just one of those assertions which directly leads to a discussion; for although many may not reason logically, yet they feel so strongly their respective arguments and conclusions that they believe they are right.

Now, there is nothing harder to define than what is good taste. We are inclined to believe that if we look closely into its constituent elements, we will find that good sense and feeling must ever form the foundation of all good taste, and that it is capable of being cultivated; and it is imperative that it should be so before it can be termed good and trustworthy. Taste in ornamentation, as well as in everything else, is not a mere impulse of the fancy, but is dependent upon the operations of reason as completely as any other conclusion respecting good or bad, right or wrong, to which we attain by the mind's experience. And Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his seventh discourse, combats the idea "that taste is the natural power of selection in every individual, and not to be gainsaid." He declares if that were the case "the arts would lie open for ever to caprice and casualty, if those who are to judge of their excellency had no settled principles by which to regulate their decisions, and if the merit or defect of performances were to be determined by unguided fancy."

These observations, although intended for the Fine Arts, are nevertheless equally true as regards matters of taste in ornamental design. *J. W. Gray.*

WOMEN WHO SCREAM.

In a clever novel, we believe by Mrs. Lynn Linton, one of the characters is aptly hit off as a man liking women who screamed easily, and there is little doubt that, roughly speaking, men may be divided into two classes. Those who like to hear a woman scream and those who do not. And we may equally take it for granted that the habit of screaming divides women into two classes as well, and that it needs no psychologist to decipher the character of a woman skilled in such an accomplishment. Indeed, better advice to men about to marry than the cynical "don't" of *Punch*, is the following:—"Try the running cow," in other words, let the lover take the object of his affections into a field tenanted by an animal with these playful proclivities. If the young lady screams, instead of confronting the enemy, and if in spite of that scream her admirer persists, then all we can say is, that he more than deserves the misery in store for him. But where a running cow is not handy simpler tests are to be found—a pretty mouse, a timid frog, a harmless black-beetle, might equally well play their part in deciding human destiny. And for the wise, a scream suffices. No man in his senses would dream of marrying a girl who would scream at the sight of these inoffensive creatures, for if such shall be done in the green tree what shall be done in the dry? How will the woman who screams at nothing deport herself when her husband is brought home with a broken leg, her child has a fit, the family fortunes go to sudden ruin, the the house catches fire, the ceilings fall in, the pipes burst, and, to use Shakespeare's expression, "all is in extremity"?

The little scream, so feminine, and to some ears so appropriate in the days of white-muslin gowns, dainty little hats, and rose-bud cheeks, always blushing, will have a very different sound for the harassed man of business, the long-suffering husband, the anxious father; he will look with envy on those happy fellows who held different ideals of women, in their youth, unless, indeed, he belongs to that type of men of whom the companionship of a fool is preferable to the bare notion of superiority.

It is not only as an index of character but of birth and breeding that the little scream may be pronounced invaluable; no really well-bred woman would dream of screaming at a cow any more than of losing her temper with careless servants before company. She has been taught self-possession under emergencies as a duty owed to society, and it becomes a matter of course. A man therefore in choosing a wife should ask himself whether such a title of nobility is not worth having, and whether a calm, dignified bearing, presence of mind, and a reluctance to inflict discomfort on others, are not qualities that outlive mere beauty. Partly therefore to vulgarity and also partly to vanity must the scream be attributed. *There are girls so helplessly addicted to self-adulation, women so morbidly anxious for notice, that they will do anything short of committing murder in order to attract attention.* What they cannot effect by good looks, spirit, or even an attractive appearance, they contrive by the scream. A scream grates, a scream is odious, a scream has no meaning, but it makes the bystander stare; it awakens a spurious sympathy for the moment.

What harm a scream may effect in really trying circumstances we all know to our cost. Instances in point occur every day. Like the running cow, however, it may be arrested by a little determination, and there are one or two famous examples in Dicken's letters. Upon one occasion during his American campaign, an enormous gas burner fell down with an awful crash on to the platform whilst he was reading to one of his numerous audiences. There was no danger of an explosion, but imminent peril of a panic, and Dickens, master of himself, always kept a steady eye on the tens of thousands before him. One lady rushed to the platform, screaming wildly, but Dickens smiling, with his hands in his pockets, said, "Take your seat ma'am, it is all right," or something of the kind, never for a moment taking his gaze from the multitude. That fixed look and easy cool assurance saved the situation, but who, seeing how a foolish scream might have sacrificed dozens of valuable lives, could ever after fancy a "woman given to scream easily?"

In fact the ideal of a woman, fortunately for us all, and especially so for the generations to come, is now one of sweetness allied rather to strength, than sweetness allied to screams. Even Fielding, whose feminine types were none of the highest, admits that "there is a degree of courage which becomes a woman, and that many a woman who shrieks at a mouse or a rat may be capable of poisoning her husband, or, what is worse, of driving him to poison himself." —*The Graphic.*

FROM WINTER TO SUMMER BY SEA AND LAND.

No. II.

I have been forcibly impressed with the conviction of having been very ungallant in concluding my notice of the wild Yucatan seaport Progresso, with out paying a tribute of admiration to the dusky Indian ladies of that interesting place. Comparatively unknown as these regions are, and poor almost to starvation as many of the inhabitants must be, the women exhibit a taste in dress and an appreciation of all that tends to heighten the beautiful, that really astonished me. Were it not for a striking tendency to over-large proportions, amounting in some instances to a gigantic stature and proportionate weight of body, I should just put down the female portion of this community as being about the handsomest crowd it was ever my good fortune to see and converse with. For we did actually converse, making use of a few odd words (very odd ones!) of diverse languages, and a comprehensive variety of manual signs. The children, whose perfect proportions were not as yet marred by years, I really fell in love with and pleaded to be permitted to purchase one, a pretty girl of eight summers; but her mother, to her credit be it said, would not hear of any such proposition. The thermometer was standing at 90° in the shade all this time, and I had quite sufficient work to take care of myself. What I should have done with a Mexican piccaninny I cannot bear to conjecture. Neither can I conscientiously recommend any of my young friends who may contemplate travelling in the same direction, to carry off a wife weighing 200 lbs, exclusive of her numerous rings and ornaments, as a memento of that strange land which Joachim Miller apostrophizes as

"Thou Italy of the Occident,
Glorious, gory Mexico!"

We steamed away again, and on our way to Vera Cruz touched off Frontera for passengers, who were hoisted on board from a steamer, for all the world the same as bales of merchandise or a herd of cattle. The current was terrific; we were many miles off shore, and to my mind this novel operation was attended with much danger; but from frequent practice the sailors perform the business with nonchalance and skill, and, in spite of my fears, no accident occurred.

At this period of my travels I was much gratified to make the acquaintance of Mr. Miguel Peon, a planter of jute, and a gentleman of superior attainments, who gave me a most interesting account of the affairs of Southern Mexico. Whatever may be the drawbacks of climate and the relics of ancient barbarism which retard the growth of Mexican interests, my conversation with Mr. Peon convinced me that the acquisition of considerable wealth is by no means an impossibility in the Republic of Mexico, and is, at any rate in some cases, compatible with refinement and good education. By the bye, what a zest for even the dullest travel is afforded one by intercourse with fellow-travellers who have something to say worth hearing, and who know how to say it in the most attractive and engaging manner. On this trip, though it was in an untimely season of the year, I had the good fortune to share the company of General Palmer, well known for many years in connection with railroad enterprise in the Southern States and Mexico; and also that of the Hon. Mr. Morgan, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to Mexico. As I shall have more to say about the latter gentleman in another communication, I must not now allow any digression from the main portion of my narrative.

The Pico de Orizaba is now in full view, though far away inland, six miles north of the city of the same name. Orizaba was a possession of Montezuma, and remained subject to the Aztec kingdom until the Spanish conquest in 1522. The mountain, covered as it is with perpetual snow, rises to a height of 17,176

feet above the level of the sea. Far out in the Gulf of Mexico you see it in the form of a dimly defined white cloud, and until you arrive in the harbour, or what should be the harbour, (for it has none) of Vera Cruz, you find it difficult to believe that the shapeless mass is in reality a snow-capped mountain reaching far beyond the clouds.

My recollections of Vera Cruz, the principal seaport of Mexico, will ever constitute a mixture of sweet and bitter,—the latter probably predominating. It was little advantage to my wearied body that the quaint city reminded me of old Nuremberg in Bavaria, with its antique custom-house and curiously built dwellings and places of business, whilst I suffered purgatory at the hotel Diligencios, and with the mercury away up to blood heat, struggled bravely to make myself clean, happy and comfortable on one diminutive towel a day! Vera Cruz can boast of being the terminus of one of the most wonderful railroads in the world, that to the city of Mexico, which cost \$27,000,000 to construct and was open in 1873. Vera Cruz can also boast of perhaps the most expensive fortress ever built. Yet, despite these engineering prodigies, even the street cars are little patronized, the people being too poor to afford the luxury of a ride. The dreaded yellow fever, too, runs riot here from May till November, and can only be escaped by flying to the more elevated and healthier inland districts. I thought I should catch it from want of proper hotel accommodation, and but for the kind attention of Mr. Ritter and his son *Hans* I should have undoubtedly fallen a prey to at least a fit of despondency, if indeed I had not become a victim of anything else.

I was tired of Vera Cruz, ten minutes after landing, and did not feel the least bit relieved when at intervals of an hour or so during my stay some cracked old church bell clanged forth its exact number of melancholy strokes as a signal for the observance of some gross relic of middle-age superstition.

The Lonja Mercantil de Vera Cruz is the name of a Club at which Mr. Miron, to whom I am indebted for much kindness, entered my name. It is from no feeling of ingratitude to him or to the gentlemen who compose this peculiar institution that I am compelled to say it reminded me forcibly of a large vault, built and equipped at almost the same period and in about the same style as Noah's Ark. The day may come when Mexicans will be able to obtain tasteful furniture at reasonable prices, only present indications are that that much-to-be-desired period is still a long way in the distance. The cities *may* possibly at some remote future period employ human scavengers. At present a very useful and not altogether unornamental biped, the buzzard, holds the contract from the Corporation. Hundreds of these black, shining birds parade the streets, fattening on the offal and refuse of the city. They are respected and protected in proportion to the value of their services; that is, they are simply venerated, and it is a crime entailing severe punishment, to injure one of them.

Vera Cruz boasts a goodly number of resident Consuls and representatives of foreign powers. During my short stay I was grieved to see an instance of most hard-hearted conduct on the part of the German Consul. I was struck by the circumstance the more as Consuls, from the very nature of their office, are usually found to be men of large and liberal views, especially in their dealings with their own countrymen, and should be always ready, when it lies in their power, to succor the distressed. A poor German doctor, of Medina, had suffered the loss of his little all by robbery. His prospects were ruined, and he made his way despairingly to Vera Cruz armed with proper papers authenticating all the circumstances of his case. He was eminently deserving of something more than mere sympathy, but at the hands of the representative of the rule of Kaiser William he received nothing but wanton and gratuitous abuse. The surly response to the narration of his story was, "You had better get out of this city if you do not want to die like a dog." That is the nearest translation I can give of the soothing remarks of the German Consul. I wish no man ill, but I must confess I should be pleased to learn that his superiors had sent this precious official his letter of recall.

D. A. Ansell.

BOYS.

(Concluded.)

But the mustache grows: It comes on very short at the ends, very no longer in the middle and very blonde all round. Whenever you see a mustache do not laugh at it: encourage it, admire it, pray for it; for it is a first. They always come that way. And when in the fulness of time it can be pulled, we know what a boy's hand is made for. It has to be coloured, and there is far more science in colouring a mustache than any meerschaum. The sun that tans Tom's cheeks and blisters his nose, only bleaches his mustache; nothing ever hastens its colour, nothing ever does it any good, nothing but patience and faith and persistent pulling. Certain it is, there is one thing Tom will do, just about this period of his existence; he will fall in love with somebody before his mustache is long enough to wax: perhaps one of the earliest indications of this event, though it does not always break out in the same manner, is a sudden increase in the number and variety of Tom's neck-ties. In his boxes and on his dressing case his mother is constantly startled by the changing and increasing assortment of the display. He wears one of a different colour for each

day in the week, and it is a query to tell whether Tom is trying to express the distracted state of his feelings by his ties, or trying to find a colour that will harmonize with his mustache or match Laura's dress. And during the variegated necktie period of the boy's existence, how tenderly that mustache is coaxed and petted and caressed; how it is brushed to make it lie down and waxed to make it stand out, and how he notes its slow growth and weeps and mourns and prays and swears over it day after weary day; and now, if ever, and generally now, he buys things to make it take colour; Tom buys a beautiful glossy black or brown at one application without stain or injury to the skin, but he never repeats the purchase. Tom has a taste now for immaculate linen and faultless collars, and how he likes tight boots—too tight in the instep, too narrow at the toes, too short at both ends, the only thing about those boots that do not hurt him are the straps—and with these tight boots he goes to see his Laura. He does not know how he gets there, nor does he know that Laura sees him trying to rest one foot by setting it up on the heel and sees him sneak it back under his chair and tilt it up on the toe for a change; she sees him ease the other foot a little by tugging the heel of the boot at the leg of the chair. But never mind—while on the way to the house Tom has composed certain sentences to say to Laura, in order to impress her with his originality and genius. Real romantic expressions you know, not hollow conventional compliments, but such things as no other fellow can say, and he has them all in beautiful order when he gets at the foot of the hill. The remark about the weather to begin with; not the stereotyped old phrase, but something very original and funny; then after the opening overture about the weather, he intends to say something about music and Beethoven's sonata in B flat and Haydn's symphonies and somebody else's mass, in heaven knows how many flats, and a profound thought or two on science and philosophy, and so on to poetry and from poetry to business. But before Tom had reached the gate all these original thoughts had forsaken him to return no more that evening, and he sat with Laura for five minutes without saying a word, when Laura proposed that they should talk of something else. You can see how oft it is that the well laid plans of men and mice gang aft a'glee. Finally he musters up courage to say good evening; this hardly satisfies his idea of what conversation ought to be, so he asks "how is your mother," and then he proceeds to forget every single thing he ever knew in his life. He returns to consciousness to find himself conversing about the crops and a new method of paying Canada's debt, subjects upon which he is as well informed as the town clock, and then he says he thinks it will rain before morning, and at last he rises to go, but he does not go; he does not know how, he says good evening, and then says it again, and shakes hands and catches hold of the door knob and asks Laura if she went to the Centennial or was going to Forepaugh's circus. "No." "Such a pity," he begins, but stops lest she may consider his sympathy a reflection upon her financial standing. Did he go? Yes, yes, that is no; he staid at home, in fact he had not been away this summer; then he looks at the tender little face; he looks at the brown eyes sparkling with suppressed merriment; he looks at the white hands, dimpled and soft, twin daughters of the snow; and the fairy picture grows more lovely as he looks at it until his heart outruns its fear. He must speak, he must say something impressive and meaning, for how can he go away with this suspense in his breast. His heart trembles as does his hand, his quivering lips part, and—he sees Laura yawn; he says good night and is gone. There is a dejected drop to the mustache that night, and his heart is full of sorrow and bitterness; he carries his kid gloves in his pocket, and is so heart-broken that he throws them away, cursing his fate. It appears to him that he has made an ass of himself, and that Laura will never want to see him again; so he manfully makes up his mind never to think of her again, and then proceeds during the whole of that Friday night to think of nothing and nobody else. How the tender face haunts him! He pitches himself into bed with an aimless recklessness that tumbles pillows, bolster and sheets into one shapeless, wild, chaotic mass, and vainly tries to sleep; he stands his pillow up on end and pounds it into a wad, he props his head against it. But he cannot sleep, and he gets up and smokes like a steam-engine, though but three hours before he told Laura he detested tobacco. This state of mind and experience every boy has to go through until the time when he finds Providence on his side, and gets frightened nearly to death by being left alone with Laura in the parlor, and almost without knowing how or why, they talk about life and its realities, of their plans and their day-dreams and of their ideals of real men and women, and the room seems strangely silent when their voices hush—when the flush of earnestness upon her face gives it a tinge of sadness that makes it more beautiful than ever; when the picture of a home Eden and home life and home love grows every moment more lovely, more entrancing to him until Tom speaks without knowing what he is going to say, —speaks without preparation or rehearsal,—speaks, and his honest, natural manly heart touches his lips with an eloquence and tenderness that all the rhetoric in the world cannot inspire, and—well, that is all we know about it. Nobody knows how it is said or done—nobody, only the silent stars or the whispering leaves or the cat or Laura's younger brother or the hired girl who generally comes in just as Tom reaches the climax. But we do know that Tom does not come away so early that night, and that when he reaches the door he holds a pair of dimpled hands instead of the door-knob. He only holds that

door-knob when Laura's ma has been so kind as to bring in her sewing and spend the evening with them. And Tom doesn't hate anybody, and feels as good as if he had come out of a six months' revival, and is happy enough to borrow money of his worst enemy. But there is no rose without a thorn, and I am of the opinion that there are in this world a good many thorns without their attendant roses, and very sharp thorns too. Tom's thorn now is—to see his Laura's father. Some how or other he had a rose-coloured idea that the thing was to go right along in this way forever—he was to sit and hold Laura's hands and pa was to stay down in the office and ma was to come into the parlour but seldom—but this could not be, and Tom dreads it, and Laura does not like to see an expression of fear on Tom's face, and her coral lips quiver a little as she hides her face out of sight on Tom's shoulder and tells him how kind and tender pa has always been with her until Tom's feels positively jealous of pa—and she tells him he must not dread going to see him—and he goes to the office to see him. And sees him and romantically says: "Sir, you have a flower, a tender lovely blossom, chaste as the snow on the mountain's top, fresh as the breath of morn, pure as the lily kissed by dew. This precious blossom, watched by your paternal eyes, the object of your tender care and solicitude, I ask of you. I would wear it in my heart and guard and cherish, and the—" "Oh yes, yes," the old man says quietly, thinking Tom is a little tight—"Oh yes, yes, I don't know much about them myself; my wife and the girls generally keep half the windows in the house littered up with them, winter and summer, every window so full of house plants the sun can't shine in. Come up to the house, they'll give you all you can carry away, give you a hat full of them." "No, no," says Tom; "You don't understand. It isn't that. I want—I want to marry your daughter." And there it is at last, as bluntly as though Tom had wadded it into a gun and shot it at the old man. Pa does not say anything for twenty seconds. Tom tells Laura that evening that it was two hours and a half before her father opened his head. Then he says—"Yes, yes, to be sure," and then a dreadful pause. "Yes, yes. Well I don't know—I don't know about that. Have you said anything to Mollie about it?" "It isn't Mollie"—Tom manages to gasp out—"It's—" "Oh, Sallie? Oh, well, I don't"—"No, sir," interposes poor Tom—"it's Laura." "Laura? why Laura is too young." As they sit and stand there, looking at each other—the dingy old office, with the heavy shadows lurking in every corner with its time-worn heavy brown furnishings, with the scanty dash of sunlight breaking in through the dusty window, looks like a painting by Rubens—the beginning and ending of a race—the old man ready to lay his armor off glad to be so nearly and so safely through with the race and the fight of life that Tom, in all his inexperience and with all the rash enthusiasm and conceit of a young man, is just getting ready to run and fight or fight and run—you can never tell which until he is through with it. And the old man, looking at Tom and through him and past him, feels his old heart throb almost as quickly as does that of the young man before him. For, looking down a long vista of happy years he sees a tender face kindled with blushes—he feels a soft hand drop into his own with its timid pressure—he remembers strolling with her through the ferny woods—he remembers lingering on the old bridge—lingering there while he gazes into eyes eloquent in their silent love-light, he remembers all these things and now sees Tom following in his footsteps and tells him he will see him again in the morning. And so Tom and Laura are duly and formally engaged: and the very first thing they do, is to make the very sensible, though very uncommon resolution to so conduct themselves that no one will ever suspect it. And they succeed admirably. No one ever does suspect it. They shun all other people when church is dismissed and are seen to go home alone the longest way. No one *suspects* they are engaged, every one *knows* it. They walk along the river bank under the accommodating shade of one umbrella for which there is frequently no necessity, and at picnics or strawberry festivals they are not often missed as they are always sitting under a tree holding each other's hands, gazing into each other's eyes and saying—nothing. When he throws her shawl over her shoulders he never looks at what he is doing but looks straight into her starry eyes, throws the shawl right over her head, and then there is what a military man would call—a report at head-quarters. When they come through the Victoria Bridge, one would think on arriving at daylight and the station that Laura had been through a railroad accident and Tom looks as red as possible. When they drive out they sit very close—but long years afterwards a street car isn't too wide for them. And so the engagement runs on and the wedding day dawns, fades, and the wedding is over. And the father for a moment finds his daughter Laura alone—his daughter who is going away out of the home whose love she knows, into a home whose tenderness and patience are all untried—he holds her in his arms and whispers the most fervent blessing that ever throbbed from a father's heart and Laura's wedding day would be still incomplete without her tears in which she is joined by her good mother, whom she will remember as the tender shadows of a dream; that mother's kind face with its smile of loving care now resting in the grave, and Laura—but there remains the memory of the mother-love that glistened in the tender eyes now closed in darkness, and of the nerveless hands, crossed in dreamless sleep upon the pulseless breast that will never again caress her loved children—and Laura will remember all the more her mother's kind words. However, to speak of the presents Laura and Tom

got on their wedding day—they of course had the usual assortment of cheap plated ware—a great many duplicates as usual. An assortment of brackets, serviceable, ornamental and—cheap. A French clock, that never went, that does not go, that never will go. Nine sets of salt cellars, eleven mustard spoons—four castors, three cigar stands for Tom, six match safes of various patterns. A dozen tidies, charity fair or bazaar style, made by Laura's dearest friend and with the wonderful picture on them of a blue dog on a yellow background (not backyard) barking at a green boy climbing over a red fence to steal pink apples. They also got five things of which they did not know the names and never could find anybody to tell what they were for; and a fifty cent nickel plated corkscrew. They return from their honeymoon and go to work to buy everything they need, the very day they go to housekeeping: everything—just as well, Tom says, to get everything at once as it is to spend ten or twenty years stocking up a house as his father did. And Laura thinks so too, and she wonders and is pleased that Tom should know so much more than his father. This seems funny to Tom himself and he never rightly understands how it is until he is forty-five or fifty years old and has a Tom of his own to direct and advise him. So they make out a list and revise it and rewrite it, until they have everything down complete, and it is not until supper is ready the first day that they discover there isn't a tea-spoon in the house. And the first day the washerwoman comes, and the water is hot, and the clothes are all ready, they discover that there isn't a wash-tub nearer than the general's grocery. And later in the day they find out that, while Tom has bought a clothes' line long enough to reach to the North Pole and back, they have not a single clothes' pin. And in the course of a week or two, Tom slowly awakens to the realization of the fact that he has only begun to get. And if he should live two thousand years, which he is not likely to do, he would think of something just before he died, of something they had wanted in the worst way for many a year, and had either been too poor to get or Tom had forgotten to bring home. Tom goes on bringing home things they need—absolute simple necessities that were never put down in that wonderful list they made out when they began housekeeping, and the years roll on; old Father Time knows that Tom will never get through bringing things home, and so old Time helps Tom and brings things too. A few gray hairs from time to time, and little cares, and troubles, and trials, and butchers' bills, and grocers' bills, and tailors' bills, and large millinery bills. Old Father Time brings bye-and-bye the baby fingers which pat the mother's cheek—and brings, perhaps, a voiceless messenger that lays its icy fingers on the baby lips, and hushes their dainty prattle, and in the baptism of its first sorrow, the darkened home suffers. Bye-and-bye come the tracks of a boy's muddy boots scattered up and down the clean porch; the younger Tom now goes to college, and the quiet the boy leaves behind him is much harder to endure than the noise. But old Time brings him home at last, and it does make life seem terribly real and earnest to the father, and how the old laugh rings out and ripples all over Laura's face, when they see the mustache budding out on young Tom's face. And still old Time comes around, bringing each year brighter beams of silver to glint the brown of the mother's hair; old Time comes bringing the blessings of peaceful old age and a love-locked home to crown these noble, earnest, real, mortal lives, marred, perhaps, with human faults, scarred with human troubles, and crowned with the compassion that only perfection can send upon imperfection. Time comes with happy memories, with the changing scenes of day and night, with winter's storm and summer's calm, until finally, the sweep of the scythe cuts old Tom down and the cycle of a life is complete, and young Tom takes his father's place,—and now old Time tells me it is time to stop.

Geo. Rothwell.

POPULAR PERSONS.

No matter where you go, you will always find persons who are universally popular and are called "popular men." Now, a man to be popular must have the faculty of observation very largely developed and must know how to say or do the right thing at the right time. On first acquaintance you will find that he is silent rather than talkative and by this reticence fortifies his position in two ways. In the first place he notices and learns the peculiar idiosyncrasies or characteristics of those to whom he has been introduced and remembers them for use at a future opportunity; and by being silent and listening to others with apparent delight, he gratifies their vanity and self-love, leading them to believe that they are making very interesting or amusing remarks.

Further the popular man always endeavours to inform himself as to the past actions or relatives of those with whom he is likely to meet; he can therefore, remind you with judicious tact of some past success that you may have achieved—this pleases and shows that he has watched your past career and of course makes you feel prouder and more important than if you had discovered that nobody even knew your name. The popular man rarely "puts his foot in it" in society—he never asks you "who that exceedingly plain lady opposite is" giving you the pleasant task of informing him that she is your wife—no he, never makes mistakes like these, but always manages to know, perhaps by intuition, that she is your wife.

You will also find that the popular man is not too clever, or if he is, he does not allow you to see that he is possessed of more brains than you are; should he disclose this fact, it would make you feel small and though you might not show it, you would be impressed with the fact that you could not compete with him and would therefore be disinclined to like him. It is very seldom, and when it is the case, it is only by exercising the greatest tact that a really clever man is or will remain popular: if the clever man strikes out a line for himself he is subjected to severe criticism, as those who are self-sufficient find their vanity hurt by being beaten in the race and left in the shade, so they immediately proceed, with microscopic eyes, to pick flaws and detect faults and defects in the clever one who is their superior and whom they are anxious in their mean jealousy to lower in the estimation of others by discovering and attracting attention to the weak points in his character. Therefore you will never find that the "popular man" excels in anything, as to excel or to show pride in your excellence at once arouses bad feelings in the hearts and minds of others and is the most direct course to lose the reputation of being a "popular man." So if you wish to be popular in the above sense of the expression, you must keep any extraordinary abilities or cleverness concealed.

But is it not a questionable position to hold or occupy, that of being popular? Must not a man who is popular with every body be a humbug and a big one? How is it possible to agree with the views held by opposite factions? If he is of opinion that one side are correct in their views how can he being of the opinion that the other side are mistaken in theirs? And if he should happen to state his belief to those with whom he disagreed, surely he would lose his popularity with that side; and if he pretends to agree with them, he is, as we have stated above nothing but a humbug, although a pleasant one.

The popular man never was and never will be a back-biter; he never says an ill-natured thing of another behind that person's back and is remarkable for endeavouring to find excuses even for a stranger and makes every one feel that his name or reputation will not be needlessly tampered with; this is one of the redeeming features of the popular man and in him is only equalled, if equalled, by his willingness to exhibit sympathy with those in suffering or who may have a grievance. It may be safely asserted that to listen to a weary and doleful tale of troubles or to have detailed in one's ears the whole history of a family trial or a business failure, and also to encourage people to enlarge upon the sufferings they have undergone, is the surest and an almost unfailing means of gaining popularity. A person in trouble likes to pass the time with a popular man, it gives a sense of relief and quietness and kindness as you sit and talk over your troubles and makes you feel as if you had a friend and you are therefore generously disposed towards him. If a person informs you curtly and in a "business-like manner" that he does not want to be bothered with your troubles, that he can not help you, that he supposes you have brought it on yourself, that you must grin and bear it and that he has troubles also—you feel in your heart that he is a brute and that he will never be popular. We have enumerated a few of the principal sources or causes of popularity and not one of them appears to be hard to practise or difficult of attainment, but it is strange that phrenologically we are told that those who are anxious to acquire popularity, are those who possess the organ of love of approbation largely developed, whose individuality is small, conscientiousness rather quiescent and whose mental energy is neither very active nor very progressive.

Aggie Fern.

The world turns itself about the soul as a serpent doth about an eagle, to hinder its flight upward and sting it to death.—Bishop Horne.

APOSTROPHE TO TIME.

Swing on old pendulum of the world,
Forever and forever,
Keeping the time of suns and stars,
The march that endeth never.
Your monotone speaks joy and grief,
And failures and endeavour,
Swing on, old pendulum, to and fro,
Forever and forever.

Long as you swing shall earth be glad,
And man be partly good and bad,
And each hour that passes by,
A thousand souls be born and die,
Die from the earth to live, we trust,
Unshackled, unalloyed with dust,
Long as you swing shall wrong come right
As sure as morning follows night,
The days go wrong, the ages never;
Swing on old pendulum—swing on forever.

—Shelley.

Chess.

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

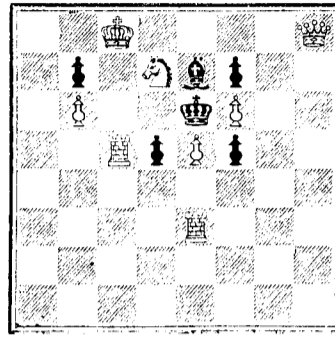
Montreal, August 14th. 1880.

CANADIAN SPECTATOR PROBLEM TOURNEY.

SET No. 11. MOTTO: *Opera's Rule.*

PROBLEM No. XXVI.

BLACK.

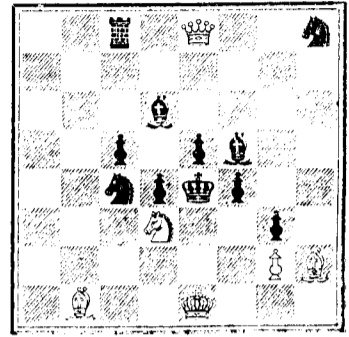


WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. XXVII.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO TOURNEY SET No. 8.—Cladstone.

PROBLEM No. 88.—Q to Q 4.

Correct solution received from: J.W.S., "Too simple for a Tourney problem."

PROBLEM No. 89.

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

PROBLEM No. 90.—"Honour to whom honour is due."

We are not yet at liberty to publish the solution of this problem, but it shall appear in a week or two. The solutions of all the prize problems are reserved until the final award of the judges has been made.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. S. S. CROYDON GUARDIAN.—The two problems sent for CANADIAN SPECTATOR appear to be unsound, the first admitting of several solutions, while the second seems unsolvable. Perhaps the positions have not been correctly given. Would you kindly examine them, and make the required corrections? We should then be glad to insert one or both of them.

CHESS INTELLIGENCE.

A correspondent of the Holyoke Transcript says:—"I should not be sorry to see at least half the chess columns in America drop out. So far from helping the 'cause,' I believe they absorb a great deal of the support that would otherwise help to sustain a first-class chess magazine, such as we ought to have. Furthermore, with so many editors hunting for original matter, it is easy for ambitious young players to get their poor games and problems into print, while even a first-class problemist is so besieged with applications for something, that he frequently sends off his idea before it is worked into the best possible shape. Thus we find an enormous quantity of original chess matter printed every year, but the quality is much below what it ought to be, and what it would be if contributions had to pass before a fearless and able editor. I suppose that not more than thirty or forty per cent. of the original matter appearing in current chess columns would be admitted into a first-class magazine."

The editor of the Transcript comments on this as follows:—"The above letter was drawn forth by an intimation from us that we should probably discontinue our column Feb. 1, 1881, at the expiration of its third year. With a chess column in the St. Louis Globe Democrat, Cincinnati Commercial News, New York City Times, Field and Farm, Hartford Times, and Montreal Spectator, we consider, with our correspondent, that the whole field would be covered. We should like to hear the views of all our chess columns upon this subject, and will be one of the first to drop out to make way for a first-class American Chess Journal, conducted by the best of talent."

[In reply to the appeal of our contemporary, we would say that though we agree in some measure with what he and his correspondent have written, yet we fear that there is one drawback to the scheme proposed, which has not been considered. If the chess columns be reduced in number, the matter in each must be greatly increased; and as this would involve an increase of labour to the chess editor, no one competent for the position could be induced to accept this extra labour without a pecuniary compensation, which, under the present regime, very few editors receive, and still fewer proprietors are disposed to give.—CHESS EDITOR, *pro tem.*]

We understand that Mr. L. Schüll, of Liverpool, England, who was for nearly a quarter of a century one of the champions of the Liverpool Atheneum, has been playing with great success in some of the Ontario Chess Clubs. We hope Mr. Schüll may be tempted to visit Montreal.

THE BRUNSWICK TOURNAMENT.—By private advice we learn the result of this Tourney. The 1st prize has been taken by Louis Paulsen; the 2nd by Wm. Riemann; while there is a tie for 3rd and 4th prizes, Messrs. Minckwitz, Schwarz and Wemmers having equal scores.

The New York America makes the sensible suggestion that the next American Chess Congress be held in the great central city of the country, Cincinnati. It says:—"If the newly-organized National Chess Association is to be a living, actual power in the chess world, it must be kept before the public. There is to be a tournament in this city in 1883, under its auspices, but this is not enough. There should be an annual National Tourney held each year, in a different city. We suggest to the Association that in the coming winter the first annual Tournament of the Association be held, and we propose the city of Cincinnati as the locality. The prizes need be small, and consist entirely of trophies to be held absolutely when won. We hope to see this idea grow until a National Tournament shall have been held in every American city of importance."



GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

NOTICE.

TO ACCOMMODATE RETURN SATURDAY EXCURSION TICKET-HOLDERS, a SPECIAL TRAIN

is arranged to run from Vaudreuil to Montreal on AUGUST 2nd, 9th, 16th, 23rd and 30th, leaving Vaudreuil at 7.15; St. Anne's, 7.25; Beaconsfield, 7.35; Pointe Claire, 7.40; Valois, 7.45; Dorval, 7.53; Lachine Bank, 7.57; arriving at Montreal, 8.15 a.m.

JOSEPH HICKSON, General Manager. Montreal, July 31st, 1880.



GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

NOTICE.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, JUNE 28th, Trains will run as follows:—

For Gorham and Portland.....	7.30 a.m.
For Gorham, Portland Quebec and I.C.R. Points.....	10.00 p.m.
For Island Pond.....	3.15 "
For (Mixed).....	7.00 a.m.
For St. Hyacinthe and Intermediate Stations.....	5.15 p.m.
For Boston and New York.....	6.30 "
For St. Johns and Points South.....	3.20 "
For St. Lambert.....	6.10 "

JOSEPH HICKSON, General Manager. Montreal, June 24th, 1880.



GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

NOTICE.

THE SPECIAL TRAINS ADVERTISED to leave Cacouna on Mondays and Fridays will not be run after this date.

JOSEPH HICKSON, General Manager. Montreal, June 25th, 1880.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

NOTICE.

A DINING CAR

will be run on the Express Train, leaving Montreal for the West at 9.30 a.m., on and after MONDAY NEXT, the 14th instant, returning by the Day Express.

JOSEPH HICKSON, General Manager. Montreal, June 10th, 1880.

Midland Railway of Canada,

AND

WHITBY, PORT PERRY and LINDSAY R. R.

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS.

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

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Peterborough, Fenelon Falls, Kinmount, Minden, Orillia, Lindsay, Haliburton, Midland, and Wau-bashene, connecting with fast steamers for Parry Sound and Byng Inlet,

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GEO. A. COX, Managing Director, M. R. of C. JAS. HOLDEN, Managing Director, W., P. F., & L. Ry.

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FIRE PROOF SAFES,

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

CHANGE OF TIME.

COMMENCING ON

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23, 1880,

Trains will run as follows:

	Mixed.	Mail.	Express
Leave Hochelaga for Hull.....	1.00 AM	8.30 AM	5.15 PM
Arrive at Hull.....	10.30 "	12.40 PM	9.25 "
Leave Hull for Hochelaga.....	1.00 "	8.20 AM	5.05 "
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	10.30 "	12.30 PM	9.15 "
Lve Hochelaga for Quebec.....	6.00 PM	10.00 PM	3.00 "
Arrive at Quebec.....	8.00 "	6.30 AM	9.25 "
Lve Quebec for Hochelaga.....	5.30 "	9.30 PM	10.10 AM
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	8.00 AM	6.30 AM	4.40 PM
Leave Hochelaga for St. Jerome.....	5.30 PM	Mixed.....	
Arrive at St. Jerome.....	7.15 "		
Leave St. Jerome for Hochelaga.....		6.45 AM	
Arrive at Hochelaga.....		9.00 "	

(Local Trains between Hull and Aylmer.)

Trains leave Mile End Station seven minutes later. Magnificent Palace Cars on all Passenger Trains, and Elegant Sleeping Cars on Night Trains. Trains to and from Ottawa connect with Trains to and from Quebec.

Sunday Trains leave Montreal and Quebec at 7 p.m. All Trains run by Montreal time.

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TICKET OFFICE:

13 PLACE D'ARMES, } MONTREAL.
202 ST. JAMES STREET,
OPPOSITE ST. LOUIS HOTEL, QUEBEC.

L. A. SENEAL, Gen'l Supt.



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

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L. A. SENEAL, General Superintendent.



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

NOTICE.

COMMENCING SUNDAY, MAY 16th, and on each succeeding SUNDAY, until further notice, an EXPRESS TRAIN, with PALACE CAR attached, will leave HOCHELAGA for QUEBEC at 4.00 p.m., and a similar train will leave QUEBEC for MONTREAL at same hour, arriving at destination at 10.30 p.m.

L. A. SENEAL, General Superintendent.

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

ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, the 15th MAY, SATURDAY EXCURSION TICKETS will be issued at

ONE SINGLE FIRST-CLASS FARE, good to return from HULL and all intermediate stations by first Train on MONDAY MORNING, and from QUEBEC and all intermediate stations by SUNDAY EVENING Train.

L. A. SENEAL, General Superintendent.

Montreal, May 12th, 1880.

W. S. WALKER, B.C.L.,

BARRISTER, ADVOCATE, &c.

Commissioner for Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Manitoba.

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First-class Fare to Ottawa..... \$2.50
Do. return do..... 4.00
Second-class Fare to Ottawa..... 1.50

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DOWN THE RAPIDS EVERY AFTERNOON

Take 5 p.m. train for Lachine. Fare for Round Trip, 50c.

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Leave Bonaventure Depot by 2 p.m. train (or an earlier train) for St. Anne's, returning home by steamer "Prince of Wales" via Rapids. Fare for Round Trip, 80c from Montreal. Tickets at Company's Office, 13 Bonaventure street, or the Grand Trunk Railway Offices and Depot.

R. W. SHEPHERD, President.

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All sufferers from this disease that are anxious to be cured should try Dr. Kissner's Celebrated Consumptive Powders. These Powders are the only preparation known that will cure Consumption and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs—indeed, so strong is our faith in them—and also to convince that they are no humbug—we will forward to every sufferer, by mail, post paid, a free Trial box. We don't want your money until you are perfectly satisfied of their curative powers. If your life is worth saving, don't delay in giving these Powders a trial, as they will surely cure you.

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A splendid Exhibit will be made of the products of Manitoba and Indian Curiosities from the Great North-West.

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S. C. STEVENSON,

Secretary, C. of A. and Mfs.

OR TO

GEO. LECLERE,

Secretary, C. of Agr.

Montreal, 2nd August, 1880,