

The Canadian Spectator.

VOL. I, No. 46.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1878.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

ZION CHURCH, MONTREAL.
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OVER-DEVOTION TO BUSINESS—WHAT IT
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ANTHEM—For unto us a child is born.

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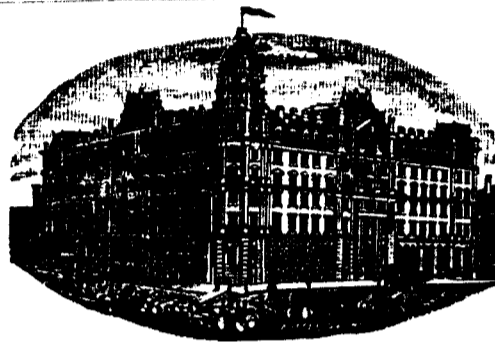
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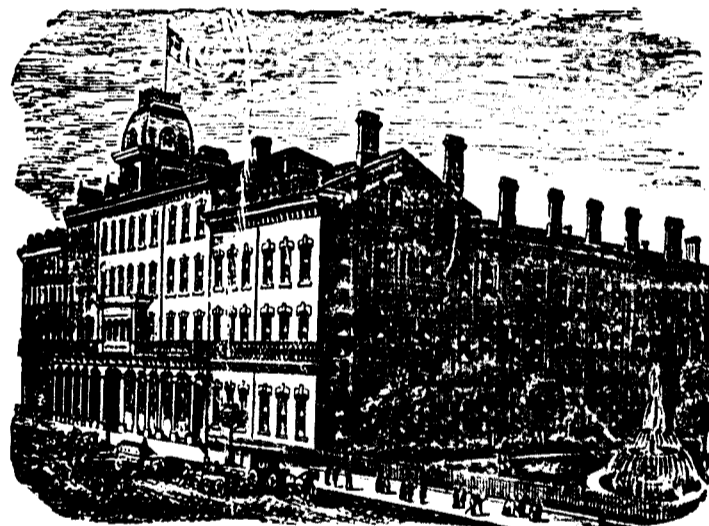
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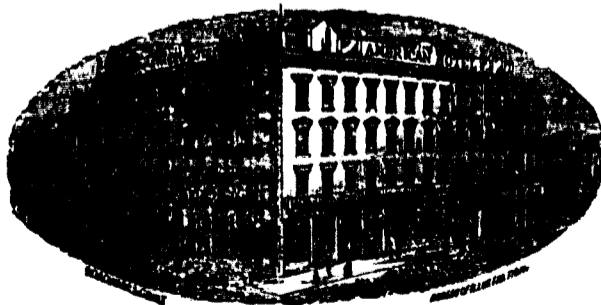
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SUBJECT—"La Peinture en Hollande et en Angle-
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THE TIMES.

Mr. Tilley has gone to England to negotiate a new loan to replace maturing obligations. Whether it is true or not that he has been compelled to act in this precipitate way on account of Mr. Cartwright having neglected to make earlier provision for the debentures falling due, certain it is that Mr. Tilley has got a difficult task to perform. He has to visit where Mr. Cartwright visited when over on a similar mission, and to consult those whom Mr. Cartwright consulted, and it is more than likely that they will remember some of the criticisms passed upon them in the House by the Conservatives. This would tell against Mr. Tilley if everything else were favourable. But everything else is unfavourable. The complications in the East; the Halifax Fishery dispute; the panic caused by the failure of the Glasgow Bank, and the general depression of trade, will make it hard for Mr. Tilley to persuade English capitalists to invest in Colonial bonds. It would be foolish to expect that so good a bargain can be made now as was possible when Mr. Cartwright undertook to negotiate a loan. Then the times were good, money was freely ventured and confidence was firm; now the whole case is different, and Mr. Tilley will find it so. Let us be careful not to expect too great things from those we have put in power.

Our leaders are at Ottawa giving form to the great National Policy. We are most anxious to see it put to work, for the prosperity promised has not begun to appear.

The result of the late elections in the United States will hardly help to make things smooth for Sir John A. Macdonald and his protective, or retaliatory, tariff. The increased strength of the Republicans means more effort against the interests of Canada.

The Municipal Corporation of Montreal is likely to lose the bit of respect we have entertained for it. The Mayor charges the City Auditor with having over-accepted warrants in favour of the Road Committee at the rate of \$80,000—and the Treasurer with having paid the same. The City Auditor denies, putting in a statement which looks correct and clear; but the Mayor persists in his accusation. Now the Mayor's charge is a serious one, and should either be proved or withdrawn with apologies. The City Auditor and the City Treasurer should demand an investigation.

But many of us would like to know what Alderman Clendinneng meant, when he said he "believed there were men in the city whose names were very bright, but who ought to hang their heads low for the part they took in this and kindred contracts." It is evident that between "bright names" and heads hanging low there is a considerable difference, and it must mean that if we knew all we should despise the men to whom we now give honour. Come, Mr. Alderman, let us know what you mean, and to whom you refer. "Bright names?" and they have had to do with "this and kindred contracts?" that is almost personal. Tell the whole thing out, Mr. Clendinneng if you mean to "clear" your "skirts."

We have fallen upon strange times. Awhile ago the Montreal *Witness* took to preaching on eating and exercise as man's highest good—then the *Globe* took up the pious rôle, which the *Witness* had got to despise, and lectured the Conservatives for their general lack of religion, as shown by the fact that they have put off the day of thanksgiving. The *Globe* hints that the piety of the Tories is of a poor

sort, and that they want to offer thanks for their own political triumph rather than for the good of Providence to the country. Then uprose the *Gazette* in great anger, and said to the *Globe*, "you're another." I agree with the *Gazette*. The Tories put off—or did not bring on—the day of thanksgiving for fear it might be construed "into a national glorification of their own accession to power;" and because they thus yielded to the impulse of modesty, and also desired to wait until our new Governor-General should be with us to share in our thanksgiving, "they are told that their piety is inferior to that of the Liberals." The *Gazette* is right in combatting the charge; it is shameful. I would suggest arbitration.

And so, the national thanksgiving is waiting for the coming of the new Governor-General. We are to have flunkeyism after all, it appears. Our praises wait for the Marquis and the Princess, so that the religion, or rather, the ecclesiasticism of the Dominion is already paying homage. Throughout the country elaborate preparation is going on for the reception. At Halifax the authorities are quarrelling over it already. Some want to spend a great deal of money, and some are opposed to that; Lieutenant-Governor Archibald invited the illustrious comers to stay at the Government House—but he took the old-fashioned method of writing, while Vice-Admiral Sir E. A. Inglefield offered the Admiralty House, by telegraphic message, which last reached the Marquis first, and was accepted. Where the Marquis shall land is another question which those in power find it difficult to decide; indeed, they cannot decide who is in power at Halifax. At Montreal there will be an address, a general holiday, a torchlight procession, &c., &c. We had better have the day for thanksgiving soon after the arrival of the Princess and her husband, just to remind us that there is a God who feeds the people and Governor-Generals.

The experiences of an editor are many and varied. I have conducted this journal now for nearly a year without any remuneration whatever, except the insight I get into the character of the people. Here is a specimen of one day's mail: A card—a *postal card*, for all to read—of date Nov. 11, 1878, Toronto,

DEAR SIR,—Although I have paid for the SPECTATOR for twelve months, or up till April next, yet I would rather you would not send it any longer. I regard it as a lot of unmitigated twaddle, sometimes little else than poor, conceited drivel. I consider the editor an ass. R. L. PATTERSON.

By the same post as that which brings me the brave postal card of Mr. Patterson, I get a letter from

THE GRANGE, TORONTO.

"I am glad to see that your SPECTATOR makes way. It is a most wholesome addition to the Canadian press," &c., &c.

And this from a clergyman in Kingston, whom all who know respect:

We are all pleased with your brilliant and witty short pieces ("the Times") in the SPECTATOR. The sermons, too, are very good, especially the Prodigal Son. We all and Miss M. read it with pleasure and discuss it well.

J. A. ALLEN.

I hope Mr. Smith and Mr. Allen will pardon me for the use I have made of their letters, and that Mr. Patterson will be looked after by his friends.

The *Canadian Independent* has been moved to "insert reluctantly" "a communication in regard to an article in the CANADIAN SPECTATOR on 'Ministers Wives,' and which the editor of that journal has declined to publish." Now I think it would have been just as well if the *Independent* had stated that I declined to publish the letter of "A Layman," because the said "Layman" refused to send his name, and I simply observed a rule adopted at the first, and kept until now. I presume the Editor of the *Independent* would have declined to publish the letter if "Layman" had not sent his name along with it. But this I can promise: I will at no time allow any man, lay or otherwise, to say over a *nom de plume* that the Editor of the *Independent* only required the name of the writer of a letter "to make him the mark for the next mud-throwing." The writer must be what the *Independent* says of "Quien Sabe," or else he is aware that the giving of his name is not safe for himself.

But will the *Independent* tell me when the SPECTATOR informed him that "Quien Sabe" was *not* a Congregational minister." I thought that the SPECTATOR had given no information on that head. And if the *Independent* will look again he will find that when I said that "the remonstrances which had rained upon me had been called forth by the fact that 'Quien Sabe' has been speaking some plain words in truth," I was referring to criticisms on the Toronto pulpit, and not to "Ministers Wives."

The position taken by the United States Government in the matter of the Halifax Fisheries' Award is the most contemptible ever assumed by the Government of a civilized people. It is difficult to believe that such a thing could occur in this nineteenth century. An arbitration was demanded, was agreed to, and now is disputed by the party most eager for it at first. An issue has been raised by Mr. Secretary Evarts as to the Newfoundland dispute, which can have no possible bearing upon the Halifax award. But, the *Yankees* know that if they repudiate the award, England will not go to war to recover damages; and that, as the *Times* puts it, "they have nothing to fear save loss of the national self-respect and the uncomplimentary surprise of old-world nations." Those losses will not trouble them at all, for as a nation they have not yet begun to cultivate the sense of "self-respect."

The *World* tells a good story and moralises well on it thus:—

"When the Scotch papers described what manner of men the City of Glasgow Bank directors were, a little fact came out which I hope will not be lost sight of. I call particular attention to it, because it looks more like a jest than the grim fact which it is. One of the directors always most sternly refused to read a Monday's newspaper, because it had to be printed on the Sabbath-day. This is almost like the jest that in Scotland the hens are not allowed to lay eggs on Sunday. A Scotchman whom I know informs me that he was carefully trained as a boy to be a bank director, for he was not allowed to whistle to his dog on the Lord's day. He might call it in English, or call it in Gaelic, but whistling was devilish. It is to be hoped that the present exposure may have a good effect in reducing to its absurdity the Sabbatarianism which is the opprobrium of Scotch religion. These Scotch elders devour widows' houses without compunction, but they excommunicate a compositor who has an engagement on a daily paper, and therefore has to work on Sundays."

The Bishop of Peterborough is a sensible, as well as an eloquent man. His last proposal is good and should be carried out in the interests of Episcopal order and harmony. Seeing the impossibility of ever inducing the clergy to agree respecting the vestments rubric, he has suggested that it would be better to do away with it altogether and frame a new one. The only difficulty is that there is just as little likelihood of the clergy being at one on the new rubric, as there is of agreement on the old. And then the question comes, why not go further? Revise the Prayer-Book, and then there would be no further need for such farcical legislation as we had in the Public Worship Act.

The great English Earl has once again lifted up his voice at the banquet given by the Lord Mayor of London, and again he has spoken swelling words to the people. The banquet was opportune, for those who had been most confident were growing a little dubious about their inspired Grand Vizier, the logic of events making some impression on them. But once more they have been assured—India cannot be attacked, because every possible foe is too remote to allow of it; although the north-western frontier is not quite safe, and will need rectification—and invasion would be possible if Asia Minor and the Euphrates valley were held by a very strong or a very weak power, and Turkey is to be placed there as being neither the one nor the other. Yet, all but those blinded by the glitter of the Earl's phrases can see that Turkey will make herself strong by forming alliances with other powers at the first possible moment. And then once more the Earl announces that England will stand by the Berlin Treaty, though the other signatories should withdraw, and declares his readiness to appeal with confidence to the people to support the Government in maintaining the treaty "with all their energy and resources." If war is not brought about after all it will not be from any lack of indiscretion and bombast on the part of the Earl.

Dr. Butt, M. P. for Limerick, has issued an address to the electors of that city, which is virtually an appeal to the Home Rulers, not to carry on a policy of obstruction in the British House of Commons. Dr. Butt declares that for the Irish people to adopt, or encourage the policy proclaimed in the resolutions adopted at the Rotunda meeting in Dublin on the 22nd of October, would be simply suicidal. And he is right. The Obstructionists have made themselves ridiculous and contemptible in the House of Commons and in the country. Their policy can never advance, but will always work against their cause; and the sooner they listen to Dr. Butt and cultivate common sense and ordinary honesty the better for them and the people they represent.

EDITOR.

THE FUTURE RELATIONS OF CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

A great deal of anxiety is manifested in the political circles of Great Britain as to the mind of Canada toward the United States. Many profess to see in the result of our late elections, and the adoption of what is called a "National Policy," or a protective tariff, the introduction of the thin end of the wedge which shall separate us from the mother country. They seem to think that we hold our present relations lightly; that we are looking out for an opportunity to do well unto ourselves, and would disturb the existing condition of things if it would pay. The first answer is that in Canada there is a wide, and deep, and intense loyalty to Great Britain. The French portion of the population being Catholic can have nothing to gain by such a change of political relation. In the Province of Ontario the Roman Catholic Church has all the freedom and privileges it could ever hope to have from an American Government—it has more than it could reasonably claim in the Province of Quebec. So that the French need not be reckoned upon as friends of the scheme of annexation.

The Irish have not much love for England; they are eternally talking of their old grievances, their famine, their disabilities, and such like things. But they know well enough that they have nothing to gain by a change of government; for they are as free here as they are in the United States to talk any amount of treason; they can advocate "Home Rule," or "Repeal," or any other absurdity to their heart's content. Orators like Father Graham may stand up and indulge in the wildest dreams about the good time coming, when Ireland shall not merely be free from British misrule and oppression, but shall have its revenge slaked in the blood of its ancient foes, and sway a triumphant sceptre; they are free to cheer the fine sentiments of the rev. lecturer, when he predicts the speedy loss of Britain's commercial supremacy, when "her colonies will separate from her, and gradually, but surely, the process of dissolution will advance when the hour of destiny will strike her doom, and history write *Britannia fuit*. And then, we shall see such an uprising of the Irish race as the world has never witnessed before," when those Irish exiles may return with a vengeance to visit England with "another Fontenoy." None of our people get frightened at the possible results of such outbursts of rhetoric. We know that the Irish are poetic and given to occasional dreaming, but we are sure that they are loyal and mean no harm. They can worship themselves and wait for the glorious future under their own vine and fig tree.

The Scotch are British in thought and in sentiment. They have no desire for change; they would not entertain the proposal. They sing "God Save the Queen" as bravely as they sing "Auld lang Syne." They do not talk of England, but of "Britain." They believe that Scotland is the mother of England, and of the greater portion of the civilized world. To separate from Britain would mean separation from Scotland; it would mean a political transformation into that peculiar thing which is neither fish nor flesh nor good red herring—a "Yankee." What have they to gain by the process? glory to their venerable traditions? more freedom for the exercise of their faith? a government of which they can be more proud? a fountain head of politics more clear and healthy? The answer is a simple *no*. For a people proud of their history, of their heroes and their saints; for a people who by nature and education incline to a constitutional Government, there is nothing inviting in the prospect of annexation to the United States.

For the English portion of the population a word will be sufficient;—they are not American in their tastes or proclivities. So that the question is narrowed to the mere matter of business relations. The ecclesiastical, social, and political leanings of the people are in the opposite direction; but the question is fairly raised: Are there not commercial reasons for annexation so powerful and convincing that all other arguments must yield to them?

It is true that a Zollverein—a method of dividing the year's customs duties between the two peoples—has been discussed as a thing that is feasible. The late Hon. John Young advocated this, and the policy has now the powerful support of Prof. Goldwin Smith. The thing in itself is simple enough. We are divided from the United States by a line on the maps which cannot possibly be guarded everywhere. While the tariffs differ there will be smuggling, and rivalry in trade. But the moment this Zollverein is tested the difficulty of adopting it is seen to be great, if not impossible.

A Zollverein between Canada and the United States would not be possible on the grounds that the Americans are *Yankees*. However good and estimable individual Americans may be, it is a fact that as a people they are not easily dealt with. In the matter of the Alabama case they put in monstrous claims, and got an absurd amount awarded to them—had a large surplus in their hands when all possible demands upon the Government had been liberally met, and put it into the Treasury. No other nation would have done that. In the matter of the Fisheries award the same temper is displayed; they challenged the decision; abused the arbitrators; charged their own representatives with weakness, if not actual dishonesty; and at last have hit upon something which looks like a reason for further parley. Perhaps it arises from the juvenility of the nation, or from the fact that they have not been brought much into contact with other nations; but there is the truth that the Americans have not—as a people—a nice sense of national honour where the interests, or supposed interests, of their great "Union" are concerned. They can understand drawing and draining, and holding—but the verb "to give" they are prepared to "decline," but not to practise.

Suppose a Zollverein established. Does any one doubt that even the first year would pass without difficulties occurring about the division of profits? The "Yankee" spirit would go into a state of melancholy if it once allowed a question of money to be settled without dispute or protest. And Canada, although a dwarf, would be in no way disposed to submit to the injustice of the "forty-million" power giant; for we are not a little proud of "this Canada of ours." We should dispute with our big brother, and decline to submit to injustice; so that a most unhealthy excitement would prevail on both sides of the line.

It might become a question as to which would weary of the conflict and yield first—the four millions or the forty millions; but that is to assume that

Britain would look on without interfering. Britain would not do that, because she could not do that: she would be false to all her traditions, and false to her own sense of honour and responsibility if she were to do that. However some British politicians may talk about leaving the colonies to guide and care for themselves—and they have done that until many in Canada have got sickened with it—Britain could not stand quietly by and see Canada at open rupture with the United States. Interference would be a necessity: but on which side? To compel Canada to acquiesce in the demands of the States, or to insist that the States act fairly toward Canada? Just as the "British interests" of the day might dictate. But in either case it would be fatal to the prospects of any closer union between Canada and the United States.

A Zollverein would not work; but to seek annexation would be to court national extinction. The States would like to annex Canada; but what has Canada to gain by it? Would the States pour money into Canada to build railways and harbours? Would they promote the scheme for the Pacific Railway as in the direct route from Liverpool to Japan? Would they send money and emigrants to open up our great North-west? Would they encourage ocean traffic in passengers and goods to Quebec? Why should they? For they have far more interest in draining Canada than they have in supplying it with people and money. The States have nothing to offer Canada as an inducement to change its present political relation but the questionable honour of being made partakers of the spirit and name of the "Yankees."

THE BALLOT-BOX CASE.

The decision in this case appears to be most extraordinary, and to an unsophisticated mind, very like a failure of justice; the crime of which the principal actors have been found guilty is a very heinous one, and the imposition of a money fine seems a very light punishment, if not, in plain English, a farce. Happily there was no attempt on the part of the prosecution to connect the Liberal candidate, Mr. Lafamme, with the offence, although one of the convicted parties was one of his agents. It is a very nauseous thing to wade through the evidence given in this *cause célèbre*; but the charge of Judge Ramsay to the jury, which has been published in extenso, is a very full exposure of as ugly an election conspiracy as ever was perpetrated. The evidence is calculated to make one reiterate the old proverb that "truth is indeed stranger than fiction." If we had read the story in a romance we should have regarded it as worthy of Edgar Poe in his most extravagant mood; but seeing that it was pieced together from the mouths of not overwilling witnesses, after cross-examination and re-examination, we are bound to accept the wholesome and unsavoury mess with "what appetite we may." We must go back to England in ante-Reform Bill times for anything like a similar state of affairs; the days of Gratton and Sarum, and Grampound and Boroughbridge and Totnes, and we may safely say that these renowned boroughs could not show anything more scandalous than the doings on the 17th September, in this year of grace, in Jacques Cartier County, within an hour's ride of the metropolis of this Dominion. The ordering of the 3,000 additional ballot papers is proved a vast deal more satisfactorily than the subsequent distribution of them, the neglect of Mr. Valois, the returning officer, in not taking the oath; the deputy Tunsdall swore at the trial that he had never been sworn as deputy, though he was appointed and acted; he had signed the oath, but never took it; then the substitution of Forget for Tunsdall, as deputy returning officer, is so unique a piece of business that we give it in Judge Ramsay's own words in his charge to the jury, which was lucid and exhaustive:—

"There is one circumstance more to which I shall draw attention; that is, the substitution of Forget for Tunsdall. We are told in the most off-hand manner possible that Mr. Tunsdall had ceased to act. The first reason for this, and the one given by witness, was that he could be more useful outside than inside; that is to say, the nomination of Tunsdall was to be set aside after he had signed the oath and performed some of the duties; in fact, after he had accepted the office. In whose interest did he resign? In the direct interest of one of the candidates. If this deputy returning officer had taken the oath faithfully to act impartially, he had no right to resign. If his resignation was in the interest of one candidate more than another, it was an unfair act. It was quite enough to have chosen an active canvasser of one of the candidates without shifting him about to put another in his stead. It was not the witness alone who gave that reason, but it has been insisted upon by defendant's counsel in their speeches that he was put there because he could be more useful than outside. They even brought evidence to establish the same reason, to show that he was put there because he was the son of a rich *habitant* of St. Ann's. That is the avowed excuse, and it is a bad one, whether true or not. Another reason given is, that Tunsdall did not speak French. From what he said in Court, it is evident he knows French familiarly, and at all events he knew it as well on the 17th, as when he was appointed a week before. You were told he was not a lawyer and could not follow the statutes. But returning officers are not all supposed to be lawyers. Shopkeepers are constantly employed, and the idea that they must be lawyers is a novel one. If Tunsdall were ignorant of French on the 16th September and could not carry out this statute in its simple form, he should have thought of this before, and ought not to have made the excuse at the last moment. Again, ten dollars had been given to him for his expenses. Had he had a right to them, he would probably have claimed them from the Government. But no, it was Lemay paid him a round sum of \$10 to induce him to resign."

We will not follow this extraordinary case through all its windings; the sideboard, which would have served for an automaton chess-player, or the *prestidigitateur* Robert Houdin, the sawing through of the floor immediately underneath, &c. &c., we might expect to meet with in Dumas, or Eugene Sue, but it has been the lot of a Canadian constituency in the fourth quarter of the 19th century to realize the disgraceful details of such an infamous conspiracy.

There are however a few reflections which occur to us as arising out of this trial; firstly, we cannot see how the infamy attaching to the stuffing of a ballot-box with fraudulent votes can in the remotest way be adduced as a proof that

vote by ballot is a failure. We have been told before, many a time and oft, that the ballot was peculiar and an un-English mode of ascertaining the public will. As long as it is English for shareholders in banks and insurance companies, &c. &c., to elect their directors by ballot, we have never been able to see why an honest parliamentary voter should not have the protection of secret voting, nor is our faith in the ballot shaken by the present inquiry. We do not believe that the bottoms of all ballot-boxes are likely to fall through.

Secondly, whilst willing to allow a pretty wide margin to counsel, we must take exception to the following language of Mr. St. Pierre:—

"I cannot refrain from expressing a certain regret at seeing a case of this kind before this Criminal Court. It is now very nearly forty years since a criminal case of such a political complexion has come before a court in Montreal; one must refer back to the bloody assizes of 1838, when liberty was struggling against power, to find a precedent for a case of this description."

As one of our contemporaries says, it is a pity that any lawyer should find it necessary to "wave the bloody shirt" of the rebels of 1837 before a Montreal jury.

Another point we cannot understand is how Mr. Forget can be regarded as an offender in a less degree because he had not taken the oath as Deputy Returning Officer. As the Judge said, "He was an official, and bound to protect the integrity of the election. He had joined really in a conspiracy to defeat it. The not taking the oath showed that, although prepared to commit an electoral fraud, he was not prepared to add to this offence the crime of perjury." It might appear to a simple-minded citizen that declining to take the oath necessary for him to act as Deputy Returning Officer, with a view to committing the other offence, only aggravates the crime.

Worst of all is the fact that the contrivance of the false bottom sideboard, &c., is not a new idea, since it is said that the original inventor is now serving out a six months' imprisonment in France for his ingenuity.

To recapitulate. As a farmer would nail vermin or birds of prey against his barn door as a warning to evil doers, here is the end of this eventful chapter of Canadian history:—

Lamarche, the owner of the house in which the voting took place—A fine of \$100, or an imprisonment of 55 days;
Pilon, the carpenter who manipulated the floor—\$50, or 30 days;
Forget, the Deputy Returning Officer, whose conscientious scruples deterred him from taking the oath—\$200 fine, or 3 months; and
Christin, the agent of the candidate, Mr. Lafamme—\$100 fine, or 55 days.

The fines are paid, the prisoners are released, and so the Jacques Cartier election of Sept. 17, 1878, passes into history.

ENGLAND'S PERIL, OR THE BELLICOSE SITUATION.

From the commencement we have ventured to side with the minority, and to protest against being driven into a useless war in order to bolster up a demoralized and tyrannical government—a government which had proved to the feeble mind its utter incapacity to rule over any people, much less the various nationalities that peopled Turkey. While doing this we put no blind confidence in Russia, nor did we suppose for a moment that the Czar was actuated by any philanthropical self-abnegation; but we were convinced—and still are so, for that matter—that it was indeed a hopeless task to endeavour to perpetuate the dominion of the Sultan over nations determined to work out their independence. If the "peace-with-honour" politicians had recognised this at first, it would not, as at present, have to be acknowledged on all sides "that England has her hands full just now." The Jingo Party having got into hot water, were determined to make such water hotter still, and consequently the next step taken was to send Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury off on a tour to Berlin, to be present at one of the greatest farces on record. There they carried out a masterly policy of "how not to do it," and, to give them credit, they succeeded so well that if the result of their actions was not too serious it would be amusing. Then we venture to say that the arrangements entered into were pregnant with the germs of future complications. By England's miserable secretiveness in the matter of the Schouvaloff-Salisbury convention she had cut herself off from the sympathy of all the European Powers whose sympathy was worth having; whilst in stealing Cyprus and assuming the protectorate of Asia Minor, Great Britain stultified herself and abrogated the principle of collective action for which all along the Government had pretended to have been contending. In Turkey "our spirited foreign policy" rendered "confusion worse confounded" by granting autonomy to one part of Bulgaria and leaving the other part under the rule, or rather misrule, of its old enemies. Of all the great blunders committed at the Congress, this creation was the most fatal—it was even more absurd than the peaceable (?) occupation of Bosnia by Austria; and the Russian Plenipotentiaries, knowing the position of affairs, and being as they were perfectly familiar with all the local traditions, made very little bones about signing away concessions which they were determined *practically* not to make. And then, as if to prove by demonstration how headstrong our "Imperial Government" can be, the British Fleet was allowed to continue stationed in the Bosphorus as a constant yet useless menace to Russia, and a direct implication on the good faith of that country.

If any proof that the people of England are already tired of an "Imperial policy" were needed, it could be easily found in the fact that all the newspapers of the country have turned from and upon it, the *Times* and the *Daily Telegraph* being the only firm supporters of the Government, and people think and say there are indeed good and substantial reasons for their toadyism—since the editor of the one has received a peerage and the editor of the other well, secret information. The question here naturally arises:—Why do the people of England tolerate with equanimity the perpetration of all these errors? Simply, we answer, because they know that the elections are close at hand, when they will be able to relieve the Government of its responsibilities.

Let us now calmly look at the results of the treaty signed at Berlin, which was braggingly stated to have settled the Eastern Question for ever, and out of which England was to obtain the acme of her aspirations—"Peace with Honor."

The Russians are established in Bulgaria, and in parts of Roumelia and Macedonia they are instigating the inhabitants to open rebellion. We may say, very rightly, they ought not to do so—true—but then they *will*, it is their habit, and a habit well known to the Ministers beforehand, and yet the Treaty placed them in a situation in Turkey which gave them every advantage under which to practise their favorite art. Austria has gained a doubtful acquisition in Bosnia with the consequent loss to Turkey. Albania flings the authority of the Porte to the winds. The Greeks, who were alone stopped from throwing themselves into the fight on the Russian side by our assurances that we would look after their interests, have been bamboozled out of their promised rectification of frontier, and regard us as their betrayers. At Constantinople a ceaseless fight takes place between the British and Russian representatives as to whom shall be accorded the most power and influence over the weakest despot that ever disgraced a throne; a creature who calls himself the representative of the Prophet, and all his people his *slaves*, and yet whose influence outside the walls of his palace is an almost unknown quantity. The Turkish treasury is empty. The military and civil service is unpaid, and the faithful warriors, who imperilled life and limb for their country, can hardly obtain the wherewithal to keep body and soul together. Look, too, at Asia Minor, and a no better picture presents itself; England engaged to protect it, promised that reforms should be inaugurated and carried out, neither of which has been done; and in all probability never will be done. In fact, the Sultan most likely allowed England these luxuries of the imagination in the hope of getting money out of her for the necessities of the State and for the satisfaction of his own base purposes. The only thing that did look at first a little like a *bon-bon* has turned out a bitter pill, for in the acquisition of Cyprus we obtain a pest-house for our soldiers, whilst its inhospitable shores do not afford a single safe harbour for a man-of-war.

Let us now for a moment turn our attention to Asia Minor and try and pick if we can a few grains of comfort in that direction. Here again, alas! the look-out is not hopeful. When the troops from India were sent to the Mediterranean as a childish menace to Russia, it was only to be expected that the Czar would give his attention to intrigue, and—masters as the Slavs are of this game—turn the tables on England. So did he; and, lo! a mine was sprung upon Great Britain. The advisers of the Czar entered into relations with the Ameer of Afghanistan and quickly showed how vulnerable was England in that direction. For us to call out is absurd. Had we not done very much the same thing with regard to Cyprus? We indignantly remonstrated about the secret treaty of San Stefano, and yet all the time were carrying one on ourselves. There is something, too, particularly satirical in Russia tampering with the Ameer. England boasted that she could let loose her Indian soldier-subjects on Europe, and yet that foreign, half-savage potentate Shere Ali spreads consternation throughout England and India when he even hints at confronting Great Britain's cherished idea! A less spirited but more sane policy would, it seems to us, have been to have hoped and calculated upon the Afghan Ameer quarrelling with his new-found friends and coming back, suppliant to his old and truer ones. To a non-imperialist the proper course seemed to be not to force the Ameer to open defiance until our "little affair" in Turkey was settled satisfactorily. Lord Lytton sends a letter to Ali asking him to receive an Envoy, and then, without waiting for a reply, sends not only an Envoy but an army demanding free passage to Cabul! As a matter of course this was indignantly refused, and then we find that we cannot punish the result of our mischosen application for six months. Verily the ways of some politicians are strange. What then has England got by all her subterfuge? Nothing, merely nothing, except dishonour and the scorn of all upright nations. Fear and distrust she has certainly created; her assertions have become mere by-words. A large debt has been incurred at a time when trade is dull and stagnant, and when honest folk find it difficult to make both ends meet without having to pay an extra 2d in the £1 Income Tax. And more, indirectly all this hubbub costs England and her Colonies enormous sums. How in these times of uncertainty can it be expected that Trade will revive? Impossible. England is rich—her Colonies poor; and until all this disquietude is settled, and the world at peace again, it is futile to hope for a revival of Trade, and to obtain this happy state England must have an honest, upright Government—one that will do right because it is right, and not because it may suit Imperial policy or "Peace-with-honour Tactics." Patriotism is a grand thing, but it must be the patriotism resulting from a firm conviction that the action engaged upon will bear strict investigation, and not be the mere out-croppings of a party cry.

Russia is and always will be (and small blame to her) an ambitious power. So is England, or we would not be able to say "the sun never sets on her dominions." There is no earthly reason why Russia and England should not live in peace. The world is big enough for both. For the one to attack the other is childish, for neither can really hurt the other. All wars between Russia and England must end after the fashion of the Crimean War. Placed in the position that Russia was placed in, we should do much the same. That the Czar seeks to gain some advantage by the misgovernment of the Porte is natural enough; and if England will persist in holding that every Armenian or Bulgarian village is a British possession, she will find herself in a hornet's nest.

GOOD ADVICE TO THE PULPITS.

A quaint and curious volume, entitled "Good advice to the Pulpits, delivered in a few cautions for keeping up the reputation of those chairs, and preserving the nation in peace. Published with allowance. London, 1687,"—was intended as a caution to the preachers of that age, who, considering the political dangers of the times, were sorely tempted to preach nothing but discourses upon State affairs. The writer exhorts them to beware equally of giving currency to the gossip of the coffee-house and other clubs. He quotes, among many others, the following passage, as proof that his caution was needed. Thus, the Rev. William Orme, preaching at Guildhall, March 27, 1681, said—
"A Jesuit being once asked, What ways and means the Papists designed to take for the introducing their religion into England? gave this reply.—'We intended at first to do it by persuading and convincing the people with strength

of reason and argument; but because these have proved so often vain, therefore of late years we have pitched upon two new methods and resolutions. The one is to debauch and vitiate the nobility and gentry, and to bring them off by degrees from all sense and care and kindness for religion; which is easily to be done, by representing to them a sinful, pleasurable life, both lawful and safe. The other is to divide the commons into several sects.' Now, how far the Papists have thriven in these designs I shall leave to the judgment and determination of every sober and unprejudiced hearer."

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

NO. II.—HON. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.

A cold, raw morning. The Scotch mist settling in dark and heavy wreaths in the hollows of the hills, and packing down amongst the houses in the streets and closes of the sombre lowland town. Wetting to the skin any luckless stray Englishman, and chilling even the poor stolid Perthshire boy who stands chipping and clipping in the stonemason's yard. An ordinary and flat-faced boy it is: altogether unimaginative and prosaic. The hard angles of his countenance might have been roughly chiselled from his native granite. But the eye is clear and intelligent: and the thin square lips have a determined set about them of which something may come, when intelligence and will shall be reinforced by training and opportunity of circumstance. Possibly the boy's thought already breaks the bounds of the stonemason's yard, and even soars beyond the distant hills: but does it carry him away over sea to the far-off Western land which is already growing the tree from which a Prime Minister's chair is to be fashioned for him? No: young Mackenzie's thought does not reach* out so far: such a flight of imagination is beyond him at present. Canada may be already in his mind; but his ideas will not rise above the groove of handicraft in which he seems pre-destined to move: and he thinks rather of building houses than of building either a fortune or a name. But the young prentice-boy by and by drifts over the Atlantic, impelled outwardly by the winds, and inwardly by those mysterious impulses by which the mind that is in Providence is communicated to men; urging them to go forth and fulfil the primal command in the peopling of the wilderness.

Canada was seeing troublous times as we stand looking at the Scotch stone-cutter lad. Her men were—in somewhat rough fashion indeed—beginning to assert their manhood, and to claim the right to rule themselves; instead of being ruled by a clique or family compact, appointed from Downing street. And a little later, when the wave of rebellion had passed, it was found—although a failure apparently—to have succeeded in washing away the political evils complained of, and to have cleared the land for something more than farming work. There was room for Men when young Mackenzie came; and, while he worked steadily at his trade, and gathered a little worldly substance round him, he was warily and intelligently trying and squaring public men and public events. He was building better than he knew.

David was taken from following the ewes to shepherd a kingdom. Cincinnatus was drawn from the plough to save Rome. Sandy Mackenzie came down from the roof of a house to reform and regenerate Canadian politics. It is not known whether he went back to finish the chimney he was building when invited to address a political meeting on one of the burning questions of 1861. Probably he did; as he did not stay to remove his apron, but tucked it round him, in workman fashion, while he spoke. Later on, it may be, he made a solemn holocaust of square and level, of plumb-bob and trowel. However, this may have been, it is clear from his after career that he never forgot how to climb a ladder. It is the glory of free municipal institutions that they form a training school for statesmen. The town-council leads up to the county-council, and that to the Local Legislature, and that to the Federal Parliament. With his foot on the lower rounds, Mackenzie never stopped till he reached the top.

The taste for politics was a hot one in those days, especially in Upper Canada, which has always had a tropical palate. Moderate sentiments, temperately expressed, were not in demand. The article required was an unscrupulous partizanship, and its warmth and flavour were continually exemplified by Mr. George Brown in the *Globe*. The taste of his quality which Mackenzie gave in his earlier political speeches was such as to recommend him to the great purveyor of Canadian currie-powder. Mr. Brown, as leader of the growing party of Reform, was casting about for men of ability who would be content to follow his lead. A constituency was found for Mr. Mackenzie, and he became the dutiful follower of George Brown in the old Parliament of Canada. He soon began to be regarded as a rising politician; and though his position was necessarily subordinate, he yet showed sufficient vigour of character and speech to warrant the leader of the party in assigning him to a separate command. The way for this was not opened till after the great measure of Confederation was introduced and carried. Throughout the whole of the business Mackenzie loyally followed his leader, learning to rule by obedient service. True, he had not much to do, his services being chiefly confined to Upper Canada, which did not need much persuasion to accept that Federal union which was ostensibly designed to redress its wrongs. But when the union was effected, and the local parliaments formed, the old party battle was renewed in all its former intensity; but of necessity in a divided form. The local government at Toronto, like the general government, was in the hands of the Tories: Sandfield Macdonald, the Premier, being—in the words of Mr. Mackenzie—"an ally and tool of Ottawa." George Brown—with Cæsar's sagacity—saw that he must conquer in detail, if at all. The home Province must be won for Reform before a successful issue could be hoped for in the Federal Parliament. But the local legislature sadly lacked a Reform leader: every man of ability had been drafted into the Ottawa house. There was no one who could be trusted to cope with Mr. Sandfield Macdonald. It was accordingly resolved by the great dictator of Reform that Mackenzie should lead the attack—resigning his seat in the Federal Parliament and entering the local House with the avowed object of ousting the Premier and conquering the Government of Ontario for the Reform party.

Elevated to the position of a leader, Mr. Mackenzie became a man to be feared. Sir John A. Macdonald tried coaxing. Mackenzie was the coming

man: 'with his eminent abilities he might hope for a prouder position in the councils of the nation than would be ever possible for him as a henchman of George Brown.' The "soft sawdor" was liberally applied; but it failed to 'stick' Mackenzie. The tactics were changed: the *Mail* was started in Toronto to counteract the influence of the *Globe*, and very soon Mr. Mackenzie had the pleasure of seeing a different portrait of himself. He must have had some difficulty in determining which was he: for if the earlier picture was flattering, the latter one was graphic. 'His abilities were of the most meagre order: his features were grotesque in their ugliness: his clothes didn't fit'; and so forth. Mackenzie used to tell the story with great glee; throwing the blame partly on Providence and partly on his tailor. "But," said he, "there was another shocking thing—I was 'a working-man': and I 'looked like the leader of a gang of working-men on strike.'" However, flattery and abuse alike failed to stave off the inevitable. The Sandfield-Macdonald Government collapsed; and Conservative power was—for a time—broken in Upper Canada. Mackenzie became Treasurer of Ontario; and in this position doubtless learned lessons of government which, later, stood him in good stead.

But 1872 saw another change. The home province was now comparatively safe, and the Reform forces were concentrated for the main attack. The features of the great political campaign need not be again sketched. It fell to Mackenzie's lot to lead the final attack on Sir John A. Macdonald's Government; which he did in a wisely quiet way. The case being strong, strong words could be dispensed with. People who crowded to hear the great speech found it, as they said, "inferior to some of his highest flights of eloquence"; and yet admired the skill with which he compressed the mass of charges and testimony into a well-arranged address of an hour-and-a-half. The fatal Fifth of November '73 came, and Sir John surrendered at discretion: Mackenzie at once standing before the country as Premier of the Dominion of Canada.

The little stone-cutter boy had now carved his fortune. One may recall his portrait *then*, to place it beside that of the successful statesman now. Shall it be confessed that the *Mail* was right; and that the rough lineaments of the Perthshire boy show up through the lines of the later portrait? Yes; the Honourable Alexander Mackenzie is not a handsome man—neither is there any indication of culture, refinement or suavity. To engrave his likeness side by side with that of his great opponent was not a bad election dodge. But if Mr. Mackenzie did not look well, he for a time wore well. His moderation became known unto all men. His zeal and attention to the details of office were quoted as surprising; and the popular conception of him became that of a man who—if somewhat rough-hewn and unimaginative—was at least intelligent, painstaking, straightforward and honest. And it must be allowed that in this conception has not been greatly disturbed by his conduct in office. If in Opposition he showed himself fearless, thick-skinned, tenacious and persevering, he showed equally as Premier an honest purpose and a strong effort to do right. It must be confessed that he has not shone as the ruler of a great party. Made Premier by the blunders of his opponents, his own blunders have unmade him. He made mistakes in judgment: the famous purchase of "steel rails" on a falling market being one of them. (The further charge of dishonesty in this transaction is itself confessedly dishonest.) But he made other mistakes. He failed to control or dismiss rapacious followers who brought the party into disrepute, and did their best to make the name of Reform a sorry jest. Another trouble was Mr. Mackenzie's inability to mould and control his Cabinet. Arbitrary, irascible, over-bearing, non-conciliatory, his friends found it difficult to remain friends; and men of superior mind, like Edward Blake, found it still more difficult to play second fiddle to the first violin of the Premier. And alas! "hard times" came along as the ready ally of his foes, and discontent became general. The one Parliament during which Mackenzie had held the reins of power was dying of old age, and was dissolved. The elections came on, and the result was the sweeping majority which has just consigned the Premier to the limbo of political ghosts.

When the late administration came into power, it was remarked by Goldwin Smith—in allusion to the supposed overmastering influence of the *Globe*—that the new Government partook largely of the character of an echo of an irresponsible authority outside Parliament: and that, if it should live down this suspicion, it might long survive other shocks. It cannot be doubted that the support of the powerful journal was a source of weakness to the late administration. It brought upon its head the personal dislikes and animosities which cluster round Mr. Brown and his paper. But there are, as we have seen, other causes: and chiefly the demonstrated fact that a name matters little in regard to political morality. The country had got sick of Reformers who needed reforming, and of watchmen who needed watching. It has said 'if we *must* have corruption, let us have it apart from special professions of purity.' And it has been proved once again that eternal vigilance is the price of good government. The party slain by its own misdeeds may rise again, but it is questionable whether any turn of the wheel will again place the late Premier at the head of affairs.

Yet is the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie a standing example of the value of a rugged definite purpose persistently followed up; and of that moulding power of free institutions already referred to. Honour to the land which can train its masons for state-craft: which can take a man for what he is, and use him for what is in him. For after all there is good stuff in Mr. Mackenzie. He is an effective logical speaker, going straight to his point; and often times showing a sense of humour which in a Scotchman is marvellous. And where else should we find a working mason who, a few years after his entrance on public life, could frame an important Act for the regulation of municipal corporations? And who could also combine in himself the functions of a Major of Volunteers, the President of an Insurance Company, Chairman of a Baptist Society, Treasurer of a Province, and Prime Minister of a Dominion?

GRAPHITE.

Near the shores of Lake George, the Loch Katrine of America, I saw an oak and a maple so joined that they seemed like one tree. I am reminded by this of the old oak of England with its gnarled and twisted root, and the young shoot of America with glorious promise of the future. May the union of the two trees on one root be always typical of the union of America and England.

—Dean Stanley.

THE UNMARRIED ONES.

Statistics inform us that, in the countries about which we can gather accurate information, the number of women must exceed that of men by two to five per cent. This is the necessary superabundance; but owing to the vicious state of modern society, and many other causes, the real proportion of surplus, and consequently necessarily single, women is thirty per cent. At first sight this seems an alarming number condemned to lead a career of vice or a life of celibacy—for most people consider that to be unmarried means a miserable, or at least incomplete, existence. A thoughtful writer, speaking on this subject, has said, 'There are hundreds of thousands of women, scattered through all ranks, who have to earn their own living, . . . and who are compelled to lead an incomplete existence of their own. Thousands of girls are working in mills; . . . in great cities thousands are toiling in the ill-paid *métier* of sempstresses and needlewomen. Higher in the social scale we find two classes of similar abnormal existences, women more or less well educated, spending youth and middle age as governesses, . . . but laying by nothing, and retiring to a lonely and destitute old age; and old maids, with just enough income to live upon, but wretched and deteriorating.' This is indeed a sad picture, if true; and the sadder because the writer seeks to demonstrate that the misery is entirely unnecessary, and could be prevented in divers fashions.

No doubt almost all evil is, to a certain extent, preventable, but first let the question be asked and answered whether celibacy is an unmitigated evil. The marriage of completion—that perfect harmony between two persons in which the weakness of the one is supplemented by the strength of the other, the sweet and tender affection of one beautifying and softening the rugged and stern asperities of the other, both striving towards perfection, both in full sympathy, ringing out a full chord of love and trust—is certainly the most divine state upon this earth. But how often is the actual state one of bickerings, mutual hate, misunderstandings, and distrust, selfishness ready to grind down all the finer feelings in order to gain its own end, unforgiving harshness, niggardly spite, a perfect hell of evil passions, the more furious for being chained up in the small space of two hearts and unable to expend themselves in a wider horizon! There are some women to whom marriage is only a secondary consideration; children are the sole end and aim of life, and the pleasures, happiness, and advantage of the children are placed far above the wants and wishes of the husband. Women of this description are equally happy as sisters of charity, as nurses, as governesses, as fond aunts ready to spoil the whole tribe of nephews and nieces, who know where to fly from the stern discipline of father or mother to caresses, kisses, and sugar-plums. Again, some of the most exceptional and highly-strung dispositions would suffer terribly in the wear and tear of life, would writhe under the selfishness of man, and possibly sink altogether under the load of petty worries and inevitable anxieties that the possession of husband and children entails.

Granted even that marriage is the true outlet for women's energies, are we not sometimes the better and the truer for what we have not, rather than for what we have? It is said that every woman has had one offer of marriage in the course of her life. If she has not accepted it, from folly or from mistaken motives, or from any other cause, is she therefore to sigh in despair and sadness all the rest of her days, and call herself incomplete, or abnormal, or wretched? The very happiest persons are those who, having abjured enjoyment for themselves, throw all their sympathy into the lives of others, possessing thus an endlessly wide range of interest and affection. The reason why the celibacy of priests is a mistake is, because they seek to stamp out the dictates of nature, to choke in themselves natural impulses to love and be loved, and to lead a cramped impossible life of self-denial, which precludes them from entering into the trials and difficulties of ordinary people. But the single souls, those of either sex who pass through this vale of tears alone, have suffered and have tasted of the tree of knowledge. The involuntary celibates chiefly recruited from the upper and better-educated portions of society are certainly much to be pitied. Few things are more wretched than to see a girl pining away, listless and dissatisfied, hoping against hope, for the husband who cometh not, and refusing to throw herself heart and soul into any engrossing occupation. She sees that her beauty, the only possession she values as a snare to entrap men, is waning hourly; the very fretting she indulges in is hastening the process. No wonder that such examples call forth a deluge of laments about the difficulty of girls getting married, and the absolute necessity there is for women to find husbands in order that they may 'suckle fools and chronicle small-beer.' It is far more likely that sour old maids and frivolous girls will develop into scolding shrews and inane, useless mothers than that the mere fact of their remaining single should mar and ruin their whole life.

It is very seldom that one hears old bachelors complaining of their loneliness, their blighted lives, or the sense of desolation that undermines their constitution. Yet elderly men troubled with gout, and somewhat peremptory in manner to the waiters at the club, no doubt had once some romance, some romance, some absorbing love or crushing sorrow that has caused them to remain single. But men know well enough that the mere act of metaphorically shaking oneself, and doggedly setting to at any task that is available, cures the heart-ache, and is the best mode of turning tribulation into rejoicing. The poor curate in his dismal lodging; the sailor far away from home, and the pretty tearful face he left behind him; the struggling literary hack, to whom a wife and children mean starvation,—one and all have had their golden dreams, their unattainable ideal, none the less golden or the less ideal because it was never reached. Such hopes serve to cheer men on, and to brighten the dull round of daily routine; but if the fair girl marries another, or the prospect of marriage has to be abandoned, or the loved mistress prove false, still life has to be borne, and one more unmated soul is added to the number.

There is a place for everything in Nature. Women are gradually themselves finding scope for their faculties, and fresh outlets for their activity. If single men are not unhappy, why should single women be so? The mind, absorbed in its own infinitesimal perplexities and affairs, forgets that the same sun shines over all the earth; that the same impulses and passions and desires nerve all mankind; that history repeats itself, and is but one continued record of failures, disappointments, and deperate struggles after right. From the

serene heights of a looker-on the single soul may share the pains and comfort the sorrows of the weary, the heart-stricken, and the erring. Independence, too, has a great charm. The single person may roam where he lists, may range to the end of the earth without fear of having his heart-strings tugged at, or feeling himself dragged back by family ties and duties. For him there are no harrowing deathbeds, no bitter watchings and anxieties, no agonising fear of ruin for the sake of those cherished ones dependent on him. Calm and confident, he knows that Fate cannot harm him; for it is only through our affections that we are vulnerable. He knows what he has surrendered, but he does not regret it; his privations have been keenly felt, but they have brought him a great possession—the peace of contentment, an abiding and satisfying joy.—*The World.*

NEWS SUMMARY.

LAW, MEDICINE, &c.

The mosquito is now charged with acting as the medium of transferring the *filaria sanguinolenta* from the blood of one person to that of another, and thus diffusing disease.

A Paris paper tells a story of a barber's apprentice in Hungary who cut his throat because a girl would not marry him. He was taken to the hospital at Ratisbon and cured. It subsequently proved that the operation his larynx had undergone had given him a fine tenor voice, which he improved by practice, and he has lately been engaged at the Opera House in Vienna.

A remarkable, and very successful operation in Ophthalmic Surgery performed quite recently in Syracuse, by Dr. Van Duyn of that city, is attracting considerable attention among the medical fraternity here, and deserves public attention. It seems an employé at the Geddes Rolling Mill, named Reynolds, had a quantity of molten iron dashed into the eye, a few weeks ago, and when the wound healed, it was found that the eyelid had grown quite firmly to the conjunctiva. Dr. Van Duyn separated the unduly adhering membrane with a knife, thereby necessarily removing a part of the conjunctiva, or mucous membrane of the eye. In anticipation of this loss the doctor had a rabbit in readiness, under the influence of ether, and at this stage of the operation took a piece of the conjunctiva from one of the insensible animal's eyes and immediately placed it upon that of the injured man, where it speedily adhered and now has become a part of a human eye. The life of the rabbit which thus contributed to human happiness, was humanely taken before it recovered consciousness.

ART, SCIENCE AND LITERATURE.

Mr. Edison has resumed work in his laboratory, but has not regained his accustomed health.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon was thrown from his horse in Cyprus, and sustained a fracture of the collar bone.

Jean Jacques Fazy, the Swiss statesman and political economist, and Samuel Phelps, the actor, died last week.

Mr. Buck, of Meriden, Conn., has made, of fifteen grains of gold and silver, a perfect steam-engine, which will run for twenty minutes, with the steam generated from three drops of water.

An inspection of the famous Milan Cathedral, recently made by a royal commission shows that it is on the way to ruin, owing to the character of the stone used in its construction, which is unable to resist the local atmospheric conditions.

The telephone has lately been used successfully, in France, to communicate between a vessel being towed and one towing. The wire was carried along one of the hawsers, and completed through the copper on the bottom of the ships and the water. Conversation was carried on very distinctly.

M. Gustave Doré is reported to be contemplating a visit to this country, in order, says a London journal, "to inspect some of its wonders—such as the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, the Rocky Mountains, the Yosemite Valley and Niagara." So far as the Rocky Mountains and the Yosemite Valley are concerned, some friends might suggest to M. Doré that Mr. Bierstadt has already stolen his thunder.

The simultaneous discharge of two of the 38-ton guns on board the "Dreadnought," of the Isle of Wight, caused the whole ship to keel to port two degrees. The whistles jumped out of the voice tubes, the glass out of the sashes fell in showers, and the faces of the tele-grams and engine-room telegraphs were also fractured. No indications of distress, however, was observed in the structure of the ship itself.

When young Behm, the editor of the "Geographical Year Book," was married, the late Dr. Petermann planned, as his wedding present, a globe to serve as a butter-dish. On this globe a map of the earth was carefully engraved, the diameter of the dish being about four inches. But to enhance the delicacy of the idea, the route which the bride and groom would take on their wedding trip was carefully set down, and the names of the places where they were to stay were noted.

The process of levelling the ground for a Central Railway Terminus at Strasburg has led to the discovery of very many stone coffins, evidently dating from the Roman period, a discovery which confirms the belief long entertained that this place was the site of a Roman burial-ground. Canon Straub, the President of the local Historical Society, who takes a great interest in all such matters, has obtained from the military authorities the assistance of several pioneers, and is making much deeper excavations at the new Central Station in the hope of laying bare the whole plan of the Roman cemetery and of discovering some objects of special interest to antiquaries.

RELIGIOUS.

During the season that has just closed over two thousand Mormons have left Liverpool for Utah.

Mr. Sankey, the evangelist, has arrived in England, throughout which, it is said, he thinks of making a religious tour.

The Bishop of Gibraltar has been offered, by a nonconformist congregation, one thousand Greek Testaments for distribution in Cyprus.

Principal Grant states that over \$140,000 of the \$150,000 required for the endowment fund of Queen's College, Kingston, had been subscribed. A good four months' work.

The size of the new Roman Catholic Cathedral of St. Patrick, New York, may be imagined from the fact that more than 20,000 persons assembled on its floor the other night at the church fair.

Two coloured missionaries named Richardson and Johnson, who were formerly slaves in the Southern States, have just left London, England, for work in Central Africa. They were educated at Mr. Spurgeon's lay college.

The Right Rev. Laurence Gillooly, D.D., Bishop of Elphin, Ireland, has been appointed Delegate Apostolic to the United States and Canada in the stead of the late Bishop Conroy, Dr. Gillooly has been on the Episcopal Bench since 1856.

The final revision of the New Testament by the American and English revisers will be finished in course of a year, and will probably be published soon after, in advance of the Old Testament, the revision of which will not be completed for some years.

The Old Catholic congregation at Vienna have succeeded, after many rebuffs, in receiving their legal authorisation from the Government, and they have at once elected a permanent parish priest, in the person of Herr Schwetter, a religious teacher from Moravia, who was installed on the 29th ult. in the Salvator Church. The new Church Council was at the same

time installed, and both Pfarrer and councillors made a public profession of attachment to the Old Catholic cause. Legal disabilities are now removed, and the Old Catholic priest can baptise, marry, and bury without fear of the consequences.

The American Baptists have opened a new church in Rome near the Valle Theatre. All the evangelical ministers, the members of the Young Men's Christian Association and the Rev. Mr. Taylor, at the head of the Baptist Mission, took part in the services.

The proposed Methodist Ecumenical Council meets with favour in Ireland. This conference, if carried out, would represent a community of about 15,000,000 people, of whom about 4,000,000 are recognised church members, together with about 30,000 ministers and 60,000 lay preachers.

The Primitive Methodist Church of England is considered the poorest Christian community in that country, and yet it raised last year \$150,000 for missionary purposes. This was an average of one dollar for every member of the denomination, and a higher average than that of most of the wealthier denominations.

One of the speakers at the recent English Church Congress stated that some years ago an Anglican sisterhood went over to the Church of Rome in a body. The statement is confirmed by Canon Oakley (Catholic), who says: "After going through a short novitiate at Paris, they worked under me till called to Ireland, where they have ever since been living a most holy and devoted life in the County of Leitrim as Franciscans of the third order inclosed."

The *Whitchall Review* has published a third list of "Rome's Recruits" from the Church of England. It is six columns long, and among the names are those of Viscountess Bury, daughter of the late Sir Allan McNab; the two daughters and two sons of Bellew, the elocutionist; Colonel Blair, Royal Scots Fusiliers; the Earl of Abingdon's son and daughter; the immortal Alfred Bunn; William Bond, a Cornish gentleman, with four sons, all priests, and four daughters, all nuns; William Farren, the actor; Mrs. William Froude, the historian's sister-in-law; Miss Head, daughter of Sir Edmund Walker Head; Matthew Higgins; the Princess de Ligne; Frank Marshall, the dramatic author; John Oxenford; and earls, lords, baronets, peeresses, generals, admirals, esquires, curates, rectors, and gentlemen and ladies of all ranks.

The Rev. Edwin Long, of Philadelphia, preached last Sunday morning in the Willett Street M. E. Church on a text from the parable of the Prodigal Son:—"He joined himself to a citizen of that country, and he sent him into his fields." An upright tin frame, 12 feet high and 5 feet wide, behind the pulpit supported a canvas, on which was a painting illustrative of the text. The prodigal was represented ragged and apparently disheartened, kneeling abjectly at the feet of a lord of the East. The canvas was so arranged as to move like that of a panorama. The idea is to impress the mind by engaging both the ear and eye at the same time to a contemplation of the same subject. Mr. Long began to use this method of illustrating his sermons twenty years ago, when he was appointed General Agent of the American Tract Society. He has exhibited his pictures to more than 700 churches in twenty-two States. During the past year, in response to numerous applications, he has duplicated his 200 pictures, and has sent copies for the use of churches throughout the country.

UNITED STATES.

Twenty-eighth of November is Thanksgiving Day.

Up to the 28th ult., the total number of deaths in the yellow fever districts was 10,680.

It is reported that Chinese are to be imported to Rye Beach, N.H., next spring, to work in the hotels and boarding-houses, and also on the farms.

Mr. Maurice Delfosse, the Belgian Minister at Washington, has engaged himself to a New York young lady, and the wedding will be one of the social events of the winter.

In the next United States Senate, supposing the Legislature of Nevada to be carried by the Democrats, the relative strength of the two parties will be:—Republicans, 32; Democrats, 41; Independent, 1.

Sir Edward Thornton has addressed a note to Secretary Evarts conveying the thanks of the British Government for the cordial manner in which Vice-Admiral Inglefield was received by the authorities of Newport, R. I.

Courtney, the oarsman, is hard at work at his trade of carpentry in Union Springs, N.Y. While raising a heavy stone to go into the foundation wall of an addition to his shop the other day, he was heard to say:—"If I had made that \$50,000 at Lachine which some people tell of, I shouldn't be working like this." During the last season Courtney and his brother bought the boat-house of the disorganized Union Springs Rowing Club, and have just moved it to make an addition to their saw-mill.

The *St. Paul Press* says that there are 28,000 acres of amber sugar-cane planted in Minnesota this year. Last year there were 21,000 acres, and the yield of syrup was about 140,000 gallons. It is expected the yield this year will be proportionately increased. The yield of syrup is from 140 to 280 gallons per acre. The *Press* also thinks that the time is not distant when Minnesota will not only produce all the sugar, syrup and vinegar that is needed for home consumption, but will have immense quantities for export.

Mountain ash trees in the vicinity of Boston, whose leaves had fallen several weeks before, put forth new ones last week. Lilacs blossomed for the second time in Springfield, and a second crop of wild raspberries was gathered in various parts of Massachusetts. At Litchfield, Conn., a few days ago, a branch was taken from a crab-apple tree with fruit-buds and blossoms on it. Strawberries, equal in size and flavor to those gathered in June, were found in abundance in many parts of New Jersey, and from all parts of New York have come stories of spring in autumn, quite confusing to the almanac-makers.

A statue of Gen. "Stonewall" Jackson has recently been erected in Capitol Square, Richmond. The statue is of bronze, life-size, and stands upon a pedestal six feet high. The figure is clothed in the Confederate uniform, but otherwise there is nothing about the monument to suggest that it represents other than a private citizen. The following inscription is carved upon the pedestal:—"Presented by English gentlemen as a tribute of admiration for the soldier and patriot, Thomas J. Jackson, and gratefully accepted by Virginia in the name of the Southern people, A.D. 1875, in the 100th year of the Commonwealth of Virginia."

GREAT BRITAIN.

Thames boatmen are experimenting with Canadian canoes.

German clerks are beating Englishmen out of the field in the London banks, being such good linguists.

Earl Kimberley thinks the continual drawing of business to London a great misfortune, and likely to prove a national calamity.

The Metropolitan Board of Works is going to give the Jablochhoff light a three months' trial on the Victoria embankment. The first ray of it will fall on Cleopatra's needle.

The imprisoned Directors of the City of Glasgow Bank will not be seen in public again until they are tried in the Justiciary Court, probably at Edinburgh in December or January.

The civic authorities of Colchester have an annual "Oyster Feast" in the month of October, under the presidency of the Mayor, and manage to dispose of a large quantity of the celebrated "natives."

Mr. Gladstone, in acknowledging the receipt of a tract on "Irish Grievances," says:—"Though desirous of doing for Ireland the little good I can, I am afraid the prospects of its being done do not improve."

Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., has been presented by the Bristol Good Templars with a resolution acknowledging his services in the cause of Temperance, and asking him to continue his political connection with Bristol.

The Registrar-General of London, in one of his weekly reports, gives the population of the cities of the world having over a quarter of a million of inhabitants, as follows:—First comes London, with its 3,577,304 people; next is Paris, with its 1,988,806; New-York, with its 1,084,528, and its close neighbour or partner, Brooklyn, with 549,438; and then Berlin, with 1,019,620 inhabitants. Philadelphia has its 876,118; Vienna, 727,271;



FELLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITES.



THE PROMOTER AND PERFECTOR OF ASSIMILATION.
THE REFORMER AND VITALIZER OF THE BLOOD.
THE PRODUCER AND INVIGORATOR OF NERVE AND MUSCLE.
THE BUILDER AND SUPPORTER OF BRAIN POWER.

Fellows' Compound Syrup is composed of ingredients identical with those which constitute healthy blood, muscle and nerve, and brain substance, whilst life itself is directly dependent upon some of them.

By its union with the blood and its effect upon the muscles, re-establishing the one and toning the other, it is capable of effecting the following results:—

It will displace or wash out tuberculous matter, and thus cure consumption.

By increasing nervous and muscular vigor, it will cure dyspepsia, feeble or interrupted action of the heart and palpitation, weakness of intellect caused by grief, weary, overtax or irregular habits, bronchitis, acute or chronic, congestion of the lungs, even in the most alarming stages.

It cures asthma, loss of voice, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, epileptic fits, whooping cough, nervousness, and is a most wonderful adjunct to other remedies in sustaining life during the process of diphtheria.

Do not be deceived by remedies bearing a similar name. No other preparation is a substitute for this under any circumstances.

For the Effect Produced by Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites

In diseases of the lungs, the inventor is permitted to refer to the medical gentlemen of St. John, N.B., whose signatures are attached hereto.

WILLIAM BAYARD, M.D.
EDWIN BAYARD, M.D.
THOMAS WALKER, M.D.
JOHN BRIMMANN, M.D., Ed.
D. JOHNSON, L.R.C.S., Ed.
GEORGE KNAPP, M.D.
W. H. HARDING, M.R.C.S.
J. D. WHITE, M.D.
T. W. CARMITT, M.D.

I, AARON ALWARD, Mayor of the City of St. John, in the Province of New Brunswick, having examined the letters of Drs. Earle, Addy, Clay, Jacobs, and Chandler, and also the signatures attached to the foregoing permit of reference, hereby certify that I believe them all genuine. I can also testify to the high therapeutical value of Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, and consider it deserving of attention by the profession generally.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my seal of Mayor of the City of St. John, this sixth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight.

Great Seal

Dr. S. Jacobs on Aphonia, or Loss of Voice.

ORANGE STREET, St. John, N.B., 1869.

MR. FELLOWS,

SIR,—I am bound to award the palm of merit to the preparation of Hypophosphites discovered by you. I had occasion to use it myself in a case of Aphonia, which would not yield to regular treatment, and am happy to say it proved to be all you claimed for it, having acted with expedition and entire satisfaction. I feel called upon to publish the fact, that the profession may avail themselves of a remedy in your "Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites."

Yours very truly,
S. JACOBS, M.D.

Dr. Howe's Testimony.

PITTSFIELD, ME., March, 1872.

MR. JAMES I. FELLOWS,

DEAR SIR,—During the past two years I have given you "Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites" a fair though somewhat severe trial in my practice, and am able to speak with confidence of its effects. In restoring persons suffering from emaciation and the debility following diphtheria, it has done wonders. I constantly recommend its use in all affections of the throat and lungs. In several cases considered hopeless it has given relief, and the patients are fast recovering. Among these are consumptive and old bronchial subjects, whose diseases have resisted the other modes of treatment. For impaired digestion, and in fact for debility from any cause, I know of nothing equal to it. Its direct effect in strengthening the nervous system renders it suitable for the majority of diseases. I am, sir, yours truly,
WM. S. HOWE, M.D.

Inflammation of the Lungs.

UPPER SOUTH RIVER, Antigonish, N.S.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN,

This is to certify that in February, 1873, I had a very severe and dangerous attack of Inflammation of the Lungs, accompanied with a copious expectoration of mucus and blood, exhausting my strength until I was scarcely able to breathe. My physician held out no hope of recovery, and the evidences were that Hasty Consumption would soon put an end to my sufferings, an opinion concurred in by my friends. My attendants were induced to administer Fellows' Syrup of Hypophosphites, and I am happy to testify that I experienced relief from the very first dose; the effects of the first bottle amazed me, and a very few bottles restored my health completely. I attribute my recovery (under God) to the use of Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites. I write and testify to the above, simply, that the proper party may receive due credit, and especially that others who suffer may have knowledge of a sure remedy for like diseases.

(Signed)

MRS. JOHN MCPHEE.

We, the undersigned residents of Antigonish, do hereby certify the above correct, from the fact that we are acquainted with Mrs. McPhee and the circumstances attending her case.

HUGH K. SINCLAIR,
JOHN SINCLAIR, J.P.,
JAMES A. SINCLAIR,
MRS. JAMES SINCLAIR,
SIMON SINCLAIR,
JOHN MCPHEE,
HUGH MCNEILS, J.P.

Testimonial to Mr. Fellows.

We, the undersigned, Clergymen of the Methodist Church in Nova Scotia, having used the preparation known as Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, prepared by Mr. James I. Fellows, Chemist, St. John, N.B., or having known cases wherein its effects were beneficial, believe it to be a reliable remedy for the diseases for which it is recommended.

JAMES G. HENNINGAR,
Pres. of Conference.
JOHN McMURRAY,
Ex-Pres. of Conference.
WM. SARGENT,
JOHN A. MOSHER,
JOHN W. HOWIE,
STEPHEN F. HUESTIS,
RICH'D. W. WEBDALL,
ALEX. W. NICHOLSON,
CRANSWICK JOST,
ROWLAND MORION,
JOHN JOHNSON.

Letter from Rev. J. Salmon, M.D.

CHIPMAN, QUEEN'S CO., N.B.

MR. JAMES I. FELLOWS,

SIR,—In the practice of medicine I have recommended your Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, and found invariably the following results:—

Greater freedom in the action of the Lungs, increased and more easy expectoration in cases indicated by dry cough, and decided augmentation of tone to the whole nervous system.

I can safely and consistently recommend your invaluable preparation in a variety of cases, especially for Chest diseases, having successfully prescribed it in Bronchitis, Asthma, Debility from Liver Complaint, Debility from Fevers, and Debility from Impoverished Blood.

I am, sir, yours truly,
JAMES SALMON,
Practising Physician and Surgeon.

GENERAL EFFECTS of FELLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP of HYPOPHOSPHITES.

"IT IS PERFECTLY SAFE AND THE TASTE PLEASANT."

The first apparent effect is to increase the appetite. It assists digestion, and causes the food to assimilate properly—thus the system is nourished. It also, by its tonic action on the digestive organs, induces more copious and regular evacuations. Its effect on the mucous membrane is such that easy expectoration is produced: not only are the air passages easily voided of the secretion already deposited, but its collection is carried on in a healthy manner, while the formation of tubercle is retarded. The rapidity with which patients take on flesh while under the influence of the Syrup, of itself indicates that no other hands or body, cough, shortness of breath, or consumptive habit. The nerves and muscles become strengthened and the blood purified.

LOOK OUT FOR THE NAME AND ADDRESS,

JAMES I. FELLOWS, ST. JOHN, N. B.,

On the yellow wrapper in watermark, which is seen by holding the paper before the light.

Price \$1.50 per Bottle, Six for \$7.50. Sold by all Druggists.



A CANADIAN TO THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

Could child of thine attune the lyre
Which Albion's humblest brooks inspire,
St. Lawrence, thy majestic wave
The minstrel's homage well might crave.

Though feudal tower nor storied shrine,
Nor vine-clad slopes thy course define,
Thou sham'st the streams of high degree,
That creep through England to the sea.

As if unloosed at His command,
Who holds the ocean in His hand,
In deep that thunders unto deep,
Thou plungest from thy native steep :

Thy hoary locks behind thee flung,
The mist of ages o'er thee hung,
Thou com'st like chaos from night's womb,
His reign of terror to resume :

Waves huge as Boreas ever piled
About thy footsteps dancing wild,
And o'er thy forehead high and broad
For diadem, the bow of God.

Nor less for majesty renowned,
Thy long procession island-crowned
And forests girt, a silver chain
Of cataracts from mere to main ;

So strong, so free, so undefiled,
From rock to rapid rolling wild,
With music ceaseless as the roar
Of seas that break on Thule's shore.

Roll on my country's pride ; thy wave
Still may Ontario's rafts-men brave,
Still from St. Anne's the boat-song wake
The echoes of the Maple Lake ;

And aye may Phœbus, from whose smile
Affrighted shrinks such brooks as Nile,
Upon thy brow his kisses lay,
And with thine azure tresses play.

From Niagara's veil of smoke,
In thunders from of old hath broke,
The tribute of the prostrate floods
To Him whose throne is in the clouds.

With filial reverence would thy child,
Blend with thy voice his wood-notes wild,
And with thy cataracts upraise
To heaven a humble song of praise.

Sault-au-Recollet.

"CERTAINTIES IN RELIGION":—A CRITICISM ON DR. COOK'S LECTURE.

Dr. Joseph Cook's almost world-wide celebrity as an eminent defender of the Christianity of the day induced many in Toronto to avail themselves of the opportunity to hear him a few days ago. The "certainties in religion," which Dr. Cook takes for granted, but does not prove, are—that we do exist ; that we must go hence ; that all desire to go hence in peace ; that, therefore, we must model ourselves to the laws of the universe, and allow our nature to harmonize with these laws. None of us have done this. We must do it. We cannot alter those unerring laws. *We* must alter. He also asserts that *we* can think—therefore the cause of our being must have been able to think. The universe shows thought—is the result of thought—therefore there must be a Great Thinker whose thought finds expression in it.

Few comparatively incline to dispute these positions, yet there are a thousand points at which they are capable of question.

Dr. Cook, however, further affirms as a certainty that a man *may* begin to keep these laws of his being. It is pleasant to find he admits this to be possible ; but, he adds, what of the past?—the transgressions already done? How are these to be wiped out? Nature, science, philosophy, and echo, as expressed in Dr. Cooke, alike answer "nothing." A constant remorse assails us the moment we awake to the fact of our transgression. Here he drags in the familiar illustration of Shakespeare's *Lady Macbeth* trying to wash and sweeten her "red right hand." He waves this "red right hand" before his astonished hearers and wrings it, and the feelings of his audience, persistently through a long series of paragraphs which monotonously demonstrate continued unsavoriness. Confirming this by glowing metaphor the impossibility of obliterating the dark past, he then likens our condition to the mammoth cave of Kentucky (from which one might almost suppose that there is still something great about us). We require a light to guide us through the darkness, which lamp, he says, is the Divine Word. He sees in the darkness, revealed in letters of glowing light, the word "Atonement." This is another "certainty in religion," and provides the screen which *can* obliterate the past. He proceeds to illustrate this by a king who had made it a law in his army that any deserter should be punished with one thousand stripes. One of his soldiers deserts ;

but thinks better of it, repents, and voluntarily returns. The king's heart is melted. He fain would forgive, but his law requires the penalty. The king himself resolves to save him. He bares his own kingly shoulders to the lash, and, as the soldier's substitute, endures say *ten* stripes in satisfaction of his own law ; and then he restores the soldier to his place in the ranks, where the soldier must still fight and perform his duty. Yet, though the fact remains that he *did* desert, this punishment of the king's in his stead is as a screen which shuts out the past. It can no more be remembered against him. Law is satisfied. The past is blotted out. Dr. Cook then gives the application, accompanied with further displays of *Lady Macbeth's* "red right hand" waving still mysteriously, and apparently without any cause, in the middle-distance. This kind of salvation is then offered to us all by the lecturer, and endorsed by rounds of applause.

Many in this age will, and do, enter a most emphatic protest against any such theory as this being called a "certainty of religion." If Religion consist in mere subterfuges, it may pass. But it cannot be pleasing to any who believe in God—who regard Him as Infinite Love and Wisdom—to hear His character thus impugned. It is somewhat satisfactory to find that Dr. Cook realizes that there is only one God—not three—and that salvation must come from, through, and by God Himself. That is at least some advance on rigid Calvinism. Still, the horrible view he gives, by implication from his parable, of the nature and dealings of that one God with us his creatures, is so utterly repugnant to even our feeble thoughts of love and mercy, that the whole head is sick, and the whole heart grows faint with a pitying agony, at the contemplation. Just think of the idea this parable of Dr. Cook's conveys. It may be painful, but it is salutary, to analyse it. God is a King, it says, who has enrolled an army and made laws for its regulation. These laws are simply the expression of His arbitrary will. If any soldier transgress them he must be punished with 1,000 stripes. No provision whatever for mercy has been made in the *original* law. When one deserts and returns voluntarily repentant, it shakes the whole scheme, which had never contemplated such a decent, conscientious, dutiful, loving act, as this. It surprises the King, and (with reverence be it spoken) touches His heart. He feels He really ought to forgive and condone ; but the foolish law He has foolishly made, stands in His way, and His pride will not permit Him at once to alter it. He must continue to exalt His own dignity ; and to do so. He resorts to a miserable subterfuge. If the law be right and just, why not carry it out? If it is not, why not abrogate it altogether? No, that would admit Him fallible and His law unjust. He tries a compromise. He takes the deserter's place, in semblance only, and suffers for him—*one per cent.* of the legal penalty. Could a more contemptible mockery of honesty and justice be imagined? Such conduct shows His own contempt for the justice of His own law.

Dr. Cook will never restore Christianity either to respect or power by any such burlesque of justice in an atonement which is but the product of the diseased fancy of man, and is foreign to—oh ! how infinitely far removed from—the very nature and essence of a God who *is* Love, and whose love in its very nature is justice. For justice is right-doing, and is therefore love, in form and act.

The Bible teaches no such atonement—no such reconciliation of *God* to *man*—for none is needed. It *does* teach the need of reconciliation—atonement—of *man* to *God*. God was in Christ reconciling the *world* to *Himself*—not *Himself* to the world. God always loved the world. The world did not always—does not yet—love Him ; but He gave forth the expression of Himself in that Son of Man, who was but the visible Human form of His own Being—"the fulness of the Godhead bodily"—that He might win men's love to Himself, and thus by Love beget love—thus reach and save them from their sins, and *therefore* from their consequences.

God's Divine Word teaches this in every jot and tittle of it. Not one phrase—not one expression—is there in it that shows God to be anything but love and mercy. Not one threat, not one word of condemnation does He utter on that man who longs to do His will. Not one added pang does He inflict even on the evil further than they bring on themselves by acting contrary to the law of their being, and the moment they live, or try to live, according to the order inherent in their very constitution, the recuperative energies stored up within them—spiritual, mental, and physical—feel an influx of new life from Him, healing, purifying, saving them. This is the Gospel—good news indeed !

Christianity is better without Dr. Cook's defence of it. However pleasing it may be to those who love their own distorted views of a God whom they think to be "altogether such an one as themselves," to have their views thus daringly confirmed by a supposed orator, and however much it may administer to their self-exaltation and sham humility, it is eminently distressing to those who love God because He first loved them and came Himself to live and die for them that they might have life through Him—who know that His very being is Love—that He never ceases to strive to bless *all* His creatures, sending forth the refreshing dew of His goodness and truth on every soul that He has made, whether they reject it or not—who is kind alike to the evil and the good, and "sendeth His rain upon the just and the

UNJUST."

BED.

The bed—of the eiders softest down,
'Twas a place to revel, to smother, to drown
In a bliss inferred by the poet ;
For if ignorance be indeed a bliss,
What blessed ignorance equals this,
To sleep—and not to know it?

O, bed ! O, bed ! delicious bed !
That heaven upon earth to the weary head ;
But a place that to name would be ill-bred,
To the head with a wakeful trouble—
'Tis held by such a different lease !
To one, a place of comfort and peace,
All stuffed with the down of stubble geese,
To another with only the stubble !

Hood.

CORRESPONDENCE.

It is distinctly to be borne in mind that we do not by inserting letters convey any opinion favourable to their contents. We open our columns to all without leaning to any; and thus supply a channel for the publication of opinions of all shades, to be found in no other journal in Canada.

No notice whatever will be taken of anonymous letters, nor can we undertake to return those that are rejected.

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

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

REV. SIR,—I am informed that Sir Hugh Allan has offered to erect a building suitable for a Music Hall, on the site of the old Queen's Hall, if any person or persons will guarantee him 10 per cent. per annum on his outlay, exclusive of the cost of the ground. If this information is correct, surely the offer is a reasonably good one.

The lot of land where until recently the so-called Crystal Palace stood would make a good site for a building of this kind.

I see by the public prints that Toronto will soon be in possession of a Hall costing \$35,000, exclusive of organ. Why is Montreal so much behind her Western neighbour?

Yours truly,

Montreal, 6th Nov., 1878.

CHORUS.

TORONTO MUNICIPAL MATTERS.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—A communication in your last issue from "Maple" has kept up the interest in Toronto municipal affairs already excited by your previous articles. I will not take up your space to criticise the Council, as a day of reckoning is at hand, and very few of the present Council will have a seat in the Council Chamber this day three months. It is different with the paid officials of the city. They are not elected by the ratepayers, and appear responsible to no one. The mode in which the city legal business is managed is a standing disgrace. The following are a few instances. Last June a by-law was submitted to the ratepayers in connection with the new Exhibition Buildings. It was so carelessly drawn up that the Council, after advertising it, submitted it to counsel, who declared it defective. It was therefore withdrawn. Our brilliant Solicitors again tried their hands at drawing up a by-law with like success. The legal profession picked holes in it. Citizens laughed at it, and the Council again took outside advice upon it. The consequence was that the city was put to the expense of advertising two abortive by-laws, and the fees for learning that they were defective. On the 18th June, Alderman Boustead called attention to the payment of \$182 for legal services to Mr. Fenton and Mr. Murdock, and asked why the City Solicitors had not done the work when they were paid for it. Under the head of Law Expenses for 1877, nine firms appear to have received fees from the city for advice or assistance, which the paid Solicitors were apparently incompetent to give, and amongst the nine is "J. W. Gale, services re Municipal Amendments, \$200." You will be surprised to learn that Mr. Gale is not a lawyer, but a shirt manufacturer. The City Solicitors also appear under the same heading to have received \$672 for sundry expenses in addition to their salary.

Yours, &c.,

TORONTONIAN.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—You have done good service to this city, Toronto, in admitting a series of letters in reference to the management of our municipal affairs, inasmuch as it has directed the attention of our corporation officials to the fact, that other cities are becoming acquainted with our condition, and are congratulating themselves that they are not as Toronto. Without making any reference what-ever to the personality of these officials, it is a fact that Toronto seems to be one of the heaviest taxed cities in the Dominion. The recklessness and waste, the mismanagement, or something worse, which has characterized the government of this city, has so deeply involved it in debt, and the rate of taxation is so burdensome that hundreds are anxious to leave the city and secure some other resting place, where the inevitable taxgatherer, would not be compelled to fleece them in the way that is done here.

In connection with the fact that the corporation has levied some 26 mills on the dollar for the present year, it may be stated that the assessors are valuing the property in many instances at a higher rate than could be obtained for it by the proprietors, many of whom would gladly sell at the valuation put upon it, but cannot realize in cash the sum imposed. It is generally supposed that this high valuation is made under instructions, but whether it is or not, the effect is the same, and the numerous appeals against the assessors' valuations show how much the pressure is felt by all classes of the community. Under these circumstances it might be naturally supposed that some steps ought to be taken to lessen the heavy burdens on the taxpayers, by a more careful management of affairs, and by a reduction of salaries, &c. In this respect, however, there are no signs of relief, and the action of the corporation in this matter contrasts unfavourably with the corporation in Montreal; for, while in your city a reduction of salaries has been made, in Toronto there has been an increase, and thus the burden has been perpetuated and made more oppressive.

It is true that Mr. Turner, the great financier of the city, is engaged upon a scheme of consolidation similar to the one which he succeeded in getting passed a few years ago, by which he proposes to reduce the charges on Sinking Fund account, to pay off (if owners will not exchange at a valuation) the six per cent. debentures and issue others bearing interest at five or even four per cent. (the latter he prefers himself), and thus get a momentary relief, in a manner which looks very much like taking advantage of the public creditor—were issued, and when the charges are taken into the account it is doubtful

whether even the city will receive much benefit from the change. This scheme has been before the public for some time, and while it meets the approval of many who are anxious to obtain some relief, and fancy Mr. Turner's scheme will secure it, others contend that very little will be obtained from it, and consider it at the best simply putting off payment to a future day, while the position of the public creditor will be changed and the credit of the city compromised. This scheme, or some modification of it, is likely to be adopted, and as members of the council are willing to accept any measure that would afford even temporary relief, they look to Mr. Turner to help them out of the difficulty; and as many of them do not pretend to understand the measure itself, they simply look on with open eyes, and shout with open mouth, and applaud. As you have been good enough to admit this series of letters in your paper (if it is not an intrusion on your space) some means will be taken to keep you informed in reference to Mr. Turner's measure, as well also as to the action of the Corporation upon that and other matters in which you may be interested.

SUFFERER.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

LORD DUFFERIN'S ADMINISTRATION. The History of the Administration of the Right Honourable Earl of Dufferin, late Governor-General of Canada. By William Leggo, of Ottawa, Barrister, &c. (Lovell Printing and Publishing Company, Montreal.)

CANADA UNDER THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE EARL OF DUFFERIN. By George Stewart, Jr. (Rose-Belford Publishing Co., Toronto.)

The unprecedented event in our Canadian literature of the simultaneous publication of two books necessarily so nearly similar as the above, is sufficient to call forth something more than an every-day notice; especially when we find that in both cases the author has done his work in such a meritorious manner as to demand our praise. It has perhaps never before happened in any colony that the administration of a Governor has been of sufficient importance to warrant the publication of such a record. The Earl of Dufferin was beyond all comparison the most popular of our Canadian Viceroy's, and it is a fitting tribute to that popularity that these volumes have been given to the public so soon after his departure from amongst us. If it were only because they contain the text carefully revised by himself of the most important speeches which have secured for Lord Dufferin a brilliant reputation as an orator, they would claim the prompt attention and serious interest of all intelligent readers, but they also give us in the main a fair and reliable history of the politics and progress of the Dominion since 1872. On the 12th of June of that year Lord Dufferin, on his departure for this country to assume the Governorship, was entertained at a banquet by the people of Belfast, and in his speech on that occasion his Lordship struck the key-note of his whole Canadian policy. The six years which have elapsed since Lord Dufferin arrived in Canada have been marked by a wide extension of the borders of the Dominion, by remarkable alterations in the fortunes of political parties, by the Winnipeg and British Columbian episodes, by an unwonted depression in every branch of trade, by the Pacific Railroad troubles of 1873, and by the political reaction of 1877 and 1878. Here was abundant material for the historian, and for the most part, the work has been performed with judgment and with skill. Following Lords Lisgar and Monck, who certainly did not regard "the social duties of their station as imperative as their political functions," Lord Dufferin made wherever he went warm personal friends, as Mr. Stewart says "he brought back to Quebec the long-forgotten memories of the ancient régime, when the proud and courtly chivalry of France held sway within its confines." He set before himself on his first arrival amongst us a programme to which he faithfully adhered up to the day of his departure. He visited every part of every Province in the Dominion, and in this way made himself intimately acquainted with all its people, from the fishermen of Prince Edward Island to the miners of British Columbia. He was welcome to the Indians and pioneers of Algoma and the regions of Lake Superior, and one of the best of his admirable speeches was addressed to a handful of Icelanders in the far-off settlement of Gimli. During his visits the sedulous care with which he sought an intimate personal acquaintance with the Canadian educational system marked him as a very different man from any of those to whom England had before confided her American interests. Nor did our educational institutions alone meet with encouragement, but our athletic sports, and indeed all our efforts at self-improvement, received a fresh impulse. Into our characteristic winter sports the Viceroy himself entered heartily, and soon became a proficient in curling, snow-shoeing, skating, sleigh-riding and tobogganing. Once only during his term of office was there any incident which for a moment threatened to imperil Lord Dufferin's popularity or impair his usefulness,—viz., the appointment of the Commission to inquire into the Pacific Scandal; but both of the political parties will now admit that it is not necessary to apologize for anything done or forborne by him on that occasion. The fact that ere he left the country any animosities then excited had all been forgotten, and that both parties have now united in bearing testimony to his impartiality and patriotic zeal is the best proof that the Governor-General was as nearly right as he could be.

For the rest, what can we say? Which is the better book of the two, who can decide? Mr. Leggo, with the facile "pen of a ready writer," may have given us rather fuller details here and there; and Mr. Stewart has gracefully condensed, without sacrificing any of the value of his work—perhaps this would scarcely appear but for the fact of his volume being smaller. Of the Earl's speeches both authors furnish about the same, and both have had the same good fortune in his Lordship's good-will, as shown in the personal revision of the speeches. Necessarily, the two volumes differ so little that it would be extremely difficult to say which we prefer; and, seeing that they will stand for all time as works of reference, our honest advice is to secure both. Mr. Leggo's volume has for illustrations, steel engravings of the Earl and Countess of Dufferin, to the latter of whom the work is dedicated. Mr. Stewart's has for frontispiece a fine engraving of his Lordship, and he dedicates the history to Francis Parkman, who has so faithfully recorded our early Canadian history. Both volumes are well printed, and the ornate bindings are in good taste. We

WE MANUFACTURE ALL OUR STOCK, AND GUARANTEE EVERY ARTICLE TO BE AS REPRESENTED. REYNOLDS & VOLKEL, 427 NOTRE DAME STREET.

freely congratulate both authors and publishers on a faithful performance of their respective labours.

It is well known that Earl Dufferin had presented 500 medals to various educational and other institutions, and as prizes for sports, &c. A full record of these is given in an appendix, and with the graceful courtesy which marked all his acts, his Lordship has not failed to furnish this to both authors.

MUSICAL.

EXTRAVAGANT ADVERTISING.

We have to apologize to Mr. Strakosch for having mentioned his name in connection with the deception practised on the public some time ago; we are informed that he had nothing whatever to do with the matter, the concerts having been given by Mr. Wallace, late of the *Star*. Mr. Wallace was so successful on that occasion (we mean financially) that he has decided to resume his old profession, and has leased the Academy of Music for the winter months.

We do not know whether the Marie-Roze concerts which are announced are to be engineered on the same principle as the Kellogg-Cary affair, but we think it our duty to warn the public to take all advertisements *cum grano salis*, unless issued by some responsible person. *Apropos* of this, is it fair to make people pay in advance for concerts at all? We are not expected to pay for a luncheon at a restaurant until we have eaten it, and if we *did* pay in advance for a certain bill-of-fare, and then got only half of what we bargained for, we should not be slow in demanding our money back again; on this principle then we would expect Mr. Wallace to give us tickets *free* to the next concert he gives, as he only gave us part of what was promised and paid for at the last one. Then as to the Evangeline performance (mis-named opera bouffe); the advertisement announced a troupe of forty artists, and we counted but twenty-four in all, *little more than half*. The orchestra and chorus were announced as among "the finest on the continent"—the orchestra was not to be compared to that which Mr. Grünwald directed last winter, and as for the chorus, we could not discover anything worthy of the name throughout.

If we were *sure* of hearing Madlle. Marie-Roze we would certainly go to the concerts, but we have not heard Herr Westberg, Signor Gottschalk, Signor Pantaleoni, Madame Litta and others whom we paid to hear some time ago.

The Rev. Mr. Bray will give a lecture on Handel in Zion Church on Monday, Nov. 18th, illustrated by Dr. Maclagan and the choir. The life of Handel is a remarkable one; and we notice that the programme comprises many fine compositions of the great master, which have seldom, if ever, been performed in Montreal before.

An interesting concert was given by Mr. Barnes, R.A.M., in the Synod Hall, Montreal, on Tuesday evening, assisted by Mrs. Barnes, R.A.M., Mrs. Tooke, Mr. Maffre and Mr. Reichling. Mr. Barnes announces his intention of giving a series of three concerts on a similar plan, and we wish him every success; but why Mr. Barnes should have associated with himself and Mr. Reichling such a violinist as Mr. Maffre we are at a loss to comprehend. The only excuse we can make for this little indiscretion is that Mr. Barnes, being a stranger in the city, was not acquainted with our many excellent violinists. Mr. Maffre was sadly out of place on Tuesday evening, and we hope Mr. Barnes will take the hint, given in all friendliness, and secure the services of an able violinist for his next concert.

Mr. Couture says he is the gentleman who sang at Messrs. Prume and Lavallee's concerts. Yes, and if we recollect aright, he is the gentleman who sang (and very badly, too) at an amateur concert in St. Andrew's Church last winter, the poorest of the amateurs leaving him in the shade for voice, style, phrasing and everything else. He it was who characterised the excellent singing of Messrs. Barnabee and Winch as only fit for a *café chantant*. If we are correctly informed, Mr. Couture is choir-master of a church in the east end of the city, and styles himself *professor* of singing. We can safely say that did the proprietor of any *café chantant* allow Mr. Couture to sing within its precincts we would go elsewhere for our refreshments. We have to beg Mr. Couture not to accuse the SPECTATOR of unfairness because we copied the papers which had copied his MS. How could we know that Boston in the paper was Montreal in the MS.?

The fancies of musicians are, at least in the case of *prime donne*, getting more expensive than ever. Nowadays performers are not content unless like a violinist they can always carry about with them their pet instrument. And this sort of thing is carried to great length; as, for instance, when we hear that Madame Roze-Mapleson is bringing a Weber pianoforte all the way from New York for her accompaniments.

THEODORE THOMAS.

There is one musician in the United States to whom the people owe a debt of gratitude, whose name commands the respects of every lover of the art, and who has accomplished as much as any man now living, in elevating the standard of musical taste this side of the Atlantic. Amid financial discouragements incident to the times, to persistently present classical music interpreted by more than fifty artists, through a wide territory of the country, at great expense, without prospect of commensurate individual remuneration, has been an undertaking requiring the fortitude and musical principle which few men possess. And yet Theodore Thomas has accomplished such a work with a commendable bravery which will not soon be imitated. His efforts in the art are now culminating in a reward richly deserved, through the generous support of art-loving men of wealth in the energetic city of Cincinnati, who have pledged themselves to sustain the College of Music they have projected with Mr. Thomas at the head, where he will not only be liberally recompensed for his services, but with the great energy he has so long evinced, will surely establish an institution

which will command the attention of the entire musical world. The country at large will lose the rich orchestral concerts, and the Queen City of the West will contain a shrine of musical worship.

Although Cincinnati has secured the leader, let the influence he has disseminated be taken up at once by the most competent professional and amateur talent in every place he has visited with his concordant forces. Let the aim be toward the symphonic compositions of the great masters, beginning with the easier symphonies and perfecting each in turn, attempting also the works of our talented American composers. The fact of Cincinnati's enterprise will stimulate our wealthier citizens to combine in sustaining such orchestral music as the managers of the Harvard Musical Association have been endeavouring to encourage, and we earnestly hope that steps will early be taken this season to establish weekly orchestral concerts by our local talent, and that the citizens at large will heartily join in maintaining them.

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In reading the various comments of the press on the transfer of Theodore Thomas to the more Western city, one notices two lines of remark.

On one line one reads principally, "What a loss!" "What a shame that the larger city should let him go!" "What a gain to Cincinnati!" "What shall we do this winter without the famous orchestra?" &c.

After reading, we cordially agree in the sentiment there was a great loss in one case, and a great gain in the other. Only, we are a little downcast to know that there is only one first-class leader in the country, and are tempted to sigh for our poverty. It is a pleasure, therefore, to listen to the hopeful talk of the second class of writers, who say, in substance, as follows:—

"We may easily turn this loss into a great and enduring gain. Let us encourage our own orchestras. Surely every city of 50,000 inhabitants should have one good one. Let us encourage our own leaders. There is undeveloped strength among them that only needs popular favour to bring out. Let us patronise and guarantee the profit of good performances. In short, let us learn to stand alone, and not to depend for orchestral talent on neighbouring or foreign cities."

This is good, healthy talk. It may be safe to add, that if we take the Thomas method, we shall have a Thomas success. His orchestra is composed of first rate performers, each on his own instrument. *He makes them mind him!* They have to practise, they have to rehearse, they have to be wide-awake during performances, or he will know the reason why. The performers are willing, and see their advantage in this perfect discipline.

Now, there are some thousands, very likely, of performers quite as good as those in the Thomas orchestra. Let fifty or sixty combine, select a Thomas, or a John, or a David, or a Bartholomew, whom they believe to be competent, and insist that he shall insist on the perfect drill and discipline of the Thomas orchestra, and the thing is done; that is, if the musical public will support such an organization.—*Musical Record*.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

KEEPING CUT FLOWERS FRESH.—With regard to the length of time which cut blooms will remain fresh, much depends on the manner and at what time they are collected. Flowers should, if possible, never be cut during the heat of the day, but of all things avoid doing so in sunshine, as they droop almost at once, and even if they regain their freshness when placed in water, it lasts but a short time. Flowers should always be cut with a sharp knife, not with a pair of scissors, and the stems should be severed in a slanting direction; the advantage of doing so is that when the little vessels of the stem are cleanly cut, they draw up moisture freely, which keeps the flowers fresh; but if bruised, absorption is stopped, or at least impeded. Bouquets in which flowers are fastened with wires, and baskets of flowers must be kept moist by sprinkling; for this purpose an atomiser answers admirably. Salt, camphor and other articles often recommended to mix with the water, are of no advantage in preserving the flowers; fresh water every day is the best preservative.

MOTHS.—Benzoline is not only a powerful disinfectant, but produces no injury upon the fabric even if saturated with it. It is most useful for disinfecting cushions of carriages in which patients have been carried, clothing, bedding, &c. Benzoline is now employed as one of the best means of destroying moths, and its use is a trade secret with upholsterers. All that is necessary is to sprinkle benzoline on the carpet with a watering-pot. If clothing is infected, or furs take them into the open air and springle well with benzoline. Sofas, chairs, &c., may be saturated with this liquid without injury. If the cushions in a church are affected, take them out-doors and sprinkle well after a thorough beating,—the moths with their eggs will be completely destroyed. Caution is needed in using benzoline. In a country church not far from Montreal the Sexton had sprinkled all the cushions with benzoline, using nearly a barrel. To allow evaporation he opened the upper windows, forgetting that the vapour was heavier than air, and like water would descend instead of rising. Finding the basement filled with the odour, he attempted to light the furnace to 'air the place,' but no sooner did he strike a match than an explosion of the vapour took place. The church took fire and was saved only by great exertion.

CARBOLIC ACID.—It should be remembered that carbolic acid in its purity is a powerful caustic. It dulls the pain of corns and bunions and removes them, but the acid must not be applied to the skin. For cancerous sores in the mouth the acid is excellent. The carbolic acid is a specific for boils and carbuncles. The acid diluted with 20 parts of water is injected by hypodermic syringe into the boil in two or three places pointing toward the centre. The immediate arrest of the progress of the boil is effected. Carbolic acid allays irritation of the skin. It is a specific for toothache when mixed with oil of cloves.

CORRECTION.—In "The Second Advent of the Past," No. II., in our last number, the following errors occurred:—In the penultimate paragraph, the word "materialism" should read "materialized." In the last paragraph, in seventh line from the end, after "no more," the word "denied" was omitted; and in the fourth line from the end, for "effect" read "object."

